SCULPTURAL BEAUTIES OF THEATRE FRANCAIS.

PIERRE CORNEILLE, 1606-84. Wrote "Polyeucte," "Le Menteur," "Sophonisbe" and Attila."

(JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN) MOLIERE, 1622-73. Wrote "Tartuffe," "Le Misanthrope," "George Dandin," and other comedies.

JEAN RACINE, 1639-99. Wrote "Andromaque," "Berenice" and "Phedre."

VICTOR HUGO, 1802-85. Wrote "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables" and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer."

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Paris, March 29.—The new Theater Francais in Paris, that has taken the place of the one that was burnt down not so very long ago, is to have many architectural and sculptural beauties, not the least of which are the four medallions designed by M. Denys Puech. M. Puech has given us in addition to the three French literary heroes of the past a portrature of Victor Hugo, in which the poet, dramatist and novelist is depicted as in his younger days.

The installation of the medallions was simultaneous with the celebration of the Victor Hugo centenary.

GERALDINE FARRAR, THE BOSTON GIRL ENIGMA.

Although Only 19 Years Old, She Is Berlin's Reigning Prima Donna.

Geraldine Farrar was received in private by the Emperor and Empress of Germany this afternoon and after a kind reception was asked to sing for their Majesties. The Emperor was so pleased with her performance that he presented the American prima donna with a diamond brooch of great value. —News Item.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Berlin, March 3.—That Bostno young woman is puzzling us.

From the Kaiser down—who imagines himself no end of a critic—to the last Fraulein with music on her soul—and they all have in this country—everybody is asking himself, or herself, how she can do it, how can Geraldine Farrar, a mere slip of a girl of 19, give as finished a performance of the child-murdered Margherite as of the winning, lovely Gretchen in the second act?

Where did she get the psychological training for impersonating a Traviata, or Nedda more truthful, more logical, more finished in subtle detail than the most experienced and tried prima donna who saw life in all its phases, who studied men and things as long or longer than this child saw the light?

Methodical persons cannot, or will not, understand that there are others who know by intuition what the average mortal must acquire by laborious processes, by years of schooling, decades of experience.

"She must be more than 19, perhaps 30 or 40," says the majority.

"She is a wonder child, the impersonation of a musical and dramatic miracle," cry honest enthusiasts.

Geraldine struck me neither as physically ripe beyond her years, nor as a prodigy, when I called upon her recently. I arrived punctually at the appointed hour, but, prima-donna-like, she had forgotten all about our engagement, and, womanlike, she was just dressing, as the message-carrying servant stated.

Half an hour later she bounded into the parlor in a short bicycle skirt and a fascinating blouse that could never have been constructed in Berlin. An elderly German lady in her suite she introduced "as interpreter when needed."

"For I am going to talk German with you," she added, "once to show off, and again for exercise. I am not eating sauerkraut and wiener wurst three times a week for fun."

There was the child, the smartness of the unrestricted, blunt American girl under 20, a growth that people in this country can't make out and will not accept as real.

"Pardon me for making you wait," she continued, as an afterthought, "I never receive visitors at home and the girl is instructed to tell all callers the same story."

"I suppose you came in from a spin in the Thiergarten?" I said, unconscious of my rudeness, when a generous expanse of her prettily turned ankle caught my eye.

"No, the wheel is much to tame for me, but I ride and drive passionately, but not now. I am obliged to study night and day to get ahead in my profession. Besides, I have to take care of my voice."

Thus modestly spoke a girl whose operatic creations, from the musical and dramatic standpoint, show her to be a mistress of her art. Only 19 and as finished an actress and prima-donna as ever trod the boards. That, of course, doesn't say that Miss Farrar has as yet achieved the pinnacle of her fame.

"And now tell me what you think of my German." The childlike expression returned to her face and poutingly she bent her head over her left shoulder. "Am I doing well?"

"Your vocabulary is exceptional, and so is your American accent."

Geraldine laughed and applauded with both hands and feet. "Not bad, then, for six months' study—that's as long as I am here. But, I assure you, I commenced the minute I struck Berlin, and it came awfully hard at first—for a Boston girl, think of it."

