TWO PLAYERS PORTRAYED.

A TRAGEDIAN AND A DANSEUSE AS MIMIC CHARACTERS.

Charles Coghlan Impersonates an Actor in "The Royal Box," a New Version of an Old Dumas Drama—"The Ballet Girl" a View of Stage Life According to Mr. Rice.

A fragment of an old play interpolated in a new one has been a frequent expedient of writers for the stage. The elder Dumas employed it in "Kean," a piece which has been performed in various variants and languages. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night we had a new version called "The Royal Box." Charles Coghlan had worked the Dumas material over with considerable skill, and he played the chief character admirably. The story, as it runs in the present piece, makes the hero an imaginary actor named *Clarence*, instead of using the real *Kean*. This man is a London celebrity early in this century. He is illicitly in love with a Countess, the wife of a Swedish Ambassador, and is himself beloved by a wealthy and ambitious young amateur actress. He carries on his liaison with the one and at the same time gives good guidance to the other. The upshot is that the wife escapes calumny and the maid goes to America in the man's professional company. So far as Mr. Coghlan's work here is original, it is in the direction of modern realism, and away from Dumas's romanticism. It is unexaggerative, literal, natural and decidedly unideal. The life of the actor is denuded of illusion and presented in a disenchanting manner. And all this is good art, too. Whether it is entertainment such as most of our theatrical audiences require is quite another consideration.

The one scene that may, and doubtless will, appeal successfully to the more indiscriminate appreciation is one which represents the stage of the Drury Lane Theatre during the garden passage of "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Coghlan, in the guise of the actor *Clarence*, appears as *Romeo*. The *Juliet* in the balcony is Gertrude Coghlan, his daughter, and a none too proficient débutante. But Mr. Coghlan recites the familiar lines efficiently, of course, and looks very well, though much older than he did a year ago in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." The players impersonating the Prince of Wales, the Swedish Ambassador, and the wife of the latter take their places as auditors in a proscenium box. The sight of the Prince and the woman together rouses the player's jealousy, he forgets his part, and launches instead into a denunciation of his royal rival. That is a theatric climax, it is expertly dealt with, and it does not fail to impress with its mastery. It is the only excitement in the play, and for popular purposes it may be the making of it.

The thing in this play which impairs its commercial value is its utter lack of sympathetic sentiment. The actor's love of a married woman is inexcusable. She is not in any way worthy of his passion, and he figures as a scoundrelly deceiver of her husband, even though he is himself sincerely ardent. The amateur actress is purely and acutely in love with him, but her heart is not sufficiently in evidence to constitute mu h of a motive in the action. The man who has fascinated her does not reciprocate her feeling, nor does he deserve to be rewarded with her in wedlock, as the tag of the piece intimates that he is going to be. So "The Royal Box" is entirely destitute of what dramatists term heart interest. But it has compensatory merits of truthfulness, realism, and bold departure from conventional stage craft. It is adequately but not brilliantly performed. Mr. Coghlan himself adheres closely and cleverly to what he seems to have set out to do—the representation of Dumas's old character of *Kean* in a new and modern spirit. In that he succeeds positively.

The fortunes of the Manhattan Theatre took a turn for the better last night when Edward E. Rice produced "The Ballet Girl," another musical farce from England, if not from London. Its authors were Adrian Ross and James T. Tanner, who are known here through at least one other effort, and an American hand had brightened the text in several places. There must be more work from that American hand and there must be considerable condensation if the pointless dialogue which now clogs the action of the farce o "The Ballet Girl" is ever to achieve the success that seems possible to it. As the entertainment stood last night, it was nearly altogether charming. Mr. Rice is an adept at improving his performances. The present piece seems to need less of that process than his initial productions usually do. With a liberal spirit in dispensing with the dialogue he should make his latest piece a notably prosperous and entertaining work. There was not a single speech in the text at which the spectators laughed last night. Some of the lyrics were bright and most of them were neatly written. One topical song in the first act—obviously an interpolation—was clever enough in its way to add new popularity to that hackneyed form of musical humor. It appealed to the audience more potently than any other number.

The scenes of the farce are picturesque and the characters interesting. One act passes in Holland and the other on the stage of a Paris music hall. The action involves an American heiress, a ballet dancer, a superannuated English noble, a stage manager, and half a dozen other entertaining types. The music, by Carl Kiefert, is lively and melodious enough to serve the purpose, and the intrigue furnishes plenty of material for amusement and interest. It was only the excess of spoken lines that prevented the full realization of the piece's possibilities last night. There was enough applause for the songs and dances. It was only the text which left the spectators discouraged. But "The Ballet Girl" will soon be reduced to the proportions necessary for such a light personality, and then the farce will be among the very best of its kind.

