IN THE GALLERIES

Congress is a Center of Attraction for Many People.

STATESMEN AS SEEN FROM ABOVE

Proceedings Are Not Lively Enough for the Spectators.

WHAT THEY WOULD LIKE

"For a matter of thirty years," said an old Washingtonian, mournfully, "I have dropped into one of the galleries of the House of Representatives from ten to fifteen times during each session, always with the hope and expectation of being on hand during the progress of a pyrotechnical scene. I've never had the luck to strike one. Often I've waited until all the conditions seemed favorable for a violent outbreak on the floor, and then I've gone up to the Capitol and sat through hours of rol'-calling and monotonous droning by the reading clerk. Never was able to catch 'em shooting off their fireworks. Probably the very next day, when I couldn't be on hand, there'd be a terrific scene in which thirty or forty of 'em 'ud be sawing the atmosphere at once—and I'd have to have my fun in reading about it in the Star paper. There ought to be some scheme whereby they could give regular rough-house performances at stated times, so that we could all have a chance to see how they do when they're right mad."

Probably nine-tenths of the folks who visit the galleries, not counting the "regulars"—of whom more later on—go up to the Capitol to see something lively, exciting, and out of the ordinary on one or the other of the floors of Congress, and the great bulk of them are disappointed when nothing out of the common happens for their delectation. Exciting scenes on the

You Always Miss It.

two floors of Congress become more rare from year to year. The routine is not often broken. Men of ebullient temper are not so common in Congress as they used to be, and if they were the rules nowadays are such that they could be squelched or otherwise effectually taken care of in short order. Consequently the majority of the gallery visitors come away from the Capitol with the grievance written on their faces that they haven't got their money's worth.

Times Have Changed.

"Why don't you people do something quick and devlish?" inquired a constituent of one of the New York representatives during the last session. "I came here to be thrilled."

"I fear the day has passed when every representative in Congress was his own Patrick Henry," replied the legislator.

When a gentleman on the floor who is known to be an ornate phraseologist and a man of "uncertain"—that is to say, certainly fiery—temper rises in his seat and catches the Speaker's eye, the folks in the galleries lean forward, their countenances take on interested expressions, and they seem to be saying to themselves, "Ah, now we're going to have something worth while!" When the gentleman with the fiery reputation launches into a mild, expostulating, almost pleading statement as to how his district has been overlooked in the formulation of the river and harbor bill the people in the gallery settle back in their seats, with sighs of disappointment, that seem to say in so many words, "Are we forever to be buncoed in this way?"

A pair of gentlemen, who are known to be personal as well as political antagonists, take the floor at the same instant, both demanding recognition.

"Ha! here's a clash, right now!" the gallery visitors whisper to each other, with nudges; and when one of the gentlemen, with a Chesterfieldian gesture, yields to the other, the spectators in the gallery look real hurt about it.

Mostly Visitors to Town.

A very small percentage of the visitors in the galleries of Congress are Washingtonians. Congress is an old story to the people of the capital. It is a tale often repeated. There is nothing awe-inspiring about a day's doings at the Capitol to a man who has lived within sight of the dome of the Capitol all, or nearly all, of his life. Men and women who come to Washington to live pay one or two visits to the galleries of Congress when first they arrive here, and let it go at that. It is the strangers, the casual visitors in the city, who flock to the galleries of Congress, and to many of these such visits are very great events, indeed, to be told about again and again when they get back to their homes. Not a few of the strangers in the galleries look as if they feel themselves to be participating in proceedings of a very solemn and uplifting character; and that they regard the gentlemen below them on the floor as the very cream of the land is perfectly evident from the awed manner with which they study the great men.

It is largely with an eye to seeing their "own" representative in the lower house, or their "own" pair of senators, look and act as set amid scenes of greatness that most of the strangers in the city repair to

The Ideal Statesman.

the galleries. It makes no difference how obscure and bashful the representative may be, he is the one great figure in the whole scene in the eyes of his gallery-visiting constituents.

"If he would only get up and say something, like he used to at the barbecues on 4th of July out at Painted Post!" the representative's gallery-visiting constituents say to each other impatiently, and they gaze at him with deep sorrow and reproach when, in the whole course of an afternoon's session, the only manifestation that he makes that he is alive is to apologetically clap his hands in summoning a page.

Expect Better Things.

There have been occasions when blunt backwoods constituents of representatives have sent in their cards to the legislators they "helped to elect," and, upon the appearance of the man from their "deestrick," have inquired, "Hain't you a-goin' to do no cavortin' for us today, hey?" Why do you let all th' rest o' those fellers do all o' th' talkin'? You cert'nly could take keer o' yerself when it came to talkin' back t' hum."

