THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.

The Banners of "American" Warblers Hang on the Broadway Walls.

THE CHANGES OF RECENT YEARS

The Display of Wealth and Shoddy Aristocracy a Show in Itself—General Adam Badeau's Review of Music and Its Patrons.

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NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—New York is hardly New York without the opera. More even than in London or Paris the opera is here the outward and visible sign of fashion and prosperity.

THE NEW METROPOLITAN OPERA

has finally vanquished its rival; the ancient abode of music and society is deserted; the elder temple is given over to itinerant artists and ruined companies. Not only the Italian opera is heard no more at Irving Place, but even the plucky Mrs. Thurber, at the head of the American cohorts, hangs out her banner on the Broadway walls.

The new house is the representative of a new regime. With its display and its color, its array of exclusive boxes filled with people of wealth and names known at least to the newspapers, its diamonds and full dress, it makes a pageant quite as showy as any on the stage, and quite as often receiving notice from critics and public. As many in the parquet go to see the audience as the play. The lookers on are looking upward half the evening.

To one who has lived out of New York for a quarter of a century the change in the people and the play houses is very striking.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

I knew at least two out of every three of the people one wanted to know in New York. But the world has grown larger and different since. Hundreds of my acquaintances of other days are dead; and of those who survive some have grown gray or grouty, or stout, or lame; some have lost fortune or families; many of course have married, and the belles I admired so long ago are chaperones and dowagers now. I asked the other night who was that charming woman I saw across the house. "That is the married daughter of your old flame, Lucy T—; don't you remember her wedding before the war?" The last time I saw that charming woman, she was in long clothes, and I held her in my arms. She will be an English peeress some day.

I went a year or two ago to

A BALL AT MRS. ASTOR'S;

it was my first party in New York in a decade and a half; and I said to myself, "Now, I shall see all my old friends; for this is a house to which every one goes who is asked." I entered the picture gallery where the cotillon was danced, but not one of the waltzers could I recognize. Once I should have known nearly all. Finally I discovered two or three whom I remembered, and was going up to renew the acquaintance; when I suddenly bethought me is was twenty years since I had met those budding beauties; how could they possibly look so young after all this while. It was the daughter who recalled to me the mother I had once admired. I left the ballroom and strolled into the other apartments where the elder company congregated; and there among the gray-haired dames and corpulent gentlemen by degrees I found myself at home. These were the fresh girls and robust youths whom I had left behind. These faded charms, these matronly forms, or withered shanks and grizzly beards were the remains of the beauty and grace, the youth and girlhood of twenty-five years ago. As I looked I wondered what changes they must have seen in me; for some gazed curiously before the recollected me, and others quizzically afterwards; some were sad, and some would not believe it was I at all. To these perhaps I recalled painful memories of what they had lost in the interval; to others I renewed the fancies that never had been realized. It is different when we grow older together; we do not notice then the gradual changes that time or disease or fortune or circumstance mark on form and feature from day to day; but when some one returns whom you knew before 1860, this ghost of other days in his transformation tells you of your own. If you who have remained see all this in the wanderer, what must it be to him who returns and finds the houses he once frequented filled with other faces, the old ones changed, the young ones all unknown.

But a truce to sadness. I began to write about the opera;

THE NEW OPERA AND THE NEW PEOPLE;

and to tell how it all strikes an American who has lived in other societies and been a frequenter of other opera houses. This house is as fine in interior effect as any in the world; the women are as handsome and as well dressed; the show in the audience as good as any abroad. No one could tell that all these democrats who still smell of the people from whom they sprang last year, or of the shop that was the source of their jewels and brocades—nobody would know from looking that they were not real aristocrats. Princes of the blood don't dress any finer or behave any better than these sons and wives and daughters of brokers and business men, editors and railroad presidents; patent medicines, steamboats, standard oil, California and isinglass, groceries and the China trade, all are represented; and I have seen at more than one palace as well as playhouse in Europe people of the bluest blood and oldest name who carried themselves no more proudly and bore their bodies no more seemly. For

THE MYTH ABOUT ARISTOCRACY

should be exploded. It is simply what those who were in once said to those who were out; what those who have still say to those who have not. It is like the king in the story who was told he wore a superb garment which no one could see who was not nobly born. He rode in the streets stark naked, and ever so cold, but everybody cried out at the beauty of his robes. They did not dare to own their blindness, lest their origin should be disclosed. The poor king himself was afraid to say how he shivered. He might lose his crown. Finally a little boy in the streets, who had nothing to lose, cried out: "Why, the king is naked!" and then everybody agreed. I am the little boy in the streets. I tell you the kings are all naked, and the aristocrats too. I have seen them. They are no better than you and I. When we have fine clothes we look quite as fine. Moralizing again! and at the opera!

