FIGURES IN THE THEATRE.

AN EXHIBITION OF THOMAS A. EDISON'S VITASCOPE.

Mistakes of "Thoroughbred" that Do Not Lessen Its Fun—The Tickers that Do Not Work Together in "Speculation"—John Hare's Reappearance Delayed.

Vaudeville took in a brand-new item last evening, the fact being made clear by the first public showing at Koster & Bial's of Thomas A. Edison's "vitascope." Its sub-title in the programme was the "projecting kinetoscope," and it was in effect a development of the kinetoscope that produced the pictures in life size. The producing apparatus was located in the second balcony, where the spaces back of two of the semicircular sections of the balcony front were built up in turret form to a height of six feet. In the front of each turret were two holes a few inches in diameter, through which the light was cast upon a drop curtain. In the centre of this curtain there was a painting of a huge picture frame that enclosed a white cloth. When the music hall was darkened and all was ready to begin, a whirring noise was audible from one of the up-stairs turrets, and simultaneously the two holes in it were brightly lighted. In a few seconds there appeared on the white space of the curtain a picture of two short-skirted dancers, who held a big umbrella in front of them. They kept up nimble dancing, changing the position of the umbrella from time to time, so that one second their faces were in sight and the next all that could be seen of them was their twinkling feet. The steps could be followed just as closely as if the dancers were in view in flesh and blood, and colors were in evidence in the costumes. Even more surprising than this was the second showing, which was a view of waves tumbling in upon a beach. At one side a stone pier ran out into the water, and along this the surf rolled, each wave hugging the stones and seeming to gather force till it broke in spray at the front of the pictures. By the time the foam-topped water receded another big roller would come sidling along the pier and dash into white fragments as had its fellow. The succession of waves included billows of different sizes, and when a big one would come rolling in its top would become higher and steeper, a little ripple would come at the crest, and then the whole bank would fall forward, and the irregular masses of foam would go tumbling on up the sands in the manner that sends beach promenaders scattering for dry spots. It was the next thing to seeing the real damp article and a closer copy than would have seemed possible.

It was so realistic that the only safe successor for it was a comic picture, and the selection was a burlesque bout of boxing between a very tall man and a short one. The contest included frequent knock-downs and many comical antics on the part of both sluggers. It simply threw upon the certain a familiar form of exercise by knock-about variety pairs, and their punishing practices were copied exactly, from the long, swinging side blows to the kicks that were the fallen man's portion. Next came a picture that included a score of persons. There was a gayly dressed brass band, a group of women in the scanty attire of stage spectacles, and others in ornate costumes. The band marched in from the centre, dividing in two columns, one turning to each side. Then the others formed in line in an orderly manner, and a vocalist stepped out before them. Just after she bowed the screen was blank for a fraction of a second, and the band's march began again. The final item was a serpentine dance, which was shown quite as naturally as the other matters had been. The waving of the skirts was continuous, various colors were shown in them, and the legion of dancers tripped about over the space of canvas after the Loie Fuller manner.

The whole display was thoroughly novel, and it was greeted in a way to satisfy those persons that complain of the manner in which home talent is received in comparison to the greetings of entertainers from over seas. It seemed to be only a beginning, and one that opened up almost unlimited possibilities, while it at the same time presented several pictures, the waves particularly, that were very fine.

The casual blunders of the dramatist are usually amusing and sometimes unaccountable. After Mr. Shakespeare's egregious stumbling in chronology and geography, Ralph Lumley cannot be expected to be perfect in his facts, but there are two singular misadventures of dialogue in "Thoroughbred" at the Garrick which arrest attention because they are so uncalled for. It is possible that they are due to the actors, but they are peculiar, any way. One is English, the other is American, and as Mr. Lumley is an Englishman, and as the distinctly American part of the dialogue is understood to have been inlaid or embroidered by somebody on this side the Atlantic, the errors are all the more strange. In the last act, where the drag is standing in the middle of the stage, in unheard-of loneliness for a drag at Ascot, *Mrs. Rimple* (Mrs. Whiffen) expresses a longing to go into one of the booths where the usual side shows are going on, and describes it as being on the other side, meaning, naturally, across the course from the side on which the drag stands. Any one who has been at Ascot on a race day (and who would ever go there any other time?) will recollect that people's drags line up by the starting and finishing side of the course, on the opposite side of it from the royal stand, the club stand, and the grand stand, the paddock and stables and betting ring, and on the same side as the multi-colored booths with their eating places and side shows, which are back of the track and some distance from the edge of the track. The side of the stage from which the beggars and mountebanks come would be the side where the booths are, as the characters on the drag look in the opposite direction to see the finish of the race which Roast Chicken wins; but no regard is paid to the points of the compass by the persons on the stage. There is point enough in the dialogue, however, and the fun is fast and furious, like the running, so that nobody really cares much about such trifles as facts.

