OUR FIRST WAGNERITE.

THE EARLY PERFORMANCES OF THE WAGNER OPERAS IN NEW YORK.

"Die Walkuere" at the Academy of Music—The Production of "Lohengrin" in the Far West—Unsuccessful Outcome of the Venture—"Don Carlos" Fails When Sung Here First

The musical world has lost a very much esteemed gentleman in Adolph Neuendorff, who died several weeks ago at the age of 55. He was a distinguished musician, a successful composer, and one of the best instrumental and operatic conductors. His untimely death reminds me of the Wagner festivals which were given here and in Boston in March, 1877—at his suggestion. Until that time only spasmodic attempts had been made to introduce examples of Wagner's genius and illustrate it upon the American stage. But all endeavors had failed to do justice to the great art embodied in the structure of his music dramas until my friend, Mr. J. C. Fryer, at great risk, organized an excellent company. In this were comprised many fine artists of the German lyric stage, and Mr. Fryer engaged as the star of the company Mme. Eugenia Pappenheim, who was then the representative prima donna of the Wagner school, and was fortunate in engaging the most valuable services of Mr. Adolph Neuendorff, the first eminent Wagner conductor in America, who enjoyed the advantage not only of having assisted at Wagner's late festival at Bayreuth, when his chief work, "The Ring of the Nibelungs," was produced with such memorable effect, but was also honored with copies of the score, together with special instructions from the composer concerning its reproductions in the United States. Since the extraordinary success of the test production of Wagner's crowning work at Bayreuth in the summer of 1876, in no part of the world had the Wagner theories of lyric art in the new form of opera found more enthusiastic acceptance than in this country, notwithstanding the defective manner in which they had previously been presented to the public. Therefore the manager as well as the musical director, with an immense degree of confidence, relied for the costly and difficult enterprise on the liberal encouragement of the musical public, whose advanced taste at that time it was their ambition to gratify through a meritorious presentation of the following operas, then given for the first time in a complete form, and with adequate scenic effects and accessories. The operas were "Die Walkure" from the Ring of the Nibelungs, "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin." Thus it will be seen that the credit and honor of introducing the first Wagner works in this country belong to the bold enterprise of Manager J. C. Fryer and that well-known and most versatile conductor, the late Adolph Neuendorff.

The large company of trained artists was indispensable to the interpretation of the Wagner operas, and they were fortunate in being able to engage a valuable array of artists. The most prominent among them was the dramatic prima donna Mme. Pappenheim. She had sung the rôle of *Senta* in "The Flying Dutchman" in 1872 in Mannheim, when Richard Wagner attended the performance. The composer was so impressed with her impersonation that he complimented her through the press in the following terms: "The fair-haired *Senta* of Mme. Pappenheim was delightful. She was the Northern girl of my imagination, soft and graceful in bearing and voice deeply impressive in her devotion to the phantom sailor." Others in the company were Mme. Paulina Canissa, prima donna soprano, who had achieved a marked success in Italian opera with the Max Strakosch Grand Opera Company; Mme. Clara Perl, a distinguished contralto; Miss Emma Grunch, a talented American contralto, pupil of San Giovanni, who had sung with success at three of the Theodore Thomas concerts; Mr. Christian Fritsch, a gifted young tenor; Mr. A. Bischoff, another tenor, gifted with a beautiful voice, singularly adapted to the Wagnerian rôles, and Mr. George Werrenrath, a tenor of heroic type, who had acquired distinction in Germany as an interpreter of Wagner music; Mmes. Cooney, Listner, and Offmann, experienced artistes, *seconde donne comprimarie;* Mr. Felix Preusser, a powerful young baritone with an excellent reputation both here and in Germany; Mr. Alwin Blum, a well-known baritone, who had made a brilliant début in the Nilsson season; Mr. T. J. Sullivan, a young basso *cantante* with a record of success in several representations of Wagner operas, and Herr William Formes, the efficient basso-baritone. All these were under the musical direction of Mr. Adolph Neuendorff, the best-known conductor of Wagner operas. Mme. Max Maretzek was engaged as a solo artist, with three assistant harpists and an orchestra of sixty selected musicians expressly for the Wagner festival.

The inaugural night of the first Wagner opera festival took place at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, March 12, 1877, when was presented, with entirely new *misc-en-scène* "The Flying Dutchman." The opera was written by Wagner under the influence of recollections of a stormy voyage on the Baltic Sea, and was performed for the first time in Dresden in 1843. The cast here comprised Mme. Pappenheim as *Senta*, Mr. Fritsch as *Eric*, Mr. Preusser as *Daland*, Mr. Blum as *Vanderdecken*, and others. Mme. Pappenheim triumphed over Wagner in the duet in the second act beginning, "Whoever thou art, whatever thy face, I will be thy love, I will be thy mate," and in the song in the final trio, "Doubt not my faith," which won from the big audience hearty and enthusiastic applause. Mr. Fritsch received his share of applause. On Wednesday evening, March 14, "Lohengrin" was produced, with Mme. Pappenheim as *Elsa*, Mr. Werrenrath as *Lohengrin*, Clara Perl as *Ortrud*, Mr. Preusser as *Telramund*, William Formes the *Herald*, and Mr. Blum the *King*, and others. Mme. Pappenheim received the greatest share of applause during the evening. The balance of the cast was much inferior to the one given on the same stage by the Strakosch Opera Company, including Nilsson, Cary, Campanini, Del Puente, &c., and later on with Albani, Carpi, Cary, and others.

