

SOME OF THE NEW PLAYS

THAT WILL BE SEEN ON THE STAGE SEASON '91-'92.

Sensational Drama Seems to Have the Call—Lana Reeves Writing a Comedy Drama for J. K. Emmett, Jr.—Other New Plays.

Lovers of the play will have a chance to see some new plays during the season of '91-'92. I don't know, though, if there will be any new ideas. The lack of new ideas in plays nowadays is robbing the stage of much of its old-time prestige.

For instance, the *Frozen Deep* is an adaptation from Wilkie Collins. A grand ball is given at Southampton, Eng., in honor of the departure of an expedition to the Polar seas. Frank Aldersley, a young officer in the royal navy, has proposed to, and been accepted by, Clara Burnham, a Scotch lass, who believes in second sight. During the progress of the ball, Capt. Holding, commanding the Arctic expedition, receives a dispatch notifying him of the return of H. M. S. Atlanta, from the African coast. Clara, overhearing this, faints, and when questioned by Mrs. Crayford as to the cause, confesses to her that on board the Atlanta is one who has loved her from childhood, and who believes himself to be her affianced husband. At the moment Frank Aldersley's wife, Richard Wardour, is announced, returning after an absence of three years to find the woman he be-



lieves his promised wife, engaged to another. He forgives her, but swears revenge on Aldersley. On his return to London he volunteers to join the Arctic expedition. Near the close of the act, Capt. Holding speaks of the new volunteer in the presence of Lieut. Crayford and the ladies, and, while Mrs. Crayford and Clara are all excited, fearing the two lovers will meet, the climax is reached by Richard Wardour reporting for duty. Act two finds the explorers ice bound and wrecked in the frozen deep, with starvation and death before them. They have decided to send an exploring party to the nearest settlement for relief, and throw dice to decide who shall remain. Lieut. Crayford and Wardour remain. Orders are given to pull down the old ice hut. Wardour, seeking any kind of work that will relieve his mind, sets to work. In chopping down Aldersley's berth, he finds the letters "C. L. A. F. A. C. B.," etc., from which he studies: "Here at the last light of the Arctic voyagers against death and starvation I have found my man." Capt. Holding soon after announces that one of the men who were to accompany the expedition had fallen and broken his leg. Wardour volunteers to take his place. Lieut. Crayford, suspecting foul play on Wardour's part, advises Frank to remain. The advice being rejected, he departs with Wardour. The climax of this act is reached by the destruction of the ice hut and the transformation to the open polar sea, aurora borealis, etc. Mrs. Crayford and Clara are living in hopes and anxiously looking for news of the Arctic expedition, Clara believing that the two lovers have met and both are dead, while Mrs. Crayford prays her to hope for the best. The family physician arrives with news of the absent ones, which confirms Clara's opinion. Wardour and Frank are reported missing, while Lieut. Crayford and others are saved. The doctor advises that, in order to relieve Clara's mind, and, at the same time, benefit her health, they take a sea voyage to America and meet the expedition on its return home. The climax of this act is reached by Clara's vision of Wardour and Frank wrecked at the close of act second. The third act finds the rescued ones and their friends at Newfoundland, previous to their departure for England. Clara trying in vain to gain more knowledge of the missing men (Frank and Wardour), when an unaccountable fear seizes her, and she leaves the room. Wardour, hungry, in rags and half-crazed, appears upon the scene unknown to Capt. Holding and Mrs. Crayford. He tells of the hunger, privations and long marches over ice and snow, when Lieut. Crayford enters, and recognizes Wardour. He seizes him and demands to know the whereabouts of Frank, when Clara appears. Wardour, seeing her and recognizing her voice, cries: "Found at last!" and disappears. He returns immediately with Frank in his arms, whom he places at Clara's feet. There are few new ideas in the play.

At Salt Lake City, Aug. 7, Edwin Milton Boyle's comedy drama, "Out of Darkness," was acted for the first time on any stage. Marguerite Otto, the prima donna of an opera house company is, without her knowledge, the daughter and heiress of a German nobleman. Harold Huntington, the manager of the company, and Hans Otto, Marguerite's step-father, are the sole possessors of the secret. Hunting wishes to marry the lady in order to gain possession of her money. Marguerite rejects him because of her love for her accomplice, Adrian Karje. Hunting forces Otto, by threats of exposure of his embezzlement of some of her money, to influence Marguerite to his favor against Karje. Karje, fearing that Otto, who is fond of his step-daughter, may tell her the truth, hangs a noose about his neck and tempts him to the constant use of liquor and opium, hoping thereby to shorten Otto's life.

Adrian Karje and his friend, Jack Paden, a poet, are living in a cheap lodging house on the Bowery. Karje gains popularity at a musicale, offers himself to Miss Otto, and is rejected, because she believes there is a stain upon her name. Hunting circulates vile calumnies about Marguerite in the newspapers. Karje, going to Hunting's rooms to demand reparation for this, meets Marguerite, who comes there searching for her father. He becomes insanely jealous, and accuses her of a liaison with Hunting.



