HOFFMAN'S SEVEN WIVES.

ALL HAD DOWRIES IN PROPERTY OR MONEY.

He Was About to Marry an Eighth When the Fifth Wife Heard of It Through His Refusing to Pay a Schatchen $10 Commission on the Prospective Dowry.

Taube stands five in the list. She is entered specifically as "Hoffman, Taube, Feb. 5, 1895, 149 Ridge street, one child, dowry $820." Those words and figures on the lawyer's list tells Taube's life story so far as it was affected by Wolfe Hoffman. He married her, and that fact will furnish some idea of the extent in which their destinies are united. But Wolfe married six other women besides Taube—at least the lawyer charges that he did, and they are living now. So Taube's part in Hoffman's life must have been considerably less than the figure he played in hers. Hoffman must have seemed a good deal like destiny to Taube until she found out about those other six wives of his. But to Hoffman she was only a matter of routine. She was not even preëminent among the wives, for one of them is scheduled "dowry $450" in the list.

Taube was in her lawyer's office yesterday afternoon. She says in Yiddisch that she's thirty. Her face is swarthy and her figure dumpy. She wore a cloth headdress and a shawl over her faded calico skirt. Her face had the patient, submissive look of many of the east side women in the Jewish quarter. She rested her hand on the lawyer's desk and stared out into the street. Then she moved about the room, starting toward the door and then turning back again. Evidently Taube had something on her mind. It seemed evident that her thoughts were with Wolfe, who was locked up in the prison across Essex street, in view of the window through which she was looking.

While Wolfe Hoffman had been the husband of six other women besides Taube, an observer might have imagined that it was the thought of him in prison that made her face sadder and duller than it usually is. No wonder that she hated to leave the lawyer's room! She might be preparing still to withdraw her charge and do one-seventh toward letting Hoffman come out to the fresh air and his seven wives. It was only when she made up her mind to speak that her real trouble became evident. It took her some time to do this. But she finally said to the lawyer, in Yiddisch: "Hoffman in prison? Yes. But the dowry, my dowry. Where is that? The $230, my $230; where are they? I worked and saved them, and he's got 'em as he got all the others."

The lawyer told Taube that the case had not got as far yet as recovering the seven dowries which have come into Hoffman's possession so rapidly and with such insufficient preliminary ceremony that he was arrested yesterday morning charged with bigamy and locked up in the Essex Market prison under $1,500 bail for examination at noon to-day. The complaint on which Hoffman was arrested was accompanied by two marriage certificates. They were the Jewish Liturgical marriage licenses made out by a rabbi. One had united him to the luckless Taube a little more than a year ago, and the other had ostensibly made him the husband of the woman who in the schedule is entered as "Hoffman, Jennie; 38 Essex street; two children; dowry $450." These two were the fourth and fifth wives, and to-day the rest of the women, excepting the first, who is in Austria, will be at the Essex Market Court to tell their stories.

Wolfe Hoffman is a small, pale, sickly looking man, with a black beard. When he was arrested at the house of his wife Jennie, at 38 Essex street, he was helping her dress their three-months-old baby. Wednesday night he took his supper at 149 Ridge street with wife Taube. Already the two women had met each other, although Hoffman did not know it. They had seen a lawyer, too, and Hoffman's arrest was no surprise to them.

The circumstances which led to the arrest are obscured with some of the uncertainty that envelops every story that starts from the complicated social and moral conditions of the Jewish life on the east side and finds its way to the public through a Yiddisch interpreter. It is apparently certain that Wolfe Hoffman is a tin-smith, working on the east side of the town, and that six women in this country and one in Europe claimed to be married to him. In the past fifteen years he has married six of them in New York and Brooklyn. It was when he planned to marry his eighth wife that the estate, accumulated through a judicious acquisition of dowries, showed a sudden check. If he had been arrested later, this eighth entry would have been scheduled as "Esther Levy, 164 Columbia street, dowry $700." The engagement between him and Esther was announced in correct form last week.

One story is that this fell under the eye of Gatchen Greenberg of 124 Ridge street, who remembered that he had introduced Esther and Hoffman. This recollection prompted him to the further reminiscence that his first commission on the job amounted to $10. He went to Hoffman for the money. The recollection of his seven other wives suggested some sarcastic remarks to Hoffman as to his necessity for calling in a schatchen to get a wife for him. The effect of these little satires was all that Schatchen Greenberg got for his pains. His house is only one block down on the other side of the street from Taube. As he went home he passed the house in which he had often seen Taube and Hoffman together. He thought of Esther's $700 dowry and the $10 Hoffman had refused him, so he began a conversation with Taube. He didn't know that she and Hoffman had been married a year ago, but he began experimentally with a remark that touched the right spot.

"So Wolfe is going to marry, Esther Levy. They are betrothed," he said, "and Esther's dowry is $700."

