MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THIRD WEEK OF THE OPERA.

Offenbach's Beautiful Work, "The Brigands," Will Be the New Bill.

The second week of the opera season at the Grand was even more successful than the first. "The Tar and the Tartar" proved an attractive bill. Its popular reception suggested that the public has a preference for a good order of music with a liberal sprinkling of low comedy. For this reason "The Brigands," Offenbach's picturesque and tuneful opera, was selected for the third week of the season which will open to-morrow evening. "The Tar and the Tartar" being so popular that it will be retained for an additional performance. "The Brigands" has not been sung in Kansas City for some years, the last professional presentation having been given at the Auditorium some six years ago with W. T. Carleton, Clara Lane, Jennie Winston, Marion Langdon, Clara Wisdom, Charles Bigelow and other well known operatic people in the cast. It will be remembered by operagoers as a work of singular interest. The music is of a high order, being regarded as one of the best scores ever written by Offenbach. To the original score has been added some particularly attractive numbers, written by Gustave Kerker for the Casino production. These numbers will all be used in the Kansas City version. There are some very taking solos and part songs and the choruses are ringing. The opera is picturesque in dress and interesting in story. It should prove a strong bill with the cast that the present company affords.

Like "Fra Diavolo" and some of the other popular operas of the old standards, "The Brigands" has an interesting story. In this it differs agreeably from many of the recent librettos which have little more than ludicrous episodes for their dramatic interest. The plot of the Offenbach opera concerns the brigand chief, Falsacappa, and his band of outlaws. These have designs upon everybody with portable possessions. They are a terror in the mountains they inhabit. Among those who become objects of their thievery is the Duke of Mantua, who has lost his way in the mountains, but the duke is warned by Fiorella, Falsacappa's daughter, and while his life is saved his effects and his courier are taken. The brigands learn, from papers in the duke's portmanteau, that the latter is indebted in the sum of $100,000 to the Princess of Granda. They also learn that the princess is on her way to collect the obligation. The band of robbers, disguised as beggars, go to the inn where the princess is to stop, take forcible possession of the place and disguise themselves as servants. When the princess and her train arrive they are overpowered, locked up and the outlaws disguise themselves in the uniforms of the carbineers of the princess. Then the band, with Falsacappa disguised as the Count Cassio, and his daughter disguised as the Princess of Granada, go to the palace of the Duke of Mantua and demand the money due to the princess. Their possession is defeated, however, by the timely arrival of the princess and her followers.

Miss Waltzinger will sing the role of Fiorella, a part in which Lillian Russell made one of her biggest hits. Mr. Boniface will be seen as Pietro, Falsacappa's lieutenant, and Mr. Torrence will sing the brigand chief, a role that should suit him especially well.

At the Saturday matinee this week the reception will be given by Mr. Boniface. This weekly feature has become very popular and will be continued throughout the season. The cast of "The Brigands" will be as follows:

Falsacappa, chief of the brigands.....
..... David Torrence
Pietro, his lieutenant.....
.....George C. Boniface, Jr.
Frageoletto, a recruit in love with
Fiorella.....Adelle Estee
Duke of Mantua.....Blanche Chapman
Baron Campotasso, embassador.....
.....James C. Turner
Count Gloria Cassio, grandee of Spain
.....George A. Murphy
Joseph, the prince's treasurer.....
.....Montjoy Walker
Pablo, the duke's preceptor.....Edward Gill
Captain of the carbineers.....
.....Montjoy Walker
Adelphe, the princess' favorite page...
.....Miss Della St. Clair
Pipo, an innkeeper.....Tom Springer
Barbavona | .....James Sturges
Carmagnola | -Brigands..... Mort McKim
Dominoe | ..... James McQuaid
Princess of Granada.....Emma Janvier
Fiorella, Falsacappa's daughter...
.....Bertha Waltzinger

THE LILIPUTIANS.

They Will Return This Week in a New Comedy Spectacle, "The Merry Tramps."

That delightful organization of artistic funmakers, the Liliputians, will bring their new play to the Coates, Thursday, May 20, for three nights and Saturday matinee. The comic force of Franz Ebert would be sufficient to fit out half a dozen regulation-sized actors, while the dainty and thoroughly graceful bearing of Bertha Jaeger might be enviable by many a society actress of the "grown up" stage. In fact all these diminutive folk put a fine dash and enthusiasm into their work, so that whatever they undertake moves with the smoothest celerity and an utter lack of anything like the results of the drill master's task. So it is especially with the "Merry Tramps." The piece itself is said to be a first-rate vehicle for the popular characteristics of the small actors.

