BOTH LOVED THE SAME GIRL

A Boston Newspaper Man and a Lawyer Fight with Foils.

THE FORMER WINS THE BATTLE

Delos E. Goldsmith and Attorney Crowley Had Been Enemies for a Long While and Last Night They Settled the Dispute in an Unfrequented Spot.

BOSTON, May 26.—Shortly after 9 o'clock to-night three hacks left Hotel Reynolds for West Roxbury. They contained two duellists and their seconds and referee and attendants. One of the principals was a young lawyer named Crowley, having an office in the Adam's building, and the other was a young newspaper man named Delos E. Goldsmith.

The two men have been enemies for some time past on account of having fallen in love with the same girl. Some two months ago the arrangements for the duel were completed. Both men are reputed to be experts with the foils, and so it was agreed that they should settle their quarrel with sharp foils.

Accordingly the pair repaired to an open lot under the rays from a gas lamp and fought until Crowley fell into the arms of his seconds. The seconds for Goldsmith were Forest Cook and Joseph Bundy, and Ambrose Lambert and a man named Grover for Crowley.

The referee was a man by the name of Toomey, and the party were accompanied by a young divinity student named Vincent. Upon arriving on the field of battle both principals stripped to the waist and faced each other. Their seconds had previously attended to all the details.

The men for a few minutes feinted so well that neither was injured, and it looked to the seconds as though the battle would be a lengthy one, when Goldsmith, by a quick lunge, which Crowley failed to parry, drew first blood. After battling for fifteen minutes, during which time both men were wounded, Crowley fell and was caught in the arms of his seconds.

The referee declared Goldsmith the winner. Crowley has a bad wound in the thigh, a slight cut on the head, and one or two scratches while Goldsmith, aside from a few small abrasions, suffered a cut on the forehead and a cut on one arm.

The men immediately returned to the city and Crowley was taken to a hotel, where he was attended by the divinity student, while Goldsmith went to his home, the seconds going their several ways. The scene of the battle is in close proximity to the posthouse, and is a dark, unfrequented spot, especially after 9 o'clock at night.

The news of the duel did not leak out until long after midnight, and it was almost impossible to get any clue to either the principals or seconds, as a consequence of fighting a duel in the state of Massachusetts is twenty years' imprisonment.

HOW THEY USED TO PITCH.

Those Were the Days When Baseball Was Worth Seeing.

[From the Cleveland Plaindealer.]

"It's a square, manly game," said the captain, as we clambered through the turnstile, "a noble game, but not what it was a decade ago"——

"Why, captain, the game has steadily grown"——

"Steadily what? Talk about science! The pitchers, the whole battery of to-day don't compare with those old"——

"What were their strong points, captain?"

"Delivery. We talk now about in curves and out curves and up and down shoots, but did you ever see a 'hook' pitch?"

"No."

"Ha, ha. Then you know a heap about baseball."

"How was it delivered?"

"Well, the best hook pitcher I ever knew was Jim Bang, the Gotham Terror. Jim had to have a special ketcher, for no ordinary mortal wanted to wind onto his hook"——

"What was it like?"

"Like! It was a sort of compound curve. The ball left Jim's hand as if shot from a thirteen-inch Armstrong, swerved rapidly to the right or left, and just as the befuddled batter struck at it with all his might it made a sudden, rapid twirl around his neck, starting back toward the pitcher. This was also called the boomerang pitch."

"But how did the catcher get the ball?"

"Always in front of the batter, unless Jim gave him the signal and put on an extra twist, when the ball would whirl around the batter's neck twice, and the pitcher git it."

"That must have been remarkable work."

"But not so remarkable as the 'bunt' pitch of Cracker Jack Short, the Cyclone of the Schuylkill."

"You mean bunt hit, don't you"——

"Who said I meant bunt hit. I meant bunt pitch."

"How was it done?"

"Well, in this throw the ball went right at the striker like an avalanche, and"——

"Straight or curve?"

"Straight"——

"Why, captain, I could hit any straight ball, however swift."

"Not Jack's. Just as the ball got almost in reach, and the batter swung himself to smash it over the fence, the ball stopped as suddenly as if striking a stone wall, and fell straight to the ground——"

"And the batter would strike at it?"

"Always."

"And how would they get him out?"

"Three strikes, every time."

"Remarkable pitching, captain; but how can it be accounted for?"