From the excitement that followed Greenberg knew that his scheme had succeeded. He found out about Jennie, the wife at 38 Essex street, and on Wednesday the two met in Lawyer Rosenshein's office on 10 Essex street. They told their story, and as the investigation went on the list of Hoffman's wives grew longer. Two sons of the first, Chevah, whom he married in Austria, represent her in the contest. There are said to be four other children by this marriage.

Another explanation of Hoffman's exposure is that Jennie, whom he married in 1893, had heard of his betrothal to Esther. When she threatened to expose him he said: "You say nothing about it until I marry Esther, then you shall have back your $450."

Jennie casually mentioned this to a friend. The number of wives he has on the east side makes any news of Hoffman's intentions travel fast. So the fact that Jennie was to get back her $450 came to the ears of Gittel Hoffman, who keeps a grocery—as much as Hoffman left her of it—at 156 Orchard street. He married her in March, 1881, and they had four children, she was Hoffman's first American venture, and he wedded her just ten days after deserting Chevah. Sarah Hoffman, who had a dowry of $90 when he married her in the same year, heard the news over in Brownsville, where she is living. Ritke, also a Brooklyn wife of his, whom he married two months after he had Gittel, learned of his generous offer to return the dowry, and became interested to know if she could not get back the $85 she had given him as a bride. Maike, whom he took to wife in New York, heard the news at 189 Seigel street, where she lives, and wondered if she could get back the profits of her grocery, which Hoffman had enjoyed since their marriage in January. This common interest animating all the wives, brought them together the other day in Lawyer Rosenshein's office. Then it came out that Hoffman had only promised Jennie to compromise for $50, as times were hard. This was too much, so his arrest followed. Only the bride of his youth, the far-off Chevah, who had given him her house and farm in Polish Austria years ago, was unruffled in the gas illuminating. When their stories had been told and they had been reduced to statistical form, their lawyer arranged this statement of the situation:

	Name.	Married.	Family.	Present Address.	Dowry.
1	Chevah	Dec., 1874, in Austria.	Remained in Austria.	Austria.	Farm & house.
2	Gittel	N. Y., 1881, March.	4 children.	156 Orchard st.	Grocery store.
3	Sarah	Dec., 1891, Brooklyn.		189 Siegel st., Brooklyn.	$90
4	Ienute	Oct. 25, 1893, New York.	2	38 Essex st.	$450
5	Jennie	Feb. 5, 1895, New York.	1	149 Ridge st.	$230
6	Ritke	April, 1895, Brooklyn.		1,273 Bedford st., Brooklyn.	$85
7	Maike	Jan., 1896, New York.		189 Siegel st.	Grocery store.

Hoffman had five fits after his arrest, but the police were not inclined to believe that they were all genuine. His defence was that he had been divorced by a rabbi from part of the women, and never married the others. Some of the women are said to have had husbands living when they claim to have married Hoffman.

Another charge made against Hoffman was that his son and another man conducted a marriage bureau to collect the accumulated dowries of the Jewish quarter on the east side, and that Hoffman was put forward as the active man of the syndicate on account of his invariable success with women. All the wives he married in this country are expected to appear in court to-day.

A French Count Insane in Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 12.—Henri Bremond d'Ars, a French Count, 26 years old, was taken to the Detention Hospital yesterday because of his peculiar actions at the Lansing Hotel. He had an idea that an emissary of the British Government was hounding him to obtain secrets relating to the French army. D'Ars has a castle at Compiègne and a hotel in Paris. The French Consul cabled to D'Ars's relatives, and a brother will leave for Chicago immediately to take care of the demented man.

EDWIN A. ABBEY'S PASTELS.

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, even without the recently added A. R. A., is so easily *hors concours* as a draughtsman and illustrator, and since his exhibition of the Boston Library decorations, a year ago, is so manifestly a colorist, that it is not easy, in noticing his pastels at the Avery Gallery, to add anything new to what has been said in his praise. It may be recorded, therefore, that there are thirty drawings by his hand in the present collection, and that they are, as a matter of course, delightful. Two of them, indeed two of the most important, do not carry their own story with them, namely, "The Two Noble Kinsmen," a funereal scene, melancholy in motive and beautiful in color, and "What the Shepherd Saw." In one case the coffins are being borne on the shoulders of men along a bleak road, and with a most beautiful light from the low-descending sun gilding and glorifying the figures of the bearers. In the other, a mystified old shepherd, having led his flock to the edge of a pool, is plainly unable to solve the riddle of the young woman who sits on the bank with a flaming halo all about her.

But for the rest the subjects are wholly comprehensible and charming. There are some scenes from "The Rivals" and a few Shakespearean characters, and some that, like beauty, have their own excuse for being. There is "Beatrice," No. 1 in the catalogue, that is not surpassed for beauty by anything else in the list. The queenly carriage of this high-bred woman in white is delightful. She carries herself like a dame of high degree, her head well poised upon a beautiful neck, and her stately form enveloped in soft folds of graceful drapery, cream colored and blue, that enfold but do not disguise the dignity of her presence.