Of course the three tramps are very engaging individuals, who perform all sorts of pranks, but who are very good fellows at heart. Then there is a wonderful inventor who bestows gifts of wonderful power on the trio; a pretty daughter, a miller and his pretty daughter, a lover, a hunchbacked spinster and the usual number of coryphees. To detail the amusing plot and the extremities in which the three jolly friends find themselves would be to mar the pleasure of readers who may be about to taste the delights of a Liliputian performance. Enough to say that the story is clever and always interesting, and that the music is full of tunefulness.

Franz Ebert, with his infantile chubbiness, his illuminating appreciation of a good point, his droll facial expression and his comical carriage will be seen as Bob, the butcher. He is said to be in his best estate, keeping the house in one prolonged roar whenever he appears. There is Adolph Zink, mobile of countenance, and gifted with all the arts that make a good actor. As Jim the work is said to be perfectious in the extreme. Pretty and graceful Bertha Jaeger and the vivacious Tony Meister, Ludwig Merkel and Herman Ring have appropriate characters.

The spectacular features promise well. The ballet of the harvest is said to be beautifully costumed and the ballet of the lamps, an ingenious invention. The appearance of the small members of the company on Shetland ponies is a charming feature. The sale of seats will open to-morrow morning.

"Tar and Tartar" To-night.

Owing to the great success attending the performances of "The Tar and the Tartar" the past week at the Grand opera house, it has been decided to give one more performance to-night. On Monday evening after long and very thorough rehearsals, the first performance of New York Casino's great success, "The Brigands," will be given its first production.

Philharmonic Orchestra at the Park.

The entire Philharmonic orchestra, with Carl Busch as leader, has been engaged to give a series of concerts at Washington park Sunday afternoons and evenings and one other evening each week. The first concert will be given next Sunday with Louis Appey, cellist; Miss Hughes, harpist, and Signor Balli, baritone, as soloists.

STORIES AND GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

Miss Blanche Chapman, who has become very popular as the comedienne of the opera company at the Grand, has had an eventful and interesting history. Although she adapts herself to her present line of work with singular success, it is not the line to which she was born and in which she first excelled, indeed it is but recently that she has undertaken character work, but she has been so much encouraged that she will doubtless continue in the somewhat eccentric roles.

Miss Chapman was one of the famous Chapman sisters who distinguished themselves in burlesque some years ago. She comes of theatrical stock, being connected by various family ties with the Jeffersons, the Warrens and the Marbles. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chapman, were stock stars for years and became particularly well known through the West. Her grandmother was Mrs. Drake, a tragedienne who divided honors with Charlotte Cushman in the old days.

Miss Chapman was taken on the stage in her native city, Cincinnati, when she was but five weeks old. She cherishes an old playbill of "The Yellow Dwarf," in which it is announced that Mrs. Chapman who had experienced a terrible fright on the previous evening when the lion used in the play had opened his mouth to yawn, would be obliged to retire from the cast for a few weeks. When Mrs. Chapman returned she brought Baby Blanche with her to make her debut.

The Chapman sisters were burlesque stars in the days when Lydia Thompson first brought her forces to America. They were both very young at that time but achieved a wide reputation. They figured in all the big spectacular productions of the time.

Miss Chapman went into opera in Washington, joining the Ford company, and remained in operatic work for a number of years. It was during this engagement that she met and married Harry Ford, the younger of the sons of Manager Ford, who came near being lynched as one of the Lincoln conspirators before his innocence could be proven. Harry Ford was the treasurer of the theater. When it was announced that the president would visit the performance of "Our American Cousin" on the fatal night, young Ford procured to decorate the box to be occupied by Mr. Lincoln. He had used his knife, a present from John Wilkes Booth, to cut strings and evergreen, and unfortunately had left it in the box where it was discovered after the assassination. Both young Ford and his father were in jail for nine months before their innocence was established.

For a time Miss Chapman was in comedy. During this period she was seen in this city with "The Prodigal Father," playing the variety actress. Last season she was with George Monroe in "Our Happy Little Home," which was also played in this city. The sister who was so long associated with her is now in London, where she has just made a hit in vaudeville.

The limitless resource and unfailing ingenuity of the writers and the compositors of the great metropolitan papers have been taxed to their utmost by the name of pretty Alice Nielsen, who has scored a real success with the Bostonians in "The Serenade" down at the Knickerbocker, says the Dramatic Mirror. It has been spelled Nielsen, Neilson, Neilsen, Nelson, Nielson, Nillson, and Nellison. The young singer herself writes it Nielsen. Miss Nielsen, who invests the part of Yvonne in "The Serenade" with a charming personality, had a slight cold the other day, for which the doctor prescribed a powder. She was walking along Twenty-eighth street, when she suddenly remembered that she had neglected to take the powder that morning. She happened to have one in her pocket, and she took it then and there. Just as she swallowed it and threw the paper away, she heard a startled voice behind her: "Great heavens! there's a girl trying to commit suicide. She'll keel over in a minute."