Statements put to new and modest representatives in this direct fashion by admiring constituents have often been known to prove exceedingly embarrassing.

No matter how others of the great and wise colossi of the Senate may tower over the pair of gentlemen whose constituents are in force in the galleries, the constituents never see any other togas than those that mantle "their own" two senators. It is quite within the range of possibility that there may be more dull places than the Senate chamber of the United States as that chamber is under ordinary circumstances, but this dullness never seems to pall on the gallery-visitors who take an interest in their senators. They watch every movement of that great duo with rapt countenances, and if they can summon the

More Like the Real Thing.

nerve to send in their cards to the toga-wearers, and to be shown points of interest around the Capitol by one or other of the exalted men, a joy that is almost pathetic irradiates them.

The Unpopular Reading Clerk.

Most of the ladies who go to the galleries of the lower house for diversion and to see what they can see develop quite a fiery animosity toward the unoffending reading clerk in the course of a sitting of an hour or so. The reading clerk is required to perform the duties of his job, of course, but the ladies find him a thorn in the flesh. They feel that he is sort of hogging the situation, to employ a phrase of the stage.

"Goodness gracious sakes alive, is that man going to keep on droning all day!" they impatiently exclaim when the reading clerk is getting in his work on a succession of roll calls or a particularly long and monotonous bill or petition. The reading clerk drives many of the ladies from the galleries in despair. The truth is, he has been known to drive men, whose interest in the proceedings has been of a lukewarm character, to sudden, muttering vacation of their seats.

It is also a peculiarity of the ladies in the galleries that they are quite unable to give any gentleman on the floor credit for greatness who does not "look great"—for distinction who does not look distinguished. Now, it is a singular fact, but one none the less capable of proof and demonstration, that a majority of the most eminent men who have graced the two floors of Congress during the past decade or so have at the same time been the most insignificant-looking. The ladies in the galleries do not appear to apprehend that such a thing can be.

"Why, he doesn't look as if he knew such a great deal!" is a frequent phrase employed by the gallery-visiting ladies when they get their first view of some man of whom they have been reading for years in the newspapers. "How can he be such—such great shucks when he looks so—well, so tacky!"

He Looks the Part.

Then the ladies in the galleries will pick out some men on the floor who has a Jovelike front and who is arrayed in purple and fine linen, but who may never be heard of on the floor from one end of the session to the other, and exclaim, "Now, there's a man who looks as if he ought to be famous and eminent. Who is he?" When informed that the representative they refer to is chiefly notable for his wealth of nice hair and the extent of his wardrobe, the ladies shake their heads and say, "Well, he ought to be great, if he isn't!"

The men's galleries are chiefly interesting for the number of men, black and white, they contain, who appear to have nothing but time. The aforementioned "regulars" inhabit the men's galleries in force, particularly in the lower house. They are about equally divided between blacks and

Diplomatic Uninterest.

whites, and prosperity does not seem to be hovering over any of them. The fact is, the regulars are a pretty seedy lot. But this is a free nation, and they have the right to keep warm in the galleries of Congress if they so elect. They nod and doze, and the proceedings on the floor seem to be to the last degree uninteresting to them. Some of them bring their lunches along in bags and pieces of newspaper, and munch surreptitiously, for this practice is frowned upon by the doorkeepers. Among the regulars in the men's galleries are eager-eyed men who hope, at some time during the session, to have some little bill introduced—a bill, generally, of the claim variety—that will give them the relief they have been hopelessly seeking for many years. The prospect of having the bill presented, at any rate until along toward the tag-end of the session, may be of the remotest, but they take their seats in the galleries day after day, the first to arrive and the last to depart, studying every move of the representative whose services they fancy they have enlisted in their cause. There are many such claimants, too, in the ladies' galleries. They attend all of the sessions, and if they can but catch the carelessly uplifted eye of the representative whose aid they hope for, they appear to flush with pleasure and anticipation. They are mostly elderly women who have thus spent years in vain quests after congressional relief. In truth, the claims of many of them have been negatively and finally passed upon many years ago, but still, inured to the habit, they cling around the galleries, clutching at elusive straws of hope.

Well-dressed men, strangers, drop into the men's galleries from time to time, look around, apparently more interested in the ladies' galleries than in the floor, yawn behind their gloves, clutch their hats and depart. Flocks of duly chaperoned young women file into seats in the ladies' galleries, ask "Where is the famous Mr. Reed?"—it is extraordinary what a number of American women there are who don't read the newspapers—gaze about abstractedly for awhile and then exclaim, "Oh, this isn't any fun; let's go and try the echoing stones again!"

The Capitol guide conducts an occasional party of vaudeville comedians into a gallery, and the closely shaven ones look below them with interest for a space. "Where's his geezerlets from Hayville?" they irreverently ask, or "Get next to the bunch o' moss on that one's face!"

