OVERWROUGHT MAIDENS.

An Inquiry Into Their Deplorable Condition and Its Causes.

There was last week, an invasion of a parlor on Madison avenue by the advance guard of the unfettered girls. By the merest accident I happened to be present. We soared in the illimitable ether of our own aspirings. It was, strictly speaking, an unfettered function.

An exultant nervousness was observable at first, for you must understand that it is only recently that this pretorian guard has been admitted to the strictly conservative and colonial preserve. We have, I believe, been compelled for years to denounce wrong in bare halls and writhe under the heel of oppression on skinny platforms, and turn like the worm at last in church basements, with rude men in the back seats. But now we rallied under allegorical ceilings; we trod moquette carpet; we threw ourselves on real ebony furniture; we maternized and damoselled amid tropical fronds, and hunted wrong to its mountain fastnesses over the macadam of wealth, with interludes of Arcadian melodies from a grand piano. For my own part, I confess that the readjustments of the race are much pleasanter to my mind when there are intermezzos of Pinsuti and De Koven.

But you must understand that I am new at this business and my wings do not work well!

On this occasion I got a comfortable corner on a velvet sofa under a sweet landscape of Rousseau's, near the conservatory door, and kept myself in the background with a hand-painted fan.

My little friend, Madeline, dropped down beside me and turned on her information.

"Now you must promise me," she said, "not to run away. No headache, you know. You have planted yourself at this door conveniently, but you must not retreat until you have heard Mrs. Lesler and Mrs. Jacobi and Mrs. Blake. We have all the big guns here to-night. Mrs. Blake is our grizzled veteran."

"But," I replied, "I have heard Mrs. Blake before. I know exactly what she will say."

"But you haven't heard Dr. Colt. He is going to show us that Ibsen has portrayed the girl of the future in 'The Doll's House,' and Mrs. Lesler is going to point out that the best educator for our girls is a girl's club."

I noticed that the mothers of the movem ent who stood round the room in groups, did not wear that strenuous official look that I had always noticed when they were on the platform. Their maxillary muscles were relaxed, they smiled; they appeared to be felicitating each other. As there would be nobody but Dr. Colt present to represent the other sex, I thought it would be rather tame. But Madeline assured me there would be music in the air when Mrs. Blake culminated, and she always culminated about 9:30.

As for the oratory of the occasion, perhaps it is sufficient to say that it was sharp, sometimes snappish, and, when Mrs. Blake culminated, was hopeful, for she declared there was a good time coming when women would say to men, "We are your better halves every way," which remark was received with fervent faith and plauditory assent. But I was chiefly interested in the social aspects and personal peculiarities of the people there assembled.

Mrs. Blake and her group represent the earnest, indefatigable, and somewhat hard workers in this franchise movement. It has become with her the one issue of life about which all else revolves in a subsidiary way. You always feel when you are listening to her that she has no sense of proportion or relativity. Economics, sociology, religion, art, and literature are incidents of human progress. The franchise for woman is the overshadowing issue that must determine their ultimate existence and decide the destiny of man. Personally this absolute possession by one idea does not obtrude itself. She is liberal and almost genial in conversation on any topic. But the moment she gets her maxillary muscles set in the official gait, you can almost see the tyrant man waving a red flag in front of her.

The other and younger group of suffragists who have come into the field during the past winter, and have done so much to push open the theatres and the parlors for the delivery of their essays, have a more varied charm of eccentricity. The suffrage question is only one of several possible new functions for them. Some of them have deodorized and tinted anarchy and made a doll of it. Others are fatalists. They declare that all agitation is an exercise, and to have an end in view is moral slavery. One that I talked with had her little brain so roiled with Tolstoi and Ibsen and Zola and Bellamy that she reminded me of Veltairine Cleyre. She recalled the inconceivable "tangle and wrangle" that the *Saturday Review* declared goes on in a premature ly emancipated mind, and I could not help comparing her to a very young horden loose in a library where there is a stepladder to all the forbidden fruit. To hear a young woman of nineteen declaim in contemptuous language against the organic differences of sex ought to be pitiful. I am afraid it is only amusing in this day of freaks, when anything that departs from the normal mean attracts attention.

Then there is the small group who are led by Mrs. Helen Gardiner, a pupil of Ingersoll's, who insists that the woman question needs more irreverence. She will not tolerate religion of any formulated kind, because men made all religions, and the Theologic God is a mistake in gender. Her novels are pathologic and smell bad in details, notwithstanding the abstract chloride of lime that is sprinkled over the moral.

The same morbid tendency which makes her dwell upon special vices with a prurient particularity is observable in Sarah Grand, whose clinical imagination makes all her characters drink tea and discuss unmentionable diseases. I heard one woman call this a combination of dishwater and dirt, and declare that it had given the matrons of the female academies more trouble than the reports of the Pollard-Breckinridge trial.