Miss Nielsen glanced around and saw three men close behind her. She quickened her footsteps and they quickened theirs. "Why, what's that stuck close to her," one of them said, "so as to be ready to catch her when she flops."

Miss Nielsen was in despair of getting away from her pursuers and would-be protectors, when she saw a friend approaching. She greeted him effusively. "Do you know," she said in a loud voice, "I took a powder for my cold a little while ago, and three men thought I was trying to commit suicide. They have been following me ever since."

Then she looked around for the men and caught a glimpse of just their coat tails as they rushed under cover in a neighboring cafe.

"The unfortunates who play in cheap shows on air circuits have a pretty hard time," said a press agent the other night in a pleasant gathering. "I knew a manager last season who was traveling with a limited purse, and, therefore, with a limited company, and so he tried to get all the work out of the boys and girls that he possibly could. There was one man in the company whom you all know very well. He was down on his luck then, but, as he has a parlor and bedroom, first floor, with bathroom, in a house on Easy street now, I will call him Johnson, as that is not his name. Well, he had 'doubled up' almost every night the company played, and, although he felt like kicking, he couldn't afford to. One morning, however, the manager said to him: 'Look here, Johnson, you'll have to take three parts in that melodrama we play to-night—Uncle Josh, Sanderson and Ranger.' 'Can't do it,' said Johnson, 'and what's more, I won't try.' 'Can't do it?' yelled the manager. 'Well I can't,' howled back Johnson, 'and what's more, I won't try.' 'Why?' asked the manager. 'Because it's impossible,' returned Johnson. 'No human being, built on the ordinary plan, could play those three parts. In the first scene of the second act Uncle Josh and Sanderson have a rough and tumble fight, and Ranger rushes in and separates them. See?' And the manager saw."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Daniel Frohman, who is now in London, intends to secure a theater for Miss Nethersole to appear in in the British metropolis, under the management of himself and his brother, Charles. The Nethersole contract with the Frohmans provides for an eight weeks' season in London at the conclusion of the American tour, but it is doubtful whether this will be played, for several reasons. In the first place, the Frohmans have gobbled up all the available theaters for "Secret Service," the comedy success "Never Again," and John Drew, and this being the year of the jubilee, the theaters are likely to be on the market awaiting lessees. Then, Miss Nethersole, like most theatrical stars, is rather handicapped by lack of plays. "Camille" has never been a success in London; "A Daughter of France" has been played there, as have "Denise," "Frou Frou" and "Carmen," so that this quartet of dramas are in no sense novelties. To be sure, there is "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Wife of Scarli," but these two hardly form a sufficient repertoire for a London engagement. Miss Nethersole, if "Romeo and Juliet" is played in London, may appear for the first time as Romeo to the Juliet of her leading lady, Henrietta Watson. The actress also has Thomas Baily Aldrich's Biblical play, "Judith and Holofernes," which is as yet untried.

"The new 'National' ballet," says St. Paul, "which has been composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan for the Alhambra, is rapidly being brought into shape. It will be produced early in May, just at the moment when loyalty and patriotism will be at their height in view of the near approach of the diamond jubilee. At least two artists who are already favorably known at the Alhambra will appear in prominent parts—viz.: Signorina Leganni, premiere danseuse at the St. Petersburg opera house, and Signorina Ella. The music was completed by Sir Arthur some three weeks ago, the finishing touches having been put in the Riviera. He will himself conduct at least two full dress rehearsals exclusive of the opening night. The ballet is one of unusual scope and importance; it will prove most fascinating, for the music is of the kind in which Sir Arthur Sullivan excels, and the management of the Alhambra may be relied on for the rest."

The following is quoted from the article of the Rev. Thomas Dixon's to the New York World, commenting on Julia Marlowe's work as Mary in the play "For Bonnie Prince Charlie:" "The work of Julia Marlowe in the character of Mary is simply matchless. She is the incarnate soul of the poet—speaking, breathing, loving, suffering before you. I do not believe that the American stage has ever seen a sublimer artistic triumph than her presentation of this character. It possesses the souls of all who sit before the footlights. It sweeps out other memories. It overwhelms with tenderness, pathos and beauty.

"Her work is the perfection of dramatic art. I assert that there has been seen nothing so nearly perfect on our stage within this generation. There is not a line of vapid declamation. There is not a stilted sentence. There is no straining for effect. She does not appear to act. She lives, breathes, sobs, laughs, loves and dies before your eyes. The sensitive face quivers with intelligence. Her action is the graceful movement of nature herself, while her wonderful voice, soft, tender and tuneful as the notes of a flute, finds the depths of every soul within its reach."

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

Ibsen's latest play has, by this time, been presented in London.