The acting was uneven. Edouard Jose, who used to play the piano for Herr Van Biene, gave a delightfully artistic and amusing performance of a French ballet master, and Frederick Solomon, as an unappreciated composer, was equally successful. David Lythgoe, with a good voice, an agreeable presence, and some skill in acting, was a vast improvement over the types that Mr. Rice usually selects to represent his sentimental young men. Allene Crater was intelligent and vivacious, while Louise Herner sang and acted agreeably. Christine Blessing added an amusing travesty of a Dutch landlady to the evening's amusement. Charles Arthur displayed a remarkable Whitechapel dialect. There were a number of the E. E. Rice old guard, including Violet Potter and Irene Vera. They seem to be taking on flesh as the years roll by. There was not the usual average of comeliness in the chorus, and that has indeed become rather a tradition. The beauty of the Rice choruses is not as apparent as it used to be. The performance passed off with the vivacity and spirit which its producer could add to the City Directory if it were set to music and had to be sung by young women in tights. The costumes were exceptionally cheap in material and awkward in design. A number of young women who appeared in vari-colored bloomers in the second act barely escaped the derision of the spectators. The colors were crude and at such determined variance that the eyes ached in contemplating them. But the two scenes—an exterior by the seashore and a Moorish court—were delightful.

Christmas week is abounding in good plays, new and old, and the range of choice for holiday entertainment at the theatres is very wide. There is no extravaganza of the kind called pantomime in London, and of which that city has no less than thirty this year. The preference here is for newer forms of the drama. In the way of a "show piece" nothing could be bigger or broader than "The White Heather" at the Academy of Music. A historical romance of Louisiana is pictorially illustrated in "A Ward of France" at Wallack's. Comic opera has a very ornamental example in "The Highwayman" at the Broadway. Musical farces of the sort now popular with our public are available in "A Stranger in New York" at Hoyt's, "The Belle of New York" at the Casino, "The French Maid" at the Herald Square and "The Ballet Girl" at the Manhattan. Melodramatic thrillers with us this week are "The Secret Enemy" at the Grand Opera House, and "When London Sleeps" at the Columbus. The "stars" provided with effective roles for the best employment of their talents are Julia Arthur in "A Lady of Quality" at the Harlem Opera House, Maude Adams in "The Little Minister" at the Garrick, John Drew in "A Marriage of Convenience" at the Empire, Andrew Mack in "An Irish Gentleman" at the Fourteenth Street, May Irwin in "The Swell Miss Fitzwell" at the Bijou, Charles Coghlan in "The Royal Box" at the Fifth Avenue, and N. C. Goodwin in "An American Citizen" at the Knickerbocker. The stock company at the Lyceum is engaged with "The Princess and the Butterfly," and that of the Irving Place with "The Only One."

Vaudeville is abundant and in great variety. Music hall specialists for the Pleasure Palace are Alice Atherton, a specialist whose best effort is a laughing song, and Kolsen, who is professionally muscular. Weber & Fields's has Pauline Hall for chief songstress, and Bessie Clayton's dances are another item that precedes Pousse Café. Anna Held is in the last week of her leadership at Koster & Bial's and Cecedo and the De Kocks are other interesting contributors. Ben Harney and Lizzie Evans are listed at the Harlem.

In continuous vaudeville for his first week is Odell Williams. He is playing at Keith's, and Rudinoff, Gautier, and Hayes and Lytton are diverting companions. Proctor gets those singular and diverting negroes, Williams and Walker, and a pair of amusing imitators of negroes in McIntyre and Heath. Here, too, are the Castillians and Helene Mora. Filson and Erroll, Imogene Comer, Tony Pastor, and Leola Mitchell are listed at Pastor's.

Acknowledgment of the holiday season appears at the Eden Musée in the addition to the resort's diversions of a Christmas pantomime played by marionettes. This is a bid for children's favor, and "Bluebeard" and "Humpty-Dumpty" are the subjects. Another show that the children like is the Winter Circus, and Manager Doris has toys for this week's small-sized visitors. At the Jonah, Sloggers Corbett and Fitzsimmons are thrice daily pictured a-bruising.

Among the forthcoming stage débutantes are the late Admiral Skerritt's daughter, Edythe, who will go into Charles Frohman's stock company; Senator Stanford's niece, Electa Page, who will act at a matinée of Mrs. Wheatcroft's pupils, and Jessie McAdam, a niece of Judge McAdam, who will have a part in a new comedy.

The dwarf actors known as the Lilliputians are to speak English on the stage for the first time in a Newark performance to-morrow night. They have acquired the language during their five years of tours in this country.

An amusing linguistic thing is Anna Held's negro song at Koster & Bial's. Miss Held can speak English perfectly, but it suits her piquant purpose to affect French pronunciation and accent, which she does so well that audiences believe she can't help it. In her newest ditty she attempts a negro dialect, and strives at the same time to retain the Frenchiness, but lapses between the two into straight English.

Richard Mansfield, who had to give bonds in Philadelphia to answer the charge of whipping his valet, has settled the case by paying the man's medical and board bills, and, it is supposed, a handsome sum for wounded feelings.