"You were born in Boston?"

"I am proud to say yes—nineteen years ago. I remained till I was 17. Yes; I studied music in my native town—after a style. To tell the truth, I don't think I profited much. No; I won't give names."

This seems rather tough on Geraldine's Boston teachers, but they needn't fret, for, as a critic, this young woman is as irresponsible, as quick to condemn, as she is great in her own line.

"From Boston I went to Paris direct."

"And studied with Mme. Marchesi?" I added unhesitatingly, remembering Miss Farrar's astonishing record as a Koleratur singer.

The thoughtlessness of the very young girl again asserted itself in Geraldine's reply. "There you are mistaken," she said, rather deprecatingly. "While La Marches has taught singing to three or four prima donnas, she spoils ten times as many voices as she 'makes.' No; I studied in Paris with Angelo de Trabadelo, but learned most I know from Graziani in Berlin. Count Hochberg, the intendant of the royal opera, heard me sing, quite accidentally, too, at a private soiree, and was so pleased with my performance that he asked me to consent to a trial appearance as Margherite.

"Immediately after my debut he engaged me for three years; quite a compliment to my teacher, wasn't it? This is the first of the three, and, in accordance with usage, I rank as a foreign "visitor" at the royal opera, and, as such, am entitled to sing in Italian. Next season I will have to show off my German, including the American accent, hence my passion for mastering the difficult tongue of the Teutons."

"And in what part do you expect to make your German debut?" I asked.

"As Elsa."

"What, 'Lohengrin,' too? 'Traviata' and 'Elsa' kolorature and high dramatic school?" I cried, astonished at the versatility of this young girl.

"Pshaw!" laughed Geraldine, and there wasn't an ounce of affectation in her manner—"pshaw! that's all the same to me. I am not binding myself to any specialty, if you please. That's the reason why I have to study so awfully hard—all the time, in fact. I can stand it, though. I am still young, you know."

"But, nevertheless, you puzzle us critics as well as impresarios and musical conductors all over the country. I didn't come here to pay compliments, but I must say with the rest that your singing and acting are quite beyond anything ever before heard or seen in so young a person."

"Well, I can't help it," said the Boston girl, with just about an ounce of pretty coquetry.

"Perhaps you inherited your great gifts." The German equivalent of 'inherited' was too much for Geraldine, and she looked helplessly at the old lady, who explained in a well-set speech that went to the root of the term and some miles beyond it.

"Oh, you mean I may have got it from papa and mamma. Yes, they were both popular singers in the States, but they never went beyond the concert-room. There they stopped. The stage frightened them."

At this moment a very elegant, youthful looking lady with an exquisitely shaped figure entered and greeted me with much grace and dignity. "This is mamma," said Geraldine, "she never leaves me, but papa has to go to Boston every six months to look after his real estate." The little speech was delivered in so child-like a manner—those who think Geraldine older than she pretends to be would beg her pardon if they could have heard her.

"Are you going to keep house in Berlin?"

"No, we prefer a 'pension.' When the season is over we pack up and go traveling. That suits Americans best."

Miss Farrar said she had numerous offers from managers all over Germany to sing during the summer, but declined to accept. "As I am still studying, I thought I ought to confine my activity to the royal opera," she said. "I will not be heard outside of Berlin while this present engagement lasts."

Conversation then drifted to the subject of other great artists. "I reckon you saw Duse, Rejane, Sarah Bernhardt—they are fine examples to study."

"You don't suppose," said the child, rather angrily, "that I model my characters on what I see in others? I do not. Yes, I have seen some great actors, but not with the view of taking pattern after them. You see, I prefer to do everything my own way—to work out my artistic salvation on purely original lines, so to speak. What I did study, and studied with profit, were the antique statues and grand paintings in the Louvre. Every hour I could spare from my singing lessons I spent in that grand institute studying the masterpieces of all ages."

This answer completely baffled me and several learned persons, to whom I repeated it, felt the same way. Think of a 19-year-old child creating a Gretchen, with all that character means, and La Traviata out of her own brain, and creating them so sublimely beautiful as to be almost classic conceptions. Where did she obtain the psychological knowledge necessary for the task? Intuition? There isn't a girl out of 10,000, outside of America, capable of such a feat of imagination.

