THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMATIC STARS THAT SHINE ON OUR STAGE THIS WEEK.

Viola Allen and James K. Hackett Now Ones in the Remarkably Brilliant Constellation—Miss Allen as the Heroine in Hall Caine's "The Christian"—Plays That Are Changed or Continued.

Eleven dramatic stars, collectively a brilliant constellation, shine on our stage this week. A new one among them is Viola Allen, conspicuous for years as the leading actress at the Empire, whom divulges herself at the head of her own company at the Knickerbocker. She uses for that purpose Hall Caine's novel, "The Christian," in a theatrical version by the author. Those who have read the book may recall the heroine as a Manx girl, a buoyant, hopeful creature, who goes to London to seek her fortune, becomes successively a nurse in a hospital, a programme seller in a theatre, a dresser for vaudeville performers, a singer at clubs and private houses, a mimic and balladist at a music hall, an actress at a legitimate theatre, and finally a sacrificer of a brilliant career in consequence of influences exerted upon her by a very zealous religionist. Professional critics in several cities say that Miss Allen realizes all that there is in the character, and that she has fortunately hit upon material with which to prosper. She is known as an able and painstaking artist who has resorted to no ignoble devices of self-exploitation and whose present enterprise is marked by personal and professional dignity. In making the play Mr. Caine has departed from the book in both story and characterization, but the central figure of *Glory Quayle* remains intact. Edward J. Morgan is the *John Storm* in the cast, which includes O. G. Craig, John Mason, Jameson Lee Finney, Georgia Dickson, Ethel Marlowe, Carrie Merriles, George Woodward, R. J. Dillon, Guy Nichols, Myron Chalace, Edgar Norton, Frank J. Keenan, Perdita Hudspeth, Bessie Dunn and Edith Merriles. The incidental music has been written by William Furst and the scenery is by Louis Young.

A second player to start out as a star is James K. Hackett, several years the masculine leader in the Lyceum company. He begins at the Columbia in Brooklyn with "The Tree of Knowledge." Thus there is no real experiment. He enacted the hero of that drama last winter with especial credit. He is a favorite with New York audiences. The play is engrossing and suitable to Mr. Hackett's present purpose of a starring tour. A company promising in names has been formed, and the original outfit of scenery is utilized. By and by Mr. Hackett will appear in Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Rentzau," a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Joseph Jefferson comes to the Fifth Avenue with "The Rivals" to stay a month. He has an almost entirely new company, the only holdovers being George Denham and Joseph Warren. The cast names Ffolliott Paget for *Mrs. Malaprop*, Verner Clarges for *Sir Anthony*, Otis Skinner for *Capt. Absolute*, Wilton Lackaye for *Sir Lucius*, Elsie Leslie for *Lydia*, Blanche Bender for *Lucy*, and George Woodhall for *Fag*. The mounting of the comedy is said to be wholly new.

William H. Crane is the week's visitor at the Montauk in Brooklyn. His play is still Eugene W. Presbrey's "A Virginia Courtship," a clever comedy of Old Dominion life a hundred years ago. It was successful in Broadway last season, and is now given with the same cast, except that Olive Oliver takes the place of Annie Irish, and just the same handsome stage setting. Mr. Crane is at his best in the serio-comic character of the amiable yet choleric Virginian. He is to bring out next month in this city another Presbrey play called "Worth a Million."

John Drew passes into a third week at the Empire with "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones, which play has gained much the same and quite as great vogue here as it enjoys in London. It is especially an allurement to fashionable women by means of its exposition of modish London people, manners, and apparel. Charles Wyndham has revived it for a second season in the British capital. Charles Frohman's stock company, now on a Western tour, is rehearsing "Phroso" for production here early in December.

Edward H. Sothern is continuing with Virginia Harned and "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" at the Lyceum. There is not likely to be a need of a change in play before the end of his engagement next month. He will next thereafter appear in Philadelphia in "The King's Musketeer," a new version of "The Three Guardsmen," which has just been put on the stage in London. The Frohman company will enact "Trelawny of the Wells."

Alice Nielsen is physically the smallest star in the lot, but she is notable as a shiner of magnitude in comic opera, though only lately divulged. She is at the head of the uncommonly strong and well-balanced Perley company at Wallack's, where the performance of Herbert and Smith's collaboration "The Fortune Teller," is doing right well. They and it will remain there, it is understood, at least a month longer.

Francis Wilson, the other comic opera star to be lucky this season with a new play—Smith and Englander's joint work, "The Little Corporal"—is as funny as ever at the Broadway in the several guises which his role provides for him. He appears to have at last got a valuable successor to "Erminie," and it should keep him in prosperity a long while to come. When he is through, Jefferson De Angelis will follow in a new piece.

Richard Mansfield is under general discussion, of course, because he has been the first to bring out an English translation of Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," and because he has done the difficult job elaborately and handsomely. The production of the famous French melodrama in our language at the Garden is a fine achievement, and is bound to reward Mr. Mansfield richly in fame and money. He has reason to be proud of it.

