

TIPTON PLACE.

HOLD ON! DON'T GET EXCITED!

TIPTON PLACE.

We are Still in the Ring and Have got the Best of all the Best Additions.

TIPTON PLACE

We are not selling any outside additions or starting any young towns or establishing any railroads, but come to the front with

Good Honest Down Town Real Estate.

We have no grudge against the people here and intend to give them value received for their money. There are additions laid out all around Tipton Place, and sold last summer for \$500 to \$700 each. We don't wear plug hats and blow about the advice we have given; our overcoats don't button high enough for that. There is a fine, elegant, new \$5,000 school house on the ground, three stores just across the street, about 40 houses already built, and 47 already contracted to be built by July 1st, and various other improvements.

We Have Placed these Lots within reach of everybody, only \$350 to \$500 Each

I-5 cash and I-5 in six months, and the balance in 1 and 2 years at 8 per cent. The boom is with us, and you will double your money inside of three months. Free carriages to show the property.

TIPTON PLACE.

The Motter Real Estate Agency,

TIPTON PLACE.

211 SOUTH 15TH STREET, UP-STAIRS.

PEN-PICTURE OF THE POPE.

Count Vassil Describes the Head of the Roman Catholic Church.

SCHOLARLY, SINCERE, SAINTLY.

Wisdom of His Words—Possessed of a Great Mind—His Appearance—Charity and Meagre Income—Always Clerical.

PARIS, Jan. 9.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—The nimble pen of the mysterious diplomatist who has analyzed, in the Paris Nouvelle Revue, the society of several great European capitals, and who proposes to be very, to undertake the same task for New York and Washington, sketches the pope in the course of his description of Rome and the Romans. I select a few passages which will be of general interest.

Photographic tradition lends to Leo XIII. a sardonic smile, and the irreverent have even called it Voltairian. The priests who don't belong to Rome speak of him in the freedom of their sermons as the Pope Voltaire. A French writer consecrated Voltaire king. If it be true that Voltaire rather divided the honors of the crown with Louis XV. or with Frederick the Great, it may be said that he has now been elevated to the honor of the tiara. The photographs are deceptive. Leo XIII. is not in the least like Voltaire, and his brow has nothing hideous about it. It is, on the contrary, very benevolent, unctuous, and royal.

THE POPE'S APPEARANCE. Leo XIII. is not in the least like Voltaire, and his brow has nothing hideous about it. It is, on the contrary, very benevolent, unctuous, and royal. The ceiling of the hall of the Candelabra recedes in fresco the great events of the pontificate; the apotheosis of Saint Thomas of Aquinas, over which Leo XIII. presided—philosophy, history, belles-lettres, poetry—restored and regenerated by the great pope. An Austrian master, Herr Seidl, has been appointed thus to glorify the sovereign pontiff. Alas! although Leo X. has a successor, Raphael and Michael Angelo have none! Leo XIII. intends to attach his name to a master work than that. He is enlarging and rebuilding the Tribune of Saint John Lateran. No subject of conversation is more agreeable to him than the recital of the marvelous work done in this church, and if he sees the end of the labor, as there is every reason to hope that he will do, the day of the inauguration will bring him one of the chief joys of his reign.

MADAM MILLER MILITANT.

A Sensible Woman Declares War Against the Evils of Fashion.

"BURDENS UPON THEIR BACKS."

Comfort and Neatness Without Danger to Health—The Disgusted Washington Lady—Harvard Annex For Girls.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—In these days of reform, women are bringing themselves more and more into notice as successful workers, and I am inclined to give them vastly more credit for their exertions in the reform of which I am about to write, than in a certain other line of what some of the dear women themselves would call reform, namely "Woman's Suffrage." The question of woman's dress is an old one, but the results of labor in reforming it are anything but old. After much thorough investigation and many sensible and highly intelligent talks upon the subject, Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller has met with considerable encouragement and not a little success. It requires but little observation to reveal the many evils entailed upon woman and her progeny by improper modes of dressing. It is an acknowledged fact that women wear such burdens upon their backs as to bring untold disease into the system, and the only hope for their future and that of their posterity is, to throw off the thralldom of unwholesome and ungraceful dress, and adopt those methods which will allow the perfect freedom of all parts of the body. Assuming that

THE LEADERS OF FASHION. Mrs. Miller points to the women of ancient Greece, whose exquisite beauty and grace have furnished models for a perfection of sculpture which is acknowledged after twenty centuries to be the most of all art. The road to health and beauty does not lie in the modern fashion-plate but in the ideal dress, which should follow the lines of the body and fit it as its natural structure demands. Such a costume fulfills all the requirements of health and freedom; it is neither ugly nor monotonous but is susceptible to an endless variety of modifications. It may be trimmed and draped in a thousand ways, and it will be beautiful as long as the exquisite conformity of its proper lines are preserved. Artists could execute their costumes and make them much more beautiful than the dresses which

NOW GIVE OUR STYLISH WOMEN an appearance which is neither human nor divine. Our fine modern fabrics could be made into costumes to which, for simple beauty and true grace, the fashionable dresses of today would bear no comparison. Mrs. Miller is a graduate of the Monroe College of Oratory in this city. Her lecture in Wesleyan hall on "The Principle of Correct Dressing," was received with much enthusiasm. She appeared in a dress made after her own ideas of correct dressing, and it was both becoming and manly. It is the fashionable women who are trying to stir up the matter of dress reform. If the

THEATRES THAT ARE TOMBS.

