[BY L. BEHYMER.]

The Riverside press of the Houghton, Mifflin & Company have just issued "Greek Poets in English Verse," by various translators, edited, with introduction and notes, by William Hyde Appleton, professor of Greek in Swarthmore college. The editor has attempted in this work to do for Greek poetry, through the medium of translating, what has been so often done for English poetry, that is, to give to the reader, within the compass of a single volume, some idea of its wealth, and at the same time to stimulate and guide him to further and more thorough reading. The study of the Greek language would seem to be coming more and more to be the study of the few. But a knowledge of Greek history, Greek art, Greek literature, thought and feeling is the concern of everybody. Fortunately, these things are not the monopoly of Greek scholars. The English language now contains much excellent translation from the Greek, both prose and poetry, scattered, however, through a multitude of volumes.

With the additional aid of the histories of Greek literature, the many critical essays upon Greek subjects, together with such works as the series of Ancient Classics for English Readers, it has become quite possible to pursue a Greek course in English. Indeed, there would seem to be no reason why our higher schools and colleges should not give in the English language, courses in the study of Greek and Latin literature to their non-classical students. Mr. Richard G. Moultons of England, who has had large experience in this matter of teaching ancient literature in translation, has shown in America, as in England, how attractive these themes may be made to large audiences of persons not supposed to be acquainted with the subject will be surprised at the revelation of the astonishing weath of Greek poetry in spite of all its loss, in this book—a poetry so rich,

As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries.

This very richness of material has made the task of selection one of no little difficulty.

The passages given in the work are fairly representative of the great ages and phases of Greek poetry. But as no book of selections can meet exactly the tastes of all, some of the readers may miss the very thing they hope to find. The vexed question of Homeric translation is not discussed, for it is safe to say that no version has yet met all demands. For the Iliad two passages have been given from Chapman, on account of his position in literature as an Elizabethan classic. If the truth must be told, his is the last translation in the world to be recommended to the general reader. The reason is apparent. Chapman is hard reading. Every page has vigorous phrasing and passages of a sweet poetic charm, but at the same time we can read scarcely a dozen lines consecutively without being brought up suddenly by some obscurity of the sense through his quaintness, indirectness or looseness of construction. It is too much to ask of readers of translation that they should stop every few minutes to puzzle over the meaning of what they are reading. Pope, however inadequate from the point of view of the scholar, is in style vigorous and brilliant and has the important merit demanded in a translation—that of being readable. This is the reason why the selections from the Iliad have been made chiefly from him, while passages have been given in the spirited ballad measures of Maginn—his efforts in this direction being an interesting experiment and cleverly executed, but sufficiently convincing that the ballad manner is not the manner of Homer. As for that dream of scholars and poets alike—a successful rendering of Homer into English in the original dactylic hexameters—it seems little likely of realization; though here and there great success has been attained with single passages, as in Dr. Hawtry's Helen on the Walls of Troy, and in E. C. Stedman's Death of Agamemnon, both given in this volume. The plan of the work excluded prose revisions, but it is, nevertheless, through these that the non-classical reader must gain his nearest approach to Homer. The beautiful versions of the Odessey, by Messrs. Butcher and Lang in England and Prof. G. H. Palmer in America, are instances of marvelous success in close prose translation.