Sam Bernard, new among the stars, is displaying his comic abilities in MacDonough and Townsend's farce, "The Marquis of Michigan." He seems to have transferred his fun from concert hall to theatre without loss of favor or favor. Alice Atherton is important in the entertainment with her budget of character ballads. The next jovial occupant of the Bijou will be Max Irwin in "Kate Kip."

Israel Zangwill may be classed as a dramatic personage, inasmuch as he is a noted London essayist on theatrical affairs. Some of his writings have commanded more than ephemeral attention, and he is a conspicuous figure in the foreign art world. Major Pond has brought him to this country for a tour as a lecturer, a capacity by no means new to him, and in which he will make his New York début next Tuesday afternoon at the Lyceum. His subject will be: "The Drama as a Fine Art."

In all the rush of new plays, some of the older ones are holding their places in popular interest very firmly without the aid of stars in their casts. The company performing "Sporting Life" at the Academy of Music, however, has what is called a "featured" leader in Robert Hilliard, who makes a dominant hero, and figures in the spectacular scenes without getting at all belittled. In a concert at the Academy this evening, M. E. Medvedieff, the Russian tenor, will make his American début.

This is the final week of "A Brace of Partridges" at the Madison Square, after which the Strand actors will go on a tour, and the regular season of comedies will begin. Charles Frohman has formed a company with Edward Holland, Fritz Williams, Reuben Fax, Amelia Bingham, Katherine Florence, May Gallagher, Byron Douglas, and Samuel Reed in it. The first piece will be "On and Off."

The last fortnight of "A Day and a Night" begins now at the Garrick. Jessie Merriles will appear to-morrow night in the character of the prima donna and sing a song said to have been the best thing in "Little Miss Nobody." There will be souvenirs at the fiftieth performance on Oct. 19. Annie Russell will cease at this theatre in "Catherine," after 100 "Because She Loved Him So."

Three weeks remain in the season of the German tragedians at the Irving Place. Mr. Fischer, Mr. Link and Miss Goermer, aggregating in weight that of one average adult, but generally big with comic talent, are as frisky as ever. Two hundred children from the German Catholic Orphan Asylum, the German Odd Fellows' Home and the Hebrew Orphan Asylum will attend next Wednesday afternoon's entertainment by invitation of Mr. Rosenfeld.

The new musical farce at the Herald Square, appropriately named "Hotel Topsy Turvy," has gained in celerity with repetition, and from the first it did not lack in vim. Marie Dressler is the most powerful actress on the American stage. That estimate may be more physical than otherwise, but none the less trustworthy. She is acrobatic with the fun assigned to her, and she hurls it across the footlights to hit the audience hard.

The announcement that souvenirs at the fiftieth performance of "The Turtle" at the Manhattan a week from to-morrow will be quite in a line with the "turtle fad" raises the question whether the recipients will take the risk of being caught with them on their persons going home. The nasty farce is appealing to those who have a liking for foulness on the stage, and as yet there is no sign that the police mean to stop it.

In the scarcity of new plays this week, it happens that the reproductions of old ones are of uncommon interest. In two cases the revivals are of grand opera. The Castle Square company brings forward Verdi's "Aida," which has never yet been sung in English in this city. The promise is positive that it will be given in good order, and considerable certainty as to the merits of the performance lies in the names of the singers. There will be some alternation from night to night. The principals in the Monday cast are De Treville, Macnichol, Sheehan, Stewart, Witherspoon, Veron and Aspland. That for Tuesday includes Effie Stewart, Grace Romaine, Mr. Chase and William Lavin. Increased chorus and orchestra, a military band and fresh scenery are provided.

The Royal Italian Opera Company, which was at Wallack's last spring, is at the Casino for two or three weeks. The piece chosen to start with is "La Bohème," unfamiliar here, as the first New York representation was given by this organization in May. The bill for later in the week comprises "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Harlem gets at its Opera House one of the best of homegrown rural dramas in Lottie Blair Parker's "Way Down East," which slowly but surely won its place in downtown esteem last winter. It is both wholesome and interesting, pure and virile. Its pictures of New England farm life are simple and true. Phoebe Davies is still prime as the heroine in her quiet fashion, and Odell Williams is restored to the part of the Squire.

That forceful and picturesque melodrama of early Christian martyrdom, "The Sign of the Cross," which made a great stir in London several years ago, and has gained much the same kind of attention here, comes to the Fourteenth Street. Charles Dalton, who enacted the Roman Emperor, is again at the head of the company. The sympathetic role of the tortured boy is assigned to Maude Warrilow, a stranger here, but she has played it two years in England. The scenery and costumes are said to be new.