But the Helen Gardiner group defend this sort of thing with the plea that women have outgrown the weakness that made them turn from the unnatural.

I fancy the entirely liberated girl of that group needs to go to the police court in the morning and to the morgue in the afternoon to have her mind brought to the exigencies of life. It appears to me to betoken a large disenfranchisement when the imagination must go to a lock hospital for a basis of realism.

But the tendency of premature freedom to plunge into everything that is objectionable is too obvious to need these extreme illustrations. The moment the girls of Chicago were unshackled they organized Byron clubs. In Boston they drew the line at Swinburne, and in Philadelphia at De Maupassant.

There is to me something inconsistent in this selection of men so long as Aphra Behn remains available.

From my woman's standpoint I insist that Byron and Boccaccio and Rabelais have been superseded. In nothing has my sex shown its subtle superiority so clearly as in etherealizing and making serious and seductive the phrase, the mysteries and miseries of life which never come naturally into the contemplation of the healthy young mind.

The purely masculine cussedness of the creative giants I have named was at its worst very much like the overbubbling animality of the incoherent lunatic who scrawls his existence on the outhouse walls. But the deliberate particularity and microscopic meditation of the current woman, who Mr. Faux of London, at the head of the great circulating library, says is furnishing both the material and the market for the stream of eroticism, cannot be washed off with soap and water.

I have yet to hear from one able-mouthed champion of woman's freedom a passing regret that woman, like man, is very apt to abuse her freedom.

The question, is woman as a unit purer than man, never really comes an argument, because all women think she is and all men want to think so. Men do occasionally write a pure, clean book, and women do occasionally write books that are hilariously impure, but I believe they revel in the writing of them. Women never do. They write them to make money, and to establish purity.

Mrs. Helen Gardiner's excuse for what she calls imagination is the appalling danger that the race encounters in the foolish division of it into two sexes. No one that I have ever heard of has been able to controvert her position—that if there was only one sex there wouldn't be any sex trouble.

It would be very interesting to me, and I think to a great many women, if we could get at just what the sagacious fathers of the generation think of these groups. I have talked with a good many pretty well disciplined men, who know the world with a large cool judgment, and I have detected in most of them a complaisant inclination to apologize for popular hysteria as a passing phase of over-rapid development. One of the broadest-minded philosophers of our day said in my hearing: "These girls do not know what is the matter with them. It will all work off. Give them time."

If I had not seen so many examples of this I might have hesitated to accept it as a just generalization.

There is my young friend Madeline, burst, so to speak, into the activities with more impulses than she knows what to do with. Something is stirring in her. Every faculty is at high tension. The normal functions of woman in this spring tide of life are asserting themselves along the nerves. For some time she went about wonderingly and dreamily. She questioned the universe with supernal longings. In this condition she was ready to become a nun, a Salvation Army lass, an ingenue, a missionary, a martyr, or a female minstrel, or a Reformer. She became a Reformer.

"Oh, my dear," she said to me one day, "do you think this great work that I have set out to do is quite as filling as it was?"

"No," I replied, "I don't think it is. Your attempt to fill a romantic gap with an austere abstraction is very much like the Bradford girls trying to hit the pipe without any opium. It reminds me of Aunt Diedelia's starved maternity watching her stuffed cats and pugs."

We must understand that all girls with a superabundance of education and emotion, and no culture, have a rash and irrepressible tendency to kick up their heels at the behest of a fantasy. If you don't watch them they will neglect their meals, and be trying to abolish Christianity, to reform the stage, or to redistribute riches. One of them, for whom I have a tender regard, has gone off on cremation. I have known her to shed bitter tears because men in their dense ignorance will bury and will not burn, and I know perfectly well that in five or six years she will say to me: "Do you remember what a crank I was on cremation? Well, it was fun, wasn't it?"

In my own observations of my sex I have been led to the opinion that men, and even young men, are sanitary provisions of nature. I can in my limited experience recall half a score of young women who were absolutely abandoned to revolutionary chimeras, who were plucked like brands by very ordinary young men and saved to the manifolding and modest purposes of the universe. Here and there they have fought hard and defeated nature, but it hasn't improved their temperaments or their conditions. I take issue with my advanced sisters, and insist that man is a necessary evil. If morality shuts him out at the door with a sneer, nature would be sure to let him in at a window with a smile.

My energetic sisters do not appear to have a clear perception of absolute justice. I am very sorry for this, because it is one of the oldest taunts. They also lack that something which informs a person when she is making a guy of herself. Why a woman should take pride in being impertinent I could never understand. But impertinence is the stock in trade of one group. When Mrs. Sarah Grand calls men a howling brotherhood" she is so set on saying something severe that she overlooks the falsity and absurdity of the statement altogether. Nobody on earth knows of a man who is bawling about women. Mrs. Grand doesn't know of one. But for the time being she is woman enough to let this hallucination swamp her judgment entirely. Mrs. Ellen Battelle Dietrick tells us that the man who introduced the bill for woman suffrage into the Wyoming Legislature did it because he felt that his wife ought to be in the Legislature in his place. This, Mrs. Mrs. Dietrick says, is a rare example of the absence of petty sex jealousy and a beautiful accomplishment of pure manliness.