On Thursday, March 15, "Lohengrin" was given at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and on Friday, March 16, "The Flying Dutchman" was repeated here, and at the Saturday matinee "Lohengrin" was repeated. "Tannhäuser" was advertised for Monday, March 19, but the company left for Boston on Sunday to fill up a week of Wagner Festival at the Boston Theatre. They returned and produced for the first time here on Easter Monday and Tuesday, April 2 and 3, the long-promised "Die Walkure," the first division of the trilogy, "Das Rheingold" being regarded as a prelude. It had the following cast: Mme. Pappenheim as *Brunnhilde*, Mme. Canissa as *Sieglinde*, Mme. Listner as *Fricka*, Mme. Frida de Gebele as *Gerhilda*, Mr. Bischoff as *Siegmund*, Mr. Blum as *Hunding*, Mr. Preusser as *Wotan*. The Walkyries were Mmes. De Gebele, Grunninger, Cooney, Hoffman, and others. The performance, as was expected, made a success, for its novelty, and no doubt pleased the Teutonic element, but twenty years ago there was not an advanced taste for Wagner operas, as there is at present in the United States, hence the appreciation and the enthusiasm of the public were slight as compared with the previous representations of Italian operas by Parepa Rosa, Wachtel, Santley, and Miss Phillips. The public declared the performance to be too dreary and said. If my friend Fryer, with the great expenses he incurred, on giving that festival, made any money, I do not know of it. I hope he did, but credit is due to him for having first introduced on the American stage the grand creations of Wagner in their original German form.

The name of Eugenia Pappenheim has been famous for twenty years in Europe and America as one of the great dramatic prima donnas soprani on the Italian and German lyric stage, and as a representative prima donna of the Wagner school, although her greatest triumphs were achieved in Italian operas, viz., in "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Ernani," "William Tell," "The Huguenots," "La Juive," "Der Freischutz," "Norma," "Aida," "Oberon," "L'Africaine," "Roberto il Diavolo," "Don Giovanni," and "Le Nozze di Figaro." Her Wagner repertoire comprised "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "Meistersinger," "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," and "Die Walkure." She was also famous as an oratorio singer, and scored as much success as in opera in England and in the United States in the following works, viz., "Elijah," "St. Paul," "Judas Maccabaeus," Verdi's "Requiem," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and Gounod's "Redemption."

Eugenia Pappenheim was born in Vienna in 1849, and when in her twelfth year gave such evidence of rare vocal gifts and betrayed a predilection for the stage so unmistakable that her family placed her under the care of Prof. Lauffer Wolfe, and afterward she was schooled by Marchesi, Randegger, Bassi Giovani, and Rudersdorff. She made her début at the age of 17 at Linz in Austria, as *Valentine* in "The Huguenots," and was at once pronounced a prima donna of high order. A prolonged engagement was offered her by the directors of the Vienna Imperial Opera House, but a desire to assume only the dramatic roles of opera, an opportunity which could not be immediately accorded her by the Vienna management, impelled her to refuse their flattering offers. Soon after this she appeared in Berlin, Leipsic, Brunswick, Hamburg, Carlsruhe, Breslau, and other cities, and quickly gained renown. Mme. Pappenheim came to the United States with Theodore Wachtel on his second visit in 1875, under the direction of Adolph Neuendorff, to sing in German opera, and afterward she sang in various companies in Wagner's operas with unvarying success. Col. Henry Mapleson, having heard of her success, soon engaged her for the London Italian opera season, as successor to the great Teresa Titiens, and she filled her place with great success for several seasons, her marked successes there being *Valentine* in "The Huguenots," and as *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni." She also sang successfully with Col. Mapleson's troupe in the United States, afterward she sang at La Scala, Milan; Palermo, Sicily, Warsaw, Buenos Ayres, Budapest, Berlin, Frankfort, &c. For the month of September, 1884, Mme. Pappenheim was engaged by Mme. Fabbri-Mulder, the retired *prima donna dramatica*, residing in San Francisco, Cal., for a short season of German and Italian opera, but especially to sing *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," to be given for the first time at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco. At that time I was in San Francisco, and Mme. Fabbri engaged me as manager of the Fabbri German and Italian opera season.

