### UPROAR OVER "UNCLE TOM

Lively Times Behind the Scenes on Play's First Night.

The Manager's Blue Atmosphere-Eliza on the Ice.

It was just 8 o'clock. The din and clangor behind the scenes completely drowned the music of the orchestra on and bays in deep musical minor. the other side of the curtain and shut out the turbulent human hum that came from the crowded parquet and top-heavy galleries.

From below stairs at intervals

sounded the deep baying of the hounds. A gentleman from Thompson street white wool wig and whiskers, said un-

"Dem dawgs 'll break loose 'f dem fool niggahs don't take good ca'ah." Six splendid horses, saddled and bridled, quiet amid the din and with a dignity that was a reproach to the wild-eyed crowd of pushing, jostling, swearing people, appeared politely at the stage door as though they had been rolled in on wheels. They were

ready for their cue. It was only "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but the tension behind the scenes last Monday night was similar to that which prevails at an opening night of grand opera. On such occasions some of the great song birds have their physicians in their dressing rooms to keep them together. On Monday night it was just like that in Fourteenth

Only while Jean and Edouard and Melba and Plancon go about trilling little passages to relieve the pressure, the Uncle Tommers, the managers and their aids went about with set faces and blue rings about their eyes that matched the blue rings around their

language. the representatives from Thompson street's artistic circles were calm. A mighty peace brooded over them except sometimes, when the hounds barked and then the whites of their tyes would seem to wabble. But there is a repose about the Thompson street temperament that refuses to be ruffled by falling scenery and language that fairly rustled.

Here was a contrast more marvelous than the play itself, which has outlived a generation. Here the earnest student of human nature could see distinct silhouettes of the over-nerved white man and the nerveless negro. The manager's voice floated over the crashing of the timbers. It said:

"Would you kindly give him this card?" asked a reporter, who wanted to see the manager.

"I wouldn't give him anything now for a hundred-dollar bill," answered the boy. A negress with a red bandana about

her head chuckled.
"That's Mistah Brady," she said,

admiringly; "that little white man in his shirt sleeves that sweahehs so. He writ the play. "Deed he did. He freed dignified colored man in street

clothes told her somewhat elaborately to shut up, and she subsided. The ful meadow. charge of Thompson street delegation. He had a system of yellow tickets. He gave them out, and he took them in as if they were street car transfers.

It looked as though it might be interesting to find out what it was all about, but it seemed almost as complicated as a game of bridge. This certainly was no time or place to inquire into it. Besides, the curtain had gone up. Pistol shots and a woman's shrieks were coming from the chaotic mass of trembling canvas and frame-work with calcium light flaring among it as though it would all burst

out in a flame.

Again a voice: "———! Did you see that? The sky came down and hit him in the back of the neck! Do you think the audience noticed it?" Hear that! They're clapping. They think it's a part of the play."

All this time the six mighty horses were standing in a space that held them like a bandbox, hardly moving through all the crashing and the deafening din. Men in costume climbed among them and got on their backs, patting their necks softly in admiration of their good conduct. No one could look at these splendid beasts without being impressed by their composure in the midst of this inferno of noise and confusion.

As the horses go on the baying



woman who has household cares. It is so easy just to run out of the warm house into the fresh air, to pin a piece of lace to the clothes line. It is also easy to take cold in doing so. Then perhaps comes suppression and kindred evils, Whenever there is any disturbance of the normal womanly function Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription may be relied upon to re-establish perfect health. It is strictly a temperance medicine, contain-ing no alcohol or whisky, neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic.

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sounds louder from below, growing so wild and fierce that the colored women in their gray turbans blanch under their rouge, and the men laugh with a queer quiver of the eyes.

A door burst open, and there stand the dogs straining and panting at the ends of heavy chains, their teeth gleaming and their tongues showing red as blood. The crowd falls back respectfully,

The dogs are the only ones that in this scene have a respectful circle left around them, the dogs and the man-

They are fierce, thirsty looking hounds. Even Croa, the blonde ingenue bloodhound of the group, is not the sort of dog you would care to pat on the head and call "nice doggie." Brunette, the chaperon, is muzzled as well as chained. She is coal black Nero is speckled and seems tired. He is too blase even to tug at his chain. But Nero has been an Uncle Tommer

first nights on Fourteenth street are always fierce affairs. Tonight they all made up over his own face with a seem to act kind of flossy. Why, we used to go through this act with our eyes shut and jumped from one town to another every 24 hours."

