ISTHE MODERN "SITTING ROOM" OF BIG CITIES.

fough Men and Women Drink and Bandy Shady Jokes, While the Piano Roars the Most Unearthly Shricks Tragte Side of City Life.



ITTING cooms are the avorst places in a biz city. Not that there is so much real, grating 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

apon. Square rooms behind the bar cheap chairs. On one side stands the plane, the most necessary article of while some proprietor grows ambitious and hangs pictures on the walls that else than their artistic beauty. But most of the rooms are bare and unia-

The air is full of the fumes of tobacco smoke and stale beer, the sounds are | instance where science agreed with rethose of bedlam. In and our, through | Hgion, for the Bible frequently refers the blue have wander women that are not be neitiful even under the soft veil let being used for the reason that that of smoke issuing from their lips, stain- color was found the most difficult of ed by eigarettes. There come and go all dyes to remove. By a close study all the giddy youths and jaded men of the Bible many sections can be around town seeking what amusement | found which strengthen the claim that they may devour. It is a quarceling,



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, nome 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 brokendown rounders and sports go there because they hope something may harpen some day. The women to there because well, because they want to.

It is a place where anything, every thing is allowed, but nothing is ever done. It is a place where all the hidcous 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 flerce combatants are out in the cool night air. The "bouncer" twists his collar into posttion. 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 plane player. The "boss" stands 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 piono 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 peoplo 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 effort. 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 planist 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

THE GATE OF HADES, as they drink and the music continues THEATRICAL TOPICS. 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 a sister was also an actress. At an that are filled with bare tables and test the perspiration became pinkish in color. He had made more than and her first stage work was done unforty experiments, and in every infurniture in the room. Once in a stance the result was the same. The perspiration coming from persons not under the influence of evil passions are more remarkable for something 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 to the color of sin, its reference to scar-

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 drammer 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 scon 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 Je sus Christ, Jeffersonian Democracy and the M. E. church."

A few months ago some "sacreligious



THE COMPREHENSIVE INSCRIP-TION. uss" added the following in indelibie

ink: "And the Chicago platform if I had lived." Relatives state that Dr. Webb .nade the above request on his deathbed.

Old Confeds Will Appreciate This.

An old colored citizen, hearing the rumors of war with Spain, applied for the position of cook in the army. 'What experience have you had?" he was asked. "I wuz cook in de confedrit army, suh," he replied; "dat is, I had de position of cook, but ter ell de truth, I didn't wuk at it." "Why" "Dey wuzn't nuttin' ter cook, suh!"

Jack Rabbit Farm. W. D. Gibboney and Ed De Long be raised for fur and meat.

SOME SAVINGS AND DOINGS IN STAGELAND.

Helena Modjeska Is About to Retire are Frou-Frou, Cymbeline, Donna Difrom the stage story of this Great ana, Mary Stuart, Odette, Rosalind and Actress' Life on and off the Stage Other Stage Notes.



HIS eminent actress was born in Cracow, the old capital of Poland. in 1846, and went upon the stage in a small town in Gal icia, in 1861. Two of her brothers were actors, a third was a musician and conductor, and

early age she married M. Modjeska, der 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 1865 her husband died, and she seenred an engagement in the company at the theater in Cracow, where in 1866, she met Count Begenta Chiapowski, whom she married on Oct. 12, 1868. Immediately thereafter she appeared in Warsaw. sin has a color of its own, and that where she created so profound an imthat color is something on the order of pression that the management offered the one he loves best in all the world is for half a year an arid brown and 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 you silent. There is work to be done, as Juliet, Ophelia, Katharine, Desdemonia, Cordelia and Lady Anne. Her we know, if you cannot work, others health having failed from overwork, will. There are always willing ones she was ordered by her physician to to crowd you out, to crush you if they retire from the stage and seek another can, so there is no time for tears, on climate, and consequently, in 1876, she with the mask, then, the cold imper-

Europe again in 1894, During the sea- LIFE IN FAR INDIA. son of 1889-90 she made a joint starring tour with Edwin Booth, with Lady Macheth, and Julia, in "Richelieu." Among other roles prominent in the repertory of Mme. Modjeska Magda. Among the plays produced here by her are "Zellar," "The Chouans," Najesda, "Juana," "The Tragle Mask," and "Mistress Betty," Mme. Modjeska is at present playing a retheater, and, as she has for some time past contemplated retirement from the of her performance.