I must say that Mme. Fabbri did not spare expense in producing "Lohengrin" with a sumptuous *misc-en-scène*, equal to any I have seen ever since at the Academy or at the Metropolitan Opera House, with entirely new costumes, scenery and properties, and the following cast: *Elsa*, Mme. Pappenheim; *Ortrud*, Miss Simmonson (the sister of Mme. Saville); *Lohengrin*, Herr Young; *Telramund*, Herr Muller, and others, with a chorus of fifty and an orchestra of forty. I worked my very best to fill the house from parquet to roof, and, in fact, the receipts were $3,010 on the first night. But the San Francisco public then having not much love for Wagner's music drama, which lasted that night until nearly 1 o'clock, left the house much annoyed and rather disgusted, never to come back again. The second house was about $1,200. We had to abandon "Lohengrin" as a financial failure, which cost the management over $1,500. The second week we produced "Norma" and "La Juive" with artistic success, but owing to some dissensions among the stockholders of the enterprise the season ended on the third week, and all on account of "Lohengrin." The money raised for its production was spent and the financial success of the season depended upon the success of this opera. If the season had begun as I suggested to the interested party, with "La Juive," "Norma" or "Il Trovatore," in which operas Mme. Pappenheim and the tenor Baldanza were most successful, the result would have been different and not disastrous.

According to my past experience all the impresarios who produced the Wagner operas in the seventies and in the eighties, invariably lost a great deal of money, and everybody knows that during the memorable seasons of German opera under Mr. Stanton's management, with celebrated Wagnerian stars, as Lehmann, Materna, Niemann, Alvary and others, the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera House lost over $500,000, according to statements published in the papers, and only of late years have the managers of the Wagner operas had a margin of profit. Right after the disaster I accompanied Mme. Pappenheim and other artists overland, giving concerts in Salt Lake City and Denver. She came back to New York and in 1888 retired entirely from the stage, and ever since has been one of the best teachers of the old Italian method.

On or about Oct. 16, 1884, I returned to San Francisco, where I had left an operatic concert company, including Mme. Goldini, soprano; Sig. Baldanza, tenor; Mme. Zeppilli Villani, contralto; Sig. Villani, baritone; Sig. Bologna, basso, and Mme. Eno Wadsworth Vivian, accompanist. With this above company I had visited the principal cities of Oregon and British Columbia, playing "Don Pasquale" and scenes of "Il Barbiere," "Martha," "Faust," and "Il Trovatore," with artistic and financial success. During my sojourn in San Francisco, where I remained for over fifteen months for the glorious climate, I gave two lectures with the world-renowned journalist and lecturer, George Augustus Sala, to overcrowded houses. I was also manager there of the great artiste, Mme. Fursch-Madi, a member of Col. Mapleson's Italian opera company, with *la diva* Patti as star. I also managed the last Ristori season at the California Theatre, and in the United States, which was the least remunerative in her most brilliant career all over the world. At that time I heard that she was 67 years old, and had mastered the English language, in which she played various of her great characters. Surely she was the most wonderful woman and the greatest actress of her time that I have ever known. She is still living in her sumptuous palace in Rome, with her daughter and son.

On Wednesday, April 4, 1879, the Grand Italian Opera from Havana inaugurated a season of twelve subscription nights at the Academy of Music, with Verdi's opera, "Un Ballo in Maschera," under the direction of Sig. Albites and Palmieri, and my management. The cast comprised Mme. Palmieri as *Amelia*, Mlle. Marx as the *Page*, Mlle. Rambelli as *Ulrica*, Sig. Celada as *Riccardo*, Sig. Bertolase as *Renato*, Signori De Negro, Dubreuil, &c. Mr. Max Maretzek was conductor. The artists scored an immense success, especially Sig. Celada, a tenor of unusual power and compass, and Sig. Bertolase, a magnificent baritone of great reputation as a singer. On Friday, April 6, "Il Trovatore" was given, with Mme. Palmieri as *Leonora*, Mlle. Rambelli as *Azucena*, Sig. Celada as *Manrico*, Sig. Bertolase as *Count di Luna*, and Sig. De Negro as *Ferrando*. The opera, as well as the artists, was enthusiastically received, and the Miserère encored. On Saturday, April 7, a "Faust" matinée was given, with, Mlle. Mack as *Marguerite*, Mlle. Rambelli as *Siebel*, Sig. Lenari, *Faust*; Bertolase, *Valentine*, and De Negro, *Mephistopheles*. On Thursday, April 12, Verdi's spectacular lyric opera, "Don Carlos," was produced for the first time in the United States, with a gorgeous *mise-en-scène*, magnificent new costumes, new scenery and properties, and the following star cast:

Filippo II., Re di Spagna (King of Spain)	Signor De Negro
Don Carlos, Infant of Spain	Signor Celada
Rodrigo, Marquis of Posa	Signor Bertolase
Elisabetta di Valois	Mme. Palmieri
Principessa d'Eboli	Signora Rambelli
Il Conte di Saldana	Signor Lerari
Tibaldo, page of Elisabetta	Signorina Mack
La Contessa d'Arembera	Mme. Solke

