THE DAILY BEE.

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All communications relating to news and editorial matters should be addressed to the EDITOR OF THE BEE.

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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.

E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

THE DAILY BEE.

Sworn Statement of Circulation.

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, } s. s.

N. P. Feil, cashier of the Bee Publishing company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the past fifteen publishing days of April, 1886, was as follows:

Date.	Morning Edition.	Evening Edition.	Total
1	6,200	5,800	12,000
2	6,200	5,770	11,970
3	6,400	5,900	12,300
5	7,000	5,840	12,840
6	6,200	5,720	11,920
7	6,300	5,700	12,000
8	6,250	5,670	11,920
9	6,200	5,600	11,800
10	6,430	6,050	12,480
12	7,100	5,670	12,770
13	6,250	5,690	11,940
14	6,350	5,750	12,100
15	6,275	5,775	12,050
16	6,275	5,725	12,000
17	6,450	6,100	12,550
Total	95,780	86,820	182,600
Daily average	6,385	5,788	12,173

N. P. FEIL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 17th day of April, A. D. 1886.

SIMON J. FISHER.
Notary Public.

N. P. Feil, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that he is cashier of the Bee Publishing company, that the actual average daily circulation of the Daily Bee for the month of January, 1886, was 10,378 copies; for February, 1886, 10,595 copies; for March, 1886, 11,537 copies.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of April, A. D. 1886.

SIMON J. FISHER.
Notary Public.

LOCAL industries are the sure architects of local prosperity. The towns and cities of Nebraska are growing the fastest whose public spirited citizens are inducing capital to locate in their midst, furnishing employment to labor and a market for home products.

THE French government has warned its people of the difficulties and dangers of emigration "particularly to America." If half a dozen other governments would follow suit there would be no complaint of workingmen here, who find every year the pressure of foreign immigrant labor harder to withstand.

MR. GOULD calls attention to the fact that he is in the habit of minding his own business. Unfortunately Gould's business which he has minded so carefully has been tangled up with the broken fortunes of a score of wrecked corporations and a thousand ruined business men. This is the kind of industrious reserve which the public is not disposed to commend.

AN honest assessment would be about the biggest boom which Omaha could ask for. It would mean at least half a dozen millions added to our valuation through an increase in the valuation of property owned by wealthy tax shirkers and syndicates. The property of men of moderate means has always been assessed proportionately higher than that of the rich in Omaha.

CHOLERA has broken out in Italy and there is every reason to believe that Europe is again to be menaced by another epidemic of the scourge. This means of course that every precaution must be taken at all American ports to prevent the importation of the infection. But after all quarantine measures have been employed, the best precaution of all is cleanliness. Cholera thrives on filth. It breeds in garbage and spreads by means of decay. Clean streets, clean alleys and garbage-clear back yards are deadly enemies of the deadly cholera.

OMAHA is stretching out so rapidly into Douglas county that the interest of the city in the administration of county affairs is scarcely less than that of her own. The trouble with the county board has been for years that they have not felt as they should have felt the force of public sentiment. Their proceedings have taken the form more of secret conclaves than they have of public meetings, and the voters of Douglas county have consequently been compelled to judge by results because they have been largely kept in ignorance of their methods. It cannot be repeated too often that the widest publicity of administration in matters on which taxpayers are interested is most wholesome to the community. The public is entitled to know the whys and wherefores as well as the decisions of officials elected to positions of trust. Street corner caucuses may satisfy officials by removing dissensions in the board, but they will not answer a public demand which calls for full information on matters in which all have a vital interest.

STILL they come. The immigrants into Nebraska are pouring with unabated volume across our borders and pushing fearlessly into sections which five years ago were uninhabited and pronounced uninhabitable. North and south alike are feeling the impress of the inflowing population which is crowding the trains and flowing in long processions of white covered prairie schooners into the frontier counties. But it is not alone population which is being added to Nebraska. The western papers agree that the class of immigrants is better than in any preceding year, bringing with them considerable capital as well as industry and experience and pluck. Many come from Illinois and Iowa with comfortable means to take up free land while land is still free. Others have sold valuable farms elsewhere in order to start their boys in a state where farms can yet be obtained at a small cost. It is pleasant to note that in a number of instances colonies, with all the equipments of older and more settled life, schools, church organizations, industrial occupations and several lines of business, have taken up land together to build up new communities in a new state modelled in sobriety and energy and thrift after the old from which they come.