"The Queen in 'Hamlet,'" too, is another instance of Mr. Abbey's unequalled skill in combining in imagination the attributes of majesty with the realism of human emotions. Queen Gertrude sits in a chair of state, in a gown of delicate pea green and white, with scarlet hangings about her, and, with her chin buried in her hand, thinks on the stirring incidents of her life. There is a wonderful expression of the womanly qualities, a human realization of the perplexities of her situation, without any surrender of the queenly dignity in the pose and form of this woman who, removed for a time in theory from the public gaze, yields herself to thought. "The Gold Necklace" is more brilliant in color, but not more telling, beautiful as it is, and there are shepherdesses and ladies in red and white and blue and yellow, and a variety of other figures in various schemes of color; but of all it may be said that to his well-known grace of line and composition Mr. Abbey has added those other charms of color and of character, and all done so slightly but so unerringly that criticism is silenced in the contemplation of his work.

Fourteen Views of Rouen Cathedral.

There are fourteen rather extreme pages of eulogy of Monet preceding a catalogue of fourteen paintings by him of the cathedral at Rouen in the little book which accompanies his exhibition at the American Art Association Galleries. It is an extraordinary exhibition of what this catalogue calls "marvellous paintings."

It is marvellous, and must so remain to the laymen, that paint so thickly and, as viewed at short range, so recklessly applied should assume such beauty at a more reasonable distance. Here are fourteen aspects of the same west front of the Rouen cathedral, practically from one point of view, and yet as widely different in color as are the bat and the most brilliant butterfly. It has been M. Monet's aim to show this ancient architectural monument in every aspect of light and shade and atmosphere. There is the sober gray of a day without shadows, in which the texture of the architectural masses is marvellously realized. There are the glaring midday sunlight, the last rays of crimson daylight, the effect of early morning, of morning a few hours later, of afternoon; there is the haze of a smoky day and the weird effect of a heavy fog, such as sometimes veils the sea and magnifies the ships that suddenly loom up out of it. All of these effects are painted of a single front of the cathedral, and in his annual the artist has run from grave to gay, from haze to kaleidoscopic scintillation of high-keyed color. There is here indeed a study in the science of optics with the effects of illumination and reflection, and even, some may say, of hallucination, but all deftly contrived to be poetic and withal beautiful.

Notes of the Fine Arts.

The collection of Japanese art works which the Messrs. Yamanaka & Co. of Osaka have sent here to be shown and sold at the American Art Galleries is one of unusual merit. The sale began yesterday and will continue to-day and on Saturday afternoon, and includes very rare lacquers, paintings, prints, porcelains, bronzes, embroideries, carvings, swords, screens, and a dozen other things of beauty and value. There are many early examples of Oriental art of a character not commonly to be found in public sales in this country.

The exhibition of paintings by Jongkind, now on view at the Durand-Ruel galleries, is an interesting showing of the work of this impressionistical lover of sea and shore, broadly painted translations of nature's moods.

There is an exhibition at Kraushaar's of portraits and other paintings by Vincent Tack.

Mr. Wedworth Wadsworth is holding an exhibition of his water-color drawings, done in Europe and the far East, at his studio in the St. George Hotel, Brooklyn. They are the result of extensive travels abroad last summer.

WHY "SHINER" OWES KESSLER.

It Costs Too Much for His Clothes, He Says, to Pay for His Cigars.

The Hon. John Shiner Simpson is undoubtedly the best-dressed man of Mayor Strong's administration, and can, whenever he likes, take the high position of the "Administration Dude." The fact is, that there are not many men in this city that have as many clothes as Shiner, and the fact that his wife allows him but $2 a day pocket money doesn't detract from his glory in the least.

But Shiner has had difficulty in paying his tobacco bills, and for the trifling debt of $69.30 for cigars bought in 1890 of Philip Kessler of 143 East Fourth street, Johnny is undergoing the ordeal of supplementary proceedings. Judge Fitzsimmons gave the order for the supplementary proceedings on Feb. 18, and later Justice Van Wyck confirmed it and set the date for last Wednesday.

On that day at 10 o'clock Shiner appeared at the office of Burr & De Lacey, 206 Broadway, Kessler's attorneys, bright and cheerful, arrayed in all his glory of spick and span clothes, patent leather shoes, and shining silk hat. He said he couldn't pay that bill for the very good reason that he had no money. At present he is the Superintendent of Streets and Roads in the Department of Public Works, at an annual salary of $2,750, which place was his reward for his valiant services in the cause of reform and his consolation for the $5,000 he might have got had he been elected to Congress. For nearly two years prior to Jan. 1, 1895, he had done nothing, for in May, 1893, he had resigned his post as Superintendent of Landing in the Department of Emigration in the Federal service, and, said he, it took every cent he made to live.

