PARIS MUSIC HALLS

They Have Practically Crowded the Theaters to the Wall.

WHY POPULAR WITH THE MASSES

Some of the Stage Types That Catch the Public Taste.

EAT, DRINK AND LISTEN

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, February 25, 1895.

CAFE-CHANTANT, cafe-concert, spectacle-varie, variety entertainment, music hall, it is the same. The harmony of these entertainments with the present disposition of the world cannot be doubted.

In London the 'alls are all in all; and the pictorial press shows little more than a succession of Totties, Dollies, Cissies, Nellies and educated cats. "A Chat With the Serpentine Dog Dancer," "Tootsie Fleym Talks of Her Art," "Are Yvette Guilbert's Songs Improper?"

In America at least one family magazine has shown interest in this new form of art, which is to the legitimate theater what Aubrey Beardsley's drawings are to the work of the serious painter, and what Yellow Asters and Green Carnations are to literature; and the serious weeklies are not lacking in the photographs of stars of song and dance, which not so long ago were only to be found in illustrated weeklies printed on pink paper.

There is a movement all along the line. What shall we think of it?

In Paris the crisis is the most acute. For a long time there has been a struggle between the theater and the cafe-concert. For a long time the public hesitated between these two manifestations of national

genius. But the victory is pronounced; today the theater is begging quarter, and the cafe-concert reigns the full mistress of the masses. There are two opinions of this change, which is of more importance to the world than many an international treaty or scientific discovery.

On the one hand it is said that the managers of the Paris theaters have brought their trouble on themselves. They have shown disregard for the public convenience and safety. Their prices are exorbitant and their methods of ticket selling are tricky. Their auditoriums are dirty and badly ventilated, the seats are crowded too closely together, the waits between the acts are out of all proportion to human patience, no money is spent on scenery, old pieces are constantly remounted, and the forced tipping of the box openers, together with the crying of oranges, candies and evening papers during the entr'actes disgust the public. All is different in the music halls, they say. The people flock to them because they find them bright, clean and gay. There are large and handsome promenades, where you may move about and study human nature in its various grades and qualities. In a music hall you may smoke, drink, spit, scratch, chat, flirt. If one number of the program fails to please, another may be better. The music hall is cheap, free, gay, convivial. You may enter a music hall at 8 o'clock or 9 o'clock, it makes no difference, you have not lost an act, as in a theater. You do not need to dress. And, above all, the entertainment is light, varied, quick in movement, tuneful, inducing pleasing reverie.

On the other hand, the Paris critics say "evanuerunt in cogitationibus suis," the people have become vain in their imagina-

tions and their foolish heart is darkened. A theatrical piece, so simple, so infantile that you could imagine nothing more easy to understand, requires, nevertheless, on the part of the spectator an amount of attention and memory above the capacity of the Paris public of 1895. Any true theatrical piece, no matter how informal, has, nevertheless, in it something resembling an exposition or plot, and something also hinting of a denouement. But in order to look forward to this denouement, and even half understand it, the spectator must remember the incidents from the beginning. It is something even to remember the names of the personages. Why did the heroine destroy the letter? Why did the jealous husband put new paint on the garden bench? Why has the villain changed his name and clothes? It is too hard to remember; and then the waits between the acts are long, which helps them to forget. The variety entertainment of the music halls, on the contrary, offers to the public something absolutely in conformity with its tastes, its intelligence and its artistic aspirations. There is no effort to make, there are no names to remember, no incidents to forget, no exposition, no denouement. For three hours there come and go, upon a stage with one set scene, men, women, boys, girls, goats, rabbits, pigs, female impersonators, monkeys and what not. The public melts in admiration, it understands everything.

To begin at the beginning. In Paris a music hall or cafe-concert has come to be a sort of theater, where you smoke cigarettes and eat brandied cherries while listening to pretty ladies who sing ugly songs. To judge by the names which these establishments bear they must be places of delight. There is the Eden, the Alhambra, the Paradise of Mahomet, the Olympia, the Elysee, the Alcazar and the Waihalla. Indeed, history seems almost to justify such titles. The ancient Greeks and Romans had singing girls and singing men to assist them in digesting their coffee after dinner. The establishments are well named; and the names, taken as a whole, indicate with clearness the varied character of their delights. The Folies-Bergere refers to the follies of shepherdesses, the Casino de Paris indicates its club-like character, the Scala shows the high class of its music and the Cloerie des Lilas means the Lilac Garden. The proprietors of these establishments must be men of courage, to spend money lavishly on decoration; they must have proper ideas of singing, animal training, gymnastics, prestidigitation—and liquor selling. In this latter it is important to sell the smallest quantity of the most inferior drink at the highest price.