Van Wyck's Traducers.

Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. The political sleuth hounds that are so furiously barking at the heels of Senator Van Wyck must surely have been seized with the rabies. Van Wyckophobia will be the death of them. Although the senatorial campaign is still six months ahead of us, the phials of gall and wrath have been emptied at the senator and the state is deluged with the frothings of the political mad-dogs. The Omaha *Republican* has not only devoted a whole page to Van Wyck, but has followed it up with columns of editorial vaporings over what the maniacs are pleased to term "public opinion" against Van Wyck. That page of Van Wyckophobia, embodying extracts from twenty-six papers, is headed "Thirty-six papers belonging to the grand old party express their opinion of his (Van Wyck's) treachery."

There are over 260 papers in Nebraska, and twenty-six of these constitute one-tenth of the entire state press. But do these papers voice the sentiment of the grand old party, or are they merely the paid telephones of the central monopoly exchange and hireling assassins of character?

Let us pull the masks from the treacherous faces of some of these bushwhackers and let honest republicans judge for themselves out of whose mouth Van Wyck is denounced and villified.

First in order comes the malignant and over-zealous home organ of Jim Laird at Hastings. The kind of republicanism it represents is symbolized in its patron saint. It is Stinking Water republicanism, with the morals of a whisky bloated libertine, the bravado of a rowdy, and the overbearing swagger of the slugger.

Next comes a shrill snarl from the dog-in-the-manger down in the state of Beatrice, who has been yelping at Van Wyck ever since Algernon S. Paddock failed of re-election. Who is setting him on, and why he never stops snarling, we leave the public to divine. He does not voice the sentiment of republicans in Gage county, whose nominations he has bolted whenever his kidneys were out of order. The average "yaller" dog is entitled to greater respect than such a miserable cur.

The sublimity of impudence is reached in Valentine's West Point paper, which peremptorily demands that Van Wyck should be retired. Valentine, we remember, was a bar-room and billiard-hall loafer until he happened, through the generosity of John M. Thayer, to be appointed register of a land office. His career in public life has been a disgrace to the state. Check by jowl with the lowest of political bummers his highest conception of political statesmanship was to pack conventions, play capper for monopolies, assist land grabbers, and engineer all sorts of jobs. Oh! Sonnenschein and Schwenk! What a great man you have made of a small bore politician!

Next in prominence comes the epistle from St. Paul, through the Kendall organ, which concocted that confederate spy libel that Yost and Nye repeated until convicted by a jury of twelve men, good and true. Shades of Lincoln, Garfield, and Grant! What a republican model this man Kendall is for all Nebraska! Kendall has good reason to froth at the mouth at the mention of Van Wyck's name. Had it not been for Van Wyck, and republicans who detest jobbery and thievery, those school land swindles would never have been ventilated, and Kendall might still be up for some fat office.

From the home of the notorious reprobrate Carns, at Seward, comes a howl of pent-up indignation at Van Wyck. Carns is just the kind of a republican who is shocked at any exhibition of honesty, decency and independence. It would not do for him to miss the opportunity to fling dirt at Van Wyck through pismire editors.

From Saline county, where "the man of straw" has posed as an example of pure republicanism, comes a protest against Van Wyck. But we understand that Mr. Dawes expects to be struck by senatorial lightning himself. Therefore Mr. Dawes is excusable for repudiating and retiring Van Wyck.

The North Bend coyote shows his teeth, but he, too, is excusable. He has just been bounced out of the postoffice. We are not surprised that he also would like to flail Van Wyck.