Nothing better, that I remember, had been produced at the Academy of Music since the first representation of "Aida." The performance of this spectacular lyric work could not be improved after having been rehearsed over twelve times. Each artist had sung the opera several times in Europe, especially Mme. Palmieri, who was considered probably the greatest *Elisabetta di Valois*, and had sung this rôle over fifty times. She made a great hit. She had a noble voice, a method of rare perfection, and that old broad school of vocalism, which has so few exponents now. The grand scene and duet between *Elisabetta* and *Filippo*, "Vengo a domandar grazie alla mia Regina," received a storm of applause. But the great hit of the evening was the grand finale in the second act, beginning "Spuntato ecco il dì d'esultanza Onore'al più grande del Re," which was received with tremendous applause and vociferously encored. The aria finale, "Tu che la vanità conoscesti del mondo" of *Elisabetta* and the duet finale of the opera with *Don Carlos* ended the opera with the éclat of a decided success. But, alas! we were all disappointed for the second performance, which was given to a half-empty house. This unaccountable financial failure of "Don Carlos," which has had a run of success in Europe and South America, so artistically produced here at great expense, so discouraged the directors, Palmieri and Albites, that they decided at once to close the season with the loss of over $15,000. Thus ended the musical season of 1879, which, according to my experience, was full of disappointments for want of public patronage such as I have not experienced since.

DIEGO DE VIVO.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TATTERED COAT.

A Rainy Day Proof That It Doesn't Take Fine Feathers to Make Fine Birds.

It was raining furiously, and the wind, which swirled in vicious gusts, made umbrella holding all but impossible. Lone females endeavored, unavailingly, to hold up their wet skirts and keep their umbrellas under control while they avoided the wettest puddles. Big men and little men navigated, leaning this way and that, at an oblique angle. Across City Hall square, making her way toward the bridge, came an old woman dressed in the fashion called nondescript. Her "gaiters," which she displayed with great cheerfulness, were split at the sides, and her skirts, rusty-toned and ragged, were of the voluminous drapery of several seasons back. Her bonnet was not to be described, nor her ancient coat except as to a wide hole in one elbow.

Walking by her side was an old man torn and dirty as she. As he guided her around puddles and between wagons, with his hand at her ragged elbow, one wondered what two such quaint pedestrians could be doing together. A closer glance showed that his pockets bunched suspiciously, as though he had made the rounds of the most charitably disposed business houses and sorted the sweepings. Under her arm she still carried the torn and wet remains of what had once been a bunch of evening newspapers.

And yet they did not trail miserably along behind each other. His hand was upon hers, his glance was directing both. There even seemed something of grace and deference in his movements, suggestive of courtesy in her air. As they reached the bridge entrance he admonished her tenderly:

"Mind the shteps, Ellen, they do be terrible shippy the day."

STAGE HEROES' CLOTHES.

NEED OF SOMEBODY TO TEACH ACTORS HOW TO DRESS.

Solecisms of Leading Men Who Attempt the Garb of Society—Hopeless State of Robert Hilliard and the Old Guard—The Hair, Neckties, and Clothes of Younger Favorites.

"Now that a woman acquainted with the ways of the smart set has undertaken to help the women of the stage to dress properly," said a person who is frequently set to thinking by what he sees at the theatre, "it seems to me that the time has come for a man to step up and do his duty in the same direction. There must be men familiar with the ways of society that could be engaged for the purpose. It would be a much more healthful occupation than booming champagne, and it would be less exacting than trying to persuade your friends to insure themselves in some particular company. It would not take so much time as selling haberdashery, and the risk involved would be less than that of keeping a flower shop. Certainly, if the actors realized how much it would help them, the compensation ought to be very large. The Knickerbocker Club ought to be able to furnish some such person to help elevate the stage. So far as his work would aid realism it would unquestionably be an elevation of the stage.

"Any man familiar with the ways of the men who are most particular about their dress could make any play of modern life striking enough to attract attention for a long time, simply because of its spectacular quality. It would be a spectacle of a wholly novel character, and attract audiences made up as well of people who like to see things correctly done as of those who have never seen them in real life or anywhere else, and would go to look at the simon-pure article for the first time in their lives. Suppose a man who had seen the picturesque dressing of the men of the golf links at Baltusrol or the links at Ardsley should transfer it to the stage. The spectacle would be a marvel to people accustomed to see actors in outing costumes appear in the cheap togs that are hung along in the shop windows on upper Broadway. Doubtless the actors who get themselves up in this way would dress like men in society if they only knew how. But they don't. Most of them are still at that elementary stage of development which comes with an awakening to the fact that tan shoes with a silk hat and full dress in the afternoon are not good form in dress. Those who have passed beyond this stage have reached the level of the chrysanthemum, specifically white. Robert Hilliard, for instance, who has spent most of his time in the East, still believes that a large white chrysanthemum is the distinguishing mark of a well-dressed New Yorker. Now the society supervisor, if such a functionary existed, might tell him that such a decoration was long ago abandoned, and is, indeed, scorned even by those models who devote their time to sellingrather than wearing clothes.