"Easy enough. I asked Jack about it. Pitching is a science, you know. Jack pitched the ball in such a perfectly straight line that the hole it bored in the atmosphere caused a vacuum and consequent suction behind it, and its speed made a firm resisting air cushion in its front. As it flew onward the lengthening hole in the atmosphere increased its suction and lessened the front resistance pressure, and so nicely did Jack calculate that the ball always dropped just in front of the plate. Baseball is a study, a science. But here's my car now. I'll see you to-morrow afternoon at Sunday-school."

RED MARBLE AND WHITE.

A Hotel Floor That Shows the Difference in Tiles Taken from the Same Hill.

The flooring of the lobby of a New York city hotel shows in a curious manner the difference in hardness between two kinds of marble which were quarried from opposite sides of the same hill in the Green mountains in Vermont.

The floor is laid in oblong blocks about one foot by one and a half feet in size, set in zigzag lines—one line of mottled white, and the other of a red and black marble. Near the windows and walls and in other parts of the room not much used the whole floor is still level, but at the foot of the staircase and around the desks the white marble has worn away until in some places the surface is half an inch below the level of the red. It has worn out smoothly, and until one sees the parts of the floor that are unworn one is apt to imagine that it was purposely laid with a waste below the red, in order to catch the eye and accentuate the lines of the floor.

The red marble is apparently unworn and is as hard as granite, even its edges have preserved their form. The floor was laid years ago.

A Cover for the Trunk.

Your trunk must be in your room it will be improved in appearance by a cover. This may be of dark blue duck, the exact shape, but a trifle larger than the box. Trim the room with two ruffles of dark blue silk. At sides make pockets, if desired, of the same silk and have a thin cushion of the same for the top.

A BIG CYPRESS TREE.

It Is in Mexico and Ranks with the Giant Growths of California.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

We started at 8.30 o'clock, determining to take on our way the big cypress of Tula, which is so large that it is worthy to be ranked above the big trees of California. We found it in the inclosure of the parish church. There is no doubt that the latter was built in that place because of the tree, for which the Indians feel great veneration. It is precisely of the same kind as the trees of Chapultepec, but the largest there is only 46 feet in circumference, while this one is, by recent measurement, 152 feet 4 inches.

There is another difference and a very marked one, and that is the tendency to a flattening of the lower and larger branches and of the peculiar buttresses which the trunk throws out. In the latter they are almost as flat as boards, and in the branches the flatness is that of a wedge. The contrast between these and the upper ones, which are rounded, is very striking. The trunk is not like an ordinary one, but resembles a buttressed wall, so that the two diameters vary enormously. The height must be less than 200 feet, making the appearance in a photograph almost dwarfish. The spread of the branches from north to south is gigantic, and the effect of light and shade is entrancing to the artist. There are colonies of lizards and of various birds in the different departments of the trunk and branches, and upon the green dome of the top were a group of buzzards, that croaked without intermission during our whole stay.

HIS COLLECTION OF TOWELS.

A New York Advertising Man's Unique Stock, Collected in Many Cities.

Of all the queer, unexplainable hobbies for a man to possess, Benjamin F. Davenport, a New York advertising man, has one which outranks that of every competitor. Davenport is a collector, not of historical relics, or postage stamps, or walking sticks, or pipes, or rare china, but of towels—and hotel towels at that. He has been at it a dozen years, and he has a collection which represents a principal hotel in every city in the United States and Mexico.

Some of the towels are linen and some are cotton and many are ragged. They vary in size from a napkin to a table cloth. The smallest one comes from a hotel in Vermont, where the guests go to the pump on frosty mornings and fill their own pitchers, and the largest—a Turkish towel—is from a Minneapolis palace. It would do at a pinch for a bathrobe.

The most ragged bit was the property of a Memphis hostelry. It would make a good necklace, because there is nothing left to it but the selvedge. Davenport has his collection carefully ticketed, and on each tab are a few words, which are reminders of some particular incident connected with the hotel or town, or with the obtaining of the towel itself.

"I get 'em the best way I can," explained the man with the outlandish hobby to a writer for the Mail and Express, "and I don't mind telling you that at least 25 per cent. of my collection has been secured without asking anybody's permission. The intrinsic value is so small that it isn't worth while. If a towel appears to be an expensive one I always speak to the landlord about it and pay him, if necessary.