Well, I was struck with the beauty and distinction of all these

LOW BORN ARISTOCRATS;

and I was proud of it. Why should we not have our libro d'oro as well as the Venitian merchants who married monarchs: (the Medics were apothecaries); or the Dutch republicans who kept ambassadors, though these represent the persons of sovereigns. The only thing is that our aristocracy will ape the foreign ones; it must have coats-of-arms to which it is not entitled, and which if it were, it should discard; it will talk of old families, when everybody knows which of the very oldest families are descended from bakers and which from market gardeners; and that the recent ones, who are just as well bred, just as highly educated often as any, are fresh from the lap-board or the stable, the shop, or the servants' hall (General Wool, who was second in the old army, once waited at the table behind the gentlemen with whom afterward he dined.) You may find those I talk of every night at the opera, none the worse for their origin, only for the pretence of a different one; and as no European aristocrat recognizes any American aristocracy, even two generations old, why should we trouble ourselves to claim what we can never attain, what is no way better than we already possess; especially when we have every other good, and can make those whom we envy and imitate admit our equality. For there is not an aristocrat in Europe but will confess the power and wealth and luxury, and when they have seen it, the breeding of the American democracy; but they will not admit that we are aristocrats. If we were wise, even in a social way, no American would ever, under any circumstances, admit aristocracy. If American fashionables would say to English and other aristocrats: "We are what our institutions proclaim," they would allow what they deny when we sue under false pretenses and borrowed clothes, and stolen coats of arms. For these appreciate reality, and power, and success, but despise shams, as everybody else does that is worth anything. But

THE OPERA, THE OPERA!

Let me try once more. The old opera was Italian, this is German. The old was music, this is drama; the old was song, this is declamation; the old was melody, this is harmony; the old was art, this is science; the old was exquisite, this is learned. The old was delicious, sweet, passionate, lyric. It was Grisi, Mario, Salvi, Bettini, La Grange, Bosio, Sontag, Badiali, Marini, Patti; human beings, flesh and blood, personalities, not swans, nor Venuses nor Volkyrs. And they tell us we had no music in those days! The people who lived and admired and listened and felt then in Europe and America were ignorant, uncultivated, stolid, common-place, by comparison with those who prefer the Queen of Sheba and the Meistersinger. There was no one before Wagner. Opera was not opera then; music was not music. Nobody was cultivated or refined or educated until the Metropolitan opera house was opened. All the great and gracious of every clime, who listened to Donizetti and Bellini and Mozart and Verdi and Meyerbeer—George Sand, Thackeray, Jules Janin, for instance—and their contemporaries knew nothing of music or passion of life or art. Beethoven was only a pioneer. Goethe and Gluck were not geniuses because they never heard Parsifal. Pshaw!

THIS CRAZE WILL PASS AWAY.

There is a fine show, there is a great deal of magnificent sound and fury, there is a great deal of harmony and science; but there is no music greater than we have heard before. There is no more subtle embodiment of human feeling, no grander utterance of human emotion, no sublimer inspiration of human hope, no diviner solace of human suffering than the other masters gave us in other years. Surely Wagner is great in his way; and the world is better for his existence, but he has not made them altogether things of the past. There are things he cannot do that they have done. Does anybody suppose that if Wagner could have written melody he would not have given it to us? As well tell me that Tennyson would not have written Hamlet had it been in his power. Then Wagner is not of the greatest because it requires education, culture, learning, to appreciate him. But the greatest things in art or literature appeal to the unlearned as well as the learned; the greatest actors move the galleries as well as the boxes. The hurdy gurdies are a witness of genius, and yet it is the common reproach of the older masters to-day, that the hurdy gurdies play them and the common people like them. The fine people will yet come back to melody and passion put into voice and sound. This fashion will have its day.

For fashions are common in literature and art as well as in dress, and Wagner will go down like bangs and high bonnets, to come up again and take his legitimate place among, but not at the head of, the great musicians of the world.

As far as New York goes, he is the merest of fashions. The richest stockholders cannot pronounce without appeal on asthetics or art. The finest diamonds and largest boxes have no effect upon permanent fame.

NEITHER VANDERBILT NOR GOULD

with all his millions can add one cubit to his own stature, much less to Wagner's. They may provide scenery and orchestra such as America has never known before; superb mounting, admirable performances, fashionable audiences, but all this does not make Wagner greater than Mozart. Give poor Lucia and Norma the same mounting, the same orchestra, and the same stamp of fashion and the world would run after them again as it did before. I venture to say that the true lovers of music, not born in Germany, the true critics of the stage who have lived long enough to remember, had a profounder emotion, more exquisite pleasure, an equally refined appreciation when they saw and heard Grisi and Mario in the "Lucretia Borgia" for instance, or Bosio and Salvi in even "Lucia di Lammermoor," or La Grange and Formes in the third act of the "Hugnenots," than they ever received from from anything that Wagner wrote or the robust people at the Metropolitan performed.

I went as a boy to the last performance of

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

I had heard little great muic then, but I accompanied an old aunt whose memories went back to Mozart himself. I was of course enraptured with the Swedish nightingale, and as she dropped out the liquid notes of "Casta Diva" or the "Echo Song," I could hardly speak in my young ecstacy; but my old aunt turned to me as I sat entranced, and said: "You should have heard Malibran." I suppose my youthful readers will think I am like my aunt, and can only remember Grisi when they talk of Wagner and Lehman.