Our debt to the Greeks—in art, in literature, in philosophy—has been universally recognized. Great as is our obligation in the realm of art, it is as great in that of literature. There is no art to tell us how this work may again be done. The wrath of Achilles, the wanderings of Ulysses, the woes of the house of Thebes, and the tragedy of the house of Mycenae still hold us under the spell of their tremendous power, but they can never be told again. The Greeks created; they imitated none nor can they be imitated, for the secret of their art lies "deeper than ever plummet sounded." The great lines of poetical development were in the Epic, the Lyric and the Drama. We see the two great epics, whoever the author, whatever the process of their construction, consistent, harmonious wholes—different in kind, but equal in charm. The Iliad is not, as might seem from its name, the story of Ilium; that is it does not tell the entire story of the Trojan War. It narrates but an episode, occurring in the tenth year of the long struggle, and at the close of the poem Troy is still untaken. When we turn from the Iliad to the Odessey, we pass into a different world. And what a world of infinite variety and beauty! The Iliad echoes with the din of war. The Odessey is a story of adventure, full of the wild and thrilling, but not wanting in sweet pictures of idyllic charm. The poet takes us into the wonderland of the early world. These subjects and much more is made plainer in the pages of this book, and we not only owe our indebtedness to the author, but also to the great translators of the past, as well as the many English scholars of the "living present" whose names appear in its pages.

***

Houghton, Mufflin & Co. are the publishers of a new biography in the American Statesmen series, a biography interesting to all, both young and old, that of the illustrious Abraham Lincoln, by John T. Morse, jr., editor of the series and author of John Quincy Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, etc., etc. It is only 30 years since Abraham Lincoln became of much note in the world, yet in that brief time he has been the subject of more varied discussion than has been expended upon any other historical character, save, perhaps, Napoleon; and the kind of discussion which has been called forth by Lincoln is not really to be likened to that which has taken place concerning Napoleon or concerning any other person whomsoever. The great men of the various eras and nations are comprehensible, at least upon broad lines. The traits to which each owes his peculiar power can be pretty well agreed upon the capacity of each can be tolerably well expressed in a formula; each can be intelligibly described in fairly distint phrases; and whether this be in the spirit of admiration or of condemnation will, in all cases which admit of doubt, be largely a question of the personal sympathies of the observer. But Lincoln stands apart in striking solitude—an enigma to all men. The world eagerly asks of each person who endeavors to write or speak of him: What illumination have you for us? Have you solved the mystery? Can you explain this man? The task has been essayed many times; it will be essayed many times more; it never has been and probably it never will be entirely achieved, each biographer, each writer or speaker, makes his little contribution to the study, and must be content to regard it merely as a contribution. Lincoln was like Shakespere, in that he seemed to run through the whole gamut of human nature. From the superstition of the ignorant backwoodsman to that profoundest faith which is the surest measure of man's greatness. Lincoln passed along the whole distance. In his early days he struck his roots deep down into the common soil of the earth, and in his latest years his head towered and shown among the stars. Yet his greatest, his most distinctive and most abiding trait was his humaneness of nature; he was the expression of his people; at some periods of his life and in some ways it may be that he expressed them in their uglier form, but generally he displayed them in their noblest and most beautiful developments, yet, for worse or better, one is always conscious of being in close touch with him as a fellow man. People often call him the greatest man who ever lived; but in fact, he was not properly to be compared with any other. One may set up a pole and mark notches upon it, and lable them with the names of Julius Cæsar, William of Orange, Cromwell, Napoleon, even Washington, and may measure these men against each other, and dispute and discuss their respective places. But Lincoln can not be brought to this pole; he can not be entered in any such competition. This is not necessarily because he was greater than any of these men; for, before this could be asserted, the question would have to be settled; how is greatness to be estimated? One can hardly conceive that in any age of the world or any combination of circumstances a capacity and temperament like that of Cæsar or Napoleon would not force itself into prominence and control. On the other hand, it is easy to suppose that, if precisely such a great moral question and peculiar crisis as gave to Lincoln his opportunity, had not arisen contemporaneously with his years of vigor, he might never have got further away from obscurity than does the ordinary member of congress. He was the most individual man who ever lived; let us be content with this fact. Let us take him simply as Abraham Lincoln, singular and solitary, as we all see that he was; let us be thankful if we can make a niche big enough for him among the world's heroes, without worrying ourselves about the proportions which it may bear to other niches; and there let him remain forever, lonely, as in his strange lifetime, impressive, mysterious, unmeasured and unsolved. Such a spirit Mr. Morse shows in his striking biography of Lincoln. He shows him as he was, as far as it is possible for the author to see him.