I have towels from Key West up to Manitoba; from Portland, Me., to San Diego, Cal., and from every hotel which has a history. I do this for my own amusement and because I don't believe it has ever been done before by any man in the world. Anybody can and most persons do collect umbrellas or buttons or newspapers, but who ever heard of a towel collector before? I tell you, my boy, there's nothing like being unique, even if a hotel keeper gets after you occasionally with a club.

HIS CERTIFICATE.

The Corn Plaster Man May or May Not Have Been Satisfied.

Public men are often at their wits' end to avoid people who seek their influence to carry out new enterprises, or to further their personal interests. A prominent politician in an evil hour bought some corn plasters of an agent who was selling them from door to door. He was seated one day in his study preparing for a debate, when a shy, cadaverous man was shown in. Thinking the stranger might be a constituent, the politician received him with his most genial air.

"Good morning, sir. I called to see if I could get your certificate for them corn plasters you bought of my agent the other day."

"Why, sir, I do not understand you."

"Merely a certificate for benefits derived from my corn plasters."

"Oh—ah—yes. I understand; certainly; certainly!" and the statesman wrote:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that if I live long enough I shall be a thousand years old next July. For one hundred and seventy-five years, more or less, I have been an invalid, unable to move except by a lever. The day before yesterday I bought a box of Barker's corn plasters. Since then can run twenty miles an hour. Any man who believes this, and wishes further recommendations, will gladly be supplied if this corn doctor lives to get out of my office."

The man of corn plasters took it in silence and departed.—Harrison's Monthly.

Non-Partisan Afterthinks.

So Col. Bill Oates, of Alabama, is nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of that state! Well, Colonel Oates, from all accounts, is going to have a big fight on his hands. The colonel likes a fight, anyhow, and he may come out all right in his impending scrap with the undownable Reuben Kolb. Colonel Bill, they say, was a wild harumscarum chap down in the south Alabama piney woods before the war, and when he answered the general fool toesin to go to killing his fellow-citizens of the North he went straight to the front and "did his level best." He commanded at different times two very obstreperous Alabama regiments, and led them into pecks of trouble bushels and bushels of times; but he was always on hand, until he lost an arm.

Oates was a terrific fighter. The Jeffersonian populites in Alabama will find it out this Summer before he is through; but really the colonel knows more of fighting than he does of statecraft. He is the champion down South of the administration just now. But the Alabama folks, if one may judge from the expressions of the press, the majority of the delegation in Congress, including the two Senators, and even of the recent convention itself, with its mottled declaration of principles, are not unqualified in their worship of the Cleveland administration. The Montgomery Advertiser and Mayor Rich, of Mobile, had declared that the administration ought to be indorsed without any qualification whatever. The Alabama convention took second thought, and, like the Senators wrestling with the tariff upon the hill, reached a fervid declaration in the nature of a compromise.

That Alabama free-silver-Cleveland-indorsement-Jones-adulation-Morgan-eulogistic platform is one of the marvels of modern politics. Nothing could more happily approximate the genius of that prince of compromisers, Senator Gorman.

But really what is the prospect of Col. Bill Oates' election? When Tom Jones, the present Governor, beat Reuben F. Kolb, the Jeffersonian Democrat, self-styled, the Jones people had control of the election machinery of every county. The Kolbites claimed that they were counted out of something like 30,000 votes, which lost them the election. This year they get, they claim, the very candidate they would like to beat, and they will go into the battle equipped with the machinery of thirty-seven out of the sixty-six counties.

WAT.

Wisdom in Small Chunks.

It may be that the members of the next Ohio assembly will have to label themselves "taken" in order to escape bribes.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Wife—I don't believe in women voting; at least I should never want to be a leader in politics.

Husband—And why, my dear?

Wife—Ugh! I should so hate to go to the penitentiary.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Chicago's life-saving stations are well conducted and admirable in every way until an emergency arises for the saving of life.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Slaughter has been nominated for the presidency of the stock exchange. If elected he will probably want the lamb allowed on the floor.—Chicago Times.

There have been but 116 divorces in Canada in twenty years, yet the people up that way express themselves as opposed to annexation.—Chicago Times.

A lot of delegates are in town to attend the whist congress. Properly enough they brought their rubbers with them.—Philadelphia Times.

The Senate investigation will be conducted in secret, and, as usual, the news of what takes place will be spread all over the country each day.—Baltimore Herald.

THE BIG FERRIS WHEEL.