"The society supervisor, or whatever he might be called, would have few more difficult cases to deal with than such actors as Mr. Hilliard. For those who have learned nothing there is much more hope than for those who have learned a little and learned it all wrong. Bell-crowned silk hats with rolling brims, velvet-collared frock coats and laced patent-leather shoes with sharp toes are heresies that in a man of middle age are apt to be so deeply rooted as to destroy nearly all hope of permanent reformation. But it is to the younger men that this new theatrical functionary would best devote his time. Maurice Barrymore, who has been known to wear a pair of steel blue socks conspicuously through a play that extended over several years, confesses frankly that he is irreclaimable. For that reason it is useless to object to the limitations of his wardrobe. For all society rôles, for all parts in which he is called upon to represent distinction, wealth, and refinement, Mr. Barrymore has a pair of patent-leather boots with yellow uppers. Those boots represent the society drama to him, and with them on he will face any audience in any rôle. Wilton Lackaye, since he wisely put on *Svengali's* whiskers, has never taken them off, and his astonishing ideas as to what a well-bred man looked like no longer astonish upper Broadway. There are the old guard who would not take to the new factor in stage performances, and the only hope is with the young men.

"Some of these at the Lyceum might be called for a few lessons in the valuable instruction that this man would give, and the first few hours should be devoted to the hair question. That is a very important one. Every well-dressed man in New York is as careful about the cut of his hair as about the cut of his coat. He does not allow himself to be clipped by any casual Italian who happens to be in the nearest hotel or barber shop. He goes to a man accustomed to cut the hair of well-dressed men, who are very, very rarely actors. But the actors apparently have some place of their own devoted exclusively to the particular style of hair cutting which they wear, or so much. James Hackett at the Lyceum, for instance, wears his hair as no man but an actor would. Off the stage it may be all very appropriate and becoming, and no doubt looks very inspired and gifted and all that sort of thing, but in plays of modern fashionable life it is ridiculously out of character. I don't know of any club, any private entertainment among smart people and discover a man with his hair brushed or cut as he wears his. The Lyceum hair is indeed rather deplorable. Edward Morgan wears a curious shock of straight black hair that comes to a climax at the base of his skull. There it spreads in a mushroom which looks as if it ought to be confined in a net. Over his temples and in the back there is the same luxuriance of hair that grows like a vine in its unrestrained naturalness. How much a good barber could accomplish for that young man! William Courtleigh had got nearer to the New York standard than any of the others.

"Up at Daly's there is Charles Richman, who undoubtedly takes his hair-cuts where he finds them. Persons say that William Faversham never looked so well in any play as he does in 'The Conqueror.' That is because for the first time in several years his hair is cut short. It never occurred to anybody before that his long locks were quite impossible to a man supposed to be in fashionable London or New York life. They were considered proper enough for that, but for a Prussian officer they had to be trimmed, and consequently Mr. Faversham looks now like the men in the front of the house who are there to see him. Young Wheelock, now that he has got into a uniform, no longer suggests Rockville Centre, Mo., so strongly as he did before, and he shows how important it is for a good-looking young fellow to take every advantage of his opportunities and try to look as well as he can. There are, of course, all sorts of things besides the hair cutting in which the new theatrical functionary would have to try his hand. But the hair question would receive the closest attention.

"After that had been settled, there would remain the important question of clothes. Mr. Morgan would never be allowed to wear collars of a make and pattern quite unknown to well-dressed men. The most conspicuous thing about them is a persistent habit of remaining wide open and displaying an unnecessary amount of Adam's apple. Nor would he wear a suit that fitted him so badly as the gray one in the last act of the present play at the Lyceum, nor decorate it with a light colored necktie. Audiences that never see such peculiarities of dress off the stage cannot associate them with serious or sympathetic emotions. Frank Mills, at the Lyceum, wears a green necktie in the third act, which makes the spectators laugh as soon as he comes on the stage, but it looks like the flamboyant stringpiece of a French Anarchist. Charles Richman has temporarily got into Shakespearean togs, and when he comes out of them he may realize that the well-dressed men of New York are not to be seen in the Gilsey House late in the afternoon nor at the Manhattan Club a night. He is another proof of what 'The Conquerors' exhibits—that all American actors look better in uniform or in old-fashioned costumes than in every-day clothes. Young Faversham is seen to much less advantage when he has to wear modern dress. Francis Carlyle, in spite of incongruities, wears his clothes as well as any of the actors of the younger group, and he would need the services of the society inspector less than the others. James Hackett looks much better in costume than in frock coats and dress suits, although he wears a great many clothes which fit him well and boldly proclaim that they were never nearer St. George's square than Broadway. Cyril Scott does well, barring the same insistence on their Broadway nativity which all of his clothes show. Maude Adams will have trouble with her leading man when he gets out of the garb of the *M'sieur Lillie* as Robert Edeson says he will at least accustom all of the actors when he attempted to appear in plays of modern life, and looks like anything but an actor.