Among the singers and reciters on the stage the males are sandwiched regularly

with the females. There are some twenty types of each, which seldom vary. When a new style of singing man or woman rises, as in the case of Kam-Hill and Yvette Guilbert, all Paris is stirred to its depths. Kam-Hill, now defunct as a star, was called a "select singer" and a chanteur mondain. He wore black satin knee breeches, black silk stockings, a low-cut white vest and a scarlet evening dress coat. He affected the manners of a heavy swell, mouthing his words with distinctness and deliberation. "Helas! que c'est done em—betant, Quand on tombe dans la M—elasse!" &c., which is equivalent to "Whoop! it is rough, it is t—ough, when

one falls into the s—oup!" He sang of the joys and sorrows of club life and of high society. The great public took him for something real. It was whispered that he was a man of the world who had suddenly lost his fortune through a defalcation and was thus reduced to singing for a living. The people found his manners charming, and young men began to imitate his oddities of accent. The real "great world" caught interest, through curiosity. In upper circles he was retained for a time as a strange pet, so exaggerated, so pretentious. At last Jules Lemaitre, the critic, wrote one line in the Journal des Debats: "Kam-Hill is simply insupportable." And the bubble was pricked. Even as to the real star, Yvette Guilbert herself, she has been told a hundred times in print, and knows it well herself, that she may never hope to be an actress. To be an actress requires years of schooling. An actress must be capable of doing many things. A variety entertainment star need only do one thing.

And all the artistes of these entertainments are not stars. When I look back on it, on my experience of the Paris cafe-concert stage, I wonder how I could have sat through all those thousand and one dreary nights! The "types" come on, go off.

The men. There is first the comic drunkard, always fat, red, with a yellow wig and a story about his mother-in-law. There is the comic peasant "tout droit d'nout' village, don don don, pour vouere la capitale." Of course he has a basket of eggs and a green umbrella, striped pants, fur hat, fancy vest and a buff coat. So long as his umbrella is green it makes no difference what he sings. It is oftenest a rambling tale of his misfortunes in the capital, where he mistakes a chalet of public convenience for a theater box office, and is astonished at the cheapness of the seats. "I could not see, but I could hear." Then there is the "impassable," a severe and cynical poet, in eyeglasses and black evening clothes, reciting the stupidities of humanity and the general decadence of all things. He is a pessimist, who has for his contract the "agitated comic." This youth is gay, pan, pan, pan! Zun, zun, zun! Boum, boum, boum. That is the chorus. Cannot you hear the words of his song? Neither can any one else. The orchestra is braying, the cymbals are crashing, the big drum is booming. The agitated one (smooth face, hair combed like a cafe waiter, natty cutaway coat, with velvet collar and wrist tips, low-cut vest, pink shirt) is hopping from one side of the stage to another, his high hat on the end of his cane.

With the comic soldier of the Paris cafes-concerts we are even farther yet away. To all Frenchmen the thing is real. Almost every citizen of the republic has served or will have to serve his military term in actual garrison. All the humors and pathos of the life is understood. Every one knows the slang. Just now the music halls are making great capital of two comparatively raw conscripts, each a man of note and each bound to the dirty service and stiff discipline of the barracks as though he were a common country clod.

Oh, let us pass the vibrating tenor, squirming of purple lips and milk and roses, and the storming patriotic baritone ("But do not touch la Frrrance...ce!"), the "original-eccentric-comic-danseur," the male soprano, the infant phenomenon, the human nightingale and his brother, the petomane, whose specialty you would not believe possible though I should tell it to you. There are only the "realists" who remain, a somber, genre, criminal, tough or merely wretched, with Aristide Bruant for their great exemplar. Gay, sad, lugubrious, joyous, lamentable, joking or merely sniveling, their day is already past.

On the side of the ladies it is more agreeable. Beside the grand star, Yvette Guilbert, and all the little stars who imitate her modest skirts, innocent songs and long black gloves there are a dozen agreeable types. Two are fat. The "fine diseuse," or dainty reciter, has grown fat with dignity, and instead of ballooning around the stage stands still and speaks her songs often with all the sweetness of voice and prettiness of diction for which Sarah Bernhardt is famed. It is a singsong which would seem outrageously affected in English. There is none of this about the other fat one. "My father is a grocer, oh, hay! oh, hay!" She dresses like a fat woman of the dime museum style, making the most of her luxuriousness, with a great laughing face above a low-cut bodice, flaming red. There was once another style of fat dame, whose opulence was chastely veiled in white; the patriotic singer, bearing the flag of the republic. But she has not been seen for some time, now.