But they may go to-night and hear Patti, and tell me afterward whether the music that I talk about is not a good thing. The other things, I repeat, are also good: the combination of clothes and scienic effect, the dramatic result, above all the orchestral harmonies; but "because thou art virtuous, dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

A descendant of Canning once told me that when the fashion of dry wine was first introduced into England, her famous grandfather declared: "The man who says he likes dry champagne, lies." The mot may be known to some of my readers, and it tells perhaps against me, for dry champagne is accepted; but it has not supplanted Bordeaux or Burgundy, even in England.

General Sherman, whom I met at the Walkure on Wednesday, made me think of Canning. When we talked abou Wagner, I asked the great warrior if a least he did not admire the scene in which Siegmund draws the magic sword; but the general replied, thinking, I suppose, of Atlanta and Shiloh: "I never knew a soldier to sing when he drew his sword." ADAM BADEAU.

Matrimony Geographically Declined.

"Bob, where is the state of matrimony?"

"It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and staying out o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find the northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

FROM GEO. W. NOWLIN, GREENFIELD, TENN. Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm gives the highest satisfaction here. Please ship us six dozen at once, we are out and have calls daily.

THE WIDOW HAMMERSLEY.

The Most Beautiful Woman in New York Fashionable Society.

A BIG CATCH FOR SOME FELLOW.

A Woman in Great Luck—Opera Audiences—High-Toned Charity—For Ladies Only.

Clara Belle's Contribution to the Bee.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—It may seem a rashly sweeping and conclusive assertion, but I am conscientiously going to make it. The most beautiful woman in New York fashionable society is

THE WIDOW HAMMERSLEY.

All the other belles commonly mentioned as beauties are merely pretty, and their physical equals could be casually encountered in a half-mile stroll on Broadway. But Mrs. Louis C. Hammersley has come forth at the opening of the present season as a specimen of perfect loveliness. It is true that she is the possessor of more than two millions of dollars in her own clear right, but I try to prevent that from prejudicing me against her. Nor do I perceive that on grand opera nights the beaux admire her less or the other women hate her more, on account of her immense wealth. She is practically a debutante. For five years she was the wife of a highly eccentric young Croesus, who married her for her loveliness, adored her desperately, wrote verses incessantly in her praise, and willed her all his property. She was born at Troy, N. Y., twenty-six years ago. Her father was Commodore Price, of the United States navy, and although her family had only his pay to live on, they did so in marked refinement, and were figures in the pretentious circles of local society. Lillie Price grew early into a beauty of the queenly type. She was tall, erect, with regular features, sweet facial expression, and positively regular manners of urbane but dignified courtesy. She disregarded the wooing of Trojans, and it came to be understood among her acquaintances that nothing short of millionaireism would recommend any man to her favorable consideration as a husband. In the odd Louis C. Hammersley she found this qualification. He was

A SINGULAR CHARACTER,

an object at once of respect and ridicule. His appearance was naturally singular, and he heightened it by quaint costuming. He was all the while doing queer things. But in his behavior was ever polite, his morals excellent and his disposition kind. Did his bride love him? Nobody knows. She was a robust, faithful wife at all events.

The Widow Hammersley's period of conventional mourning has now expired, and she has appeared at the opera as the acknowledged

QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

Even the most envious do not think of questioning her supremacy. But she does not let the general admiration depend alone on her perfection of face and form. Her costumes are wonders of artistic construction, and she has not yet worn one of them twice. Her jewels, have thus far been changed every night. I do not recall an instance of costlier or more elaborate toilet preparation for a social season in New York by any belle, and if she carries through the winter's succession of balls, receptions and dinners the policy which she has thus far pursued at the opera, she will by spring become the most celebrated woman in America. She has evidently gone in for a great triumph. She is the owner of a box, and its tiny parlor at the rear is superbly furnished. The walls are freshly hung with rare flowers, and an elaborately carved combination of sideboard and ice box yields wines to her guests between acts. That she is courted and adulated needs not to be said. She is the most interesting personage in the house, not excepting the foremost singer on the stage. The opera audiences are

CURIOUS SUBJECTS FOR STUDY.

What struck me, while sketching the Widow Hammersley on the sly, was that some of the daughters of wealth, denied beauty, were seeking to earn by exertion the distinction which she got without effort. That is to say, they endeavored by irregularity of costume, or idiosyncrasy of demeanor, to fix masculine attention. Often they succeeded. In one instance it was done by an odd arrangement of the hair, after the manner of the scare-wigs of the minstrels; in another the theatrical poses of a Juliet lopping over her balcony rail were practiced over the box's front; in numerous cases audaciously vivacious conversation served the purpose. Mr. August Belmont is a shrewd observer and humorous commentator of these scenes.

"That young lady," he remarked, meaning a girl who was holding a group of fellows in her box parlor—the door of which gave an open view to all passers—by mixing drinks for them in a pretty travesty of barkeeping, "reminds me of a female gymnast whom I once knew of. Both won by strangely doing common acts. This one piques curiosity by presenting a barkeeper in the form of a dainty belle. The other was a young circus performer.

