

PANTOMIME SONGS.

"ARTISTS" MAKING READY FOR THE HOLIDAYS IN LONDON.

Good Songs in Abundance and at Low Figures—Successes in the Music Halls. Wide Differences in the Public Taste. Political Verses.

The pantomime "artists" are already giving to the songs they mean to sing that attention which outsiders might fancy is only bestowed on their dresses. As a matter of fact, the dresses, and even the dances, have now become subjects of secondary consideration. The chief engagements for the coming season are "glued" by this time; where there is an important vacancy it is owing to some person engaged having "disappointed."

As a profession the writing of pantomime songs would not pay. The competition is so keen that popular singers need not give an order for a new song; they may go to bed any night in confidence that a song from some one is sure to be delivered with their letters in the morning. Thus the singer is left to search for something that will sell him sooner or later; and, of course, songs sent for approval are very cheap. Full rights can usually be got for a guinea, or even for less.

On the other hand, there are well known "shops" for the supply of the article, and the singer is measured for it, so to speak. The poet has to write to his customer's voice, to be "patriotic," or "topical," or "sentimental," according to instructions. In most cases he is both writer and composer; but songs sent on "approval" are generally without music. Five pounds is a good price for a song, even when it is ordered of a well-known writer; but once produce a popular pantomime song and the music will find you plenty of employment.

The common impression is that the writer of the pantomime writes the songs as well, or at least arranges with the manager what songs are to be introduced at certain points. He has nothing to do with it. The leading performers are entitled to introduce their own songs and dances, and that is why two songs very like each other are often sung in the same pantomime. If the local town council has been having a squabble the fact of the local comedian's introducing it into his song does not prevent the principal boys' introducing it into his. It has been said that the actor who makes himself a name in one pantomime can generally keep up his reputation. There are, nevertheless, comedians of one song, as managers occasionally learn to their cost. The comedian's attachment to a song that has made him popular during the pantomime season is often remarkable. His hope is to be allowed to sing it, with new words, perhaps, in next year's pantomime, and the manager's remembrance that "it is old now" has no effect. It may be old, but "it goes down."

A comic singer who accident makes the sale proprietor of a popular song likes to keep it to himself. He is, as a rule, a music hall singer except at pantomime times, and when his song becomes talked about it is to his advantage that it should be coupled with his name. However, the imitations that at once spring up are so like that the exclusiveness does not always pay, and so he may dispose of his rights to one or sixty or fifty other singers, and thus the same song is sung in the same way in twenty pantomimes. It does not, however, take equally well in each, and the fault is not necessarily the singer's. Just as a song may be re-demanded two or three times on one night and fall quite flat the next in the same theatre, so the public taste in one town differs from the public taste in another. Players who have been long on the "road" know, or at least plume themselves on knowing, how to adapt themselves to the tastes of different places.

A comedian now on tour with a burlesque company does a recitative song that takes immensely in some towns, while in others it is so little appreciated as to make him feel ashamed. It contains the information that when he sang that song in California the audience flung sovereigns at him. He reports this in so pointed a way that his hearers can hardly fail to see what he means. Sometimes they rise to his meaning at once, and pit and gallery yell him with pence. Unless they do this there is no point in the thing not follow. When the audience is slow to assist him with his "business," coins are flung from the wings just to give them a start, but the hint is not always taken. Political songs succeed and fail in the same way. Some audiences are so taken by them that they insist on having them over again from beginning to end. Other audiences resent the introduction of politics with hisses and shouts of "No politics!" On the whole, the safest hit in a pantomime is the topical song that is all about the election of the board of guardians, or the town band, or the disappearance of the grocer round the corner, or the way in which the streets are lit. That appeals to gallery and dress circle alike (stalls are not common in the provinces) and as soon as the comedian arrives to the town for rehearsals he sets to work to acquire the local gossip.—St. James Gazette.

In a recent paper on Lord Timothy Dexter, Mr. William Chaves Todd, of Newburyport, disposes of the tales of Dexter's sending warning pans and English Bibles to the West Indies. In illustration of the untrustworthiness of history, Mr. Todd cites Professor J. D. Butler, of Madison, Wis., whose grandfather, an eye witness, often told him, in regard to Ethan Allen's in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental congress, "that what the surprised commander at Ticonderoga actually heard was: 'Come out here, you d-d old rat.'" This matches Taylor's reply to Santa Anna: "Gen. Taylor never surrenders," translated by a skillful aide-de-camp from the vernacular: "Tell him to go to h—l."—The Argonaut.

A writer in The Birmingham Age says the negroes in the state of Alabama will be gravely affected from the farm to the factories.

VARIOUS DIETETIC FALLACIES.

Consult the Patient's Stomach in Preference to His Cravings.

1. That there is any nutriment in beef tea made from extracts. There is none whatever.

2. That gelatine is nutritious. It will not keep a cat alive. Beef tea and gelatine, however, possess a certain reparative power, we know not what.

3. That an egg is equal to a pound of meat, and that every sick person can eat eggs. Many, especially those of nervous or bilious temperament, cannot eat them; and to such eggs are injurious.

