NEWS OF THE THEATRES.

To-morrow night, for the first time in his twenty years of stage life, John Drew will be a star comedian on a Broadway stage. The event must be regarded as notable. It may prove to be brilliant, too, for this yet young actor has gained a numerous and loyal following among our best playgoers, and it is not at all likely that they will be indifferent to his art now that he has chosen to exert it under new and ambitious conditions. It is certain that Palmer's will be modishly crowded when Mr. Drew comes forth to-morrow night. He will be welcomed warmly if he gets his due. The play, "The Masked Ball," possesses the added interest of novelty, and, besides, it was written to fit Drew by Bisson and Carré, the French celebrities of stage fun. William Clyde Fitch has made the English adaptation, the use of which precedes its production in Paris. It has had the benefit of two weeks' public rehearsals out of town. The support names Maud Adams, Harry Harwood, Virginia Buchanan, Harold Russell, and Frank E. Lamb, all capable members of Charles Frohman's forces. "The Masked Ball" is a comedy with a tendency toward farce, but its humor is polite, its theme is attractive, and its wit will be clever, if Bisson and Carré have maintained their standard. These are rather auspicious circumstances, surely, under which Mr. Drew will make his venture in the town which has benefited by his conscientious work during the past seventeen years. His engagement at Palmer's is to be brief, however, for in a fortnight Charles Frohman will present Bronson Howard's new comedy there.

The fall and winter term at Daly's will start on Thursday night with a comedy by Dr. Oskar Blumenthal, adapted by Augustin Daly as "Little Miss Millionaire." Ada Rehan will be the heroine, and James Lewis, George Clarke, Herbert Gresham, Henry Bonchier, and several others will have rôles. Bonchier is an English actor, and this will be his American début. He was a London amateur when Mrs. Langtry found a place for him in her company. In the Daly company he will essay most of the rôles which would naturally fall to the leading actor.

The Germania Theatre, or the Amberg, as it was known last season, is open for the new term with a performance of "Camille." To-morrow night there will be a benefit for the Hamburg sufferers, and several musical performers will appear in addition to the stock company. "Hamlet" will be acted on Tuesday night, with Maurice Morrison as the Dane; "Marie Anne" Wednesday, and "Our Don Juans" Thursday and for the remainder of the week, with Emil Thomas in the lead.

Brooklyn will have some things novel as well as excellent this week. At the Amphion two plays not yet seen in New York will be presented, and between them Lottie Collins will appear in "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay." The pieces are Charles Frohman productions. One is Alexander Bisson's "The Family Circle," in an English version made by Sydney Rosenfeld, and Dickens's "Boots at the Holly Tree inn," dramatized by Frances Hodgson Burnett, who calls the brief play "Love's Young Dream." The casts name W. H. Thomson, Frank Burbeck, Thomas Burns, Nanette Comstock, Lena Merville, Wallis Eddinger, and others well known in the Frohman army of players. "The Family Circle" has had a season of a hundred nights in London, where its humor found keen appreciation. The Bedford Avenue will have a picturesque production of the operatic burlesque, "Arcadia," with Corinne in the chief rôle, assisted by the company formed to travel with her this season. In its line this is one of the best organizations going. The same commendation of superiority may be given to Primrose & West's minstrels, who are at the Columbia. They are a first-rate company. A prime Brooklyn favorite, James O'Neill, is at the Grand Opera House with a new drama, "Fontenelle," written for him by Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske, who have succeeded in producing a worthy successor to "Monte Cristo." The piece is romantic, and its scenic setting is beautiful. Patriotism will be spectacular at the Lee Avenue Academy this week, in the form of "The White Squadron," a melodrama very rich in thrilling episodes and picturesque scenes, as demonstrated amply during its recent season at the Fourteenth Street. It places several members of our navy in South American adventures of the most melodramatic nature possible, and illustrates them lavishly. Robert S. Hilliard remains the hero, and others in the cast are William Harcourt, May Wheeler, Katie Pearson, Byron Douglass, May Maskell, Eugene Sanger.

