

A VERY NARROW LINE.

DION BOUTICAULT'S IDEA OF STAGE REALISM.

Mr. Chidley writes of an interview he had with the great dramatist—some of his Great Productions, and What They Cost.

Dion Bouticault to a great extent revolutionized the method of decorating plays; notably as the apostle of modern realism and modern sensational effects, beginning in his own practice with the sensational leap into the lake in the *Colleen Bawn*, and ending with the last play he produced, *The Tale of a Coat*, which had a terrible scene in it of a child caught in moving machinery, and rescued in the nick of time. Curiously enough while he was writing *The Tale of a Coat*, he was writing essays declaiming against realism and sensation! One thing is certain, few men have been more liberal, nay, lavish and extravagant, than he, in the management of his theatres, or showed more taste and practical knowledge in all that concerned stage setting or the painting of scenery, every detail of which he was accustomed to have submitted to him. Most of the sensational scenes which his works are so largely identified with were invented by himself in the first instance. The cost of the production of *Babil and Bijou* was, I believe, more than £20,000, and a more brilliant spectacle could hardly be imagined.

Though he was so fond of sensationalism such as the leader in the *Colleen Bawn* and the rescue from the burning house in the *Streets of London* he was fully aware that such effects must be sufficiently near reality as to inspire general terror; the audience must be startled with the appearance of reality and be executed before they have time to reflect upon its safety and ease. A few days before his death he said to me "Sensational effects stand with one foot on each side of a very narrow line. If not well done and done instantly before the spectators can recover themselves, they are upon the brink of disaster; there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. When I introduced the leap in the *Colleen Bawn*, the play came very near being damned the first night, for I was a little slow and the audience laughed at me, but the next night I leaped with a vim that sent a shudder through the house and the play was saved in spite of the critics. This machinery (referring to the *Tale of a Coat*) must be made to look as if running at a dangerously high rate of speed or we had better cut the act."

Apocryph of this last play of the great dramatist, which to my mind was the most delicate and subtle of all his comedies, and which failed because it went over the heads of the people. I may describe the engine house scene. The scene represented a tailor's workshop in a shanty in Upper New York city. The flats up stage had a large door which would open back in a groove and disclose the machinery in motion.

This consisted of a drum, turned by two or three men out of sight, over which a driving hand passed, setting in motion a large fly wheel, which in turn moved all sorts of formidable-looking cranks and pistons. The thing was made of wood and painted and silver bronzed and so forth, to look like metal. It looked as if it would tear anything to pieces that came within its reach. A portion of the large flat driving band was in sight close to the open door. At the proper cue a little girl was placed on the band and had a nice easy ride till rescued. It was perfectly safe, as the band was entirely clear of the moving parts, which, however, were so arranged that it looked as if the child were being carried right into the whirling mass.

The Flying Scot, which ran for such an immense time at the Holborn theatre in London, with its sensational horse race, was another of his efforts in this direction. His introduction of realism stands on more debatable ground, though it must be confessed that the introduction of the real hansom cab into the beautiful scene of Trafalgar square by night in one of his melodramas, and the horse auction at *Tattersall's*, with real horses, in the play of *Formosa*, were very remarkable scenes. His imitators have been legion. The buzz-saws, the fire-engines, the horse-races, and the thousand and one "real" properties subsequently produced, have merely followed in his footsteps, too often without a tinge of the cunning of the master-hand which knew so adroitly how to use them. The right criterion, as it appears to me, by which we may determine whether the introduction of real hansom cabs, or real hay carts, or real anything, into a mimic scene, is the question whether or no it forms a part of a general scene and takes its proper and subordinate part in it or whether it is dragged in neck and crop to be the scene itself and take a paramount and undue importance. In the Trafalgar Square scene the hansom cab made one of the lifelike details of a living moving representation of a busy spot. Its introduction and its effect was the same as the use of actual objects in the illusory cyclorama pictures, and so far was legitimate.

The cab was a finished detail of the general picture. Broucault's imitators brought realism into disgrace and ridicule by dragging in the hansom cab and building an act or a play round it. In the one case it is art, in the other, mere showman's clap-net. SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

Little Johnny Tells a Story.

One time there was a young gote wich felt butty, and there was a ole ram wich lay in the road, half a sleep, a chune his cud. The gote he had been shet up in a paster of his life, an had never saw a ram, and he sed to his sister the gote did, "You jest stan still an se me whippe that freck off the face of the erth."