His clothes cost him $500 or $600 a year, so he declared, for he buys ten or twelve suits every year. About half of them are made to order, costing $40 or $45 each, and the rest, when bought ready made, cost $30 each. The rest of the money goes for overcoats and shoes and other things. He pays $72 a year for shoes, twelve pairs, at $6 a pair. He said he couldn't possibly get along with less. His household expenses are $1,500 a year. He lives at 37 Attorney street with his wife, his wife's nephew, and his mother-in-law. He has four children, but they are all grown up and support themselves. He keeps two servants. He pays his rent for the house, which belongs to his mother-in-law, but in lieu of that pays $625 a year in taxes and water rent and boards his mother-in-law. Then there are his wife's clothing and a lot of little things to get, so that there is mighty little of that $2,750 left at the end of a year.

Mr. Simpson said that he always gave his salary to his wife. She ran the house, paid all the bills, including the tailor bills, and every morning gave him spending money for the day, ordinarily a couple of dollars. He admitted that he was not in supplementary proceedings for the first time. He owes, he says, about $10,000, and can't pay that or anything else, for he has no income other than that which comes from the city. He has no real estate, and the furniture in the house belongs to his wife, who owned it before her marriage to him. Besides, when, in 1884, he ran a saloon at the corner of Jefferson and South streets he lost $13,000.

Shiner's examination will be continued next Tuesday morning.

SQUID CAUGHT A COLONEL;

OR, THE DEMON DEVIL FISH OF THE SALT FLORIDA SEAS.

Seventy of the Tentacular Terror's Eight Arms Sundered by the Kentucklan's Steel—Slain by 100 Bullets After a 30 Mile Tow—Believe It or Be Fined a Cent.

From the wilds of Florida comes a story that cannot fail to excite the attention of scientific persons interested in natural phenomena. It tells of the doings of a sea monster unequalled in the annals of science, although fiction can furnish his counterpart. The Wild Man of the Woods may now hide his shaggy and diminished head and the sea serpent go out of business. They never will be missed. The newcomer is calculated to fill a long-felt want in the midst of those who swallow wonderful stories, as the sword swallower engulfs his ornamental scimetar. Some of yesterday's newspapers had accounts of the prodigy, and one of them sums up the startling occurrence in this succinct form, following it up with details:

While a Kentucky Colonel was fishing in Florida waters a huge devil fish seized his boat and towed it swiftly seaward. As fast as the Colonel cut off one of the monster's tentacles another grasped the boat, but, after a three hours' battle for life, the Kentuckian lodged a bullet in the fish that ended it.

The Colonel mentioned is designated as R. T. Holloway of Lexington. He went out fishing in Rookery Bay, near the town of Naples. What he was fishing for is not stated in the despatch, but he was probably after skates or blow fish. How far successful his angling had been is not known. It was rudely interrupted by a most untoward circumstance. To quote from the reports telegraphed from the vicinity: "While fishing, the little boat began to bound seaward at a tremendous pace." This language would seem to indicate that it was the little boat which was fishing, but such is not the fact. The Colonel was doing the fishing. Being in the boat, however, with no other visible means of support, he had no option but to bound seaward at a tremendous pace also. His first impression was that a tidal wave got tangled in the painter. But no!

Looking toward the bow, Col. Holloway was horrified to see the tentacle of a devil fish.

It is necessary here to leave the Colonel bounding seaward in company with his devil fish and turn for a moment to the encyclopædia in order that the reader may appreciate properly the embarrassing position of the Kentucky bounder. In the encyclopædia one learns of two varieties of devil fish of any considerable size and powers. One is the monster described by Victor Hugo in his novel "Toilers of the Sea." It exists nowhere else except in mythology. The other is the octopus or poulpe, of which there are about forty species, all of them possessing eight tentacles. The largest one on record weighed 250 pounds, but the encyclopædia cautiously explains that it is believed that even larger ones exist. Undoubtedly Col. Holloway's was one of these credible specimens.

To return to the original subject, the Colonel. No sooner had he recognized the tentacle as that of a devil fish than he seized a hatchet and cut it off. Now any man goes fishing with a hatchet, but Col. Holloway seems to have been a provident sort of character. He probably reckoned that even if he didn't meet any outward-bound devil fish the hatchet would be convenient to cut cigar ends with, or useful as a sinker in case the supply of lead gave out. However, his troubles had only begun. No sooner had he "severed the tentacle" than:

The monster instantly grasped the boat with another of his ugly serous tentacles and continued its seaward flight. The Colonel promptly severed this tentacle, but to no purpose. As fast as one was severed the fish thrust forward another.

It might be supposed that the octopus, having but eight tentacles, would find some difficulty in keeping the supply up to the demand; but it came nobly up to the occasion. Here was the Kentuckian hewing away with his handy hatchet and the composite energy of Mr. Gladstone and George Washington, and still there was constantly fresh material for his weapon. Undoubtedly the devil fish sprouted new arms as fast as the old ones were lopped off. Nor did this process have such a tax on its powers that it was unable to keep on its journey seaward.

The pace was something awful. It was so hot the waves fairly hissed as the boat went through, and Col. Holloway thought every minute the craft would be capsized.

