IN THE ELECTRIC FIELD.

Remarkable Development of Electric Lighting Plants

THE TELEGRAPH N INDIA.

Electricity as a Motive Power—Typewriter Telegraphs—Electric Fire Alarms in Hotels—Flashes.

Mr. E. F. Test on Electricity.

The following interesting paper by Mr. E. F. Test, was read before the Literary and Scientific club, Wednesday evening, May 11:

Among the wonders of nature, electricity is the most majestic. It is everywhere and the range of its possibilities is boundless. It pierces the sky with a flash and the air responds with terrific reverberations.

It catches the earth and the surface rocks and rolls like the wave of the sea.

As the Indian truly says, "it is the voice of the Great Spirit." Not only is it His voice, but it is one of the elements of His power. Its presence is seen and felt in the rolling worlds, a chip and the inmost delicate flower. It is indestructible; hence eternal and it can carry the human voice a thousand miles. It is not only in the seat of life, but a part of it. It moves our bodies, as the servant of our will.

It moves the universe, and drives the whirlwind, the cyclone, and the hurricane in its wrath. It rides upon the storm in awful majesty. It's strength is great enough to wreck a world.

As to its possibilities, Willford says in his "Problem of Human Life:"

"We hear the music of a piano by our side, and hear delightful strains, but on turning to look for the cause of such exquisite harmony, behold no musician is visible. The keys move in correspondence to the ringing notes, and the hammers rise and fall, hitting the strings in response to these movements of the keys."

"We know there must be a musician somewhere if there is music. But where is he? His invisibility can have no weight as against his existence, so long as the music is heard, and the keys are seen to move."

"We seek to unravel the mystery, and on searching, we discover passing up one of the legs of the piano what appears to be a small rope, within which, upon closer inspection, we find a large number of small copper wires. On raising the key board we observe the under surface is lined with a thin plate of soft iron, and beneath each key, we discover an electro-magnet; its wires connected with suitable copper threads in the insulated chord."

But where is the player? He must be somewhere, possibly in an adjoining room. Or, is it some flitting ghost touching the instrument with an invisible hand?"

"On lifting its lid we discover a telephone, and observing its copper threads pass down the same insulated chord that conveys the wires to the magnets, we take the hint and venture the usual call. The answer comes from Philadelphia."

"There sits the musician playing upon his grand piano, every key of which is connected with those of the piano by our side."

"But what is more wonderful still, the artist with a receiving telephone at his ear becomes a combined dual musician and listener; every note is not only reproduced upon the distant piano, but is actually returned to himself in Philadelphia, and repeated in harmony with his own, and with compound delight."

Is this fanciful? Let us go back a century, and see the rapid strides science has made in this respect:

A well-known writer said:

"About the year 1750 a merchant of Cleves, named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord while some one was playing, and having a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, he was agreeably and unexpectedly surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner."

"By a little reflection and practice, he again obtained the use of this valuable sense: for he soon learned by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand a whisper."

Here we have the principles of the telephone, that is, conveying sound by means of a hard substance.

Two years later (1752) Franklin made his discovery, and brought the lightning from the clouds. We are familiar with the story of the kite. It is said, observing an approaching thunder-storm he went out on the commons with his son, getting under a shed to avoid the rain. Dreading ridicule, (doubtless some wise men of that day wondered what he was doing in the rain) he made a confidant only of his son. The cloud passed, but no sign of electricity appeared. Despairing, he suddenly observed the loose fibres of the string to move towards an erect position. Presenting his knuckles to the key, he received a spark. His theory became a fact and European scientists hastened to crown the provincial doctor with a wreath of fame.

Such was the beginning of one of the greatest conveniences we now enjoy. The recent visit of General Wallace reminds me of an incident of his father. Some years ago the committee of ways and means of the American congress was in session. They were considering the Morse telegraph bill. With the dignity usual to our statesmen when handling an unfamiliar question, the members voted first on one side and then on the other, until the letter "W" was reached. Then Governor Wallace of Indiana rose and asked leave to consider his vote. Taking his hat, he went into the hall and asked a question of the "crazy man at the other end of the capitol." The answer came. Again he asked, and again the answer came. Excusing himself from the laughing crowd, he returned to the committee room and cast the deciding vote in favor of the bill. The committee reported the bill to the house. It passed congress in the last hours of the session. The work was finished, and Morse, in the hour of triumph, exclaimed "What hath God wrought?" But Governor Wallace, left to the mercy of his loving constituents, was defeated for re-election because he had voted "to throw away the people's money on a foolish thing."

