

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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Is drunkenness a crime or a disease? The laws of this country say it is a crime, and the perpetrator is jailed and fined. But the evidence is rapidly increasing to prove dipsomania a disease. The results of the Keely treatment are apparently conclusive on that point. What a commentary on our cruel system of punishing the poor mortal whose diseased nerves cry out for alcohol and keep him in a state next to hell until their cry is heeded! The victims of the drink habit ought to be sent to a hospital instead of the jail and what a complete revolution it will be when that time comes! It ought to teach us the fallibility of human wisdom and carry a lesson of charity in the matter of opinion. There are fanatics on most all disputed questions, and the fair-minded person will find satisfaction in anything that spreads the benign influence of tolerance.

Fashion's decree has gone out against the wearing of earrings. This is not a sudden whim. It has been the growth of years. Women are getting to be more sensible on matters of fashion. They have come to see that the wearing of earrings is a relic of barbarism. We grin at the pictures of savages wearing nose rings, but why is it any worse than the earring habit? We have retained one part of the barbarian practice and discarded the other. Consequently the latter is odd and odious. There is no great harm in wearing trinkets hung from the ears, but it spoils the shape of that appendage. Women not naturally so generally have pretty ears with beautiful curves and delicate lines that are quite adorable. A pierced lobe is a mutilation in a man's eye, and then to have a big ring pulling the delicate flesh out of shape and protruding itself on his notice is quite enough to seriously affect his admiration. But the girl of today is better than her mother, in this one respect at least. She is not permitting the mutilation of her ear to maintain a barbaric custom.

Speaking of fashions, who doesn't remember the time when leg boots were all prevalent among men? For fifteen years they gradually dropped out of style for men, except those engaged in rough work, but the shoe dealers say they are coming into vogue again. In New York a growing demand has been noticed of late, and the call has been largely for a fine grade of boot for dress use. Eastern dealers predict that the boot will again be in the ascendant. Now this is a man's fact, and if lovely woman, whose fads are criticised so often, has sought cause for remembrance we will be glad to give it publicity.

There has long been a shadow of doubt about financial resources for the world's fair in Chicago. That city voted \$5,000,000 in bonds, but they were not to be delivered or sold until the fair associations had collected \$5,000,000 from subscriptions. Three millions is a big sum to gather from voluntary contributions in one city, but the fair association passed that mark a few days ago. It is now entitled to the five millions voted by the city, and wonders can be accomplished with \$5,000,000.

The yearly season of soldier gatherings is drawing to a close, and we of Nebraska have had our share of them. Our blood has been fired with patriotic speeches and our nerves have tingled with the passing excitement. It is all very fine, and there is inspiration in emotions aroused, but perhaps there is a false note in the tones of these orators. At least that is a view of the matter presented by a veteran who saw service in the field and retains a lively recollection of its actualities. The pomp and glamour, the sound and fury of battle are vividly pictured by these professional speakers, he argues; but the physical fatigue of the struggle, the toil and burden and heat of the day, the long suspense, the haunting uncertainty, the bodily wants and pains, the gnawing fear, the frailty of the fray—who dwells on things like these? The infinite pathos of the soldier's lot lies not so much in the hardships and privations of his life in the field as in the blunting of all sensibilities, moral, physical and aesthetic, which usually accompanies it. One campaign will suffice to degrade a high-bred gentleman to the level of a tramp. To old nature he surrenders at last—not to the sweet and healing influences, but to the blind and beggarly elements. The gay and dashing cavaliers of song and story may have a real existence, but they do not perform the leading part which popular fancy assigns them. If you want to get at the realities of war go among the tents where the veterans gather in groups and relate the incidents of their own experience. Historians and orators strive for general effects, for sonorous sentences and pretty pictures to play upon the imagination of the reader or the hearer. They idealize. For realism go to the old soldier himself.

The people of Lincoln have a local and personal pride as well as a patriotic interest in the welfare of Patrick Egan, our minister to Chili. The COURIER has maintained that when the facts became known Mr. Egan's acts would be approved despite the efforts of his enemies to misrepresent him. The government at Washington has endorsed his course, and now Admiral McCall, who commanded our squadron in Chilean waters shows very clearly that the Lincolnite had a level head and conducted himself with credit and propriety.