In the second act *A. V. Decker* (Robert Edesen) mixes a cocktail for himself and by himself, and, besides bitters, &c., he pours in the glass two red liquors in fair quantities, and goes on with the usual process. In the third act he refers to this drink as a whiskey cocktail. Now, either he makes some sort of cocktail hitherto unknown in this age of reason, or else he pours in his bitters as lavishly as he does his vinegar in the salad in the racing scene, concocting a mixture which no mortal could swallow. In any event, it is not a whiskey cocktail. That he puts the ice in the tumbler before the liquids, thus rendering it impossible to gauge the quantity of whiskey or what not that he uses, is an evidence of American recklessness in sizes of drinks which, perhaps, does not offend anybody in the audience, and is, at all events, a defiance of British precedent and custom which is quite in keeping with the character.

A blunder occurs in the stock ticker episode in the second act of "The Speculator" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre which might be easily remedied by a clever stage mechanician. The dramatist and the actors may be compelled, by the exigencies of the play, to use the tape in a manner which disregards the actual circumstances of real life, but this would pass unnoticed by the majority of people if the tickers only kept time with each other and kept on ticking while the excitement lasts on the Chicago Board of Trade. The tickers are at the middle of the stage, separated by the wall which divides *John Fullerton's* office from *Henry Duncan's*. When they tick, they are not synchronous, one ticking faster than the other, or one being silent while the other goes on. This is manifestly absurd, as both are presumably connected with the exchange by the same electric system. Moreover, the tickers keep up their little racket only while the two speculators are reading the tapes, and cease as soon as the excited men leave them, notwithstanding that the flurry and the rapid change of prices are still making a lively time on the floor of the Board, and that the rise or fall of an eighth, or anything else that is happening, must be of great interest in all the brokers' offices in the city. The tickers are made so prominent in this scene that the audience cannot help seeing and hearing ticking them all the time, whether they are immediately concerned with the dramatis personæ or not. If we have realism on the stage, there is no harm in having it fairly real. Mr. Seabrooke comes out pretty strongly later in this as a serious actor, and the fine impression is that he has played one of *John Fullerton's* most difficult scenes with unexpected success. But the tickers don't know their business.

John Hare's illness still delays his reappearance at Abbey's, but it is confidently expected that he will be able to act in "A Pair of Spectacles" and "Old Cronies" on Saturday night. The time and place of the single all-star performance of "The Rivals" in this city will be the afternoon of May 7 and the American Theatre. The cast names William H. Crane as *Sir Anthony*, Robert Taber as *Captain Absolute*, Joseph Jefferson as *Bob Acres*, Joseph Holland as *Falkland*, J. N. C. Goodwin as *Sir Lucius*, E. M. Holland as *Fag*, Francis Wilson as *David*, Mrs. Drew as *Malaprop*, Julia Marlowe Taber as *Lydia*, and Fanny Rice as *Lucy*. A company to play musical comedies for the American Theatrical Syndicate has been organized by Joseph Brooks. It contains Cyril Scott, George Backus, Fred Wright, M. J. Kennedy, Robert Cotton, Harry Allen, Jennie Goldthwaite, Alice Holbrook, Florence Thornton, Charles Plunkett, William Cullington, Rose Beaudet, Georgia Caine, and Madge Creet, with John C. Duff as manager. The first production will be "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen," by Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse, in Chicago on June 15. Charles Frohman has engaged Chevalier for next season to give an hour and a half entertainment, but it is not decided what shall fill out the rest of an evening. He will begin at the Garrick in September, in which theatre Mr. Frohman will place in the season John Hare for a revival of Robertson comedies, a London burlesque company with "In Town," John Drew with a new piece by Mrs. Ryley, and Richard Mansfield for seven weeks of old and new dramas. The American Theatre's roof garden will open on May 30, and a change in its construction will provide thirty boxes. The volunteers for Carver R. Cline's benefit at Koster & Bial's next Sunday night include Maurice Barrymore, Eugene Sandow, Clara Weiland, Tagliapietra, Paquerette, Pepita, John T. Sullivan, Marshall Wilder, Harriett Vernon, A. O. Duncan, Helena Wilson, Hugh Dougherty, Eugene Sanger, Florrie West, Hier's orchestra, and the Verdis quartet. Members of "The Widow Jones" company have given to May Irwin a solid gold cigarette case set with gems, and it will be used in the farce which Mr. McNally is writing for her. Santanelli, the remarkable hypnotist at the Olympia, succeeded in putting into a trance the mimic mesmerizer of "Trilby," Wilton Lackaye, but could not make him cut up any capers. The Dramatists Club will entertain its President, Bronson Howard, on Saturday night, prior to his departure for Europe. Sol Smith Russell contemplates a revival of "Katherine and Petruchio." R. F. Keith has gone to Europe. Edward Harrigan, who retires from the stage for a year, expects to write a play during his vacation. "The Beatrice Morgan of "Shore Acres" is a daughter of the late Matt Morgan. Ex-Gov. McCreery of Kentucky saw Mr. Crane's performance in "The Governor of Kentucky" in Washington, and congratulated the actor on "the delightfully accurate representation of Kentucky life and character."