This throws a new light on the peculiarities of the devil fish. Hitherto this strange creature has been credited with the spriating qualities of the tortoise and the long-distance powers of the snail. But this one wasn't that kind. He went right on and on, at the rate of six miles an hour and a half, dragging a boat in fresh-grown tentacles all the time. It is certain that he must have made that speed, for at the end of three hours of bounding seaward on the part of the boat the voyager found himself thirty miles out. But that was only the start. As they went on the Colonel kept plying his hatchet for all it was worth, undiscouraged by the constantly replenished supply. Human endurance has its limit, however. He became wearied and his hand faltered. The work went more slowly, and here a fresh difficulty arose. He felt:

Once after several, a tentacle the fish put forward another so quickly that Col. Holloway's right hand, which was at the edge of the boat, was seized. The grasp of the tentacle was so powerful that the bones of his hand were nearly broken, and he dropped the hatchet into the water, and with his right hand drew his hunting knife, and, after repeated slashings, cut the tentacle off and released himself.

From that time on the Colonel whittled instead of hacking, and still the devil fish kept its tentacle incubator working. Luckily, the Colonel's reserve armament was not exhausted with the knife. He had also a gun; a repeating rifle of heavy calibre, which he took along in case he should be set upon by a seven headed hydra, or the Spanish navy should heave in sight. He finally bethought himself of this gun, and it was high time, too.

For three hours the contest had been kept up and at least sixty tentacles had been cut, but the fish was still going strong for all that. The Keys were only a streak in the distance. With his hatchet gone and his right hand nearly disabled, Col. Holloway was almost in despair.

His chance of life lay in the gun. But every shooting man knows that you've got to be careful about your angle in shooting into water, so the resourceful Colonel pulled out his pocket sextant and with the aid of the sun proceeded to calculate the proper angle. The despatches from the scene of the adventure do not specifically state that the Colonel had a sextant with him, but it is likely that a man with foresight enough to take a hatchet, a knife, and a repeating rifle out on a fishing trip with him would neglect to carry a sextant? Having, then, taken a sight and worked his angles out with a slate and pencil which he had in his coat pocket, he proceeded to shoot into the water in front of the boat.

After firing about thirty shots the boat began to go more slowly. The Kentuckian continued to shoot and at last the boat came almost to a stop, and the body of the fish rose to the surface, having been pierced by nearly a hundred bullets.

Many fish would have sunk under the lead, but this was a different kind of fish. However, the Colonel wasn't out of the woods yet. His enemy was dead, but

The situation was still desperate, for body was floating, hard was out of sight, and his oars had been lost.

It doesn't say how the oars were lost. Maybe the devil fish swallowed them. Luck came to the Colonel at last.

Fortunately, after drifting about an hour he was sighted by a fishing schooner, which towed him to Naples. The dead devil fish was also towed to the boat, being held by the last tentacle it had thrown forward. Examination showed that Col. Holloway had severed about seventy tentacles, and that the fish was spotted with as many more.

Which is a very fair record for a fish that began with only eight tentacles. The weight of the fish is stated as exceeding 2,000 pounds, including the lead contributed by Col. Holloway. One final peculiarity of this phenomenal creature is noted, namely, that seventy tentacles fourteen feet long at the wood was dented. This is most remarkable, because the tentacle of the octopus holds by suction, so that the boat should have been covered with blisters instead of dents. Still, they might have been reversed dents, like Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's wart, which was a dimple turned over. What disposition Col. Holloway will make of his prey is not stated. In some countries devil fish are eaten. They carry a sac full of an ink-like substance that may be used as writing fluid. It is not impossible that the devil-fish slayer has been making use of this product. Meanwhile he holds the record.

In certain circles of this city the account of the wonderful capture rouses wild excitement. Frenzied young men with pencils in their hair and a strained look in their eyes rushed madly about the Astor Library yesterday begging for information regarding dibranchiate cephalopoda-octopus molluska, sepioid cephalopoda, and similar matters. They were apostles of the new journalism at working full force, which is the base imaginary pictures of the monster intended for to-day's papers.

"Ridiculous," Says Healey.

Mayor's Marshal Healey denied yesterday the charge of Delegate Maher of the Liberty Dawn Association of Couch Drivers that the renewal of a cab driver's license was refused because the applicant was a member of the union.

"The charge is ridiculous," he said to a SUN reporter. "Our business is see that no cab driver plies his vocation without a license, and this delegate's statement is false in every particular. Why, it was found that a man who said he was the Secretary of the Liberty Dawn Association was driving a cab without a license and we compelled him to take out one."

Killed by Excise Duty.