Marie Bonfanti, the famous principal danseuse in the original production of "The Black Crook," and who subsequently retired from the stage as Mrs. Hoffmann, is now giving dancing lessons in this city.

Stephen Wright got a one-night chance to play the buccaneer in "A Ward of France" through the illness of Maurice Barrymore, and did it well; but Mr. Barrymore is in his place again. William Courtleigh is making a good mark as the hero in "The Princess and the Butterfly" throu h the prolonged absence of James K. Hackett.

McKee Rankin and Nance O'Neill are to begin the new year in the continuous show at Proctor's, using half-hour extracts from "Leah" and "Oliver Twist." Others to go soon into the Proctor forces are Laura Moore, Annie Yeamans, John Wild and Dan Collier, Charles McCoy, the "Kid" of the prize ring, has been hired for an exhibit next week at Koster & Bial's. He will wear the evening dress of a polite gentleman and punch nothing but a bag.

Joseph Hart, of the one-time partnership of Hallen and Hart, is to appear at Keith's in a short farce of his own writing called "The Quiet Mr. Gay." Carrie de Mar will be his assistant in this, and they will carry their own scenery.

Fanny Rice declares it to be a positive fact that she will have a theatre of her own in this city a year hence. May Irwin professes a desire to lease the Lyric and go into management, one of her ventures being to put Sam Bernard into a farce. Johnstone Bennett, the mannish actress, combines professional and commercial pursuits by drumming for a men's furnishing goods manufacturer daytimes and appearing in vaudeville theatres evenings.

Young Thomas Whiffen made his start as an actor at the Lyceum on Monday in a small part in "The Princess and the Butterfly." Mr. Whiffen showed that he had inherited talents from his father and mother. He is still under 20. Joseph Wheelock, another youthful member of the Lyceum company, has been loaned to Charles Frohman for "The Conquerors." In a letter received by Daniel Frohman the other day George Alexander told him that Miss Opp might remain with the comp ny until the end of the run of the Lyceum play on condition that he could have her services at any time on two weeks' notice. Pinero, who has not enjoyed in America such a success as "The Princess and the Butterfly" since the days of "Sweet Lavender," has written several times to Mr. Frohman expressing his delight at having once again found such favor here. The first two acts of his new farce, "Rose of Trelawney," have been received at the Lyceum, and the play will be acted in the spring.

"The Heart of the Klondike," which was acted here several weeks ago, proves to be "The Heart of the Rockies," suddenly changed into an Alaskan drama when the craze for the gold fields there took possession of the public.

A Comedy Written and Acted by Columbia Sophomores.

"A Modern Miracle," a two-act comedy composed by Frederic Lewis Bullard and Robert Hurt Moulton, was produced at Carnegie Lyceum yesterday afternoon and evening by the classmates of these young playwrights, the sophomores of Columbia University. The piece, which is very amusing, hinges upon the startling idea that there can be three Sundays in a week. Jules Verne made two extra days, but Mr. Bullard and Mr. Moulton go him one better. They do it by having a widow go around the world one way, while one of her aged lovers chases her in the opposite direction, and her old beau stays at home. When the two come back it is Sunday. Each is a day ahead—a Sunday. The complications arising from this are humorous, and there are lots of love scenes in the play. Three stalwart youths plead ardently with as many buxom damsels, sweet, coy and entrancing. The manner in which Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, one of the best oars in last year's freshman crew, sighed and pined and let the tears roll down her budlike cheeks, the cheeks of a blooming Saxon maiden, provoked roars of laughter.

The parts were all cleverly acted, and the smoothness with which the piece was gone through indicated most careful rehearsing. The play is given for the benefit of the 1900 freshman crew, which rowed a very close second to Cornell at Poughkeepsie last June. It will be repeated to-night.

AN APPEAL FOR YOUNG KEARNY.

His Aunt, the Marquise de Kermel, Wants Him Released from Jail.

The Marquise de Kermel, an aunt of John Watts Kearny, Jr., who has been adjudged a habitual drunkard as a result of proceedings instituted by his father, Gen. John Watts Kearny, and who is in the Hudson County Jail in Jersey City, made an appeal to the County Board of Health yesterday in her nephew's behalf. She wrote this letter from the Hotel Bristol, in this city, where she is stopping:

"DEAR SIRS: In the Hudson County Jail my nephew, John Watts Kearny, Jr., has been confined without fresh air or exercise since the 20th of October (I think that is the date), and in prison since the 12th of October, making over two months confined in rooms too small to give any exercise or relief to a young man 28 years of age. He is a boarder in the jail, confined there by his father, not being a criminal, not even a guest of the State, of which he is not a citizen, and even if he was a citizen, a criminal, or legal prisoner, it seems to me you have a right to expect much sorting.