This is a week of minstrelsy at the Grand Opera House. The exponents of that form of diversion are William H. West's company, and at the head are Ezra Kendall, Carroll Johnson, E. J. José, Tom Lewis, Charles Earnest, Trovollo, the Freese brothers, Joe Garland, Edward Gorman, H. W. Frillmann and Charles Kent, making up a representation of about all the kinds of fun and music now in minstrel vogue. Mr. West himself appears, too.

The Star has a new farce to offer. It is called "A High Born Lady," and is from the pen of Herbet Hall Winslow, who wrote it for Clifford and Huth, so that they might transfer themselves from vaudeville to something like legitimate acting. They are humorists of a popular stamp, and the aim of the piece is to give chances for them to be funny. A secret marriage is the excuse for most of the goings-on by the various characters. A variety entertainment will be given here to-night.

The Mordaunt & Block stock company, which has been on a brief tour, returns to the Columbus in Harlem, and makes a bold experiment with "Leah." That drama, from the German, has been reconstructed by the Rev. Oliver J. Booth of Montreal. In this version the Jewess does not die, but becomes the happy wife of the Christian. Una Abell will portray the heroine in this new aspect, Edgar Davenport the hero, and Mr. Mordaunt is in the cast.

The dramatization of A. C. Gunter's very popular novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York," the starter of his career as a story teller, employs the Donnelly stock company at the Murray Hill. The principal roles are entrusted to Hannah May Ingham and Robert Drouet. The piece is a strong melodrama, not unlike "The Prisoner of Zenda" in its scheme of sending a young man beyond the borders of civilization for adventure in a strange land.

The weekly vaudeville output is again strengthened by new features and fresh recruits. As is usual, the continuous shows get a major part of the newness. At the Pleasure Palace will be given for the first time anywhere a playlet entitled "Jack's Past," and in this S. Miller Kent and Agnes Riley Morse will be engaged. The most conspicuously placed specialists will be the smallest pair of the lot, the Rossows, whose familiar inning of athletics will be varied by songs from the smaller dwarf. Presa Eldridge is next in rank, and others are Lotta Gladstone, Josephine Gassman and her squad of negro lads, the Cornellas, Stirk and Anita, Edna Bassett Marshall and the wargraph. To-day's concerts are largely in the hands of last week's roster, whose members by double and treble service make it of "continuous" length.

A début in the variety shows for Proctor's Theatre is Minnie Dupree's. She is best remembered for her participation in "The Two Little Vagrants," and will be heard in a new comedietta entitled "Dr. Deborah's Elixir," Theodore M. Brown assisting. A second new playlet will be acted by Harry Lacy and Ida Van Siclen. "One of the Old Guard" is its title. Still another item that is far away from ordinary specialties will be the first appearance at this theatre of Camilla Urso, whose violin playing was promptly classified by vaudeville audiences as something satisfactorily different from the ordinary offering. Variety innings are for Ward and Curran, Lew Bloom, Orbasany's cockatoos, the Reeds, Diana, James Richmond Glenroy, the Lentons, and Ella Morris. Added to last week's performance for to-day's programme are Lacy and Van Siclen.

The celebrity at Keith's will be J. H. Stoddart, who will be seen as *Moneypenny*, in a scene from "The Long Strike." A portion of this play was used for a time in vaudeville by McRee Rankin, who claimed its authorship, but the role was a fine one for veteran Stoddart, and will be an admirable feature. The chief specialists will be Morton and Revelle, sketch folk; the Behrwalls, gymnasts, and the Margrie sisters, who are showy wire walkers.

J. K. Emmet comes to Pastor's this time in a sketch taken from plays he has used in full length, and which calls for singing. Anna Mortland is his companion. The others listed are Tony Pastor, Lottie West Simmons, the Siddons sisters, Belle Hurt, Jack Everhart, McWatters and Tyson, Lawrence and Harrington, Kelly and Reno, Derenda and Breen, the Carlons, Sunderland and Foods, the Brilliant quartet, George E. Austin and Grace Smith.

The new Eden Musée orchestra has more soloists than its predecessors. Leader Foldi is, of course, the finest of these, but the efforts of the others help to make the music attractive. With the groups added since the war began, the wax works are in fine array.

A music hall features for to-morrow night at Koster & Bial's is promised to be an entire novelty in the ballet way. It is a dance in a rainstorm, the dancers holding umbrellas against a genuine downpour of wetness. This will be introduced in that scene of "In Gotham" that shows a woodland dell of the Catskills. Nellie Butler will be a new participator in the urlesque Monday night. All of last week's imported specialists hold over.

At Weber & Fields's "Hurly Burly" goes on as prosperously as did any of its predecessors. At its start its players were potent factors in its success of laughter, but its material has proved entirely acceptable to later audiences with no especial friendliness for its participators. Slight changes have been made in it already, and soon it will be altered to admit comic assaults upon "Cyrano" and "The Christian." For this an enlargement of its stage will have to be made. To-night's performers here are vaudeville folks.