"Possibly my suggestion as to this new stage assistant for the men seems to give undue importance to a frivolous subject. It is not unimportant to managers who want their theatre to draw the most fashionable of the New York audiences, and in their hearts they all want that. Certainly it is not unimportant to the public that know, for it has been said with some truth that the people of fashion who go to the theatres now usually find more to laugh at in the attempts of some of the actors to imitate fashion than in the humor that is intentional. That it is not unimportant to the artist can be shown by a glance at the experiences of those who have learned to look like the men they are trying to represent. John Drew is of course the most conspicuous example, and who would some of his taste and refinement in dress have not done a great deal to help him to success? By dress I mean the word in the broadest sense—that includes every detail of a gentleman's get-up, from the direction of his mustache to the curve of the sole of his boots. That means his linen and his neckwear and his jewelry and his finger nails. Good old Bertie Kelcey would have been a good model in this respect, at least, for some of his successors at the Lyceum. It was all very well to talk of his trousers and their creases, his dress shirts and his patent leather hair. They all meant careful observation and a worthy ambition to look like one that he was supposed to be. It's worth while, after all, to learn these little details when they help a man to earn $350 a week. Henry Miller knows the importance of these elements of the actor's business, and he has become proficient in them. These men all had to work out their own salvation. If my plan is followed there will be some authority in the theatre who will direct these details of the work of the actors just as the stage manager helps them in other particulars. Instruction in how their hair shall be cut, what kind of clothes they shall wear, and just how they shall wear them, will be as regular a feature of a theatre's routine as turning off the lights and ringing up the curtain."

HEAR THE SOUNDLESS CONCERT!

No Need to Go Inside the Deadened Walls if You Use Hearum's Transmitters.

"That's the finest music I've listened to since the lamented Gilmore and his artists were the shining lights at old Manhattan Beach," said an undersized, keen-eyed man wearing a number eight hat, as he stood yesterday noon looking into the basement of a white-winged lunch room on lower Broadway. The green-painted iron railing, erected ostensibly to keep pedestrians from falling into the cellar, and serving at the same time as an improvised balcony for those who would look upon the animated scene beneath, was lined with spectators. That portion of the building fronting on Broadway, fifteen feet below the stoop line, is encased by a massive plate-glass window. Within, and plainly visible from the street, can be seen each day at noon half a dozen musicians in a semicircle about an upright piano and an accompanist of Pompadour mien. The feast of music and butter cakes lasts from 12 to 2:30 P. M.

Ten seconds after the Western Union time ball had slid down the greased pole, yesterday, the musicians stepped to their accustomed places. The pianist, after a few preliminary canters up and down the keys, with a piano fortissimo accentuation at the end of the introductory, looked toward the players as each raised his instrument to its proper position, and a second later eyewitnesses from the street knew that the quick-lunch concert had started on its way.

"They're off!" shouted a messenger boy carrying a dress-suit case and an umbrella.

"Here, you boys, just you stop making sport of those artists down there. That's no race track nor poolroom either," continued the little man with the big head. "Look! Look!" he exclaimed excitedly, "just listen to that piano player. The cornetist is no small potatoes either, and as for the bass fiddler, he'll have beef tea as soon as he shows signs of weakness."

By this time the outside throng had been increased by at least twenty more, making over fifty in all; those on the outer edge anxiously inquiring who was hurt, or where the fire was. The spectators alongside the rail finally began to tire of the amusement afforded within which they could witness but not hear and soon turned their attention to the man with the No. 8 hat.

"How supremely intoxicating," he said as he noted three or four eyeing him.

"Well, it may be supremely intoxicating," said an insurance clerk wearing a golf cap and a briarwood, "but I can't hear a note."

"Can't hear a note!" shouted the little fellow, disdainfully. "Well, I tell you, friends," he continued, apparently very much in earnest, "I rather eat a cold butter cake standing right here listening to that music than to sit down to a tenderloin and mushrooms in Delmonico's, with Thomas's orchestra in the balcony."

"So would I," retorted a man with a sun-gloss tile and patent leathers. "I'm just as much of a crank over music as you or anybody else within shooting distance of a group of honest, well-fed bag-pipers if I can hear the performance. I've been standing here for ten minutes, and am as much pleased as though I had been witnessing the antics of a group of mechanical figures in motion at the Eden Musée."

"Well, gents," declared the first speaker, as he moved toward the curb, "I give you my word of honor as a gentleman and a scholar that I can hear, and have heard, every sound coming from that lunch room, even to the flapping of the buckwheats from the brown to the white side.

"I'll betcher there's putty in every darn crack of the buildin' to force us outsiders, if we wants to hear the music, to go inside an' buy a cruller or a cookey," said a patriarch from the rural district.