In an interview at Washington the admiral said: "I want to denounce some recent statements as devoid of any foundation in truth. Lately it was intimated that our minister, Patrick Egan, was willing to stand passively by and see the Balmaceda government slaughter certain members of the congressional party who had been imprisoned by

Balmaceda. Immediately after the bomb-throwing episode the minister of foreign affairs made dire threats as to what should be done with the congressionalists. He spoke of having them shot within twenty-four hours. Mr. Egan, so far from sympathizing with this view, as is asserted, concurrently with the French and Brazilian ministers addressed a positive letter to Balmaceda opposing such action toward the captives, and telling him plainly that their respective governments would be called on to interfere if there was any attempt at carrying out the ministers' threats. That night I got word from Mr. Egan to be in readiness to transport Mr. Montt and four of his associates from the country at an early hour the next morning. I immediately ordered Capt. Schley of the Baltimore, then at Valparaiso to prepare to take the party to Callao so that they could get out of the country. Balmaceda in the meantime got scared at Mr. Egan's note and in an interview assured the latter that protection would be extended the revolutionists and the time given them for escaping extended. So it was not necessary to take them aboard the Baltimore, though every preparation therefor had been made. Mr. Egan was severely assailed by the newspapers of the victorious party, though it was through his intervention that great leniency had been exercised by Balmaceda. His conduct has not been understood aright even in this country, but I want to say that all his actions have been those of a clear-headed diplomat and an honorable man. Right here I will take on myself the blame for some censure that fell on Mr. Egan. He wrote me confidentially that the Balmaceda government seemed too strong to be disturbed. I quote a little too fully from that letter in my communication to the leader of the opposing forces, and when the letter was made public the brunt of the criticism was directed against our minister."

Will the marvels of electricity ever cease? One of its very latest developments is a device for stopping runaway horses, and that, surely, is so universal a danger as to make the new appliance a valuable and important thing. At a recent trial the inventor sat in a closed carriage drawn by two vicious horses. There was no driver, the reins hanging loose, and the assistant struck the animals two resounding whacks. The maddened beasts ran down the street with all the fury of a runaway team. Their speed increased at every jump, and the crowd that had gathered to see the test scampered out of harm's way. The spectators were breathless with excitement and thought the inventor a foolhardy fellow. Suddenly, without warning, both animals reared on their hind legs, danced frantically, reared the air, shook their heads angrily and then came to a standstill, when the passengers jumped out and were congratulated by the crowd. The contrivance which proved so effective is simple enough. In the carriage was an electric battery connected by a system of wiring with the harness. The occupants of the carriage touched a button which set a mild current of electricity in operation. The current passed from the bit to the soft flesh of the nostrils producing a tingling sensation wholly new to the horses. The animals were at a loss to account for the sensation, but they instinctively felt it to be an attack of some kind from the front and were seized with a desire to back away from it. The current was not strong enough to injure the animals, but the inventor says it will stop a horse every time.

Dunlop, THE COURIER'S New York theatrical correspondent says: "White Nudis gloves, trimmed with the narrowest of tan binding are much used at present in New York by ladies at the theatres. They look chic, but they make the hands look larger."

The exhibition of the holy coat of Treves has attracted attention anew to miracles and religious relics. It is a curious fact that John Calvin, the sturdy old reformer, wrote a book over three hundred years ago giving a list of numerous relics of Christ then in existence. The most remarkable "find" was made in 326 A. D., by the mother of Emperor Constantine. That devout lady was told in a vision to go to Jerusalem and recover the cross upon which Christ was crucified. She went, and after some difficulty found three crosses, two of which it will be recalled, were used for the execution of the two thieves. The question then was to decide which had borne the Saviour, but that difficulty was solved easily. The body of a dead man was laid upon the crosses, and when it touched that hallowed by Christ, use the man came to life. A part of the cross was left in Jerusalem and a part taken to Constantinople. Pieces of these relics were sold to devout pilgrims, but the cross had the miraculous power of renewing itself. Calvin estimated that the pieces of that relic in existence in his time would fill a ship.

