

THE GATE OF HADES.

IS THE MODERN "SITTING ROOM" OF BIG CITIES.

Tough Men and Women Drink and Banter Shady Jokes. While the Piano Boars the Most Unearthly Shrieks—Tragic Side of City Life.



SITTING rooms are the worst places in a big city. Not that there is so much real, glistening vice to be seen in them, perhaps, but they lead the way to things which are worse, if possible. They are not beautiful places to look upon. Square rooms behind the bar that are filled with bare tables and cheap chairs. On one side stands the piano, the most necessary article of furniture in the room. Once in a while some proprietor grows ambitious and hangs pictures on the walls that are more remarkable for something else than their artistic beauty. In most of the rooms are bare and uninviting.

The air is full of the fumes of tobacco smoke and stale beer, the sounds are those of hellfire. In and out, through the blue haze, wander women that are not beautiful even under the soft veil of smoke issuing from their lips, stained by cigarettes. There come and go all the giddy youths and jaded men around town seeking what amusement they may devour. It is a quarreling,



A TYPICAL SCENE.

laughing, screeching, yelling pandemonium. Amid it all is heard the jangle of the piano and the shrill voice of a young boy singing about mother, home and graves. Then comes a pause while he passes his hat around for money. If you have none he will take a cigarette. The proprietor and his waiter rush back and forth, serving drinks for thirsty throats.

Why do people go to such places? For many reasons. Young men go there because they think that there will be seen the giddy wickedness that they have read about. Old broken-down rouders and sports go there because they hope something may happen some day. The women go there because—well, because they want to.

It is a place where anything, everything is allowed, but nothing is ever done. It is a place where all the hideous forms of vice are seen. The effect may be electrical for a moment, but once away from it and the reaction comes. It is a place where before you is laid all the base, undisguised degradation of wickedness. There is nothing alluring, nothing attractive about it. It is bold and disgusting.

It is a rough, jostling crowd that haunts these places, a crowd ready to laugh, sing or fight. It is only a question of opportunity. Some poor wretch is fortunate enough to have two admirers who insist on buying her drinks at the same time. That is always a sign of trouble. The piano player looks apprehensively over his shoulder while he plays some painfully familiar air. The "bouncer" clutches his club tighter, the light of battle gleaming in his eye. The crisis comes. Hot words are spoken, wild blows are exchanged and then the fierce combatants are out in the cool night air. The "bouncer" twists his collar into position. The people at the other tables look up for a moment, then go on talking. They are quite accustomed to such scenes. It may be their turn next. What has become of the woman? Already a new arrival is laughing and drinking with her. It is a great life, full of movement and action.

The early part of the evening is always very quiet in these places. It is then the proprietor is sad and cynical. No one is there save himself, the waiter, and the piano player. The "boss" stazds behind the bar, his fat body covered with a white apron, his dull face scowling, for he always figures his losses this time in the evening. The piano player idly runs his finger over the keyboard while he chats with the waiter. These two are happy if they get enough beer and enough money to pay for lodging. But all these people have one thought in common—How can we get all their money out of the people that come in? When the rush of business starts all other ideas will be lost in that one absorbing glory. At this time the place is gloomy enough, full of bare tables and the lights shining through an atmosphere of unwonted clearness.

After a time two or three men wander in, who are aimlessly strolling about looking for sights that are to be seen. Some are married, some are single; all better bred than those about them. They talk to the proprietor in an easy, familiar manner, they chaff and tell the piano player "to hit her up lively." The pianist plays "rag time," the woman smiles, while the visitors solemnly drink the beer served with great alacrity by the proprietor. But matters do not go smoothly, for

as they drink and the music continues they grew more and more solemn. At last they leave in disgust, declaring that life after dark is tame. They are strange birds in a strange nest, and it was too early for them to be plucked.