The wretched little whiffets who make up the rest of the mad canine menagerie are hardly worthy of notice beyond the mere remark that nearly every one of them belongs to the old kennel in which the most disreputable whelps, bred by the spoils system and railroad domination in Nebraska politics, were associated. It is very fortunate for Van Wyck that this villainous crew are his sworn enemies. He can dare them to do their worst.

The Doors Must Open.

Senators Platt, Butler and Logan have spoken within the past week in favor of abolishing the secret sessions of the senate. All took the ground so often taken by the BEE that the transaction of public business behind closed doors was detrimental to the public interests, and only served as a cloak behind which malice and envy stalked safe from rebuke by the country. The secret executive session has long been a farce so far as the publicity of the essential parts of the proceedings have been concerned. The desire of senators to place themselves right before their constituents or to make political capital has for years operated to make the average participant in executive session a very leaky vessel. So long as the republicans were in power and the question of confirming or rejecting a nomination affected only republicans the demand for throwing open the doors was resisted successfully. Now that opposition to a nomination means very often the retention of a republican official or his displacement by a democrat the point of view has changed. Sticklers for senatorial etiquette are giving way before a public sentiment which insists upon knowing the true inwardness of the reasons for senatorial actions. Senator Logan spoke unreservedly a few days ago of the corrupting influences of secret sessions upon senators, who make use of the veil of secrecy to conceal their advocacy of unfit nominations. No one knows better about this matter than General Logan, who certainly has felt and admitted the full force of party obligations in the matter of appointments. But Charles H. Van Wyck is the man who started, more than two years ago, the crusade against secret sessions, when he demanded on behalf of the public that the doors of the senate should be thrown open for the consideration of Minister Foster's Spanish treaty.

An Impractical Scheme.

The county commissioners have adopted a resolution requesting architects to submit their views as to the construction of another story under the court house. In our opinion this resolution will serve no other purpose than to delay the much needed improvements of the court house grounds. The scheme is utterly impractical. It would not only be extra hazardous, but would not warrant the enormous outlay, even if we had a guaranty of perfect safety to the structure. The main object, as we understand it, is not so much a desire to enlarge the accommodations for the county as it is to cut down Farnam street eight or ten feet more. That project may as well be dismissed first as last. That proposed new story under the court house would not place the city in a better condition for lowering the grade on Farnam than it is now. At the very furthest the new story would be sixteen to eighteen feet high, and that would only bring it two or three feet below the present grade. To cut Farnam ten feet would not only require another story under the court house but a new retaining wall around it. Grant even that this would be feasible and we still meet an obstacle to lowering the grade which cannot be overcome without an outlay of a quarter of a million dollars. To lower the grade of Farnam ten feet would require a cut not less than thirty feet at the summit of Douglas street and fully twenty feet at the crossing of Eighteenth. Harney street, which is already five or six feet lower than Farnam, at Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, would have to be regraded. The entire asphalt pavement on Farnam between Eighteenth and Twentieth streets would have to be destroyed, and repaving these two blocks would be as expensive as the original job. The Sioux Falls pavement between Fifteenth and Eighteenth would all have to be taken up and relaid, and so would the block of stone pavement on Sixteenth between Farnam and Douglas. Now who is to pay all this expense? The money to cover damages and cost of repaving cannot possibly be raised by voluntary donation, and the taxpayers of the whole city are not likely to vote a quarter of a million dollars to carry out such a gigantic scheme. Much as we would like to see Farnam street lowered, we do not regard it as a practical scheme. The commissioners are only wasting precious time. We want the court house grounds graded and sodded this spring. They have been an eye-sore long enough. The retaining walls should be built just as soon as possible, and the tomfoolery about building another story under the courthouse should be dropped.