Falstaff at the Opera.

It is difficult to understand why in a community supposedly musical like that of New York Verdi's wonderful comedy-opera should fall of success. Given here time after time last year and this with thoroughly competent casts, headed by the greatest of *Falstaffs*, the opera has never once drawn even a fair-sized audience to the Metropolitan. Last night furnished a sad commentary on the power of a musical work *per se* to arouse interest among our general public, for the audience, considered on a financial basis, was the smallest and most unprofitable gathered within the walls of our Opera House during the entire season of 1895-96.

Yet the work and its performance merit the greatest consideration and almost unqualified admiration. The oftener one hears this octogenarian music of the great Italian, the more deeply he marvels at its spontaneity, its positively youthful grace and force. From beginning to end it moves with sure foot and unflagging vim, and listening to it one is ready to maintain that Verdi might well continue producing grand operas of permanent value until he shall have passed the century line.

The singers last evening, the same who delighted us during the winter, seemed not at all disheartened by the small size and unimposing character of the audience, and put forth their best efforts to give the music and the play the brightest possible illustration. Familiarity with their several rôles has given the artists an added ease and security, and they appear themselves to enjoy their work so thoroughly as to succeed in communicating a responsive feeling to their hearers.

The performance passed amid a rippling accompaniment of laughter from the auditorium, and the applause was frequent and frequent.

The great second act in particular, enlisting the services of all the artists in the cast, went with splendid spirit, and earned repeated curtain calls for every one concerned. Sig. Seppilli conducted with most satisfactory results.

The Last of the Opera Sunday Concerts.

The last of the grand Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House will take place on Sunday evening with the following artists: Mme. Calvé, Signor Campanari, and Signor Cremonini as soloists, and the entire Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Anton Seidl.

MRS. DRIFTER'S BANK BOOK.

A WOMAN WHO WANTED TO SHARE DUTIES AND INCOME.

She Tries Her Hand at a Separate Bank Account with Some Mishaps—Now She No Longer Yearns to Demonstrate the Superior Business Abilities of Woman.

Drifter and his wife have been chums, in the truest sense of the word, ever since their marriage. If he felt a yearning for an afternoon's revelry at the baseball park, Mrs. Drifter was eager to go along and share his hopes and disappointments. To him all Mrs. Drifter's hats, wraps, and furbelows, when exhibited for criticism, were "dreams, my dear, simply great. No other woman could have done so well on so little money."

She joined a bowling club and pretended to enjoy the weekly sessions; drank steins of beer with Drifter and his friends, and he smothered his dislike for "those young cubs and chattering girls" and whirled for a season with his comrade-wife in a junior cotillion society.

Mrs. D., in her girlhood, lived in California. She came East and married without having crossed the portals of a woman's club, without having any longing for suffrage, and was content to be taken care of, petted, and humored; while in turn she smoothed all the wrinkles out of Drifter's life by a chummy interest in everything he did, said, or liked.

So far so good. But when the Drifters got the suburban fever and settled upon their home in a cottage at Gravesendhurst there came an interruption to the comradeship. As Drifter says:

"The little girl was never one of your know-it-all, self-reliant, head-of-the-firm women. Not much. She always said that figures bothered her, and that when she wanted more money than I gave her or she could find in my pockets she'd ask for it. Some kind friend, while on a shopping expedition with my wife, threw a brand into the Drifter circle. That night I got this piece of information:

"'Drifter, every wife should take her share of the responsibilities of the household. Woman should not be afraid to handle business affairs. Experience teaches us that woman is a better manager of the home finances, and——'

"'What the dickens are you driving at, little one?' I asked.

"'A woman loses her independence, sacrifices her individuality, and becomes merely an ornament, a plaything, a——'

"'Hold on! hold on!' I gasped. 'Have you joined the Female Society to Prevent Husbands from Caring for Wives, or is this a notice of proceedings for separation, Madam?'

"'Drifter,' came the measured reply. 'I have leaned upon you too much. I must not only be a sharer in your pleasures, but in your trials and—and—I—I—m-u-s-t have a separate bank account. There!'

"The cat was out of the bag. A separate bank account. The dream of the new woman. The terror of the bank officials. I didn't trave around nor refuse my wife's request. I politely intimated that my own account frequently got me into hot water, said a few words on the subject of protested drafts, and brought tears from the feminine partner of the house of Drifter when I wound up by remarking:

"'I did think my slender account and all you could gather out of my pockets had satisfied you, Mrs. Drifter.'

"Conversation flagged that evening. The next morning I learned that Mrs. Drifter intended to purchase the new furniture for our Gravesendhurst cottage, in Eastlake design in quantities, and run the affair entirely on her own plans.

"'It will give me something to do,' she said. 'The storekeepers will have more respect for me, too, and you won't have any bother at all about fitting up the house or running it.'