Color of Sin. At a recent meeting of the Methodist Ministerial Association, held in Philadelphia, Rev. J. W. Milan said that he had recently come across a very interesting discovery made by some one working in the Smithsonian Institution. The discovery related to the color of sin. Several of the ministers present said the color of sin was scarlet, because the Bible said so. Mr. Milan replied that the scientist who had made this investigation had discovered that sin had a distinct color of its own. He had, by means of a chemical process, examined the perspiration of persons aroused to sinful passions. When this was subjected to a certain test the perspiration became pinkish in color. He had made more than forty experiments, and in every instance the result was the same. The perspiration coming from persons not under the influence of evil passions does not have this color. Thus he is led to believe that sin is in color a peculiar sickly pink—a pink that rather has a wicked look of its own.

Dr. Milan regarded this as another instance where science agreed with religion, for the Bible frequently refers to the color of sin, its reference to scarlet being used for the reason that that color was found the most difficult of all dyes to remove. By a close study of the Bible many sections can be found which strengthen the claim that sin has a color of its own, and that that color is something on the order of pink.

85 Years a Soldier.

An unusual special pension claim is about to be paid by the government. It is for the widow of Lieut. Michael Moore, who died in Brooklyn last year at the age of 98. He had served continuously in the United States army for eighty-five years, and is believed to have broken the world's record in length of service. He enlisted in the regular army as a drummer boy at the outbreak of the war of 1812, and participated in several battles during that conflict. At the close he re-enlisted in the regular army, and remained there to the time of his retirement, having been occupied on the western frontier most of the time. His widow writes that she is not the young wife of an old soldier, but is 82 years old, and when her husband died they had been married sixty-three years.

Old Glory in the Sky.

Capt. Thomas Hopkins of Ironton, O., saw a flag in the northern sky the other night. It appeared to be several miles in length, and the red, white and blue stripes were gracefully curved, making a perfect flag. Three or four stars were discernible. Capt. Hopkins called the attention of the dozen or more passengers to the strange phenomenon, and they gazed in wonder and admiration at the beautiful scene and patriotically gave three cheers to the heavenly stars and stripes spread so majestically before their eyes. The scene is the talk of the city and old men shake their heads and say war is certain. The flag was visible about twenty minutes.

IT TELLS IT ALL.

A monument is to be erected over the grave of the Rev. J. Wesley Webb, D. D., of Huntington, W. Va., who died of grief soon after his son William was murdered last fall. The monument will bear this inscription:

"Here lies the body of J. Wesley Webb, a firm believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, Jeffersonian Democracy and the M. E. church."

A few months ago some "sacerdotal

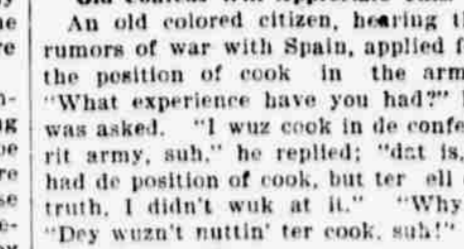


THE COMPREHENSIVE INSCRIPTION.

came with her husband to California, where they purchased a ranch. They brought with them some distinguished companions and endeavored to found a Polish colony. Her husband having lost his money by the failure of this scheme, Mme. Modjeska, who had applied herself to the study of the English language, again sought a position on the stage, but for a long while without avail. Finally, however, Barton Hill, who was then managing the California theater in San Francisco, gave her a week's engagement, and she made her American debut at that house on Aug. 20, 1877, in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." She met with triumphant success, and acted Adrienne throughout the week, save upon Saturday night, when she played for the manager's benefit Ophelia, in "Hamlet," playing the mad scene in the Polish language. Rose Ettinge, who was to have commenced an engagement Aug. 27, kindly yielded one week of her time to Mme. Modjeska, who during her second week repeated her impersonation of Ophelia, and played Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," and closed her engagement with a repetition of Adrienne. Subsequently she performed for a few nights in the interior cities, and on Nov. 26 following she began a second engagement of one week's duration in the California theater, acting the titular character in "Camille." She also repeated Juliet and Adrienne, and for her benefit, 29, and during the rest of the week acted Delia, in the play of that name. She was then engaged by Henry Sargeant to go to New York, and made her debut at the Fifth Avenue theater on Dec. 22, 1877, winning great success, first as Adrienne and next as Camille. Since that time she has almost constantly toured this country, being everywhere recognized as the foremost actress upon the American stage. From 1880 to 1882 she acted in London, Eng., and visited