Policeman Henry Malley of the Centre Street Court squad died yesterday of pneumonia, due to a cold contracted while doing excise duty on Sunday.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The various pictures which have appeared in connection with the reports of the Lebaudy case in this country, and have been described as portraits of Mlle. Marsy, have been in every instance likenesses of Mlle. de Marsy, who is quite a different person and more famous as a beauty than as an actress. When photographs of Mlle. de Marsy were not used portraits of her sister, Mlle. Darland, who resembles her very much, served as pictures of Mlle. Marsy of the Comédie Française. Mlle. de Marsy and her sister are more familiar in the shop windows than on the stage, and neither of them is connected with the Théâtre Français, of which Mlle. Marsy, who was really the woman in the Lebaudy case, is a *sociétaire*. Like many of the actresses of that theatre, Mlle. Marsy has an aversion to having her photographs sold, and they are not to be had in the Paris photograph shops. Bartet and Pierson are two other well-known women of the company whose pictures are not to be had. The familiar features of Mlle. de Marsy, which have appeared time and time again in the photograph shops in upper Broadway, have played no part in the wretched Lebaudy business. No picture of the real Mlle. Marsy, who is a woman well over thirty and particularly well known as the *Fryne Vivante* of the Comédie Française, has yet been printed.

The abandonment of the bicycle as an enthusiastic fad has led to the closing of a number of the academies which a year ago prospered in every available hall. Many have already closed their doors and others are preparing to do so. But the bicycle flourishes now in at least one respect in which it was almost unknown when the craze began. The grooms who go from the stables in which they are occupied to the houses of their employers have begun to make regular use of the wheel as a quicker and easier method than pedestrianism. When the weather is half way decent numbers of these men can be seen in the east and west side streets in the neighborhood of the stables starting out, and in not a few cases they have become expert enough to carry packages along with them. As early as last summer people learned that a bicycle could, in certain cases, readily accomplish the work that formerly required an extra horse. Grooms could ride for the mail and deliver messages on bicycles as well as on horseback, and it was not long before the advantages of this arrangement began to make proficiency on the bicycle a necessary feature of a groom's qualifications. The loss of patronage, which has made the academies less profitable this year, is attributed as much to the fact that nearly everybody who wants to has learned to ride as well as to the small enjoyment that is derived from indoor riding after a road experience.

The French newspapers that have come to this country recently are filled with the most flattering accounts of Emma Eames's success at Monte Carlo, where she sang in "Otello," with Tamagno. Mme. Eames had not sung in France before since the conclusion of her engagement at the Grand Opera in Paris, and the criticisms of her recent performances dwelt on the remarkable advance she showed in acting as well as on the improvement in the quality of her voice and her singing. After her short engagement at the Riviera town Mme. Eames returned to her home in Paris, as she is now studying the title rôle in César Franck's opera "Ghiselle," which she is to sing at Monte Carlo toward the end of this month. The American singer has this winter been devoting her time to the study of dramatic rôles, and the teacher under whose direction she has been working has expressed the opinion that she is to be one of the great dramatic sopranos of the day. This seems all more or less remarkable to people who remember Mme. Eames's first appearance here, when her beauty, her voice, and her singing were all commended, while her apparently complete lack of dramatic instinct was lamented. There were evidences, however, during her second season here that experience on the stage was developing the power in her which she was supposed to be most deficient. Mme. Eames is very likely to return to New York next year. Her place was not filled in the opera company during the past season. The fact that she was supposed not to have been a great popular favorite was not the only influence which prevented her reëngagement. There was a dispute about the parts she was to sing. Mme. Eames is said to have insisted on having *Marguerite* and *Juliet* in the Gounod operas exclusively for her own. This arrangement was deemed impossible, and Mme. Eames did not come back this winter, but even taking into account the loss of her large salary, the move was probably an advantageous one for her. When she returns with the prestige of her recent success, New York will appreciate her twice as much as it ever did.

Duse is a familiar enough sight on the streets now, and, beyond walking always with a light cane, she gives no evidence of ill health in her appearance. She is invariably animated and lively in conversation, and her dress is noticeable only for its remarkable plainness. She usually wears a long black cloak with a full cape and a small black hat trimmed with white lace. There is nothing in her manner to suggest the extremely retiring disposition she is said to possess, and the impression is growing stronger every day that when the Italian actress has become more familiar with American ways and American people there will be less ground for regarding her as the remarkably self-centred individual she is at present supposed to be. She has already during this engagement gone more or less into society, and, as on her former engagement, visits the theatres. She usually has a most depressing effect on the actors, for she takes her seat in the front row of the box, and from the beginning to the end of the performance never gives the slightest indication of any interest in the proceedings. She stares and stares at the stage, and the effect of their efforts upon her can only be a matter of surmise to the actors. But Duse is undoubtedly unbending. She has agreed to play in Chicago, and doubtless by the time she has played one or two more engagements in this country she will no longer repulse the interviewers.