All Sorts and Conditions.

Stout and somewhat blustery matrons enter into conversations so animated at times that the doorkeeper appears and silences them with a warning gesture. Small boys from the country, led by the hands of their gallery-visiting mothers, gaze enviously at the alert, snappy pages on the floor. The severe-looking party of young women, most of them bespectacled, take copious notes in formidable-looking pads, and one can read in prospect their plethoric letters of description in the home papers or to the folks. The inevitable man with the jag slips by the doorkeeper in a temporary crush, and is incontinently hauled out by the same official when his manifestations of delight or disapproval become too noisy. Once in a while a young legation attache will enter the gallery set aside for the diplomatic corps, adjust his monocle to his eye squintingly, gaze upon the floor scene with the general air of one who is studying some new and strange forms of animal life, smile quizzically, as one to whom the whole business is very cheap and second-rate indeed, and depart precipitately. The press galleries are generally so deserted as to induce visitors to wonder how on earth the newspaper men contrive to get the news, not hearing what is going on. The gallery visitors cannot know, in this wondering, that what transpires on the floors isn't the heavy end of Congress—not by the hugest of possible jugfuls.

In general, the galleries of Congress are about as interesting as the floors thereof.

IN CHESS CIRCLES.

Saturday night the same busy appearance of late presented itself again at the rooms of the club. All the pairs in the tourney were going, except that Mr. Tibbetts was prevented by indisposition from playing his game with Mr. Prender. Mr. Woodward, as the bye of the occasion, flitted around for a time with the uneasy look of a man out of a job, and soon disappeared. By 8 o'clock all the games had been started, and so nicely are the contestants balanced that at 11 none had been disposed of.

Shortly after that Mr. Gwyer earned the first win, a Ruy Lopez of his opening, from Mr. Harris, who is playing thus far under the handicap of bad health. Shortly after Mr. Boykin, who had the advantage of a pawn, but the balancing disadvantage of a bishop of opposite color, agreed to a draw with Mr. Smith.

The next game closed was a Ruy Lopez opened by Capt. O'Farrell against Mr. Walker. The end game was even as to force, and very exciting, as it looked for a time as if Mr. Walker's passed pawns on the queen's wing would be lost, and with them the game, but by good management the latter forced the win.

Dr. Hodges, playing against Mr. Sournin's Sicilian Defense (p—qB4 in reply to p—K4), established an excellent game and looked like a winner, but in his eagerness to force the win he overlooked the pinning of his queen by the adverse bishops. Even with this handicap he had by good management a perpetual check, but failed to adopt his best moves, and Mr. Sournin scored the win.

Two games were adjourned. Mr. Tharp opened with Zukertort's game (Kt—KB3) against Mr. Adair, and at a late hour the game was postponed, with the latter in a winning position. The second was Mr. Lyman's Philidor defense to the K Kts opening of Mr. Hanna. During the game Mr. Lyman sacrificed a rook outright for position, and had succeeded in establishing his king side pawns in a threatening position, when the game was adjourned at 1:30 a.m. His sacrifice came entirely expected by all, and the prediction is that if he succeeds in winning he comes in for the brilliancy prize. Later in the week this game was played to a finish, a draw resulting. The score is given below. The standing in the championship tourney is:

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
F. B. Walker..	6½	½	J. C. Boykin..	2½	4½
V. Sournin...	5½	½	W. A. Gwyer..	2	5
E. P. Hanna..	4½	½	Capt. O'Farrell	1	4
T. B. Lyman..	4½	1½	O. Woodward..	1	4
G. F. Adair...	4	2	J. W. Harris..	1	5
W. H. Smith..	4	2	A. Prender....	½	4½
E. A. Tibbetts.	4	2	L. Tharp.....	0	3
Dr. Hodges...	3	5			

In the club tourney Mr. Rafter put up a very pressing game against Mr. Thomas and won. Mr. Campbell was a victim of misplaced confidence in one of his moves and lost to Mr. Prender. Mr. Smith lost to Mr. Mundelle in a very rapidly played game. The standing to date is:

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
W. B. Mundelle.	3	0	S. W. Tucker..	1	2
Dr. Bradley...	2	0	W. E. Thomas..	2	2
A. E. Crofts...	2	0	L. B. Smith...	1	2
Jno. Prender...	3	1	C. H. Turner..	0	2
J. C. Rafter...	2	2	J. P. Campbell.	0	4

Tuesday night the Anacostia players came over and had a standing battle with the checker players of the club. It was a drawn contest, each side winning nineteen games, with twelve drawn. The individual results are shown in table; 1 shows win for Washington; 0 lost; x drawn.