"The day dragged. I was tired of confiding my wife out on her adventures, those of a young woman with her first bank account. I handed her a check on a New York trust company for a few hundred dollars, took her over to a Brooklyn bank, and got the cashier to enroll her as a depositor. The usual formalities were complied with, and then trouble commenced. With bank book and pocket check book in hand Mrs. Drifter felt her new independence. She decided to raid the bank at once.

"'I will draw some money out now,' she said, sweetly.

"I let her proceed. She didn't get far. The old cashier kindly insinuated that in the banking business it was customary to realize upon checks or drafts deposited on a new account before drawing against them. He told her that her husband would 'have no difficulty in getting a small check cashed for your shopping needs.'

"That nearly upset the little woman. We went out. I took her to lunch.

"'I don't think much of that bank,' she said. 'Why, they've got the use of my money, drawing interest and all that, and then to tell me to wait a day or so. Perhaps you will lend me some money until that funny old cashier finds out who I am.'

"I gave her a few pointers as to the checking out of funds; showed her the importance of simple subtraction as applied to bank balances, and dwelt at some length on the necessity of entering on each stub the name of payee and for what purpose the check was drawn. I also advised her to call on me from time to time to look over her accounts. Then woman's new sphere of activity dawned upon me. Said my wife:

"'Now, Drifter, dear, once for all, do stop joking. You look over my accounts and keep 'em straight? Not much. I'll trouble you simply to give me some more checks to put in that funny little window there at the bank, and I will do the bookkeeping.'

"'Go it,' I remarked, and she did. Three days later I was called to the telephone. Mrs. Drifter had started in to furnish the dining room and kitchen of our cottage by the sea, and was cutting holes in her separate bank account. In her search for bargains she got rattled and lost her shopping bag. She contained three and check book. The message over the telephone urged me to meet Mrs. Drifter at once at one of the big Brooklyn stores. I went. My wife tried to appear unconcerned. I didn't see much cause for worriment until she confided thus:

"'There wasn't much money in the purse, and probably some honest man will find it and return it, or some poor woman who needs the money may get it, but that nice new check book and my deposit book! And think how business-like I have been. I had signed my name to five or six checks and they were all ready to fill out.'

"'Great Scott! wait here,' was all I could yell, and I bolted for the bank, feeling that my wife's separate bank account was a peach for my sharper who found those checks signed in blank. I explained matters at the bank, got a pitying stare from the teller, and after a two hours' tramp found the missing bag and contents intact. I didn't growl. What's the use? She'd started out on her career of individuality, divided responsibility and all the other dreams of latter-day women, and I knew I must stand by, ready to lend a hand.

"Well, the thing went along. I didn't monkey any with the books of my former chum. When at home together I saw that there was a tired look about her, and an expression which seemed to say, 'I wish the darned bank account was in a hotter place than Gravesendhurst,' but I let her new venture severely alone. When necessary I handed over checks for her to deposit. That was all. She got the hang of things, first up the hours, meanwhile getting thinner each day and less companionable. Finally a crash came. This time the telephone rang with emphasis.

"'Mrs. Drifter is very sick, sir. Keeps calling for you and saying, "Come home, I give up. I'll never touch it again." I've been trying to find you for an hour, sir. I'm so scared for the poor dear lady.'

"This from the new girl. Of course I got home as quickly as the trolley cars could carry me. Then the secret came out. Between sobs and moans I learned that some grocer of whom Mrs. Drifter had ordered a bill of goods had grossly insulted her.

"'He insulted me, me, your wife,' she sobbed. 'The woman who has no one to protect her if you fail her. Why, why should a weak, frail woman have to stand the insults of rude, rough men when she has a husband who ought to attend to all the business matters?'

"This was rich, indeed, but I didn't load my six-shooter and sail out after the offending grocer. I soothed the little woman, assured her that I was a brute to have allowed her to wrestle with the worldly problems of trade, barter and bills, and begged forgiveness for having, as she said, imposed upon her the whole work of furnishing the house and worrying her poor tired brain with prices and figures and horrid old bank books.

"I found that the grocer's insult consisted in returning a dishonored check, drawn by Mrs. Drifter on her own and only bank account, for $5x10, and marked plainly in red ink at the bank 'N. G.' That was all, except that the grocer had written: 'I return your check. Evidently some mistake. Shall I send a bill to Mr. Drifter?'

"'What does he mean by disfiguring my check with horrid slang? Tell me. How dare he put "N. G." on one of my checks? What can he done to him? Isn't it the same as forgery?' asked my wife. I looked over her books, found that her additions and subtractions were sadly mixed, and that two other checks were due to come back also disfigured with those horrid words 'N. G.' for she had overdrawn her account to the tune of $308. And those stubs! Bless her heart! she took me literally. She tried to keep track of her expenditures so as to give me a surprise by her business ability. She succeeded. To give you an idea: Instead of filling out the stub thus:

Apr. 1. $13.
To Macaroni.
For groceries.