THE Vanderbilts have made another generous gift for which they are receiving well deserved praise from the New York press. This time it is the donation of a quarter of a million of dollars for the construction and endowment of a building for the clinical instruction of medical students in connection with the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York. It will be remembered that a few months prior to William H. Vanderbilt's death, he made a gift of $500,000 for a new medical college building and grounds. In January last, Mrs. William D. Sloan, his daughter, together with her husband, agreed to present to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, properly endowed and equipped, a maternity hospital and lying-in-asylum, to be known as the Sloan Maternity Hospital. The gift of Messrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, William K. Vanderbilt, Frederick W. Vanderbilt and George W. Vanderbilt is to be supplementary to the two already endowed. The Vanderbilt Clinic, as it will be called, will include a free medical dispensary on the first floor, an amphitheater for clinical instruction on the floor above, and a number of small rooms for private instruction or instruction in specialities. The clinical work will be on diseases of the eye and ear, throat, heart, lungs, nerves, genito-urinary organs, skin diseases, and diseases of women and children. Every facility for practical study under the most skilled physicians will be afforded, while surgical work proper will be left to the Roosevelt hospital and Maternity hospital, adjoining. These three gifts of the Vanderbilts will always inseparably connect their name with the advance of medical science in the United States. Combined, they will give to the College of Physians and Surgeons a leading position among the medical institutions of the world, while they will afford to the poor the best of medical advice free, and also will enable them to secure medicine without cost.

OUR cable dispatches show a steady if a slow revulsion of feeling in England in favor of the Irish measures proposed by the ministry. The modifications of the land bill from the first draft have conciliated many of the dissenting radicals, and even thought to have left the way open for Chamberlain's return to the cabinet. Mr. Gladstone's declaration that he would not insist upon the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster, and would reconsider, if the house saw fit, some of the provisions of the home rule bill concerning imperial taxation, has also gained the adherence of a number of waverers. The postponement of the second reading of both bills until next month is also considered favorable to the ministry. The opponents of Mr. Gladstone have insisted throughout the debate that the country has had no opportunity to express itself and that consequently it was unfair to bring forward such radical measures at this time. The Easter vacation will give all parties an opportunity to make their appeal to the rural districts. Both sides are now industriously organizing public meetings. Although the daily press of London is a unit against Mr. Gladstone's plans, all the liberal clubs are united in his support and should the premier finally record a victory it will recall the ancient distrust he has had of the London press. His faith in great questions has always been with the country.

THE New York supreme court has decided that it takes something more than representations that a couple are man and wife to constitute a marriage in New York; namely, that the woman must suppose that she is a wife and not merely be a party to an imposition on the public. The case was that of Camilla G. Bartlett, whose "husband," Joseph E. Bartlett, forged a marriage certificate to enable him to live with the girl in her mother's house. The woman first sued for support of her child under the statutes and later brought suit for divorce on the forged certificate. The judge held that the court could not find a marriage against the admissions of the woman in the other suit.

THERE are other cities besides Omaha that think the city council can fix the price of gas. It has just been done in Kansas City where the price has been fixed at $1.90. The gas company made no protest, but on the contrary "saw" the company and went it ten cents better, making the price $1.80. No better proof is wanted of the immense profit in gas.

THE striking epidemic among the school children of St. Louis has been summarily squelched. They had organized a regular union and proceeded to inaugurate a strike against long hours and music, when one of the teachers corraled several of the leaders and gave them a sound threshing. That ended the strike.

NEBRASKA and Iowa have become great butter producing states. Their dairy interests demand protection. The bogus butter fraud is a swindle on consumers and a damage to the producers of butter. Our laws forbid the sale of oleo margarine or butterine as butter. The should be enforced.

CONNECTICUT became famous on account of its wooden nutmegs, and now Iowa seeks notoriety through the production of bogus eggs. It is high time that a hen convention be called to institute a boycott.

IF there are any "prominent democrats" in Nebraska who haven't spoken for one of the four new offices to be created under the new land districts, let them speak right out or forever hold their peace.

THE exposition building is proving its capacity to accommodate all classes, sizes, and conditions of entertainment from a masked ball to an old style revival.

THE men who howl loudest about taxes are the men who lie awake nights in scheming how to evade them.

PROMINENT PERSONS.

Emma Nevada is soon to become the guest of the wife of Senator Jones.

Ex-President Arthur has not been out of the house since early in February.

Private Secretary Lamont will remain at Old Point Comfort until cured of a severe attack of neuralgia.