"It appears that Jersey is a modern Russia, of which the papers of this country give us an account, never dreaming that an example can be furnished by a Desbrosses street ferry ticket, twenty-five minutes from the Statue of Liberty giving light to the world (of a different kind). Yours truly,

"MARQUISE DE KERMEL, née Kearny."

"I don't think the board can interfere in anything of that kind," remarked County Physician Converse, "and besides I don't believe that the young man is suffering very much."

The Marquise's communication was ordered filed. Young Kearny is awaiting the appointment of a guardian who will select some retreat for him. The appointment will probably be made by the Orphans' Court to-day.

THE REV. MR. HAND'S ARREST.

Lessee of the Land on Which He Was Walking Convinced He Was Not Poaching.

The Rev. Mr. Hand was arrested for trespass recently while crossing some land leased by Benjamin T. Fairchild at Quogue, L. I. He and Mr. E. F. Cook were out hunting. Touching the affair, Mr. Fairchild writes to THE SUN as follows:

"Both Mr. Hand and Mr. Cook have given me satisfactory assurances that they did not intentionally trespass, but simply crossed a field upon which they did not shoot or hunt, nor did Mr. Cook question or "challenge" the right to "post" and legally protect land for game preserves. On the contrary, both these gentlemen are sportsmen, and fully in sympathy with the preservation of game. Mr. Cook simply raised the question as to the right of the officer to make arrest without a warrant. Of this right he was convinced upon due inquiry, and also that the deputy, Mr. Jackson, had acted fully within his province. I have therefore accepted this explanation (which is fully sustained by all the circumstances) as acquitting these gentlemen of any act for which I should feel it incumbent upon me to seek legal redress."

The Rev. W. E. Mains Recalled to His Flock.

A month or so ago, owing to some friction in the congregation, the Rev. W. E. Mains resigned the pastorate of St. Matthew's English Lutheran Church in Brooklyn, of which former Mayor Charles A. Schieren is a leading member. The congregation, by a vote of 118 to 8, has recalled the Rev. Mr. Mains to the pastorate.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The intelligence that Amelia Sommerville is to publish the secret of her marvellous reduction from extreme corpulency to what is becoming excessive leanness will interest all those women who are beginning to feel that the loss of a score or more of pounds would improve their outlines. Miss Sommerville's remedy, whatever it was, has never been disclosed to the public, and the only possible objection to it would seem to lie in the fact that the effects continue to show themselves with astonishing persistency. Miss Sommerville is to-day considerably thinner than she was a year ago, and any further reduction will make her even more of a streak of lovely femininity which suggests but slightly the corpulent beauty of six years ago. No facts about her method of reduction have ever been made known, and the motive for this surely becomes plain when Miss Sommerville announces that she is to sell her remedy and in the form of pills. Doubtless with them will go directions as to the exact number one should take. One reason why implicit faith should not be put in these rules is the suspicion that Miss Sommerville has already taken a pill or two more than necessary. Otherwise her sudden and continuing reduction in size could never have reached its present stage. There never was a more noticeable instance of a loss in weight among the women of the stage, and it is said that no question interests the average woman so much as the means by which she can reduce her weight. Even women who look as if several additional pounds was what they needed most are deeply engrossed in the mysteries of getting thin. There are many men almost as interested, and one New Yorker who returned from Carlsbad last autumn triumphantly announced that in sixteen weeks he had go ten rid of 54½ pounds. Miss Sommerville, without leaving this country, probably got rid of more than twice that amount.

New Yorkers are often surprised at the methods of entertaining in London, and the hiring of a house simply for one evening in order to give a ball is an extravagance which seems curious to Americans. It may not cost as much as it does in New York to entertain at Delmonico's or Sherry's, because London entertainments are rarely so lavish or expensive as the finest given here. There are, of course, many more large houses in London, and the backgrounds for social diversion are in that respect more impressive. But in luxury, completeness, and cost, the New York functions are not excelled anywhere. For those of a less expensive kind in London there stands an advertisement in one of the society papers which offers something unknown in this city. "Temporary ball and supper rooms on hire for the evening" is the way the offer begins, and that they will be "perfectly warmed, weather-proof, and snow resisting" is another promise made for them. Occasionally pavilions are erected in New York to give increased accommodations when an entertainment of unusual size is planned, but the business has never grown to such proportions that ball and supper rooms have been hired out. One obstacle is always encountered by such an enterprise here. The Fire Department makes a thorough inspection of the temporary building and takes every possible precaution against fire. When the structure is completed the condition is made that a fireman must be always in the structure until the lights are extinguished and the room is empty. Another condition is that it be removed within twenty-four hours. The business of renting out ballrooms would probably languish under such conditions.