What It Will Cost to Take Down and Carry to New York.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Preliminary work incident to taking down the Ferris wheel on the Midway Plaisance was begun yesterday. This consists of placing false work, engines, and hoisting apparatus. Some day next week the big wheel will turn for the last time in Chicago. At that time several Ferris Wheel Company officials will ride around on the struts that are still in place. Some will simply hold to the ten-inch iron beams, while others, more timid, will be tied on.

It will take ten weeks to take the wheel to pieces. The car that was used for carrying the Krupp gun will be used for the seventy-ton axle. The material will be taken in five trains of thirty cars each to New York city. There are 3,000 tons of metal in the wheel and 500,000 feet of timber is needed for the false work. Taking the wheel down will be more dangerous than putting it up. Only one life was lost in erecting the big attraction.

The expense of taking down, moving, and rebuilding the wheel will be $150,000. In New York it is to be placed at Thirty-seventh street and Broadway. Old Vienna will be reproduced around it. Here the wheel had 3,000 electric lights; in New York the number will be doubled. The old Ferris Wheel Company goes out of existence, and a new company, composed of New York men, has been formed. Superintendent L. V. Rice has charge of the removal.

During the fair the wheel went around 10,000 times, and carried 2,000,000 passengers. The largest single load was carried October 19, when at 12.30 o'clock 1,768 people were in the cars. The largest day's business was October 10, when 38,000 people were carried. October 9, 10 and 11 there were 114,000 passengers, the largest average for any three days.

HIS SEARCH FOR A WIFE.

Romantic Finding of the Glorious Queen of Her Sex.

I. He had made up his mind he ought to marry, and then started out on a still hunt for a good sensible girl for a wife.

II. He saw a young lady on a crowded street car who was not occupying two seats, and he thought: "This is promising. I'll keep my eye on her."

III. He met a young lady on the street who wore a gown that did not trail in the dirt, and he thought: "She's worth watching. She has some sense."

IV. He was introduced to a young lady at a ball who was not overdressed, and yet who wore a waist that was visible to the naked eye, and he thought: "Taste, modesty, and sense. That's a good combination."

V. He sat behind a young lady in the theater who took off her hat and let him get a glimpse of the stage, and he thought: "Consideration for others is a great point. I must find out who she is."

VI. He stood behind a young lady in a dry goods store who did not paw over everything in sight and keep one clerk busy for an hour that she might buy a spool of thread, and he thought: "She must really be a treasure."

VII. He was accidentally pushed against a young lady in a crowded corridor, who did not stare at him and mutter, "awkward brute" when he apologized, and he thought: "There's a gem."

VIII. He noticed a young lady at a street corner in the business part of the city waiting for a car, and he could hardly believe his eyes. He boarded the same car, and followed her home.

IX. Three days later, after he had secured an introduction, he said:

"A few days ago I saw you at a crowded street corner waiting for a car."

"Yes," she added, in some surprise.

"You stood at one side of the crossing where you would not be in the way of people who wished to cross the street."

"I always do that," she replied.

"Queen of your sex!" he exclaimed impetuously. "Beacon light in the darkness of woman's ways! Shining star of progress toward a better conception of the courtesies of city life! Will you be mine?"

The answer is no particular consequence in this tale. She could have him if she wished, and that is the main point it is intended to bring out.—Chicago Tribune.

SCRAPS OF MYTHOLOGY.

Fama was the goddess of gossip.

The naiads were spirits of the ocean.

Hera Parthenia was worshipped by brides.

Fabulinus taught Roman children to speak.

To Artemis wives prayed in critical periods of life.

The Lemnads watched over the lakes and ponds of Greece.

Harpies were demons of death who carried off the soul.

Greek and Roman virgins prayed to Fortuna for a good husband.

There are said to be over 3,000,000 deities in the Hindoo mythology.

Roman wives, whose husbands had gone to war, sacrificed to Victoria.

At one time there were temples or altars to over 30,000 deities in Athens.

Actors and public readers offered sacrifices to Momus, the god of laughter.

The Pierides gave Greek girls such graces of mind and body as they possessed.

A Greek calf could not be raised without the aid of twenty-seven different gods.

The American Indians had deities of thunder and storm, of sunshine and shower.

Greeks desirous of obtaining revenge on their enemies prayed to Nemesis for aid.

The Edda mentions Gesione, the protecting goddess of maidens after their death.