The sketch of his gradual rise from his early life to a leader in his neighborhood, in his state, and finally in the nation, are told in a true, patriotic, unbiased spirit; and the great political movements, the history of the civil war, and the trials of the administration, are no less truthfully and vividly described. Mr. Morse has digested the enormous mass of printed material about Lincoln in such a manner that he gives us a compact, well-rounded biography, which is not too long for the busy man of our day to read, nor too brief for the scholar to consider the best Life of Lincoln we have, or are likely to have.

***

Harper Brothers' new publication by Brander Matthews, is entitled The Story of a Story, and other stories. The initial story tells in a graceful and sympathetic manner the history of a short story, its creation, acceptance, publication and the part it played in the lives of some of its readers. The others are: A Canoe and a Pastel, Two Letters, The New Member of the Club, Etelka Talmeyr, a tale of three cities. All show artistic perception and possess a flavor of satiric humor.

***

Another interesting book of short stories is one published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by Mrs. Margaret Deland, entitled Mr. Tommy Dove, and other stories. Mr. Tommy Dove is one of the distinct and in a way most charming of Mrs. Deland's characters. His gentleness and shyness, his kindness and genuine goodness, win the heart of the reader as well as Miss Temples, and it is a satisfaction that the course of true love of these two mild souls, though it could not be otherwise than smooth even when obstructed, eventually led out into sunshine and peace. The other stories are: At Whose Door, A Fourth-class Appointment, Elizabeth and The Face on the Wall.

***

Charles Scribner's Sons have reproduced that strong novel, Social Struggles, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Few men who follow the profession of letters in America are better qualified to write realistic fiction, in the higher meaning of the phrase, than Professor Boyesen. He has the advantage of long residence and sympathy with democratic principles, added to the impartiality of a man of European descent. Social struggles, which has appeared in the columns of the Cosmopolitan, is a study of an American family which "rises" through some interesting experiences into the upper strata of the polite New York world. The volume is dedicated by the author to his friend, Mowells, with the principles of whose literary workmanship Professor Boyesen has profound sympathy.

All the above books for sale by the Stoll & Thayer company, 139 South Spring street.

Book Chat.

G. W. Dillingham will publish next month Albert Ross' new novel, An Original Sinner, which is said to be a much deeper study than any of its predecessors.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is writing a new novel, a companion work to David Grieve and Robert Elsmere.

Matthew Arnold's Letters are to be brought out in the fall. Arnold's old friend, George Russell, the under secretary for India, is editing them.

Sara Jeannette Duncan, whose great success, An American Girl in London, caused so many readers enjoyment, has just finished a book entitled, The Simple Adventures of a Mem-Sahib. It narrates with spontaneous humor the quaint and amusing experiences of a young lady who goes to India, where she is married and begins housekeeping under entirely fresh conditions.

Professor Lauciani, the Roman archaeologist, has resigned his place under the government in the department of antiquities to accept a promotion in the University of Rome, and has thus secured the requisite leisure to prepare and furnish his archaeological map and description of ancient and mediaeval Rome.

The announcement is made that Madame la Comtesse de Mirabean-Martel—otherwise "Gyp"—is about to publish a number of sketches bearing on the Panama scandal and its effects upon the "high life" of Paris. No promise could more whet curious anticipation. For, no doubt, many members of the most exalted "monde" are more or less involved in Panama. And surely there is no one who could more clevely set them off than "Gyp."

Alice Morse Earle, author of "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," is at work on a new book to be entitled "Customs and Manners in Old New England." "Appletons' Guide to Alaska and the Northwest Coast," is by Miss E. R. Scidmore, the Alaskan traveller, and forms a complete handbook for all the coast country between Puget Sound and the Arctic Ocean. It is fully illustrated and contains many maps, fully describing the new and scenic regions lately opened.