Paden, entering, asks for Otto, whom he knows to be confined in a back room. Entrance being refused, Karje bursts in the door. As Otto stumbles to the dying, he falls against Hunting, slightly disarranging the aim of the villain's pistol, so that the ball misses Karje, but the powder renders him totally blind. Jack Paden, who has received the news from Germany, tells Miss Otto of her true parentage and fortune. Marguerite's identity is proved by Jennie, the daughter of Paden's landlady, who accidentally has heard Otto repeating the story to himself. Through the influence of Jack Paden, Marguerite becomes reconciled to her lover. The comedy is supplied by Jack Paden's father, an irascible old fellow, who disinherits and forgives his son by turns; Mrs. Merryweather, the landlady, and the expedients to which the young men are forced to keep up appearances while living on the Bowery. The friendship between Jack Paden and Adrian Karje is cleverly developed, and is a strong feature of the play. At the end Paden makes known his love for Marguerite, which he has suppressed for the sake of Karje. There is much that is conventional in the plot, but the theme is handled in an original manner, the situations are new, the literary style good, and the lines, in many places, brilliant. Several of the dramatic climaxes are very impressive.

They tell me that Laura Rives, sister to Amelia Rives-Chenier, has written a new comedy drama for J. K. Emmett, Jr. It is her second attempt in this line. I may be able to give the plot of the play in a few weeks. If advice is correct it will not be put on the stage before next January, and perhaps not before May. CORA WEST.

Firenze Will Return.

At the close of the present season Firenze, the great racing mare, will positively be retired from the turf. Such is the dictum of James B. Haggin who chatted about turf affairs in general with a New York reporter the other day. As might be expected, he is gratified by the Junior Champion victory of Sir Matthew, whom he bred from his young sire Sir Modred. The fact that Sir Matthew belongs to his old friend and associate, Marcus Daly, does not lessen Mr. Haggin's pleasure in the colt's success.

Will Cyr and "Sampson" Meet?

There is a possibility that "Sampson" the Italian chain breaker and heavy lifter will meet Lan's Cyr, the Canadian Hercules, in the near future in a strength-testing match. Choice of equal strength will be given to each. The one who snaps first will be given



SAMPSON, THE ITALIAN GIANT.

A point. Then they will test their strength at lifting and throwing, the one who gets the most points to win the championship medal.

Theatrical Notes.

A new play by Sidney Rosenfeld will be produced by Roland Reed at the Star theater, New York, on August 31.

The London Gaiety theater is in the hands of workmen who are making extensive alterations in the building.

Campanini has gone back to Europe without leaving word as to whether or not he will sing in Italian opera here next season.

Richard Mansfield will have a repertory of six or eight pieces for the forthcoming tour under the direction of Manager French.

The revival of "Ravenswood" at the London Lyceum was postponed in order to spare Ellen Terry additional work. She is far from strong yet.

W. J. Scanlan, who has been taking lessons in harp playing for a number of months, is making great progress. He will play the real Irish harp in "Maynooseen." Mr. Scanlan is now at Mount Clemens, Mich.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

WHO INHABIT TROPICAL ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

Natives of the Gilbert Islands—Many Specimens of Manly and Womanly Beauty—A Curious Crowd—At Home in the Water—A Shark.

A gentleman who has visited many of the out of the way corners of the world gives the following account of a group of South sea islands that are rarely visited by white men.

There is a race of people living almost exactly equidistant between the two continents of America and Asia, who, though they dwell in the tropics and are not far distant from lands which are types of the luxuriant vegetation, the abundance of moisture and the variety of scenery associated generally with the equatorial regions of the world, still have no words in their primitive language for such natural features as a river, stream, lake, pond, spring or other body of fresh water, or a mountain, hill, valley, plain, crag or bluff, for a meadow, pasture, field or grass plot of any kind, for any four-footed animal, save, perhaps, a species of rat; for any land bird; for but two or three flowers or fruits, and for no minerals or metals, simply because none of these physical features belong to their land. None of the fauna and flora so common elsewhere are indigenous to that country.

This singular region is now called the "Gilbert Islands," formerly known as the "Kingsmill Group," and locally, as the "Ruddy Can." of Coral Atolls. They lie between 155 degrees and 177 degrees W. and 2 degrees S. and 30 mins. N. of the equator. On the isothermic charts they are encircled by a line of their own, within which prevails the highest average temperature of any spot in the world, not that it seems to be very "hot" there, but the temperature varies but little night or day, winter or summer.

The group is made up of some fifteen islands lying close to each other in a long chain, running nearly north and south. Each island is made of coral, built, probably, on volcanic peaks, which are either the remains of a sunken continent or the highest point of areas of slowly rising land. Whichever hypothesis is correct there, these wonderful islands are thousands of miles distant from the nearest important bodies of land, each lying to quote Professor Dana's words in his "Coral and Coral Islands": "like a wreath thrown upon the water" in the illimitable waste of the Pacific.