Hebe was adored among the Greek women that their beauty might be preserved.

Pallas Athena was implored by mothers for strength and wisdom to rear their children.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Summer Fancy Work.

It is probable that as the season advances there will be some very attractive needlework offered for busy fingers to execute. The early productions exhibit novel features in the actual work rather than in new materials, designs and knickknacks. As far as materials are concerned it may be said that there is but one, and that is linen—white, cream, blue, red, olive, and many other shades too numerous to mention. Sometimes two colors are combined in one piece of work, and a tea-cloth, for instance, will have an olive green center and hem of pale blue. In the same way a sideboard cloth will have panels, as it were, of brown and lemon linen used alternately, and the embroidery in such a case looks well if executed in shades of the same two colors, the yellow being placed on the brown, and vice versa. Another striking effect is gained in a tea-cloth by the use of small squares of old gold and dark red, connected by two-inch bands of rich blue. This is intended to be worked with white threads only, and certainly she is a bold woman who attempts to add more color to such a combination.—Philadelphia Times.

A Desirable Location.

[From the Chicago Record.]

Henry Watterson tells of a politician who was inveighing against Cleveland before a number of auditors in Washington.

"I am going to quit," says he. "I'm going to get out and keep out of sight for the next four years. I know a secluded spot in the James river country where I'll go and live. It's an ideal home for a weary recluse. About 200 yards back of the cottage there's a spring-house, and close by is a mint bed, while just across a creek a friend of mine runs a distillery."

A Kentuckian was among the auditors, and at this juncture he interrupted the speaker.

"Excuse me, stranger, but that must be pahdise!"

Why We Smile.

Enthusiastic Author—Yes, sir, I don't expect to be able to write the half that's in me in this world. When I get to the next world I expect to keep on writing just the same.

Cynical Friend—Words that burn?

Census Enumerator—Of what age are you, Miss Chicago?

Miss Chicago—The present age. Think I'm a dodo?—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Yes, "life is a stage," but there's no encore.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

As illustrating the principle of patience on a monument, for old Billy McGarrahan the Washington shaft is about the proper place and size.—Philadelphia Times.

Rinx—What are you writing now?

Scrib—I am collaborating with my father on a book of poems.

Rinx—I didn't know that your father wrote poems?

Scrib—He doesn't; he's paying for their publication.—Tid-Bits.

Gallery, Pit and Greenroom.

The opening of the second Summer comedy season of the New National theater to-morrow night will be an occasion of interest and importance intrinsically, and a pleasurable one to the friends that the company made last year. The company is unchanged except for the addition of Miss Alberta Gallatin, whom Washingtonians know so pleasantly as the Rosalind of the out-of-door performance of "As You Like It" last Summer, and Miss Frances Stevens, of the "Jane" company. Mr. Shaw, who originated the plan for a Summer comedy stock company last year, told me at the end of the season that he had expected a success, but that he had never expected quite the brilliant one that the idea proved. He told me then that the company was coming this year, virtually the same company. The announcement that I made Thursday of the personnel of the organization shows that the plan has been successfully carried through.

* * *

It was not a very hard matter. We liked the individual members of the company so much and showed it so markedly, and have since shown to them when they came in the different Winter companies that they have been with, so conclusively that we have not forgotten them, that they can but have pleasant feelings for Washington in return. This I know to be the case with nearly all of them, if not all.

Bond was here, as you well remember, only a few weeks ago in "Aristocracy" as the effusive Frenchman, who was glad his friend had married the woman he loved, because now he could love her so much easier and more satisfactorily. Aside from the reward of his cleverness in this sketch, which he made quite a little gem, he received a hearty round of applause each night because of his last Summer triumphs. Naturally he likes us.

Coote came two months ago with the "Prodigal Daughter" company. I spoke of the excellence of his work at the time. With the season over now, I cannot recall having seen any character work so artistic and so full of merit. It was really superb, that picture of the stable boy. He was greeted with approval, too, not entirely due to his work. He didn't object to coming, either.

Others of this company have been received in the same way, Wheelock, Mackay, Findlay.

* * *

Several of the company like Washington personally as well as it likes them. Washington used to send Coote flowers last year and letters by the wholesale. Bond used to be besieged for his photographs. Miss Sanders used to receive calls from admiring school girls. Through these quite legitimate means and others these ladies and gentlemen formed sometimes quite pleasant friendships, which they will be glad to continue. Bond, for one, says he has a dear little affair which lends Washington quite an out-of-the-average charm in his humdrum existence every time he comes near it. I suppose there are others not quite so frank.