The alarm of the dramatic purists, over what they regard as a dangerous exaltation of the variety show, does not seem to be well grounded. It is true that Broadway has two variety theatres now, and another almost ready to open, as against none in that thoroughfare a year ago; but it is also true that at various by-gone times Broadway has been far more plentifully provided with that kind of amusement. There is no sign of a fashionable craze for variety, and the appeals to our fashionable people from that source are not nearly so strong as those made two seasons ago, when extremely costly and generally tasteful variety shows were placed in theatres of the first class, only to occasion heavy losses to their projectors. Lottie Collins, with her "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay" song and dance, affords no proof that we are going wild over ente tainers from the London music halls. Our people of wealth and style are crowding to see her, not because they have a liking for song and dance in general, but for the reason only that "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay" is the most distinctive and most modest dance. The usual product of the music halls of London is far too dull and coarse for American acceptance, and the whole list of present performers in them can be scanned without finding a dozen who would please our best audiences at all, and, of course, not one who could rouse us to a Lottie Collins extravagance of enthusiasm. The rather furious enjoyment of Miss Collins proves nothing more than that, once in a long while, a music hall entertainer may be oddly artistic enough to astonish and amuse us greatly. It was so with Carmencita, and Lottie Collins and Carmencita are the only instances of their kind in years. Maggie Cline might have been a third, if her vociferous good humor had boomed upon us suddenly, instead of being a familiar growth of years. As for the importations from the café concerts of Paris, the men rarely succeed for much (Trewey, the amazingly clever mimic and shadow artist, who was here a while ago, being the only genius readily recalled), and the women, although often marvellously bright, are usually so immodest as to excite disgust rather than admiration. Their songs are rarely bald and their actions are wanton. A full description of Fougère's poses and gestures, with their meanings, would be quite unprintable. No great part of our public bankers for London courtesness or Paris indecency, and neither of them will flourish here in the variety shows more than elsewhere.

The business in variety shows continues at about the usual heights and depths of deserved and deplorable popularity. We are to have a new variety theatre in a week or two, called the Imperial, and situated in Twenty-ninth street, just west of Broadway. The structure is nearly done. It has a commodious auditorium, with one gallery, and a total seating capacity of 1,200. The cushioned chairs are placed in rows wide apart, and each has a shelf for glasses, these arrangements being intended to facilitate a traffic in beverages. The plan seems to be substantially a duplication of Koster & Bial's garden, the audiences indulging in smoke and alcohol at the same time that they witness the stage performances. In order that the authorities may decide that the place is not a theatre, with a curtain and scenery, and so permit the sale of intoxicants therein, a huge fan will serve as a curtain, and the stage will have one unalterable scene. This is the plan that has worked thus far at Koster & Bial's. The auditorium is slightly, the walls being decorated in gold and cream color, with considerable frescoing. On the ceiling are paintings bewitching music, dance, and the drama, with a plenty of nymphs, cherubs, and angels. The upholstery is in red plush. Waiters in evening dress will serve cigars and drinks in every part of the house, and there will be a big barroom down in the cellar. The variety show will last from 8 o'clock to 1 o'clock, and then will ensue a pantomimic ballet for half an hour, after which a burlesque of "The Bohemian Girl" will extend the entertainment until midnight. The management makes a point of promising that no woman unaccompanied by a man will be admitted, and the man must remain with her until she quits the house. Probably we should be grateful for this concession to propriety. In even the biggest of the London music halls, such as the Alhambra, there is an extensive deadhead list of women chosen for their good costumes and general ability to enliven things for the champers. This custom is by no means unknown in New York. The Imperial will strike a severe blow at the conventionalizing, or the rendering fashionable, of variety shows in connection with liquid refreshments, but it seems to have a good prospect of successful popularity on the level where such establishments belong. Its site is highly favorable to that end, and it is expected that many European novelties will be imported for its stage.

Straight variety still swings its sceptre in five houses, offering bills of about the same calibre. From its prestige as the once glittedged house of comic opera as well as from its superiority in construction and situation, the Casino has usurped the first place upon the list. Since the opening night radical changes have been made in the programme. The ballets have been shifted about, and several specialists who were found to be in disfavor have dropped out. Others should be compelled to do so at once. However, the heroic treatment of the programme has proved beneficial. The dancers, Sozo and Saimoiraghi, have triumphed, and they have wide scope in their field. This week's specialists include Fougère, Topsy Gorilla, the Bonitas, Mascotini, and the Gavuelias. Within a stone's throw of the Casino a variety show without drinks is in vogue at the Park. This week's array brings together some of the specialty performers long favored on the Bowery, with one or two of repute from Europe. Pastor's again comes forward with a travelling company, headed by Sam Devere, a black face fun maker, who is thought by his admirers to be a whole show in himself. His jokes are racy at times, and his songs are spicy to a degree, but he knows how to curb himself when occasion requires it. There is a marked difference between Fourteenth street and the Bowery, so Pastor's audiences will hardly experience anything shocking this week. The six Ginsserretti acrobats have been engaged to strengthen the show, and they will have as associates the Wood-Travelli Trio, May Wentworth, Mlle. Bertoto, Howe and Bramen, the Highleys, Harding and Ah Sid, C. W. Littlefield, and Leonard and Moran. The Eden Musée runs along smoothly with Guibal and Greville as its chief entertainers. Their feats in legerdemain are good, and their new slate and card trick is particularly puzzling. Wax figures of the Presidential candidates will be placed on view this week, and a voting contest will be conducted in connection with the group. Fleming Norton has gained considerable favor in his specialties. At Koster & Bial's, Frederick Solomon is to take charge of the stage, and he will organize a company for the production of one-act operettas throughout the winter. Two burlesques will be presented nightly. Vanoni, the singer and dancer, and Amann, the mimic, divide honors just now in the olio. Vanoni has some new songs, and Amann will impersonate four of New York's editors. Wood and Sheppard are retained. A week from to-morrow night the Berats will make their American début.