4. That, because milk is an important article of food, it must be forced upon a patient. Food that a person cannot endure will not cure.

5. That arrowroot is nutritious. It is simply starch and water, useful as a restorative, quickly prepared.

6. That cheese is injurious in all cases. It is, as a rule, contra-indicated, being usually indigestible; but it is concentrated nutriment and a waste repurifier, and often craved. 7. That the cravings of a patient are whims, and should be denied. The stomach often needs, craves for and digests articles not laid down in any dietary. Such are, for example, fruit, pickles, jams, cake, ham or bacon with fat, cheese, butter and milk.

8. That an indigestible diet may be marked out, which shall apply to every case. Choice of a given list of articles allowable in a given case must be decided by the opinion of the stomach. The stomach is right and theory wrong, and the judgment admits no appeal. A diet which would keep a healthy man healthy might kill a sick man, and a diet sufficient to sustain a sick man would keep a well man alive. Increased quantity of food, especially of liquids, does not mean increased nutriment, rather decrease, since the digestion is overtaxed and weakened. Strive to give the food in as concentrated a form as possible. Consult the patient's stomach in preference to his cravings, and if the stomach rejects a certain article do not force it.—Journal of Reconstructive.

Stonewall Jackson's Peculiarities.

"Do you know," said Gen. Hooper, the Confederate cavalry leader, "that Gen. Jackson had a number of very remarkable idiosyncrasies, and they were so peculiar as to convince some people that he was insane? But if we had had more such crazy men in the Confederate army it would have been better for us."

"For example," Gen. Jackson had an idea that one side of his body was heavier than the other. It was his right side, and he used to carry weights on his left to make up the difference. Once, when he was president of the Military Institute of Virginia, he went up to a water cure near Oswego, N. Y., to be treated for the complaint, and when the doctor told him it was nothing but imagination he became indignant, said he was not a child to be humbugged, and started home. He saw no end of physicians about it, and although they all told him the same thing, it didn't make the slightest difference, and he went on under the delusion till he died.

"Another thing that was peculiar about Jackson," said Gen. Maury, "was his intense abstraction. When he was thinking on any subject nothing could disturb him or distract his thoughts. He sat for hours sometimes, with his eyes fixed on some distant object, scarcely moving a muscle, absolutely absorbed; and the boys used to say that the old man was in a trance. He believed in inspiration, and that at these times he gathered knowledge and wisdom from on high. But his habitual condition was abstraction, both before and during the war. When he walked his eyes would be straight before him, and he would not hear any sound that was made or see any object on either side. One day while he was president of the college the students decided to make a test of the old man's absent-mindedness, and getting a brick, took it to a room that looked out on the walk where he usually exercised in the afternoon. They soon the general came along and the boys dropped the brick on the pavement directly in front of him. But he not only did not dodge, but apparently did not notice that anything unusual had occurred. He might have thought a leaf had fallen, if he thought at all."—Chicago News.

A Lesson in Cheap "Art."

There are in New York four firms which make a practice of putting into the country newspapers cards informing the reader that they have a sure method of enabling people without canvassing. To the thousands of innocents who apply for information circulars are sent setting forth that the firm in question is engaged in the manufacture of a certain kind of picture called autograph, ivory-graph, etc., for which the demand is simply tremendous, and that they need a large number of ladies and gentlemen to make these pictures. The process is said to be so simple that any child can do the work, and the recipients of these circulars are told that they must not think themselves unfit for the work, because they have had no experience. All that is required is to mount the picture and apply a few simple colors. The firm will furnish a dozen of the pictures upon a deposit of \$1, and will pay twenty-five cents apiece upon each finished picture returned to it. The outlay of the victim will be \$1 for a cheap set of water colors furnished by the firm in question, and worth perhaps fifteen cents, and \$1 sent in deposit for the unmounted pictures. When the victim has furnished his or her \$2—for women seen to be the most frequent victims—the will receive by mail a dozen cheap cuts on a peculiar kind of paper, with instructions as to pasting on cardboard and coloring. When the experiment is made, the worker finds to her astonishment that water seems to melt the picture, tissue paper and all, and the most delicate manipulation results in a complete blot. Expert photographers who have tried, as an amusement, to see if anything can really be done with the tissue print sent out by this firm find that it is made purposely impossible.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Secretary Folger's Idiosyncrasy.

The late Secretary Folger had an idea that there was a charm in the figure 3. When a boy, and later on in life, he had a fashion of doing a thing three times; and only had to be done once. He would eat three peaches—no more and no less. If he had four he would throw one away. If he should eat more than three he would eat twice three or three times three. If he was to ride on horseback he would mount three times before starting. Up to his death he had a way of saying "good day" three times to those he met, and in letters to his family he invariably wrote on three pages. Judge Folger often alluded to this idiosyncrasy. He said that from his earliest remembrance he had had an overpowering belief in the cabalistic power of the number 3. He thought it had been transmitted to him from his father, or that he had received it from a superstitious nurse. When a small boy he walked a mile to school, and he afterward acknowledged that he had, on more than one day, traversed the distance three times, making six miles in all, before he felt safe in entering the school house.—Exchange.