"Some of my friends say, 'It's fine, old man, but you need a little more serious music—Wagner, Beethoven or something like that, you know. Then you'll be all right.' Another one comes up then and tells me, 'The only thing you want for a complete success is a little music hall business—Vesta Tilley, coon songs, Alice Atherton and all that kind of thing. Just put in a little dash of vaudeville and you're certain to make a big go.' After that a third friend comes to me and says, 'You're all right, old man. All you ought to do is to stop the show entirely for half an hour and just let them talk. You'll make a big mistake if you don't.' Then they expect me to do something to satisfy all of them." This was the complaint of one impresario who is just now giving a series of entertainments of quite a novel character. They have succeeded well enough so far to make suggestions as to their improvement quite unnecessary; but the impresario is worried and there are others as well. In fact the lot of the impresarios has not been especially fortunate in New York this season. One or them has been held responsible for the occasional deficiencies of his star, who is said to be so much worried over the questions of contracts, guarantees and other matters that he frequently does himself an artistic injustice. Two or three others are said to be equally worried, and even Signor de Vivo has his troubles this winter. He has moved up to Seventy-fifth street, so far from the Academy of Music that he rarely gets even a sight of the building. The region about the Academy is still dear to him in spite of the fact that it has changed very much since he was conspicuous there. But Signor de Vivo got into the habit many years ago of computing all distances from the Academy of Music and he finds West Seventy-fifth street a long distance off. Even the Metropolitan, which never occupied the same place in his affections, seems remote to him now.

Now that Lillian Russell, Della Fox, and Margaret Mather have indignantly defended their sisters against the charges brought by Clement Scott as to the immorality of stage life, there can be no doubt in the public mind as to the complete inaccuracy of Mr. Scott's views. This influential London critic made some remarks on the effect of stage life on actress's morals, and the rumor followed that he had been compelled to resign from the London newspaper with which he is connected; but, as a matter of fact, he is still on the staff and likely to remain, as he is connected by marriage with the owner of the paper. For two years past Mr. Scott has been engaged in a somewhat bitter quarrel with Mrs. Kendal, who has long typified all that was domestic and pure in her profession. There has been between Mr. Scott and Mrs. Kendal a continual row, which has exhibited itself whenever occasion has offered. The row began, it appears, when Mr. Scott wrote that Mrs. Kendal ought to take better care of her brother's tombstone, and she very naturally replied that she could attend to the tombs of the members of her family without the advice of outsiders. In this case the brother happened to be Robertson, the dramatist, and the matter was of somewhat more general interest than Mrs. Kendal was prepared to admit. But she cleared herself of any responsibility in the matter. Since that time she has kept after Mr. Scott.

A woman who lives in West Fifty-seventh street intends to try a new idea in Christmas celebrations on Saturday morning, and if her neighbors don't object to it she will probably be able to congratulate herself on its success. A quartet from the Meistersinger Club of London made its first appearance at a private reception in this city last week and sang a lot of old English ballads. This woman heard them and promptly engaged them to sing Christmas carols for an hour on Saturday morning, beginning at 7 o'clock, in her parlors. All of the members of her family have been invited to be present and to bring with them their Christmas gifts to distribute. It is a subject for serious thought on the part of those invited that she should have selected an hour for the Christmas greetings at which most people are getting their soundest sleep. It is hardly light enough to recognize friends at 7 o'clock these days. The neighbors have not yet heard of her scheme, but they are bound to on Christmas morning. A man who heard the English quartet sing ballads said that it could be counted on to raise a block of sleepers.

The report from New Rochelle that a syndicate has purchased 300 acres of land on North street, including the Tom Paine farm, says nothing of the old Tom Paine monument which stands in a little enclosure by itself on this property. Paine provided for this monument in his will, and his grateful countrymen have not even kept the enclosure free of weeds. Half a dozen tall trees surround it, and it occasionally attracts the attention of a traveller on the road from New Rochelle to White Plains. Paine spent the last seven years of his life on this farm, which stretches out from the monument. A few years after his death his remains were removed to England in the hope of increasing there enthusiasm for the republican ideas of which Paine had been the favorite exemplar in print, but the enterprise didn't produce the desired result, and it is believed that his remains found their final resting place in France. The son of a New Rochelle man who died long ago says that his father remembered hearing Paine preach on Sunday afternoons in a grove during the last years of his life, and that his sermons were earnest homilies and unobjectionable even to the strictly orthodox. His improvidence, his irregularities in life, and perhaps above all the unjust accusation brought against him that he was an atheist, separated him in his later years from his Westchester neighbors, and all that now indicates that he ever lived in that neighborhood is the desolate little shaft that attracts very little attention.

O. H. P. Belmont Elected Senior Warden.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 21.—Mr. O. H. P. Belmont returned to New York to-day after a brief visit to inspect his property here. Last night he was elected to the office of Senior Warden of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, F. and A. M. The Hon. Daniel B. Fearing, another cottager, was elected Junior Warden.

CALLED PRIEST A THIEF.

VIOLENT LANGUAGE OF RICH OLD MRS. JOHNSON, MORIBUND.