SHE THREW FLIP-FLAPS

in the sawdust ring, and didn't command much notice. Then she transferred herself to a theatrical stage, as a figure in a pantomimic struggle. There, in the long-skirted costume of a fashionable belle, she turned the same old flip-flaps, but to tremendous applause and admiration. For a fact, there was less impropriety in it—for she was fully enveloped, while before she had worn professional skirtlessness—but the oddity won. In society, too, the flip-flappers sometimes succeed."

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INCONGRUOUS SOCIAL FIGURES.

A remarkably pretty young woman was considerably admired at the charity ball of 1881. She was a graceful brunette, with a good air, and she had a quiet deportment. This ball, as you doubtless know, has long been a distinctively modish affair, with much ado as to its exclusive character. Therefore, when the admiration of the stranger led to enquiries, and the dandies from the avenue learned that she kept a boarding house, they no longer sought her hand in the waltz. Before the night was over, a detective identified her as the wife of Charles Bullard, alias Piano Charley, a professional thief, and she was requested to go out. She has now come into notoriety as the heiress of seven millions from Juen Petro Terry, a Cuban planter; and I am not going to rehearse the facts, for you have already had them in print; but what I wonder is what she will do with her immense fortune. On being ejected from the charity ball, as I am told by a committeeman, she cried angrily: "If I had a million I'd be welcome at this ball, or any other ball in New York. I could walk into John Jacob Astor's parlor if I had five millions." Well, she will soon have seven; and of course she can't buy entry into good society with it; but if she doesn't show us some extraordinary things in showy luxury then I shall be disappointed.

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HIGHTONED CHARITY.

An exquisitely fashionable thing here in New York is a charity to the good graces which "ordinary people" are not admitted; an institution for the relief of "ladies only" to the exclusion of women who are not "ladies." It has opened elegant headquarters on Fifth avenue, near the Astor residence. The words quoted are used by the projectors of the enterprise to indicate the boundaries of their benevolence. As one of the managers said to me, "Ordinary people have avenues for employment in which they naturally find work, but reduced ladies are at a great disadvantage in attempting to earn a living and it is to assist these latter that this society is established. The writer had called to learn how the line was drawn between "ladies" or "gentlewomen in reduced circumstances," and "not ladies," to make use of the formula of logic. Apparently it had never occurred to her that there might be a possibility of confounding the classes; the question was so altogether novel that it had to be put in several forms before she comprehended its fundamental meaning. Then it was demonstrated: That servants were not ladies, of course (invincible argument); that "ordinary women" could not be ladies; that is, women who had been accustomed to work for a living in shops and factories; that women who had always been poor (born in reduced circumstances presumably), could not hope for aid in the exchange; from all of which it seemed to follow that the real distinction between "ladies" and "not ladies" consisted in the respective habits of not earning and earning a living. "But," to come at last to the language of the manager, "the responsibility for determining who are proper subjects (i. e.; ladies) for assistance, rests with the members and managers of the exchange individually. In such an association of such ladies it may be granted, I suppose, that no mistakes in the way of perfect discrimination are made. (That is a lady may be depended on to recognize a lady instinctively.) The system is this: each manager buys one or more tickets at $5 a piece, each ticket entitling three person to the privilege of consigning articles to the exchange. The manager then disposes of the ticket as he sees fit; she may have among her acquaintances one or more reduced ladies to whom she presents the ticket, or such gentlewomen may be recommended to her by persons competent to judge whether they are worthy or not. The final holder of the ticket then has the privilege of consigning goods to us for sale. We have several departments, you know, needlework of all kinds, patented work of all kinds, embroidery, bric a brac, old furniture, coffee and cake, etc.

A REDUCED LADY

who has any of these articles, or makes any of them in the various departments, and holds one of our tickets, can bring the goods to us. We mark a price and display them, and when they are sold we turn the money over to the consignor, less ten per cent, which we retain to pay for the running expenses of the exchange. In addition to the reduced ladies who hold tickets as gifts from the managers are many who purchase their own privilege. It is to them a business investment like the buying of space at a fair or desk room in an office. Of course we do not sell such tickets broadcast; the purchaser may be recommended and vouched for by some manager or responsible lady known to us. And there is one feature of the exchange that perhaps ordinary people would not appreciate; the identity of the consignors is not disclosed to the customers. Even the clerks and executive officers deal with them through the initials only. So a reduced lady is compelled to suffer none of the annoying publicity to which people are subjected elsewhere in seeking employment or disposing of work."

THE EXCHANGE

occupies two floors of the building on Fifth avenue. The first floor above the street is devoted to the display and sale of needle and art work. It is very attractive in appearance—like a department in a church fair, where artistic ladies have charge. Below is the room for pastry, old furniture and bric-a-brac. This is as attractive as antique mahogany, ancient blue chairs, and the freshest of nice cakes, pies, pickles and preserves can make it. A couple of lunch tables are spread from noon until 3, this being the latest improvement in the exchange. It is designed to make it a comfortable meeting place for ladies, where they may feel free to sit down a few minutes conversation. Among the articles in the room was an old-fashioned mahogany sideboard bearing a complete service of rare blue china upon its shelves. The writer suggested that this might have a story back of it, some unfortunate lady in reduced circumstances compelled to part with an heirloom, perhaps, or presenting for sale one of the luxuries of her better times.