Sandow and Fregoli are the reigning stars in London just now.

Mrs. Leslie Carter says that she intends to play "Camille" at matinees next season.

Wilson Barrett is to revive "Hamlet," "Othello" and "Virginius" in London ere long.

Miss Marie Shotwell, late of the Lyceum stock company, intends to star next season.

Edward Rose is to dramatize Anthony Hope's latest novel, "Phroso," for Charles Frohman.

Joseph Haworth is shortly to try a new play, by his brother, entitled, "The People's King."

Margaret Mather is to put on "Leah, the Forsaken," and "Romeo and Juliet," in Chicago this week.

Sarah Bernhardt recently recited before Queen Victoria at Nice. The piece she chose was Theuriet's "Jean Marie," and the queen, who heard Madame Bernhardt recite for the first time, expressed herself as delighted.

MISS BLANCHE CHAPMAN.

Faly is to open his New York theater next season with an operatic version of "Mme. Sans-Gene."

During the month of September, Francis Wilson will appear in a new opera at one of the New York houses.

There is a strong rumor going the rounds to the effect that Sir Henry Irving will return to America next season.

Thomas W. Keene will revive, next season, the powerful drama, "Drink," the play in which his first real success was made.

The operatic comedy by De Koven and Smith, in which Vernona Jarbeau is to star next season, will be called "A Paris Doll."

Serdou recently wrote Sir Henry Irving a letter congratulating him and Ellen Terry upon their success with "Madame Sans-Gene."

Mrs. Fiske has declined to book her tour next season in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" through the medium of the so-called "syndicate."

Nat Goodwin, it is said, will produce Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" next season, with Maxine Elliot in the role of Katherine.

"The Wizard of the Nile" will be presented this month in German at the Germania theater, New York, with Adolph Philipp as Kilbosh.

William Warren, business manager of the Ninth Street, left for New York last night to complete the bookings of that theater for next season.

A theater in Pittsburg, Pa., has a refrigerator and cooling plant by which the house is kept at a refreshing temperature through the hot weather.

One of the great metropolitan newspapers printed the other day a portrait of the late Billy Birch as a picture of New York's new postmaster.—Dramatic Mirror.

Playful Puck says: "The difference between the Wagnerites and the anti-Wagnerites is quite simple. When the Wagnerite can't understand Wagner he thinks it is his own fault, while the anti-Wagnerite, under similar circumstances, thinks it's Wagner's fault."

THE THREE LILIPUTIAN STARS.

Frederick Warde will play Shylock in Frank L. Perley's production of "The Merchant of Venice," designed to introduce a St. Louis amateur, Miss Ellen Rowland.

"The Alderman," a new play by William Gill, with Odell Williams in the title role, has achieved a success in Philadelphia, where it was presented for the first time last week.

Marie Shotwell retired from the Lyceum theater company when it closed in Brooklyn. Her reasons were that she preferred to go to Europe rather than to go on tour during the summer.

"The Wedding Day" will go on the road next season, after which the three stars, Lillian Russell, Della Fox and Jefferson De Angelis, will return to their respective managers to star separately.

Edwin Mayo, Edwin Holt, Harry Davenport, Augustus Balfou and Edgar L. Davenport are in the cast for a production of "Pudd'nhead Wilson," to take place in Philadelphia to-morrow night.

It is said that the salaries of actors are taking an upward turn on account of the increase in the number of stock companies. This is welcome news to the well wishers of the people who contribute to our enjoyment.

During her coming season in Paris, Eleanora Duse will give one performance, that in aid of the monument to Alexandre Dumas, in French. This is said to be the first time she has acted in any language but Italian.

William Bonelli has made a contract with Colonel J. F. Milliken for the production of "The Captain of the Nonsuch," a comedy in three acts, and will star in it next season under the management of Frank L. Goodwin.

Maurice Grau was elected, last week, president and managing director of the new Maurice Grau opera company. Frank W. Sanger was chosen business manager. The new firm is to succeed Abbey, Schoffle & Grau, and is capitalized at $250,000.

Somebody credits George Fackus, who is smoking the Billings cigars in "Too Much Johnson," with remarking: "A play is like a cigar. If it is good everybody wants a box; if it is bad you may puff to the utmost of your power without being able to draw."

Sarah Bernhardt has recently given her annual performance to the students of Paris, "La Tosca" was the play. There were no women and no baldheads present and the enthusiasm was unrestrained. The stage of the Renaissance was literally a bed of flowers.

Joseph Jefferson considers "sensibility, imagination and industry" to be the three cardinal principles necessary to success on the stage. A bright writer on the Dramatic News grants the possession of the first two qualities to the veteran actor, but queries as to the latter.