Coachman Swears That She Told Him Her Will, Leaving Nearly Half a Million to Her Church and Father Power, Was Father Power's Will, Not Her's—Cousins Contesting.

The cousins who are contesting the will of Mrs. Mary Johnson had her coachman, John Monro, on the witness stand in the Surrogate's Court yesterday. Mrs. Johnson left an estate of more than half a million dollars, mostly to Catholic institutions and to the Rev. James W. Power, pastor of All Saints' Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Monro, who is a thick-set man of florid complexion, said that he did his work for his keep, but expected that Mrs. Johnson would look after him in her will. She did not do so. The only other person living in the house was the servant, Mary Kelly, who dined at the same table with her mistress and the witness.

Q.—Did you ever see Mrs. Johnson wearing diamonds when she was in her bare feet? A.—No, sir.

Q.—When you were out driving with her did she say anything about her property? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did she ever mention any names? A.—Yes, sir, Father Power and Mr. Condon [Peter Condon, formerly Mrs. Johnson's lawyer]. She said that they were in a great hurry for her to make a will.

Q.—Who was in a hurry for her to make a will? A.—Father Power. She said, "They are in a hell of a hurry for me to die. They are in a hell of a hurry for me to make a will and die."

Q.—She was often profane in her expressions? A.—Very much so.

Q.—What did she say about Mr. Condon? A.—She mentioned the two together. She said it was not her will and she was going to revoke it. It was Father Power's will. She seemed to be afraid of Mary Kelly, and spoke more about her troubles when she was out riding than when in the house. She and Mary Kelly frequently quarrelled.

The witness said that he did not like to repeat the profanity which Mrs. Johnson had used in speaking of Fathe Power and of Lawyer Condon, but he was directed to state it. Some of the names she called them are unprintable, but she also called them thieves and said they were not doing right by her.

Q.—How often did you see Father Power there? A.—Pretty frequently, all hours of the day.

Q.—Did Mrs. Johnson ever swear at you? A.—She did on several occasions.

Q.—Did she ever say anything to you about Father Power asking her to give him money? A.—Many times. She told me about loaning him $10,000, and she complained about not getting the interest on it. Father Power had asked her for a check a year previously, when it was thought she was going to die, and she said she did not get it back. She seemed to be scared of Father Power. According to my estimation he seemed to have power over her. I have seen her run out of the dining room into the kitchen when he would come, and she would run down into the cellar behind the icebox. She knew what he was coming for.

Q.—Did she say what he was coming for? A.—Yes, sir. Coming to borrow money from her.

Q.—Did she ever say anything about his coming in connection with her property? A.—Yes, sir. Only once. She came downstairs and nearly went into hysterics when she learned that some lots of hers on Riverside Drive were in Father Power's name. She cried and put up her hands and said she was ruined. She said: "That man Power has ruined me. He is a thief." She said they had her sign papers when she did not know what she was doing.

The witness said that she was constantly complaining about the way that Father Power and Lawyer Condon had treated her. At times she would go off to the country on trips in order to avoid Father Power. She used to go to Father Power's church every Sunday. Mary Kelly had told the witness that she had had enough cups and other crockery flung at her head on account of Father Power and Mr. Condon, and that if Father Power was an honest man he would give back the property he had secured from Mrs. Johnson. While deno neing Father Power Mrs. Johnson would say that she intended to lay complaint against him before the Bishop. On cross-examination he was asked:

Q.—Most of Mrs. Johnson's conversation was swearing at her parish priest? A.—No, sir, not most of it.

Q.—Didn't she do a great deal of swearing about her relatives? A.—She did.

Q.—Didn't you think it strange, a Christian woman, who went to church pretty much every Sunday, and a Catholic, should speak about Father Power in this manner? A.—I do not know.

Q.—What would she say when she spoke about her relatives? A.—She spoke about the gang.

Q.—When she spoke about the gang you knew she meant her cousins and her second cousins? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—She didn't use any stronger language about Father Power than she did about the gang? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Didn't she say that they wanted to borrow money from her? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did she loan it to them? A.—No, sir.

Q.—When she spoke of Father Power getting the property from her you did not know if he was a zealous priest getting it for his parish or if he was an avaricious man getting it for himself? A.—I did not know.

Q.—Did she tell you that she wanted to build a school for Catholic children on Riverside Drive? A.—No, sir.

The witness said that when Father Power got the $10,000 from her she told him that her poor relatives needed the money as much as he did.

The case went over until to-day, when Father Power will probably be called.

"BRADSTREET'S" SUED FOR LIBEL.

Edgar S. Werner Declares That His Business Credit Has Been Injured.