and the public was grumpy; they are presidency, indeed, are full of lovelinot heartless, but they were disap- ness and there are places in the Decpointed, and then a ray of hope would can and on the Nerbudda valley of uncome and the actor would again join surpassable beauty, but for the maheart is said, when some one dear to dull land to the eye. Bengal is speakyou is sick unto death, dying perhaps; ing broadly, a jungle of fruit trees, in many a player has been forced to go which there is little attraction except on with his part when he knows that a few mighty rivers, while the porth is gone forever. God help you then for the other half a dull green plain. when you must be gay. Oh, the tor- It is bounded, no doubt, by the Himsture, the suffering, the dread desolation in your soul; the grief grows un- which the mighty range do a not detil you could scream in your agony, but the conventionalities of life keep no time for wailing and tears. Ah,



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 Eytinge, 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 cines, 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 Delila, 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 have established a jack rabbit farm as the foremost actress upon the

ative mask of successful make-believe Hold it tight and let no hint of suf fering 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



MAUDE SHERIDAN. idan, the clever soubrette of the Sylwas with Daniel Sully the season of 1894-95, and was afterward with the summer I noticed that there didn't Boucicault-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, near Wichita, Kans. The animals will American stage. From 1880 to 1882 in addition to amethysts there are sapshe acted in London, Eng., and valted | phires, rubles and garnets of that color.

whom she appeared as Portia, Opheda, ENGLISH RESIDENTS FIND EX-ISTENCE NOT GAY.

> the Climate is Enervating Secory is Monotonous, Hanting Poor, Swimming Impossible and the Limited Society Becomes Unbearably Tiresome.

We appeal to the knowledge of all. Angio Indians when we repeat the sayturn engagement at the Fifth Avenue ing of the Emperer Baber, that for all but a few India is the flattest of all countries, the one in which interest is stage, this may possibly be the last the most strictly confined to work, says opportunity to witness the finished art | the London Spectator. To the few who an move about it in freedom, who An enthusiastic contributor to the bave special tastes, who are concerned Theatrical News delivers himself of to understand the thoughts of Asla, or the following: For two months Char- who are able to take in its astounding latte Behrens lay at death's door in the varieties of scenes, peoples, creeds and Hotel Barrington, Port Huron. The civilizations, India is almost overpow-Mantell company went its way to fill eringly attractive; but that is not the the contracts made by the manage- position of the majority. They graw ment and keep faith as far as possible by degrees interested in their work, with the public, who had been informed for governing in all its departments is that the players were coming. For a attractive, but outside their work they few nights the star world appear, then find few reasons for denying that it is he would be called back to the little a weary land, which paralyzes rather town in Michigan, and the audience than stimulates the intellect and dealwould be informed that the idoi they ens rather than fortifies the energies. had paid to see could not appear; as To begin with, there is little charm of be was by the death bed of his wife, scenery. Some parts of the Madras jority of civil officers and soldiers, who How hard it is to work when your are tied to their stations, India is a layas, but the only pleasing adjective serve 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 Decean 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 unpleasing 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

Diversion

"How silly it is for those children to

versing brightly.

the great rivers, the great tanks are

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 obtainable every-

where. 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, wearies 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 con-

but pine shavings on their heads and pretend they are curis!" said one lady, "Oh, yes," replied the other. "But It amuses them, and they will outgrow it. By the way, you are going to our fancy dress party. Every one is to impersonate a vegetable, the costume indicating which vegetable is meant. It promises to be unique and very charming."-Washington Star.

All in the Point of View.

A friend of ours who is in the umbrella trade declares that there was never so renseless a thing as to speak slightingly of persons who don't know enough to go in when it rains. It is his opinion that they are the most worthy people going. Boston Transcript.

Russian Coffins. In Russia, when coffins are covered with cloth, the color of the covering is to a certain extent distinctive, pink

being used when the deceased is a

child or a young person, crimson for

women, and brown for widows; but

black is in no case employed. A Girl's View of It. Mabel-"I have just been reading in the paper that we need more coast devia Bidwell company. Miss Sheridan fenses." Madge-"I should think we did. When I was at the seashore las:

> the whole coast." Back-Fence Amenities.

seem to be an able bodied man along

"Does that daughter of yours play everything she hears?" "If she does. it is better than telling everything she hears, and anybody the shoe fits can pet it in their pipe and smoke it."-Indianapolis Journal.

BRAVE BILL ANTHONY.