Mrs. Dietrick appears to think that manliness consists in a frank confession of total inability to do anything, and she really admires that sort of thing in a man. My own opinion is that the Wyoming legislator carries this self-abnegation even to the point of acknowledging that his wife can split the firewood and shovel the snow better than he can.

It's an awful piece of audacity to hold such a man up as an ideal. But it is not a bit worse than Mrs. Blake's persistent contrast of the worst men with the best women, and Mrs. Helen Gardiner's death grip on the notion that men are opposing female suffrage.

All this gives a tetanic aspect to the agitation, and if you want to find the Gulf Stream of the woman movement you will have to get out of the surface whirlpool and come to the great, quiet mass of women who care less for being conspicuous than for being consistent and just. It is here that women's cause rests, for it is here that she is not fighting for half the race, but for the whole, and the whole race is interested. These sagacious women do not regard sex emancipation as a propaganda, but as an inevitable development waiting for women. They believe in moral equality, not physical. They have not shut men out of their councils, and as a consequence they have imbibed justice where they have imparted mercy.

KATE COLEMAN.

THE MODERN WAY OF MOVING.

Some of Its Features as Noted by a Suburbanite Just Moved Into Town.

"We cannot forget," said a man who has just moved from the suburbs, "the vans we moved in nor the men who moved us. The whole household was active early that morning waiting for the vans. The main road by which they would approach ran parallel to the street in which we lived and in plain sight. Soon after 7 o'clock we saw them coming, three of them, each drawn by four horses, and all well closed up, a decidedly orderly and business looking procession. They swung around through a cross street and down our street and halted near the house at 7:10. They had told us at the office that the vans would be there at 7 o'clock; inasmuch as they had had twelve miles to come and it had rained the night before, 7:10 didn't seem like a half bad bluff at it.

"A man came down and located the house and then the three head vans came and backed up to the walk in front. At one side of the house there was a driveway which ran back past the rear of the house with a loop there around a little oval grass plat. There was none too much room in this driveway, which was not designed for four-horse teams, but when the rear van came down the driver swung his leaders and came in at it with the large confidence of a man who has a good team and knows how to handle it. He rounded the oval and halted with his team headed toward the street and the rear end of the van on a line with the rear of the house. When the vans were all in position the horses were blanketed and then the men were ready.

"There were six men altogether, and they were all powerful, able-bodied men. The house was a two-and-a-half-story Queen Anne. The men stripped it in two hours, and without any fuss or commotion whatever. At 11:20 the last padlock snapped on the last van door, and the drivers mounted to their seats and hauled out into the road again, once more in line. Then all hands settled down in their seats and everything was ready for the start. The great sleds were very heavy now, and it was no light work to move them. There was a little picturesque plunging at the start, but they were good teams, every one, and they soon had the vans in motion; and after that they walked off with them as though they were shoe boxes on wheels. A few moments later we saw them once more out on the main road, moving now toward the city.

"Four hours later we caught sight of them again. We were then on the train bound for the city, and approaching near it. We saw the vans on a road at some little distance from the railroad. They were as well closed up as a wagon train would be under escort in an enemy's country, and moving forward.

"Not very long afterward we stood on the steps in the land of brick and mortar and saw the procession still well closed up appear around the corner. They came up at a trot. It took a little more time to unload than to load, but not much. Soon we heard the last padlock snap again, this time on the last of the empty vans. Once more the procession lined up, moved off, and disappeared.

"And left us to settle. It is something of a job to settle, as those who have tried it know; but if anything could make that work seem lighter it would be the exhilaration of moving in the modern way."

Public School Humane Societies.

From the London Daily News.

PARIS, March 24.—Not long ago the Society for the Protection of Animals appealed to the Minister of Public Instruction to aid them in the movement they head to preserve domestic and other animals from cruelty and birds from wholesale destruction. They pointed out that an easy way to do this would be to direct schoolmasters and mistresses to favor juvenile societies to advance the propaganda, and in the class room to take advantage of natural history lessons to tell children under them in what way birds, insects, and other creatures help to make the world habitable to the human race. M Spuller at once entered into these views, and has sent a circular to the educational inspectors to say that he would be glad if school societies for protecting animals arose everywhere in France. Those founded some time back had done such good work that he could not but desire earnestly their extension. School masters and mistresses would be the best Presidents for such societies, which, however, might be placed under the patronage of influential persons. M. Spuller has drawn up a model for the statutes of these humane clubs. The pupils forming these societies are to promise in stating the roll to be kind, pitiful, and just to domestic animals, not to torment or tease them, to hunt or startle them, and to abstain from wanton destruction of birds, and never to destroy birds' eggs. They are to defend other animals which, owing to ignorant prejudice, are persecuted. Pupils who give an example of perseverance in kindness, compassion, and justice are to be given prizes. If any member rob a bird's nest, or is guilty of an act of cruelty to any creature, he is to be severely reprimanded, and a certain number of the good marks he has earned are to be taken from him. Should he continue, his parents, or if need be, the Mayor of the Commune, are to be informed of his wickedness.