ative mask of successful make-believe. Hold it tight and let no hint of suffering glint through it. The eyes of the world are so keen, so cruelly penetrating. Keep your woes to yourself; there is no sympathy when you want it. There is work to be done, no time for moans. Be gay, merry, even though your heart breaks. Mon Dieu—what am I saying? She is dead. Keep on playing.

The accompanying portrait is a most excellent likeness of Miss Maude Sheridan.



MAUDE SHERIDAN.

Idan, the clever soubrette of the Sylvia Bidwell company. Miss Sheridan was with Daniel Sully the season of 1894-95, and was afterward with the Boucault-Martino company. She is a young actress of promise.

Diamonds may be black as well as white, and some are blue, red, brown, yellow, green, pink and orange; but there is no violet diamond, although, in addition to amethysts there are sapphires, rubies and garnets of that color.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

SOME SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN STAGELAND.

Helena Modjeska Is About to Retire from the Stage Stars of This Great Actress' Life on and off the Stage—Other Stage Notes.



THIS eminent actress was born in Cracow, the old capital of Poland, in 1846, and went upon the stage in a small town in Galicia, in 1861. Two of her brothers were actors, a third was a musician and conductor, and a sister was also an actress. At an early age she married M. Modjeska, and her first stage work was done under his management, in a company of which her sister and her brothers were members. Their first performance was given as amateurs, for a charitable purpose, but they immediately afterward began a professional tour. In the early part of her professional career Mme. Modjeska played all kinds of characters, and by laborious study and close attention to her duties she rose rapidly to the leading position in the company. In 1867 her husband died, and she secured an engagement in the company at the theater in Cracow, where, in 1868, she met Count Bogenta Chlapowski, whom she married on Oct. 12, 1868. Immediately thereafter she appeared in Warsaw, where she created so profound an impression that the management offered her a life engagement. She was obliged to return to Cracow, but again went to Warsaw, where she remained leading lady of the Imperial theater for seven years. During that time she endeavored to popularize Shakespeare upon the Polish stage, and appeared as Juliet, Ophelia, Katharine, Desdemona, Cordelia and Lady Anne. Her health having failed from overwork, she was ordered by her physician to retire from the stage and seek another climate, and consequently, in 1876, she

Europe again in 1894. During the season of 1893-94 she made a joint starting tour with Edwin Booth, with whom she appeared as Portia, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, and Julia, in "Richard III." Among other roles prominent in the repertory of Mme. Modjeska are From-From, Cymbeline, Donna Di-ana, Mary Stuart, Olette, Rosalind and Magda. Among the plays produced here by her are "Zellar," "The Chouans," "Najesda," "Juana," "The Tragic Mask," and "Mistress Betty." Mme. Modjeska is at present playing a return engagement at the Fifth Avenue theater, and as she has for some time past contemplated retirement from the stage, this may possibly be the last opportunity to witness the finished art of her performance.

An enthusiastic contributor to the Theatrical News delivers himself of the following: For two months Charlotte Behrens lay at death's door in the Hotel Harrington, Port Huron. The Mantel company went its way to fill the contracts made by the management and keep faith as far as possible with the public, who had been informed that the players were coming. For a few nights the star would appear, then he would be called back to the little town in Michigan, and the audience would be informed that the idol they had paid to see could not appear, as he was by the death bed of his wife, and the public was grumpy; they are not heartless, but they were disappointed, and then a ray of hope would come, and the actor would again join the troupe.

