

of Bellaby. It was his acting not his looks that saved him. The latter might be much improved or it would be useless to refer to them. He overestimates the beauty of his profile and his mustache looks like a Chinese mandarin's. Whenever he speaks it flaps helplessly about his face. Ethel Barrymore threw herself away on him, but she did it so gracefully that it was laid to youth and ignorance rather than to abnormal tastes.

Maud Adams has a voice that the stage has not spoiled, though it has lost some of its music. Her costumes, her poses, her expression fascinated the audience after the first scene. That first scene is unfortunate. It dragged. The characters came on the stage one at a time and shut the door after them. Then they talk to themselves and left the stage ready for the next entrance. Such composition is only necessary where one man plays many parts like the versatile Fregoli. The method is simple enough, but it makes time very heavy. So do school children on the last day of school; they make their bow, speak their piece, another bow and leave the stage. Even Maud Adams was unable to overcome the awkwardness of the situation and her first appearance was, in consequence, a disappointment, which she obliterated as soon as the play allowed.

The expedient of making a quarrelsome pair address their remarks to each other to a servant, though old, is very amusing and Whympers extraordinary gifts as a translator made it over new.

It is the fag end of the season, a period when in time gone by some of the best actors have visited Lincoln. New York is tired of amusing itself in the city and has left it. Where one side will not play the other will not either, so we draw John Drew.

The London people still fill the Haymarket every night to hear "Tribby," which is "merely the spoiling of a very good book" according to most of the critics. Beerbohm Tree has tired of enacting Svengali, yet as long as it pays he will continue to play it. Henry IV. has been put on for two matinees lately, in which Mr. Tree has taken the part of Falstaff. That he can play the portly, jolly, thoughtless old man in the afternoon and the scrawny, uncanny, scheming Jew in the evening says much for his reach.

W. T. Carleton—our own—is trying

chorus girls for his summer opera season. In response to an advertisement a hundred men and women appeared at the Grand opera house, New York, to have their voices tried.

Before commencing the exercises Mr. Carleton announced the repertoire which he intends to produce, and stated that any one not up in all the operas named was wasting valuable time in remaining, and everyone remained.

First the ladies were given a hearing—girls tall, short, stout, slim, pretty, plain, blonde, brunette, auburn, and even chestnut, advanced one by one to the piano and strove, with varying degrees of success, to sing scales or octaves. Most of them were nervous, and all but one or two didn't see why it was that their voices never before had been so unruly or uncontrollable. The exceptions went through the ordeal as if it were an old, old story, and sailed away with an air that was eloquent of independence and satisfaction. One said, in an aside, that she lived in Long Island City, and unless the emoluments were to be large she would positively decline an offer, but she left her address with the polite stage manager. Then Mr. Carleton stated that postal cards would be mailed in a day or so informing everyone of her fate, and the ladies withdrew.

The men huddled about the piano and the operatic manager addressed them more candidly. "The season will run into August, we hope," said he, "but we only guarantee a two weeks' engagement, and the salary will be \$10. If this arrangement is unsatisfactory there will be no use in remaining." And again everyone remained. Basses that volunteered as tenors, and baritones that would sing anything from the air down, tried their luck in turn, and each took a solemn oath that he was up in the whole intended repertoire. After this they, too, went away to await in anxiety the momentous postal card.—Dramatic Mirror.

Felix Morris is giving in London a funny monologue entitled A Row in the Pit, which describes with droll accuracy the wretchedness of a small boy who is prevented by an enormous hat from seeing aught of the play. An English writer says the sketch is deliciously humorous, and comments upon the very probable fact that two women wearing hats similar to the ones referred to by Mr. Morris, sat down in front and enjoyed the satire hugely.—Dramatic Mirror.

Since Mr. F. P. Garretson went into groceries, Mr. Rawlins Cottenet has gone into flowers; Miss Helen Lawrence and Miss Barnewall, now Mrs. Coats, into hats; Mrs. Cyrus Feld, jr., into millinery; Mrs. McVickar, into hat boxes; and now we have Miss Harman-Brown contemplating another

millinery establishment, and the Misses Elliot, sisters of Mr. Duncan Elliot, preparing to open a small hotel on a side street near lower Fifth avenue. These young ladies conducted the hotel at Ridgely Manor last summer with much success, and have promise of support in their city venture. I am told that rooms at their hotel—which is really to be a sort of family apartment-house—are already in demand, and that the reputation which they made at Ridgely Manor last summer will stand them in good stead.

The papers are still discussing, somewhat warmly, whether an all-star cast is advisable. It is urged that the performance of "The Rivals" was out of drawing. Joe Jefferson is a master and his Bob Acres is the finished product of experience and inspiration. Crane, Wilson, the Tabers, Nat Goodwin and the others gave only a few weeks' study to their parts and that as a result the team work was poor. Mrs. Drew and Joe Jefferson were by themselves in the first half of the Eighteenth century conversing and mingling with the last part of the Nineteenth. Thus the atmospheric effect might be said to be choppy. Single seats for the performance were five dollars and in the places where "The Rivals" was billed to appear the people put their amusement money aside for weeks before and had none to save for weeks afterwards. So that other companies played to poor houses. It appears then that there are more reasons than one why such a cluster of brilliants is poorly set.

Kate Field, who died the 19th of last month in Hawaii was the most successful woman journalist in this country. She had an incisive, direct style, which perhaps lacked delicacy, but that was the result of the situation. You might as well play baseball with a peach and expect the down to be undisturbed as to expect delicacy in a newspaper. The only newspaper I know of that retains the delicate, obscure, reserved style of a literateur is The Morning Octopus, published in Lincoln and kneaded by a man with the name of Jones. Webster defines knead as "to work and press into a mass usually with the hands." The definition is a sufficient justification for the use of the verb here.

Kate Field had gone to Hawaii for her health. Her death, to judge from her correspondence, was as unexpected by herself as by her friends in this country, who wait for more details. S. B. H.

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