The music in town is variegated, but generally speaking it is good. "Puritania" is the comic opera approaching nearest to novelty. Its third week at the Fifth Avenue starts to-morrow. The public, no doubt, has been favorably impressed by this work of native pens. "Pauline Hall" is a very beautiful and interesting central figure, while the scenic features are excellent. The engagement has several weeks longer to last. "Wang" is to remain on the Broadway's stage until Oct. 15. It will then give way to a reproduction of "The Lady or the Tiger?" in which Jefferson De Angelis, Della Fox and De Wolf Hopper will lead. De Angelis and Hopper were in the original cast at Palmer's in McCaull's day. Anto Seidl and his admirable orchestra will give the first in a series of Sunday night concerts at Madison Square Garden this evening. During day and nights in October they will furnish the music for the Food Exposition at the Garden.

The Lenox Lyceum, with its Columbian Fair, an artistic and instructive exhibit, and the Madison Square Garden tower, with its impressive view of New York and the surroundings, are two places of miscellaneous character, alike in attractiveness. The tower is open Sundays.

The current plays which are frivolous, yet are enjoyed by those who witness them, are "Jane," "A Trip to Chinatown," "A Parlor Match," and "Squatter Sovereignty." In "Jane" the potency of Johnstone Bennett's fascinating, if peculiar, art is conspicuous, despite the furor caused by Lottie Collins and "Ta-ra-ra." Miss Collins has changed her costume several times since she first appeared before us. She now wears a white and gold gown, with black skirts, hose, and gloves. The contrast is picturesque. Commencing to-morrow night, Miss Collins will do "a double turn," that is to say, she will appear nightly at two theatres. In "Jane" she will be seen about quarter past 10 o'clock, while earlier in the evening she will perform between the acts of "The Family Circle" in a Brooklyn theatre. This is a close approach to the London order of music hall work, to which Miss Collins is accustomed, but it is by no means an unprecedented feat with our own vaudevillers. "A Trip to Chinatown" will have another souvenir night on Oct. 14, when, to commemorate its 350th performance, there will be souvenirs. To-morrow night Blanche Clayton will reappear in the farce. There isn't the slightest doubt that "A Trip to Chinatown" will last all the season at the Madison Square. "Squatter Sovereignty" is equally sure of a winter continuance at Harrigan's. It has delighted the new supporters of that theatre, and, of course, it has not disappointed the older clientage. Harrigan himself has not appeared to better advantage in a dozen years. Mrs. Yeamans is comicality itself, the songs are given excellently, and the characters in general fare well at the hands of the present cast. Manager Hanlon declines to guess how soon there will be a change of bill. "A Parlor Match" starts on its third week at the Bijou to-morrow, with the outlook of another fortnight's prosperous retention, and perhaps a longer stay. Here is a variety farce which does not stale with repetition. The chief credits are Evans and Hoey, who are artistic in their violent fits of comicality, and the dancing and the singing in the piece are uninterruptedly clever.

In spectacular entertainments the town is finely equipped just now, for it has "Candy" at the Union Square, "Sinbad" at the Garden, and "The Black Crook" at the Academy. All three shows are fortified by novelty in one way or another. "Candy" has the most wholesome features to justify its popular success. The German lilliputians are wonderfully clever, and the ballet and scenic portions of their show have not been surpassed here for picturesqueness or ingenuity. The "national quadrille," in which the midgets wear the costumes of several countries, is especially clever and effective. Franz Ebert's *Uncle Sam* in this episode is an excellent bit of caricature. It is a foregone conclusion that the Union Square will have to other programme save "Candy" until after the holidays. "Sinbad," which is less legitimate in its aspect, but scarcely less alluring as spectacle, is in its final week at the Garden. It has endured long, and it has undoubtedly satisfied its public. Next week the Garden's stage will be taken by Helena Modjeska, who has prepared for an elaborate representation of "Henry VIII.", which has not been performed in New York for many years. With Otis Skinner, Ben Rogers, John A. Lane, Mrs. Beaumont Smith, and others equally well known here in her support, and with new scenery, dresses, and properties, besides a numerous group of auxiliary performers, Modjeska's revival should be important. "The Black Crook" shows no loss of popular favor at the Academy. Its vaudeville specialties, its "Maggie Murphy," and "Ta-ra-ra" imitations, and, more's the pity, its wicked French quadrille dancers are powerful features. In the furor over these episodes, its beautiful costumes and its artistic ballets are almost overlooked.