"No, that's not it," insisted the little man; "the trouble is you've all got defective hearing. If you'll do as I have done you can eat your lunch at home and then come here and enjoy the music for nothing."

This interesting suggestion was the cause for a general exodus of citizens to the edge of the sidewalk.

"It's just this way," he continued, drawing both coat sleeves over his elbows. "For twenty years I couldn't hear a sound. A premature explosion of a cannon cracker back yard when I was quite small fractured both of my eardrums—fractured them, gentlemen, so that they resembled the cracks you often note in a ceiling. I was so deaf, friends, that I verily believe I couldn't have heard the world coming to an end. But, thanks to Providence, that inauspicious event has not occurred, and I am here to-day as a benefactor of mankind simply by the grace of Dr. Hearum and his celebrated audiphonic eardrumlets. Now, gentlemen, why could I hear the music in there and you not? Simply because I have concealed in each ear one of Dr. Hearum's sound transmitters. Each one of these wonderful eardrumlets," continued the speaker, drawing a handful of ring-shaped rubbers from his coattail pocket, "is well charged with electricity made expressly by Edison for this occasion only. I have six pairs left, which I will dispose of at 10 cents for two, or 5 cents for the man who is deaf on one side only. Come, now! who'll purchase an open sesame to the beauties of that orchestra in the basement without going in. Don't stand there looking at me as if you doubted my veracity. They're just as good damp days as dry days, and, gentlemen, they have another important property: They are especially satisfactory to those men who, upon reaching their homes quite late, desire to regulate the sound of their footfalls on the stairs."

As no one seemed inclined to test the virtues of Hearum's eardrumlets, the "capper" was soon brought into play.

"How do they feel, young man, and has your hearing improved?" asked the local Crusoe to his man Friday. "Oh, yes, for I can now hear—hear—" but the colloquy was suddenly broken off by the appearance of a ward detective. "Sneak, Bill," shouted the capper, crossing Broadway on a run.

Five minutes later another group was standing by the green railing watching the silent motions of the orchestra.

"They hev' me almost crazy," said a big policeman, "fightin wid each other as to whedder the musicianers be playin' jigs, reels, or funeral marches."

THIS BOY CAN ONLY SWEAR.

Ernest Mott's Vocabulary Limited to Oaths by an Accident to His Skull.

MONTAGUE, Me., Jan. 28.—A boy whose vocabulary consists almost wholly of oaths lives here in the village near the pulp mill. His name is Ernest Mott, and if he lives until next March he will be 14 years old. Until last October he was a fairly bright and very active lad. While he and his playmates were skylarking among the wood teams on the morning of Oct. 31, a horse kicked him in the head, inflicting a severe wound above the left ear. His right side was paralyzed by the blow. The muscles of his throat were also affected so he was unable to articulate. After treating the boy for a few weeks without noticing much improvement the doctor sent him to the Bangor Hospital, where the surgeons trephined his skull, taking out a circular piece of the bone to relieve the pressure upon the brain.

The boy began to get well at once. He ate heartily, gained strength, and, on Dec. 18, he had so far recovered that he was sent home to his parents. He has been out on the streets every day since, apparently as healthy as ever, but though his physical and mental vigor has returned he is still unable to utter any form of speech except the oaths that he learned about the mill. Of these he has a perfect and eloquent command. He can easily outswear any two men who has ever visited Montague, which, considering the proficiency of some of the mill men, is a reputation that is hard to obtain.

Though profanity is his sole form of expression when standing up, he is able to get his tongue around a few plain words after he has lain upon his back for a few hours. When his mother calls him to breakfast in the morning he sometimes say "Good morning," or "It's a good day" to her, but the moment he gets upon his feet the power leaves him and he relapses into utter wickedness for the day. He can whistle an ordinary tune all through without making a mistake, but he can't sing a word. He can write out his wants in every day words, and seems to have no inclination toward sinfulness while making his needs known upon slate or paper, but the moment he tries to speak he begins to swear and does nothing else but swear until he is out of breath. Dr. Bragg, his attending physician, has called several specialists to help him cure the boy, but all have failed. A Christian Science healer, who came up from Bangor, prayed with the lad for two days, and when he got through the lad buried the good man with an avalanche of wicked words.

RESOURCEFUL TOM HINES.

STIRRING WAR TALES OF A MAN WHO FOUGHT WITH MORGAN.

Tunnelling from the Columbus Penitentiary with Case Knives—A Chicago Mattress and a Brick Wall at Cincinnati—When Navy Revolvers Proved Themselves Useful.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 28.—Capt. Tom Hines, who died in this city last Sunday, was, perhaps, the best known Confederate soldier in Kentucky at the time of his death, except Gen. Basil W. Duke, who was Gen. John Morgan's right bower. Certainly few men in the South had a more exciting career as a soldier, raider, and liberator of Confederate prisoners than he.