Both lived to a good old age, one, to receive the most distinguished honors of the nation, the other with the sweet assurance that he had been the chosen instrument to make successful the most potent civilizer of the age.

Thus from the discovery of the deaf merchant of Cleves came the audiphone and similar contrivances to relieve the unfortunate, and through the genius of Gray, Belle and Edison, the telephone, while that of the printer of Philadelphia led to the electric telegraph and its astonishing results. Following the spirit of the age we see Creighton plunging into the wilderness, and meeting the land from ocean to ocean with the mystic wire, and Field laying the cable on the bottom of the sea. What are the deeds of a cæsar compared with the achievements of these two men? One reared a fabric that fettered the nations and enslaved and brutalized its own people. It was crushed by ignorance and slavery.

From the work of Creighton the savage fled, while Field has bound the ignorance of the world, and the nations are destined to become one universal land of brothers.

Nor can we let this opportunity pass without calling to mind the eventful day in May, 1869 when the Atlantic and Pacific were united with bands of iron, when the cannon on Capitol Hill saluted the conquest of peace as each stroke of the hammer fell upon the last spike more than a thousand miles away. How little we realized when we heard the booming guns that they were the ushers of a boom of a mighty city whose future will be second to none in this vast republic! Nor should it be forgotten, to a citizen of Omaha, Edward Rosewater was reserved the high privilege of flashing over the electric wire the language of the grandest instrument of modern times, the emancipation proclamation, penned by the most precious hand that ever mouldered in the tomb.

These are a few of its territotrial conquests. Let us look into the domain of nature and behold it there, and, by electricity I mean it in its broadest sense and all its attributes.

In the heavens we see the tail of a great comet traveling at the rate of millions of miles an hour. Whence comes this amazing velocity? In the spring and fall the sko is luminous with a beautiful cone—the zodiacal lights and the aurora borealis spreads its roseate hues at various seasons of the year. Does it occur to any one that these phenomena have the same governor to rule them? Such is the fact the spectrum reveals in each of the electric line of lights.

Again, the sun, moon and stars are moving in the places appointed by their creator. Each is connected by a law of magnetic attraction; call it gravity, if you will, upon which its creation rests—each acting upon the other as it rolls through space. In circling around the sun the earth is circled by the moon. Both are electro-magnets. At a given point the moon passes between the earth and another world. The magnetic connection between us and that world is interrupted, and disturbances of the atmosphere ensue. Rolling along, the moon breaks this connection between us and still another world, and the shock causes the earthquake, sinking of mountains and islands and destroying thousands of the human race. Sometimes the sun and moon pass each other on the ecliptic, eclipsing the sun in its passage, when the combined electric force of two bodies thrills the earth, shaking its crust, and repeating the horrors of Lisbon and Charleston. So far as my observation has extended, I find that all great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are caused by the movements of the heavenly bodies and their relative positions with the earth. It is the same with the disturbances in the atmosphere—the electric forces being weak or strong according to the circumstances. Sometimes these disturbances come in the tornado, charged to the brim with electricity, or in the hurricane, and the cyclone, where thousands who go down to the sea in ships are lost forever. Again they come in the rain drop or snow flake, or in the magnetic storm, which lowers the temperature almost in a moment.

Once in a while the beautiful planet Venus, now seen in the western sky, comes between the earth and the sun, keeping the earth company for months and weeks. Then we have summers of extreme heat, while the passage lasts, because we receive the borrowed heat of Venus in addition to our own supply from the sun. Such is also the case concerning the moon to a more limited degree.