To-morrow's visitors to the Harlem Music Hall are Isham's Octoroons, a touring troupe composed mostly of negroes. "Ragtime Opera" is the title of their longest number. Maude Nugent, Glen Cronin, and Charles B. Lawlor are some of to-night's specialists.

Nina Diva will be a new exponent of public disrobing at the Dewey. The sketch built about her undressing has a plot suggestive of "Orange Blossoms," whose director paid the law's penalty for promoting public nastiness. The leaders in to-night's variety concert at the Dewey are capable specialists, whose innings, as given elsewhere, are clean.

"The Mock Turtle" is the title of a burletta that will be new at Sam T. Jack's to-morrow. The Manhattan's current play is its subject. "A Warm Reception" is another burletta in the bill, whose specialists are Annie Hart, Jennie Yeamans, Fatima, Jeannette Barrington, and Paulo and Dicka.

How the Deacon's Prayer Was Answered.

From the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Justice Haynes's court room was thronged with men yesterday afternoon. There were lawyers, court attachés and one or two politicians who had just dropped in to hear what was going on. The situation at Jackson was taken up. When one who had said little remarked: "Gentlemen, are you all praying that the fever there may abate?"

There was no answer and he continued: "I once knew a man up in the oil regions of Illinois. I do not know that I should say the oil regions, but it was up in northern Illinois, a hundred miles or so from Chicago, where some oil was discovered a few years ago. There was a drought overspreading the country. On a pious deacon's farm they had been boring for oil. They had bored and bored, but finally gave it up and were drawing up the piping. While the workmen were at this the deacon was at his church, where the Christain people of the village nearby had assembled to pray for rain. They prayed powerfully. Before the deacon reached home that well, out of which the workmen were drawing the pipe, burst forth in a stream of water as big as a man's body which shot seventy-five feet into the air. It continued to flow and it flooded the deacon's place and all the country around. They dug ditches and tried to turn the water into a creek, but they did not succeed until much damage had been done. Finally some one thought of putting a cap on the well, and after much difficulty the flow was checked. But the pride of all about had been well watered and produced abundant crops that season. I am a firm believer in prayer."

NEWS OF OPERA IN EUROPE.

TWO NEW WORKS SIMILAR IN NAME BUT UNLIKE OTHERWISE.

Chabrier's "Briseis" to Be Sung in Paris—A German Prima Donna Tells How She Makes Up—A St. Petersburg $4,000,000 Opera House—A Meyerbeer Revival.

The Grand Opéra in Paris has accepted Chabrier's one-act piece "Briseis" in spite of the fact that it is to have its first performance in Berlin. The story that the score was merely an uncompleted first act has been denied, though it seems to be undisputed that the opera is merely the initial act of a longer work which the composer was prevented by death from finishing. It is said to tell a dramatic story that is brought to an end in satisfactory fashion. Contrary to expectation, it bears no resemblance to Carl Goldmark's opera which formerly had the same title. It does not deal with the Homeric heroine. Catulle Mendès, who has written the libretto, used Goethe's "Bride of Corinth," and German influence was used to have the opera called by that name. The action passes in Rome in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. The episode which would have constituted the first act of the completed work shows the love of the heathen girl for a stranger to whom she swears to be true before he leaves her. After he is gone she becomes a Christian, and saves the life of her mother, although she loses her lover. Goldmark has treated the Homeric story in his opera, "The Prisoner of War," and has recently contradicted some erroneous rumors about it. He says that he finished the opera before "Das Heimchen am Herde," instead of having written it during the last four months of the preceding year. He devoted four years to its composition. The work does not take three hours and a half to sing and is in two acts united by a characteristic intermezzo. Lamoureux has already played the Chabrier music at his concerts, and the opera will not be wholly new to Paris when it is given at the Opéra next year.

The Colonne concerts in Paris will this year celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their existence, and the event will be celebrated by a festival to continue in a certain way throughout the entire season and intended to serve in a measure as a résumé of all the orchestra's career. Colonne has tabulated the composers whose works have been given more than 100 times during this quarter of a century at his concerts. Berlioz, Massenet, and Saint-Saens are the Frenchmen represented, while the Germans are Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Wagner. A special concert will be devoted to every one of these masters. Massenet and Saint-Saens will direct those given in their honor. The performance of "The Damnation of Faust" will be given on Berlioz's birthday and it will be the one hundredth time the work has been sung in Paris.