Mrs. Drifter had actually endeavored in every case to put down each separate item on each bill paid by check. The one given in payment of an order of groceries was a dream. The order embraced everything from spaghetti to roach powder, and the poor woman, with a new and revelation account, endeavored to prepare for all the items to the stub. She religiously filled that stub in her fine handwriting, then started in and covered two sheets of note paper and pinned them to the suffering stub.

"'She doesn't run a bank account now,' concluded Drifter. "And she's gained ten pounds since becoming again my chum and 'an ornament' to the cottage at Gravesendhurst."

SOME GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

A pretty Southern girl who is attending a fashionable school in the city has been entertaining an older sister for a week or two.

"How long will your sister remain?" asked a friend the other day.

"Well, Miss ——, I really don't know."

"Hasn't she decided yet?"

"No—o! she hasn't made up her mind whether to stay two weeks longer with me or buy a hat!"

A few days after this conversation the friend met the Southern girl again.

"Is your sister still here?" she asked.

"No; she bought the hat!"

Apropos of the South, a Louisiana man called the other evening on a young woman who has a flying squirrel for a pet. According to him, the parrot and the flying squirrel are the most popular pets down in his State. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman on a street car carrying a little squirrel attached by a fine gold chain, but the queerest phase of their popularity is the fondness which the commercial traveller has for them. The Louisiana man said that he himself knew at least half a dozen travelling men who always took their squirrels with them. They carry them in their pockets and become very much attached to them.

This bit of information reminded a lady who was present of her little niece, who has an absorbing affection for all animals in general, and horses in particular. Not long ago the child's father was driving across a railroad crossing when his carriage was struck by an engine, he himself injured, and the horse so badly hurt that it was found necessary to kill him. The child seemed considerably more impressed by the fact that the horse was injured than she was by her father's condition, and when she heard that Colonel, as the horse was called, must be killed she wept unceasingly. Finally she came to her mother and said:

"Mamma, will Colonel go to heaven?"

"I don't know, dear," was the evasive reply; "some people think there is a heaven for horses and for all animals."

"But, mamma, do you think Colonel will go to heaven?" persisted the child.

"Well, if there is a heaven for horses, Colonel will surely go there," said her mother, reassuringly. "At any rate, dear, the Bible says that whatever is necessary for your happiness you will find in heaven."

That settled the question. Colonel was necessary for her happiness, so the child felt that she was sure to find him waiting for her. A day or two later she came to her mother again.

"Mamma," she said, "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Colonel has gone to heaven, and when I grow up I'm going to get a gray horse just like Colonel; then, when he dies, he'll go to heaven, too, and when I die and go to heaven I'll have a team!"

This reminded some one else of the small Chicago girl who had been playing with her older sister and appeared before her mother in great distress of mind.

"Why, what is the matter, dear?" said her mother, taking the child up to soothe her.

"Oh—ms—ma!" with convulsive sobs. "Gladys 'sicked' a worm on me!"

The truth of that old saying about the ruling passion strong in death was exemplified the other night when a manufacturer of a certain well-known patent medicine accidentally fell out of the window of a large apartment house near Central Park. The man was picked up in an unconscious condition, and the doctors worked with him some time before he revived. As he opened his eyes and realized that a physician was bending over him, he said, feebly:

"Doctor, have you—ever—used our—pills?"

He was something like an American man who was in Venice a year or two ago, and strolled into Florian's café in the Piazza San Marco, unaccompanied by any of his travelling companions. Two young Englishmen came in a moment later and sat down near the American. The latter began a wild attempt to call the waiter in Italian, and then gave that up for an equally ludicrous attempt in French.

"Confound it!" he said to himself, "I don't know what to call the heathens!"

"Just say waiter," suggested one of the Englishmen, taking pity on him. "Most of them understand a little of our language."

"Oh, do you speak English?" exclaimed the American rapturously. "Thank heaven, I've found some one I can talk to!" and he insisted on shaking hands.

"Come and have something with us!" he urged.

The Englishmen demurred, but the American was so delighted to find an opportunity of speaking his native tongue that he insisted. Finally the two Englishmen named a drink and the waiter went off with the order.

"By George," said the American, beaming at his new acquaintances, "I certainly am glad to see you! Let me give you my card!" and diving into his pocket he brought up a handful of long, narrow, thin packages, wrapped in pink paper and bearing the inscription: "Choochew Pepsin Chewing Gum."

"Choochew," said the American, pointing to the name on the package. "That's me! Ever use my gum?"

Mr. Jones of Iowa was in town last week. He had a good deal to say about the weather—in which he was not alone.

"Well," he remarked, as he mopped his forehead, "I'd like to know what sort of weather they're having up in the northern part of the State. I used to go there a good deal along about this time of year and there were always great heaps of snow out in the yard of the little old hotel. You know these left-over snowdrifts! All muddy and dirty and honeycombed, but still hanging on!