An entertainment unlike anything else in a city theatre is presented at Herrmann's these days. It is brisk, comic, fascinating, and mysterious by turns. Herrmann himself, as graceful and as quick as ever, dominates the show. He has never performed here with better results. In a week or so he will show us something new in illusions, but for the present the audiences seem to be very well satisfied with his bill.

Dramas in which the motive and the action are entirely serious are never numerous nowadays in a week's offerings at our playhouses. In the long list of New York's theatres only two this week have sombre material, and even in those isolated cases there is a slight concession to the demand for comedy. "The Lost Paradise" will finish its fortnight at the Star with next Saturday night's performance. Its brief reproduction has proved anew that its leading actors, Forrest, Rodgers, and Esther Lyons, are skilful and vigorous. The ensuing star at this house will be Jefferson, who will play two weeks in "Rip Van Winkle." "The Face in the Moonlight" will be withdrawn from Proctor's stage after this week. Its fifteth performance, on next Wednesday night, will justify souvenirs. Mantell's popularity with metropolitan playgoers has been tested anew in this rather sombre and inartistic drama. He will give place at Proctor's to "Ye Earlie Trouble," a play of the Revolutionary period, by Henry Guy Carleton, first acted at the Boston Museum several months ago.

The only new play away from Broadway this week will be "Captain Harcourt, the Man from Boston." Harlem will see it to-morrow night at the Columbus. It is safe to foretell a crowded and noisy audience, not because the spirit of the drama is especially feverish in the cable-car region, but rather because the principal actor in this play will be John Lawrence Sullivan, erstwhile champion pugilist of the world, but now a fat and fascinating "back number." He has chosen to turn to the stage for consolation, and it is worth while noting that he has been very well received. It has never been pretended that this eminent gentleman can act; but so long as the public is morbidly curious to look upon him he can hardly be blamed for taking advantage of the crazy moment. His play has been written for him by Lawyer Edmund E. Price, and it has been tried in New England with "great results," so the stories go. Harlem eagerly awaits it.

A pair of farces alike in action and not far apart in plot are "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" and "Dr. Bill." The former is Bisson's best work and Gillott's adaptation. It will have a short revival this week at the Harlem Opera House, with W. A. Lackaye, Essie Jiffell, Edith Kenwood, Annie Wood, George W. Leslie, Edward Coleman, Nell O'Brien, and others in the cast. In "Dr. Bill," which will visit the Windsor, the chief rôles are now assumed by Celie Ellis, Grace Harper, Ida Bell, W. M. Farnum, Eric Polcock, and Alice Truesdell, the latter doing the "Kangaroo" dance. Miss Ellis and Miss Harper are now in the troupe.

"A Fair Rebel" continues at the Fourteenth Street. It is to have five weeks there, and, apparently, it could stay longer, but there are other plays booked at the theatre.

Edward Sothern's excellent performance of the chivalrous hero in "Captain Lettarblair" has not lost its charm with the Lyceum audiences. Nor is it likely to depart from public favor for a month to come, at least. By that time the Lyceum's stock company will be ready for their homecoming.

Four of the weekly change theatres present realistic plays this week. Niblo's, with "Mr. Potter of Texas;" the Grand, with "The Police Patrol;" Jacobs's, with N. S. Wood in "Out in the Streets," and the People's, with "The Wide, Wide World." All are well known in town. "Mr. Potter of Texas" is newly cast for this season, but it is not without its old effectiveness in scenic detail. "The Police Patrol" is sure to delight westsiders with its copy of exciting episodes, such as may reasonably be expected to occur in Chicago. In "The Wide, Wide World" there are pathos and specialties, with Emma Bell and Albert Bruning as the principal actors. Young Mr. Wood is a great favorite with Jacobs's people, who will give him a warm greeting to-morrow.