* * *

But aside from these little matters of sentiment Washington is going to be a paying town to our friends, the comedians, this Summer, as it was last. Theater-going Washington does not always see good things, even with its opera glasses, until some one tells it to, but when it is once convinced rightly, as in the present instance, or wrongly in instances it would not be hard to name, that there is a good thing to see, it goes to see it, and then goes again and takes its friends, and really in every way makes itself pleasant and agreeable. It was in this spirit that it treated our friends during the last of their last Summer's season, and there is the surety that it will be the same again. Already stacks of letters come in daily to Manager Rapley and Manager Shaw making inquiries and offering congratulations.

* * *

Of these people personally I shall of course have more to say during the next few weeks. There is now to say, that together they are a strong, well balanced company, and will present the old comedies that have been chosen in an excellent manner that we will like immensely.

For the first week, commencing to-morrow night, the play will be "The Three Hats," by the author of "Pink Dominoes," and will be cast as follows: Samuel Selwyn, Frederic Bond; Frederick Beldamy, Charles Coote; Captain Kalskill, Charles Mackay; Bisco Blithers, John Findlay; Dibbs (Buttons), Miss Mary Sanders; Mrs. Selwyn, Miss Agnes Findlay; Grace Selwyn, Miss Alberta Gallatin; Tilly, Miss Frances Stevens, and Lottie Blithers, Miss Lillian Stahl.

* * *

"Pinafore" is the play chosen by the Strakosch Comic Opera Company for this week's bill.

* * *

The regular season of the Lyceum closes this week with the London Specialty Company, an organization numbering in its ranks such well-known people as Lew Hawkins, the inimitable mimic and comedian; the Acme Four, in their laughing absurdity, entitled "Tubb's Visit;" the Bell sisters, vocalists, instrumentalists, and dancers; the Garnella brothers, in their original Chinese characters, showing the effects of opium; Hillyer and Ballinger, in their own conception, entitled Lilliputian Wonders; Charles and Lottie Fremont, sketch artists supreme; Miss Emma Thor, champion soft shoe dancer, and Dr. and Eva Eddy, spiritual mediums and wonder workers, performing a number of tricks such as spiritualists are wont to believe are wrought by unnatural agencies. It is a good ending to one of the best seasons that Mr. Kernan has ever had.

* * *

Miss Julia Marlowe completed her engagement last night with the production of "Ingomar," the play in which she first starred and in which she made her first success. I suppose she has a little tenderness of regard for the part of Parthenia. It seemed to me that she played it last night with a pleasure and an earnestness of desire to play well. Perhaps, however, it was the same feeling which made her smile so winning on Friday night, when in "Twelfth Night," as the page, she wished for a beard, not on her own chin, for she is soon to be joined to the man she loves, the papers say. One who is soon to be married and soon to meet one's handsome lover after a long absence has a right to play one's part with animation.

She who is incomparable in the lighter moods of Ingomar is equal to the fire of her part of Parthenia too. Her face lights up with strong passion when Ingomar threatens her, and her words are thrilling with intensity. But it is as Parthenia the white-robed, spiritual-faced, chaste Greek girl, the soul of innocence, the picture of sweet purity, as the Parthenia, unaroused, that she shows the greater talent.

* * *

The young man, he must be a nice young fellow, who writes verses for the Capital has celebrated his liking for Miss Julia Marlowe in this wise:

WITH APOLOGIES TO ORLANDO.

The happy forest of Arden
Is a country of the sir;
Is a land of light and laughter
Of some other time and where,
Is a lissome lightsome jocund unfound fairy kingdom
In a world that's free from care.

But though there's no forest of Arden
For joy's tireless wooers to find,
Though we worshipers must pay homage
In a Philistine world unkind,
Still we know that were there such a fairy Arden forest
Thou wouldst be its Rosalind.

* * *

Florence Rockwell is the little girl who produced such a favorable impression here last Winter as a leading lady at sixteen. She was then with Mr. Keene, playing all his leading woman's parts. I had a pleasant chat with her at the time. I thought then, and still think, that some day she will be one of our great Juliets. Therefore I was very glad to see a column story about Miss Rockwell's "perfect form" in the New York Sun two weeks ago. It was a very interesting story after the manner of Sun matter, and pictured Miss Rockwell as closely resembling a Greek statue.