Cycles for German Infantry.

From the London Standard.

Every infantry and rifle battalion in the Prussian army is, on April 1, to receive a certain number of cycles, which are henceforth to form a regular branch of the service.

THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

Plays are moved about like checkers on a board to win a continuance of prosperity. It does not seem to be a fact that any one section of the city demands a steady thing of one particular sort. The weekly changes of bill give to each theatre very striking contrasts in the succession of pieces performed. Thus, the Bowery gets "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the People's, where the superficial observer might presume that a satirical comedy of an intellectual grade would not find keen appreciation. Recent experiments there, however, have proved that Bowery audiences know what is good in any line of theatricals, and so "Lady Windermere's Fan" is likely to be successful at the People's.

The American has made judicious selections in the current entertainment since that theatre became a "combination house." The comic opera "Wang" goes there now with Edward Stevens and his company to make the most of its elements of burlesque, travesty, and music. This is the play, it will be remembered, in which the chief comedian does a lot of good fooling with a big imitation elephant, and in which his talent at clowning gets broad opportunities.

The farcical comedy that goes to the Fourteenth Street for a week is "The Rising Generation," in which William Barry has commended himself during several seasons to the multitudes who are fond of fun pertaining to Irish-American life in this city. Mr. Barry represents a personage of Shantytown, and the entertainment takes in a number of specialties, so that it may be said to contain considerable of a variety show. A half dozen new songs will be introduced.

No finer melodrama than "The Two Orphans" has been seen on the American stage since that D'Ennery play made its great success in the palmy days of the Union Square stock company. It is romantic, spirited, and at the same time possesses an abundance of heartfelt interest. It may be seen again at the Grand Opera House, with Kate Claxton the blind orphan as of yore, and with what should prove a reasonably effective company.

The big spectacle "America," which became famous through its summer in Chicago during the time of the Fair, and was subsequently brought to our Metropolitan Opera House, is at the Columbia in Brooklyn. The stage of that theatre is spacious enough to hold a multitude of ballet dancers, military paraders, scenic allegories, and other things that make up "America's" exhibition.

The Harlem Opera House gets "A Country Sport," with Peter F. Dailey and May Irwin in it, of course, as well as Ada Lewis, Andrew Mack, and John G. Sparks, all of whom have increased their value as public entertainers through their efforts in this McNally farce. It is promised that the Harlem performances will be freshened by new songs and dances. Counting this long season of "The Country Sport" at the Bijou and its subsequent weeks in other New York theatres, it must be chronicled as a remarkable triumph of nonsense.

One of the best of the tank plays, so called because they contain boating scenes with real water, is "The Paymaster," which had a vogue during several seasons, and is now to be reproduced at the Columbus in Harlem. A foremost figure in it, physically if not mentally, will be a famous strong man called Sampson (with a "p"). He is a sandow sort of athlete, and has challenged that muscular wonder to a competitive trial. The hero of "The Paymaster" will be enacted by Duncan Harrison, the author of the work.

The Brooklyn Bijou is ordinarily devoted to weekly visits of familiar plays, but to-morrow night it will not only present a brand-new work, but this will be the only unknown piece performed in New York or Brooklyn. The title of this play is "Rush City," and it is from the pen of Gus Heege, who has undertaken to illustrate for derision the methods of Western boom cities. A great deal of fun will be undertaken, the ludicrous consequences of a scheme will be shown, and a set of extravagantly drawn characters is likely to be introduced.

One of the farcical survivors is "The Hustler," which is revived at Niblo's, with John Kernell again in the role of the impecunious Irishman. There is considerable vaudeville element in this piece, including Smith and Cook's acrobatic travesty of tramps, and a comic rally of Salvation Army singers. Another interpolation is a laughable view of Coxey's army on the march.

Those intensely farcical comedians, Hallen and Hart, with a facile colloquial talker of the glib and easy sort and the other an irresistibly droll and extravagant caricaturist, are making fun at the Park by means of "The Idea," into which have been put about as many different things as the time of the performance will hold. A comical song about the Breckinridge-Pollard lawsuit is to be sung this week.

It is for the public to decide how long some of the plays will remain where they are, the managers intending to continue them just so far as large audiences assemble. The duration of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" at the Academy of Music remains uncertain. The term originally planned was six weeks, but it is sure to last twice as long as that.