The Gilbert Islanders, while probably nearly related to the Hawaiians, are not their equals physically or mentally. Still they are a fine-looking people, and among them may be found many specimens of manly and womanly beauty. There is no difficulty in noting their physical characteristics, as the ordinary "clothing" of the men is a short mat wrapped around the middle, and of the women a thick fringed belt tied about the hips just below the waist. Sometimes the females—the older ones—are further screened by a child carelessly thrown over the back or riding astride of one hip, but this is only done when the howling youngsters refuse to lie behind when the villagers rush to the beach to see the white strangers.

The young girls often coquettishly screen their heads and necks—from the sun—with broad fans simply braided from a palm leaf. One article of dress they much affect are pretty little models of a woman's bonnet of the "cool scuttle" pattern. These are not worn on the head, where they would look ridiculous, being only big enough for a small doll, but are fastened to their coal black, glossy hair, which is very abundant, and of which they are very vain.

Their native costume is completed by suspending about the neck a flat disk cut from a pearl shell, but that this is not strictly an essential part of their dress was proven by their taking off and giving us several of them—for tobacco!

The crowd that mustered on the beach as we landed was noisy and curious, but good naturedly so. When, as happened in a few instances, they were not accustomed to a near view of "white" men, they—the young virgins of girls especially—indulged in much merriment at our uncouth appearance. They made great fun, our interpreter told us, of the heavy "chomies" (broad leaved hats) we wore, of our being wrapped up in clothes, and of our feet being cased in little canoes (our shoes), so that we could hardly wade through the loose, dry sand.

But when from the pockets of our "loose skins" we drew plugs of tobacco, their ridicule changed to respectful admiration, and a hundred little attentions were paid us. They knew what tobacco was, and coveted it.

The Gilbert Islanders manage to have a good deal of fun. Being as much at home in the water as they are on what land they have, they all—big and little—go in bathing at all hours of the day and moonlight nights. What they can't do in and under the water isn't worth attempting. In the serious business of fishing, too, they are up to all sorts of tricks. A man will provide himself with a lot of water tight coconut shells as floats, and from each he suspends three or four short lines armed with fish hooks made out of sharp fish bones. These he takes in his canoe, and, going out a little way, baits his hooks and sets the shells floating about. Soon he will see one bob and whirl around, and then, slipping overboard, he disappears under the water for a time. While down he goes from float to float, detaching the fish from the hook, stowing them into a net hung around his neck; baits the hook from a supply he carries in his mouth, and eventually returns to his canoe with his net crowded full. All this he does without taking breath, apparently.

At times they will discover some spot in the lagoon where a shark has established himself. They will feed him for a day or two with a mixture of fish and coconut meat until he is gorged. Then, calling the village out to help in the sport, a thick rope of coconut fibre is laid along the beach, the noosed end being carried out in a canoe until over the sleeping brute. One man then slides overboard, and, quietly descending, manages to slip the noose over the shark's tail and draw it tight. This being done, the signal is given, and as the crowd of villagers, chanting merrily, tramp over the beach with the rope, the infuriated but helpless shark is dragged backward on to the shore, and there dispatched with clubs. It is great fun for the simple minded natives.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Long Distance Ride.

The greatest long distance ride on record is now to the credit of Col. Gascare. He went from Santa to Calabash, 90 miles, in 8 1/2 hours, with three-quarters of an hour allowed for changes, and returned, making 192 miles under 22 hours.—Chicago Herald.

A MYSTERY.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the malarious miasma often literally poured into it for the supposed relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic would often be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Foster's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searchlight and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

Woman's lips seldom betray her, but her eyes tell the secret of her life.

REDDER ABOUT BY A PROSCRIPTIVE TARTAR.

I am not aiming to convince mental babies, as indeed that would be fruitless without the necessary cultured intellect that makes logic applicable. Force, brilliancy and originality even are no weapons to attack a slave with. For many centuries the medical art was hedged about by a proscriptive taboo which it, as yet, has not survived. The brand for murdering truth is the penalty of intellect stamped upon the mental outlier of the average individual—in relation to medicine and medicine men. The sun of the nineteenth century has not yet dawned upon his intellectual horizon. He, together with his ideal medicine man, still hibernates in the good old days of the dark ages, when it was bad form to be inquisitive. He still "believes" in bleeding, blistering, vomiting, purging and sweating. He loves, explores, kisses of home medicine. He delights in essences, calomel and carbolic acid. They are considered indispensable; no self-regulated family, with plenty of intellect and astuteness, development, considers itself safe without those family laws. These I do not wish to convert; they are the Rip Van Winkles that will continue to slumber through the next century. They play no role in the world's history. They live, they die. No medicine man, however, forgets another. Humanity was not enriched by their entrance; it has lost nothing by their exit. They are drift wood on the shores of time, and float with the ebb and tide of opinions they have inherited from their anthropomorphic ancestry. No, it is not to these I wish to address myself, but to the thinking ones, whose thought does not flow into an epileptic paroxysm; who have knowledge for its own sake; who are willing to investigate the truth or falsity of any proposition, and, once convinced, will stand by it through all the crises of a changing and delayed civilization. To these, not the chattering, but the thinkers—I commend the Histogenetic system of investigation, and will elucidate with pleasure any question not sufficiently clear in book, which will be sent free to any address.

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