Mrs. General Sheridan is the Princess of Wales of Washington society. She is as amiable as she is lovely.

Prince Fuschini, a member of the imperial family of Japan, is at Paris, studying military science.

Thaddeus Fairbanks, the celebrated scale manufacturer, died April 12, aged 90 years, at St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Many charming young ladies are wondering why Mr. Carnegie, the Pittsburg millionaire, who is so good to his employes, does not marry.

Mrs. Van Cott, the silver-tongued revivalist, so impressed a young man in Denver that he voluntarily returned $1,000 he had stolen from a friend.

Mrs. Phelps, wife of the American minister, made a deep impression at Her Majesty's last drawing-room. Her dress was a perfect poem bound in velvet.

Mary Anderson is computed to be worth $500,000, which is said to be safely invested in real estate, gas stocks and railway shares, both in England and America.

Kate Field is one of the most attractive ladies in Washington at present, judging at all events from the great amount of attention she is receiving from the most prominent people.

Carl Schurz is acting as attorney for certain bondholding interests of the New York, Philadelphia & Buffalo railroad, a position he secured through the friendship of Henry Villard.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde says that Oscar makes a very good husband, only when she asks him to put coal on the fire he always insist that there is a sunflower in the room, and that he is warm enough.

A Poor Arbiter.

Cincinnati Sun.

Raving rhetoric is a poor arbiter between capital and labor.

Woman Suffrage.

St. Louis Republican.

The Connecticut senate voted down the woman suffrage amendment two to one. The movement does not move in New England where it originated, and there is very little hope for anything in politics that cannot carry its own ward.

Bribers and Bribe-Takers.

Philadelphia Record.

Some danger still lurks in rascality. The man who is mean enough to accept a bribe is also craven enough to expose the briber when he is concerned. Out of this infirmity of rascals justice sometimes reaps her proper harvest.

Needs Confirmation.

Chicago Herald.

The story from Nebraska to the effect that a man who was invited by another to take a drink seized an ax and broke in the head of the individual who made the proposition will need confirmation. Under ordinary circumstances the Nebraska man who is called up to a bar comes with enough enthusiasm to make a dent on the rail.

Humble Heroes.

There are men of worth and honor
Who are ever brave and true,
Who are strong to work and suffer
In whate'er they find to do;
And although their lot be lowly,
Though they ne'er be known to fame,
Though the crowd should pass them coldly,
They are heroes just the same.

He who does his duty bravely,
Though it lead through humble ways,
Who would scorn an evil action,
Heeding neither blame nor praise,
Who would not withhold his helping
From a suffering brother's needs,
Surely is as much a hero
As he who does greater deeds.

Prosecuting Her Husband.

May Brown swore out a complaint in the police court yesterday against her husband, Charles Brown, for assault and battery. According to her story he placed her some weeks ago in a house of ill repute, and has since been supporting himself on her infamous earnings. Sunday she went to the road house with a young man Brown learned of this, and hiring a horse and buggy started after the couple. He overtook them near the road house. A scene of violence ensued, in which the woman and her friend received harsh treatment at the hands of the infuriated husband. On the way home Mrs. Brown was beaten brutally by her spouse, and she has determined to prosecute him for it.

MARY ANDERSON'S LOVER.

Death of Inventor Glasscock, Who Bothered Her.

There died a short time ago near Flemington, Clinton county, Pa., a remarkable young man who was two or three years since well known among the young bloods of this city. His name was Jasper Glasscock, and his occupation that of an inventor.

He first achieved notoriety by his devotion to Mary Anderson, the actress. Not content with admiring her from a box in New York, he followed her wherever she traveled and attended every performance she gave. Bouquets, perfumed notes and valuable gifts handed up by ushers cost him much more than his railroad fare and hotel accommodations. Glasscock actually believed, as long as he lived, that Miss Anderson cherished a tender feeling toward him. His attentions were so marked and annoying that Dr. Griffin was at last compelled to have him arrested. Returning to New York, Glasscock was so chafed by his champions that he again took to the road and shadowed the fair actress more than ever. He was again arrested at the instigation of Dr. Griffin, and the justice lectured, threatened and fined him, and Glasscock became completely discouraged and abandoned the chase, although he could never free himself from the illusion that, but for the interposition of the cruel step-father, his happiness would have been complete.

