TOAQUIN MILLER



## SCATHING CRITIQUE ON AMBROSE BIERCE,

## BY WILLIAM GREER HARRISON.

suspicion has performed its deadly office

duties of a pedagogue, forgetting those proper to the critic, shocks all sensitive natures.

method, governed by well-established rules, is limited, and Mr. Bierce knows but ignores the limitation.

The wit of the satirist is never forced. It is sharp, incisive, fatal. If I am to suffer literary death let me perish by the thrust of the rapier in the hands of an expert who remembers to be a gentleman, and not by the blow of a bludgeon handled by a yokel. A gentleman will kill you with a two-edged epigram: the novice will arm himself with archaic brickbats and obsolete phrases and pelt you with them

Ambrose Bierce is nothing if not a THE CALL yesterday received a touching critic. He is not a critic. In his latest "Prattle" Mr. Bierce atdoubtedly with truth, was written on the tempts to criticize "The Celtic Prince," 13th of January, 1895, at the time of the fire which destroyed the old Cliff House. basing his so-called criticism on imperfec-The name of this historic place serves as a tions in the construction of the lines. title to the poem. It is so simple, yet so Had he been satisfied to confine his "Prattle" to the construction of the lines touching, this poem, that it seems to be he would have been within the limits of worthy a place in the archives of the City: the art critical, but an innate depravity of taste compelled him to drop the delicate foil and take up the broadsword and hack and hew the air. He objects to the titles of the characters in "The Celtic use of that word). Here Mr. Bierce illustrates his magnificent ignorance of Celtic

> mately used. How inconsistent Mr. Bierce is! He sets all rules aside and coins words to suit his humor. "Celticated to the Queen's taste." How slangy Mr. Bierce is last thing any self-respecting Celt desires to do. How funny Mr. Bierce is!

when he read Mr. Bierce's objection to an opening couplet. Poor Shakespeare! Now that Mr. Bierce has condemned his very frequent method of using opening couplets and triplets, he must of necessity disappear from the memory of scholars. Mr. Bierce must pardon me if I prefer to sin with Shakespeare rather than to be virtu-

Mr. Bierce admits that only five persons five, but with characteristic modesty he

tion in the "pause cæsural" (modern, cesural). Permit me to remind him that the ring and hurls sponges and things at the unfortunate Celtic Prince. These

Mr. Bierce expresses a wish that he were

What a wonderful mastery of curious

Mr. Bierce desires to be regarded as the melancholy spleen and a vindictive sight ole standard for all that is chaste and of regret that he cannot tear the world to beautiful in literature. He has asked the pieces. There is not an original line in world to so accept him. Alas! alas! base the volume, but there is a vast waste of

That the idol should prove to be only common clay, not even fire-burned, is enough, but that he should undertake the

The province of the critic is large-the

Prince"; says they are bizarre (so is the

blank-verse passage with a couplet. How surprised Shakespeare must have been

withholds all evidence of the fact.

performance.

What a nicture is nere

power. He dons his camisade to war and the alabaster god has become mere upon a butterfly and trains his columbiad plaster of paris. upon a midget. Withdraw from his lines the names of the persons abused and what is left? Mr. Bierce has furnished the answer, "A metrical hodge podge." The tone of his verse is hard, having a general resemblance to that fraud among min-

erals—mica. His dramatic effusion at the close of the book cannot be regarded seriously; there is nothing to criticize, because there is nothing in it. I presume it was intended to be a sort of literary puzzle.

The epitaphs are mere headstones. Mr. Bierce opens his book with the

"Key Note" in dactylic measure and in-forms his readers: "I dreamed I was dreaming," etc. The alliteration seems to have enchanted the author, for he repeats the thought in five of his verses. I hope it will not offend Mr. Bierce if I say that "dreaming a dream" is a very ordinary affair and in the present instance is sug-gestive of a night with Edgar Allan Poe and a morning's dalliance with the insidious cocktail. Mr. Bierce, however, "drops into prose" in his tenth verse and gives us this line: "And all shapes were fringed with a ghostly blue." This is plain, ordi-nary prose. Let Mr. Bierce apply his own rules to this line and I think he will be honest enough to confess that it is not

poetry. The Convicts' Ball-also in dactylic measure-gives us as the ninth line: "'The ball is free' cried Black Bart, and they all," which is not dactylic and is a pentameter. In the same poem he offers as poetry the line, "Twas a very aristocratic affair"bald, bilious prose. Again on page 145: "He said, Since the mountain won't come to me." Surely Mr. Bierce did not expect any one to regard this line as poetry. In "One of the Saints," page 179, line 14,