Possibly the interest in Signora Duse explains the particular distinction which has been accorded to her personal manager, Joseph Schurman, who can claim to be the first impresario who has been honored by having his photograph exhibited along with that of his star. Herr Schurman is an accomplished polyglot, by birth a German, but by breeding international. He brushes his hair and cuts his beard like a Prussian First Lieutenant, wears himself in a loose fur coat, and parades upper Broadway with a look of overwhelming responsibility on his face. When Duse's photographs were exhibited in a window in town the counterfeit presentment of Herr Schurman, in fresh coat and impudour hair, appeared alongside of them. Theatrical managers here rarely figure in the shop windows, and the identity of Herr Schurman remained for a time in doubt. When it was revealed, the wonder as to why he was exhibited became more intense, and it was satisfying, although unflattering to him, to learn that his portrait was placed on view by the photographer as a reward for the impresario's services in persuading Duse to have her pictures taken by him.

Artists who live in the large studio buildings in this town complain that they are frequently interrupted by visitors whose only excuse for calling is curiosity to see the interior of a studio.

"They come at the most unreasonable times," said one artist, "and their excuses for the intrusion are always counterfeit. Sometimes they come in and ask me if I don't want a model, and I can tell at a glance that they have never posed as professionals. These women are not to be young. I get rid of them quickly by telling them to pose for the figure. Again they come and profess a desire to buy one of my pictures. They look at everything in my studio, poke into corners, and ask a lot of impertinent questions as to how I live, and what part of people my models are. They express disappointment that my studio is not hung with rich tapestries and filled with old armor. I tell them that I am too busy to spend time on such foolish things, and then they leave, after having wasted half an hour of my daylight. There isn't a busy artist in this town but will make the same complaint."

George Washington's desk, together with some other pieces of his furniture, is in the Governors' Room at the City Hall, and a very well kept, convenient looking desk it is, made of well-polished mahogany, and with lots of room for the writer's arm. Visitors to this room are inclined to doubt the age of the desk. Enterprising furniture makers got its dimensions a year ago, and promptly flooded the country with George Washington desks. They are close reproductions and several of them have been held in country towns as the original desk. A dealer in antiques received a letter from a New England town last week asking what he would pay for George Washington's desk. The writer said that it was in perfect condition, and he could establish its identity by comparing it with the old pictures of George Washington's furniture.

"Probably the writer was honest in his pretence that his desk was the original," said the dealer, "but of course it is only one of the many counterfeits that have been made. There is hardly a historic piece of old furniture but has been counterfeited, and every week I receive letters from country people who have found one of these reproductions, and, believing it to be genuine, offer to sell it for a large price. Some of these reproductions only an expert can detect."

VERY DIFFERENT ACTORS.

MILLER AND MILN, LOIE FULLER AND ROB FITZSIMMONS.

The Part in "Bohemia" which Mounet-Sully Played in Paris—An ex-Clergyman as a Comedian—The Lighting of a Serpentine Dance—A Prizefighter on View.

In watching the performance of "Bohemia," at the Empire Theatre, it is interesting to recall that, in Paris, at the Théâtre Français, Mounet-Sully has appeared in the rôle which is assigned to Henry Miller here. Miller's make-up suggests Mounet-Sully's strongly. Even the queer absence of beard on the jaw will be recollected by theatregoers as like the appearance of the French actor when he wore a full beard on the stage. The comparison is peculiar, and to bear it in mind is to add something to the interest of this play. The more serious character of Barriere's dramatization of Murger's story gave the part of the poet a more tragic tone in the hands of Mounet-Sully than in the hands of Henry Miller, for on the French stage his sweetheart dies of privation and distress. That she does not in Clyde Fitch's version robs Miller of a moving and pathetic scene at the end, which enabled Mounet-Sully to secure a strong "curtain" for himself, and which rounded out the personation with telling dramatic effect. That this is a loss to Miller personally is manifest, but it is a notable gain to the audience. The termination of the original play is rather harrowing, and the humorous elements, subordinate all through to the tragic interest of the central story, only serve to emphasize the mournful agony of *Mimi's* death, and by their subdued contrast to throw into painful relief the melancholy close of this Bohemian romance. The audiences at the Empire are to be congratulated on suffering no undue violence to their sympathies and on being permitted to leave the theatre with the lighter moods of the play uppermost in their minds. Whether they would rather see Henry Miller or Mounet-Sully in the rôle of *Rudolph* they may judge for themselves, as the New York public knows both actors; but it is altogether probable that the famous romantic tragedian, who is given to weeping in his emotional scenes, would please them less than the American actor in this particular play.