The "gommeuse" we are familiar with. Valti was such. An outrageously big hat, magnificent coiffure, a collar of pearls, a waist-band, tights and strings of jet or ribbons instead of skirts, eyeglasses mounted on a golden stick, an ivory wand tipped with flowers and ribbons. She has great eyes, a flower of a face, a cherry of a mouth and a figure "faite au moule." It matters little what she sings. It is her business to exploit her beauty and be appetizing in the French sense. Not so the transformation artiste, who is in succession Spanish, English, Tyrolean and Russian. She must have a song in each language, although the Austrian "yodeling" is preferably done in French because of a national pique. "Alza, ole, aoh yes, tra la lay-ee-tou! and Boje tsara Kranki * " And the "Oriental" maiden with the danse du ventre between the stanzas, the odalisque, the pearl of the seraglio, she must also sing a foreign language, "Gnan, gnan, gnan, Sultan, Gnan, gnan, gnan, Turban, Gnan, gnan, gnan, Oh, maman! * * *"

None work so hard as the "epileptic singer" who kicks, jumps, squirms and bends, and withal must be pretty as well as tireless. The best of this genre is surely Violetta, lately of the Trianon, and who has been heard in America. In her early youth she was a circus performer, and today her legs are as strong as the tail of a kangaroo. No pose is too difficult for her, no leap too sudden.

It would be impossible to catalogue the pretty girls of the Paris music halls. They are all chic, painstaking, graceful, spirited, and each has been taught her songs, one by one, by competent masters. Each night each gesture is the same. There is none of the painful folly, loose movements and unadulterated silliness familiar to the American stage. We have the prettiest women in the world, yet who can name an artiste among them outside of European-trained grand opera singers? In Paris the traditional gestures are so binding that there is sometimes complaint of monotony.

But, as even in a cafe-concert there may not be always singers and singers only, even in duets, the management presents from time to time jugglers and ventriloquists, little girls who play the French horn. There are equilibrists, dressed like Venetian nobles and straddling between two chair backs, entire families of acrobats who stand on each other's heads and blink their brilliant eyes; there are bicyclists and monocyclists, riding up steps and down steps; American marksmen shooting eggs from their wives' heads; English clowns, who speak French and French clowns who speak English, and monkeys who ride on horseback, dogs that turn handsprings, parrots who turn somersaults and ponies who sing "Home, Sweet Home." In this line America furnishes, together with England, the greatest proportion of clowns and knock-abouts, and Italy, England and America the greatest proportion of acrobats.

What could you want more? You sit at ease and take it in. You smoke and absorb drink. In the stage boxes it is champagne and orangeade or special "fine champagne" cognac, depending on the sex

and age; in the orchestra chairs the audience seems to prefer brandied cherries, or it is kirsch or kummel; in the parquet it is the bock which is the favorite, a glass of common French beer; in the stalles they seem to prefer hot milk or grenadines; the habitues of the couloir prefer absinthe; while scattering favorites everywhere are grogks Americains. But the humbler people in the gallery prefer cassis a l'eau, glasses of red wine or cups of coffee.

STERLING HEILIG.

A JAPANESE SPEECH.

How the Little Man Struggles With Anglo-Saxon.

Julian Ralph in Providence Journal.

The Japanese are very interesting. We have them at all the dinners and club lectures nowadays. The best kind can be got at Yale or Harvard. It is not that they like to talk more than other Japanese, but they know better how to talk, and so you get more of them. Have you heard a Japanese gentleman speak since the war in the east got going well? If the printer will be very careful how he sets it up I will report some actual sentences from the speeches these gentlemen make to us wherever we go.

"I will tella you what Zapan willer demand. Se will demand independence af-er Colea. Se will demand cession of Port Arzur, order to have position bose side Colea and plevent interferience flom China and Lussia. Se will demand Formosa. Zat compretes ze wrong chain of island wheech forms empire Zapan. Se will demand opening of more seaports in China. Zese demands, I do not zink, weel be found faurt with by anybody. It is a bitter thing for China. Se must abandon her allogance and be leasonable. If se is not yet leady, Zapan is plepared to stlike a harder broe (blow).

"Ze Jar of Lussia wish to leach Passific ocean wiz his lailload. Ze jar would'er rike to build railroad in Colea or down Mancluria. It is rucky thing for ze worl' zat Lussia's lailroad is not yet leady. It is rucky thing Zapan is all leady on ground and can plevent ze gleed of ze Jar of Lussia. I do not sink Lussia will want to fight. If Lussia want to fight, Zapan is not afraid. Peeper talk about Eulopean combination. If Eulopeans can't combine in Eulope, don't sink zey will combine in Passific ocean.

"Engrish say 'highest benefits of sivertization forrov' in ze load of Blitish commerce.' Zapan have suffered forty years from zis Blitish plinciple. Now Zapan is tired. Se will demand Port Arzur to keep back Lussia. Se will demand Formosa to keep back Gleat Blitain. Zen se will stand bittween upper and nether mill stone and zey will not glind or make more glist. Zapan has no ambition to be considered warlike. Se wants peace. Se wants now to bickome a learned peeper and to cultivate arts and tlade. It is rucky se holds balance of power in Passific ocean. Zat is le seat of gleatest tlade. Once it was Medtiterlanean. Zen it was Atrantic. Now it sall be Passific ocean, and Zapan will be on one side wiz Unite' States on other side. Togethel we sall dominate ze east and bickome velly gleat. Zat is all Zapan demands, and no one can object."