Mr. Bierce says: "When told that Madam Ferrier had

taught"-this is in pentameter. Yet he sticks a pyrrhic in the second foot; and in the twenty-third line, which is in Mr. Bierce objects to the opening of a disyllabic feet, he throws in a light company of spondees.

Lightness and vivacity characterize tri-syllabic measure. Read Heber's line, Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," and compare it with the leaden movement of Mr. Bierce's dactylic verse. In his lines on "An undress uniform," on page 107, Mr. Bierce undertook to form a new or Biercine measure in the first two lines, then gave it up and resumed the dactyl. "The apparel does not proclaim the man"; this is underdone prose, having no known meter. "Polonius lied like a partisan" has the air of an iambic

And rather than come back prefers to die. Only the very largest caps would even suggest that this line is poetry. It con-tains the necessary ten syllables—that is all.

On page 87, dedicated to Dan Burns, there is a line:

"Though really 'twere easy to conceive" Mr. Bierce must have had the "O'Reilly' in his mind when he used the word really as a trisyllable. By common usage really has only two syllables. Mr. Bierce gave it three to help out his feet.

On page 143 Mr. Bierce refers to "The mammoth squash strawberry all the year." Here he gets between the devil and the deep sea. To get even the semblance of rhythm he throws the accent on the second syllable, and thus is guilty of a mis-On page 111 Mr. Bierce makes "hair on" rhyme with "baron" and "once" with "wince," and later, on page 152, "air" is

Mt our gate he groaneth, groaneth, Chajes as chained, and chajes all day; Ms leashed greyhound moaneth, moaneth, When the master keeps away. Mon have seen him steal in lowly, Lick the islands' feet and face, Lay an arm about us slowly. Then lurn empty to his place: Emply, idle hungered, waiting for some hero, dauntless-souled, Glory-loving, pleasure-hating, Minted in God's ancient mold. What ship yonder stealing, stealing,

Pirate-like, as if ashamed ? Black men, brown men, red, revealing Not one white man to be named ! What flag yonder, proud, defiant, Topmast, saucy and sea-blown? Tall ships lordly and reliant — fill flags yonder save our own! Surged alop yon half-world water Once a tunefull fall ship ran; Ran the storm king too and caught her, Caught and laughed as laughs a man! aughed and held her, and so holden. Holden high, foam-crest and free

As famed harper, hoar and olden, Held his breat harp on his knee. Then his finders wildly flinding Through chords, ropes-such symphony' As if some wild Wagner, singing -Some wild Wagner of the sea! Sand he of such poor cowed weaklings,

Cowed, weak landsmon such as we: While Ken thousand storied sea-kings Foam-white, storm-blown, sat the sea.

Dh, for England's old sea thunder! Oh, for England's bold seamen, hen we banged her over, under, And she banged us back again! Better old time strife and stresses, Cloud Kop't Kowers, walls, distrust; Better wars than Jazinesses, Better blood than wine and lust! Give us seas? Why, we have oceans! Seas of seas ! Way, give us men, Men 16 man, and manly motions, Else give back these seas again.

## Thou art to-day but a smoldering pile, On thy cliff by the side of the sea— A tangled mass of pipes and bands, Red bricks a few, and a heap of debris

possible that this effusion has been sent to other newspapers and has by them been "declined with thanks"? Perish the thought! It is inconceivable that any editor could be so unappreciative. The poem continues:

For hours the fires had smoldered unseen, But a breath of air sent them all aglow, Far out to sea went tongues of flame, Defying the surging waters below.

IN MEMORIAM.

Jen Kirk, Poet, Drops a Tear in

Honor of the Old Cliff

House.

poem, which the author says, and un-

The seals on their rocky home took fright As smoke and cinders around them came And quickly into the ocean plunged To watch from below the sheets of flame.