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MME. HELENA MODJESKA.

came with her husband to California, where they purchased a ranch. They brought with them some distinguished companions and endeavored to found a Polish colony. Her husband having lost his money by the failure of this scheme, Mme. Modjeska, who had applied herself to the study of the English language, again sought a position on the stage, but for a long while without avail. Finally, however, Barton Hill, who was then managing the California theater in San Francisco, gave her a week's engagement, and she made her American debut at that house on Aug. 20, 1877, in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." She met with triumphant success, and acted Adrienne throughout the week, save upon Saturday night, when she played for the manager's benefit Ophelia, in "Hamlet," playing the mad scene in the Polish language. Rose Ettinge, who was to have commenced an engagement Aug. 27, kindly yielded one week of her time to Mme. Modjeska, who during her second week repeated her impersonation of Ophelia, and played Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," and closed her engagement with a repetition of Adrienne. Subsequently she performed for a few nights in the interior cities, and on Nov. 26 following she began a second engagement of one week's duration in the California theater, acting the titular character in "Camille." She also repeated Juliet and Adrienne, and for her benefit, 29, and during the rest of the week acted Delia, in the play of that name. She was then engaged by Henry Sargeant to go to New York, and made her debut at the Fifth Avenue theater on Dec. 22, 1877, winning great success, first as Adrienne and next as Camille. Since that time she has almost constantly toured this country, being everywhere recognized as the foremost actress upon the American stage. From 1880 to 1882 she acted in London, Eng., and visited

LIFE IN FAR INDIA.

ENGLISH RESIDENTS FIND EXISTENCE NOT GAY.

The Climate Is Enervating Scenery Is Monotonous, Hunting Poor, Swimming Impossible and the Limited Society Becomes Unbearably Tiresome.

We appeal to the knowledge of all Anglo-Indians when we repeat the saying of the Emperor Baber, that for all but a few India is the flattest of all countries, the one in which interest is the most strictly confined to work, says the London Spectator. To the few who can move about it in freedom, who have special tastes, who are concerned to understand the thoughts of Asia, or who are able to take in its astounding varieties of scenes, peoples, creeds and civilizations, India is almost overpoweringly attractive; but that is not the position of the majority. They grow by degrees interested in their work, for governing in all its departments is attractive, but outside their work they find few reasons for denying that it is a weary land, which paralyzes rather than stimulates the intellect and dawns rather than fortifies the energies. To begin with, there is little charm of scenery. Some parts of the Madras presidency, indeed, are full of loveliness and there are places in the Deccan and on the Nerbudda valley of unsurpassable beauty, but for the majority of civil officers and soldiers, who are tied to their stations, India is a dull land to the eye. Bengal is speaking broadly, a jungle of fruit trees, in which there is little attraction except a few mighty rivers, while the north is for half a year an arid brown plain, and for the other half a dull green plain. It is bounded, no doubt, by the Himalayas, but the only pleasing adjective which the mighty range does not deserve is that of beautiful. Then the sport of which we read so much is confined in practice to districts which the majority of Europeans never reach. There is kingly sport on the slopes of the Blue mountains in Madras, in the Terai of the eastern Himalayas, and in part of the Deccan or the central provinces, but in Bengal, or the north, or Punjab—that is, in the real "India" of the official or the soldier—sport is both scarce and poor. The people lie too thick upon the ground, and the intruders know too little how to avail themselves of what there is. It is one curse of India that no man there belonging to the dominant race has ever a trace of the kind of knowledge we all acquire at home before we are 20, the instinctive knowledge of the countryside, the familiarity with the ways of the humble, the perception of all that marks the life around us, which is like the perception of the gamekeeper who was born upon the moor. Riding is rather tame, except in places, for the roads are wearisome, and crossing open country unpleasant to its inhabitants, not to mention that the days are fully occupied, and that the nights fall early and with a painful rapidity that extinguishes twilight. Swimming is too dangerous in the great rivers, the great tanks are rarely found in the north, and though the luxury of swimming by moonlight in an artificial tank to which snakes can not penetrate is hardly to be over-estimated, it is not obtainably everywhere. There are games, to be sure—polo and tent pegging and racquets—but the climate for nine months in the year is opposed to them all, and over them all hangs a cloud of sameness, produced by the fact that society is limited, deficient in variety and too well known. There is, in short, no "white people" in India, but only a caste which outside the presidency cities, wearied of itself, seeks in vain for pleasurable occupation, and as it must not talk shop and has nothing else of interest to talk of, is quite curiously deficient in the power of conversing brightly.