	Quade.	Harlan.	Prender.	Pumph'y.	Weiss.
Potts.....	1 1	1 x	x x	0 0	1 0
Moore.....	1 0	0 1	1 1	0 x	x 0
Wendell....	1 0	0 0	1 1	0 0	0 1
Hoffer.....	0 1	x x	1 x	1 1	x 0
Powers.....	0 0	0 1	1 x	1 1	x x

The Philadelphia Press has gathered together and is publishing the contests between Lasker and Pillsbury. The resume is six wins for the former and five for Pillsbury, indicating almost even strength. It says: "The games between these experts were all of a high standard, and they show the respective merits of the players. As far as enterprising play and deep and brilliant combinations are concerned, the American seems to have the upper hand, which, however, is counterbalanced by the conservative tactics and artistic end-play of Lasker."

November 27, at Boston, the expert of that town played a match game with Pillsbury for a purse, subscribed by the local followers of the game. Mr. Barry won the game in extraordinary good style, announcing mate in thirteen moves after Pillsbury's thirty-first move. The Bostonese are worse swelled than ever and are now talking of a match for the championship of the United States. The game is appended:

Barry.	Pillsbury.	Barry.	Pillsbury.
1 P—K4	P—K4	17 Kt—B6	PxKt
2 Kt—KB3	Kt—QB3	18 QxR	PxP
3 B—Kt5	Kt—B3	19 Q—Kt3	P—B3
4 P—Q4	KKtxP	20 R—Q2	Q—R2
5 P—Q5	Kt—Q3	21 QR—K	R—B3
6 Kt—B3	P—K5	22 P—KR3	B—Q5ch
7 Kt—KKt5	Kt—K4	23 K—R	Kt—B7ch
8 Q—Q4	P—KR3	24 K—R2	Kt—K5
9 KKtxP	KtxB	25 RxKt	PxKt
10 KtxKt	P—QB3	26 RxP	BxKtP
11 Q—R4	B—Q8ch	27 P—B3	B—R6
12 Kt—Q4	B—K2	28 KR—K	B—QB4
13 Q—Kt3	P—Q3	29 R—K7	Q—Kt3
14 P—KB4	Kt—Kt5	30 Q—Q	B—B4
15 Castles	P—KB4	31 Q—R5	P—KR3
16 KKt—K13	Castles		

At this point Barry announced and demonstrated a mate in thirteen moves, a noteworthy performance, and Pillsbury resigned. The mating moves run as follows:

Barry.	Pillsbury.	Barry.	Pillsbury.
32 RxPch	KxR	39 Q—Kt3ch	K—R
33 R—K7ch	K—Kt	40 B—B3	QxB
34 QxP	B—Kt8ch	41 QxQch	P—Q5
35 K—R	B—Q5	42 QxPch	R—B3
36 PxB	QxP	43 QxRch	K—Kt
37 Q—Kt5ch	K—R	44 Q—Kt7 mate.	
38 Q—R4ch	K—Kt		

Philidor's Defense.

Hanna.	Lyman.	Hanna.	Lyman.
1 P—K4	P—K4	27 Q—R6	K—B2*
2 Kt—KB3	P—Q3	28 QxQ	PxQ
3 P—Q4	P—KB4	29 B—R6	Kt—Kt3
4 Kt—B3(a)	PxP	30 B—Q2(e)	P—QB4
5 KtxP	P—Q4	31 R—R3	K—Kt
6 Kt—Kt3	P—K5(b)	32 PxP	KtxP
7 Kt—K5	Kt—KB3	33 B—K3	Kt—Q6
8 B—K2(c)	B—Q3	34 P—QKt3	P—B4
9 B—KKt5	Castles	35 R—Q4	P—K13(f)
10 Kt—Kt4	B—K3	36 R—R8ch	K—B2
11 KtxKtch	PxKt	37 R—R7ch	K—K3
12 B—R6	R—B2	38 R—KKt7	Kt—K4
13 B—R5	R—K2	39 BxKt	KxB
14 B—Kt4	Q—Q2	40 RxRP	P—Q5
15 BxB	QxB	41 PxPch	RxP
16 Q—R5	Q—B2	42 R—B7(g)	R—QB(h)
17 Q—R4(d)	Q—Kt3	43 P—R4ch	KxP
18 Castles(K)	Kt—B3	44 RxR	R—Q8ch
19 P—QR3	QR—K	45 K—B2	P—K6ch
20 QR—K	R—K3	46 K—K2	R—Q7ch
21 R—K3	Kt—Q	47 K—K(i)	RxKtP
22 Q—R3	K—R	48 K—Q	K—R6
23 Kt—B5	Kt—B2	49 R—K8	RxKtP(k)
24 B—Kt7ch	K—Kt	50 RR7)—K7	P—B5(l)
25 KtxB	RxKt	51 RxPch and draws.	
26 R—K13	Kt—Kt4		

*Black missed a chance here to gain a pawn and likely secure positional advantage. If 27 QxB, 28 QxQ, KxQ; 29 P—R4, P—R3; 30 PxKt, RPxP, having a clear pawn and the open rook's file as the bone of contention.