What a wide, romantic view of the situ-ation is taken in these two stanzas, as well as in the preceding one, where the poet alludes to the "tangled mass of pipes and bands," doubtless making reference to the gas fixtures and water mains that were destroyed in the conflagration! What tender pathos there is in the line-

But let the singer sing on-

The flag of our country no longer waves Over thy gay and festive halls; No more shall we hear the trampling feet Of the crowds that gather within thy walls.

Here speaks the patriot as well as the poet. The "kings" and "queens" men-tioned were doubtless held in "full hands" in the great and majestic games of draw poker that were played in the historic old building. Once more the poet smites his tuneful lyre:

Thou wert our quaint, old-fashioned hour Built with timbers so strong and light-With old-time window-shutters green. And rustic boards, all painted white.

The seals on their rocky home took flight!

No smoothly chiseled brownstone front, No granite gray or massive walls; No mapsard root, with tiles of slate, No cold, forbidding marble halls:

No stately pillars, or portals grand, No frescoed ceilings, or tapestried walls Yet kings and queens have deigned to stat In thy plain and unpretentious halls!

. THE OLD CLIFF HOUSE. Dear old house, thou hast failen low, A heap of dust and gray ashes light. Desolation has trailed her mantles o'er Thy lofty perch and sunny height.

literature. All the names used are legiti-It would be difficult to find a finer flight of poesy than this. Mr. Jen Kirk, the author of this delightful production, was almost inexcusably remiss. It is strange that he should have delayed so long in sending such a poem to the press. Or is it no desire to please the Queen! That is the

ous with Mr. Bierce. living to-day can write acceptable English blank. Of course he is one of the tortunate

Mr. Bierce objects to the lack of variavariation in the cesural pause is obsolete. Mr. Bierce works himself up to a high pitch of fury and unable to restrain his native vulgarity bursts into the argot of failing, he gathers up amphibrachs, iam-buses and anapests and flings them at the Prince, who good-naturedly laughs at the

fool-poet. He is.

words Mr. Bierce possesses! In the single article now criticized appear the following dainty, chaste and classical curiosities: 'Quitter," "road pump," "horse trough,'

tetrameter, whilst the third and fourth lines suggest a trisyllabic measure. "The Perverted Village," line 22.

Christmas.

what a picture is here drawn by this romantic author! Nothing finer of its kind can be found in the whole range of literature. But the old Cliff House was a literature. But the old Cliff House was a first-night attraction as will be seen by this continuation of the lyric:

But all who came through the Golden Gate, And those who traveled the continent o'er, The thing to do Arst was to do the Cliff, See the lions and hear them roar.

Far out below spreads the beautiful beach, Where the breakers cur, o'er the hard gray

Leaving ribbons of foam as they backward roll; Ever held in check by our Father's hand.

There is a Tennysonian ring to the succeeding lines. At least there seems to be an echo from that deathless fragment— Break, break, at the foot of thy cliffs, O Sea. Here are our new poet's words:

Towering above hangs Sutro Heights, And at thy feet old ocean breaks. While just outside runs the sea's highway For ships that pass through the Golden Gate

But the closing lines are of more than or-

dinary merit for this sort of a poet. Hear the poet pour forth his soul in rhythm: Thy fame, old house, has journeyed far Over continents broad and wide; Also in every sile of the sea Thy traveled patrons now abide.

On thy sunny crag by the sea A palatial pile will bear thy name, But to ns who loved the dear old house It will never be quite the same. Written January 13, 1895. JEN JEN KIRK.

Here the spirit of the true poet is shown; he is faithful to the other the poet is shown; he is faithful to the old love, even though the new be fairer; and in very truth he speaks the sentiment of many old-timers of San Francisco. They will never feel quite natural in the architecturally beautiquite natural in the architecturally beauti-ful and palatial edifice that is about com-pleted. They will still yearn for the old Cliff House, with its rickety stairways, its timeworn and footworn floors, its smoke-marred verandah, its whitewashed walls and its generally dilapidated appearance. Mr. Kirk has performed a service for which all San Franciscans and others interested ought to be grateful.