LAST RAID OF THE WAR.

Rebellion Within the Lines of Union Regiment Against Paper Collars.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Col. J. C. Rathbone of Kansas in the late war was in command of the old West Virginia eleventh Union volunteers, which was kept on duty continuously in the mountain country comprehended by Roane, Wirt, Jackson and Ritchie counties, in that state, and it was a hazardous, bush-whacking sort of warfare, that gave none a chance to make a record, but it was war just the same, and much more risky than fighting out in the open.

We hunted rebels just as we did rabbits and squirrels, and they hunted us the same way. It was a war of assassination and rapine. Sometimes I had 2,000 men under my command, and again they would draw men away from me to adjacent commands till I would have only 500.

One of my companies I lost permanently. It was a fine, rugged body of men, eighty odd strong, every man a marksman, and most of them "sang" men and deer hunters. They got farther and farther away, until they got brigaded finally with a lot of Jerseymen and New Yorkers in Sherman's army. They were in the Atlanta campaign and in the march to the sea, and they saw Joe Johnson hand over his sword. When the grand review came off at Washington in 1865 they were there.

The order went out the night before that every man in the great army should be supplied with a paper collar and a pair of white cotton gloves for this last and grandest dress parade of the war. There were only twenty-two of the eighty odd left—the others had fallen in action. They were commanded by their surviving second lieutenant. The order for collars and gloves went against the grain. It was said that the lieutenant was the only man in the outfit that had ever worn a biled shirt. Linsey-woolsey store flannels and corduroy had been their accustomed bodywear. They rebelled to a man against the paper collars and the woman's glove finery, and the same night about the blackest time before the day—the little band broke camp and struck out toward Rockville on the way across country to their mountain homes in Clay, Roane and Kanawha counties.

The war was over, anyhow, they argued, and why should they stay in camp and let a lot of fool generals make them ridiculous by making them march with paper collars on? They foraged as they went, and for the last time raided the poor country that had been so often ravaged by the men of Lee and Jackson, McClellan and Meade, and Hooker and Burnside. This was as heroic a progress as the famed retreat of the 10,000 in history, and the little band got home safe and sound and in time to plant corn. When the Blair disability pension law was passed some of these old veterans tried to get pensions, and then they found out to their astonishment that they had been branded by a little Jersey brigadier as deserters. When Gen. Nathan Goff was in Congress he tried to pass a bill setting the men right. I never heard how it turned out. I have been away from that country now, located in Kansas with my three sons, some eight years.

A Strange Duel.

From the Amusing Journal.

An extraordinary duel has taken place in Brussels between two young men. They were enamored of the same young lady, who, after considerable hesitation, made her choice. The unsuccessful suitor challenged his rival to a duel and proposed that each should be armed with a piece of rope, and that they should thrash each other as long as they could hold out. The challenge was accepted. The fight, however, had not been long in progress when the police came up and stopped it. Both "duellists" were covered with blood. The challenger had the worst of the encounter, his face being a mass of bruises.

Paradoxical.

From the Argonaut.

The response of a certain Frenchman to a handsome woman who complained that she had discovered three gray hairs in her head was paradoxical, but pretty. "Madam," he said, "so long as they can be counted they don't count!"

IS A GIANT RAM

The New Ship Katahdin a Novelty in the Navy.

WILL SHORTLY MAKE HER TRIAL TRIP

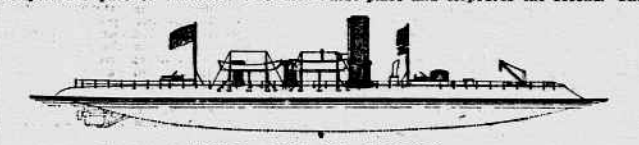
The Sole Weapon of Offense is the Ram.

SWIMS LIKE A TURTLE

Written for The Evening Star.

A WARSHIP OF AN entirely new pattern will soon be added to Uncle Sam's navy. She is named the Katahdin, and her trial trip will be made within a few weeks. In many respects she is remarkable, but chiefly because she depends for offensive action entirely upon her ram. She carries no guns worth mentioning, her armament consisting of only four little rapid-fire cannon mounted on deck—mere pea-shooters—the purpose of which is to keep off torpedo boats. The vessel is much like a fish, with a convex back of steel. She swims so low in the water that the edges of the curved deck are beneath the surface, and when engaged in battle she can sink lower yet by swallowing 100 tons of water.