Marguerite Merrington, who wrote "Captain Lettarblair" for Sothern, has resigned as tutor in Latin and Greek in the Normal College, and will give all her time to playmaking. The Boston Museum is soon to present a comedy from her pen. Mrs. Romaldo's farce, "Incog," will get to England after all. C. H. Hawtrey is to use it in London, and J. H. Barnes will have it in the provinces. America's female dramatists are practically an unknown quantity to English audiences. A special engagement for Rose Coghlan's revival of "Diplomacy" is that of Sadie Martinot, who has been in idleness since "Pompadour." Wm. J. Ferguson left Richard Mansfield's employ last night. He had been for three seasons the best actor in Mansfield's support. His retirement is due to his inability to withstand Mansfield's highly nervous temperament. Amy Roselle and Arthur Dacre, who have purchased "Men and Women" for England, have made a change in the venue of the story, which is placed in London instead of New York. The McCaull title in comic opera is to be revived by W. H. Fitzgerald, who used to be at the Casino in the old days, and since then has been lost to sight. He intends to organize a new roster, and for the first week will revive "The Pyramids," by Charles Puerner. Edgar Selden is going to star in a play made by him out of Lever's "Story O'More." Selden has had experience as a comedian in his own piece, "Will o' the Wisp," but this time, he says, he will go out under more promising circumstances. The stage's latest remarkable recruit is a heavy-weight lifter, "Professor" J. W. Kennedy. Aside from his propensity for chucking thousands of pounds of pig iron over his shoulder before breakfast, he has long nursed in secret a desire for fame as a tragedian. After the elections, therefore, he will go into the theatres in the double capacity of weight-lifter and classic actor. He will imitate Forrest as *Spartacus* and *Metamora*, McCullough as *Virginius* and *Othello*, and Booth as *Richard* and *Hamlet*. For encores he will lift pig iron and exhibit his really magnificent physique. Now, there's an act that is by all means novel, and the Casino should place a bid for it before the museums get after it.

A brewery "in full working order" is the newest promise of reality on the stage. It is to be introduced in a play, "The Old Jug," which Hattie Harvey is to take on tour by and by. One of George S. Knight's dramas had a scene in a brewery, if we remember rightly, but it was not in full working order. Doubtless the odor of hops will be utilized to increase the mimicry of Miss Harvey's piece. On last Tuesday night an Italian actress, Madelina Merli, made her American début in one of the Connecticut cities. She started in "Frou-Frou," even a favored drama with débutantes. Her leading actor is Hal Clarendon, the father of the child actress, Dot Clarendon. Cornett, the fighter, joins the profession of acting early this month, when he will produce Charles T. Vincent's play, "Gentleman Jack." In June he will go abroad. A runaway marriage in Nashville a few days ago united James W. Slocum, manager, and Daisy Mayer, soubrette, of the "Ship Ahoy" company. There had been opposition on the part of Miss Mayer's parents, but it was eluded. William Cronin, a really clever comedian in Irish roles, has acquired the starring fever. It is this particular Cronin who was Scanlan's partner in their variety-hall days. The "heiress" and the "lost jewelry" stories are old and easily recognized advertising stock in theatrical exploitations; but in two recent cases there has been unexpected confirmation of stories of this sort. It is proved to be true that Jessie Lee Randolph has come into a fortune of $30,000, and that Hattie Bernard-Chase, the soubrette, really lost some diamonds at a hotel; for Miss Chase has recovered her stones and the thief is under arrest, while Miss Randolph (who is Mrs. Newton Beers in private life) has been informed by lawyers that her money awaits her. Eugenie Fougère, who is put forward as one of the Casino's importations, is well known to vaudeville observers as one of the numerous Zanfretta Family, whose frequent changes of name have puzzled people. Marie Vanoni, Fougère, Blanche Siegrist, Flora Zanfretta (Mrs. John T. Kelly), and two or three others equally noted in the music halls are sisters. Vanoni had at least two professional names prior to her success under her present name. Oscar Hammerstein has signed a contract for the appearance at his new Manhattan Opera House of Mme. L. Rameldi, a young American cantatrice, who has sung in Vienna and Paris, but has not yet been heard in this country. Boston has been electrified by Ada Rehan as a skirt dancer. The daily assemblage of society in the Public Square (Dollars and Sense.) In the second act, according to a spectator, Miss Rehan "pins up her blond locks in some extraordinary fashion and prances about the stage like an untamed Apache, whirling the long sleeves of her wrapper bewilderingly. Squeals and asps accompany this substitutal entertainment. But Ada can't kick high, and the single "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" which she slings at the luckless old German beau who is the object of her playfulness is quite inart."

Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew will next turn their attention to Dumas's "Demi-Monde," which will be put into English for them by Louise Imogen Guiney of Boston. It will be Miss Guiney's first essay in the dramatic field. The pens of our established playwrights are still at work, it seems, for the breathing spells between jobs are brief. Charles Barnard long ago contracted to fit Nell Burgess with a comedy, and he has not yet completed it, though he is at work. There is to be a realism in the piece. Four American dramatists, F. M. Rovle, Charles Klein, Howard P. Taylor, and H. Grattan Donnelly, are turning out new plays. Each has won at least one success, and so their activity is justified. Klein has indicated in "By Proxy" that he understands the underlying principles of true comedy, and his new piece will be in that vein. Royle's "Friends" has at least two scenes of uncommon dramatic force, and with those for a cue this author should produce a consistent play at his next effort. Donnelly leans to farce, and he has made money by his participation in several variety pieces, but he has an idea that he can write a straight-out comic play, and his later contracts have been made with that in view. Taylor has been infrequently heard of since "Caprice," in which Minnie Maddern won her first Broadway success; yet Taylor has been a prolific writer, and half a dozen pieces from his pen have come into view, but not to endure or make antic. His newest is called "Society Shadows," and as it deals with New York life its nature may be easily inferred. Edward E. Kidder, who is always industrious and often successful, has undertaken the radical revision of an Irish drama, "Friendalough," which was acted this month by J. K. Murray and his wife, Clara Lane, both formerly of Carleton's opera company. The original author of "Glendalough" is Edward Gurney of England, in the season's crop of plagiarisms none seemed more barefaced than the case of "Leaves of Shamrock." This drama, it was asserted, was a mere revision of "True Irish Hearts," which is four or five years old, and in which J. P. Sullivan used to play as a hired actor. The affair got into court last week, but a St. Paul Judge, taking the ground that all Irish dramas are more or less unoriginal, refused an injunction against Sullivan. William H. Gillette is back from France, somewhat improved in health. He will turn his attention to directing the rehearsals of "Ninety Days After Date," his new spectacular drama, which Charles Frohman is to present elaborately. In the past week's new plays there was the usual discovery of old matter disguised. This was in the case of Roland Reed, who, in Toronto, produced a farcical comedy called "Innocent as a Lamb," by the English author, Walter Craven. It is easily recalled here as "The Fabricator," which R. C. Hilliard put forth rather unsuccessfully at the Union Square last spring. This is Reed's first offence in deceit of this sort. Annie Pixley has tested a comedy, called "Miss Blythe of Duluth," which William Gill wrote for her. Gill is an old hand at dramatic work. Farces, extravaganzas, and comedies have come in great number from his pen during the past twenty years. In Miss Pixley's new piece the heroine is a shrewd orphan, who saves some worthy people from ruin. Incidentally Miss Pixley imitates Lottie Collins's "Ta-ra-ra" dance. In Buffalo they have listened with apparent delight to the first performances of "The Puerto Master," the opera which De Koven and Smith have put together for Marie Tempest. New York is soon to hear this work at the Standard.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Freakish Memory.

From the Boston Budget.

How can it be that I forget
The way he phrased my doom,
Then I recall the arabesques
That carpeted the room?

How can it be that I forget
His look and mien that hour,
When I recall I wore a rose,
And still can smell the flower?

How can it be that I forget
These words said at the last,
When I recall the tune a man
Was whistling as he passed?

These things are what we keep from life's
Supremest joy or pain;
For memory locks her chaff in bins
And throws away the grain.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

The Sarcastic Girl.

From the World-Herald.

A thousand charms I now recall
Of maids I once have known,
For memory makes them beauties all
Since chastening years have flown;
But one more beauteous than the rest
In fancy I can see,
And time has made her doubly blest
That girl who sat on me!

'Twas well deserved, I know it now,
Puffed up with youth's conceit
I gave offence none might allow,
And never dared repeat.
Boy never needed lesson more,
As I must now agree;
In all this world none stand before
That girl who sat on me!

Where she is now I do not know,
We've never spoken since.
Her glance and words laid pride so low
I scarce had nerve to wince;
But wheresoe'er her path may tend
May every blessing be
The portion of my truest friend,
That girl who sat on me!

California Poppies.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

Beside the sea, above, below
The wrinkled, sun-burnt crags that bar
The ocean's onset like a foe,
And wild as wind and waters are,
The careless yellow poppies grow.

As tremulous as stars that glow
In fairer fields of light afar,
Cliff-born, but beautiful, they blow
Beside the sea.

O'er many a rain-worn rent and scar
Their rootlets tenderly they throw,
Nor storm nor solitude may mar,
Nor mists that wander to and fro,
The freedom that the poppies know
Beside the sea.

MARTHA T. TYLER.

The Evolution of a Barber.

From the Detroit Tribune.

Oh! a merry lass was Gunny Gass,
The child of an Afric king;
She'd sit all day with a goat at play,
Nor think of a single thing.

Little she knew of the clothes that Lou
Or Mary or Ellen wear;
And never a bang was seen to hang
Pinned to the front of her hair.

She never sighed for the pomp and pride
That round our lives have grown,
And the reason why was just because
They were all to her unknown.

Her manners were bad, and all she had
Of civilized apparel
Was a string of beads that came from Leeds
In a missionary barrel.

Her teeth were white and her heart was light,
Though her skin was black like coal;
When moved to eat and lacking of meat,
She wandered about and stole.

Happy was she, till over the sea
An Arabic slaver came;
Then she was sold for the slaver's gold,
And that was a wicked shame.

He brought her here in a bygone year,
To Liberty's chosen land;
She was sold again to many men,
And passed from hand to hand.

Her great-grandson is the only one
Of the many barbers here,
Who shaves me right; and he to-night
Has whittled away my ear.

Little Myrtle.

From the Athenæum.

I.