## The Acids of Fruits.

The grateful acid of the rhubarb leaf arises from the malic acid and binoxalate arises from the malic acid and binoxalate of patash which it contains; the acidity of the lemon, orange and other species of the genus citrus is caused by the abundance of citric acid which their juice contains; that of cherry, plum, apple and pear from the malic acid in their pulp; that of gooseber-ries and currants, black, red and white, from a mixture of malic and citric acids; that of the grane from a mixture of malic but as he declared his intention of not holding her to her agreement if she wants to go Miss Lemon will probably be seen here in "A War-time Wedding," when the Bostonians come to the Broadway after that of the grape from a mixture of malic and tartaric acids; that of the mango from The opening of the grand opera season has thrown the Broadway theaters into the dumps. Calve, Melba and Jean de Reszke are once more the lions of the hour. citric acid and a very fugitive essential oil; that of the tamarind from a mixture of citric, malic and tartaric acids; the flavor of asparagus from aspartic acid, found also in the root of the marshmallow, and that of the Reszke are once more the lions of the hour. The Calve craze promises to eclipse the Paderewski mania entirely this year. This singer's first appearance in America in "La Navaraisse" promises to be the gala night of the season. John Drew still hankers after serious work. He announces that he will appear as Lord Clivebrook in a revival of Jones' "Bauble Shop" before he leaves the Empire to make way for Olga Nethersole. Speaking of Jones, the playwright, re-calls the fact that he has just petitioned the English courts for leave to drop the Jones from his name. In future he wishes to be known simply as Henry Arthur. At the Garden, where "Trilby" is run-ning once more, the Potter play seems to be renewing its original success. Blanche Walsh, the new Trilby, is the first actress to really grasp the meaning of the part. LESLIE WHITACRE. cucumber from a peculiar poisonous ingre-dient called fungin, which is found in all fungi, and is the cause of the cucumber be-ing offensive to some stomachs. It will be observed that rhubarb is the only fruit which contains binoxalate of potash in conjunction with an acid. Beet root owes its nutritious quality to

Beet root owes its nutritious quality to about 9 per cent of sugar, which it contains, and its flavor is a peculiar substance con-taining nitrogen mixed with pectic acid. The carrot owes its fattening powers also to sugar, and its flavor to a peculiar fatty oil; the horseradish derives its flavor and blistering power from a volatile acrid oil. The Jerusalem artichoke contains 14½ per cent of sugar and 3 per cent of inulin (a cent of sugar and 3 per cent of inulin (a variety of starch), besides gum and a pecu. liar substance to which its flavor is owing; and, lastly, garlic and the rest of the onion and, hashy, garne and the rest of the onion family derive their peculiar odor from a yellowish, volatile acrid oil, but they are instritious from containing nearly half their weight of gummy and glutinous sub-stances not yet clearly defined.—From Chemistry of the World. Miss Pritchard played in 1756 to the Ro-meo of Garrick, and her extraordinary beauty made a great impression on the audience. Still she soon faded into ob-

"hodge-podge," "bloody sweat," "threw up the sponge," "brute blundering," etc. The use of these words is unworthy of so distinguished a scholar as Mr. Bierce and indicates that his wit is in irons and that he is content to play the part of a literary beadle. What will Haseltine, Carlyle, Macaulay, Paine, De Stael, Swift, Addison or Steele think of their degenerate

brother? Mr. Bierce will doubtless be gratified by earning that I am the happy possessor of all his works and that I have read them with great interest. Since he did me the

honor to criticize my bantling, the "Celtic Prince," I must return the compliment and present him with a Roland for his Oliver. am not to be outdone in courtesy by Mr. Bierce.

His "Soldiers and Civilians" presents an imitative quality suggestive of Poe, Prentice, Bret Harte and Mark Twain. There are many charming lines in the book, much delightful phrasing, but the work is cruelly marred by Mr. Bierce's trick of adjusting a laugh to every dramatic crisis.

His connection with the "Hangman's Daughter" is apocryphal. What he did to the unfortunate girl I do not know, but the work, while well written by some one, is too gruesome, too su gestive of the abattoir to deserve long life.