Renaud, the baritone of the Opéra, has been engaged by Frau Cosima Wagner for the role of *Amfortas* in "Parsifal" at the next Bayreuth festival. Ludovic Halévy has given to the Opéra a number of documents relating to the first performances of "La Julve" which will soon be revived at the Opéra. He is a nephew of the composer. Saint-Saens has recently been expressing his ideas on "Dejanire," the musical tragedy which was recently sung at the Arena in Beziers with such success that it will be performed this year in Paris at the Opéra Comique or the Odéon. He said in speaking of the success of the new work:

"As 'Dejanire' is not an antique tragedy, but treats a modern subject, I have not written any archæological music, as for the antique, but striven for a style between the classic and the modern. It is only in the discreet employment of the Greek rhythms and of choruses singing in union with the actors that Greek character is preserved. As a small orchestra with string instruments would not do justice to my music in such a wide open space as the Arena of Beziers, I have composed a peculiar arrangement of wind instruments, musique d'harmonie, and by omitting the drums and temperately using the cymbals I have softened down the military character."

The story of "Dejanire" deals with the love of *Hercules* for *Jole*, the daughter of *King Purpfog*, whose city he has plundered, and the efforts of *Dejanire* to regain his love.

Meyerbeer's operas seem likely to enjoy a fresh vogue during the coming winter. The Opéra in Paris is to revive "Robert le Diable," several theatres in the provinces are to give the same work, and even New York will have "Le Prophète," with Jean de Reszke and Mme. Schumann-Heinck. Somebody has unearthed an opinion of the composer expressed by Von Weber when Meyerbeer was first struggling to secure acceptance for his operas. "It is a pity that Beer," wrote Von Weber, who had studied with him, "dedicated himself so thoroughly to the well travelled paths of art. He has a great, deep, German talent before which, when we studied together, I often trembled, and I struggled withal to gain strength to equal him. In his opera 'Jephtha' are extraordinarily beautiful things thoroughly worked out. And now he writes all this stuff to honor the miserable fashion that prevails, and to curry the favor of the public for which he should have a contempt." Yet, Paris critics, it is recalled, said that "Robert le Diable" was his most brilliant work, and one critic proclaimed it the great work since "Don Juan."

The Czar is to have a new imperial opera house in St. Petersburg, which will cost $4,000,000. It is expected that the new building will be ready next spring. The old opera house facing the Marie Theatre has for some years been used as a conservatory of music. The orchestra at the present opera house has recently through an imperial ukase received the right to be called a court orchestra and all its members have been required to wear a uniform and to take part in all the court festivities. The director is hereafter to be appointed by the Czar at the suggestion of the Court Chamberlain, who will in turn consult the members of the orchestra on the nomination of the conductor. After ten years of service the musicians are to receive the title of imperial court musicians, with the right to a pension of $500 a year for the soloists and $350 for the other players. The members of the imperial orchestra were formerly German, and some who had belonged to it for thirty years received three pensions in times past. The orchestra will in the future be made up exclusively of Russian players.

Tschaikowsky's "Eugen Onegin," which is gradually making its way through the German opera houses, is said to be regarded in Russia as the most typical of the national music in spite of the great popularity of two other works. These are Glinka's "La Vie Pour le Czar" and Rubinstein's "The Demon." The Glinka opera is still said to arouse the greater patriotism among Russians, although along with his highly characteristic music the composer wrote while still under the influence of the Italian composers. Tschaikowsky's superior orchestration is thought to place his work above Rubinstein's opera, which has gained much of its popularity through the libretto. This is founded on Lermontoff's popular poem of the same name and much of the original verse is retained. The libretto of "Eugen Onegin" has the same advantage, as much of Pushkin's text has been used and is said to preserve its epic character. The opera has already been successful in Prague and Vienna and is about to be sung at a private theatre in Berlin.

Rosa Sucher, the prima donna of the Royal Opera House in Berlin and the great *Isolde* of her day, has added her opinions to the discussion of the advantages of make-up which is being carried on in Europe since Eleonora Duse's appearance in Paris aroused interest in the subject. George Moore, in "Evelyn Innes," says that Frau Sucher always poses like a statue in a German beer garden, because Wagner taught her to do that in the hope of realizing his idea of a union of the arts in the performance of his operas. Maybe her ideas on the subject of make-up have some equally authoritative foundation. At all events, she wholly approves of the make-up.

"It is indispensable," she said, "because the features, through the make-up, are rendered more plastic, the colors truer, the eyes more expressive. The strong light and the distance from the spectators make it absolutely necessary. I have been often told that I looked well on the stage, and no less seldom asked how I made up. My maxim is one that could be applied as well to many other questions in life—not too much of a thing because it is good. A made-up face must look well when one is very near. Then only is it right for the stage. So far as the kind of cosmetics affects the question, my belief is that the most expensive are the best. I am careful to use little red. I take tints that are neither too dark nor too light and am chiefly careful to see that I please myself. Over the little red I use, light, dry English powder is sprinkled. I use blond for the lashes and black for the brows, following the plan of nature."

Frau Sucher confided to the public that she first applied red to cheeks and then covered it with white, and covered her lips with vaseline and a little red powder. She did not add that she usually wears a wig that looks like yellow hemp, and thought that the ideal costume for *Brunnhilde* was made only of yards of chesecloth tied at the waist with a gigantic cord. Some day these conventional *Brunnhilde* costumes will be remembered with astonishment that they so long existed.

