

MOORE-ROBERTS.

Its a shame, really that we can't patronize talent when it comes here. I speak with feeling because I have experienced exactly what the Moore-Roberts Company are going through—the total lack of appreciation by Honolulu-ites of conscientious and clever work. When Mr. Cochrane Monday night on behalf of the management, courteously and without an apparent suspicion of sarcasm, thanked the house (such as it was) for their support and patronage, I believe nearly all of the scanty audience blushed or felt like it. The company has left us now for more congenial climes, having left in the town considerably more money than they took in at the doors. Their report in Frisco of the welcome of Honolulu-ites will not be without effect. Is it any wonder that any organization of merit needs a ready money assurance before they come here. There is another matter which has been more fully demonstrated since the Roberts Company came here and a hard one to remedy. Mr. Irwin did not build the Opera House as a money maker, he built it for the good of the Island. Good! But when a theater is not run on business principles, there is always trouble. When the Waldorf and Hoyt Companies were here, there was in connection with the Opera House a first-class stage manager, Arnold, who whatever his penchant for other peoples' money, thoroughly knew his business. He had licked into shape some few stage hands and kept things in fair shape. There is now no one. The electrician supplied by the theatre has absolutely no knowledge of his business as applied to stage-land, and is not unusually brilliant in any way. Pollard who has been acting as house stage manager has or is intending to leave the Islands, and there are absolutely no stage hands. Hence the strange vagaries and long waits of the Moore-Roberts Company. Audiences blame the company, it isn't their fault. Dramatic organizations don't carry as a rule a set of stage hands, unless it is Henry Irving. I can't suggest a remedy, but, when the Boston Lyric Company arrives, "theah's givne to be truble hille for sho."

THE ORPHEUM.

The Orpheum still continues its popularity. This week sees fresh faces in the guise of a Dutch Comedian and a wire walker. The duettists Misses Chandler and McPherson continue deserved favorites. They really sing excellently and their turn is essentially a first class one. Trixie has danced and sing herself into the likes of all the theatres patrons. Miss Coleman has a large amount of the vim and chic that are necessary for the success of a singing soubrette and her vivacity in a



MISS MCPHERSON.

large measure accounts for her success. Lynwood the wonderful has at last left us. Unfortunately for Miss Lynwood her turn while a very clever and difficult performance is one that does not seem to appeal to the general public. To many the contortion is absolutely painful. I heard a lady say the other day, "I don't see how she can eat anything her digestion must be an extraordinary affair." Ordway is well known to Honolulu audiences and to a certain extent works under the disadvantage of being an old timer, still his work wins merited applause from many. He is a skillful performer on his various instruments from bottle to banjo. Eggs and Haeward still remain the backbone of the management. Their work is always looked forward to and approved of. They are hard, conscientious and artistic workers and have quite a finger in holding the clientele of the house together.

When the house is all refitted, resanted and generally refurbished I hear that the popular favorite Ethel Dixon is to appear again. She will be eagerly welcomed.



MISS CHANDLER.

A NEW THEORY.

The Spiritualists have met with a very serious loss. One of the most illustrious of their number, M. Camille Flammarion, now rejects their doctrines, disavows a book which he believed himself to have written by the dictation of Galileo, and declares that no human being can boast of having held communication with the spirit of one departed. The following are the circumstances that have converted M. M. Flammarion: His Master, Allen Kardee, formerly published a work which he modestly called "La Genese," and which is a sort of Bible of Spiritualism. This work was inspired, he said, by the spirit of Galileo, manifested through a medium who was no other than M. Flammarion. A large part of "La Genese" is devoted to the description of the heavens, and it states that Jupiter has four satellites and Saturn eight. Since the appearance of this book, an additional satellite has been discovered belonging to each of these planets; Galileo must therefore have been mistaken. This, M. Flammarion believes to be inadmissible, and that consequently it was not Galileo that dictated "La Genese" to him.