Constantine's mother also found the four nails with which Christ had been pinned to the cross, and these too, according to the native Calvin, had the remarkable quality of increasing in number. Two of them were placed by the emperor in his crown. At a later time one was taken by Charlemagne to France and another was thrown into the Adriatic to still its waters. In Calvin's time there were fourteen of these nails in existence. One of them is still to be seen by the tourist at Cologne. The spear with which Christ's side was pierced was exhibited in seven different places, among them being Rome and Paris. The sponge which the soldiers dipped into vinegar and gave to Christ to quench his thirst was carried to Persia, but afterwards was rescued. It evidently was divided, for hundreds of years later there were four of them. The table used for the last supper was owned by several different churches, and oddly enough they were of different shapes and woods. The swaddling clothes with which the infant Jesus was wrapped developed into three sets, one at Jerusalem, a second at Rome and the third in Spain. The jug containing the water that was turned into wine also multiplied numerous, being exhibited at Pisa, Revenna, Cluny, Angers and elsewhere.

One church had a part of the earth on which Christ stood when he raised Lazarus. In a French chapel were two glass bottles, one said to contain several of Christ's tears and the others said to be filled with his breath. But it would take a whole book to relate all the curious stories of holy relics told by old John Calvin.

In Mr. Chase's "Sub Rosa" in the Omaha Excelsior of last issue he makes a bold confession when he says "William Barr, the great dry goods magnate of St. Louis who at one time had a branch store in Omaha is said to be one of the best business men in the South." When it is understood that Mr. Barr opened a large and magnificent dry goods house in Omaha and it had to be closed on account of non-support, the above confession comes like a revelation from a source that never admits Omaha as being unequal for carrying out any enterprise.

Dunlop writes from New York: "It is as hard to find a needle in a haystack. The dear old thoroughfare is yet ripped up from beginning to end by the laying of the cable system, and every barrel, stone heap or fence



THE NEW LANSING THEATRE.

is covered with theatrical paper. Instead of the merry sottleties that tripped along during the afternoon, besides of happy school children dance happily homeward in the autumn air which has just the faintest suspicion of crispness. The dramatic agencies have been deserted, the uptown cafes no longer contain couples of actors graphically describing how audiences were "paralyzed" at Chikosh or Kalamazoo, and even at the playhouses it is hard to find the "profess," who but a week or two since crowded the "front of the house" to sneer at and condemn a show to which they had been admitted free."

Never Judge by Appearances.



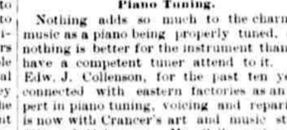
The Summer Boarder—Little boy, I can't swim. Is the water very deep? The Boy—Naw; only up ter me neck.



"Hi! This makes me feel young again."



"Help! Help!"



"Little boy, why didn't you tell me you were built like a giraffe!" -Life.

Piano Tuning. Nothing adds so much to the charm of music as a piano being properly tuned, and nothing is better for the instrument than to have a competent tuner attend to it. Mr. Edw. J. Colson, for the past ten years connected with eastern factories as an expert in piano tuning, voicing and repairing, is now with Crancer's art and music store, 221 south 11th street. Mr. Colson's eastern work was too confining, and he is now to become a resident of our beautiful city. He comes highly recommended and we trust all who appreciate good tuning will give him a trial.



Special COURIER Correspondence.

New York, Sept. 19.—But two novelties were brought out this week, both on the East side. At Jacob's Third Avenue Theatre, E. S. Wood, for many years known as "The Boy Actor," produced "The Orphans of New York," a drama, by Col. T. Murphy, which has been accepted with loud acclaim by his audiences. If any flies had lighted on Mr. Murphy's play it would not have rested undisturbed for a moment. It developed action from the word "Go," and moved on with restless vigor to the end. The play, however, is entirely wholesome and there is much in it to praise. Mr. Wood is a passable actor, and no more; but he has no faults that can offend anybody seriously, and his juvenility enables him to be boy for all the thrilling intentions and exhilarating purposes of a Bowery drama of the present day. At the People's a new and rather brilliant use was