Her Majesty's, Beerbohm Tree's new London theater, was opened by Tree and his own company in Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty," which was seen in New York this season. The London papers score the piece, reiterating the opinions of the critics on this side the water.

The following names appear in the cast of "A Round of Pleasure," the new extravaganza to be produced shortly in New York: Walter Jones, Jerome Sykes, Richard Carl, Charles Kirke, H. M. Bennett, Marguerite Sylva, Marie Celeste, Eva Davenport and Jeanette Bageard.

Manager Hudson returned yesterday from a four weeks' visit to New York, where he made his bookings for next season at the Coates and Grand. He announces a strong line of attractions for which contracts have been signed, and many others that will play Kansas City if they go on the road.

Pauline Hall has not settled upon her plans for next season. She has received a handsome offer to go to Berlin to sing at the winter garden. Vaudeville offers for thirty weeks have been made her, and the third proposition is for her to take the part originally created by Lillian Russell in "An American Beauty."

The announcement is made that Madame Rejane will play two or three weeks in London in the latter part of June. She will probably present "Madame Sans-Gene," "La Douloureuse" and "Francillon." She has not appeared in Paris in the latter comedy, as the rights are owned by the Comedie Francaise.

Two dramatic efforts of the queen of Roumania, who writes under the nom de plume of Carmen Sylva, have recently been produced at the Royal theater at Bukarest. The first was a drama called "Ulirania," and the second was the tragedy "Mariora," which, in reality, is less of a tragedy than an accurate picture of peasant life in Roumania.

Arrangements are being made for Boston's society people to subscribe for a guarantee fund for the Damrosch opera season in Boston next February. It is proposed to have the aggregation stay there four weeks, giving four operas each week. No part of the guarantee fund is to be used unless there should be a deficit in receipts.

Joseph Brooks, who is known in the theatrical world as Mr. Crane's manager, has made James A. Herne an offer for his new play, "Rev. Griffith Davenport." Mr. Brooks says: "I think it is the greatest play of American life I ever read, and I believe it will achieve even a greater success than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It treats of the issues that led to the war between the North and the South."

"The Devil's Disciple," written by Bernard Shaw, author of "Arms and the Man," for Richard Mansfield, has been given a copyright performance in London and has created a favorable impression. It is a drama in three acts, the scene laid in New Hampshire at the time of Burgoyne's surrender, and is said to abound in the strong satire for which Shaw is famous.

A relic of tempestuous times in Paris was discovered the other day when some workmen were constructing a sewer. They unearthed a subterranean passage to the imperial box in the old Theatre Italian. Most of the subsidized theaters at one time had these passages, in order that the emperor might secretly withdraw or troops be quietly brought to the theater if occasion demanded it.

A blunt old editor in North Carolina once severely criticised an amateur musical performance. The enraged director of the music, in a card, denounced the editor as an ignoramus who did not understand the technique of music. The editor replied in a single crushing sentence: "Granted; but what you say is irrelevant. Any hen can lay an egg. I don't understand the technique, and yet I am a better judge of eggs than any hen in this country."

"The Skinner Commission Company," St. Clair Hurd's farce comedy, rewritten and built upon lines suggested by its successful presentation last season, will be produced early in June at the Auditorium by a company that includes, besides the old favorites, a number of clever comedians and specialty people. A particularly strong feature this year will be the ensemble music; new songs, dances and specialties, and a chorus of picked voices have been added, and the most elaborate presentation the play has had is promised. The comedy made a hit last season, but has been greatly improved and strengthened.

Here are a few of the most prominent actors and actresses, now in the United States, who are foreign born: Fanny Davenport, Rose Coghlan, Charles W. Couldock, Mrs. John Drew, Sr., Owen Fawcett, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Maud Harrison, E. J. Henley, Herbert Kelcey, Julia Marlowe, Frederic Robinson, E. H. Sothern, J. H. Stoddart, Charlotte Thompson and Frederick Warde, England; James O'Neill, Ada Rehan and Charles A. Stevenson, Ireland; Frederick De Belleville and Mme. Rhea, Belgium; Maurice Barrymore, India; Agnes Booth, Australia; Camille D'Arville, Holland; Emma Eames, Shanghai, China; Mme. Janauschek, Austria; Richard Mansfield, Heligoland, Germany; Robert B. Mantell, Scotland; McKee Rankin, Canada; Adelaide Stanhope, France, and Louis Aldrich, in midocean.

The pupils of Mr. Francois Boucher will give a violin recital in the Academy of Music, 1221 McGee street, next Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Tickets may be had on application at the music stores, or at Mr. Boucher's studio, room 609, Ridge building. Following is the programme:

Marche aux Flambeaux (Scotson Clark), pupils' orchestra.

Violin solo—"Rigoletto" (Singelee), Miss Olive Whiteley.