Prince sidled up to Brunette and asked her about the muzzle. She was a little short about it. Brunette has such a temper that they are thinking of changing her name to Mansfield.

"One of the stage hands got gay at rehearsal this afternoon," she said sideways between the lattice of leather, "and I took a pound out of his

arm, that's all." "What a life this dog's life is, any-how," chattered the blonde blood-hound. "Last week it was the dog show, with a blue ribbon bew on my collar and society from morning to night. Now here I am in professional life going on for the very first time. Talk of stage fright! That raw beef we had for supper was horrid. Give me a dog biscuit and cops for tea."

"Wait until you've been Uncle Tomming for years as I have," said Nero, "and it will seem like play to you. We only go on in the first act and pull at the chains. There's nothing in it but the baying! That's hard on the voice, I'll admit, but if you take a good gargle of salt and water it keeps you

from getting off the key."
Two messenger boys, with big florist's boxes, appear at the door, and are stopped at the threshold. A wildeyed woman runs across the stage wringing her hands.

"Can anyone tell me where the property man is?" she wails.

Lawyer Marks, looking exactly like a brownie, goes over to the ice water tank and takes a deep cooling draught. Biff! Bang! There's a rip and a tear and a snort of canvas parting and something tumbles to the stage. Two men pick themselves up and one of them laughs. He's the first person that has dared to smile since 8 o'clock and it relieves the strained situation. But someone is remarking some-thing. He is inquiring why the scene came apart.

"He's mad tonight, I guess!" "Well, say!"

Now there is a great thunder of clapping and cheering and shouting. Evervone listens. Somebody has made a Is it Lackaye, or Harcourt, or

Miss Amber? Is it Topsy or Eva? No, it is the horses. As they make their exit the whole house gives them a vast roar of approval. There are plenty of children's voices in the din. But the horse actors come off and go through the stage door as imperturbful meadow.

"Come, Nero. Come, Brunette, Bismarck, Prince, Cora."

Each dog, with a negro in costume hanging like grim death to the chain, answers to the call as to a roll. They prick up their ears, sound a loud answering bark and strain harder on the chains. Then there is a rumble. The stage hands have begun the baying to start the hounds in the overture with which they preface their entrance.

The dogs join in with a will, and the effect even back here amid the canvas where there is nothing to help along the picture is indescribably thrilling.

Eliza shrieks from without-horribly real, piercing, heartrending it sounds. Fourteenth street will have no repressed emotions in its dramatic Its howls must curdle, its events. cries must echo to Third avenue; this bloodhound baying suits it better than anything since Andrew Mack's leap on

horseback from a cliff. The scene, looking from the back of the stage shows absolutely nothing but a mass of moving canvas, blindingly white in the glare of the calcium light. In an upper box, standing so that he is hidden from the audience, there is a glimpse of the manager and another man helping the canvas to move properly. One can almost guess

what he is saying. Suddenly a big white covered mass is pushed into view at the side of the stage. Upon it crouches a woman in a shawl, with a child claspel in her arms. Of course, it is Eliza on her cake of ice.

Again the din of applause sounds from in front. The cake of ice is obligingly pushed back so that the audience can revel in the frappe heroine. The clapping is so great that it seems almost ungracious of her not to rise on her cake of ice and bow gratefully to the people. But she doesn't, for this is an artistic production and only Eva and Uncle Tom are allowed to come back after dissolution to prove that after all they

are only acting.

The bloodhounds come off with a plunge. The blonde ingenue Cora is trembling violently. It seems for a moment as though she would faint as Ethel Barrymore did recently. Brunette clashes her teeth under her muzzle. Bismarck and Nero begin to show off and pull the men that hold them around on the ends of the chain as though they were children. shows all his teeth in a wide, thirsty smile.