The effectiveness of this ship in a naval engagement will depend wholly upon the judgment of one man. She is nothing more nor less than a gigantic automobile projectile. When she takes the offensive, there will be nothing for anybody to do save the commanding officer. He will stand in the conning tower, which is a cylindrical box of steel, sixteen inches thick, and will rush upon the enemy, controlling the movements of the vessel by electric signals to the engine room. All hands will take shelter and await the result of the action, in which they can have no personal part or influence. The four



THE KATAHDIN.

small guns will be silent and trained fore and aft, so as to afford no target.

The captain is the only fighter. His vessel is the ultimate development of the art of war by machine, in which personal bravery and prowess cut little or no figure. It may easily be imagined that the Katahdin while engaged in attack would be the target for a storm of projectiles. But against these she is well-nigh invulnerable, because they would glance off harmlessly from the convex deck of steel. A shot might strike her on a ricochet from the water at such an angle as to penetrate, or a projectile fired from a great distance might land upon her steel back and pierce through it, but it is only by such a plunging shot that the Katahdin could be wounded. Thus she could maneuver in the midst of a hostile fleet without serious danger from the heaviest guns of her adversaries.

As an Attacking Force.

The Katahdin is unique in our navy. She is an experiment. For the present no notion is entertained of building other vessels like her. In the British navy there is a ship of similar type called the Polyphemus. The Katahdin is 250 feet long, has a displacement of 2,155 tons, and her best speed will be seventeen knots. To ram her effectively would be very difficult, inasmuch as the submerged edge of her deck is like a knife and is strengthened with very thick armor, so that it would cut into an attacking craft. The picture here given is from the "Proceedings of the Society of Naval Architecture." In order to conceive the power of the Katahdin's ram, imagine such a ship driven at speed against a floating antagonist. The force of the blow may be figured out by multiplying the mass into the square of the velocity.

Practice in ramming is obtained by European officers with twin-screw launches, which, with well-padded bows, rush at each other and fight as men do with soft gloves. Just now the efficacy of the ram in naval warfare is being very much discussed. It is certainly the most deadly of all weapons that can be used in a battle at sea, if the blow is fairly struck; for such a blow will send to the bottom or certainly disable the greatest ship of war. No armor can withstand it. But many authorities hold the opinion that the usefulness of the ram has been greatly overestimated. If the contest between China and Japan be left out of the question, there has been no important war since the introduction of modern methods of building warships, and so students of the subject are obliged to rely upon theory in forming their conclusions. It may be imagined with what intense interest they are watching the fight that is going on in the east.

To begin with, to try to ram another vessel where there is plenty of sea room is almost hopeless, even supposing that the adversary is greatly inferior in point of speed. There is a familiar story of a fellow who was explaining how he would "do up" an individual against whom he had a grudge. First, he would punch him in the eye and then on the nose; next he would take his head under his arm, and, having thus got him into chancery, would punch the life out of him at leisure. In response to this description the question naturally was: "What would the other man be doing all that time?" The same idea applies to ramming. While the rammer is trying to ram the other vessel is trying to get out of the way, and, perhaps, to ram the rammer. To hit the moving target is well-nigh impracticable.

Some Perils of Ramming.

Another thing to be considered is that the rammer is exposed to the torpedoes of the ship upon which it is rushing. Those projectiles can be fired with a fair degree of accuracy at a distance of 600 yards, and the impact of one of them is most likely to send to the bottom a vessel of war that has cost $1,000,000 to build. Observe, for example, the case of the Aquidaban, belonging to the Brazilian insurgents, which was sunk by a single torpedo that tore a hole in her side big enough to drive a cart into. In truth, torpedoes may be regarded as an entirely efficient protection against ramming. Furthermore, the rammer is very apt to be dangerously injured by the blow which she herself deals. While her steel beak enters the adversary below the armor belt, her own bow is likely to be crushed in, the steel deck of the foe cutting into it like a knife.

Yet another point worth mentioning is that it is much more desirable to capture an enemy's ship than to destroy such a valuable piece of property. In a recent publication of the United States Naval Institute an English writer and authority, W. Laird Clowes, says: "One of the few things that would go toward reconciling Great Britain to the agonies of a naval war would be the occasional spectacle of a foreign battle ship brought into Spithead or Plymouth sound with the white ensign blowing out above the other flag. The sight would animate the whole empire. It is unwise to destroy a foe when, peradventure, you can take him alive."

A conclusion reached is that it is reasonably safe to ram an adversary only when she is disabled and has no torpedoes to fire. But under such circumstances it is obviously better to compel her to surrender by the combined influence of gun fire and the terrible threat of the torpedo. It is urged that a fine ship of war is too valuable to be employed for ramming. A small vessel is as good as a big one for that purpose, and it has been suggested that perhaps it might be well to build a few small craft of no great cost for ramming. A prime quality in a vessel designed for ramming is speed, but the Katahdin can steam no faster than seventeen knots an hour. This is faster than a battle ship, but less fast than the average armored cruiser.