And think of this 17-year-old studying pose and grace and deportment from the cold figures of antique statues—emotions, love, hatred, desperation, a happy spirit and a nimble one from painted canvases! It's possible, of course, but must unusual. And what about the plastic of the soul?

I looked at the girlish figure in the rocking chair, as she sat in her short skirt, her graceful limbs crossed somewhat slantly, idly playing with a tassel, and then, at a near-by portrait of her: "Geraldine Farrar as Margherite, last act." The girl before me the living image of the Gretchen of the second act—a girl every inch, all sweetness, innocence, loveliness and grace.

But yonder the murderess, the full-grown woman who killed her child. The face was changed, aged, tragedy in every line, madness playing around the quivering mouth. Geraldine's despairing Margherite is one of the most truthful, most lifelike performances one can see—as truthful, as lifelike as the sweet girlishness of her Gretchen, second act.

One of the greatest of all actresses, Ristori, once told me: "There are things one must live through before one can portray them." But 19-year-old Geraldine can portray them apparently without leaving her rocking chair.

I said "apparently," though I must confess that in all she does on the stage she is most natural. She has no mannerisms, she is singularly free from affectation.

I continued to talk to her, Geraldine to answer. As one cross-examines a bad boy suspected of withholding the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I plied her with questions in the hope of learning something that might, in some way or other, explain this enigma of the musical and dramatic world.

I wasted much valuable time, though not without profit on the whole. One can always learn by talking to a pretty, self-relying woman.

On the table opposite Geraldine's picture was a portrait of Calve as the mad Ophelia. "A fine face," said Miss Farrar, but when I suggested that it would pay any rising star to go and see her, she smiled. I forgot—this Boston girl wants to be, above all, original.

As, on taking leave, I shook hands with the prima donna, her girlishness, her innocent ways again betrayed themselves in her manner, singularly frank and unaffected. Only the girls and boys of free America "shake" in that hearty way. She looked me through and through with her bright eyes as if endeavoring to find out what I thought of her.

When I turned once more at the door to bow to Geraldine's mother, who had reentered the room, I saw Miss Farrar stand at her writing desk, her fair brow ruffled, the lines of her face hard and unsympathetic. She was already deep in her studies I suppose, and the pose she assumed harmonized ill with her short bicycle skirt. Yet, on a former occasion, Geraldine said to me: "The minute I leave the stage and enter my home, I am all child again."

GUSTAV KIESOW.

SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES, NOW IN NEW YORK WITH "THE VAMPIRE."

Creator of Weird Painting, the Wonderful Art and Meaning of Which Have Made It One of the Most Talked-About Works of a Decade, Chats About His Career—Picture Inspired Kipling's Poem by the Same Title and Containing the Graphic Descriptive Phrase, "A Rag, a Bone and a Hank of Hair"—Mrs. Patrick Campbell Posed for the Woman's Figure.

SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES. COPYRIGHT PHOTO BY AIME DUPONT

"THE VAMPIRE," NOW ON EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK.

The Vampire.

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair.
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which the might have seen when she threw him aside—
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived, but most of him died.
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand—
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

New York, March 28.—Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the celebrated English artist, who arrived in this city recently for his first professional visit to America, and who brought with him a number of his best paintings, now on exhibition at Knoedler's gallery, has accomplished a social and artistic furore here principally through a first viewing by art connoisseurs of his famous painting, "The Vampire."

Sitting cozily before an open-grate fire, in his handsome studio, last night, with thoughts of home in his head and a frank confession of home-sickness upon his lips, the mood was present and Sir Philip was cajoled into talking about himself.

"I was born in London in 1861. My godfathers at christening were John Ruskin and Dante Gabriel Rossetti."

"As a child my first toys were the discarded paint tubes of my venerated father, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and his studio was more often my playground than the nursery. It never seemed to bother him to have me about, even though while at work I threw myself across his lap or hung about his neck."