Eugene d'Albert's musical comedy called "The Departure" is soon to be sung in Munich. Lortzing's "Regina," not a posthumous work, but one revived after an original failure and years of disuse, will be produced at Berlin in November. Marion Weed, an American girl who sings with the opera company at Cologne, recently appeared in Hamburg as *Senta*. Paul Kalisch is the leading tenor of the company there. Nearly all the singers are new this year and the climate of Hamburg has incapacitated so many that most of the performances have been given by unfamiliar artists. The situation grew so serious that the humor of it finally asserted itself. The new manager of the Stadt Theatre who succeeded Pollini is said to have met a young man at dinner, and sat with him some time afterwards at the guests were leaving the manager bade him good night.

"Your face seems familiar to me," he said, in parting. "I think I've seen you before."

"You certainly have," was the answer. "I sang *Wolfram* in 'Tannhäuser' in your theatre last night."

But the manager expects to become acquainted with his singers after awhile.

Count Zichy, composer of an opera sung in Berlin, and known as a one-armed pianist, is the author of another opera to be sung during the coming season at Budapest. It is called "Roland Mister." "Kukuska," by a former marine musical director, now in charge of the band of a Hungarian infantry regiment, and "Hopschelyke" are the other new works which will be given during the season. Delibes's "Le Roi l'a Dit," with music from the same composer's "Le Roi s'Amuse," will also be given.

BUY AN ALARM CLOCK, THEY SAID.

The Sleepy Drug Clerk Finally Did So and This Was What Happened.

The Long Acre drug clerk had one shortcoming—his utter inability to get down on time in the morning. In the three years that he held his job it was chronicled only once that he reached the store at the proper hour. Finally the proprietor talked so much about it that the clerk wrote to his mother up the State that he was going to throw up the job. His mother advised him to reconsider his determination, and concluded a fond letter with this advice:

"Get an alarm clock and prove to your boss that you can get to work on time."

He had just finished reading the letter when the actor who lives just around the corner came in, and, calling him to one side, began:

"Say, old man, you were late this morning."

"A little," mumbled the clerk.

"Well, say, why the deuce don't you get an alarm clock?"

The clerk had often explained that he could never put up with alarm clocks, for they startled him by their sudden ringing, so he left the actor's question without an answer and went to wait on the young telephone girl who occupied a room in the family apartment house over the store. She smiled as the clerk was measuring out the peroxide of hydrogen, and remarked:

"You were late this morning, weren't you?"

"A little," he replied, shyly.

"Well, why in the world don't you get an alarm clock?"

The newspaper man who dropped in at uncertain intervals appeared suddenly with a request for a stamp and change for a $2 bill. As the clerk was endeavoring to accommodate him the customer exclaimed:

"I understand you were delinquent again to-day."

"A little," said the clerk.

"Well, if I were you I'll be hanged if I wouldn't get an alarm clock."

This customer had been gone five minutes, perhaps, when the laundryman who conducts a place across the street came in.

"Quite a sad accident out in front here this morning," he began.

"I didn't see it," said the clerk.

"Were you late getting down?"

"A little."

The laundryman shook his head, smiled, said something about an alarm clock and nodding to the gas-governor salesman, who had just dropped in, went his way.

"Say," began the gas-governor man, pulling a bottle of cough medicine from his pocket, "my wife bought this here this morning, and you gave her the wrong kind."

"I didn't sell it to her," said the clerk.

"Well, it was pretty late when she bought it, and she surely didn't get it from the night man."

"She didn't get it from me."

"Were you late getting down to-day?"

"A little," drawled the clerk.

The gas-governor then went on to explain the exceptional qualities of some particular alarm clock, after which he bought another bottle of cough medicine and left. A moment later the telephone bell rang.

"Say, old man," the speaker began. "I was by to see you this morning, and you weren't there."

"No," the clerk answered. "I hadn't got down yet."

"Were you late?"

"A little."

"Why don't you get"— but the clerk hung the receiver up and went to wait on the velvet salesman, who had dropped in during the conversation. The salesman smiled ironically.

"What's up?" the clerk asked.

"Guess I missed half my life this morning, didn't I?"

"Why?"

"I understand there was a crank called on the boss."

"I hadn't heard anything of it."

"Were you late this morning?"

"A little."

The velvet salesman then went on to say something about an intermittent alarm clock and departed very abruptly when the night cashier at the restaurant on the same block happened in.

"Well, we weren't around for breakfast this morning," he began.

"N-o," the clerk simply answered.

"Down late, I suppose."

"A little."

"Well, say, dear boy, why don't you get an"— but the clerk was off to wait on the young girl who came in every morning for a couple of siphons of vichy.

"Where were you this morning?" she asked.

"Right here," he answered.

"You were late, then."

"A little."