His two books of humor, catalogued as "comic," were failures, and Æsop having written fables, Mr. Bierce seems unnecessary. His most pretentious work in verse is his "Black Beetles in Amber." The title is very pretty and suggests the poetry which should follow, but which is missing. Mr. Bierce has no right to object to a

criticism of this volume. He has published his thoughts in the meter most convenient to his mood, but he has had small regard tor syntax and less for prosody.

Mr. Bierce esteems names as important in versification. I may be permitted, therefore, to ask him why "Black Beetles in Amber" ?- why not in ambergris? Why not "Blue Breeches in Pawn"? or "Black" Beans in Batter"? . These titles would express the sentiments in Mr. Bierce's poems equally with black beetles, etc. It would be silly, however, to quarrel about the title of a thing which is in itself of no value. There is a superabundance of what ary wealth of the world. Mr. Bierce calls "no thought" in his "beetles"—some wit, and a total abstinence from all that constitutes standard English. Mr. Bierce can wed vowel and consonant, but in verse he cannot do himself justice. His prose is strong, sound English, even when archaic, but his verse, apart from its aggressive and often point-

less wit, is mere curds and whey. I presume the versification of a satirist is as subject to rule as the verse of the ordinary poet. Applying the rules of prosody to Mr. Bierce's more pretentious works I find that he quite frequently ignores them, but worse, he ignores the legitimate meaning of words and cripples them - or attenuates them to suit his lame or overlapping lines. I note also that in his three greater poems he attempts a very poor imitation of the "Iliad," while in his Vaudeville verse the use of what he calls "bald bilious prose" is quite common. Speaking generally, his verse has the exactness of

made to mate with "Mayor." In his "Transmigration of a Soul" Mr. Bierce sings:

"But spare the young that proselyting sin, A toper's apotheosis of gin."

Where did Mr. Bierce get the word proselyting? Was not proselytize good enough? No scholar would take such liberties with Madam the Verb. Again, 'resurrected"-would any scholar use such vile trash? Could not Mr. Bierce remember that the word "resurge" (to rise again, not to raise up to new life) was at his disposal? Again on page 49 Mr. Bierce uses the word "porrect" in the line:

The long spear brandish and porrect the shield.

As an adjective formed from the past participle of the Latin verb "porrigo" Mr. Bierce might have used it, but its use as a transitive verb is simply an outrage. On page 135 Mr. Bierce affirms:

"The two'll affine

And in chemical embrace combine." Mr. Bierce uses the word affine as a substitute for combine. Affine comes from the French affiner, and is a verb transitive, meaning to refine a metal, and has no such meaning as affinity. That fact should

have been known to Mr. Bierce. In the "Mackaiad" Mr. Bierce tells us 'and science said that the seismic action." Is this poetry? No, it is pov-erty-stricken prose. He follows with the line:

Was owing to an asteroid's impaction

"Impaction"-impact with what? Impaction literally means constipation. Constipation in an asteroid-what stuff! I presume he meant impact-a sharp blow, but that would have broken his metrical legs, and therefore he did not use it. It may be asserted with some show of reason that Mr. Bierce suffers from a mental impacticn-as expressed in the quotation: "Should the cause of morbid action be impaction of feces \* \* \* they must \* \* \* be exercised or urged along the

bowel by prudent force.' "Black Beetles" reflects no credit upon its author, and adds nothing to the liter-

Wulleutharmon Forty Thousand Dollars for Charity.

Forty Thousand Dollars for Charity. The will of the late Mrs. Charlotte C. Gittings was filed in the Orphans' Court for probate on October 29. The will, which is quite voluminous, makes these bequests: To the Union Protestant Infirmary, \$10,000; to the Boys' School, St. Paul parish, \$5000; to the church, nome and infirmary, \$10,000; to the church, nome and infirmary, \$10,000; for the purpose of endowing a ward of five beds as the home may direct; to the vestry of St. Paul's parish, \$5000, the interest to be added to the principal for ten years, and then the income of the entire fund to be used; to the trustees of Ritchie Memorial Church, Claremont, Surrey County, Va., \$5000, the interest to be divided between Martin's Brandon and Southwark parishes, and if the latter parish be divided then the treasurer of the division to which the Ritchie Memorial Church belongs; to the Battimore Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, bilious prose" is quite common. Speaking generally, his verse has the exactness of the carpenter's rule—it has body without \$4000; to St. Paul's parish, additional, \$1000, one-half each to the use of St. Paul's soul. Through all his lines there runs a house and the guildhouse.