Serious and honest endeavor is not invariably a good thing for an actor's reputation, even when it is honestly and seriously recognized by playgoers and critics. This may have been some time a paradox, although that is doubtful, but now George C. Miln gives it proof. This is greatly to his credit, although it is not altogether to his advantage with his audiences. It happens this way: The production of "Julius Cæsar" at the Broadway is massive and impressive. The scenic embellishment is solid and splendid. The spectacular adjuncts are large, full, and reasonably correct in architecture, costume, and paraphernalia. To find fault with these things, even with the fragile legs of the lictors and the bovine indifference of the Senators, would be to pick flaws hypercritically in a generally admirable and beautiful production of this magnificent historical tragedy. The faults to be found by uncalled-for search would be less than the defects to be discovered in the chief actors, who are also, in their predominant impression on the audience, massive, solid, and large, impressive in presence and full of voice. And it is this prevalent quality of bigness that reflects unfortunately on Mr. Miln. The *Cæsar* is a giant. He is a remarkably large man, tall, heavy shouldered, with large feet and hands, his face, eyes, nose, nascles, voice, all in imposing harmony, and resulting in a picture of what might well have been the foremost man of his time in his capacity for hard fighting and in his natural judgment of men. His swarthy skin and semi-barbaric splendor of dress enhance the effect of might and prowess which he makes on the audience. He is grown so great physically, he has such "large fears," in the words of *Cassius*, so brawny and far-reaching an arm, so all-grasping a mind, so commanding a visage, so tremendous a voice, that he tops and overlears even the biggest of the other men, and that is *Cassius*. *Cassius* is no less in vocal power, and not much in the other material attributes of the great *Cæsar*. Good looking, and well and suitably dressed in general of men of war from their youth up—all except *Antony*. He moves about under the elbow of *Cæsar*, as it were, in looks and bearing so much less a man than these great fellows by whom he is surrounded, that, save for his similar earmarks of a great soldier, possibility of marriage, he might be taken to be of a different race. He is nothing in the street scenes which open the play, and these other men are everything, filling the eye and holding the scenery, filling the ear and, also occasionally, filling the mind with full and accurate interpretation of the lines. Still, the *Cæsar* is purposeful and a true leader in the desperate conspiracy; the *Brutus* is deep thinking and high spirited; the *Cassius* is a man of power, and speaks with commanding intelligence and bold independence, and they all envy the idea that they know well what they are about, and have sterling qualities of unstrained strength and of magnanimity.

But *Antony* is nothing until the assassination; then he is everything. When the death of *Cæsar* is celebrated by the triumph of the conspirators, and is small in comparison with even the less brawny and full lunged among them, who are, most of them, tall men at any rate. When they are gone out, leaving *Antony* with the body, Mr. Miln has his first great opportunity. He comes on, a slender, graceful, voiceless power, in command of variety of tone, in control of utterance, as well as in stature, he is not quite equal to the other chief players. Without their comradeship and contrast he would seem to fill the stage, for in none of the attributes required to make the episode. Among actors of ordinary physical powers he would be extraordinary. This is aside from his reading and his histrionic ability. It is simply that in surrounding himself with such men, in inches and in stage experience and in trained suggestion of loud declamation, as he has "chosen to impart an air of grandeur and reality to his production of this play, he has placed himself in the shadow of their larger capacity. His virtue as a manager must be content with the reward of the proverb, for it brings him none individually as an actor.

The wonder of Loie Fuller's dances at Koster & Bial's is that such delicate effects of color could be transmitted through glass. In one of the evolutions, "The Firmament," the whirling white skirts are simultaneously lathed in the most exquisite shades of pale green, pale pink, and blue. The hem of the silk is pink to the extent of two feet or more, the body of it is green, and the depths of the folds are of pale blue. The colors are as delicate and fresh as the tints of flowers, and this effect in its daintiness and taste is probably the most skilful in this ingeniously managed display of drapery and color. Later, in the same "dance," the skirts are white, red, and blue, but with no suggestion of the crudity which the list of those colors might lead one to believe. The red has the richness of the color known as old rose, and the blue that of a sky covered by filmy white clouds. The stars in this dance are thrown on to the waving silk when the stage is so dark that the figures of the dancer is distinguishable, and the audience sees only blued background and the golden stars apparently revolving in the air. The effect of water, which is one of the elements that this "dance" of the firmament depicts, is produced by a downward movement of the silk, brilliantly lit from above and below by strong white lights. The impression of rapidly falling water is very strongly produced. This dance is quite the most remarkable of the series, although the "fire dance," with its reproduction of the flames constantly leaping and flickering, is so novel if somewhat less beautiful. The most effective part of this is to be noticed on the thin silk scarf which Loie Fuller holds in her hand, and there is whirling of the skirts. This scarf and her thin silk dress glow at first the yellow embers, then they seem to spring into red flame, assuming later the metallic blue and saffron tints of flame. It is hard to see how the mechanical beauty of these dances could be enhanced. They are remarkable now, and only a more graceful dancer might make them more effective. Paris seldom fails to add improving touches to whatever comes under its influences. It has done much for the serpentine, but next to this the best thing it has done for Miss Fuller was the invention of the blond wig she wears. It suits her admirably, and that topknot that surmounts her forehead was an inspiration.

Barring a wrestling contest between Ernest Roeber and a seemingly complacent opponent and some fisticuffs-vocalism by Lillie Laurel, all is peace in the Imperial's current bill until Bob Fitzsimmons appears upon the stage. He is went to show himself among the standing ones of the audience while the first half of the programme is under way, and at such times the entertainers experience the joys of addressing their efforts to the backs of the theatre full of heads, for so long as the slugger is to be seen there are few eyes turned upon the stage. When he chats with some ready listener and illustrates