That audacious and lively publication, "Tales from Town Topics," is out again in a Midsummer Number, with a special $1,000 prize novel, entitled "Six Months in Hades," added to the usual collection of bright things reproduced from the old numbers of the New York society journal. The story is decidedly odd and fascinating in plot, and the short matter is selected with the especial view of adding to the geniality of the summer season. "Tales from Town Topics" is just the sort of a book that one likes to take on the shady end of a piazza, or down on the rocks by the shore during a quiet and lazy afternoon. It is a cool, clever and cunning production, and quite unique in the literature of the day.—Town Topics, 21 West Twenty-third street, New York.

Strawberry Culture.

A series of tests were recently made at Maryland Agricultural Experiment station with strawberries, with the following results: Best varieties Michel's Early and Hoffman for early; Bubach No. 5, Daisy, May King and Alabama for late. These are described as follows:

Michel's Early—Large; fine flavor; soft; ripens early; runs more than any other variety.

Hoffman—Firm; good color; large and productive; ripens earliest of any variety tested.

Bubach No. 5—Most profitable berry on the list; larger than Sharpless; good color and flavor; very promising.

May King—Used to fertilize Bubach; large; good quality; productive; soft.

Alabama—Week later than Hoffman; finest flavor; very firm and productive; very promising.

Parker Earle—Largest plant on the grounds; set five times as many berries as Bubach; berries larger than of that variety, and of good flavor; the leading berry for rich land.

Gandy—Large, firm and attractive; good color; excellent for canning.

In summing up the results of the experiments the Report says: "Success and profit in the cultivation of the strawberry are dependent on several conditions. Selection of best adapted varieties, planting, cultivating, picking and handling in such a way as that the berries may reach the market in the most attractive condition. Observation and experience have established certain facts in regard to strawberry growing. One is that the heaviest yields may be expected from the pestilate varieties. Another is that it is essentially necessary to put a sufficient quantity of staminate plants near them to ensure complete pollenization.

There is another important fact that is very frequently not appreciated, and that is the effect this has on the character and quality of the fruit itself. In selecting varieties and making combinations of them for profit, this suggestion may well be considered.—California Cultivator.

The Culture of Peanuts.

The peanut crop of Southern California is not to be sneezed at. It is growing every year, and there are a great many men who get the livelihood for their families, while their orchard property is becoming productive, from sales of their crop of peanuts. The market price for peanuts has been 6 and 7 cents a pound for many months, and for a time was 8 cents a pound. At those prices there is from $55 to $80 an acre in a good peanut crop. The vines can be easily grown between the rows of trees in a yong orchard without damage to the trees. In fact, some horticulturists claim that peanut growing in an orchard enriches the soil by the decayed vines, and that the soil is kept in good condition by the frequent cultivation of the crop.

A well-drained, loamy soil is best for peanuts. Their culture is quite simple. The variety known as the California White is considered the best. Plow the soil to a good depth and harrow down smoothly; plant in rows three feet apart, and drop one nut in a place, with 20 inches distance between; cultivate thoroughly, not farther than they are in bloom, leaving the soil fine and mellow around the plants. Do not cover the flowers, for when the plants are ready the flower stalks will bend down and enter the ground, where the nuts form. Be sure and have good fresh seed; crush the shells of the nuts as they are dropped and cover the same as corn.—[Ex.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral waters.

THE CRITICS AND THE DRAMA.

A Clever Address Given by Stephen Fiske.

A Sharp but Meaty Address on a Very Live Topic.

A Severe Arraignment of the Daily Press and Its Critics—Decadence of the Drama—Realism Dissected.

[As clever a study of the relations of critics to the drama as ever was written was the address delivered at the May meeting of the Nineteenth Century club in New York, by Stephen Fiske, the noted dramatic critic. While he indulges in some general slaps at the daily press, which are scarcely justified, the paper as a whole is meaty, witty, and full of sense. It is given below in full.]