So the gote he went up before the ram an' stompt his feets an' shuke his head real frifful, but the ram he dident git up, but only jes kep a chune his cud and wotched out between his i lasbes. Bime by the gote he backed off and take a run, an' then arose up in the air an' come down with his hed on the ram's bed, wack! The gote he was busted, but the ole ram he never wunk his eye. Then the ole ram he smiled with his mouth, an' sed to the buttogote's sister, "Pears to me, miss, that kangaroo of yours is natty careless where he lites, he come run dasted near makin' me swoller my cud."

CARDINAL MANNING.

The Grand Old Prelate in His 83rd Year.

Cardinal Manning has just looked out from the Archbishop's palace of Henry Edward Cardinal Manning at Westminster. It is to the effect that the physicians of the aged prelate, who is now past 83 years, have ordered him to give up work and that the Cardinal Archbishop would, as a consequence, ask the Pope to appoint a coadjutor to assist him in the labor of governing his great See.

The aged Cardinal, since Newman's death, has stood alone and unique among English churchmen. He has outlived all his followers. Cardinal Newman, in some



respects the greatest of them is dead. Pusey and the other leaders in the Tractarian movement that brought both Newman and Manning into the Roman Catholic church, are dead long since. Cardinal Howard of the great Catholic family of the Howards still lives. But he has been at Rome these many years and has been in such a condition of mind that it has been necessary to keep him under restraint.

So Manning may be said to be the last of the Cardinals in England and what is more, when he dies it is more than probable that his place will not be filled for many years at least.

Cardinal Manning says that the Catholic church is growing constantly all throughout England, and he ought to know. It is just as true on the other hand that it has of late years developed no great churchman. The ablest of them, Newman and Manning himself, were converts. There are great Catholic noblemen like the Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Dair, who may wish the cardinalate to be kept up, but Leo XIII has not yet found a man big enough to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Newman, and to appoint a successor to Manning will not be less difficult when the time comes.

WATERPOUTS.

Prof. Abbe Thinks a Cannon Ball Would Have No Effect on Them.

It has frequently been asserted that a waterpout can be broken and destroyed by firing a cannon ball through it, but this is not the opinion of Professor Cleveland Abbe, who saw many waterpouts during the United States scientific expedition to West Africa in 1889.

He did not try to shoot one, but from his study of their manner of formation and appearance he concluded that a cannon shot would not be likely to have much effect upon them.

Waterpouts appear to take their rise at the edge of a rain squall, where there is an ascending current of air. They are essentially small tornadoes, and it has been observed that a tornado in passing across a lake assumes the characteristic appearance of a waterpout.

There are two principal phenomena in a waterpout, the cup and the spout. The cup is a saucer-shaped mass of spray and water on the surface of the ocean, just under the place where the spout appears to be let down from above. Sometimes the spray rises to a height of a hundred feet or more.

The spout is the most singular part of the spectacle. According to Prof. Abbe's recently published observations, it assumes the appearance of a rapidly whirling "axial cloud" stretching downward "by spasmodic efforts" from the lower surface of the general cloud above it. It increases its length gradually until it reaches the spray, and then begins retreating, forming and reforming several times. Sometimes a swirling and bending tube is formed, reaching from the clouds to the sea, and remaining for several minutes, and at other times the effort to form a spout proves a failure.

The most striking thing in Professor Abbe's reports is his description of "an exceedingly fine axial line" which generally preceded the shooting downward of the tubular cloud in the waterpouts that he saw, and the appearance of which "was very similar to that of the sting of a bee protruding from its sheath."

The downward stretching of the waterpout is probably to be ascribed, like the similar appearance of the funnel of a tornado, to the rapid condensation of moisture in a swiftly ascending current of air.

There is not much danger to be feared from an encounter with a waterpout except by small vessels. In fact, there is at least one instance on record in which a waterpout passed over a ship, the only damage done being the deluging of the deck with water. The spouts are only a few yards—often only a few feet—in diameter, although their height may be a quarter of a mile or more.

Love's Lullaby.

I'd swear for her,
I'd tear for her,
The lord knows what I'd bear for her;
I'd die for her,
I'd slay for her,
I'd drink Bush River dry for her;
I'd curse for her,
I'd fuss for her,
I'd smash an' scold for her;
I'd weep for her,
I'd go without my sleep for her;
I'd talk for her,
I'd bide for her;
I'd walk the street all night for her;
I'd bleed for her,
I'd go without my "feed" for her;
I'd shoot for her,
I'd boot for her,
A rival I'd come to "foe" for her;
I'd kneel for her,
I'd kneel for her,
Such is the love I feel for her;
I'd slide for her,
I'd glide for her,
I'd swim against the tide for her;
I'd try for her,
I'd cry for her,
But hang me if I'd die for her.