Sir Phillip's eyes moistened a bit as he spoke of his distinguished father, and he quickly went on to say: "I owe everything to my father—everything of success and everything of happiness which I have ever enjoyed, and all the varied experiences and meetings with men that I have been privileged since my father's death have not destroyed his image, as, in my eyes, that of the ideal man and artist.

"I was reared in the art atmosphere, and absorbed it naturally. My uncle, Sir Edward Poynter, now president of the Royal Academy, was a constant visitor at our home, and Alma Tadema, Sir Edward Leighton and other famous artists were likewise friends and visitors. I attended "Marlborough" preparatory school, and in due course entered University College at Oxford, where I remained for two years, almost intoxicated by the many charms and beauties of the famous old college town.

"I thought more of art than of my studies at this time, for I soon broke out of college life and declared my intention of becoming an artist to my father. He had desired other things for me, but received the intelligence with his usual calm and kindliness. He sent me to Calderon's Art School in St. John's Wood, and after I received the rudimentary training there I studied for a year under Sir William Richmond.

"After this I commenced to paint seriously and to sell my pictures. My first work, "The Madonna of the Future," was bought by Sir William Agnew, and I felt that I had fairly started.

"With the exception of a few sojourns in Italy, Spain, France and Belgium, the bulk of my work and of my experience has been accomplished in London.

"Up to a year or two ago I did all sorts of things, painting portraits, landscapes and imaginative pieces with equal interest, but within this period I have definitely determined on portraiture as my specialty.

"I have painted with a fair measure of success the portraits of George Watts, Lord Rayleigh, Sir George Lewis, Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and many other well-known people in England.

"My first commission in this country was given me by Messrs. Liebler & Co. for a portrait of Mr. Kyrle Bellew (an old friend of mine, by the way), which, as you see, is now finished on my easel."

Sir Philip's better known works are "Earth Rise From the Moon," "The Shadow of the Sun," "The Unpainted Masterpiece," "Ave Stella Maris," and, as before mentioned, the "Vampire," which was painted in Brussels in 1893.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the celebrated English actress now touring America, posed for the woman's figure in this now famous painting, the wonderful art and meaning of which has made it one of the most talked-about works of the past decade. It was from this painting that Rudyard Kipling received the inspiration for his scarcely less famous poem, bearing the same title and containing the ghoulish descriptive phrase—"a rag, a bone and a hank of hair."

WHEN GEN. SINGLETON ENTERTAINED FAMOUS POLITICIANS AT BOSCOBEL.

Magnificent Fetes Once Held at His Illinois Country Place, Which Is Now a Pile of Ruins—He Met the Prince of Wales in 1860 and Wanted to Present Youth Wit h "Silver Heels," a Thoroughbred Horse— The General Owned a Farm of F our Hundred Acres.

RUINS OF BOSCOBELL.

The late General Singleton's country seat.

GENERAL J. W. SINGLETON.

This photograph was taken in 1879, while he was a member of Congress.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Quincy, Ill., March 29.—The recent visit to St. Louis of Prince Henry of Prussia, coupled with the death, at Rippen, W. Va., of Mrs. James W. Singleton, several weeks ago, recalls another visit of royalty to the World's Fair city. It also brings to mind the characters and traits of those who at that time occupied the public eye, and furnishes a study in contrasts.

General James W. Singleton, a contemporary of Lincoln and Douglas, a representative of one of "the first families of Virginia," was conspicuous for a half century in the councils of State and nation. General Singleton's dilapidated country seat, Boscobel, situated on the edge of this city, has for years attracted the attention of visitors who came to Quincy.

He was born at his father's country place in Poxton, Va., in 1811.

Supplied With Money and a Fine Horse.

At the age of 23 he was supplied with a fine saddle horse and a comfortable sum and sent out into the world. In 1834 he rode into Mount Sterling, Brown County, and called at a house for shelter. As it happened that there was a case of smallpox in the family, young Singleton, having graduated as a physician, was warmly welcomed. He brought the patient out in a short time. The citizens then refused to allow him to leave the village. He settled down to practice medicine. While doing so he perfected himself in law. Four years after locating in Mount Sterling he was admitted to the bar. Ever after that he was identified with the legal profession.