The May meeting of the Nineteenth Century club was held at the Perry mansion, on East Thirty eighth street, and was very largely and fashionably attended. Marguerite Merington, author of Captain Lettarblair, presided, and after delivering an eloquent address upon the many phases of the Drama, introduced Professor Stoddard, of the University of New York, to represent the literature of the stage; Charles Barnard, author of The County Fair, the dramatists; John Malone, the actors; Miss Marbury, the managers, and Stephen Fiske, the critics. The scope and character of the discussion may be judged from a condensation of the speeches of the critic which opened and closed the debate. Stephen Fiske said: "Miss President, ladies and gentlemen—I thank you for the honor of representing the dramatic critics in such an assemblage of beauty and intellect. But I feel as the historian must have felt when he wrote his famous chapter upon the snakes in Ireland. There were no snakes in Ireland. There are no dramatic critics. The St. Patrick who has driven out the critics is the advertising agent. Dramatic criticisms have been superceded by theatrical notices. These notices are written by the yard—I mean by the column—and the night editor snips off as much as he wants of them to fill the space devoted to the drama. [Laughter].

"On most papers the simple rule is now observed that all amusements which advertise are good, and all which do not advertise are not worth mentioning. On some papers the duties of the critic are further simplified by the order to give so many lines of notice for so many lines of advertising. The advertisements suggests the adjectives. Thus a play with a ten-line advertisement is 'excellent;' for twenty-five lines it becomes 'a superb production,' and for one hundred lines, across two columns, in the Sunday issue, it raises to the dignity of 'one of those dramatic successes unsurpassed in London or Paris, and equalled only by the former achievements of this enterprising and experienced manager and his splendid company.' [Laughter and applause.] Our brethren abroad are said to feast upon chicken and champagne at the expense of grateful managers; but here the managers hand in the chicken and champagne money to the advertising department and the critics gets only the well-picked bones and the empty bottles. [Laughter.]

"I do not complain of this state of affairs. One must live in his age. There has been an Age of Gold and an Iron Age, and this is the Age of Advertising. To the advertisers we owe the fact that our daily papers can give us all the news of the world, a colored lithograph, a complete novel, a round-trip ticket to the Chicago fair and a life insurance policy for two or three cents. An easy calculation will prove that the paper, ink and printing of a modern journal cost more than we pay for it, and the advertiser, like the immortal Jones, pays the freight. But such advertising has also its disadvantages. It has killed dramatic criticism, and I wish to call your attention to the fact that great poetic plays and great acting have died out simultaneously. [Applause.]

"Whether the drama was originally intended only to amuse will not repay discussion. If it were, the clergy soon took advantage of it to instruct the people, and some of our greatest philosophers and poets have since used it to educate and elevate the public. But now our dramatists sacrifice dignity to dollars. They write plays to raise an easy laugh and ensure prompt royalties. The only critic for whom they care is the critic of the box office. Our one great tragedian lies a-dying, and where is there any young actor growing up to succeed Edwin Booth? Our one great comedian has gone to Louisiana to repair his plantation fences, and only acts when his Hohokus barns need repainting; and where is the coming comedian to succeed Joseph Jefferson? Criticism cleared away the underbrush of the great Forrest to reveal Edwin Booth, and a half-brother had to be Burked to make room for Joseph Jefferson; but Booth and Jefferson have never been criticised and they will leave no successor. The simultaneous decline of playwriting, acting and criticism is a phenomenon worthy of consideration. [Applause.]

"I believe that the duties of a true dramatic critic are twofold—first, to give the public so accurate and impartial an account of a performance that they may judge whether it be worth atttending; second, to point out to the managers, dramatists and actors the excellencies and the defects—the excellencies as well as the defects—of the performance.