"I used to have two alarm clocks"— but before she had finished the clerk ran to the rear of the store to fill a prescription which it suddenly occurred to him had been there some time. When he had completed the task he stepped into the proprietor's office and asked to be relieved from further duty that day.

"For what?" the proprietor asked.

"I want to go downtown and get an alarm clock."

"Certainly, certainly," said the proprietor, springing to his feet in ecstasy; "of course you can get off." Before 8 o'clock that evening the proprietor had told everybody in the neighborhood of his clerk's intention.

The clerk did as he said he would. He purchased an alarm clock which was guaranteed to ring ten minutes unless you got up and dropped it by a little lever attached to the back. That night the clerk set the alarm for 6 o'clock next morning, put the clock on a little table near his bed and soon fell into a sleep.

Promptly at 6 the next morning the alarm rang loud and fierce. The clerk got up, pushed the lever back, stopped the alarm, yawned once or twice and then rolled over on the bed and fell into a sound sleep again.

AS TO STRIKING MATCHES.

Streaks That Show Where Lights Were Produced to Be Found Everywhere.

"I may be wrong," said the little woman in the cross seat of the car, "but I fully believe that a man would strike a match on the tombstone of his mother," and her eyes snapped and her cheeks flushed at the idea of such a sacrilege.

Go where one will, into the most out-of-the-way place or corner to ignite a match, telltale streaks will be found as positive proof that a match striker has been there before. Raise the drapery about a mantel and peer underneath and there again will come in view the cabalistic brown tracks, the "blazed" way, as it were, of the match-striking guild.

On every side of lamposts, fire plugs and bulk window frames are to be found the trail of the successor of the tinder box and steel. Letter boxes, street corners, every pillar in the elevated structures, door jambs, bottoms of chairs and edges of bureaus, washstands and dressing cases possess the hiero— or pyro—glyphics.

Even church edifices are not sacred when the hurry call is issued for a light. Even altar rails have been visited by the same touch. In fact, there is no place too sacred or too much out of the way not to have, at one time or the other, received the necessary friction required to secure a light. When Cleopatra's Needle was placed in Central Park the apex bore traces, among the almost obliterated hieroglyphics, of the passing of the match. It is said that the same modern signs can be found upon the topknot of the Sphinx and upon the top of the Pyramids.

Armed with a match and a slight blaze being a necessity, the holder will make for the nearest spot to obtain the necessary friction. Upon the variety stage, even, the production of flame from the sulphur-tipped sliver of wood is utilized by queerly "made up" mummers to win the laugh of the man who has paid to see. A made-up bald head is an attractive spot, and furnishes the desired place for coaxing the flame and bringing a laugh from the theatre patrons. It always succeeds, and would have been a star performance coeval with Joe Miller's joke book had matches been in existence at that time.

POEMS WORTH READING.

What the Bullet Sang.

From Harper's Weekly, 1861.

O, joy of creation,
To be!
O, rapture to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands,
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown:
I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace,
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!

It is he—O, my love!
So bold!
It is I—all thy love
Foretold!
It is I, O, love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
Ah, sweetheart, what is this?
Lieth there
So cold!

BRET HARTE.

To Her.

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Her mind's a garden, where do grow
Sweet thoughts like posies in a row;

Her soul is as some lucent star,
That shines upon us from afar;

Her heart's an ocean, wide and deep,
Where swirling waves of passion sweep,

Aye, deeper than the deepest sea,
And wide as woman's mystery;

O man, the mariner, beware—
Yet will I chance a shipwreck there.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

The Sea.

From the Criterion.

Who has heard the cod-line singing o'er the bow?
Who has hauled the flashing prey across the wale?
Who has felt the wet brine stinging on the brow
When the boat is all a-stagger 'neath the gale?
Who has laid him in the sagging of the sail
While the masthead's swinging sleepy to the moon,
And has slumbered till the stars grow dim and pale?
Fill your bumpers! Join the chorus of my croon!

Oh, the fickle, fuming, frolic-fretting sea!
Oh, the limpid, lapping, laughter-loving sea!
We who love her till our glasses
To the best of all the lasses,
And we drink a briny bumper to the sea!

Who has lain upon the sloping deck awash?
Who has hauled and clewed and chanted in the wind?
Who has watched the mainmast bending nigh a-crash,
While the rival boat's a-dropping off behind?
Who has leaned against the creaking, jolting wheel
Through a moonlit summer night on southern seas?
Who has felt the old sea-longing that I feel?
Fill your bumpers, men, and shout aloud with me!

Oh, the singing, sighing, salty-scented sea!
Oh, the rushing, roaring, ramping, raging sea!
On your feet and clash your glasses,
"To the best beloved of lasses—
Here's a brimming, briny bumper to the sea!"

RICHARD STILLMAN POWELL.

Old Novels and New.

From the London Spectator.