made of an old play by Eva Mountford. When she began to star, last year, there were a few guarded predictions that she was blessed with "a future," and as that term may mean much or little in theatricals of this day, there has ever since been curiosity to know the exact measure of Miss Mountford's promise. That measure was satisfactorily taken last week by a typical East side audience, and the outcome was in all ways flattering to the actress. The revived play was that quarter-century old story of jealousy and crime, "East Lynne," a tale that has probably moved more men and women to tears than any other drama in the English language, not excepting the equally hectic but less rational "Camille." And in addition to her boldness in coming forward as the star in this exacting and time-worn play, Miss Mountford had also had claim to consideration as its author, for hers was a practically new version of the old novel. She had not departed from the original plot, but there were improvements throughout the text, and changes in the characters, the comedy lines, and the situations. Miss Mountford will probably find this drama a valuable investment on "the road." It is not worthy of her marked ability, but perhaps that is a lesser consideration at present. The only thing new for the season in the whole theatrical length of Broadway, were Cleveland's Matinee at Dunlop's Park, and the reopening of Harrigan's Theatre, with "Reilly and the 490." Both had immense audiences. "Nobe," which has been slated for a very long run at the Bijou is prospering, but few of the gallery goes take to this really meritorious performance. The play is said to be "over the heads" of the general public, so, perhaps, it will not have as long a run as its owners anticipate. Neither is Sydney Rosenfeld's new play, "The Club Friend," as it was thought it would. The part does not really fit Roland Reed, and the play, brilliant as it is in spots is so trivial in plot, that no one cares to see it. Both will undoubtedly do well on the road, but neither is a great money winner. DUNLOP.

When the casual observer stops to consider a few points he cannot fail to realize the fact that looking over eighty nights at the New Lansing for its opening season for manager Church has done remarkably well. In 1890 the report went out over the country that Hon. John Fitzgerald would build a new theatre in Lincoln. In 1890 the Bigelow opera house was started—or at least the excavation was about completed. Since that time another similar enterprise was announced to be erected at Twelfth and F streets, neither one of which ever materialized. Not six months ago the new Lansing, now receiving its finishing touches and of which an illustration is given today, was announced. Plans were drawn, contracts let and Mr. Ed. A. Church given management of the house. He began as soon as the foundation had been started, to look attractions. Through this gentleman's great popularity and his long established reputation for upright dealings and thorough gentlemanly business qualifications, the finest companies on the road contracted for dates at the house which, at the time had not even a semblance of a wall. This in itself shows the widespread confidence that the profession reposes in Mr. Church and the fact that such a manager holds the reins at Lincoln's beautiful new theatre is a matter of congratulation both for the people of Lincoln and the enterprising gentlemen who have reared this grand structure.

It is a little risk for an attraction to contract for an engagement and then come or learn before reaching the city, that the theatre was never built or that work had recently been suspended on same. The managers of the country have all had dealings with

Mr. Church before and knowing him to be "true blue," looked with him liberally. The season was already well advanced when Mr. Church entered the field to look up attractions, but nevertheless the new theatre has on its books a list of productions that would be acceptable to any first class house in the country, and in numbers too that will be sufficient to keep the theatre going busy on an average of at least three nights each week which will make a great run for a starter. THE COURIER congratulates manager Church on the eminent success he has achieved.

Now that Lincoln has a new theatre that will in every way compare with the metropolitan play houses, it behooves manager Church to exercise careful consideration in the selection of an orchestra that will be in keeping with the beautiful surroundings of the house and the class of attractions to be presented. Lincoln has never had a thoroughly first-class orchestra, and the prospective patrons of the new theatre look forward to this important feature with unusual interest. Manager Church is contemplating several pleasant surprises in the way of talent and fine selections. The demand of the day is not for classical music between the acts and no dirges, and but few, if any, sonatas will be inflicted. The great majority of people that go to see a play, do not care to hear a funeral march or classical selections. They want something catchy between acts, something of a lively air that will keep them in good spirits instead of adding fatigue to a pleasant play. When manager Church has made all his engagements for the Lansing orchestra THE COURIER will publish its estimate.