Again the earth will pass between the great planet Jupiter, (now seen in the southeast in the early evening) and the sun, and again the season will be warm near the time of the passage, because we not only receive our own heat from the sun, but we pass through the additional magnetic force put forth by the sun to hold the planet in his orbit. My observations in this have also led me to believe this force is exerted by the sun in a curve, because the days preceding the opposition of a superior planet are always warm, while the day is apt to be cool or windy. These are also the phenomena attending the opposition of the planet Saturn, in the early winter months. At other times the earth is on one side of the sun, and the planets on the other. Like great magnets, as they are, they draw the sun's heat away from the earth, and the seasons are cool. When these planets and the earth are on the same side of the sun the seasons are unusually warm. This is the principle on which astro-meteorologists base their forecasts of the weather and the seasons. It is the basis on which Joseph predicted the good and the bad years in Egypt, while Moses from his knowledge of the magnetic influence of these bodies, speaks of the precious fruits put forth by the sun, and the precious things put forth on the earth by the moon. In our own day, it is the secret of success among so many of our florists and farmers. They plant and prune by the signs of the zodiac, and the position of the moon.

There can be no question as to electricity being the motive power of the universe. By what process it works I do not know, though others claim such knowledge. I can see no other reason for the velocity of the heavenly bodies, unless backed by this powerful agent. Heat and light are too slow. Besides, they are not universal, but direct in their application. If light was universal, there would be no shadow nor darkness. If heat was universal, there would be no glaciers nor bitter cold.

Its velocity has never been measured. Some claim this, but the claim is nonsense. As an illustration of its speed, in 1857 or '58, Prof. Carrington saw a very bright spot on the sun. At the same instant the magnetic needles on the earth were violently agitated. Magnetic storms prevailed during the day, and at night the aurora borealis overspread the heavens. Here then, we have an instance of its velocity. It traveled 92,000,000 miles in an instant.

One scientists says it travels 250,000 miles in the sixteenth of a second; another 200,000 miles in a second, and still another 4,000,000 miles in a second. This is equal to 240,000,000 miles, or 9,600 times around the earth in one minute. Accepting 4,000,000 as a basis, in one hour it can travel a distance six times greater than the planet Neptune, twenty times faster than light, reaching the enormous total of 345 billion, 600 million (345,600,000) miles in twenty-four hours. If this is not enough to demonstrate its amazing power, an old writer says the Star of Bethlehem, expected in 1891 or 1892, must be traveling at the rate of 462,000,000 miles a minute. Whether this star is a myth or not, I do not know, but an eminent French astronomer claims to have located it in the point about where it is expected to reappear.

If we admit this to be true, one can understand the rapid flight of an angel from God's distant throne, and, if the voice can be carried by an electric current, how the prayer of a human soul can be instantly heard in heaven.

Electricity seems connected with our lives and spirits. Who can doubt the first. Let us see how it is with the other. Two operators are talking over the wire. It conveys intelligent answers and replies. We know the source of the intelligence and how it is conveyed. A number of persons with locked hands sit around the table. The table moves—ask a question and an intelligent answer is given. We know the table is electrified or magnetized, but what is the intelligence controlling it. We see a man walking the streets, every muscle moving in obedience to his will. What is the intelligence that moves his body?

When the man lives we know he is magnetic. He has life. When he dies magnetism and life go out of him. Are they inseparable? If then magnetism or electricity are indestructible, hence eternal, then we are immortal, because electricity is our servants to do our will. Therefore it is logical to conclude the servant cannot be greater than his master, that is, the creator would not leave us, the superior to perish, while the servants live forever.

Electricity is luminous, so is the tail of a comet, the aurora borealis and the zodiacal light; so is an angel and perforce the spirit of a man. The dying have testified time and again to the presence of bright beings around them and others watching at the bedside have claimed to see a luminous something leave the body at the moment of death.

As electricity is luminous, has it any connection with the spirit? When leaving the body does the spirit assume a a shape or form? We judge so by the lightning when it strikes the earth.

Now, as electricity and life are tangible substances, we can perceive when they become visible to mortal eyes they are luminous; hence the reason for the brightness of the angels of whom we have read.