In all the novels of the past,
This or that classic friend,
Heroes and heroines find at last
Their Eden at the end;
Their luck may fail at first, yet me,
You never feel dejected,
But certain that the sorriest throw
By Art will be corrected.

You felt a confidence assured,
Despite her mild alarms,
That Orville soon would be allured
By Evelina's charms;
You knew Miss Austen's fertile brain
A method would discover
By which Anne Elliot might regain
Her banished sailor lover.

But now, egad! the hero wins
The heroine half way through,
And on the following page begins
His triumph to undo;
By quick degrees their fortunes fall
To some malign conclusion,
And so eventuate, after all,
In positive confusion.

For either Angelina, tired
Of Edwin's faithful heart,
And by some newer passion fired,
Upsets the apple cart;
Or Edwin, who had seemed a saint,
To swell the general sadness
Develops an extremely ancestral taint
Of drunkenness or madness.

Or worse, in this outspoken age
My modern novel comes,
Exhaling from each grissome page
The savor of the slums;
Where Bills and 'Arriets nag and sheut,
Or else in the mastery decline,
And furious oaths are strewn about
To make it realistic.

Then, since I know that life itself
Has grimness and to spare,
I take "Pendennis" from the shelf
And find my solace there;
Or in the lists with Ivanhoe
I feel my blood a-tingle,
Or else from stage to stage I go
With Pickwick and with Jingle.

Oh, ye who sell such dismal wares,
Let be, good sirs, let be,
Are there not sunlit sweet parterres
Whereof you hold the key;
Where one may for a space perchance,
Forget the sorrows of disorder,
And pluck bright blossoms of romance
From each enchanted border?

Something Lacking.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

I.

His hoss went dead an' his mule went lame;
He lost his cows in a poker game:
A hurricane came on a sister's day,
And carried the house whar he lived away;
Then a earthquake come when that wuz gone,
An' swallowed the land that the house stood on!
An' the tax collector, he come round
An charged him up far the hole in the groun'!
An' the city marshal—he come in view
An' said he wanted his street tax, too!

II.

Did he moan an' sigh? Did he set an' cry
An' curse the hurricane, the sweepin' by?
Did he grieve that his ole friends failed to call
When the earthquake come an' swallowed all?
Never a word of blame he said,
With all them troubles on top his head!
Not him! * * * He climbed the topo' the hill,
Whar standin' room wuz left him still,
An', barin' his head, here's what he said:
I reckon it's time to git up an' git:
But, Lord, I hain't had the measles yit!"

To the Sirdar.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

I have the voice, the words, the phrases,
I have the air (a tuneful thing),
Great Kitchener, to sing thy praises,
And yet, alack! I cannot sing.
Poor Dervishes, how didst thou trounce them!
A theme for every poet's tongue;
Yet till I know how to pronounce them,
My song must stay unmade, unsung.

How could I break forth thus: "Hurrah! he
Turns all the Mahdiste' plans awry
And routs the hordes of Abdullâhi!"
When I should say "Abdulla-hi!"
Wouldst thou not utter in thy grief a
Reverent and emphatic "Ow!"
To hear me err, "Poor doomed Khalifa!"
When thou mayst call him "Khalifâ?"

Thou'dst preach at me a wrathful sermon,
Should I sing how thy skilful plan
Has brought thee safely to Omdurman,
When really 'tis to Omdurmân;
And 'tis an irksome task and dreary,
More dreary than this sad song tells,
To find how to accent Kareri,
Jebel, and various Wad els.

Hence, though no strain could well be sweeter
Than mine will be, when mine is made,
The all-exacting laws of metre,
And also rhyme, must be obeyed;
But cease thy bitter lamentation,
I'll sing a song that's worthy thee
When Soudanese accentuation
Is not a mystery to me!

F. M. G.

Ten Years Hence.

(WHAT IT WILL COME TO.)

"And what is your name?" the new teacher said
To the dear little boy who stood at the head
Of the very big class she was going to teach,
With a winning smile to all and to each.

"Dewey's my name," said the dear little lad,
Who looked as if he could never be bad.
"A beautiful name," the new teacher said;
"With it you are sure to be always ahead!"

"The class in geography," then she said,
"May rise to recite." From her book she read:
"The lesson's about the Philippine Isles,
'Tis far from here by ten thousand miles.

"Dewey, my dear," the new teacher said,
To that little boy who stood at the head,
"Go to the blackboard and draw for me
A map of Manila for all to see!"

What do you think that new teacher thought,
When all those sixty small boys she taught
Sprang to their feet with one single accord,
And rushed right over to that blackboard!

FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS.

WESTFIELD, N. J.

Rise and Fall of English Poetry.

From the London Globe.

To-day Cædmon, the father of English poetry, is to be rescued from oblivion by the unveiling of a monumental cross at Whitby by Mr. Alfred Austin. The poetry of few nations can trace such a descent as ours—from Cædmon to Mr. Alfred Austin.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.