"I noticed these drifts, and I said that I thought the season must be more backward than it is out in Iowa, where we really begin to have spring early in April. There was one old fellow sitting there with his feet up on the stove and his hands in his pockets.

"'Wall,' he said with a Yankee drawl, 'you see we're situated most peculiar. We git sech a powerful lot o' snow durin' the winter that it can't git warm till that there snow melts, an' the snow can't melt till it does git warm, so there we be!'"

Never was a matter more literally brought home to the minds of the people than the Raines bill was last Sunday morning. The housewives of the town hadn't thought much about it; hadn't supposed it particularly concerned them, except by way of their husbands, and they were quite willing to have the saloons closed to the men of the family. But when the maid was sent out for the fresh vegetables, which the housewife has been in the habit of getting Sunday morning from the grocer, and came back empty handed, why, that was a different thing altogether. It is astonishing how much depends on the point of view!

When one reflects on a few such tales as this one ceases to be hurt that the English have queer opinions of us. The writer was travelling in England last year and was going from Lichfield to Coventry, when two Americans, a man and his wife, entered the compartment. They had taken the wrong train a number of hours earlier, owing, as they insisted, to the guard's fault, and had lost a good deal of time and money thereby. As a consequence they were not in a particularly good humor, and things English were with great unanimity hateful to them. Particularly did they condemn and upbraid the railway system. They paid their compliments in succession to the station arrangements, the baggage system or lack of it—and then the passenger coaches of different classes. They did not recognize their fellow passengers as Americans, so carefully explained the difference in systems.

"Why, said the man, the idea o' havin' first class an' second class an' third class! You bet we don't have nothin' o' that sort in America!"

"No, sir!" echoed his wife.

"We wouldn't put up with anything like that! Why, when I go anywhere on the train I can sit in any seat I want to, and the President o' the United States, maybe, 'll be sittin' right alongside o' me!"

There was a vivid picture in the minds of his hearers of the President bobbing with the irate fellow passenger, swapping stories and cigars in the smoking compartment, passing basket or taking coffee and sandwiches in his company at the lunch counter. Had they been English they would have had a most peculiar idea of American customs.

The writer was telling this story to an American friend he ran across in London not long afterward, and was marvelling much that he should have been mistaken for an Englishman, when the friend smiled.

"That reminds me," said he, "of a young fellow I ran across down on the Isle of Wight. We were together a whole day very nearly, and I supposed he was English, for he had all the earmarks, clothes, figure, accent, and everything. Finally the conversation drifted to politics, and I gave him an elaborate explanation of our entire political system, to which he listened politely and, as I thought, with interest.

"'Now,' I said finally, 'I am a Republican, but under the circumstances I describe I should vote the Democratic ticket.'

"'Yes,' he said quietly, 'I have always voted the Democratic ticket myself.'

"I stared at him.

"'Why, what are you?' I demanded.

"'Philadelphia,' he said.

"I didn't know whether to kick him or kick myself!"

CALVE HELPS MT. HOLYOKE.

SHE ASSISTS MISS ELY'S SCHOOL AT A PUBLIC RECEPTION.

Shakes Hands with Eighteen Hundred Persons, Who Gave a Dollar Apiece for the Privilege, and Endears Herself Forever to the Hearts of All the Schoolgirls.

A white cloud of schoolgirls and Emma Calvé smiling and radiant in the midst thereof! It was a sight for gods and men, although there were few of either species there to see it. Nevertheless, there was a crowd. Miss Ely's big yellow school on the Riverside Drive got almost purple in the face, it was so full to overflowing with women, all in their best spring clothes.

Why did they go to the big yellow school? and why did they wear their best spring clothes? and why, above all, did they pay a dollar apiece to go in at the iron gates?

Simply and solely for the purpose of seeing and shaking hands with Calvé. Oh, to be sure, there was something about a seminary, Mt. Holyoke Seminary, which wanted ever so many thousand dollars and to which all the profits of the afternoon were to be turned over. But not half a dozen people out of the eighteen hundred who swarmed into the building ever thought of the seminary.

Calvé did not remind them of it. She probably had the vaguest ideas on the subject anyway. And as for associating Calvé with a seminary where the girls assist with the housework and are taught the good, old-fashioned domestic arts—why, no two things could be wider apart. She had consented, at the urgent solicitation of a friend who happened to be interested in the seminary, to lend her presence in its aid, and so she appeared at 4 o'clock in a ravishing toilet and an equally ravishing smile.

Ah, that was a moment never to be forgotten in the lives of the cloud of schoolgirls who hovered in the broad doorways. And it was followed by 120 other unforgettable moments, every one more thrilling than the one before. The postman who takes up the mail from that neighborhood will be heavy laden for the next few days as he gathers up the fat epistles which those girls will write describing "how we entertained Calvé."