Duet—Symphony No. 4 (Dancla), Miss G. Lyle and Miss T. Quigley.

"Faust" Fantaisie (Gounod), Miss Laura Reed.

Fifth Concerto (Leonard), Mr. Irvie Timlin.

Trio—"Three Gentle Fiddlers" (Papini), Misses M. Fowler, L. Reed, O. Whiteley.

Violin solo, mazourka, "Le Menetrier" (Wieniawski), Miss T. Quigley.

Quintette—"Air d'Eglise" (Stradella), Mr. Boucher, Mr. Timlin, Miss Lyle, Miss Briggs, Mr. C. Steubenrauch.

Violin solo—"La Traviata" (Singelee), Miss Margaret Fowler.

Largo (Handel), pupils' orchestra.

STYLES IN MEN'S NECKWEAR.

There Are Very Few Novelties to Mark the Fashions for the Present Season.

From the New York Sun.

"There was never a season that brought forth fewer novelties in neckwear," said the salesman, "and the man who is looking for some style that is entirely new will have to go somewhere else than New York to find it. Maybe he can get it in London, but I doubt that, for up to this time there has not come to this country the least indication of anything novel there. This season's fashions are only little changed copies of what preceded them, and in all that have come under my notice there has been nothing distinctly novel.

"I should say that the most striking feature of the styles this year is the determined effort to make popular the ties of silk stamped with Indian designs, which made their appearance first about five years ago. Ever since that time they have been regarded in London as the smartest sort of scarf a man can wear. The same vogue came to this sort of goods in Boston, but here in New York the stuffs could never be made more than moderately fashionable. This year a larger stock of these ties has been put on the market than ever before. The check, after an enormous popularity, seems to have about had its day. In silks and linens it has had the field for four years now. But this summer there is likely to be less seen of it.

"Variations of the Indian patterns are found in very striking contrasts of rather crude blue and red designs, usually in squares; but the small circles and mottled patterns still remain the best in these goods. Last summer a great number of the vivid striped ties worn by the English athletic clubs, as well as the regiments, were brought to this country, and although there were not enough of them to make the fashion very popular, it undoubtedly had its effect. This is plain enough to be seen in the scarfs this summer, and these English stripes, in colors less vivid and in combinations considerably abated, are on the market. The firm that imported these striped ties last summer has brought over this year three or four times as many, and in a number of ways these stripes are to be seen in a form more adapted to the customs of New York life than the colors of an English athletic club. These original ties were very popular for country wear, although they were worn as well in New York. Not only in the Ascots are these imitations of the English ties to be found, but in other string ties as well.

"In the linen wash ties the stripe or the check is not an important question, as the colors are rarely marked enough to make the pattern distinctive. I should say, though, that the man who wanted to wear what is most in accord with the summer fashion would be all right if he bought ties red, yellow and blue Indian silk materials in the narrow string ties all the bright colored stripes in four-in-hands. In the usual blue and white summer scarfs there are this year some tasteful variations, effected chiefly by an unusual preponderance of white and the use of a sort of Japanese effect in the pattern. But the old, polka dot effects or the blue ground with the small white figure is to-day smarter and in more demand than these new patterns in the same class. They never vary much, winter or summer, save in material, year after year, and the man who clings to them is not likely to be far away from the best taste and the best style. The gay striped silks are occasionally worn as Ascots, but this is not an easy fashion, the colors being so gay as to make an effect too striking for good form save on a race track or a coach.

"With the blue and white, these English striped four-in-hands and the narrow string ties of Indian silk a man may be fairly sure that he is well dressed so far as his neckwear goes and that is not an unimportant part of dress."

WANTS HAMS, NOT ARTISTS.

A Music Hall Manager's Complaint of Actors Who Are Above Their Business.

From the New York Sun.

"I don't want any more artists," said the music hall manager who gave the burlesque. "The people I want are hams, and nothing but hams. Whenever I get an application from an actor who calls himself an artist, I'm going to tear up the letter for fear I might lose my presence of mind and engage him. If the play's a success, the artist did it. If it's a failure it was the author. Sometimes I wonder when I hear these artists talk what is the use of their ever having plays written for them at all. They're independent of the dramatists, and I should think they would just step on the stage and talk their plays. But they don't do that. They merely content themselves with refusing to speak this or that line, because it's 'rotten,' substituting something of their own, and then saying it's the fault of the author that nobody laughs at their stupid gags. I happened to have a bunch of 'em here, and that lasted me for the rest of my life. Hereafter I'm out of it."

"What is an artist?" asked the Innocent.

"They're chiefly actors who're condemned to come and act in the music halls for three times as much as they ever got in their lives before. What they do is to call everything rotten, decide that they know more about the play than the man who wrote it, and walk around as though it were beneath them to do anything more like acting than that when it came to the question of acting in a music hall."