It is not the finest thing in the world to be the son of an illustrious father. The luster of the fathers name and fame is apt to dim the rising light of youthful promise. The flower of the early morning with petals half opened is placed up and against the full blown rose of noon, and the comparison is manifestly unjust. If the young man assumes to follow in the paternal foot steps or ventures to aspire to other promontories held by the goddess of fame he comes at once within the influence of his sire's reputation, and its effect is invariably prejudicial. On the other hand if he rests content in the ordinary and commonplace walks of life, he is made the recipient of ill-concealed contempt. He is intellect or genius gone to seed and people pity him. When, shortly after the demise of J. K. Emmet, the veteran "Fritz" it was announced that his son, young and inexperienced, would essay to pursue the father so successfully, visions of the latter had earned victory rose up in the critic's mind and the youthful aspirant was condemned unheard and unseen. It certainly was a presumptuous undertaking, one well calculated to test the capabilities of a genius. A little more than a month ago J. K. Emmet, with a carefully selected company made his first appearance as a star in a New Jersey town in "Fritz in Ireland," one of the most pretentious plays in the elder Emmet's repertoire. With somewhat discouraging unanimity the dramatic critics of the big New York dailies pronounced against the young man. But nothing daunted, he has persevered and his tour from Jersey to Nebraska has been a veritable triumph compelling widespread admiration and bringing more money into the sons pockets than the father ever took in in the same length of time. And even the critics have come around. The reception of the new play at the Funke Wednesday evening was but a repetition of the treatment accorded in other cities. But what of the player? Everybody who had seen the original "Fritz" judged the young man by their recollection of the father in his prime and it is not surprising that in many instances the judgment was not in favor of the pretender. Whatever may be said of the acting of J. K. Emmet, Jr., it certainly is infinitely better than the senior's first attempt, and he has succeeded far better than ninety-nine out of a hundred who seek to gain the portals of fame and success by one bound. It is not reasonable to suppose that the young man has exhausted all his resources and if the promise of his youth is sustained, he is surely destined to attain a gratifying measure of well earned success. He has versatility and flexibility that closely approaches the elder, and an ease and grace that few school actor's possess, but Jersey are distinct limits to his ability, and his voice, for which there is so much use in the "Fritz" plays, is weak, too weak. However, it shows signs of cultivation, and in the softer pieces was not unattractive. In appearance he closely resembles his father, and his work is clearly an attempt to imitate the latter as nearly as possible. With perhaps one exception the supporting company was well balanced and added materially in the success of the play. Baby Spencer "Lena" deserves special mention as one of the youngest and brightest children that has ever appeared on the stage. The scenic properties too, were better than those usually carried by traveling companies. Some changes have been made in the play itself, and in some respects they were improvements. The burlesque prize fight was one of the hits of the evening.

"Eileen" was given its first production in this city at the Funke last evening. THE COURIER went to press too early to allow of a criticism of the new opera, suffice it to say that it made a good impression. The scenery and costumes were new and handsome and there is an effective chorus. "Eileen" will be repeated this afternoon and evening.

One of the chief events of the dramatic season in this city will be the forthcoming production of DeMille and Belasco's latest successful play, "Men and Women." The piece will be presented by Chas. Frohman's company of New York. It has already enjoyed a run of 250 nights in New York and San Francisco Bay. The acting of Harry Conner as Welland Strong was extremely droll and laughable, and his colloquies with Anna Boyd, who impersonated the frisky widow, were mirth provoking and entertain

ment. The assistant cashier is accused and the crime is fastened upon him by circumstantial evidence. The criminal cashier watches the accusation of his assistant before the bank directors, and even testifies against him. Not until his affianced wife informs him that she knows the facts, does the guilty cashier lift his voice and put on the handcuffs intended for another. This outline cannot give a just impression of the absorbing nature of the play. The third act, representing the midnight meeting of the bank directors, is said to be fraught with an interest so intense as to be almost unbearable.