Taking this view of the connection between electricity and the spirit, for the holier the spirit, the greater its magnetism, we can account for the raising of the son of the widow of Nain, the daughter of Jairus, and of Lazarus. In each was the exercise of the divine magnetic power and will, calling the disembodied spirits back to their mortal bodies.

If we take into consideration the velocity of electricity we can account for the resurrection of the last day on scientific principles. Matter is never destroyed, although subject to change, the particles remain. Let this agent loose under the control of the Almighty, and in an instant by its magnetic power every particle of our bodies will be drawn into its proper place, having undergone the chemical changes necessary to make them immortal. The living on the last day will go through the same change, by the same process, under the divine command. That it will be electric there seems to be no doubt. In this we have the proof of the change in the body of Elijah, who disappeared in an electric manifestation; the transfiguration when a bright cloud overshadowed them, and the ascension, when a cloud received him out of their sight. As no flesh and blood can enter heaven, the bodies of Elijah and our Savior must have changed in the whirlwind and the cloud.

If electricity is an element of spirit and spirit is life, then the creator is the source of life from whence it emanates. As it parades the universe it explains the omnipresence of God. Even the pagans admitted the electric attributes of the deity when they pictured Jove holding the lightning in his hand.

The scriptures teem with these manifestations of the Almighty and his ministers, for they say God reasoned with Job from out of the whirlwind, showed Elijah his power in the earthquake and the mighty wind; led the Israelites with the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, manifested himself in the thick cloud at the dedication of the temple, and spoke the moral law from Sinai in thunderings, lightnings, flame and smoke.

The light of the angel shone in the prison of Peter, and the plains of Bethlehem were illumined by the presence of the celestial visitors. At the tomb of Christ, after the darkness and the earthquake at the crucifixion, the angel sat, amid the quakings of the earth, with his countenance like the lightning, and his raiment white as snow. On the day of Pentecost came the rushing, mighty wind with the cloven tongues of fire, resting on each of the disciples.

Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises to God, and the prison was shaken and the doors thrown open by a great earthquake.

These are but few of the cases of the kind. The prophets teem with predictions of future electric manifestations on the earth, and our Savior foretells how this world is to be destroyed through the agency of electricity.

Finally revelation says: "And there were voices and thunderings and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake." * * * * *

"And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found.

"Behold a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."

"And out of the throne proceeded lightnings, and thunderings, and voices."

Can anything than this be more majestic, showing, as it does, that, not only has electricity the strength to ruin a world, but it is the powerful agent of the Almighty, proceeding directly from the throne of His Omnipotence.

Typewriter Telegraphs.

Mr. J. F. McLaughlin, of Philadelphia, whose ingenious electro-pneumatic tube system we described and illustrated recently, has now brought to a notable degree of perfection a system for using the typewriter directly for telegraph purposes. When the typewriter is not in use on the circuit it can be switched out and put to ordinary office work. Anyone able to operate the typewriter can telegraph, it is said, by this system.

Electric Fire-Alarms in Hotels.

Electric World: The hotel papers are calling attention to the desirability of a more general adoption of electric fire-alarms in hotels. The recent experience at Buffalo, when an alarm by its timely warning helped to save a great many persons, ought to be enough to convince anyone that some such apparatus is a necessary adjunct of every well conducted hotel, and we trust there will be a general adoption of apparatus of this character.

Electricity Applied to Agriculture.

Electric World: The Marquis of Salisbury's country seat at Hatfield, Eng., continues to be a live example of what can be done to aid the agriculturist in his work when a convenient source of power is at hand, such as is afforded by electricity. The threshing engine formerly employed has been replaced by an electric motor, and recently an electric elevator, employed in raising newly-cut hay or corn sheaves to the top of the stack, has been introduced with marked success. Dispensing with the usual horse or steam engine labor required for the machine, the elevator is supplied with an electric motor, fixed upon its bed, and driven by a current brought by wires from a central source. The wires are easily transportable, so that the elevator can be taken from stack to stack in a very short time. The greatest radius over which the electric elevator has been used at Hatfield is half a mile, being all that is there required. The principle is evidently applicable to a far greater range of distribution and we shall see the time when our large western farms will be worked more or less with the aid of electric power. Where a fall of water is available this is particularly easy of accomplishment, but even the installation of a steam power plant to drive the dynamos will in many cases be below the initial cost of horses and their maintenance, or that of a large number of individual portable steam engines such as are now largely in use.