"I don't know," mused the lady manager: "It may be; I often wonder how some of the consignors come into possession of the articles they bring here. It would seem strange that poor people should spend their little money for such things; but there is a constant demand for antique goods, so perhaps the reduced ladies buy them at a bargain as a business investment and place them here to be sold at a profit."

"Do women who are not ladies ever try to consign their goods to you?"

"We don't take consignments from such."

"But do they try to deceive you?"

"Very seldom; they seem to know that we are strict, and they make little effort to get the privilges of the society under false pretences. CLARA BELLE.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

Sweet home—a beehive.

Burlesque opera will be renude this winter.

A chestnut bell—The telephone annunciator.

A tug is the only thing that has its tows behind.

The obituary column is full of the last sad writes.

Poker is the popular game in Chicago at present. The city bristles with it.

Geronimo is rapidly learning to play poker. At last the army has him just where it wants him.

When an old maid gets married the groom should ring the chestnut belle. There's no joke in marrying an old maid.

The Phrenological Journal says: "In choosing a wife be governed by her chin." A man is apt to be governed by the same thing after he gets a wife.

It was pretty nearly half-past eleven o'clock when he began to sing "How Can I Leave Thee" to his best girl. Pretty soon her papa came down stairs and he found out how easy it was.

Frank James, the Missouri bandit, gave it out some time ago that he was going to reform and lead the life of a respectable citizen, but a report has just come in that he peddled tickets all day at the polls in Independence, Mo.

A carpet trade paper tells a story of a perspiring salesman who seemed to be unable to suit a lady after unrolling miles of his stock. When the lady remarked to her companion: "Baby likes to see him roll them out and it's not time to take the train yet," he gave it up.

A gentleman stopping one evening at a country hotel said to the maid servant who waited upon him, and who seemed nearly exhausted with the fatiguing duties of her situation, "I have no doubt," said he, "but you enjoy your bed when you get into it." "Indeed, no, sir," she replied, "for as soon as I lie down at night I am fast asleep, and as soon as I wake in the morning I am obliged to get up, so that I have no enjoyment in my bed at all."

Another Chance for That Gebhardt Fellow.

Kentucky State Journal: "Phwat the divil is all this talk about that New York girrul they calls the Goddess of Liberty?" asked Mrs. O'Rafferty of her next door neighbor.

"I suppose it's wan av those pertessional beauties that's come over here, Mrs. O'Rafferty."

"Yis, an' they makes her a goddess. The first thing she knows that Gebhardt felly will be after her the same as he was after that Langerty woman. I declare to gracious, scandal takes betther in this counthry than anythin' ilse."

GREAT EVENTS IN BOSTON.

President Cleveland's Visit to the Hub and His Hearty Reception.

DRAMATIC KINGS AND QUEENS.

Wilson Barrett, Adonis Dixey, and the Great Patti, Booked for a Season—Liberality of Bostonians—A Presidential Joke.

BOSTON, Nov. 17.—[Correspondence of the BEE]—Laying aside all party prejudice and uncharitable narrowness, it must be admitted that President Cleveland's first visit to Boston was a most pleasant one. That it was thoroughly enjoyed by the people of Boston and vicinity there can be no doubt; and if the same is not true of the president and his pretty wife, they must indeed be very clever actors. Their reception here was such a one as only Boston people can give when they once get aroused, which is not very often. It it very seldom that a real blue-blooded conservative evinces any enthusiasm, but when he is once stirred up you may know that it means something. We take it that by this time

THE PRESIDENT

is pretty well used to the booming of cannon and the shouts of the multitude, and all this sort of thing has lost its charm to him. But the effect on the youthful collegians in Cambridge was somewhat different. It was with difficulty that the picturesque Lancets forced their way through the mass of excited humanity which thronged Harvard street on the morning of Mr. Cleveland's visit; but when the four prancing grays which drew his carriage stepped into the gateway of the college quadrangle, enthusiasm seemed to outdo itself. The bells of the city pealed forth their merriest, the cannon thundered on Cambridge common as they have not done since the days of Washington, and a thousand

SONS OF HARVARD

yelled a hearty "three times three." What an inspiration it must have been to the ambitious undergraduate, to see the chief magistrate of the nation and of the commonwealth, the presidents of all the principal American colleges, ambassabors from Europe, and such men as Oliver Wendell Homes, James Russell Lowell, George Bancroft, and Senator Hoar, marching arm in arm to Sanders' theater to attend one of the most literary and dignified meetings of a century. But there is another view of the situation which shows that the male dignitaries were not the only

LIONS OF THE OCCASION.