Dear rosy Question! babbling all the day!
"What am I?" Tell me, ere my curls grow old?"
"Cannot tell thee, Sweet! though curls be gold,
And thou reiterate till they be gray.

II.

O little Query! like a rose unblown,
With folded mysteries in pink and white,
Love can not solve thee in thy morning light,
Nor Wisdom when thy three-score years have flown.

WILSON MARTIN.

A Bachelor's Dilemma.

From the Galveston Daily News.

My lady is lovely and noble and kind,
Too noble for me, I am sure;
She's the queen of all society, rich, true, and refined;
I am only a gay-hearted and poor.

She's a leader of fashion, has a home of her own,
Her mansions are wondrous fair,
I am only a poet, I live all alone,
My castles are all in the air.

Alas, she's too wealthy and stylish for me,
Yet I love her far more than my life,
But I'm sure she would marry me could he
A man that's maintained by his wife.

"We were made for each other," of this I am sure;
She likes me, I know by her eyes;
But alas, she's so wealthy and I am so poor,
I cannot support such a prize!

Then what in the world should a bachelor do
Who is stuck on a wealthy girl?
Why, I'll ask for her hand, and her big fortune, too,
Then, work, to support her with that.

LARRY CHITTENDEN, Poet-Banchman.

Honest Confessions.

From the Brooklyn Banner.

"I know what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead.
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can't I imagine what made it so?
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to say if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me—here she dropped her head—
"Over the crossing to your to say.
Do I remember that horrid day?
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme.
And"—here the color in her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?
Why, everybody has seen it here!
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
I am short of face, you will say devoid,
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted;
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me any way, just as I am.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," she said.

The Great Arbutus Tree of California.

From the Argonaut.

In the aforetime, when the sea was young,
But yet the moon already waxen old,
Nymph, god, and satyr wandered through the wold,
And Memnon's stony lips at sunrise rung.

Æons have passed like hours, since sirens song,
Since Jove wooed Danae in a shower of gold,
But Buddha, Lord of Earth and Time, was old
When Jove and Juno, Time and Earth, were young.

A mystery brooded o'er the forest dim,
Where solemn redwood, laurel green, and bay
All bow acquiance to great Buddha's throne.
Ghosts of dead gods whisper a phantom hymn;
Trees, birds, and humans, awed and cowering, pray;
Moved by the night-breeze, moaneth the madrone.

JEROME A. HART.

An Extraordinary Tragedy.

From the Clothier and Furnisher.

The Indians had worried him; the Japanese had buried him; the southern mule had curried him; but under this he tried.
The cannibals had pickled him, had bound him, and had tickled him; a silver man had nickelled him, and yet he still survived.
A tariff crank had heated him; a Brooklyn man had treated him, and poker had depleted him, and swept away his pile.
A cyclone swift had tilted him; a Boston girl had wilted him; a flirtified girl had jilted him, yet only made him smile.
But when one night he marched within a night shirt that was starched with it, because it was so starched within, he tried to catch his breath.
But when he rolled around in it, his curses made no sound in it; next day the man was found in it; he had kicked himself to death.

Pumpkin Pie.

From the Boston Banner.

When melancholy days come 'round and leaves get brown and red,
When corn is shocked, and when you add a blanket to your bed,
When apples, pared and quartered, are set in the sun to dry,
This is the time you smack your lips and think of pumpkin pie.

This pumpkin pie's a tempting dish to almost any fellow,
So sweet and tender, luscious (yum!) and then, withal, so yellow.
You stir up eggs and milk and spice and sugar! O, my eye!
And then you add the pumpkin, and that makes the pumpkin pie.

Boston Women at the Polls.

From the Providence Journal.

In their rubbers and goloshes,
In their wind-waved mackintoshes,
Their umbrellas dripping floods upon the heads of Boston men.
The female voters rallied,
Not a mother's daughter dallied;
They came up wet but dauntless, straight to the polling pen.
Stately maidens, aged lasses,
Glaring chilly through their glasses,
Scanned the tickets most severely; never passed the time of day;
Tighter drew their chest protectors,
Grimly glared at the inspectors,
Brandished their umbrellas proudly, grandly, coldly stalked away.
Not a one of them that wondered
If maybap she hadn't blundered,
If her vote was transcendental, and beyond dispute or doubt;
Yet as home they were returning
With their newest triumph bearing,
How many dozen of them knew what was the fight about!
Happy matrons, wisest lasses,
Better than the Browning classes,
The clinic of the mind cure, or the esoteric soul foods,
It is to be a voter,
A civilization motor,
A citoyenne of Boston over whom the reddish broods!

ELI PERKINS IN JAPAN.

Japanese Baby Houses—Sleeping on Wooden Pillows—Child Nurses—Buddha in China and Japan—Buddhism vs. Shintoism.