And this pleasure has been intensified, because the attractive quality of the Sun's story has secured its quotation in scores of papers. I come across it every day in some eastern or southern or western paper.

I give the Sun's figures as to Miss Rockwell's measurement:

Weight	113 pounds
Height	64.5 inches
Girth:	Inches.
Chest ordinarily	31
Chest empty	29
Chest full	34
Ninth rib ordinarily	29
Ninth rib empty	28
Ninth rib full	31
Waist	25.5
Neck	12
Hips	34.5
Upper arm	10
Forearm	8.75
Depth:	
Chest	8
Abdomen	7
Breadth:	
Shoulders	14.1
Hips	12
Waist	8.25

* * *

Immediately following the close of the regular season is Manager Eugene Kernan's testimonal benefit, which is announced for Monday evening, June 4. Already the sale of tickets indicates an overflowing house. The programme, which will be decidedly extravagant, will contain several special features, including an old-time cake walk, under the direction of Walter Tate, of this city, and introducing James Jackson, of Baltimore, champion classic walker of Maryland. Charles Holcomb, who stood four rounds against Joe Wolcott, will appear with some local aspirant in a four-round scientific contest for points. Every effort is being exercised to make it the most successful event ever tendered the genial manager of the home of vaudeville.

* * *

I see that Henry Irving laid the corner stone of a new theater at Brixton the other day and delivered one of his characteristic speeches.

* * *

Mr. Lawrence Irving has appeared in Ibsen's "Wild Duck" at the Royalty theater. The London Telegraph says of this young son of his father: "It looks as if in Mr. Lawrence Irving we had an actor who inherited the strong humor, the decision, and the influence on an audience that his gifted father possesses."

* * *

Dispatches from New York state that the jury in the suit of Mrs. Ada Dow-Currier against David Henderson, the theatrical manager, has brought in a verdict for $18,000 for the plaintiff. Mrs. Ada Dow, who sued for $50,000, was the manager of the Julia Marlowe company in 1887. She was injured in September of that year by the fall of scenery at the Chicago Opera house, where Henderson was proprietor. Mrs. Dow is the woman who discovered Miss Marlowe, educated her, and started her as a star seven years ago.

* * *

The Dramatic Club of Emerson Institute will present a series of plays at National Rifles' armory on Thursday, May 31, under the direction of Messrs. Barry Bulkley and David C. Bangs. Among those participating will be a great many of the local talent. Tickets for sale at the principal drug stores.

* * *

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who originated the character of the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and who, according to Richard Harding Davis, made a clear and a strong and plausible character of it, which Mrs. Kendal has never yet done, has made a second strong success in a play called "The Masqueraders," by Henry Arthur Jones. The great scene of the play is a game of cards between a dissipated husband and a wealthy rival, the stakes being the rival's entire fortune on one hand and the dissipated husband's wife and child. The game is won by the rival. It is a scene so stirring and unusual that all London is talking of it.

* * *

The New York Tribune tells the story of a young society woman who has been writing a play. A theatrical manager told her she should certainly have it read before her friends by professional actors. The play was read, and all who took part in or heard it were delighted. They declared it was a remarkable play. Thus encouraged the young woman began to think of having the play produced. Again she spoke to the manager. "It is a remarkably clever play," he said. "It is one of the best I ever heard read. You have every reason to feel proud of your success. You are to be congratulated, my dear young lady, but this is not an acting play." It makes a difference.

* * *

"Our creditors are pressing us very hard," the junior member of the firm said to his best girl.

"Which shows the difference between business and love," she answered. "Mercantile establishments don't like pressure, do they?"

And the papers did not chronicle that tightness the next morning.

* * *

When Lawrence Barrett's daughter was married Stuart Robson sent a check for $5,000 to the bridegroom. Miss Felicia Robson, who attended the wedding, conveyed the gift.

"Felicia," said her father, upon her return, "did you give him the check?"

"Yes, father," answered the dutiful daughter.

"What did he say?" asked Robson.

"He didn't say any anything," replied Miss Felicia, "but he shed tears."

"How long did he cry?"

"Why, father, I didn't time him; I should say, however, that he wept fully a minute."

"Fully a minute!" roared Robson, "why, I cried an hour after I'd signed it."—Chicago Record.

* * *

Jack—That company has some beautiful calves.