Without a doubt, they did entertain her. Calvé has had glimpses of many phases of American life, but yesterday afternoon, for the first time, she came into close contact with the American boarding schoolgirl on her scholastic heath. And there were so many of them, and they were so rapturous!

But there was one of them in particular who, by virtue of her familiarity with French, became, as it were, the guide, philosopher, and friend of the distinguished guest. She never quitted Calve's side for an instant, and, between introductions, she chatted with the singer in a way which turned the other girls green with envy.

The manner of those introductions was most imposing. In the first place there were two men at the gate to take the tickets of the multitude, and there were several policemen scattered about to see that the house was not swept from its foundations. At each corner of the long veranda was a large printed sign:

BICYCLES CHECKED.

When one looked at the assemblage of irreproachably clad men and of women in silks and satins and laces, those printed signs seemed to shout out a most amusing misconception. Bicycles seemed as far from the nature of that crowd as Calvé is from the Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

When the arriving hosts had given up their tickets or their dollars at the gate, they found themselves on a short walk leading up to the steps. At these steps a problem confronted them in the shape of a rail put up so as to make a passageway to the front doorway, while by taking the other side of the rail one could reach the veranda with its gay crowds. It was the front doorway, however, which led to the drawing room, where two men quickly put the arriving guests into line and ascertained their names. One of the men announced each name with tremendous lung power and a distinctness which was all thrown away on Calvé, who didn't know one name from another.

You would never have suspected her of indifference, however. When the name had been announced the woman (forty-nine out of fifty were women) found her self face to face with a radiant vision, which smiled with a warmth and grace that was charming. And then, before the woman knew it, she had shaken hands with Calvé and was moving out into the hall beyond. The vision wore a black and white silk skirt, a waist of creamy accordion-plaited chiffon, with rows of black insertion, and a white hat trimmed with black lace and pale green poppies. She carried a bunch of red roses. This much the women gathered en route.

Later in the afternoon Calvé eternally endeared herself to those hovering schoolgirls by dividing up her bouquet among them, and it is safe to say that three dozen red roses are now repeating between the covers of three dozen different school books.

"I tell yru what," said one of the girls after Calvé had gone, "we did pretty well with those roses, Miss Ely gave 'em to her, but we girls got 'em all back again!"

After Calvé had stood in the drawing room about an hour receiving the interminable handshakes of the crowd, some one took her out on the veranda to show her the view. The cloud of white-robed girls clung to her all the way. Then, as by inspiration, some one suggested that she have a bit of refreshment. Instantly a detachment of the cloud broke off, and in two minutes one girl came back with a glass of iced tea, followed by a girl with a cup of hot chocolate, followed by another girl with a plate of sandwiches, and another with a plate of cakes, and another with a paper napkin.

Having reposed poor Calvé a trifle, she was led back to her post, with the cloud still following, of course, bearing first a chair, then a half dozen glasses, then the chocolate, and so on. Whenever Calvé moved she was followed by a surge in the multitude. They stood about her in serried ranks and watched her every move.

"I wish I could see her!" said one little woman bravely. She had taken her place on the side of the rail and had come in from the veranda by means of a window, so that she was quite on the outskirts of the crowd which hemmed Calvé in.

"Just push right through!" said her friend, and showed her how to do it.

It was a proud day for the girls. They stood about, those of them who were not in the cloud at the time, and told their visiting acquaintances all about Calvé.

"You never saw anything like the way some of the girls acted," said one of them. "Why, Calvé had hardly got inside of the house when a man rushed up to her, pulled a picture out of his pocket and asked her to sign it. Calvé turned to her secretary, Mme. d'Hardelot, and said, 'Jamais comme ça!' Pretty bad taste, you know, that means."

In the crowd which hung densely about the group of palms where Calvé stood were half a dozen young girls in short dresses and with long hair down their backs. They were trembling with excitement. Most of them had been purse seated; but there was one little girl, with her hair in two long braids, who hadn't "been up," and who longed yet dreaded unspeakably to do it.

"Oh, go on, Mildred!" pleaded the others.

"I'm afraid to!" said Mildred, clasping and unclasping her hands in great excitement. "I don't know what to do!"

"Why, you don't need to do anything! She'll just shake hands like this." Illustrating, "and then you go on."

"But I think I ought to say something."

"She can't understand a word of English."

"But I might say it in French."

"Well, why don't you?"

"I don't know what to say."

"Tell her you're charmed to meet her. That's the proper thing."

But Mildred hung back, and trembled between fear and desire for a full hour before she finally screwed her courage to the sticking point, and fell into line. Her little friends stood on their tiptoes to watch her, and when Mildred passed and made her little speech to the great singer they almost broke into applause. As for Calvé, she held the child's hand and looked down so kindly and answered so sweetly that little Mildred came back fairly hysterical with joy.

And it was pleasant, too, to see the great artist when an elderly woman was presented to her. For most of those who passed she had only a gracious smile, but when a white-haired old lady would come up to her, Calvé bent low over the proffered hand with at least the appearance of great respect.