It is safe to say that the crowd was as curious to get a view of the president's charming wife as of his excellency himself, and the crowd of shivering souls which stood for two hours and a half about the doors of the theater to catch a glimpse of her, was something prodigious.

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NEW ENGLAND THRIFT

is proverbial. Nothing is more uncharitable, however, than to insinuate, as New York papers are accustomed to do, that with this thrift there is scattered a generous amount of natural stinginess.

Nothing could be more grossly false. It is true that Boston reserve and its attendant qualities are often mistaken by rushing New Yorkers for parsimony. It is also true that if the so-called hospitality which is so often practised upon country merchants and the like in New York, were tried upon a Boston man, he would immediately "drop" to the fact that he was being "worked for a fish."

In charity to the metropolis I shall not mention the comparatively small amount which that city has given to the Charleston sufferers, but beg leave to mention that the chairman of the Boston relief committee has received a receipt for the handsome sum of $100,000 from Mayor Courtenay of Charleston. "And now," says Mayor Courtenay, "will you let say to the people of Boston how deeply touched is this community, not only at the liberality of their gifts, but also the considerate and thoughtful manner of their giving.

"Writing as I do in the shadow of our great calamity, feeling the heavy burden we all have to bear, realizing the many difficulties we as a city must overcome, we feel stronger for our work by the consciousness that we have Boston's sympathy and support. May a kind Providence favor and bless your noble city and people through all time!"

* * *

THEATER GOERS

and lovers of music are beginning to have their hands full as the season goes on.

The three "proper" theaters of the city are the Globe, the Boston and the Hollis street. The Park and the Bijou come next, while the Howard and the Windsor supply the wants of still cheaper patrons. The cosy little Bijou has taken a very marked step downward within a year. At the Globe Mr. Wilson Barrett has made a decided hit. He is indeed a forcible and talented actor, young, educated and handsome. His Hamlet is entirely different from Booth's and many like it better. He portrays Hamlet as a schoolboy of eighteen instead of a man of thirty and gives his reasons for so doing. His Claudian is novel and strong; his Clito, which he produced last week for the first time in America, although it is played in a most refined and unsuggestive manner, savors pretty strongly of the loose Roman times which it represents. Still it is beautifully tragic and shows the qualities of Mr. Barrett's excellent company to good advantage. The principal lady, Miss Eastlake, is one of the cleverest actresses Boston has seen for some time.

Mrs. Langtry is playing at the Boston as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons." She plays to big houses but she is received coldly and with reserve and seems to owe her popularity to the fact that she is a great beauty rather than a good actress.

Dixey is still drawing full houses at the Hollis street as Adonis. It is well known that Dixey is a prominent member of the masonic order in this city, and his masonic brothers have conspired to do him great honor. On Thursday evening the entire house has been purchased by the nobles of the mystic shrine, Aleppo Temple, and members of various masonic lodges, and it is said that the red fez will be worn.

The affair will be an event of no little significance in theatrical circles.

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DIXEY'S BANQUET TO WILSON BARRETT.

Speaking of theaters reminds me that last night chronicled one of the most sumptious feasts that has been given in the Hub for some time. It was the occasion of a banquet given by Mr. Dixey to Mr. Wilson Barrett, the great English actor, whom we have mentioned in this letter. The marble columned banquet hall of the Vendome had been changed into a perfect paradise under the direction of a skillful florist, and where but one week ago sat President Cleveland and his bride, "the observed of all observers," were now arranged long tables most extravagantly and sumptuously laden for the 107 tired actors who were to join Mr. Dixey in doing honor to the illustrious Briton.

We can no more than mention a few of the features of the evening such as speeches from Mr. Dixey and Mr. Barrett and a poem by J. C. Goodwin. Mr. Dixey was most hospitably received by Mr. Barrett in London, and the link of their friendship has been welded in a most beautiful and lasting manner.

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OUR THANKSGIVING

is to be surrounded, as it were, by Patti concerts. This celebrated singer will give two farewell concerts in Music Hall next week, one on the evening before and the other on the evening after Thanksgiving. The second act of Semeramide will be given on Wednesday evening and the garden scene from Faust on Friday. This will be a rare musical treat and although seats will cost $3, $4, and $5, crowded houses are a foregone conclusion.

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The first thing a stranger critizises in Boston, especially if he is a westerner is the extreme crookedness and narrowness of our streets. He immediately concludes that the buildings were put up promiscuously and the streets picked out afterwards, and indeed his conclusion is not far from correct. The names of streets are as capricious as the streets themselves. For instance, a street crossing Washington street is called Summer street on one side of Washington and Winter street on the other, when in reality they are one and the same street. The same is true of Elliott and Kneel, and when it crosses Tremont, near Scollay Square, the buildings on one side of the street are on Tremont Row and on the other side of the same street are called on Court street. Add to all this the extremely barbarous way of having door numbers increase on one side of a street and decrease on the other and you can form some idea of the facility with which a stranger finds his way in the city of culture.