the Manhattan Opera-house, which is now better known as Koster & Bial's. Mrs. Bernard Beere, the English actress, opened the theater and scored a tremendous fail-NEW YORK STAGE GOSSIP, Rumors of a New Play by the

Gilbert-Sullivan Combi-RICHARD MANSFIELD ANGRY.

A Revival of Paul M. Potter's Success With Blanche Walsh as Trilby.

nation.

b

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 20.-"The fog is to blame for it," said Manager Oscar Hammerstein of the Olympia, as he sat him down on a pile of bricks directly under a poster which announced that the opening of the new playhouse had been postponed from November 18 to November 25. "It's the great American climate getting a rise out of me because I have engaged so expect for 50 cents? Parachutes?" from November 18 to November 25. "It's out of me because I have engaged so many European novelties to appear here. I thou ht I was prepared to fight all the elements; I was ready to tackle fire, water and the Police Commissioners all at once, if necessary, and then this British fog had to come along and prevent the plaster from drying. I vowed from the first that I would open the building on November 18, and on that date it would have been opened, sure enough, if it hadn't been for that fog.'

Hammerstein was really a pitiable spectacle as he spoke these words. Only those persons who have known this Napoleon of Harlem for years, and who realize fully what a disappointment this postponement has been to him. No matter what he does or leaves undone, Oscar Hammerstein is an interesting figure. He is easily the most interesting character in New York to-day, and when one remembers that six years ago Hammerstein knew absolutely nothing of the theatrical business his sub-

sequent success seems little less than mar-

ure. The season of English opera which his letter. followed lasted just a fortnight. A year later Koster & Bial and Hammerstein joined hands. The series of rows which led to Hammerstein's withdrawal from the firm are

matters of recent stage history. He sold the building for \$600,000, and on the morning that he signed the final check in pay-ment of this amount old Mr. Koster dropped dead of heart failure. Hammerstein makes no bones about declaring that he has built the Olympia for the express purpose of cutting out Koster & Bial's.

Time alone can tell whether he will succeed in fulfilling his threat, but to judge from the attractions he has engaged Oscar is making a noble effort in that direction. As he led into the broad promenade in the balcony of the music hall—the Middle-

way Pleasantous, Oscar calls it—from which one can obtain a fine view of the stage, he dilated on the splendor of the attractions which were to appear there. I noticed that the railing was rather low, so

I said to him: 1 said to him: "Look here, aren't you afraid that with such attractions on the stage some of your audience will be drawn over that railing and dash their brains out on the orchestra

chairs?

One price of admission, 50 cents, will ad-mit to the theater, the concert hall and the rariety theater. In one respect the delay in opening the house has proved a bless-ing, for it has allowed Manager Rice to have another week's rehearsals of "Ex-ceisior Jr."

From the interior of the Rice company come all sorts of rumors of wars. It might have been expected that when Fay Templeton and Theresa Vaughan found themselves in the same company they

would, prima donna like, endeavor to make things pleasant for each other. On the road these two young women have been at it, hammer and tongs. Monday night, however, was to decide as to which Harlem for years, and who realize fully how completely his heart was set on open-ing on the day announced, can understand Miss Templeton does not make a big hit it is not likely that she will stay on the stage very long. The money which she inher-ited from Howell Osborne has made her independent, and the strain of bringing her dependent, and the strain of oringing her weight from 190 to 150 pounds in order to fulfill the terms of her contract with Rice has rather disgusted her with the obliga-tions of stage life.