"In regard to his first duty, the observation is often made that, after all, the public are the best judges of a play or the player. But how are the public to judge if they do not go to see the performance? And if they do go to see the performance, what difference does it make in the box office receipts whether the play be good or bad? If all the public would go to see every new production in order to judge it, then every manager would make his fortune in a year, no matter what sort of pieces he produced. [Applause]. No; the public must depend upon the reports of private friends or of that public friend, the newspaper. The critic can make his report poetical, descriptive, picturesque or plain; but whether he indulges in plating, goffering and laces, or keeps to simple reporting, what he says should be the impartial opinion of an expert.

"As to his second duty, the critic can be of the utmost benefit and assistance to all concerned in a theater. He can make the actor see himself as others see him, and thus improve his excellencies and correct his faults. He can be eyes and ears for the manager, who seldom sees his own plays, except at rehearsals, and is notoriously unable to judge a piece by rehearsing it. [Laughter.] He can help the playwright out of many a difficulty in situation and incident. At one of our leading theaters, before the advent of Miss Merington, the dramatists were in the habit of dumping their plays on the stage, the first night, as one might empty a waste-paper basket, and then building them up into long successes by adopting the advice and suggestions of the next morning's criticisms. [Laughter.] The elder Wallack once sent for me as the critic of the Herald and asked me to attack the great Rufus Blake for being intoxicated. 'He will break his engagement if I fine him,' said Mr. Wallack; but a line in the Herald will bring him to his senses.' The critic agreed to do this missionary work upon one condition—that, instead of attacking Blake for being intoxicated, he should attack the manager for allowing an intoxicated actor to appear at his theater. [Applause.]

"I think that the young actors should receive special attention from the critics, because among them we are to find our future stars. But the greatest actors often require correction. Irving has played The Bells over a thousand times. You remember the scene in which Matthias goes to bed and has the vision of his mesmeric trial. Of course, Mr. Irving slips out at the other side of the bed and hastens to pose in the court-scene. But, in the hurry of the first night, he went to bed in his shoes. Nobody noticed this, and Matthias continued to sleep in his shoes for a thousand nights. When the fault was pointed out to Irving, he laughingly refused to correct it upon the good old theatrical principle that you must never change anything in a success—not a chair, a table or a super. [Applause.]

"Madame Duse came all the way from Italy to show us natural acting. In Cavalleria Rusticana she goes into a village church and never comes out again! Yet, in a few minutes, we see her running across the stage with that dramatic exclamation, 'They are killing neighbor Turriddu!' How did she get out of the church? There is what is technically called a line to take her into church, but the dramatist provided no line to bring her out again, and so she must be supposed to have clambered over the altar and out at the back window to see her lover killed. [Laughter.]

"An actor named Bandmann undertook to become a great tragedian because he could speak both English and German, and invented new business for Shakespeare's plays. [Laughter.] As Hamlet, he leaped into the grave with Ophelia.

There was a line for the leap; but Shakespeare furnished no line to pull him out of the grave, and so he had either to crawl out in ignominious silence or give up the new business. [Laughter.] When the elder Holland—for whose sake we bless the Little Church 'Round the Corner—was playing the grave-digger to the Hamlet of Macread, he fancied that the great English tragedian had insulted him, and refused to come out of the grave until Macready had publicly apologized. Macready fumed and fretted and—played; but Holland dug away stoically while the audience roared, for the first time, at the churchyard scene. [Laughter and applause.]

"When the elder Bennett instructed me as to my duties as dramatic critic, he said: 'When you clean Dresden china images you must use a feather duster, not a meat axe; and actors are as delicate and dainty as Dresden china.' With this advice in mind, I have never believed in savage criticism. I do not think that a paper has the right to call a play a failure or an actor bad. If it said this of a house or a shoe, a carpen-libel, and I believe that the courts would set a similar limit to meat axe criticism if any manager or actor cared—or dared to appeal to them. [Applause.]