There is nothing new or strange at the Lyceum in the continuance of "The Amazons," which now goes into its third month with the theatre still too small to hold those who try to get in. An interesting and commendable fight is being made at the Lyceum against the fraud and nuisance of peddling tickets on the sidewalk at advanced prices.

A short-lived opera bouffe family of Spain, as impersonated in "1492," is being duplicated in a statuette to be given away at the 300th performance a week from to-morrow night.

There is nothing to tell affecting "Shore Acres," which will hold the stage at Daly's until the end of the season.

The news from "Utopia, Limited," at the Broadway is that no date has yet been set for it to stop. Thus far it has had plenty of attention from the public. Isabel Beddiek, whose personal beauty, pleasant singing voice, and kindred ability to act, have distinguished her as the prima donna of the company, has had a careful vocal training abroad, and she was a member of a company which travelled through England with "Utopia, Limited." It is said that she is to have a leading part in Mr. Sullivan's next opera in London.

The Casino's new attraction, "Excursion," and Sogond-Weber will end with the week at Abbey's, and the remaining performances are to include repetitions of "Hamlet," "Œdipe-Roi," "Hernani," and "Ruy Blas."

Perhaps there is no marvel in the fact that crowds go year after year to see the same people over and over again, to see "Rip Van Winkle" for the delightful acting of Joseph Jefferson is perennial, and his individual popularity cannot be worn out. So "Rip Van Winkle" is the play with which he returns to the Star, and is the only one he will use during the two weeks of his visit.

The week's variety programmes are strengthened by performers who now appear here for the first time, and by entertainers who come to vaudeville from grand and comic opera, and from minstrelsy and farce. Tagliapietra and Lydia Yeamans, who were the chief singers in the Union Square "continuous" show last week, remain. In addition to the company is Carroll Johnson, who has until recently headed a company of his own. Others on the bill are: Ralph Terry, Vanola, W. J. Mills, F. E. Huested, Thorn and Carleton, Gray and Conway, William Vino, Brandon and Regina, Howley and Doyle, the Fremonts, the Evans and Emma Wood, and Rawson.

There is engaged in the "continuous" show at Proctor's a monologue entertainer, alternately seen in farces, comic opera, and variety shows. He is John Ransome, and he brings a budget of comic stories and songs. The Wilmots, two expert trick bicycle riders, are here, and besides exhibiting remarkable feats on bicycles of ordinary construction and on portions of such machines, they perform skilfully on the machine which is built up higher than the usual sort, with its framework so constructed that the man can propel the machine while standing in its saddle and meanwhile bear his companion about on his shoulders. Besides, these specialists are in the programme: Isabella Carlini and her troupe of trained dogs and monkeys, the St. Felix sisters, Edwina, Fanny Leslie, Adele Purvis Cuni, the Quaker City Quartet, Atroy, and a dozen others.

Jules Levy, the cornetist, heads the list at Herrmann's Theatre, and is followed by James and Bonnie Thornton, Mlle. Rialta, Allan May, and Jane Jones and others.

Pastor's Theatre will have on Monday night the first American appearance of Vesta Tilley, a vocalist of considerable reputation on the other side of the water. Supplementing her efforts will be Frank Bush, the Russell Brothers, Lawrence and Harrington, Edwin French, the Julians, Charles Hayden, the Morellos, Cain and Welsh, Nannetta, and Theo.

The American debut of another French singer of eccentric methods comes at Koster & Bial's on Monday. The newcomer's name is Adrienne Larive. Changes in the bill find Asterte, the Avolos, Conry and Fox, and Hokin placed, and the holdovers are Jacques Laudi, Bessie Bonehill, Bertoldi, the Brantz Brothers, the Deltorelli brothers, and the Eddys. Monday night will be wheelmen night. Zimmerman, the champion cyclist, will be on view in one of the boxes, and will hold an informal reception at the end of the performance.

In addition to the programme of the Eden Musee stage show is the exercise on the flying rings and trapeze of Alzarras and Thora, a man and woman respectively. The Tortinada troupe begins a second visit to this house, and the rest of the programme is attended to by Powell, Majilton, Ruth Davenport, Lola Yberri, and the Hungarian orchestra.

The youngest of New York's variety shows, that at the Central Opera House Music Hall at Sixty-seventh street and Third avenue, presents for its bill this week these specialties: Delmore, in fanciful dances; Georgie Brighton, in character songs; Annie Wilmot Curran, singer and yodler; Kissell, a rifle juggler; Annie Lawrence, in character dances; the three Droles, in contortions; the Sexton Brothers, acrobats; the Albions, the Grothe Brothers, the Millers, Waller and Waller, and Leonzo.