A certain member of the board of aldermen has become the object of much ridicule and a corresponding amount of pity since he conceived and made known the novel idea of taking out the show windows of shops and constructing sidewalks in their places along the front and on the ground floor of buildings. The idea is rather Chinese and I fear that it "must go." The labyrinthian streets, however, are only to be found in the old part of the city. The Back Bay district or fashionable part of the city is beautifully laid out in broad avenues and has a more modern appearance.

Commonwealth avenue is the richest and most aristocratic. On this is situated the most noted of Boston's hostelries, the Vendome. And this reminds me of President Cleveland's joke while breakfasting at the Vendome. (Pronounced Vondome. French: vous savez.)

Looking out upon the rich brown stone mansions which adorn the avenue, and being told that its name was Commonwealth, his excellency remarked that its name was inappropriate since it was very evident that none but the uncommonwealthy could afford to live there. This being a presidential joke must needs be laughed at by every loyal American, and will therefore be a good one to close with. FRANZ SEPEL.

LITERARY NOTES.

"From Meadow Sweet to Mistletoe" is the title of a beautiful volume by Miss M. A. Lathbury, artist-author of the "Seven Little Maids," "Ring-a-Round-a-Rosy," etc. It consists of 40 original designs printed in photogravure, from the original Sepia drawings; printed on extra size, heavy drawing paper, with illustrative verses by the author. Inclosed in a cover of unique design, printed colors and gold. The price of this holiday book is $2.50. It comes from the press of the Worthington company, New York, which continues to maintain its reputation for producing artistic and appropriate American books for American children.

The Century company has published Frank R. Stockton's story, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," in book form. The ocean adventures of Mr. Craig and his two rather elderly proteges is told with a simplicity, directness and honest candor, that exhibits a most delicate and sympathetic humor, by the presentation of a trio that acted so natural, easy and unconcerned, in time of danger. Their Robinson Crusoe existence as boarders on the lonely isle is original and clever.

"How to Win" is a book for girls, written by Francis E. Willard, with an introduction by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. The volume consists of talks to girls on many subjects, with the intent to render them more serious and conscious of their place in life by centering their thoughts above the time-killing inventions of society. Ideals in womanhood and manhood are spoken of, and the way in which these ideals may be realized is presented. Bread-winning is touched upon but lightly. This book is published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York

"Just One Day," by John Habberton, is a very funny and amusing story, fully equal to his "Helen's Babies," being truthful and told with spirit and humor. It is a natural and amusing story of children in every-day life, and will amuse and cheer all who read it, for it is full of humor, is intensely real, and will invariably move the reader to laughter. It is a good book for every husband, wife, father and mother to read, for it is filled to the brim with fun, frolic, and reality, and there is in it a sweet undercurrent of pathos that lends a special charm to the whole story. All should read it. It is published in uniform style with "Helen's Babies," price fifty centy, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, have just published an interesting volume, "The Volcano Under the City." It is a history of the riots in the metropolis in 1863. It is a long time since any writer has opened so strangely interesting a crypt in American history. The nation at large has pretty much forgotten—if indeed it ever knew—that it once had a great riot, in which more than fourteen hundred men were killed. It does not realize that a mob once contended, through four successive days and nights, for the mastery of the city of New York. The author was what was known as a "Volunteer Special,"—one of those citizens who came to the aid of the overtaxed police authorities, and were assigned to special duties as volunteers in the ranks of law and order during the serious outbreak. He was an eye-witness of much of the dreadful work of those days and nights, and speaks, therefore, from personal knowledge.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have published Tennyson's "Dora" in a very artistic style. The illustrations are masterpieces of art, both as to design and engraving. The volume is printed on heavy paper, and is handsomely bound in old gold covers. Altogether it makes a beautiful holiday book.

"All Taut, or Rigging the Boat," by Oliver Optic, is the latest addition to the "Boat-Builders series," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The book contains about the same amount of incident and adventure as its predecessors in the series; but they are events which forward the action of the principal, and illustrate his method of reforming bad boys. The Lily is rigged, and makes a very good record as a fast sailer. The principal, though the actual work to be done by the students is only to rig a fore-and-aft schooner, explains to them the different kinds of vessels, classed by their rig, and fully illustrates the system by which the spars, rigging, and sails of a ship are named, so that he makes quite an easy matter of it for the boys.

"The Book of Eloquence," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, is a collection of extracts in prose and verse from the most famous orators and poets, and is intended as exercises for declamation in colleges and schools. It is arranged by Charles Dudley Warner, who has exercised care in making the selections.

"Where does the buckboard?" asks the Boston Herald. We don't know. In fact we have never heard, although the question has been asked a number of times.

GAUNT POVERTY IN BERLIN

Abject Destitution of Tens of Thousands in the German Metropolis.

THE SYSTEM OF RELIEF.

Nearly Fifty Thousand Persons Dependent upon Charity, While a Quarter of a Million Exist on Less Than Thirty Cents a Day.