"And a ham, what's that—the sort of ham you mean?"

"They're chiefly variety actors accustomed to hard work, rough, maybe, with a quality of get-there that makes the audience interested. They've come up, and the artists think they've gone down. The difference is between trying to do something well, because it's the best opportunity you've had, and taking no interest at all in it, because you've been in the habit of doing what you think is better."

"But isn't it better, as Sam Bernard says, to be a has-been than a never-was-it?"

"Maybe it is, but it's rough on the manager who pays his money out for them. I had one of them here, and he was going to be so original that he would not use the lines the author wrote, but promised to tickle the audience to death by some entirely original grinds of his own. When the first came he went on the stage and did the same things he had done eleven years before. He was never able to do anything else during the rest of the time. I had some others like him, and that is why I say now that I only want hams, not artists—hams that work hard and know how to make an audience enjoy itself, not artists too fine for anything."

A Notable Difference.

Now bluebird pipes his music mild;
We love him—to be frank—
Because his notes are never filed
Against us in a bank.
—Detroit Free Press.

OUR STOWAWAY.

It was with a feeling of honest, seamanlike pride I surveyed my vessel from stem to stern as we bade good-by to the shores of England, watching them gradually recede from our view as my gallant ship, with sails full set, swept out into the ocean. She was true and tried. I knew her every beam, and had not been her captain for ten long years without feeling her as much my own as the children who bounded on her deck to meet me on my return.

My crew, most of them, had sailed with me many a time before. Only one man was new, and he, when presenting himself before me, although he hardly appeared a seafaring man, I took into my service, impressed by his bright, honest face and the fact that the discharge he brought in his pocket and showed me with some pride proved him honest and trustworthy. It was a relief to feel the excitement of departure was over, and before us, in anticipation, a highly successful voyage. I had just turned to go below and look over the log book, when my attention was attracted by a seeming scuffle and loud and angry voices.

"Ah, the old story," I muttered to myself. "I thought this time we had escaped"; for I quickly perceived the man the mate was dragging towards me did not belong to the crew, but had hidden himself away in the hold to steal a ride to the port whither we were bound. It was no difficult task to force him into my presence. He was a slight, delicate little fellow, with a face as white as ashes, and trembling like a woman. I felt sorry for him, in spite of myself, although I growled out the query, I fear with an oath:

"What made you hide in my ship? I've a good mind to throw you overboard."

He opened his mouth to answer, but no words came, when to my surprise Archer, the new man, stepped forward, and, touching his hat respectfully said:

"I know him, sir. He wanted a passage to America, and had no money. You'll find him a good worker, sir."

I swore a little at them both, but the mischief was done, and there was no help for it; and telling the mate to put him to work, I continued my interrupted course to my cabin. I had no cause to complain of him as the days slipped into weeks; what work he had to do he did faithfully and well—if it was using a broom or climbing the rigging. Hard labor he was unequal to physically, and I would not permit it to be imposed upon him; but, after a time, seeing his willingness, I had most of his duties transferred to the cabin, where they were lighter and subject to less exposure. He seemed bound to Archer by strange ties of gratitude, and appeared to think he had insured my leniency. Whatever delicacies fell to his share he would carry to him, and if his own work was light was ever anxious to help with his. Once the mate came to me with a grave face.

"I think, sir," he said, "that Archer has made Williams run away from school. He is merely a boy, and last night I overheard them talking together on deck. Archer was telling him he'd better send word from our first port that he was safe, but he need not tell where he was; and Williams was crying bitterly. Then I came up and both looked red and confused, but I pretended to have heard nothing."

I told the mate to make work as easy for him as he could, for somehow my own heart seemed to throb in my sympathy for the boy, whose mother, a widow perhaps, mourned, refusing to be comforted. Next time I saw him alone I questioned him.

"How happened it, Williams, you ran away to sea? Had you no home?"

"Yes, sir," he answered; "a good home, but I was not happy there."

"You knew Archer well at home, did you not?"

"Yes, sir, quite well," a red flush dyeing his cheeks, while he hung his head and moved his feet uneasily.

"Did he persuade you to run away?"

"No, no, indeed;" and a determination showed itself in his manner I had never seen before. "He knew nothing of it, captain. I heard he was to sail on this ship, and I determined to go with him, knowing I would have on board one friend. I did not think I should find so many to be kind to me."

"Is your mother living?"

"Yes," he said sadly. "She mourns me as dead; but it is better so—better so," the tears rising in his eyes and falling on his cheeks.

I said no more then, but could not account for the strange interest, in spite of myself, I took in our "stowaway."