He is confident that it was his own mind, the externalized mind of M. Flammarion, which has only expressed what was known in his day and what he actually thought. M. Flammarion believes that it is always thus. So-called

spirits have dictated music and poetry in his presence. The music and this poetry were always similar to what was known, loved or composed by the medium or one of the assistants. He concludes that departed spirits have nothing to do with the phenomena attributed to them, and that these phenomena are never due to anything except the "externalization" of the Spiritualists themselves. If this theory be admitted the whole religion of Spiritualism crumbles; therefore, to avoid such a catastrophe, they have decided to review "La Genese." "Let us not imitate an unhappy example," they say. "Let us not insist upon an error, but rather eliminate from our sacred writings discrepancies revealed by science." This is to their honor, and testifies to their good faith—but what says the shade of Galileo?

EXPANSION.

Met a feller t'other mornin'
Most amusin' sort o' cuss;
Had a curus style about him—
Cert'nly couldn't well be wuss.
I say: "Where you hail f'm pardner?"
An' he smiles in knowin' way,
An. replies in foren lingo:
"Porto Rico, U. S. A."

Seen a feller down on Broadway,
With a chooken head o' hair,
An' lot o' tropic garments
An' a most outlandish air;
"Where's he frum?" a feller shouted,
But before we'd time to say,
This yere heathen turned and answered:
"Honolulu, U. S. A."

Met a feller yere on Olive
With a somber-e-ro on;
Had a lot of shaggy whiskers,
Nearly all his clothin' gone;
Stopped and ast me fur a quarter,
Says: "My home is fur away."
"Where you frum?" The varmint answered:
"Santiago, U. S. A."

Seen a feller at the Southern,
With a heavy iron box;
Overcoat was lined with bearskin;
Were a dozen pair o' sox,
Sized him up to be a miner,
Judgin' by his awkward way;
Seen him write in big cha-rac-ters,
"Dawson City, U. S. A."

Seen a sadde colored heathen,
Wearin' earring in his nose;
Line cuffs around his ankles;
Most indecent lack o' clothes.
"Where'd this heathen guy yere spring from?"
I inquire in lofty way;
An' he had the nerve to answer:
"From Manila, U. S. A."

"Gee!" I says, "I never heard of
These yere cannybuls before;
Air these heathens yere all voters?
Will we stan' fur any more?
Next you know, you ask a feller
Where he's frum, an' he will say:
With a lordly kind o' flourish:
"All Creation, U. S. A."

True Irish Wit.—Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin. An Irish-American was brought before him charged with suspicious conduct, and the constable swore, among other things, that he was wearing a "Republican" hat. "Does Your Honor know what that means?" inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the court. "I presume," said Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."



TRIXIE COLEMAN.

JAPAN'S RULE IN FORMOSA.

Alleged Corrupt Compromising With Banditti.

The China Mail of the 19th contains a lengthy communication from its Formosan correspondent, the general effect of which is a charge against the Japanese officials of winking at the doings of the banditti. The correspondent says:

At the present moment it seems that a large portion of Formosa is governed not by the Japanese at all, but by robber chieftains. A couple of years ago things were settling down quietly. Everyone had confidence in the ten Governor General Baron Nogi. For some reason or other, he was suddenly recalled, and from time onwards the island went from bad to worse till the end of last year, when the whole island was in a state of anarchy. I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting H. E. Governor General Kodama, who at present holds sway, but he is everywhere well spoken of. So that I cannot think the blame of the present political condition in Formosa can be laid at his door. Since last autumn things have undoubtedly quietened down considerably, but in Formosa at the present time there are not a few men who hold that this peace has been obtained by almost unheard of methods, by the method in fact of giving present of territory and money to these banditti chiefs. It may be called "giving presents;" in reality it was yielding to the demands of the head robbers.

It would appear that the only parts of Formosa now really under Japanese jurisdiction are two strips of land, one along the west and another along the east coast. I wonder if all this is really true? The men who gave me the above information, as far as I can see, have nothing either to gain or lose, that is to say, they have no object in telling lies about it. Besides this, all these things and more than these are daily published in the Japanese vernacular papers printed in Formosa. My informants challenge the strictest inquiry concerning their statements, which I have tried faithfully to reproduce above. The banditti themselves are amazed at their own success, and are preparing for hostilities, as they are afraid the present state of affairs cannot last long.