Shouts come in from the audience. It seems almost as though they were in a panic. Perhaps the house is on fire. They are calling:

"Speech! Speech! Brady! Brady!-Spe-e-ech!" "What does all that row mean?" omeone asks.

"Why, dey's callin' de authah-Mistah-Brady! "Why don't somebody tell him about

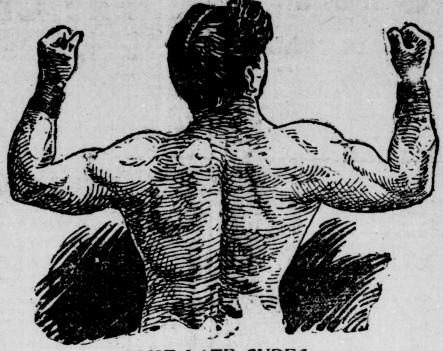
"You tell him, if you want to." "There-that's his voice! Sh-sh. Perhaps he is speaking to

ett's speech and DeWolf Hopper's speech and Mansfield's speech, but surely, even in this age of individual assertiveness, no one would address an audience like this.

I'll go out in the rain for a while. You see I am used to doing society teas and things! This is all so stren-

uous. I feel faint!"

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ence they immediately dropped their up-stage manner and began to fawn and cringe at his feet. Bismarck even offered him his paw. The chains grew limp and they eyed this young beast tamer in knickerbockers with respect. "Dat chile can do anything he likes with dem dawgs," said a lady who was to pick cotton in the next act. 'Do you own the dogs?" he was ask-

"Does he train them for the stage?"

real thing." "But they've been on the stage before?"

"Yes-but we have to keep them chained up all the time. If you trained these dogs like that they'd be no good. Brunette is the fiercest dog of the lot and the best of them. We had a lot of dogs at the dog show and took three prizes, a first, a sec-ond, and a third. These dogs are worth a hundred apiece, and Brunette is worth more. But they mind me better than they do me father."

"Where are you taking them now?" "Around to the stable in Twentysecond street, where we keep the horses. They's two white horses and a Shetland going back for the next act. And there's a donkey in the play, too. Say, it's a hot play, isn't it?"-New

#### The Presidents.

Come, young folks all, learn my rhyme, Writ like the ones of olden time. For linked together, name to name, The whole a surer place will claim; And firmly in your mind shall stand The names of those who've ruled our land.

A noble list: George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Munroe, John Quincy Adams, and below Comes Andrew Jackson in his turn: Martin Van Buren next we learn. Then William Henry Harrison, Whom soon John Tyler followed on. And after Tyler James K. Polk; Then Zachary Taylor ruled the folk Till death. Then Millard Filmore came:

And Franklin Pierce we next must And James Buchanan then appears, Then Abraham Lincoln through those years

Of war. And when his life was lost, 'Twas Andrew Johnson filled the post. Then U. S. Grant and R. B. Hayes; And James A. Garfield each had place, And Chester Arthur-and my rhyme Ends now in Grover Cleveland's time. But Mr. Punch would sadly fail Did he not here take up the tale, And add McKinley as the last, Whose term of office nearly past, The 4th of March, at any rate, A second will inaugurate.

-Boston Transcript.

SOMETHING NEW. "Oh, I suppose George sowed his wild oats before I married him, and made a fool of himself generally, like other men, but I always trust him!"
"What a delightfully new sensation
it must be to him!"

A thoughtful writer says: "We cannot all have talent, we cannot all have great powers, we cannot all do great work; but we can all, by slow and patient endeavor, build up char-Asten! Perhaps he is speaking to hem?"

But no, it can't be. There is Hackty's speech and DeWolf Hopper's peech and Mansfield's speech, but urely, even in this age of individual as by improving our own character of anybody else in any other way so well as by improving our own character of anybody else in any other way so well as by improving our own character of anybody else in any other way so well as by improving our own character of anybody else in any other way so well as by improving our own character, fell asleep fell asleep of us; we can begin at once, and we can always go on with this work, wherever our lot is cast."

For nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, brain fag, lack of vitality, nervous prostration, faint and dizzy spells, tobacco heart, whisky nerves, The dogs were going home and it spells, tobacco heart, whisky nerves, was a good chance to escape. A small general debility, etc., use Milburn's boy had come for them, In his pres-

#### The Resurrection.

Because I live, ye shall live also.— St. John xiv., 19.

From cradle to grave is a very short journey and hardly worth our while if it ends in the churchyard. But if at death we simply ford the river "They're no stage dogs. They're the which separates the present from the future and continue our travels under new skies and amid new scenes we can live with the zest of a keen appetite and laugh at the experiences which would otherwise fret and worry us.

Pessimism is the natural result of a belief that death is death, while a divine optimism grows from the conviction that death is the beginning of life. One cannot stand on the edge of an abyss without shrinking. fate pushes him on, if time drags him nearer to the fatal plunge which will annihilate the body and extinguish the soul, he cannot delight in his days or years, for they are slowly robbing him of himself. He may well be excused if burdens seem more burdensome through anticipation of the inevitable event and if even the sunlight is crossed by shadows. A contemplation of nothingness as the ultimate issue of

life is like singing one's own funeral hymn long before our friends are called upon to do it for us. But if before we reach this abyss—that is to say, from the bright days when simple faith was taught us at our mother's knee-we are sure that the dear Lord who made us has thrown a bridge over the chasm, that there is nothing more to be feared at that part of the journey than at any other. that we can cross in safety and be met ! on the other side by those who have gone before, then all pessimism is ban-ished, then fretfulness and gloom give way to good cheer, then the optimism which reverently cries "They will be done" takes possession of the heart, and the echoes of immortal music which come from the beyond fill us with the thought that even death may

Separations are the rule in this lower sphere. The household in which there is no vacant chair is almost to be pitied, and the man who does nat look at the stars with moistened eyes because memory paints the rugged sorrows of the past has missed one of the ripening, maturing, beneficent ex-periences of human life. There is a mellowness of the soul which comes from broken ties, and it can be had in no other way.

One may easily forget himself and his destiny amid the enthralling successes of time, and this present world may be made so alluring by an un-broken succession of gainful victories that one shrinks from the transition to even a larger life. Nothing is so dangerous to spiritual development, nothing so imperils the higher welfare of the soul, as the smooth, unruffled flow of gratified desires. But when the shock of interruption occurs, when the soul trembles in the shadow of an event which can neither be postponed

nor evaded, when a man learns that though he is master in many things he is as helpless as a child in the presence of sickness and death, then he reaches out both hands to clasp the invisible. Earth dwindles into littleness, riches and fame and prestige are only illusions, and the only longed for reality is the belief in another life, in which the heart wounds shall be healed by reunion and dear ones who fell asleep shall wake to bid us good We think of all this as the Easter

sun climbs above the hilltops. The ra-diance of faith bathes the planet in glory. The overture of angels fills the air and poor humanity looks through the mists, if perchance it may catch a glimpse of that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We see the ascending form of the Crucified and with glad ears hear

him saying, "I go to prepare a place for you." Today Christianity is crowned by universal acclaim, for it bids us listen that we may hear the strange truths which float downward from the throne of God. There are no fare-wells! We are told this on the au-thority of him whom the tomb could not hold, and who when entering heaven carried the hearts of all generations with him. No farewells! Love

can never taste of death! Your sorrows rust the chain that binds you here, dissipate the dread of the future, give you wings with which to soar to the higher realms of life. Hope is no longer hope, but certainty. Tomorrow is the reality, today is the dream. It is but a step to heaven, a step through the fog into everlasting sunshine. We may re-joice, therefore, for the future is better than the present. Bear with fortitude and good cheer, for at eventile

it shall be light. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

#### Odor-Proof Paper.

The Swedes, as well as the Germans, invented some remarkable appliances for paper which is superior to any other so far produced, but which will soon be matched by an equally good, if not better article, made in this country. One of the uses of this grease-proof paper abroad is for the wrapping of butter for shipment.

While there is plenty of merely

grease-proof paper now made here, that is used extensively for the wrapping of hams, bacon, and similar food products, it has not the merit of being odor-proof as well as greaseproof, and butter is so sensitive to odors that this paper would not serve in packing it for shipment.

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