Compared With Europe.

Electrical World: As compared with Europe, this country has shown a remarkable development of isolated electric lighting plants. The difference between the two has often called forth comment, and a favorite explanation has been the lack of enterprise on the part of Europeans. This opinion is not, however, well founded. The well-known conservatism of the average citizen of Europe may account for the existing state of affairs in a measure, but there are other causes effecting the industry very directly. Chief among these, for example, is the fact that in Europe the rules and regulations regarding the placing of steam boilers are excessively stringent. We are accustomed to place boilers in cellars, under sidewalks, or wherever it is found most convenient, but such a proceeding would not for a moment be countenanced in most European countries. In some of the latter, nothing more than a two-inch plank is allowed to be placed over a steam boiler. There seems to be a strange idea in the old world that a boiler on exploding rises in the air and falls exactly in the same spot, and that if there is anything in the way to prevent this intelligent action on the part of the bursting boiler, much damage may be done. In consequence of this "superstition," boilers must be placed in separate buildings, and thus valuable space is required for steam plants. Hence it is that the gas engine has come into extensive use abroad in connection with isolated plants. In proof of the difficulty encountered in the installation of a boiler in connection with electric lighting, we were recently informed by a foreign gentleman that it took two years of hard work to obtain permission to erect the necessary power plant in a certain place. Under such conditions, evidently, electric lighting must languish. Of this trouble in an extreme form, example was given lately with the Gordon installation at Paddington, which, according to American notions, is well placed, but which, according to the average European idea, is an improvement not to be endured. America is certainly to be preferred."

Electricity as a Motive Power.

Springfield Republican: While railroading by steam and horse-power absorbs so large a share of public attention, the public must not fail to notice the rapid development which is taking place in the application of electricity as a motive power. Westfield, our enterprising neighbor, is subscribing $20,000 to introduce the Daft electric light motor system upon a car route of two miles. Chicopee is considering the use of electricity for the same purpose. T. C. Martin, in the Railroad Gazette catalogues a large number of places where cars for city service are already operated by electricity. A car fitted to an electric motor costs about double the price of an ordinary horse car, but the horses, reckoned at from six to twelve per car, make the first cost about the same. The Daft company, of New York, which now operates either by overhead wire or by third rail, is operating a road for the third year at Baltimore; it has one at Los Angeles, Cal., that carried 15,000 passengers in February, and one a Orange, N. J. Daft roads are under contract at Pittsburgh, Mansfield, Ohio, and Ithaca, N. Y.; the Van Depoele company of Chicago has roads at Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Windsor, Ont., Appleton, Wis., Scranton, Pa., and Montgomery, Ala., and has contracts for Lima, Ohio, and Binghampton, N. Y. Other electric companies have lines at Denver, Detroit, Kansas City, Philadelphia, and other cities. Three systems are on trial or about to be tried at New York, the Daft, the Bentley-Knight conduit system, and the Julien electric system as tried on the Eighth avenue elevated. The Baltimore experience has been the most extensive, and according to Mr. Martin, the cost per day per car is $4, against $6.50 for horses. No electric motor has been applied on a scale equivalent to performing the present horse-car service for this city. But so many experimental efforts are now being tried that within five years we shall probably see great advance in the use of electricity as a motor. Worcester, Newton, and Brookline have electric lines projected. As to the methods used, Mr. Martin says:

With electricity there is a remarkable flexibility of application and range of choice to method. The car can carry its own power in storage batteries; the current conductors may be placed on any existing track, or the car may depend for current upon an overhead wire with contact trollery or bush, and all of these can be used together, if necessary, on one road. I have been on street railways where each of these plans is exemplified, and have found all practicable and operative. The motor can be put anywhere, even on the roof, and can be geared up in a dozen different ways. The average recovery of power is easily 60 to 65 per cent., and in every case the current required is exactly proportionate, at the minute, to the work being done. The cost of the electric conductors is more than offset by the wear and tear of a horse-track. The central station electric plant will, in many cases, be more than paid for by the economy in real estate, and it can be put anywhere along the line or near it. It can also, as it does now, supply electric light and power for general purposes.