Edgar S. Werner, a printer and publisher whose office is at 108 East Sixteenth street, has brought suit in the United States Circuit Court against the Bradstreet Company to obtain $50,000 damages for an alleged libel said to have been published in *Bradstreet's Record*. After stating that he has a capital of $20,000 Werner says in his complaint that on July 1, 1897, *Bradstreet's Record* published by signs and characters known to 50,000 subscribers in the United States statements to the effect that he was entitled to the smallest credit assignable to a man of business with a capital of $500, and that his character, ability, and circumstances were such as to entitle him to no more than such credit.

In its answer, filed yesterday, the Bradstreet Company makes a general denial, and says that *Bradstreet's Reports* are loaned to subscribers for their exclusive use; that Werner, as well as all other persons engaged in any kind of business, is subject to fair criticism and expression of opinion as to his means and credit, and that whatever it has printed concerning the plaintiff was the result of careful investigation, and was without malice, the defendant having reasonable grounds to believe that it was true. The answer denies that the defendant printed any figures, signs, or language conveying the statements against Werner alleged in the complaint or any libellous or defamatory matter concerning the plaintiff.

The answer further states that the defendant has offered to have investigated upon its merits any complaint that Werner might have, but he had refused to give any information regarding the amount of his means or the credit rating to which he claims to be entitled.

CAN'T FIND HIS MUSICAL WIFE.

Charles Roberts Suing Mabel for Divorce—Lost Track of Her in Europe.

Charles Roberts has obtained an order from Justice Smyth of the Supreme Court to serve a summons by publication on his wife, Mabel M., in an action for absolute divorce against her. They were married in 1885, and he says that they agreed to live apart in May, 1887. Thereafter she went to Dresden and studied music, and for several years she resided in the American colony in Paris. In the fall of 1896, he says, she went to live at 12 Duchess street, Portland place, London, with Alfred Laurie, but she left this residence and he has since lost all trace of her. He states that last summer he went to Europe purposely to find her, but was unable to do so. The agent through whom he used to send money to her denied any knowledge of her whereabouts.

Private Cotillion at the New Delmonico's.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lanfear Norrie of 17 East Forty-first street gave the first large private entertainment of the season last night at Delmonico's. The supper cotillion was given in honor of Miss Eva Barbey, a sister of Mrs. Norrie and the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Barbey. The usual informal dancing preceded the supper, which was served both in a long red room extending over the Fifth avenue side of the building on the second floor and in the banquet hall above it on the ballroom story. There were about 350 guests. The cotillion was led by Worthington Whitehouse, who danced with Miss Eva Barbey.

More Angora Cats Shipped to Mr. Wanamaker.

WATERVILLE, Me., Dec. 21.—A shipment of 100 pure blooded Angora cats was made to-day from the Linda Vista Angora cat range to John Wanamaker in Philadelphia, except about ten pairs which went to the New York house. These cats are all of fine colors. The shipment was made in three large crates, made expressly for the Linda Vista farm. This lot makes nearly five hundred cats which have been shipped from Linda Vista during the present year.

ART NOTES.

Portraits by Miss Cecilia Beaux—The Stewart Collection—Pastels by Kenneth Frazier.

An exhibition of works by Miss Cecilia Beaux, almost all of them portraits in oil, closed at the St. Botolph Club in Boston on the 15th of this month, and as the pictures were to be sent from there to Philadelphia, where the collection is to form part of the annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts which opens on Jan. 10, it occurred to some of the painter's many friends in this town that it would be a good idea to have the pictures shown here in the interval. The project took shape and has been carried out, so that beginning to-day the collection of twenty-seven works will be on exhibition daily until the 31st of December in the galleries of the American Art Association, No. 6 East Twenty-third street. Miss Beaux, who is a Philadelphian, has been a regular contributor to the annual exhibitions of the Society of American Artists for several years and is a member of the society, having been elected in 1893. She also exhibits at the Academy of Design and is an associate member of that institution. At the Academy exhibition of 1893 she was awarded the Dodge prize of $300 for the best picture painted by a woman, and she has received from the Pennsylvania Academy the gold medal awarded by the directors for high achievements in the fine arts. A few years ago a number of her portraits were exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon, and she was elected an associate member (a preliminary grade to the full title of *sociétaire*) of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. Recognition of her talent has been quickly accorded in all artistic circles, and she has won a high reputation as a painter. At least eight or nine of the portraits in the present exhibition have been seen at the Society of American Artists, but the others are new to New York. The collection, as a whole, is one of prime interest and should be seen by every one who wishes to keep track of the development and of the various phases of the art of painting.

Miss Beaux's painting has long since passed the stage at which, by the way, the work of many women artists stops short and finally withers, where it is fitting to speak of it as promising. It is fully developed, completely settled as to style apparently, and of so high a degree of facility that it can only be treated as the achievement of a mature practitioner. In this view it is not difficult to point out some of its faults. It is impossible to avoid seeing in these portraits a good deal of weak drawing, in heads and hands in some instances, and loose construction in figures in others. Nor can one be blind to the fact that while the artist's sense of color is acute and refined, she at times loses the note of the local tint, particularly in her treatment of light masses.