At Huber's Museum, in the circus of trained ponies, goats, and dogs, presided over by the boy, Leon Morris, it is claimed that there is a dog whose singing comes near enough to "Home, Sweet Home," to make the tune recognizable. At any rate, he is a well-trained animal, and his companions in the circus are also highly talented. Another example of animal intelligence is displayed here in a talking seal named Polly. Other exhibits are Prof. Horn's trained birds, Ida Williams, a handy woman; Joseph Sea Island Joe and his curiosities, and the midget, Darnelio. In the theatre, which is part of the establishment, the variety show is in the hands of Bentley and Cameron, Bessie Searle, Ward and Ward, Evans and Horn, Clark and Angeline, the Western Sisters, and Charles H. Duncan.

Side by side at Dorn's Museum in Eighth avenue there are exhibited a very small man called Prince Tinymite and a professional strong man, Jefferson. Other features of the show here are a rat circus, a broom factory, and some Austrian paper workers. Uncle Tom's Cabin" and a variety show are the features of the theatres.

West Twenty-third street still has the gallery of ancient torture instruments, which is open for visitors day and evening.

Some of the plays that have stayed firmly in their places until it almost seems as though they would never budge are really about to go away. That long-time occupant of the Standard, "Charley's Aunt," will pack up for Chicago two weeks hence. The wonder of this merry success has grown into a proverb among the men who make a business of theatricals, and it must go into history as one of the greatest triumphs ever made by a farce.

It has been decided to keep the stock company at the Empire until June 1, and to give a little time to the production of "Gudgeons" at the end of the season, but "Sowing the Wind" does not yet need to be displaced. It will pass its 150th repetition this week. "Sowing the Wind" has been chosen as a theme for amateur criticism in a competition for prizes offered by the *Dramatic News*. It is explained by Editor Fiske that he desires to give an opportunity to auditors to formulate their views of dramas observed by them at our theatres, and, as the current piece at the Empire is a work somewhere midway between stage orthodoxy and liberalism, deems it a peculiarly suitable subject for the contesting critics to try their pens upon. The best three articles of not more than one thousand words apiece will bring distinction and a little money, too, to their writers. The prizes are to be awarded by Laurence Hutton, Stephen Fiske, and Franklin Fyles.

Another extension of time for "The Butterflies" at Palmer's will keep it there until May 5, and no other play will be produced by John Drew and his company, although it has been expected that "The Masked Ball" would be revived for two weeks. A new society novelty is also ready for Mr. Drew's use, but he will not require it until next season, when that and several other pieces now in his possession will be made known.

Extraneous interest is excited in "Rival Candidates," at the Madison Square, by its apparent application of a recent bank failure in this city and of certain scandals in State politics. Aside from that, however, the piece has dramatic merits enough to warrant the attention it has received. It is acted effectively, too, and will keep its place four weeks here.

Tim Murphy's first Rip Van Winkle, "The Sleepwalker," at the Bijou, has only a week longer to remain there. Robert Hilliard is amusing as the sleepwalker, playing the part in a go-ahead way that makes a success of it, while Paul Arthur gives with unction the comic characteristics of a certain type of English clergymen. There is no dulness in the "Sleepwalker," and some of its brightness is highly enjoyable.

Two weeks more are allotted to "The Pawnbroker of the East Side" at the Germania, where the fiftieth performance of that farce in German will be celebrated on April 19.

There has been an extension of the engagement of Lillian Russell at the Casino, so that she will remain there until April 28. The same prosperity that has caused this prolongation will carry Giroflé-Girofla" easily to the end of the term. Miss Russell never sang better than she is singing now, and her acting has a spirit and vivacity of humor that folks used to think her incapable of. She gives the famous drinking song with a blend of melody and humor that is delightful.

The intention of "Margaret Fleming" at the Fifth Avenue will be a little longer than at first contemplated, owing partly to the interest excited by the boldly truthful nature of the play, which is in the extreme of the Ibsen manner, and partly to a postponement of "Hannele." It is certain that "Hannele" will receive the utmost care on the artistic side of its presentation, else it will merely offend with its surpassing grossness. In the mean time admirers of exact literalism on the stage may derive pleasure from "Margaret Fleming," which goes quite far enough for anybody to stand as an exposition of a social evil.

Of occasional entertainments the week will have a number. A very popular comedian, though his acting is done as a lecturer, will amuse an audience at the Star to-night. The man is Robert G. Ingersoll, and his oratory will be applied to the question, "What Must We Do to Be Saved?"

Sunday night shows of vaudeville, generally kept within the limits of the law on that subject, have become frequent in the guise of "benefits." Robert A. Duncan will give such an entertainment at the Bijou this evening, and the volunteers would seem to make up an uncommonly talented temporary company.

"The Performers' Equity club is the sponsor for a show at the Standard to-night. About two dozen names of specialists are given in the programme, and a probably amusing performance will be the result of their efforts.