BERLIN, Nov. 8.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—I was asked the other day if there was much suffering among the poor of our capital. The question reminded me of what I had heard a New York lady say recently: "I have been particularly struck by one thing," she remarked, "during my six months' sojourn in your great city; I do not see even on the street those ragged, hollow-cheeked figures that attract so many pitying glances in London, Paris, Rome, and the large American centers. So I conclude that there is but little poverty here." I hastened to inform my good friend that she was mistaken. Since Berlin has become a grand metropolis and new trades and industries have grown up until they are the most flourishing in Germany, its indigency has increased at the same rate as its wealth. And what this wealth is becoming, may be judged by the fact that there are 128 families in Berlin with an annual income of from $25,000 to $125,000,—large sums in Europe, however small they may seem in America.

Thousands of families and single individuals come to Berlin annually from the country hoping to find here better wages and lighter work; but, unless favored by circumstances, the greater part of these deluded people fail to get on, and thus increase every year the quantum of our

PAUPERISM.

That a stranger living in a hotel on the west side of the city does not meet with beggars and misery, is very natural, for that is the aristocratic quarter. Then, again, our police regulations are very strict. Mendicity is prohibited, and anybody found asking alms is promptly arrested; if the unfortunate wretch can give neither an address of his own nor that of an employer, he is promptly committed to the workhouse as a tramp. You are not apt to be troubled by beggars at your front door bell, for the "flat" system prevails in Berlin, and the porter at the main entrance is as watchful as Cerberus; yet should a cunning mumper succeed in gaining the stair-case, he would find himself confronted at every door with a notice reading as follows: "Members of the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity." This means that the family within does not intend to give without first consulting the society and finding out whether this be a worthy case. This admirable organization, supported by the wealthier portion of Berlin, is of course unable to help all the needy who apply, but it does considerable good, and at least protects its members against impostors of both sexes. The society has offices scattered about the city, and requests for help are carefully examined into before being granted. Similar societies exist in almost all the large German cities.

How then does the voice of the poor reach the ear of the rich? By means of a written appeal, which is an advantage to both parties, for the mendicant can furnish a complete and truthful account of his wants, while the alms-giver can satisfy himself that his money is not being wasted on drunkards or vagabonds. I have received during the past week 150 appeals of this kind. What accounts of

SUFFERING AND WRETCHEDNESS

they give! Some of these descriptions are doubtless exaggerated. Many, I can see by the writing, are the work of the same hand—some scrivener who ekes out his existence by inditing begging letters for others. However, most of these sad stories are found to be only too true on investigation, and you sometimes meet with cases where the misery is so great that the pen cannot do them justice; and all this in spite of our admirable city poor houses, our hundreds of private charitable institutions and very generous individual almsgiving.

I make it a rule never to give, without at first inquiring into the case, and as I was beginning my regular round of inspection, the other day, I invited the New York lady already mentioned to go with me. Now, nothing is more difficult, in a large city, than to find out who are poor and who are not. Many a family supposed to be wealthy is living under the shadow of the poor house; but I have to do now only with those who are dependent upon charity for their existence.

OFFICIAL STATISTICS

show that 196,697 inhabitants in Berlin, whose population is now about a million and a half, were relieved from taxation in 1885 because their annual earnings did not reach $105, while 148,128 persons earned $105, which gave them about thirty cents a day for all their expenses. Besides this mass of starving people who live from hand to mouth, and are never able to lay aside a penny for a rainy day, 45,581 still more unfortunate beings received aid from the poor fund, some for a season only, and others throughout the whole year. Again, 17,394 families were exempted from the payment of their house rent because of their poverty, while 3,339 more families who tried to meet the demand of their landlord failed to do so.

I might go on and lift still more the veil that partly conceals this abject destitution. I might show you the crowded tenement houses, the wretched lodging rookeries for men and women where all the demands of modesty are forgotten, and the low cellars, those haunts of disease and epidemic, where parents and children sleep on damp straw and breathe mephitic air; but why dwell longer on such human suffering? It would be more profitable and pleasant to recount how the state, the city, and the private citizen labor together to alleviate this wretchedness, how every night homes for the friendless shelter those who have no bed nor roof and how everything possible is done to lift up the struggling beggar and make him an independent man again. But what we try to do in Berlin in this direction is doubtless much the same as that done in the other large cities of the world. I have shown that the New York lady was wrong, that the German, like other capitals, is cursed with poverty, and that is more than enough to have to tell in one letter.

LINA MORGENSTERN.

He Had to Get His Key in.

Topeka Commonwealth: The night air was somewhat loaded with his hiccoughs as he struggled home by daylight. The cars had commenced running, but he would not take one. He knew that he had missed the last car long ago, and he could not understand that yesterday was over and to-day had come. To him no cars ran after forty minutes past twelve o'clock, and it had been forty minutes past twelve o'clock for hours. There must be some other cars. He was surprised to meet a good many people coming down town, and in trying to puzzle out what was up he gradually reached home. A stray policeman who had been left out all night heard a revolver shot, and in defiance of danger ran. He found the inebriated gentleman firing through his own door.

"Hello! what are you doing?"

"Thash all right. You let me alone."

"What are you shooting at?"

"Darn it, can't you see? I can't find the keyhole of this door and I'm shootin' in a new one. I've got to get my key into this door somehow."