The Telegraph in India.

Electrical World: We have received a copy of the Indian Telegraph Guide, for April, 1886. It is a remarkable evidence of the extent of the growth of the telegraph in the far east. It is a bulky little book 8¼x5½ inches, and contains no fewer than 138 pages of rules, instructions, forms, list of offices, rates, etc. The Guide is at once interesting and suggestive, and is full of details such as can only belong to a service under the conditions prevailing in India. Thus, for instance, a list is given of public officers who on occasions of great importance have the power to "clear the line," or, in other words, suspend the receipt and dispatch of all other messages until their own telegraph business is transacted. A list of offices opened and closed at certain times mentions some which are closed "during the rainy season." Another list of officers open at special times "to the local requirements" includes a great many open, say, from 6 a. m. to 8 a. m. and then from noon till 5 p. m. or from from 2 to 6 p. m. The system is evidently well worked out, and its efficiency no doubt contributes largely to the security of the Indian government as well as the comfort of the queen's Indian subjects. In a private letter to one of the editors of the Electrical World, Mr. P. V. Luke, superintendent of telegraphs, writing from Calcutta, gives an account of the extent of the work done. We quote the following passage: "On the 21st of March, 1886, we had 27,500 miles of telegraph line, with 81,500 miles of wire belonging to the department, and 187 miles of river cable. This is exclusive of lines belonging to the railway companies. The message traffic is increasing so rapidly that the need for the quadruplex is beginning to be felt, and we have just started a quadruplex circuit between Madras and Bombay, 800 miles, with one translating station. In all probability we shall extend the system gradually over most of our main lines. We have been very busy in Burmah, with over 1,000 miles of field telegraphs and new lines connected with the recent annexation of that territory, and the work is constantly extending in a very trying country."

Telegraphers in India have to do their work under many special and peculiar circumstances of difficulty, some of which the above extract gives an idea.

BEATING THE BANDITS.

Expressman Brown's Winning Fight with a Gang of Train Robbers.

Chicago Inter-Ocean: "This last express robbery," said an old railroad man, "calls to mind an exploit of an express messenger that ought not to be forgotten. It was about eight years ago, and Frank Brown, then in charge of an Adams express car on the Santa Fe road, was the hero of the occasion. Somewhere in Colorado the train was stopped by several desperadoes, the engine, baggage car and express car were detached and run forward three or four miles where the robbers expected to go through the express car at their leisure. They had the advantage of the engineer and fireman and brakeman from the start, because they were unarmed, and the robbers, with their revolvers, compelled them to do their bidding.

"Brown, however, the moment the train was stopped closed his car and prepared for defence. During the run from the point where the robbers expected to enter upon the business of robbery Brown strengthened his position, and when the gang attempted to force an entrance he was ready for them. He knew that in about an hour a train would approach from the opposite direction, and his purpose was, through parley and a show of strong resistance, to delay the entrance of the robbers until about the time the train appeached. He did not at first hope to keep them out, but he determined to make the fight, and for an hour the struggle went on.

"The train robbers resorted to every expedient to induce Brown to surrender or to open the doors, and failing in that they proceeded to compel his surrender by opening a steady fire on the car. They would shoot fifteen or twenty times at different angles, and then, taking it for granted that Brown had been frightened or possibly killed, would make another attempt on the car. Everytime they were me by hostile demonstrations by Brown and were compelled to abandon the attempt. Every time they were repulsed they opened fire more venomously, and when the whistle of the approaching train sounded there were 138 bullet holes in the express car, and Brown was still master of the situation. With the coming up of the other train the robbers made a hasty flight, securing no booty at all.

"This experience led the company to put guards on every express train, the manages choosing men who had a good deal of fight in them, and who, understanding that they were paid to fight, were always ready for an engagement. The result of the experiment was that no more attacks were made on the trains in that section for a good many years. As a rule, the desperadoes who attack express trains are pretty well informed as to the condition of affairs, and if they know they are likely to be met with strong resistence or to come in contact with men who will shoot without ceremony, they are not inclined to make any ventures; but if they know that the express messenger and the trainmen are unarmed, they have little hesitation in making an attack."