The Factory Girl.

WOULDN'T DOFF HIS HAT.

Se the Czar Had Him Unceremoniously

While minister to Russia ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin had an American visitor, a New Yorker, with all the sangfroid of the average American. The New Yorker desired to be presented to the czar, but, as no civilians are accorded that distinguished privilege, all that Minister Curtin could do was to offer his compatriot a chance to see his august majesty pass a certain point on his morning ride.

The New Yorker was promptly on hand, waiting by the side of the minister next morning, and the kingly sleigh, with all pomp and ceremony, came gliding by. The czar inclined his head slightly as he noticed the United States minister, who promptly doffed his hat, as all persons are required to do in Russia as the czar passes. The New Yorker remained rigidly covered.

"Why did you not remove your hat?" I asked.

"Well, I am as good as the Czar, and I never take off my hat to anyone in token of their superiority," replied the American.

"You'll hear of this before you are much older," I said.

Next day I received a very polite personal note from Prince Gortschakoff, asking me to call at the Foreign Office at my earliest convenience, continued Mr. Curtin. When I called the prince said: "Mr. Curtin, you were on the street yesterday when the Czar passed, and it was noticed that Mr. —, who was with you, did not remove his hat. An unintentional mistake on the part of Mr. — I suppose." I answered: "Prince, I might, I suppose, tell you a diplomatic lie and say that it was a mistake, but I will not. Mr. — kept his hat on from choice."

The prince knew as well as I did why Mr. Curtin had not removed his hat, and he did not remove his. The day following my New York friend rushed into my office with an official letter written to him in French, and asked me to read it for him. I looked it over and said: "Well, you have permission to sit on this czar's hat, and you had better go." "Not much," he answered. "I am an American citizen, and will stay here as long as I like."

That very afternoon a sleigh pulled up in front of the quarters of Mr. — and two gentlemen, without saying a word, bundled all his traps into the sleigh, and taking Mr. —, of New York, American citizen, etc., in custody, saw him across the frontier and out of Russia.

HE WINKED THE OTHER EYE.

A Diminutive Donkey Defeats Two Vicious

A fierce duel was fought recently at a Vallonia distillery between an innocent-looking, sleepy little donkey and two big and furious dogs that had been for days seeking an opportunity to tackle his donkeyship. The donkey was running loose in the large, high-fenced bull-yard at the brewery. His owner, seeing the dogs growling and eagerly showing their teeth at the bull-yard gate trying to get in, concluded that he would give the dogs a chance.

If they had been Siberian bloodhounds the barking brutes could not have rushed with more veracity upon the seemingly stupid little beast with long, shaggy hair and ears. Frantically around him on both sides and watching their chance to grab him by the throat both together, the dogs, like a brace of ravenous wolves, encircled the donkey.

Squinting lazily out of his off eye the donkey appeared most oblivious to his danger. The dogs grew fiercer. As both were about to catch his throat in their teeth the donkey with the speed of a lightning flash lowered his head and dashed toward the nearest dog as if with the long-eared head to bump him. A buzz saw could not revolve more quickly than did the little jacks at this point. He fairly flew around as if a pivot.

Both heels flew out. They landed squarely amidships on the body of the nearest snapping and snarling dog. At the same instant 150 pounds of dog went spinning through the air and struck the earth ten yards away, a whining, yelping, whipped canine.

The fate of dog No. 1 was only an aggravation to No. 2. He snapped and growled more ravenously at the donkey than before. In two minutes more, however, the second savage assailed him, carrying over the turf in summersaults, and the donkey had closed his eyes again and retired on his laurels. Neither big dog can be coaxed near the distillery bull-yard now. —Philadelphia Record.

Prince Bismarck Woos.

Prince Bismarck's courtship is charmingly described in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for December. The Fraulein Johanna von Puttkammer was a most charmingly sweet and modest country maiden—in spite of her name—when at the wedding of one of her friends, at which she was, as bridemaid, she met young Herr Otto von Bismarck, a strapping, dissipated, high handed young dandy of 31, with a reputation for fire eating and flirtations which would scarcely have disgraced a Kentucky colonel of twice his years. These two young people, as Rosalind says, "No sooner met than they looked, no sooner looked than they loved." Hence it was that immediately on his return from the wedding young Otto wrote to the parental Puttkammers, with whom, by the way, he had not the slightest acquaintance, demanding the hand of the Fraulein Johanna in marriage. The paternal Puttkammer seems to have been somewhat of a diplomatist, for without committing himself to either a consent or a refusal, after learning from his daughter that she cared for young Otto, he wrote, inviting that estimable young gentleman to visit him. Preparations were made to have his reception one of becoming solemnity and dignity; but the event was rather spoiled by young Bismarck the moment he alighted going up to his sweetheart and kissing her soundly in presence of a number of guests. The immediate effect of this embarrassing and shocking behavior was the prompt announcement of the betrothal, which was followed a year later by the marriage.