This may be seen in the otherwise excellent, lifelike, and realistic "Portrait of Mrs. Thomas A. Scott," No. 1, where it is impossible to determine whether the color of the gown is white, pale gray, or mauve. The fine atmospheric effect seems to be obtained by the sacrifice of some necessary facts. In the "Portrait of Mrs. J. H. Richards," No. 14, there can be no question as to the color. It is unmistakably a study of whites. But in this case, while truth of tint is preserved, substance is lost and the general effect of the picture is somewhat papery. In the portrait of a gentleman with white side whiskers (No. 11) the treatment is sketchy, in another portrait of a gentleman (No. 2) character is seriously studied but both head and figure are without relief; in the large full-length portrait of a lady (No. 22) the faults far outweigh the merits, and in "Sita and Sarita," No. 7, a picture of a young woman in white with a black cat on her shoulder, charming though it is in general aspect, clever as it is in handling, there is a lack of construction in head and hands that must grieve the spectator who wants to like it very much. "Cynthia," No. 9, "Percy," No. 6, and "Catherine," No. 24, are three quickly painted heads of children which deserve high praise for what they give and what they suggest. "Cecil," No. 19, is a striking portrait of a little boy in brown cloak and skirt, excellent in every part except a neglected left hand, and "Dorothea in the Woods," No. 5, is a pretty picture of a girl at the foot of a big tree, very good in out-of-doors effect and charming in general aspect.

Then come some other portraits in which the execution is less exuberant than in those named above, in which there is more reserve force and greater restraint, more sobriety of aspect and more serious and self-contained endeavor. The "Dreamer," No. 6, is one of them, and stands in the present exhibition, as it has in many others, as one of Miss Beaux's best titles to a high place among American painters. Quite as good, though different in conception, is the "Portrait of Mrs. Eliza S. Turner," No 13, a quiet piece of painting with good, careful drawing. "Portrait of Mrs. James Hopkins," No. 17, is another canvas that contains none but good qualities save a little over-accented color in the hand, and that possesses a fine, lifelike look. Still another that is very good and impresses by its seriousness is "Portrait of Michael Cross," No. 18. The exhibition as a whole must impress the intelligent visitor with the fact that in Miss Beaux we possess an artist of genuine temperament and of surpassing skill of hand. The opportunity to see so many of her works in one gallery will be appreciated by many who have heard of her and do not know her work, and those who have followed her career will be pleased to see in this comprehensive group evidence that without losing a certain brilliancy that characterized her earlier performances, she is imbued with the feeling that the most simple and restrained qualities in painting are the best worth striving for.

The managers of the American Art Association announce that the "private view" of the William H. Stewart collection of pictures will be held in their galleries on the evening of the 24th of January. The public exhibition will begin the next day after and continue to the 3d of February. On the evenings of the 3d and 4th this celebrated collection will be sold at auction in Chickering Hall.

Mr. Kenneth Frazier, a young artist who studied in England and France, who is a member of the Society of American Artists and a regular contributor to its exhibitions of pictures that have attracted attention by reason of individual qualities of composition and color, is exhibiting fifteen pastel sketches of landscape at Wunderlich's gallery, 868 Broadway. The motives have been found for the greater part of the pictures in the valley of the Hudson near West Point, though two or three depict effects at Mount Desert. In these sketches the ardent tints characterizing Mr. Frazier's work in portraits and indoor studies of figures become diluted under atmospheric conditions, but do not lose verity. In "The Lilacs," No. 13, there are strong greens and yellows tempered by a sunlight effect; in "Overlooking West Point," No. 8, an effect of springtime is tenderly rendered, and in "North Gorge at Sunset," No. 11, a sky of delicate quality appears at the end of the gap, harmonizing with the more positive masses of the foreground and middle distance. "First Blossoms," No. 4, "October Morning," No. 1, and "Early April in the Highlands," No. 6, are other sheets that are interesting both in conception and treatment. Though slight and not intended to present everything completely that was before him in nature, for the artist does not hesitate to use the much-feared word "sketches" in his catalogue, these pastels are interesting and desirable.

HENRY SPROUT SEEKS DIVORCE.

Wealthy Pittsburg Stockbroker Files a Libel Against His Wife.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 21.—Henry Sprout, the Fourth avenue stockbroker, filed a libel in divorce yesterday against his wife, Mrs. Louise Beggs Sprout. The libellant sets forth that he was married Jan. 22, 1890, and separated Jan. 15, 1897. He says his wife had been guilty of "wilful and malicious desertion and absence from the habitation of her husband without a reasonable cause."

Mrs. Sprout is in New York with her son, aged 5 years. Before marriage she was Miss Beggs, daughter of C. C. Beggs, and had been prominent in society. Her husband is one of the best-known brokers in Pittsburg, and their house in Allegheny was a social centre from the time of their marriage until a year ago.

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