GROVER AND KAPIOLANI.

The President Entertains the Hawaiin Queen Under Difficulties.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S SERENITY

Ill-bred Washington Audiences—Patti's La Traviata—Emma Abbott's Warm Admirer—Secretary Lamar's Good Breeding.

WASHINGTON, May 9—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Ere this can reach you, you will have read that Madam Patti's coming to Washington was a great success numerically and socially. And if a packed house fringed to the very edge with men in evening dress like so many black tassels dangling, with price of tickets all the way from $50 boxes down to $3 for the chance of standing all the evening, is a sign of a financial success, then most undoubtedly it was a big financial success to all but the "almighty dollar" man who, expecting to make a golden fortune out of Patti's appearance in opera here, for one night only, by buying up all the best seats and holding them so high that at last as the hour approached to ring up the curtain, sold them for what he could get, and was thoughtful. It made my ears tingle with delight to hear, "Opera tickets, price seven dollars, will be sold for five," all along the line from the street corner to the very entrance door. The price of tickets being so high and the wholesale buying up of the tickets by the sharpers, who must have slept on the curbing in front of the opera house the night before the sale so as to be the first in line in the morning, made hearing Patti impossible for the real music-loving people of Washington, and I'm thinking if the audience had been composed of this class of people instead of the official, political and

SOCIAL SWELLS AND CRUSHERS,

who were thinking a good deal more about their good clothes and being looked at than listening to the whisperings of glorified souls through Adelina Patti's voice, she would have been inspired to her mightiest as she made her appearance in the festive scene in "La Traviata." I wondered if a cold chill didn't creep down the divine diva's pretty round back as she took a look at that brilliant gathering and felt that there was something lacking. A good-looking crowd, to be sure, but it did seem to me during the first part of the play that they were wholly engrossed with their own fine appearance, and how Patti was dressed and what she looked like rather than how she sang and acted. However, the coldest ice of selfishness must melt before that warm, passionate soul of music and art, and led by the peanut gallery (nearest heaven), where sat some of our very best judges of art and song, the audience broke into one long, wild roar of applause of appreciation. And how gracefully and graciously the fair goddess of music did bow her thanks, and especially did she smile, as she alone can smile, her gratitude toward the box where sat

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS LOVELY WIFE,

who, next to the diva herself, took the hearts and admiration of all about her. I presume because flowers are such a cheap commodity here in Washington, none were thrown at the feet of the greatest music artist of this age. After being again and again recalled before the curtain, she sang "Home, Sweet Home," as I never again expected to hear it till I hear it beyond the blue sky, as the angels of song welcome me to the eternal home. I could not if I would, and would not if I could, attempt to describe that voice and singer as she stood in all her loveliness before one of the most brilliant assemblages this country, or any other, can produce. She was dressed in a marvelous costume of white, composed of silk, satin, lace and flowers, brilliantly sparkling with such an array of diamonds I have never seen in Washington—enough to make Mrs. Frank Leslie and Mrs. Senator Stanford commit suicide out of sheer jealousy.

Possibly Patti's voice may show to the very best advantage in the opera of "La Traviata," which is nothing more or less than "Camille", and I hate that play—I hate gilded folly set to music, put temptingly upon the stage—there is enough all about us everywhere to fight against. I hate to see people die—although there are a lot of people who ought to die, just as weeds ought to be hoed out of a garden—especially do I hate love affairs to end in death—as they surely must sooner or later! But such lovely loveliness as Patti to die in such a horrible way, bolt up-right in a chair with that rosebud of a mouth wide open and those beautiful eyes stark and staring. Awful! I should have forgotten, even the heaven in

HER "HOME, SWEET HOME,"

had she not appeared before the curtain to assure up she was a thing of beauty and joy forever.