W. Laird Clowes has taken the trouble to gather together all available data concerning actual cases of ramming. The cases thus assembled number seventy-four, having occurred at various dates between 1861 and 1879. They involve the destruction of fifteen ships, but the conclusion indicated seems to be that the danger to the rammer was quite equal to that of the rammed. During our own civil war the Albemarle, an improvised confederate ram, with two guns, was attacked by eight Union vessels, which had particular orders to ram her. One of her guns was disabled early in the encounter, and she fought the whole action with the other gun. Though repeatedly rammed by the eight vessels, she won a decisive victory without losing a man. On the other side many were killed, wounded and scalded.

What the Record Shows.

It must be recognized that these cases were of wooden ships, and the problem as applied to modern steel vessels of war is considerably different. In accident the ram has proved itself only too effective, as witness the destruction of the Vanguard by the Iron Duke, the Grosser Kurfurst by the Koenig Wilhelm, the Victoria by the Camperdown, the Amazon by the Osprey, and the Devastation by the Ajax. At the battle of Memphis, June 6, 1862, the confederate vessels Beauregard and Price rammed one another, and the latter had to be run ashore. At the battle of Mobile, August 5, 1864, the Lackawanna nearly sank her consort, the Hartford, Farragut's flagship. And soon afterward the Ossipee could not help ramming the Tennessee, after the latter had surrendered. A few years ago H. M. S. Bellerophon, by a mere touch of her ram, sank a steamer off the east coast of the United States.

Two years ago the United States cruiser San Francisco found a waterlogged hulk floating in the gulf stream. It was all that was left of a lumber-laden schooner called the Drisko, which had been for some time afloat, and a danger to navigation. The cargo had become so swelled and jammed that torpedoes failed to break up the floating mass. So the captain of the ship backed off and then ran at full speed upon the hulk, cutting it fairly in two. The after part, which still held together, was shattered with a few shells. The experiment was probably not without danger to the warship. Not long after the Camperdown-Victoria disaster a British cruiser of 4,000 tons, named the Forth, was passing through the English channel on a foggy day when she struck an empty collier. It might have been supposed that she would cut through the collier as if it were a pat of butter. In fact, she did nothing of the kind, being so badly injured herself that she had to go into Plymouth for repairs. It should be said, however, that she had no ram, and did not hit the collier squarely.

Conservative naval experts are inclined to place the ram third in rank of weapons available in battle at sea. Guns take the first place and torpedoes the second. The torpedo is more difficult to dodge than the ram, it is nearly if not quite as destructive, and its use involves no risk to the user. It is interesting to consider the fact that ancient Roman ships, and at a later day, Venetian galleys, were constructed with rams.

RENE BACHE.

THE ANXIOUS HOSTESS.

The Society Young Man and His Love for Posing.

From the Gentlewoman.

Hostesses are beginning to complain with bitterness of the difficulty of finding men willing to dance. The complaint is, of course, not a new one. For several seasons past men have shown an increasing disinclination to exert themselves in the giddy valse or in the rather grim quadrille. The lancers have found them inert, and the polka has merely set them yawning. Yet girls continue to "love the ball" as dearly as the young person in Mackworth Praed's poem. What can be the reason? Probably the boredom of the men is to a considerable extent a mere affectation. Young men are, as a rule, more self-conscious, more childishly affected, than young women. They are very nearly as vain, sometimes far more so, and a good deal more foolish. The consequence is that they are perpetually posing, and there are fashions in poses as there are fashions in everything else. At present it is the fashion to pose as a non-dancer. The whole thing is too much trouble for the gilded youth. He is worn to a thread with intellectual exertion. Dancing is a frivolity beneath his notice. He can gamble enthusiastically enough. He can eat supper and swallow champagne until the marvel is that he still lives. He can get up early to go racing, and sit up late drinking innumerable whiskies and sodas. He can run after popular actresses and ride in steeple-chases, but dancing is altogether beyond him—at present.

But, depend upon it, the tide will turn and the fashion will change. Dancing is not a pastime that will ever entirely die out. It has lasted too long. Various forms, and the poses of silly young men cannot kill it. They will never yawn it into the limbo of things forgotten, and, if they did, they would probably be the first to regret it. For balls have attractions for them, and they go to them, though often not to dance. They go to sup, and occasionally to flirt, for "sitting out" is a very popular pastime, and many people fill up their cards with the names of partners pledged to sit out with them and to do nothing else. In quiet nooks and corners of a pretty house you will always find young people ensconced, whether the band is playing a valse or whether it is not. They are probably talking the merest nonsense, but what does that matter? They are enjoying themselves, and enjoyment is our main object in going to an entertainment. Only the cotillon lures them on to the parquet, for they are far too modern to wish to miss the chance of a pretty present. We are nothing nowadays if we are not greedy. We must have hot quails. We are no longer satisfied with a ribbon or a cracker. We want feather fans and bracelets and diamond pins, and if we do not get them we grumble, and declare we "won't play any more." Some day, perhaps, we shall return to simplicity. Then the young men will dance every dance and the young maidens will appear in white muslins, with flowers in the hair. In the meantime the philosopher smiles and the anxious hostess is in despair.