Glasscock was the inventor of numerous patents, but his reckless and spendthrift habits soon placed the ownership of them in other hands. He was in great favor with certain manufacturers, who would make for him any article he modeled, and they usually succeeded to the proprietorship of the invention. After a Saturday night and a Sunday of extravagance he has been known to borrow a dollar at the Hotel Brunswick to pay his fare to some New Jersey town, shoulder his lawn sprinkler or other similar invention, and return before the week was out with $300 or $400 as his share of the profits on the sales. Handsome, with charming manners, a quick wit and a ready tongue, he was known in almost every city and town within a radius of fifty miles of New York. Village belles bought his goods on sight, but the recollection of Mary Anderson rendered their charms and smiles and coquetries harmless to his heart.

Among his inventions were a railroad car which could be smashed to pieces without killing a passenger; a machine for opening hot boiled eggs without burning one's fingers; an indestructible water proof covering for tents, horses and ordnance, far superior to rubber or canvas, and an improved wire insulator, with which he parted for a pittance, and which is now extensively used throughout the United States.

Glasscock left New York about a year ago, a disappointed, disheartened man, without money and with broken health. The announcement of his death is the first news that has since been received concerning him. The immediate cause of his breaking down was the failure of a pet scheme on which he had long meditated, and which had cost him a vast amount of labor and patience. For months he gave himself up to perfecting a plan whereby he might rob the subtreasury in broad day light of a large sum of notes or bonds. To this end a captain of a sailing vessel brought from Brazil a baby monkey of a species that never exceeded the size of a dwarf. For days and days he secluded himself with his pet, teaching him all manner of tricks. Those before whom he exhibited the intelligence of the little animal pronounced its performance marvelous. At an almost imperceptible signal the monkey would jump on the breast of a by-stander, snatch a concealed handkerchief from his coat pocket, and return with it to his master, before the astonished victim could realized what had occurred. In the same way he would deftly take a dime from a man's vest pocket, or remove a mere scrape of paper from the frame of the highest hung picture in a room. He was made familiar with the touch and smell of bank notes, and seemed to realize that they were of value, for when turned loose on a hunt he would pass by handkerchiefs, scarfs, rings, etc., until he found a bill.

When the monkey's education was completed Glasscock began visiting the sub-treasury with a view to picking out the dullest custodian of money. Glasscock felt confident that the monkey could do it unobserved. His frequent visits to the sub-treasury on trivial business, however, soon aroused the suspicions of Capt. Sampson, and Glasscock found himself constantly shadowed while inside. Thus foiled at the outset, he he turned his attention to the down-town banks, and finally selected two which offered exceptional advantages for the success of his scheme, the cash being easy of access.

His plan was said to be to enter one of these banks dressed as an English tourist. A large, perforated field glass case hanging by his side was to contain the monkey. Presenting a check which would be lidely to demand a consultation between the paying teller and cashier, he would, as the former stepped away a few paces, let the monkey out, point to a package of bills and show him the way through the open space beneath the grated window. Then stepping a little away from the window he would turn his back toward and await the monkey's return to his case. Should the trick be successful he would be in possession of $25,000 or $50,000 in cash. Should the monkey be detected he would explain that the animal had escaped unnoticed by him, and being of a mischievous nature had proceeded to amuse himself in his own way. If the bank officials were inclined to be suspicious or to have him arrested he would ask one of them to accompany him to the postoffice to secure a letter which he had just mailed to a friend in San Francisco, notifying him that he had that day shipped his monkey as requested. The letter would be found, and subsequent inquiry would show that the friend was a genuine one and was expecting the monkey. Glasscock would then explain that he was on his way to an express office to ship the monkey, the check presented would prove to be genuine, and there would be no evidence against him.