Of all perfection in dress Madam Patti's costumes in "La Traviata" are the most exquisite and unequalled for richness of texture and artistic effect. Much has been said and written of Sarah Bernhardt's wonderful clothes, they are wonderful, those that I have seen, but there is such a wonder of beginning and ending—so much of a muchness. So much of clothes to shake to find the woman, as though Bernhardt was made for the clothes. Patti's clothes have the appearance of having been made for her—the woman first and then the clothes.

And what costumes there were in that audience May 3! The like of which have never been seen in the opera house before. A most desperate effort to get rid of the objectionable bonnet and hats, but here and there a tower-of-Babel bonnet and a Washington monument-hat was seen bobbing in front of opera glasses—a nip and contest to see which should get full view of the stage. Mrs. Cleveland was resplendent in a rooshing costume of white satin and lace, and low-necked, the line drawn at the shoulder blades and arm pits, after the approved fashion of her sister-in-law. She carried an immense white feather fan, which she languidly moved to and fro, as a gentle summer breeze might have moved the large palms under the oriental skies to fan the beautiful cleopatra. Many times during the most interesting parts of the singing and acting of Madam Patti, I noticed opera GLASSES LEVELED AT MRS. CLEVELAND,

all of which must have been very gratifying to her hubby, who sat in the rear of the box mopping his face. The night was intensely hot, every gas jet at full blast all over the house, which in a degree detracted from the brilliant effect of the stage. I am sure that Madam Patti must have suffered from the strong light and over-heated house. All the rest of us were uncomfortable.

Thursday night Emma Abbott in "Il Travetore" drew a splendid house. The president and Mrs. Cleveland, accompanied by the ever faithful Daniel and his wife, accepted a box and and seemed to enjoy the play very much. Mrs. Cleveland, dressed in a black lace costume, looked very like the photographs of herself that are to be seen in shop windows all over the country—the most becoming costume she has yet appeared in. Her manner in public is that of perfect composure and self-control. She takes the homage paid her as the just dues of the price of being Grover Cleveland's wife and mistress of the white house. It was with the most intense interest she watched Abbott's handsome tenor in the role of Manico, as Lenora's lover. It was here that Mrs. Cleveland showed the promptings of her girlish, youthful heart, and seemed to forget all about her even the impudent stare of a blase man of the world who set in a box near, and turning his back to the stage glared at Mrs. Cleveland all the evening. His want of good breeding and true manhood made my fingers itch to grab him by the collar and tumble him out of the window. But we must expect these big plays as the reward of fame.

NEXT IN LINE

to receive the best attention that this administration can afford (money no object) was the lavish attentions paid the calico queen. It is something to have a real live queen in our midst, even if she is as black as the queen of spades! To think it should have been left for the democratic administration to embrace a queen of off color! Surely this is an age of wonders. It was a sight worth seeing, that of President Cleveland and the dusky queen sitting side by side at the state dinner last Friday night, he appearing ill at ease, hot and doubtful of his next line of action. She majestic and solemn as the bronze figure of Liberty on the dome of the capitol! As her majesty can't speak but a few words of English, and as his presidency can't talk in the Hawaiian's, the situation was rather trying to say the least, and I fancy Mrs. Cleveland, who being hid behind the big floral center piece opposite with Minister Carter, her majesty's subject, was wriggling her big toe under the table at the comical position her lord and master was in. As full dress at state dinners don't permit of ladies' wearing sleeves, all the sly giggling has to be done in the boots. There is a great deal of snickering on foot these days any way! While Secretary Lamar is a staunch admirer of fair maidens we hardly think he would allow his dislike for twilight complexions to give offense to his chief by refusing to accept the hospitalities of his mansion on this state occasion. I choose to think that Secretary Lamar had some good excuse for not attending the state dinner, and it must have been a good excuse that would keep him from accepting an inviation to a good dinner, for that man does like to be invited to lunch or dine! It must be remembered that Secretary Lamar has a bride wife, possibly she raised objections to sitting down to the table with a "colored pusson." The sunny south still feels a strong prejudice to the mixing of black and white. And yet the tie of blood in half-and-half race of the south will tell.

How gratifying it must be to the colored people of this country that at last one of their color has been royally treated by the democratic party.

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