When Calvé went to the dining room for a cup of chocolate just before it the crowd still followed. They stood about her and hemmed her in, and when she sipped her chocolate they drew a deep breath, and when she took a bite out of a sandwich they whispered it to each other. After that, she bade the girls good-by and took her leave. The verandas were packed; the steps swarmed; and about the door of the carriage hung that white cloud of girls, with the cloud there a vivid blot of scarlet—one of Calvé's roses.

Among those present were: Mrs. J. W. Pinchot, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, Mrs. Reginald De Koven, Mr. H. H. Rogers, Mr. Benjamin Scott, Miss Florence, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Ivins, Consul-general Brazaset, Gen. and Mrs. Vinton, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Krehbiel, Mr. Ben Davis, Mr. F. K. Bristol, Mr. St. Clair McKelway, Mrs. Alfred Harmon, Mrs. Berwind, Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Fahnestock, Mrs. J. E. Parsons, Mrs. Edey, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Miller.

A RIDE WITH A MADMAN.

Constable Cray's Experience with the "King of Hell."

SOMERVILLE, April 23.—A horse covered with foam and attached to a light road wagon, in which was seated a big, wild-eyed man, by the side of a little man who struggled to control the animal, dashed up Bridge street last night. The rig brought up with a short turn at the County Hotel. The big man made a leap to the sidewalk and the little man was in hot pursuit. He placed a restraining hand on the big fellow's arm and said: "Now, Hanky, let's go for a beer."

The little man was George Cray, a constable from Montgomery township, and the big man was "Hank" Lake, the self-proclaimed "King of Hell," who has recently been terrorizing the farmers near Kingston. Lake, who weighs 260 pounds and is known throughout Montgomery township as "Big Hank," was discharged recently from the Trenton Insane Asylum. Last week he turned up at his old home and proclaimed himself "King of Hell." He proceeded to create a domain by setting fire to several acres of woodland. After his fuel had been exhausted he amused himself by knocking out the windows of the houses in the neighborhood with a gun loaded with bird shot.

When he was remonstrated with he peppered away at the inmates, but injured no one seriously. He was finally subdued by a demijohn of Jersey lightning passed to him at long range by a courageous neighbor. He dozed for two days, and then the rum gave out and he started on another rampage with renewed vigor. He defied the authorities and said he had been appointed to bring about the destruction of the world.

Constable Cray started on Hank's track at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. He came up with him unexpectedly on a by-road near Rocky Hill. The little constable could get no assistance and was obliged to resort to strategy. With honied words and a promise of a keg of beer he induced the madman to climb in his wagon, and then started on a fifteen-mile drive to the county jail at this place.

On the road Lake became imbued with a delusion that the horse had wings and could fly, and then Constable Cray had the most thrilling experience of his life. The horse was forced along at a terrific pace down steep inclines and over rough country roads. At times the madman would give way to a series of yells, which terrified both man and beast. The drive of fifteen miles was made in one hour and ten minutes. Considering the mountainous country travelled, this is one of the most remarkable feats on record out here.

After arriving here Cray conducted the lunatic to a private room in the hotel and gave him a drink of beer, after which he persuaded him to follow him to the county Court House, where he was handed over to the Sheriff. Lake will be returned to the insane asylum at Trenton.

BOOTH-TUCKER'S BOOMERANG.

His Statement Causes Four More Officers to Leave the Salvation Army.

As a result of the recent publication of the correspondence between Commander Ballington Booth and the International Headquarters of the Salvation Army, three staff officers and one field officer left the Army yesterday and joined the Volunteers. The correspondence was given to the press in the hope that it would stop the resignations from the Army. All the officers who resigned yesterday gave that correspondence as the reason why they could no longer serve under Gen. Booth. The staff officers who resigned are Staff Captain D. D. Walton, Capt. David Arthur Johns, and Capt. Lucy Kirk. The field officer is Capt. John Denton, who for some time has been stationed at Olean. After handing in their resignations all the officers applied to Commander Booth for permission to join the Volunteers. They were accepted. Capt. Johns has been the private secretary of Commander Booth-Tucker.

Staff Captain Walton, in his letter of resignation, said:

"The words of Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth on Feb. 24, in their explanation to the staff, sunk deep into my soul. I have been unsettled ever since, and explanations, so called, and contradictions, and the publication of the correspondence have only confirmed my conviction that they have not been treated with justice. I have been in the Salvation Army thirteen and a half years, an officer eleven years, and a staff officer over eight years. I feel a regret in asking you to accept my resignation. This is no hasty or ill-considered step, and costs me something. My respect for the deposed Commander is such that I shall ask him if he has a corner for me."

TRIED BRIDGE JUMPING.

Mrs. Conover, Who Has Acted Queerly, Attempts Suicide.

BELLEVILLE, April 23.—At 4:30 this afternoon Mrs. Nettie Conover, 32 years old, attempted