Henry—Are you alluding to its legs or the young men who stand at the stage door?

* * *

In another column I have used the Associated Press London dramatic letter. It chronicles among other things the production of a play by Lawrence Irving, a son of the great tragedian, in which he and his brother took parts. I quote from the New York Sun this interesting story about another member of Mr. Irving's family:

Mrs. Henry Irving has suddenly become a celebrity in England. Very few people knew that the wife of the great actor was living, until an American agent, who was publishing a series of articles upon the obscure wives of famous men, got upon Mrs. Irving's track and brought her forth into the light. He got a number of her photographs and began to turn out a bewildering series of articles upon the wife of the most famous actor in the English tongue. He started in by calling her a recluse. Both of her sons denied this in different papers, the agent answered them, and there was altogether a very extraordinary amount of publicity over the subject.

The fact seems to be that Mrs. Irving is not a recluse, but for many years she has felt an aversion for the stage. She lived quietly in a little house in the west end of London with her two sons, both of whom bear a close resemblance to their father. Mr. Irving does not live there, his time being devoted almost entirely to his theaters. He gives his wife an allowance of £1,000 a year. She is tall, exceedingly thin, was a Miss O'Callahan before her marriage, and is said to have a good share of Irish wit. She affects an aesthetic style of dress, and seldom goes out into society.

* * *

The pessimist may snarl, and he does, but it is the province of the lover of Shakespeare and the student of dramatic art to point with pride. Therefore he finds rosy auguries in the fact that not alone the people heretofore numbered among the players, but a host of others, are bringing their forces to the elevation of the stage, and that the rude stage paraphernalia of Shakespeare's time is giving way to multitudinous realistic nineteenth century engines. I wish to call the attention of all such, who with me watch the gleam of the taper in these days, to Mr. James J. Corbett. He is undoubtedly the greatest fighter of his time. He is a man of magnificent proportions. He can hit another man an awful blow in the face which will kill if it reaches the right place. He is the idol of two continents. This gentleman has thrown his forces on our side. With him are John L. Sullivan, who can hit a heavier blow than Mr. Corbett, Mr. Peter Jackson, a colored man, who is believed by some to be the equal of Mr. Corbett, and others with like abilities. I notice in this week's Dramatic News, edited by one of our foremost dramatic critics, that a column of stage gossip is headed by two items about this Mr. Corbett's rousing reception in England.

The Dramatic Mirror's largest theatrical advertisement is given to this same Mr. Corbett. In papers throughout the country Mr. Corbett is written about as a member of the players' profession. In England he seems to have been received with open, sturdy arms and taken to the sturdy British heart. At one of the theaters a few nights ago his play alternated with grand opera. He is feted by the aristocracy.

* * *

In this connection one must honestly record, however, that the sky is not as radiant in other directions. The New York Herald published yesterday an interview with the departing French tragedian, Mounet-Sully, which must fill us with sadness. This man came to this country with France and Russia and other European nations almost ringing with his praise. He is recognized as the greatest actor on the French stage. His tour in Europe was wonderfully successful. He hoped to be received here in the same way. As his great genius is unquestioned, as it is so great that even he himself has a right to recognize it; as he is in earnest and a worker and a believer in his work, there was, one would have thought, every reason for this hope of his being realized.

It was not realized. Everywhere that he played he was greeted with heart-sickeningly small houses. In Washington he was the failure of the season. Almost no one saw him. In the other cities embraced in his necessarily short tour it was the same way. He goes back to his own country feeling his reception terribly. He cannot understand it.

One might try to explain it to him as a result of our terrible financial condition but for one thing. During or perhaps a week before his stay in Washington there were two of our modern realistic dreams fully equipped with wonderful nineteenth century machinery and a comic opera star of transcendent brightness and great athletic abilities. These three attractions turned multitudes away, and dear tears of joy from the other multitudes that they held. In one playhouse this Frenchman gave his terrible rendition of the marvelously tragic Oedepe Rol, in another a terrible circular saw almost cut a man in two with its tragic teeth, in another the transcendent star sang a terrible song and did some tragic gymnastics. The Frenchman failed; the circular saw and the comic opera star succeeded gloriously.

This failure of Mounet-Sully is an aspect of art in America that is sorrowful, but we still have Corbett and the other fighters, and we are promised that some mechanical effects arranged for next season will transcend anything yet attempted. H. C. B.

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