Must Bow to Etiquette.

From the Berliner Tageblatt.

Mother—"Johnny, go down to the grocer's and get a pound of black tea.

Johnny—"I haerd pa say he didn't like black tea."

Mother—"It makes no difference what your father says, Johnny. This family is in mourning, now."

Modified.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Watts—"I did you try that hot-water cure for your cold?"

Potts—"Yes. It is simply great, too. You see, I mixed it with a little whisky and lemon, and I never had anything slip down so easy."

Her Turn.

From Life.

Miss Vivian (to editor who once declined one of her poems)—"Owing to an overstock of such articles already on hand, I am compelled to decline your offer, with thanks."

A DESOLATE COUNTRY

The Bleak and Cheerless Region Within the Antarctic Circle.

INTENSE COLD AND GREAT ICEBERGS

What is Known of This Little Explored Section.

THE PROPOSED EXPEDITION

Written for The Evening Star.

If Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who proposes to start for the south pole in two small sailing vessels, will take the trouble to read some accounts of the storms and difficulties which beset the navigators in that great southern ocean, he may change his plans, or at least modify them sufficiently to substitute a steamer, or one which can use steam when necessary.

Curiously, while this generation has heard so much about arctic exploration that the north polar country is quite a familiar one to them, the antarctic regions are still as much an unknown part of the world as when referred to by the writers of the last century as a "Terra Australis Incognita." The reports of terrific storms, enormous and dangerous icebergs, and impenetrable ice walls, given by the few who have ventured into the almost unknown regions of the far south, are appalling.

An attempt to invade the South sea and the mysterious island at its center is now to be undertaken from the same point of land from which the very first exploring expedition moved southward, and by a man with the same name as that of the one who first demonstrated that the southern ocean extended completely around the pole. The first expedition to the south polar regions was fitted out by the governor of Peru in 1567, who sent his nephew on a voyage of discovery from Cape Horn. The first man to discover that the Southern ocean was in fact the great body of water of the world, extending entirely around the south pole and having the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans as its arms, was Capt. Cook, who sailed from the Cape of Good Hope in 1773. The most successful explorer of this difficult region was Capt. Ross, who sailed from the southernmost point of Australia in 1840.

The Nearest Point.

So it will be seen that this mysterious and dangerous waste of waters has been invaded from the three points of land most nearly approaching it, the southern tips of Africa, Australia and South America. The southern point of South America extends nearest to the mysterious island, or continent, which is supposed to occupy the center of this southern ocean. From Cape Horn, South America, to Graham's Land, which is supposed to be on the mainland of the Antarctic continent, the distance is but little over 600 miles due south. From the Cape of Good Hope, southern Africa, due south to Enderby's Land, supposed to be on the Antarctic continent, the distance is about 1,800 miles. From Australia (or Tasmania) due south to Adelie Land, also supposed to be a part of this ice-bound continent, is about 1,300 miles.

The limits of the Antarctic continent, as this terra incognita is called, are supposed to be nearly coincident with the Antarctic circle. At Graham's Land, just south of South America, it extends about two and one-half degrees outside of the Antarctic circle. At Enderby's Land, south of southern Africa, it is nearly on the circle. At Adelie Land, south of Australia, it extends outside of the circle a short distance. From what is known of its shores, however, they are extremely irregular. They are surrounded by lines of icebergs, which are very dangerous to vessels, though those who have invaded them successfully have found peaceful waters not burdened with ice within the circle which they draw around its land. Passing through these waters great bays or gulfs have been found whose shores are lined with a perpendicular wall of ice hundreds of feet high and hundreds of miles long, absolutely preventing access to the interior, which appears from the masthead to be a field of ice without vegetable or animal life save what may visit it by way of the sea or air.

Various Voyages Made.

As already indicated, the first attempt to explore this region was by Governor de Castro of Peru, in 1567, by sending his nephew, Alvaro Modana, to search for the "Terra Australis Incognita," which was supposed to surround the south pole. Another expedition was sent from Peru in 1606. The first discovery of the continent, however, was by Capt. Dirk Gerritz, who sailed from Rotterdam in a merchant vessel in 1599, and passing through the Straits of Magellan was carried by storms to about the point now known as Graham's Land, which is the nearest point to any of the other continents.