Brave Bill Anthony, marine orderly on the ill-rated ship Maine, in the heat of the excitement after the explosion, met captain Sigsbee, saluted as if on dress parade, and said: "Sir, I have the honor to inform you that the ship has been blown up, and is sinking.")

Where people would be free, on late of southern sea. Fighting for liberty, tyrants defyinglikeding from every pore, crimsoned on

By the haptismal gore of patriots dy-

nere node our nation's pride where Cubar waters glide. Laying with trencherous tide Maine,

the defender. tell the tropic night, masthead as full bestight With an the colors bright, Old Chery's

Well might Hispania quall, nor ever can prevail. Where rides in dawless mail. Neptune's proud daughter. Queen of the trepte main crying, "Oh!

not in vain Shull Calm's heart blood stain hallow this water."

Then rent the chaken air, thursdering her-Shricking a wild despair, dreadful dis-

Death claimed the victor's boon, men in their manhood's noon Perioding all too soon! Death was the

Yet, where destruction reared, where surging waters poured. Propelly an angel soured on duty's pin-Reckless of chaos and, sternly her son-

He, like Sir Galabad, owned her domine

As if we dress parade," while his salute Erave the Anthony said, "Sir, tome the

s blown up, and sinking?" It's no time for thinking: His no coward shrinking-with death open her!

High on the roll of fame write ye the gallant name Of him ad free from blame-let others

His not a crayen coul! His not a heart of cole! His but to know a goal-and then to dare it!

All through that maddened night, downed in a traiter fight. Felfed by a scrpent's might-devil and Not all the pow'rs of air, not all that

treachery dare. Drove from their duty there, our noble S. Maria Talbot in Denver News.

BOSTONIANS IN TEXAS. |

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

Ex-Governor Hogg and Party Go Hunting with Blank Cartridges.

They have a great joke on ex-Governor Hogg down in Texas, also on a party of Bestonians. The whole affair was arranged by Captain Alsdorf Faulkner, who conducted the visitors to Sugarland, to initiate them into the delights and mysteries of a bear hunt. "The party was composed largely of ladies and gentlemen from Massachusetts," said Captain Faulkner, "and of course quite a number of them had read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and the entertainment was arranged for them accordingly. Of course the visitors were not let into the secret. The Massachusetts people were eager for the hunt to begin. Each rarely found in the north, and, though one was anxious to take a shot at the bear, fittle knowing that their shells would do nothing but make a loud repurt. Finally all was arranged, and the signal was given to unchain the bear. The fetters were taken off of brain and he began to wander aimlessly about the thicket. The hora was sounded, the dogs collected, all yelping in one voice, and the gay party of hunters, astride of horses and mules and armed with salt loaded shells, went. off. Soon the hounds struck the trail of the hear and there was music in the air. Spurs and whips and sticks were brought into requisition and the gay cavaleade moved off toward the yelping hounds. Soon the bounds brought the bear right by the party of hunters, and almost everybody took a whack at him with firearms, but, of course, it never feazed him. The heavy firing, however, frightened the horses and mules, who were altogether unaccustomed to this kind of amusement. One old corn field mule kicked up his heels and lit out across the field. The gay Bostonian astride of the animal stuck to him until he imagined he had found a soft place to alight, and he jumped. He landed on a marshy spot, so common in the Brazos bottoms, and I thought he would never stop sinking in the mud. He was finally extricated. and he was the worst looking object I ever saw. In the meantime the chase after the bear was fast and furious. The hunters were still using their firearms without effect, and finally the bear came near ex-Governor Hogg, and he had supposed that it was in the program for him to kill the bear, so he took deliberate aim and fired twice. It was like the puffing of the wind, and the ex-governor immediately said that the job had been put up on him also.

Making a Distinction.

Miss Cayenne had caused her partner a great deal of annoyance by forgetting what her long suit was and remaining oblivious to trump signals. He mopped the perspiration from his brow and ventured the observation: "I was under the impression that you said you were accustomed to playing whist." "Yes," she answered, sweetly, "I play it. I den't work at it as some people

do."- Washington Star. Feminine View of It.

Mrs. Diggs-1 was too ill to attend the Woodbe-Uperton wedding. Were you there? Mrs. Biggs-Yes, indeed! Mrs. Diggs-And what did you think of the presents? The papers praised them very highly. Mrs. Biggs-They were just too lovely for anything. do wonder of what firm they rented them.-Chicago New-