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ARAB SLAVE CATCHERS.

The Traffic in Human Chastity Still Carried

G. Bronchi, late Italian consul-general at Zanzibar, who arrived at San Francisco recently, has had many curious experiences and seen many strange things during his stay in Africa. Yesterday he gave a running account of the African slave trade as it is now carried on at and near Zanzibar, told of the process of the Arab slave catchers, and the efforts of the shore to run the blockade and land their human freight. One curious thing which he recounted was that, aside from the Arabs, those interested in the traffic were almost invariably negroes. They are engaged in perpetuating the slavery of their own race.

"Their Arab captors," said he, "are at almost constant war with bands of negroes in the interior, and for every slave that is captured and sold into slavery thirty or forty die. Some of them perish in the attack, others through privation while being transferred from the interior to the coast where they can be shipped, and others while on the dhows."

"They are substantially the same type of full-blooded colored people you see in the United States. They are as black as it is possible for people to be."

"The Arabs who go hunting for them penetrate hundreds and hundreds of miles in the interior. Most of the captures used to be made in the lake region, but in late years it has been pretty well stopped there. Since the great powers have taken possession and apportioned out Zanzibar the Arabs are not allowed to pursue their nefarious business. Steps were taken right away to prevent them. Both England and Germany, for example, among which Zanzibar was divided, have men-of-war on the alert for the slavers, but for every man-of-war that Germany or Italy has England has ten to twelve. The task of preventing the slave traffic, therefore, devolves almost entirely on England. She does the best she can, but, nevertheless, the traffic goes on—not in the degree that it did formerly, but still to a considerable extent."

"Several ports are unguarded, and into these the dhows sail and wait till the bands of slaves are driven in from the interior, where they have been caught. A dhow from twenty to thirty feet long as a rule, though some are considerably larger. Fifty, sixty, a hundred or more naked slaves are crowded into a dhow, and the black men in charge, who have bought them from the Arabs, then make every effort to run the blockade."

"Slavery itself, after the victims are turned over to their final owner, is not so bad. The slave holders treat them fairly well, not beating or maltreating them, as a rule. The movements of these Arabs and their onslaughts are conducted in a desultory manner. Bands prey upon savages wherever they can be found. Cloves, which are produced in immense quantities in Zanzibar, and the cultivation of which is the main industry, are grown by slaves. They are kept laboriously at work from one season to another. The negroes are not naturally industrious. They would much rather play and sing than be kept at work in the forests and fields. They make strenuous efforts to escape, and frequently succeed. If an attempt is made to capture them they will fight to the death."

"What gives the Arab slavers such an advantage over the poor Africans in their native wilds is the guns which they have in plenty. The natives as a rule are not so equipped. They have only their clubs and rude weapons of other kinds, and are unable to cope with the most improved European and American weapons which the Arabs have. Even now the Arabs are able to secure so many slaves that \$50 or \$100 will buy one and sometimes two slaves."

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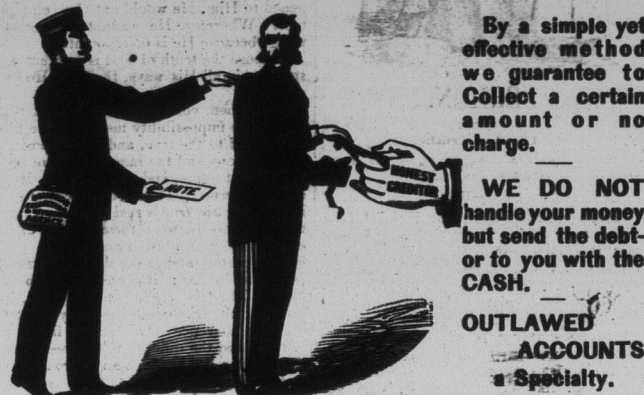
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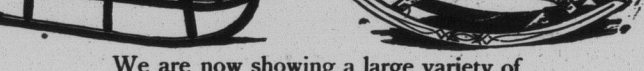
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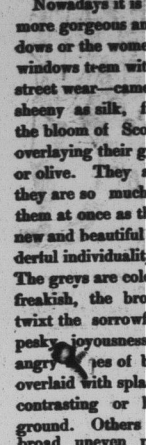
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