The notes are by Messrs. Hanna and Lyman.

(a) To avoid the intricacies flowing from PxRP.
(b) The center pawns are now well established, which is the merit of the Philidor defense.
(c) Bird played B—KKt5 against Morphy.
(d) If Q—Kt4ch, then Q—Kt3. Q—B8ch, and R—K was examined and rejected as hazardous.
(e) The attack is over and the game stands practically even.
(f) Played hastily and the cause of subsequent embarrassment. KR—Q2 was thought to be better.
(g) Perhaps naturally, not anticipating Black's brilliant answer.
(h) Such a move is common enough in like positions when mate is threatened, but in the face of a check it is believed to be both brilliant and profound, a fine example of intuition in chess, since analysis is out of the question.
(i) Intentionally declining the draw, which results from K—B, by perpetual check.
(k) Black has now secured three strong passed pawns for the sacrificed rook.
(l) Separating the pawns and securing the draw.

"Harold," murmured the beautiful maiden shyly, "am I the only girl you ever told you loved?"

"I will tell you the truth, dearest," answered the manly youth, leaning fondly over her. "You are not."

"I think you might have lied a little, Harold—for me," she said, turning tearfully away.—Chicago Tribune.

CORPORAL MOHUN'S DEATH.

A Gallant Young Soldier, Well Known in Washington.

A cable to the War Department confirms the killing of Corporal Louis W. Mohun of the 9th United States Infantry, at Manila, November 29. Mr. Mohun was the second son of Mrs. Clare Hanson Mohun and the late Richard B. Mohun of this city. He was born in Washington, but since completing his collegiate course at Georgetown College his profession as civil engineer took him from home. He always filled positions of responsibility; completing one work, he would take up another of more importance. He was four years with the Nicaragua Canal Company, three years in Batopilas with Gov. Shepherd, on the Nicaragua canal commission with Admiral Walker, U. S. N., and in Cuba as lieutenant of engineers, under Gen. Mario Men-

Corporal Mohun.

ocal. It was in Cuba he acquired a taste for a military career and enlisted in the 9th United States Infantry, as he said, "to learn how to be a soldier and to win a commission."

His appointment as lieutenant in the regular army on the recommendation of his officers was only a question of a few weeks, and it is regretted he did not live to receive the straps he so honorably earned.

From an official "Soldiers' Memorial," received on December 7, dated "October 24, Angeles," it is seen that up to that date "Corporal Mohun, since his arrival in Manila, April 23, had been in the battles of Gaudaloupe ridge and ford, near Los Pinas, June 19; Zapote bridge, June 13; Bacoor, June 18; San Fernando, August 9; defense of Guagua, September 9; defense of Angeles, October 11 and 12, and a night attack on Angeles, October 16 from 1 a.m. to 6 p.m., and" in each "engagement he added to his record for soldierly conduct and military discipline." Yesterday at all the services in the Roman Catholic churches of the city allusion was made to the death of the gallant young soldier, and special prayers were offered for him. His mother and sister have the profound sympathy of the community.

CHARGE OF THE LION.

Shooting the King of Beasts at a Few Yards' Distance.

From the Royal Magazine.

After we had gone fifteen miles, winding in and out among the mimosa bushes, the two horsemen pointed overhead to the blazing zone, and I saw hundreds of vultures flying at an immense altitude. Dismounting and advancing alone on foot with my rifle, I soon caught sight of the dead camel. The lion was crouching behind it, and appeared almost exactly of the same color as his prey. I was within eighty or ninety yards when the lion sprang out toward me and remained for some moments motionless in a defiant attitude, his forepaws extended, his head near the ground, but his back arched. Supposing he might be coming for me I reserved my fire—besides, the distance was too great for an absolutely certain shot—so that I might give him my two barre's at close quarters as he was charging down at me. After that I knew I must trust to luck, as I had no second rifle or gunbearer, and should have no time to reload.

After we had thus regarded each other for some seconds the lion turned slowly and lumbered heavily away. I was sorry, since he had not charged, that I had not fired, and sent a bullet screaming after him through the bushes, as better late than never. I was soon in the saddle and away upon his tracks at a gallop, accompanied by the mountain guides. The lion soon stopped under a small mimosa bush, crouching and glaring at us with waving tail as we rode round. I then approached on foot. The brute was now swaying his tail and body from side to side with much energy, and clearly upon the point of charging down to kill me.