"The stately elegance of Mrs. Perry, the calm suavity of Miss Merrington and the solid walls of this magnificent mansion have been great comforts and supparts to me during this discussion, because we have been prodded with paradoxes [Laughter] until our heads whirl and we seem to be in an intellectual Australia, at the Antipodes of common sense. [Applause.] Professor Stoddard stood upon his head, demanded the plain truth upon the stage, and denounced Shakespeare as a liar because Hamlet says that 'no traveler e'er returns' and yet sees a ghost. The professor of languages forgets that a lie implies malice—and what would become of the actors if the ghost did not walk? [Applause and laughter.] Mr. Barnard stood upon his head, objected to the theatrical carpenter, when his own plays require the most elaborate machinery, and eulogized as the finest achievement of any dramatist the empty stage in Shore Acres. Has he ever heard of a play called Macbeth, in which there is an empty stage and a knocking at the gate which thrills the audience and about which DeQuincey has written one of his grandest essays? [Applause.] Mr. Malone kept his feet like a man until he declared that, no matter how an actor rehearses, he did as he pleased when on the stage. How long before an actor would be discharged if he ventured to vary the business in a modern play after a month's rehearsals? [Applause.] Miss Marbury—but, no; Miss Marbury stood on the solid ground of commercial facts and demonstrated that the success of every play must begin and end at the box office, and that she is behind the box office. [Laughter and applause.]

"These sticklers for absolute truth—these deadly foes to stage conventionalities, who call Shakespeare a liar and want theatricals as real as life, should take the dolls from their children and give them real, live babies to play with. [Laughter.] The glass eyes of the doll are lies; the tow hair is a lie. Away with them! Let children poke out the eyes and pull out the hair and break the limbs of real true babies. [Applause and laughter.] The next subject for debate at the Nineteenth Century Club should be the railroads, and Prof. Stoddard and Mr. Barnard should denounce railroad conventionalities. Why should the trains always start at the same time? [Laughter.] Why should they always stick to the same conventional tracks? [Laughter.] Why should they always stop at the same places? [Laughter.] Down with this conventionality! Let us have railroads that start when we please; wander through the fields at our sweet wills, and stop a couple of hours at Sunnyside and only two minutes at uninteresting towns. [Prolonged laughter and applause.]

"Of course, the theater is conventional. It is playing. It is making believe. It is no more true than a doll, and it has to be run upon tracks as fixed and direct as those of a railroad. The reformers who want to get rid of fiction and its poetry, conventionality and its bonds, must build up some form of amusement entirely different. Perhaps they will be as successful as the Society of Arts and Letters, which recently tried to give performances from which all critics were excluded. The experiment is said to have cost $50,000. I hope that the game was worth the candle. But if that $50,000 had been subscribed for boxes and stalls in our leading theaters, on condition that the managers should produce worthy plays, it would have done fifty thousand times more toward restoring arts and letters to the drama. [Applause.]

"Theatricals, like other human events, move in cycles. Already I seem to see signs of a renaissance. We have had a great Italian actress, who, without being robbed of her diamonds or her dog, and without being interviewed as to the Worth of her dresses, or what she thought about America, drew crowded and fashionable audiences at advanced prices—whenever she was well enough to appear. We have had, at Palmer's theater, a play by Oscar Wilde—

Who once walked down the Strand
With a flower in his hand,

And was lagged for improper behavior, in which the puzzle of the plot was deliberately sacrificed to the literature of the dialogue. [Applause.] We have had another little play, by that delightful poet, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, which made a sensation without either plot or dialogue [Laughter] by touching the common chord of patriotic self-sacrifice. [Applause.] We have had a comedian, hitherto remarkable only for his squeaky voice, Stoop to Conquer in legitimate comedy. [Applause.] We have had a young tragedian, handicapped by the too suggestive name of Walker, seriously undertake—in a double sense—Hamlet and Richelieu. [Laughter.] We have had another actor—but he is a foreigner—find it profitable to sandwich a few slices of Shakespeare between the ham and crust of melodrama. [Laughter.] The plays and the actors are coming, and the dramatic critic will come to herald them and to develop and assist them. These form the trinity of Dramatic Art, and, I say it not irreverently, 'These three are one!' [Continued applause.]