On the Sunday preceding the carving out of this plan Glasscock went driving on St. Nicholas avenue with a party of friends. On their return at night a heavy cold rain set in and the monkey took a chill. A bad cold followed, and although Glasscock attended his pet night and day and secured first-class medical attendance, the delicate creature died in Glasscock's arms on Wednesday night of quick consumption.

Glasscock was almost heartbroken over the affair, for he had learned to love the monkey better than he did any human friends. He took the corpse to White Plains and buried it in his favorite ramble on one of the banks of the Bronx river. He was under the influence of liquor when he came back, but avoided his old chums and spent most of his time in unfamiliar and out-of-the-way places. A few weeks later he returned to the Brunswick, paid all his bills and left the city without a cent or a farewell to anybody. His career from that day to the time of his death is not known there.

An Embarrassing Situation.

Philadelphia North American. There was a marked change in the cast of Pepita on Friday night. When Lillian Russell warbled "come and kiss me," it was not Chauncey Olcott who bent over her, as heretofore. Mr. Olcott is a singer, and had no knowledge of acting when he began in Pepita, but he hoped that his voice would carry him through until he could learn to kiss a woman before an audience without blushing. The critics cut him up severely because of his alleged awkwardness. Now Mr. Olcott has quit.

"I don't profess to know anything about acting, but I believe I could have learned enough to carry me through if I had tried under more favorable circumstances. You see, when the leader of the orchestra is the husband of the leading lady it sort of unnerves a man when the lady stretches out her arms to him and sings 'come and kiss me,' as Miss Russell did in Pepita. My duty was to wind my arms about Miss Russell and bend over her. I was just on the point of doing this the first night when three sharp peremptory raps startled me. I glanced toward the orchestra, and there was Mr. Solomon holding his bow suspended over the footlights and glaring at me. His face said as plainly as it could do. 'Don't you do it.'

"Of course, my business was to lean over Miss Russell, but I only thought of Mr. Solomon at that moment, and let go of Miss Russell as though she wasn't a very handsome woman. If I appeared as awkward at that moment as I felt, I don't blame the audience for not liking me. The same thing occurred the next night, and occurred every night afterward. Those three fierce raps came from the orchestra just at the critical moment. They not only unnerved me for that particular moment, but they made me afraid to approach Miss Russell at all. I think I shall return to the minstrels again and stay there until I can get an engagement in a company which does not recognize any relation between the leading lady and the leader of the orchestra."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The Fashion of Stage Ladies Denying Their Married Names.

Philadelphia News: The use by actresses of their maiden names or assumed titles is common in the theatrical profession. Say what you will, it is an evidence of a desire to create an unnatural interest in the male portion of an audience. True, many of the most estimable women on the stage, model wives and mothers, permit this suppression of their wifely names from no wrong motives, and simply at the pleading suggestion of managers, who never hesitate an anything to excite the pruriency of the public. In the days of the old stock companies it was customary to see man and wife billed in the same cast as "Mr. and Mrs." So and So. But now you rarely see the marital title on a play bill, and yet, strange to say, there are very few women prominent on the stage who are not married. Think of that, ye callow youths, who send tender missives and expensive bouquets to favorites of the footlights! And not only are most of them married, but many of them have a brood of little ones to look after. Let me run over for you, in proof of what I have said a few names that I can call to mind.

Fanny Davenport, all Philadelphians know, of course, is Mrs. E. L. Price. Louise Pomeroy, who is now playing in Forepaugh's theatre, is Mrs. Arthur Elliott, her husband being the leading man of her company. Louise Thorndyke, who is playing "The Jilt," is Mrs. Dion Boucicault, and Agnes Robertson claims the same title. Theresa Vaughn, who was at the Arch street theatre last week with "We, Us and company," is Mrs. William Mestayer in private life, but legally she is Mrs. William Houpf, that being her husband's real name. Maggie Mitchell is Mrs. Henry Paddock. The royal looking Rose Etynge is at present Mrs. Cyril Searle. Rose Coghlan only recently became Mrs. E. F. Edgerly. Margaret Mather's proper name is Margaret Miles. Kate Claxton, who created such a furor in the Two Orphans and who was in nearly all the big hotel fires, is Mrs. Charles Stevenson. Little Effie Ellsler has Mr. Frank Weston for her husband. Lillian was, up to yesterday, Mrs. Edward Soloman, but the marital band is dreadfully strained just now. Agnes Booth became Mrs. John B. Schoeffel about six months ago. Little Ida Mulle, who looks like a child upon the stage, carries around with her in private life the ponderous name of Mrs. Benjamin Tuthill. Jolly Kate Castleton, who was the ideal of the dudes, was devoted to two husbands who were sent to prison, Joseph Elliott, a forger, and Harry Lee, a defaulter. She is now married to her present manager, Harry Phillips.