The Newsdealers' and Stationers' Association has taken the Garden Theatre for an entertainment next Sunday, and an attractive programme is being arranged.

Pupils of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts will wind up the tenth season of that school at the Berkeley Lyceum by performances on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday afternoons or evenings of this week. Diverse programmes calculated to employ the best abilities of the graduates have been planned.

Able Snorers in the Senate.

From the Chicago Record.

Several of the Senators take daily naps on the lounges in the cloak rooms. Generally about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon the lounges are all occupied by sleeping statesmen, some of whom snore so loud that the doors have to be closed that the rumble may not be heard in the galleries. The champion snorer is Senator Coke of Texas. He makes the windows rattle when he is doing his best. But Mr. Davis of Minnesota is not far behind him, and when Mr. Stewart of Nevada rolls over on his back, as he sometimes does, the pages creep on tiptoe to listen, for he sings a peculiar song in his sleep. Mr. Bate of Tennessee draws a long, deep note, and his colleague, Mr. Harris, has a high tenor with a funny rattle. When they are both going at at their best speed on lounges side by side the duet is worth hearing.

Hypothetical Absence.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—The French Ambassador, who was married last week to an American girl in Philadelphia, is introducing to Washington society a new kind called "incognita." He was seen driving with his bride the other day on one of the principal streets of the city. A charming woman, who is indebted to the Ambassador for several social courtesies, saw the newly married couple, and supposing that this appearance indicated that they were at home, sent them an invitation to dinner. The response read:

"We are not supposed to be in Washington until the 1st of May."

One of Their Tenets.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

A death occurred recently in a certain family and no outward show was made by the relatives. Contrary to the usual custom, the blinds were not drawn, nor was there any crape on the door. This state of things was explained by a friend of the family.

"You know," she said, "they're Christian Scientists, and they don't approve of death."

Doing His Best.

From the Argonaut.

In his younger days Henry Labouchere, when attached to the British Embassy at Rome, received instructions to make inquiries about Florence or some distant place. He wrote for expenses, but they were not allowed. However, Mr. Labouchere started. Nothing was heard of him for weeks. Eventually, in reply to many despatches sent out to ask how he was getting on, a letter arrived. "As expenses are not allowed, Mr. Labouchere is obliged to walk. He expects to reach his destination by the end of the year."

Two Lives that Span the Life of the Republic.

From the New Haven Evening Register, April 13.

To-day is the ninety-second anniversary of the birth of Miss Emily L. Gerry, the daughter of the late Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Miss Gerry has lived for the last fifty years at her present home, 325 Temple street, in this city.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Out of the Deeps—Woe of an Intellectual Yet Despairing Lover.

O thou of the soulful eyes!
O dream of my ardent youth!
Who here in this world of lies
Might have pointed the way of truth

To a soul not yet world sick,
To a heart unpolluted as yet;
Thou hast played me a caitiff trick
O maid whom I never met!

How thine eyes would gleam from all
Of Nature's wondrous throng!
How thy voice would seem to call
From the mystic deeps of song!

And I pledged my love to thee,
And I sought thee far and wide;
And ever I strove to be
A bridegroom meet for the bride;

Till the scales fell from mine eyes,
And the music fled from the song,
And I said, "'Tis naught but lies,
And a lie is base and wrong."

And I said, "'Tis the truth I crave,
Though the truth be base begot."
Was I mad? Did I madly rave
When I said that thou wast not?

Then my soul went down in gloom
And my heart sobbed in despair,
But I shrank not from the doom
That darkly confronted me there.

So I toiled in the market place,
I joined in the riot and din,
And I strove to forget thy face
In the parlous haunts of sin.

And the love that had been thine,
The love of an untouched heart,
Was squandered, as pearls to swine,
On the creature of the mart.

The creature who scorns herself,
And is met with a fiercer scorn,
Who squanders a soul for pelf,
Or loves with a love foreworn.

But now that I'm grown mere old,
And the wisdom, come with years,
Declares me hard and cold,
I can yet find stuff for tears.

I can yet stretch my hands in woe,
And long for the days of old,
As I did in the long ago,
When the pride of youth was mine.

And at times in the night I start,
I start with a sudden pain,
And a thousand fancies dart
Through the fevers of my brain:

If I erred through a foolish pride?
If the caitiff trick were mine?
If thou wert there at my side,
And I knew not the mystic sign?

But a thing of shame and sin,
With a heart fulfilled of hate,
Defiled without, within—
O, maid, is it all too late?

It is all too late, I know,
For the love that I might have won;
But it is not too late to show
That thou art beneath the sun.

Let me see thee once, I implore,
Take thy hand in mine, O Queen!
Bid my cup of joy run o'er
By saying "It might have been."

WM. S. WALSH.

A Pattern in Lace.