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BRAVE BILL ANTHONY.

ENGLISH RESIDENTS FIND EXISTENCE NOT GAY.

The Climate Is Enervating Scenery Is Monotonous, Hunting Poor, Swimming Impossible and the Limited Society Becomes Unbearably Tiresome.

We appeal to the knowledge of all Anglo-Indians when we repeat the saying of the Emperor Baber, that for all but a few India is the flattest of all countries, the one in which interest is the most strictly confined to work, says the London Spectator. To the few who can move about it in freedom, who have special tastes, who are concerned to understand the thoughts of Asia, or who are able to take in its astounding varieties of scenes, peoples, creeds and civilizations, India is almost overpoweringly attractive; but that is not the position of the majority. They grow by degrees interested in their work, for governing in all its departments is attractive, but outside their work they find few reasons for denying that it is a weary land, which paralyzes rather than stimulates the intellect and dawns rather than fortifies the energies. To begin with, there is little charm of scenery. Some parts of the Madras presidency, indeed, are full of loveliness and there are places in the Deccan and on the Nerbudda valley of unsurpassable beauty, but for the majority of civil officers and soldiers, who are tied to their stations, India is a dull land to the eye. Bengal is speaking broadly, a jungle of fruit trees, in which there is little attraction except a few mighty rivers, while the north is for half a year an arid brown plain, and for the other half a dull green plain. It is bounded, no doubt, by the Himalayas, but the only pleasing adjective which the mighty range does not deserve is that of beautiful. Then the sport of which we read so much is confined in practice to districts which the majority of Europeans never reach. There is kingly sport on the slopes of the Blue mountains in Madras, in the Terai of the eastern Himalayas, and in part of the Deccan or the central provinces, but in Bengal, or the north, or Punjab—that is, in the real "India" of the official or the soldier—sport is both scarce and poor. The people lie too thick upon the ground, and the intruders know too little how to avail themselves of what there is. It is one curse of India that no man there belonging to the dominant race has ever a trace of the kind of knowledge we all acquire at home before we are 20, the instinctive knowledge of the countryside, the familiarity with the ways of the humble, the perception of all that marks the life around us, which is like the perception of the gamekeeper who was born upon the moor. Riding is rather tame, except in places, for the roads are wearisome, and crossing open country unpleasant to its inhabitants, not to mention that the days are fully occupied, and that the nights fall early and with a painful rapidity that extinguishes twilight. Swimming is too dangerous in the great rivers, the great tanks are rarely found in the north, and though the luxury of swimming by moonlight in an artificial tank to which snakes can not penetrate is hardly to be over-estimated, it is not obtainably everywhere. There are games, to be sure—polo and tent pegging and racquets—but the climate for nine months in the year is opposed to them all, and over them all hangs a cloud of sameness, produced by the fact that society is limited, deficient in variety and too well known. There is, in short, no "white people" in India, but only a caste which outside the presidency cities, wearied of itself, seeks in vain for pleasurable occupation, and as it must not talk shop and has nothing else of interest to talk of, is quite curiously deficient in the power of conversing brightly.

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