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

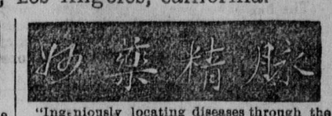
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

WONDERFUL CURES
—BY—
DR. WONG!
713 South Main Street, Los Angeles, California.

"Skillful cure increases longevity to the world."



"Ingeniously locating diseases through the pulse and excellent remedies are great blessings to the world."

For seven months I was treated by five different doctors, none of whom stated what my disease was. During that time I suffered terribly, and continued to fail until I became a skeleton. For the last three months I had to be dressed, fed and have my water drawn. Finally my feet, limbs, hands and face became swollen. I could not rise from a chair, and could scarcely walk, and was obliged to have my water drawn from fifteen to twenty times a day. My friends considered I would not last many days. I then, three months ago—commenced treating with Dr. Wong. The first dose of medicine completely relieved me, and since I have not been obliged to resort to artificial means for relieving my bladder. In five days I was able to dress and feed myself; in ten days the swelling had left me and I could walk as well as for years before. I now weigh as much as I ever did, and feel better than I have felt for fifteen years. I am 75 years old and feel tiptop. Dr. Wong says I was afflicted with one of the fourteen kinds of kidney diseases.
Rivera, Cal., August 29, 1890. W. W. CHENEY.

Hundreds of other testimonials are on file in the doctor's office which he has received from his numerous American patients, whom he has cured from all manner of diseases.

Large and commodious rooms for the accommodation of patients. Consultation Free.

SPECIALISTS.

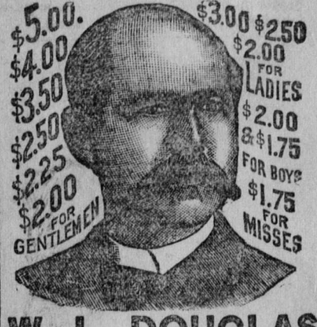
DR. LIEBIG & CO.,
Of San Francisco, Chicago, Kansas City, Etc.
LOS ANGELES OFFICES, 123 S. MAIN ST.
OPPOSITE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Nervous, Private and Chronic
Diseases of Men.

Our diagnosis sheets and confidential book for men sent free on application and are as satisfactory as a personal interview.
CURES GUARANTEED IN CURABLE CASES.
ALL BUSINESS SACREDLY CONFIDENTIAL.

NILES PEASE
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN—
FURNITURE, CARPETS, PORTIERS,
LACE AND SILK CURTAINS,
WINDOW SHADES, OIL CLOTHS,
LINOLEUMS, MATTINGS, ETC.
337, 339, 341, S. SPRING ST. 3-15 12m

Spader throwing Soil from the Center.

FOSMIR IRON WORKS,
AGENTS.
—Manufacturers of all Kinds of—
MACHINERY,
Architectural Iron and Brass Work.
416 and 430 ALPINE STREET,
LOS ANGELES. 322 6m



W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE WILL NOT RIP.
Best Calf Shoe in the world for the price. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold everywhere. Everybody should wear them. It is a duty you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised above, as thousands can testify.
Take No Substitute.
Beware of fraud. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Look for it when you buy.
W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass. Sold by
L. W. GODIN,
104 North Spring Street.

FOR VARICOCELE, IMPOTENCY, EMISSIONS OR HYDROCELE, Use The Vulcanized Rubber Suspensory. Cures any weakness of the generative organs of men—and is a protection from injury by sudden jar or strain; prevents chafing in hot weather. Cures without medicine. The surest, cleanest, cheapest and most comfortable remedy in existence. Affords absolute relief and is easily applied. Nothing like it. Protected by letters patent in the U. S. and Canada. Price only $3.00. Sent by mail, or by express C. O. D.—Circular free. Address
V. R. S. CO., 25 BUHL BLOCK, DETROIT, MICH.