MR. WILKINSON'S WIDOWS. Another of Charles Frohman's distinguished New York comedies will have its first performance at Funke's Wednesday evening. It is William Gillette's latest comedy farce, "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," which has just closed a more than ordinarily successful and profitable run in New York. The play is in three acts and is confessedly constructed and developed upon the basis of the French "Le Feu Toupinel," by Mons. Alexandre Bisson, the distinguished author, who is now engaged in writing an English comedy for Mr. Charles Frohman. There was no difference of opinion among the Metropolitan critics as to the brightness of Gillette's latest comedy. The action is rapid, never lags, and in the hands of the clever company who present it, is said to create an incessant uproar of laughter from the opening till the final scene. A distinctive and

peculiar feature of the play is that it ends where most plays begin—that is, with a mystery. The story hinges upon the career of the late lamented "Mr. Wilkinson," supposed to have apparently lived a life of probity and uprightness, but upon his death it was discovered that he had not left one relic, but two lovely Mrs. Wilkinsons, who marry again, and by a strange coincidence they live in apartments in the same house in London. The peculiar complications that arise from these conditions make up the action of the play. The company of comedians who will present the play is of the best and includes Frank Norcross, Essie Tittell, Seymour Hess, Nina Hay ward, Harry Millward, Neil O'Brien, Minnie Tittell, Florence Vincent, John Longe and others.

A TRIP TO CHINATOWN. Speaking of one of Hoyt's latest skits which will be here next Thursday, the New York Telegram says: "The ability of Charles H. Hoyt to weave the business of first-class variety performers into an entertaining farce seems inexhaustible. At the Harlem opera house last night his 'Trip to Chinatown,' a play new to New Yorkers was presented and met with instant success. The title is as misleading as that of 'The Texas Steer.' Mr. Hoyt's chief purveyors of fun include Welland Strong, a dying man; Ben Gay, one of the boys of the past; Willie Grow, a youth in his teens; Noah Heap Hoffman Price, a hotel-keeper; Siavin Payne servant; Cora Fay and May Wing, skit dancers; Mrs. Guyer, a prissy widow, and Fowls and Keri, a rascally reporter. Act one is laid in the reception room of Ben Gay's home, and the entire company appears to be related to him either actually or prospectively. The young ladies secure his consent to a stunning trip through the Chinese quarter, which they really intend to convert into a night at a masquerade ball. Act two shows the Riene restaurant, the trysting place of the revelers, where the masquerade costumes are donned. The third and concluding act is located at the Cliff House on San Francisco Bay. The acting of Harry Conner as Welland Strong was extremely droll and laughable, and his colloquies with Anna Boyd, who impersonated the frisky widow, were mirth provoking and entertain

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Bondage.

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A TRIP TO CHINATOWN. Speaking of one of Hoyt's latest skits which will be here next Thursday, the New York Telegram says: "The ability of Charles H. Hoyt to weave the business of first-class variety performers into an entertaining farce seems inexhaustible. At the Harlem opera house last night his 'Trip to Chinatown,' a play new to New Yorkers was presented and met with instant success. The title is as misleading as that of 'The Texas Steer.' Mr. Hoyt's chief purveyors of fun include Welland Strong, a dying man; Ben Gay, one of the boys of the past; Willie Grow, a youth in his teens; Noah Heap Hoffman Price, a hotel-keeper; Siavin Payne servant; Cora Fay and May Wing, skit dancers; Mrs. Guyer, a prissy widow, and Fowls and Keri, a rascally reporter. Act one is laid in the reception room of Ben Gay's home, and the entire company appears to be related to him either actually or prospectively. The young ladies secure his consent to a stunning trip through the Chinese quarter, which they really intend to convert into a night at a masquerade ball. Act two shows the Riene restaurant, the trysting place of the revelers, where the masquerade costumes are donned. The third and concluding act is located at the Cliff House on San Francisco Bay. The acting of Harry Conner as Welland Strong was extremely droll and laughable, and his colloquies with Anna Boyd, who impersonated the frisky widow, were mirth provoking and entertain

ment. The assistant cashier is accused and the crime is fastened upon him by circumstantial evidence. The criminal cashier watches the accusation of his assistant before the bank directors, and even testifies against him. Not until his affianced wife informs him that she knows the facts, does the guilty cashier lift his voice and put on the handcuffs intended for another. This outline cannot give a just impression of the absorbing nature of the play. The third act, representing the midnight meeting of the bank directors, is said to be fraught with an interest so intense as to be almost unbearable.

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