As I walked round to get a flank shot into his shoulder the lion moved so as to face me, keeping his body invisible, and rendering a chance shot very hazardous, the brain being the only vital part to aim for. If one of the horsemen had only ventured near, or if the lion's attention could have been distracted for a moment toward another foe, he might have turned and given me my opportunity of fatally crippling him. The only issue was now the death of the lion, or of myself, or both. Which it was to be depended on the accuracy of my aim and the coolness of hand and eye. Every instant the beast, like a huge cat after a bird, was working himself up for the inevitable charge, lashing his great flanks with his tail. I remember wondering at that supreme moment whether the popular superstition that on the end of his tail a lion has a claw or sharp point wherewith to goad himself on to the attack could have any groundwork of fact.

I now gave up all hope of an easy shot, and feeling that further delay was impossible, as he might deliver his charge at any moment, I sat down, and, resting my elbows on my knees, fired twice at his head through the bush at a distance of about sixty yards. These shots failed to kill, and, uttering hoarse growls, the lion edged round the bush, facing me and keeping low upon the ground. I reloaded quickly and, standing upright so as to clear the grass, fired my right barrel downward at his head. The lion immediately rose to his feet and charged down upon me at full speed, running swift and low. Only my left barrel remained, and, covering his chest with the sights of my rifle as he neared me, I pulled the trigger, when he was a few yards distant. Exactly what the lion did no man will ever know, unless the natives saw. As I stepped hastily to one side, reloading, I was struck by a shower of stones and half blinded by a cloud of sand and dust. The lion must have passed close by me, and swung abruptly round under cover of the smoke.

When the dust cleared away I saw the lion under the bush again—the same old bush. He had delivered his charge, and it had failed. It was a sick and sorry beast, and evidently disconcerted and wounded unto death. I now had an easy side shot into his shoulder, and quickly put two bullets through his heart. I had seen one of the grandest sights of Africa—the charge upon one's self of the wild African lion, practically carried home—a charge that few have sustained and yet come off unharmed. One can have too much of a good thing, and the sight is not one that I should desire to see frequently.

Economy.

From Life.

The pastor's wife heard of a desperately poor family. Of course, she went to see about it. A man with a month's growth of beard opened the door for her. The room certainly wasn't very cheerful, but in one corner there was a coal oil stove which was still burning, although it was after 10 o'clock.

"Well," she said to the man, "why do you keep your stove burning all day?"

"Oh, mum," he answered, "we ain't got no matches, an' if we put it out we couldn't never light it again."

Honest About It.

From the Chicago Post.

"Young man," said the old gentleman, "my daughter is too young to marry. A girl of her age cannot be sure of her own mind in a matter of such importance."

"I fully realize that," replied the young man, who had just secured the fair one's consent. "That's why I don't want to wait."

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENTS

Mr. E. H. Sothern was welcomed by a series of intelligent and appreciative audiences at the New National Theater this week. The play, "The Song of the Sword," was a melodrama on a rather humble key, despite its introduction of refined types and historical personages. The author, Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, handles the character of Napoleon in the most familiar fashion, subjecting him without remorse to the practical exigencies of stage management and business expenditure. "Napoleon" has been feared on the battlefield and worshiped in the library, but when he gets on the stage he is compelled to take his chances. Mr. Sothern, it is stated, expects to play Hamlet and some other classic characters later on, so as to keep his artistic prestige from being overshadowed by his commercial enterprises. Mr. Sothern is possibly wise in perceiving that it is possible for an actor to become too "popular." The Ward and Vokes entertainment at the Columbia Theater was a sublime exhibition of assurance. Appreciation of "The Floor Walkers" depended on the momentary mood of the spectator. The performance was a variety theater afterpiece, played by first-class people and elaborated into two acts. There were times when "Harold" and "Percy" seemed little more foreign to their surroundings than Ward and Vokes seemed in a theater which has drawn about itself the atmosphere of Cyrano de Bergerac. But the members of the audience who liked it at all liked it immensely. The Lafayette Square had a genuine novelty to offer in the shape of a Chinese comic opera. The appearance of the corps de ballet in Chinese costume, which includes silken trousers, was a delicate but perhaps too abrupt concession to the demands for a more moral drama. A report that the attraction closes its season this week was emphatically denied. The Academy of Music offered horseplay without previous apologies or subsequent regrets with the Rays in "A Hot Old Time." The purposes of the piece, as indicated by its title, seem to have been amply fulfilled. The New Grand Opera House had a bill of average merit with Ransome's travesty of Mark Hanna as a stellar feature. Kernan's had a winning card in Reilly and Woods' show, and the Bijou continued its policy of catering to the admirers of burlesque, as well as those who enjoy a program of specialties. The week has not been one of especial brilliancy, but it held its own in the average for the season up to date.