In 1844 he was commissioned a Brigadier General by Governor Thomas Ford for bravery during the Mormon troubles. In 1847 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention and a member of the Legislature. In 1854 he came to Quincy and was immediately returned to the Legislature, where he remained for several more terms. In 1862 he was again a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, and after that was appointed a Commissioner to confer with the British and Canadian authorities relative to a continuous waterway between the countries.

Jefferson Davis as a Peace Delegate.

In 1863 President Lincoln named General Singleton as one of the peace delegates to go to Richmond to confer with Jefferson Davis. In 1878 he was sent to Congress from the Quincy district. The following year he was defeated at the Democratic Convention. General Singleton built what is now the Wabash Railroad between this city and Meredosia. He was attorney for the old Hannibal and St. Joseph Line.

Twelve years ago he disposed of his interests here and removed to his old home in Virginia, where he died ten years later.

But with all his manifold duties he found time for two things: One was the almost prodigal entertainment of his friends and the other the indulgence of his one hobby—fine stock.

And this brings to mind the first royal visit to St. Louis. It was in 1860 that General Singleton exhibited his magnificent stallion, Silver Heels, at the St. Louis Fair. The animal created something of a sensation. When Prince Edward of Wales, now the King of England, made his tour of the United States, he visited the St. Louis Fair.

A varied programme had been arranged for him. Among other features provided, was an afternoon at the ringside. The young Prince, then only about 19, was a great admirer of horse flesh. The finest specimens in the country were to be seen there.

His Chat With the Prince of Wales.

When Silver Heels was led out the Prince clapped his hands in joy and asked to be introduced to the owner. General Singleton was told of the Prince's delight, and taken to the royal box, when the following conversation took place:

"That is a beautiful beast, General. I would give a great deal for him. Is he for sale?" inquired Prince Edward.

"Do you really like him so much as that?" asked the General.

"I do," responded the young man, "and I would like to take him back to England with me."

"Then please acept him with my compliments."

The answer was so unexpected, yet given in such a sincere manner that the Prince was confused by the General's liberality. The horse had just been awarded a $2,000 premium, and this prodigality was too much, even for the heir apparent to the English throne.

That evening the Prince made special inquiries regarding General Singleton, and learned that he was deeply attached to the horse. The Prince was affected by the generous impulse which made him the possessor of one of the most valuable animals in the world. Next day, when the General called to take him for a drive behind "Silver Heels," and to handle the reins for the last time, as he thought.

The Prince told him candidly that he could not accept the gift. He appreciated greatly the motives, but he had heard of the General's attachment for the animal. It is said General Singleton was at first inclined to be angry. They were great friends after the incident, and corresponded for many years after the Prince returned to England.

This is but an instance of the generous traits possessed by General Singleton. Those who have been guests at the historic country seat, Boscobel, will bear witness that his entertainment there was of the princely kind.

Chaotic Brick Pile Still Visited by Tourists.

Even to this day the chaotic pile of brick and mortar, with its clinging vines, is visited by those who once sat at the board or who have heard of the hospitality dispensed there. The scene now presented is one to bring sadness. The fine lawn is a mass of tangled underbrush and rank weeds; the dilapidated outbuildings and general appearance of ruin and desolation which present themselves give little idea of the past beauties and magnificence of Boscobel. The echo of the fetes, the scent of the big barbecues, the voices of the nation's great councilors, which were wont to gather there in the day's of old, have all been hushed. The 400 acres of rich, rolling soil have been cut up into small farms. The high-bred cattle are replaced with the common milch-cow of the dairyman. The tall elms, which lined either side of the winding driveway to the door, have nearly all withered and died, emphasizing the spirit of despair which seems to have taken possession.

The death of Mrs. Singleton has severed the last link of the glorious past that connected it with the indifferent present. She had served with the grace of a Queen at the board which entertained Presidents, Senators and other notables. Now she lies beside her illustrious husband in Virginia soil, and Boscobel is a moldering heap.

MRS. ARTHUR CADOGAN AND HER TAME PYTHON, "GENESIS."

Mrs. Arthur Cadogan is the wife of Lord Cadogan's younger brother and daughter of Reverend Livingstone Fenton.