The poor deluded public has just been taken in once more. A notice was pub-lisned extensively last week announcing that Mansfield's recent illness had desequent success seems little less than mar-velous. He made his fortune as a member of a blacking firm, and in the spring of 1891, as Harlem had no good con bination theater on the East side, he decided to build the Columbus. It was a success from the outset, and in less thrown open to theater-goers on the west side of town. Then Hammerstein thought hat there was money in English grand spera, so he bought property on West Thirty-fourth street, and on that site arose

McConnell, dropped in and persuaded 1 is eleven years ago now since this woman him that the story would prove of service to him from a box-office point of view. Then Mansfield calmed down and tore up

Speaking of McConnell recalls a clause in the contract which he has just made with Mansfield. In one clause Mansfield agrees that no matter what his provocation may be he will abstain from making a speech to the audience while he is under McCon-

nell's management. "I had to put that clause in," explained McConnell, "He's forgotten his speeches, you know, as well as his parts, and he you know, as well as his barts, and he won't have time to get letter-perfect in them both again before we open. So I have advised him to stick to his lines and let me do all the extemporary talking."

The announcement that Gilbert and Sullivan have made it up and are hard at Sullivan have made it up and are hard at work on a new opera has aroused no par-ticular interest among the New York managers. After the failure of "Utopia, Limited," two years ago, both T. Henry French and John Stetson declared that they would never touch another Gilbert and Sullivan opera. "Utopia, Limited" was the direst sort of a failure, but I shall always remember its first performance op always remember its first performance on account of a remark which Mrs. John Stet-son made in my hearing that night. This, by the way, is a genuine Stetson, although the point of it lies on the female side of the

the point of it lies on the female side of the house. As the Stetsons entered the theater John was abusing some one in a loud tone of voice: "I don't like that fel-low, anyway," he exclaimed. "He's a white-livered man. I've no use for him." "My dear John," said Mrs. Stetson, turning on him reproachfully, "if you must talk about a man like that, do speak more politely. Why not be a centlemen and ear

politely. Why not be a gentleman and say you do not care for him because he has in-candescent lights?"

Here's a piece of news. At the end of this season E. H. Sothern and Daniel Frohman will part company. The young actor has the managerial bee in his bonnet, and is going to see how successfully he can baddle his own canoe. There has been can baddle his own cance. There has been no quarrel between star and manager. The old partnership, which has lasted for eight years, will be broken simply because Sothern feels that he is now in a position to take care of himself. On the whole, it seems rather a foolish move for him to make; in a managerial way he will never be able to do half as much for himself as Dan Frohman has done for him. A year's

Dan Frohman has done for him. A year's experience on his own hook, however, will probably bring the young man to his I couldn't help thinking as John Drew,

Edwin Mayo and others were praising Joseph Jefferson for his many services to the American stage at the loving-cup presentation, of an actress who in her role of manageress has never received her due.

broke away from the Wallack stock company and appeared as a star. During that time she has furnished the New York public with some of the finest casts that have ever trod the metropolitan stage. While she had the money she never spared

Hight Baklonde . Cal

while she had the money she hever spared expense in order to give a really first-rate production. Think of that great cast which she engaged to revive "Diplomacy" at the Star three years ago, and that equally dis-tinguished collection of actors who figured in her production of "A Woman of No Importance"

Importance." I happened to see her salary list for one week while this play was on at the Fifth Avenue. It reached the grand total of \$2500. The company with which Mr. Jef-

ferson has been appearing here recently must cost him at least \$99 99 a week. On the first performance of "A Night Clerk" at the Bijou, Cornelius Vanderbilt sat in an orchestra chair. It is a pity that Mr. Vanderbilt is not a dramatic critic, for her might hours taken a more bindly wing Mr. Vanderbilt is not a dramatic critic, for he might have taken a more kindly view of the play than the other newspaper men did. With the exception of "The Year One," not a play this year has been so cor-dially roasted as "The Night Clerk" was. One newspaper snubbed Mr. Dailey for his excessive self-conceit by mentioning every person in the cast event the star and person in the cast except the star, and then remarking in the last line of the arti-cle that "the part of the night clerk was played by Peter T. Dailey." But Mr. Vanderbilt enjoyed every moment of it. I don't think I ever heard a man laugh so long and so heartily in my life. Marguerite Lemon, the new soprano who made her debut in "Leonardo," has re-ceived an offer to join the Bostonians. She is under contract to Manager J. C. Duff,