Next week brings in "Lord and Lady Algy," a society comedy; Roland Reed, with a new comedy, "His Father's Boy," and a colonial drama, "The Open Door," by Lavinia H. Van Westerfelt Dempsey, who has been much advertised as "Queen of the Holland Dames." Madam Herrmann at the New Grand and Rice and Barton at the Bijou are among the "topliners" mentioned in connection with vaudeville.

Florence Rockwell, Stuart Robson's beautiful leading lady in "Oliver Goldsmith," is twenty years old. When she was fourteen years of age she played Juliet and made such a hit that Thomas W. Keene engaged her at once, and for a year she supported him, appearing as Ophelia and Desdemona. Mr. Robson again has a fine company, in which are included Henry E. Dixey, Jeffreys Lewis, Walter Hale, H. A. Weaver and Beaumont Smith.

Mr. R. C. Carton, author of "Lord and Lady Algy," started in life as an actor. Sickness compelled him to give up that profession, but his devotion to the theater led him to write for it. Even now Mr. Carton is a very delicate man, being constantly confined to the house. He writes as he lies on a sofa, and it is said that he is never known to find fault with his condition as an invalid. The success of his plays and the eagerness with which his new works are sought by the principal managers have naturally made him quite happy. The name of Carton was early adopted as a nom de theater.

Mrs. Fiske will close her "Becky Sharp" season in New York with the old year, and open her tour in Boston on New Year day at the Tremont Theater. She will visit but ten cities this season.

Miss Isadore Rush is credited by many people with being a leader in dress among the women of the modern stage. Ladies who study the stage for ideas in costume will be interested in her opinions.

"Every woman should remember that she has some good lines," said Miss Rush, "and she should religiously strive to preserve these lines. Be she stout or lean, long or short, somewhere about her body she has a good line. It may be in the hip, along the thigh, down the back, or in front. In order to preserve good lines, I have long ago discarded petticoats. I never wear them. All I am guilty of is a silk flounce, usually sewed to the lining of my skirt. Then, I like everything to match. My hose and shoes always match the color of my dress; light or dark, I stick to that rule invariably. It's no trouble for a well-dressed woman to have a pair of shoes with every dress. Shoes are cheap now-a-days, and if I cannot buy them to match, I have them made out of a piece of the cloth of my dress. What does a well-dressed woman want nowadays, you ask, in the way of a wardrobe? First of all, the short skirt. I wouldn't do without one for the world. It's the finest thing for walking and general comfort. You remember, I wore one of those skirts out here two years ago, and now I see the women on the streets generally rigged out in that style of attire on rainy and muddy days. Then there is the tailor-made suit, by all means. Then a little afternoon or carriage dress, and an evening gown, with two or three negligees, of course, for the morning. My hats, as you see, also match my gowns, and women who want to be well dressed should take not of this. Always wear a hat that matches the gown. And while on the subject of hats, please say here for me that only the heavy, stout brunette ought to wear a hat down over her nose. All the other kinds of women, blondes, lean, tall, short and of medium proportions, ought, for the sake of themselves, to wear their hats off the face. Especially women with good brows should never hide them under the dip of a hat.

"Gloves should match the dress as religiously as hose and shoes. Another thing I want to emphasize is, that black and white are the loveliest, the swellest, colors in a woman's wardrobe. With a black and white dress she is ready for a funeral or a wedding. As for the handkerchief, I carry that up my sleeve. That's the easiest and best way to carry that little adjunct to a woman's toilet. It's both out of the way and handy. Miss Rush has some magnificent gowns this season, one a lace dress over orange-colored silk. The overdress is made of Russian renaissance in pond lily effect. The prettiest gown in the actress' wardrobe is one made of a crepe de chine shawl, one of those heirlooms found in old and wealthy families. Fringe and all have been utilized in forming the bodice and a dainty little zouave jacket to be worn over the sleeveless waist. Miss Rush has a penchant for hand-made work, and all the embroidery on her clothing, even to the daintiest seams, is hand-made. It's a costly fad, indeed, but it's a fad to which all gentle women cling if they have the price to pay for it."

The balancing act by Judge on the unsupported ladder at the New Grand this week has excited no little interest and admiration, as it is the only one of its kind. Speaking of it, Mr. Judge says:

"Before I did it I was a stenographer and clerk for the Erie road in New York city, but all my folks have been in the theatrical business. I heard my father once tell a gentleman of a ladder act he had seen in Europe years before, and as I was a pretty good stilt walker when a boy I became eager to try it. So I got a ladder and began practicing. One day I managed to give a public exhibition, and made a sensation. My father saw it and abandoned his opposition. Four years ago I became a professional."