Eliza Weathersby is Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin, and Alice Atherton bears the name of another clever comedian, Willie Edouin. Even Minnie Maddern is not unfettered, her gorgeous name being Mrs. LeGrand White. Cute Minnie Palmer is said to be Mrs. John Rogers, but as that gentleman is her manager, and a very shrewd one at that, he denies the statement. Marie Wainwright is Mrs. Louis James, and Marie Prescott is Mrs. Perzel. Irene Perry is married to the piano man, Albert Weber, and Laura Joyce, who is the best "Katisha" in this country, is married to Digby Bell, the "Ko-Ko," who objects to having her as his wife in the opera of The Mikado. Minnie Conway is Mrs. Osmond Tearle; Dickie Lingard is Mrs. David Dalziel; Kittie Blanchard is Mrs. McKee Rankin, and the graceful Louise Davenport bears the name of W. E. Sheridan. Mrs. Albert Follin is the proper title of Maude Granger. The tragic Janauschek is Mrs. E. J. Pillott. Annie Pixley is a devoted mother, whose children know her best as Mrs. Robert Fulford. Clara Morris has a handsome, gray-haired husband in F. C. Harriott. Lizzie May Ulmer uses her husband's last name, she being properly Mrs. George Ulmer. Albina De Mer is the wife of Sam'l of Posen, or, more properly, M. B. Curtis.

I'll hurry through a few more names which I can recall. Caroline Hill is Mrs. Herbert Kelcey, Lily West is Mrs. Harry Brown, Ellie Milton is Mrs. Frank Milton, Helen Dauvray is Helen Williams, Marion Elmore is Mrs. Frank Losee, Ada Gray is Mrs. Charles Watkins, Lottie Church is Mrs. John A. Stevens, Julia Wilson is Mrs. Charles Fox, Dora Wiley is Mrs. Richard Golden, Mattie Vickers is Mrs. Charles Rogers, Lizzie Harold is Mrs. W. S. Comley, Maggie Harrold is Mrs. William Davidge, Jr., and the beautiful Mary Burroughs, of the Madison Square Theater, is Mrs. Louis Massen.

The songstresses are equally deceptive: Alice Oats is Mrs. Samuel Watkins, and Emma Abbott is Mrs. Eugene Wetherell. That wonderful contralto, Mme. Scalchi, is the Countess Lolli, and Etelka Gerster is the wife of Dr. Gardini. Minnie Hauk has a dreadfully long name —Min. G. Von Hesse Wartegg. Marie Roze is the wife of Henry Mapleson. So I might go on for hours, until both you and I were tired. But I think I have said enough to carry my point.

The word landlord probably became applied to innkeepers and tavern keepers by virtue of their letting their rooms and apartments for hire. Landlord, in common phraseology, now means a person from whom houses, lands or lodgings are rented. The word is a relic of feudal times, when the possessor of land was actually *dominus terrae*. Addison uses the word as meaning the master of an inn.

The rays of the sun do not strike at the same angle upon the earth at all times and places. It has been ascertained that water is raised four and a half feet at the equator. This elevation corresponds to the increase of temperature. The pressure at the bottom also decreases. This is the source of the gulf stream, which exercises so important an influence upon the climate of the eastern and western continents.

Mrs. C. S. Spooner and Mrs. George Lawton are in California, intending to make a trip of a few months through southern California.

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