It is amusing to see the Japanese children. As the houses are too small to live in during the day, the children all swarm into the street. Japanese children never think of playing in the house; there isn't room. The house is a doll's house, with no chimney and no fire except a half pint of charcoal burning in a little earthen bowl called a *hibachi*. There are no bedsteads, chairs, or tables. They all sit and lie on rice straw mats on the floor as primitively as a Comanche Indian family. The father and mother have a head rest of wood, but the children lie around like kittens.

JAPANESE GIRLS IN BED.

"Don't that hard piece of wood hurt your neck?" I asked.

"No. Our necks are strong. We are used to it; but, see, there are five pieces of paper over the wood."

In the morning the babies are strapped to the backs of the children and turned loose into the street. Swarms of children can be seen any time in the streets romping and racing, each with a baby strapped to its back. In the midst of the most exciting games the babies will be sound asleep, while the bigger brother or sister will be running and screaming with laughter. As soon as a baby can walk its mother straps a big doll to its back. This is a sign of manhood or womanhood, and the baby boy is as proud of his doll as an American boy is of a pair of high boots: and a girl—oh, my! I saw a mother one day stirring some barley which she was boiling for the children, and said:

"Why don't your husband help you?"

"Oh, he is too busy."

"What is he doing?"

"He is flying a kite."

These children were laughing and playing with babies on their backs when I snapped my kodak on them. This so frightened them that their faces took on a look of alarm.

FUNNY JAPANESE CHILDREN.

The Christopher Columbus, George Washington, and St. Patrick of Japan is Buddha, often called the Daibutsu. His statues are everywhere. They confront you like the Madonnas of Raphael in Italy. There are five colossal bronze statues of this patron saint in Japan, distributed as follows: Kioto, 58 feet high; Nara, 53 feet high; Kamakura, 40 feet high; Hyoga, 48 feet high, and Tokio, 21 feet high. Besides, he is in every Buddhist temple and Shinto shrine in Japan. This statue represents Buddha in a Shinto shrine in Tokio. Underneath him are the Shinto saints or ancestors dressed up like Japanese dogs. He is always the same benign-looking old woman, with earrings and a shining jewel in his forehead. He seems to say to himself constantly, "I am perfection." Many of these statues were cast from six hundred to a thousand years ago. The children play hide-and-go seek around them and climb up into them, and the birds build nests in poor old Buddha's ears and nostrils. No one seems to have any conception of what Buddha is for. He is really the Sphinx of Japan.

A JAPANESE STATUE OF BUDDHA.

When I asked a Japanese why he worshipped Buddha he said:

"We must worship something. My grandfather worshipped him. Who is better than Buddha?"

"The missionaries will tell you of Christ."

"Yes, but the Unitarian missionaries who come here from Boston say Christ and Buddha are about the same, and Prof. Edwin Arnold makes Buddha 'The Light of Asia.'"

"Well," I said, "Buddha has a sweet face, and he does always look benignly down upon us in Kamakura, and when I look at him I do not blame the poor people, but those Boston Unitarians ought to know better."

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

When I asked N. Amenomori, the noted Japanese writer and linguist, what was the difference between Buddhism and Shintoism he said:

"Buddhism is a philosophical religion—a very philosophical religion. It is so philosophical that the common people can't understand it, and I can't explain it. It personifies all virtues, and people pray for these virtues. It is a religion. Buddha is always worshipped in a temple, as a personification of virtue.

"And Shintoism, what is that?" I asked.

"Shintoism means shrine worship. We don't have Shinto temples. They are shrines or mausolea. A Shinto shrine is really a burying ground—a place where distinguished ancestors are buried. We go to the Shinto shrine as your people go to Greenwood Cemetery, with a prayer upon their lips. It is not a religion; it is ancestor veneration. You have this same sentiment when you observe Decoration Day. I have seen Americans take off their hats at the first sight of the American flag in Tokio. A Shinto shrine is filled with monuments to illustrious warriors or writers, and poets. The Shoguns built their own shrines before they died. They are at Nikko, Tokio, and all over Japan. When the people enter these beautiful shrines and stand in the presence of the distinguished dead, they reverentially take off their hats, as you do at the tomb of Washington."

"You put Buddha in the Shinto shrines too?" I said.

"Yes, Buddha is always there. The Japanese and Chinese all respect Buddha. He was a good ancestor. Many plunder by calling the mausolea and shrines at Nikko temples. They are shrines like the tombs of the Ming Emperors at Pekin. To illustrate: Before the death of the second Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty, he built in Nikko a magnificent shrine to his father Ieyasu. His father's body was carried from Tokio in great pomp, attended by the living Shogun and a representative from the Mikado at Kioto. It is simply a grand monument to the Tokugawa family. I hear the Vanderbilts and Goulds and other rich families in America have built mausolea or shrines in Greenwood and Woodlawn. The T