This discovery, however, was by accident, and it was not until 1773 that an organized expedition set out, under that intrepid English explorer, Capt. Cook, passing from the Cape of Good Hope southward, crossing the Antarctic circle, and meeting with a fleet of icebergs, which sent him quickly in the direction of New Zealand. After resting there a time, he again turned southward, meeting another line of icebergs, which he described as looking like a range of high mountains. They so closely guarded the shore that he did not land.

In 1820 the Russians sent an expedition, under Bellinghausen, which discovered nothing but a lot of icebergs and a couple of small islands. In 1830 an English firm sent vessels into the southern ocean to hunt for whales, and these, sighting land south of Africa, named it Enderby Land, after the owners of the vessels. The French government, in 1839, sent an expedition, under D'Urville, which discovered land south of Australia and called it Adelie Land.

A Wall of Ice.

In 1839, however, the English government fitted out two old bomb ships, the Erebus and Terror, and sent them, under Capt. (Sir James) Ross, for a three years' cruise. After wintering at Tasmania, off the Australian coast, they made a dash southward, crossing the Antarctic circle, passing through the chain of icebergs which surround the land, and passing into quiet waters sailed on southward, discovering land on which was a range of mountains 10,000 feet high and two volcanoes, one in a state of eruption, which he named after his two vessels, the Erebus and Terror. The land, however, was faced with a perpendicular wall of ice from 150 to 200 feet high, without an opening or break through which the ambitious explorers could set foot on land. They sailed along this icy wall, mile after mile and day after day, until they had followed it no less than 450 miles, without finding a break which would permit them to land.

This wall of ice seems to have been produced by the freezing of the water and spray as the waves dashed against the coast and then against the wall itself, and was estimated by Capt. Ross to be 1,000 feet in thickness and 200 feet high. Finding it impossible to land, Capt. Ross turned northward, leaving the unknown land still almost as much of a mystery as though it had not been seen by him. From the masthead, however, he looked over the icy wall, and saw that it was apparently a rocky, volcanic country, without the slightest appearance of vegetation of any kind, or signs of animal life, except that of penguins, which were very abundant. The land was most of it covered with ice, and in the deep valley were enormous rivers of ice slowly making their way to the ocean.

Capt. Wilkes of the United States navy, who made an exploring expedition through many parts of the world from 1838 to 1842, also visited this same section and found this same impenetrable wall of ice. Since that time no efforts at exploration in that direction have been made, except a tour of an English vessel for scientific observation and measurements, which was compelled to turn back on account of the icebergs, not even obtaining a sight of the antarctic continent.

Could Buy the Best.

From the Philadelphia Record.

A Germantown bride grew indignant when her grocer asked if she wanted any cracked wheat. She replied that she could buy the very best.

RAILROADS.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.
Schedule in effect March 4, 1895.
Trains leave daily from Union Station (B. and P.), 6th and B sts.
Through the grandest scenery in America, with the handsomest and most complete solid train service west from Washington.
2:25 P. M. DAILY.—"Cincinnati and St. Louis Special"—Solid Vestibuled, newly Equipped, Electric-lighted, Steam-heated Train. Pullman's finest sleeping cars Washington to Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis without change. Dining Car from Washington. Arrive Cincinnati, 8:00 a.m.; Indianapolis, 11:40 a.m., and Chicago, 5:30 p.m.; St. Louis, 6:56 p.m.
11:10 P.M. DAILY.—The famous "F. F. V. Limited." A solid vestibuled train, with dining car and Pullman Sleepers for Cincinnati, Lexington and Louisville, without change. Pullman Sleeper Washington to Virginia Hot Springs, without change, week days. Observation car from Hinton. Arrives Cincinnati, 5.50 p.m.; Lexington, 6:00 p.m.; Louisville, 9:35 p.m.; Indianapolis, 11:20 p.m.; Chicago, 7:30 a.m., and St. Louis, 6:56 a.m.; connects in Union depot for all points.
10:57 A.M., EXCEPT SUNDAY.—For Old Point Comfort and Norfolk. Only rail line.
2:25 P. M. DAILY.—Express for Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Waynesboro', Staunton and principal Virginia points, daily; for Richmond, daily, except Sunday.
Pullman locations and tickets at company's offices, 513 and 1421 Pennsylvania avenue.
H. W. FULLER,
mh4 General Passenger Agent.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.
Schedule in effect Jan. 6, 1895.
Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C street.
For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited trains 11:25 a.m., 8:00 p.m.
For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited 3:30 p.m. Express 12:01 night.
For Pittsburg and Cleveland, express daily 11:25 a.m. and 8:35 p.m.
For Lexington and Staunton, 11:25 a.m.
For Winchester and way stations, e5:30 p.m.
For Luray, Natural Bridge, Roanoke, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Memphis, and New Orleans, 11:20 p.m. daily, sle