Gen. Basil W. Duke, who was intimately associated with Capt. Hines during the war, until after the escape of Hines and Morgan and their associates from the penitentiary in Columbus, O., in speaking of Capt. Hines last night, related the following story of that escape as one of the events that made the Captain famous. He said:

"For personal courage, skill in planning, and daring in execution, Capt. Hines had few equals. He never seemed in a hurry, never gave evidences of excitement; but he struck the lightning, and, had the war lasted much longer, he would have taken high rank as a commander.

"The escape from Columbus was planned and in a great measure executed by Capt. Hines and by Capt. James Hockersmith of Madisonville, Ky. Hines had heard in some way that an air chamber extended under the lower range of cells, and he thought this the more probable, as in no other way could he account for the dryness of his cell. Subsequent investigations proved this to be correct, and after consultation with Gen. Morgan it was determined to cut into this chamber from Hines's cell and dig a tunnel into the prison yard. A number of men were taken into the plot. They began digging through the eighteen inches of stone, cement and brick that composed the floor of the cell, using case knives that had been abstracted from the dining room. The dirt was concealed in handkerchiefs and under beds until it could be disposed of. Hines swept and cleaned his room every day and threw an old sack over the opening that was being made. The guards would look in and, seeing the cell so neat and tidy, would pass on. Finally the air chamber was reached, and, after much labor, the tunnel was finished, extending to the point in the yard whence it was intended to make the exit.

"The men selected to attempt the escape with Gen. Morgan were Capts. Thomas H. Hines, Ralph Sheldon, Sam Taylor, Jacob Bennett, James Hockersmith, and Gustavus McGee. They all occupied cells on the ground floor except Gen. Morgan, and it was arranged that on the night of the escape Gen. Morgan was to exchange places with his brother, Col. Richard Morgan, who occupied one of the ground-floor cells, and between whom and the General there was a striking resemblance. Men working from the air chamber had cut away the stone and concrete beneath the floors of the five cells, from which other occupants besides Capt. Hines were to escape. Only a thin shell was left, so that it was only necessary for the occupant of the cell to stamp on the floor and break through. It was a little after midnight when the men entered the air chamber, leaving stuffed dummies in their beds.

"They made their way, each armed with a stout knife as a weapon of defence, through the tunnel and cut away the soft shell covering the aperture leading into the yard. It was rainy and cloudy, and they passed to the outer wall, the bad weather having driven the sentries and the dogs that guarded the yard at night to shelter. By the help of a rope and an improvised hook they scaled the wall, and separating into pairs took their departure.

"The escape was not discovered until the next morning, when the rope was found hanging from the wall, and there was hubbub and confusion among the guards and rejoicing among the prisoners.

"Gen. Morgan and Capt. Hines, immediately on their escape, took the train for Cincinnati. In the suburbs of Cincinnati Gen. Morgan pulled the bell cord and he at one end of the car and Capt. Hines at the other put on the brakes, causing the train to slacken speed so that they could jump off. They then went to the river and paid a boy $2 to row them across to the Kentucky shore, and went through Kentucky and Tennessee, reaching the Confederate lines after many adventures. Capt. Hines was separated from Gen. Morgan in Tennessee and again captured. He was guarded in a cabin that night by a few soldiers. He was a fine story teller, and succeeded in so interesting his captors in his narrative for a moment that they left the door unguarded. He at once jumped out into the darkness, and, diving into a thicket, escaped and joined his command.

"It was soon after this that Capt. Hines was detailed to serve under Jacob Thompson in Canada and never again joined the command."

The most adventure of Capt. Hines while in Canada was a narrow escape from the Federals while he was in Chicago planning to liberate the Confederate prisoners held there. He was living in the house of Dr. Edwards, who favored the Confederate cause, but the authorities learned the facts and surrounded the house. Going to a bed Capt. Hines slit open the bottom of a canvas-covered spring mattress, crawled inside, and then had the bed rearranged as usual. The soldiers searched the house carefully, looked under that bed repeatedly, but never into the mattress. However, although baffled, they were not altogether disheartened and maintained a careful guard.

The excitement, fortunately for Hines, made Mrs. Edwards sick, and in consequence a doctor was employed, and numbers of friends called from time to time to express their sympathy. Thereat Hines walked boldly to the door with one of the parties of callers, stepped out with them, expressing, as they said, his hope for the speedy recovery of the invalid and walked away unmolested by the innocent guard.

In Cincinnati, where he remained for a time in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Thomas, he had a chamber prepared in the jamb of an old-fashioned chimney behind a cupboard full of dishes. When the Federal soldiers came, as he knew they would do, he was in the hole in the wall that was unsuspected by the searchers.

But probably the most exciting of his escapes was when he was at Detroit, just after the murder of President Lincoln. Hines looked very much like Booth, and was followed by men who thought he was Booth. As he related the story himself it was as follows:

"As soon as I heard of the assassination I knew there would be trouble, and started for Detroit to cross the river into Canada. At Detroit I found I was being followed by detectives, and I walked into a saloon with my grip in my hand and my