The third week out we had a storm which tried our faithful ship to the utmost. The timbers creaked, the cordage strained, but still she rode the waves and breasted the billows, "mountain high" though they were. Many an honest heart beat faster at the memory of young wives and little children whose voices should call them in vain, and whom they should never meet again this side, perhaps, the great portals.

Yet no man failed at his duty; his cheek might blanch, but his hand did not tremble. Once Williams, whom I had kept on cabin duty, ventured aft, and I heard Archer's voice ring out above the storm:

"Quick, below! This is no place for such as you!" Then, in a lower tone my ear alone caught: "Have you forgotten your promise? I am safe; do not fear. If there is danger I will come for you."

"There might not be time," he answered, in a voice almost womanly in its tremor; "and, O, Ben, I could not die without you!"

"Hush, little fool!" but the words, though harsh, were spoken in a tone so tender they could not wound.

"It is a strange friendship," I thought to myself. "Some day I must ferret it out."

Ah, the day and the hour were in other hands than mine—even in those which at last commanded the waves to be still and brought us out of our peril uninjured and without the loss of a single life. We had just had prayers and thanksgiving, in which all, from the captain to the cabin boy, had joined most heartily, assembling together as one man before God's footstool, and had scattered again to our different posts, where the storm had left us much to do, when I again noticed Archer and Williams standing together, the latter's hand resting almost caressingly upon Archer's shoulder.

One seemed so powerful, the other so weak, so slight, that, incongruous as their friendship appeared, it yet, after all, was but following out the law of nature—the weak leaning upon the strong.

Just then an order came for some one to go aloft and stow the fore-royal, as it was darkening to windward and looked as though we might have a light squall.

Archer sprang forward to obey the command, but somehow Williams got ahead of him. He was so very light and had grown so accustomed to the rigging that he was like a squirrel. Archer made a motion to detain him, but before his hand could reach him he was far beyond his grasp.

Higher and higher he went, my eyes following him with a strange fascination for one accustomed to such sights, until he reached the yard, laid himself out upon it, seized hold of the canvas—when something came whirling through the air; something struck with a dull thud the deck at our feet; the yardarm was empty.

Great heaven! For one instant there might have been heard a pin fall; then the men came trooping forward. Archer was the first to reach him, the first to look into the still, white face, on which death seemed already to have set its seal. Then a groan burst from his lips of such mental agony as I never before had heard, and he fell forward in unconsciousness by the boy's side.

Motioning the men back, we carried the poor body as tenderly as we might and laid it on a vacant bed in the cabin. There Archer and myself permitted no one else to enter. We threw open the coat and unfastened the shirt, when the mystery was explained.

Williams was a woman—a woman who, for love of a man, had done this thing. Poor, suffering child! Had she atoned with her life? There was little hope, the doctor said, but such a pity had risen in both our hearts that we would not despair; and at last the dark brown eyes slowly opened, looking around as though seeking some one not there.

"It is Archer," I whispered, and, going forward, found he had recovered from his swoon, and was as one frantic. I bade him follow me.

"You know all, captain?" he questioned. "She is my wife. Poor little girl! She ran away with me, and would follow me everywhere. Will she live?"

"There is little hope," I answered. "We will do for her what we can."

Then we entered the cabin, and such a look of rapture as crept into her eyes as they rested on Archer's face I have never seen before, and expect never to see again. Then we went out and left them alone.

Fifteen minutes later I entered the room. He was kneeling at her side, his face buried in the pillow, while one hand rested carelessly on her head. Touching him on the shoulder, I motioned him out. A painful and dangerous operation had to be performed, which, if she survived, would permit of recovery. I kept the poor fellow with me during that time, and he told me the whole sad story.

"She loved me, captain, but her parents looked down on me, and would not let us meet. It was wrong, I know, but she was so young, and she said she could not give me up, and I—ah! now I know what the world will be to me without her; but we were married. I have the certificate in my trunk. I left her all comfortable in a little room I had hired for her, and shipped with you. I had to do something, sir, and nothing else offered. She, poor child, was so lonely, so desolate, that the thought of the weeks she would spend alone maddened her. She followed me in disguise, as you know, and I—O, captain, I had not the heart to blame her, since she did it for my sake. I have protected her from harm, from injury, until now, when——"

A groan finished his sentence, when the door softly opened and the surgeon entered.

"It is better than I hoped for—she may live."

The days which followed were full of anxious watching, but the young life at last conquered; but not until our ship had made its homeward voyage was the poor girl able to raise her head from the pillow on which we had lain it as sadly as in its shroud.

But when, at last, with tears of gratitude and broken words, she, leaning on her husband's arm, passed from our sight, the memory of her heroism and heart-devotion taught us forgetfulness of her faults, and the blessings which followed them were in many cases roughly uttered, but in all heartfelt.—Folks at Home.

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