Decline of Dramatic Excellence in French Authors and Actors.

PLAYERS' PREJUDICE AND PRIDE.

No More Tragic Heroism—Love Expressed by Clock-Work—Cocquelin, the Great—French Stage Notes.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—A careful merchant, at the end of each year, draws up an inventory, and the balance-sheet shows the amount of business done by his house. It may be well for us to audit in a like manner the French drama for the year 1886, and ascertain what progress we have made, for in the drama more especially lies, or perhaps did, the best literary qualities of our country. But why this postulate, "perhaps did?" At the risk of being called a pessimist, and notwithstanding all the interest Parisians take in their theaters, there is no denying the fact that the level of dramatic works now produced is becoming perceptibly lower. If "Chamille" and a "Parisian" gave just cause for apprehension that way, Sardon's "Crocodile" at the Porte-Saint-Martin has put an end to all our hopes, and we now learn that a new play by Emile Augier, which was looked forward to with confidence, has at the last moment been indefinitely postponed.

THE GREAT WORKS OF HUGO, and those of his imitators, by straining beyond measure the nerve of all pay-goers, have superinduced a terror of the sublime. Never before, perhaps, was it clearly felt how nearly the sublime borders on the grotesque, and the spectator no longer allows himself to be carried away by turgid sentiment couched in pompous language. The reaction which has set in began with the opera, and now finds its more suitable expression in the comic play. I do not say in comedy, for people at present care more for a study of manners than for a complicated plot wherein a set of persons justly surprised to meet each other are brought together, like so many puppets in a show, and jerked and jostled in company. A perplexing imbroglio and the most improbable incidents provoke laughter, and people ask for something to laugh at. Has life, then, grown to be so dismal in its sober reality that theatrical phantoms must needs be called in to supply that fund of gaiety which our matter-of-fact existence so urgently needs?

AS FOR TRAGIC HEROISM the public will have none of it, and Mme. Simonne Arnould's "Fils de Jabel" proved a failure on that account. In vain has this estimable lady indited page after page of verse which outrivals Corneille in elegance and Racine in its declamatory floridness, in vain would she gladly catch our ear in favor of the "Macabees," the public is justly of opinion that the Macabees have long ago gone to their honored graves, and that their adventures,

HOWEVER TRAGIC THEY MAY HAVE BEEN.

scope he throws aside the stiff collar of routine, and for every part he enacts is brim full of spirit, flashes an eye-rocket, Any other house except the Theatre-Francaise, where the spectators say "BRAVA" INSTEAD OF "BRAVO!" would find such acting delightful, but the frequenters of that rare old monumental sanctuary would stigmatize it as vulgar. Compare Sarah Bernhardt as she appeared in "L'Eranger" and since then in Theodora, and you will at once understand the difference between conventional and real acting.

HE STIFLE A QUIET YAWN.

Author, artists and public are all hand-in-glove in this mutual understanding. To such as seek art in its living and soul-stirring manifestations, the Comedie-Francaise—if we may risk so profane an expression—is a mere necropolis. I know full well that it is customary to speak of its company of actors as the first in the world. This may be true, and I am willing to admit the fact. But I should prefer, like so many more who dare to say the truth, a company of second rank if it would only let us a little more of that furia francese so long the glory of our theater.

THE ARTISTS OF THE COMEDIE-FRANCAISE are perfect, paper-perfect. They are something more than actors, they are functionaries of the dramatic art. There are chiefs among them, as there are head-clerks and supernumeraries. The whole machine works militarily, something like the army of Napoleon. The great grandeur, or in the manner of those Italian ballets wherein love is expressed by clock-work gestures: ONE, TWO THREE—LOVE-YOU!

TO MOUNT A PLAY at the Theatre-Francaise is like regulating a machine, the internal wheels and springs of which are of the most delicate description; to work properly, the whole must fit nicely and run smoothly. The artist, in his own person, is "seaman," or person who steers the day's performance, takes a key from a drawer, slips it into a lock, twists it to right and left, and in the evening, we see the artists go through the same gestures at the same moment as on the day before yesterday, smile at the same identical passage and walk up and down the stage without swerving an inch from the beaten track.

I should certainly astonish a great many persons when I say that the Comedie-Francaise has contributed perhaps more than any of the secondary theaters towards the decline of the drama in France. The love of the artificial, the affected and the precious, which prominently distinguishes that house, stamps out all spirit and denotes all greatness. Who, among the young writers of our day, would think of offering for production at the Theatre-Francaise a play rich in the passionate outbursts of modern life and abounding without stint, above all, necessary that M. Worms should appear before the footlights?

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