Sitting, knitting:
Winding backward, winding forward,
Round the needles white and shining,
Writer fingers intertwining,
Fro and to the mazy thread.
Knitting, sitting, lazy ditting
Sunbeams darting in and over;
Outside, breath of bees and clover,
Fingers white and shining thread.
Not more shining, not more twining,
Lightly left where breezes blew it,
Streaks of yellow sunlight through it,
The fair hair and fair bent head.
"Burnished weaves of gold," one said.

Knitting, sitting:
Winding forward, winding backward,
Round those fingers, swift and glancing,
Naught was ever more entrancing,
Something more than mazy thread.
Sitting, knitting, all unwitting,
Something warm and strong and pleading,
Fail return demanding, needing,
In the meshes of the thread.
All unwitting, simply knitting,
Reeking not of needles glancing
Nor of fingers, white, entrancing:
Ah! but lift that fair bent head.
"All unwitting," have I said?

VIRGINIA HAYWARD CORNELL.

Whitcomb Riley's Favorite Poem.

From the Voice.

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we varied by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes,
We could not starve for long,
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet old song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one:
Our homes was wandering down the lanes,
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For honors or for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
And love and beauty pine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fee
When you had but your violin,
And I my song, my dear.

At Evening.

From Orchard Songs.

Below her in the valley farm
She heard the rustic mirth;
The pasture, frosened in a slime,
Was heaven as much as earth.

The fiddle poured a dancing tune
That called her feet, and oh!
Her heart was hungry for the lad
She danced with long ago!

NORMAN GALE.

The Pilgrim Fathers, an Old-time Opinion.

From the Boston Transcript.

They sang Old Hundred on the waves;
Their nasal tones resounded;
Because the Lord their barque did save,
And none of them got drounded.

They sang Old Hundred on the sea,
The fishes heard the tune,
And wondered what the noise could be
And who was in the packet.

They landed shingles, boards, and nails
And leather for shoemakers,
And pots and pans and tubs and pails
And ropes for hang'ng Quakers.

They felled of trees a countless host,
With saws they did divide them,
They reared a church and whipping post,
And gallows close beside them.

Perverted Verse.

From the Amazing Journal.

There was a young fellow named Cholmondeley,
Who in face and in figure was columndeley;
He was married one maughan
To a lady named Vaughanff
But they quarrelled and always sat giolmondeley.

There was a young man of Bordeaux,
Who called to his horse and said, "Weaux!"
But his horse ran aweigh
With a terrified neigh,
And is probably still on the geaux.

There was a young poet in Wemyss
Who cried "Oh, how awful it seemyss,
When asleep late at night,
Lovely poetry to write
And awakening, find it's but dremyss!"

Jane Jones.

From the Southern Magazine.

Jane Jones keeps a whisperin' to me all the time,
And says: "Why don't you make it a rule
To study your lessons, an' work hard an' hump,
An' never be absent from school?
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
How he climb up to the top;
Got all the knowledge he ever had
Down in the blacksmithin' shop."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Maybe he did—I dunno.
'Course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top
Is not never havin' no blacksmithin' shop,

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
But full o' ambition an' brains
An' studied philosophy an' is kill life—
An' see what he got for his pains.
He brought electricity out of the sky
With a kite an' the lightnin' an' key.
So we're own'n' him, more'n any one else,
For all the bright lights 'at we are.
Jane Jones she actually said it was so;
Maybe he did—I dunno.
'Course, what's ailers been a-ridin' me
Is not havin' any kite, lightnin', or key.

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme.
An' all the Spanish an' Italian men
They laughed and just said 'twas a dream.
But queen Isabella she hated to him,
An' pawned all her jewelry worth,
An' hung it to the Santa Marier 'al said;
"Go hunt up the rest of the earth."
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so;
Maybe he did—I dunno.
'Course, that may all be, but you must allow
They ain't any land to discover just now.

QUERIES BY SUN READERS.

A friend sends this letter:

"The line which your correspondent O. K. inquires about, 'High o'er the fight the lonely bugle grieves,' is from a poem entitled 'The Battle,' by a forgotten American poet, Granville Mellen (1799-1841; Harvard, 1818), and may be found in Emerson's 'Parnassus.' Grenville's volume, 'The Martyr's Triumph, Buried Valley, and Other Poems' (Boston, 1833) is long out of print.

"In return for this information, can you point me to the poem beginning:

Tell me, ye winds that round my pathway { roar, blow, }
And containing *inter alia* the lines:

The wild wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered 'No.'

It is familiar, and I ought to know it, but I don't.

"HENRY A. BEERS."

We don't place these lines, either; who does?

A friend drops us a line to say that platinum is worth from $10 to $10.50 an ounce, and that gold sells at from $20 to $21 an ounce "raw." Platinum has fallen then, during the last score of years.

I made an application before Civil Service Commissioners to go through an examination as day inspector in the Custom House. On March 24 I received a notice from Civil service Commissioners to go through an