The domestic affairs of Mr. Henry Guy Carleton have been made public property by litigation with a former wife concerning rights to "The Butterflies." The actress, who had gotten a divorce from him, produced the following letter, which is interesting as proof of the fact that a playwright produces brilliant and convincing sentences in his private correspondence as well as in his public compositions:

"BOSTON, January 2, 1894.

"Beloved—My Wife: Inclosed is the formal transfer to you of my wedding gift to you, a play whose third act was written with your beautiful face before me in memory, and with love of you filling my heart with hopes sweeter than hopes of heaven—a play whose success is more than a little due to your own exquisite self illuminating it like a ray of sunshine.

"I do not wait till our formal wedding in March, for I wish you to know it from the beginning, and I am now in your debt $1,369, already paid me, and which sum is to be refunded to you.

"You are the one holy thing in life—the first to teach me the unutterable sweetness of love—the first to whom my soul gave its absolute self, the first who drew from my nature its entire strength, its perfect adoration.

"I love you, love you. HAL.

"P. S.—Should the occasion arise I desire you to enforce this transfer. By it you are enforcing my dearest wish."

If Mr. Carleton were sufficiently cold-blooded he might put the letter into a play. It would sound very effective across the footlights.

Richard Mansfield is to do "Beau Brummell" and some others of his old plays again, the successor to "Cyrano" not yet having occurred.

One of the leading music halls in New York has a burlesque on "Barbara Freitchie," with the irreverent title "Barbara Fidgity."

Chicago is disposed to regard "Zaza" as mild and moral compared with Olga Nethersole's "Sapho."

William H. Crane is to appear in the dramatization of "David Harum," for which Charles Frohman has arranged. The first production will occur in Syracuse, N. Y., where the late Edward Noyes Westcott, author of the novel, lived.

John W. Albaugh, sr., the veteran manager of the Lyceum Theater, Baltimore, who has been prominently identified with Washington theaters, makes his farewell appearance in Baltimore tonight, with a performance of "Shylock." He has been connected with the stage as an actor or manager for forty years.

The character of Roubillac, the Italian artist in "The Dagger and the Cross," is said to afford Robert B. Mantell, who will be at the Lafayette Theater Christmas week, perhaps the best opportunity he has recently had to display his powers as a romantic actor.

Sol Smith Russell believes that a better tone is soon to assert itself in theatrical performances and in public taste. He recently said in Chicago:

"It has never been my fate to see the decadence of a play house or the drama but I always see the good ahead. In spite of it all the signs of the times are favorable. It has been a pet opinion of mine to observe that the theater is obtaining today a caste that it needs for its future safety. We will have the drama proper, tragedy, classic plays, the domestic drama and the different forms of the melodrama, different forms of dramatic entertainment in theaters that have been built and dedicated to their use. That is where caste is coming in. We will always know our first-class theaters and our tragedy houses, the classic play house, down to the kindergarten of the theater proper in the vaudeville house.

"The strongest evidence in favor of my argument is the establishment of superior stock companies, presenting plays in a better manner than we used to give them in the old stock days. The public is giving strong recognition and encouragement to these efforts. I attended a performance in Cincinnati by a stock company that was a surprise to me. There is no better school for a beginner than to be associated with intelligent people, such as I have found members of these stock companies to be. When the old stock days passed away there was no school for the actor left, but it is all coming back, and as good plays predominate, and, in fact, are the only ones obtainable under royalties that do not kill all profits, the immoral play will have a short-lived run, I think."

"The Girl From Maxim's" was roundly berated by the Philadelphia papers and did a business so large that the engagement was extended beyond the time originally contemplated. The management attributes the success of the piece largely to the violence with which its immoral tone was condemned.

The first production of "Who Killed Cock Robin," which was to have appeared in Washington, proved to be a brief and melancholy inquest. It lasted one night. Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke says the authors were to blame, while others are inclined to place the responsibility with Mr. Seabrooke.

Miss Mary Sanders, who is well known in Washington, is to essay a starring season in a series of the plays which Lotta used. She will first appear at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, in "Little Nell and the Marchioness," from Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." The company will include P. Aug. Anderson, who played Quilp with Lotta, and Harry Lacy, who will play Dick Swiveller.

NEW NATIONAL THEATER.—Charles Frohman will present the Empire Theater Company in "Lord and Lady Algy" during its tenth annual Washington engagement, which will begin at the National Theater on Monday evening and continue for six nights and two matinees. R. C. Carton, the author of "Liberty Hall," wrote this comedy, and it is one of the greatest successes the Empire players have ever appeared in. It ran all last season at the Empire Theater to crowded houses, closing its run in