Gen. Sherman says he has never voted and never will.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

CHANGES THAT HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE GREAT GRAVEYARD.

The Cemetery Will Be Practically Closed in Twenty-Five Years Hence—Best Marble for Monuments and Wood for Coffins—Tree Roots.

Superintendent L. J. Wells, of Greenwood cemetery, is a pleasant voiced man with gray hair, who has had the care of New York and Brooklyn's great repository for the dead for many years. He has seen Greenwood grow from a vacant, unimproved plot of 200 acres to a tract of surpassing beauty, peopled with nearly 250,000 of dead, and covering nearly a square mile of territory. Mr. Wells considers Greenwood the largest and finest cemetery in the world. It was chartered in 1838, and the first burial was that of Sarah Hannah, of this city, on Sept. 5, 1840. Now there are more than 236,100 bodies buried there.

"Is the cemetery large enough now?" asked the reporter. "It is large enough to furnish lots for the next twenty-five years, and after that we don't care. The lots will be large enough to accommodate their owners for years to come, and we shall have a surplus large enough to keep the grounds in order forever."

"Then Greenwood will be practically closed a quarter of a century hence?"

"That is the idea exactly. It is large enough now to be readily handled. Our fund for the permanent care of the cemetery is being added to steadily, and now amounts to \$281,500.52. Our trust fund for the care of the cemetery is already large, and we have built the cemetery boundaries fixed by the streets and boulevards of the city, so that the present boundaries will be permanent. All that will be done to the grounds after 1910, then, will be to keep them looking beautiful."

NOT A STOCK COMPANY.

"You see, the Greenwood Cemetery corporation is not a stock company, as most similar associations are. It is a trust company, and no one gets any money out of it save the employees. All that remains after the annual expenses are paid is added to the surplus fund that is being put away for the future care of the cemetery. Every lot owner is a stockholder. There are over 25,000 of them. Every improvement has been made upon the grounds. We have stone crushers, artesian wells, thorough sewage, and have just finished a new reservoir to hold 637,000 gallons, that stands on Mount Washington, the highest point on Long Island, and is about 220 feet above tide water. This stores the water pumped from our wells, and gives greater and much needed pressure. A new eight-inch water main will be laid this fall, taking the place of one of our four inches. The change in Greenwood since I came here in 1846 has been marvelous. I am the only one left of the attendants who were here then."

"What is the most durable material for monuments?"

"Dark blue granite, from Quincy, Mass. Brown comes next, but it is costly, and it is being adulterated so much now that some of it is poor. There has been a great revolution in the gravestone business. People have found out that blue granite is the best stone to wear, and they are using nothing else. The rage for Italian marble began to die out ten years ago. There are veins in it which are imperceptible when the work is new, but which exposure develops, and then the work of ruin begins. We do not allow incense burners to be made of it at all, and the best incense burners now are required to be of granite coping, or granite posts and bars of either galvanized iron or brass. No iron chains or hinges are allowed. This course will keep the grounds from disfigurement in after years. It is the result of dearly-bought experience. Brownstone No. three hasn't been any brownstone used here for twenty years. It is not durable. Scotch granite, too, doesn't stand as we expected it would. Light granite turns yellow with age."

TOMBS OUT OF REPAIR.

"Do tombs ever fall in?" "Some of the old ones get out of repair. In the early days people were allowed to build them of brick and in the most imperfect manner. Now we require that the tops of all tombs shall be a thick granite slab, so as to shed water. The back and corners have to be solid pieces also, and the walls have to be two feet thick with no upright joints. William S. Rialbeck, of New York, is erecting one down the avenue built after the manner I have just described that will stand for ages. It will cost \$10,000."

"Will coffins that are made now last as long as those formerly used?"

"I think the old fashioned mahogany coffins would outlast by far almost any other coffin. Many of the coffins that they sell now are simply glued together—not even nailed. We've learned that from experience. After bodies have been left in the receiving vault a few weeks the glue is dissolved by moisture and the coffins come apart. Metallic coffins are readily affected by heat and cold and hence spring and break; that is, they do in receiving vaults."

"Does a wooden box protect a coffin?"

"On the contrary, if made of pine it will warp quickly and catch and retain water, hastening decay. A box of chestnut will last longer than anything else underground. Even in mud and water it will hold together for years."

"Which are the best woods for coffins?"

"Chestnut and black walnut are the most durable. But as long as a body is to remain where it is buried, it makes little difference what it is enclosed in."

"Do trees push their roots into graves as much as is popularly supposed?"

"Some trees are bad for cemeteries—two that I have in mind particularly. They are the alantus and the white leaved maple. Neither of these varieties is allowed in Greenwood because the roots spread so rapidly."—New York Tribune.

The Terrace of the Capitol.

Work on the marble terrace around the Washington Capitol is steadily going forward, but it will be a long time before the increased room will be ready for use. Nearly 100 rooms will be added to the accommodations of the main building. Some of these will be used for storing purposes, but there will be several well lighted and ventilated committee rooms in the terrace. Only the outer wall of the new addition is built of marble. Inside of the marble is a thick wall of brick. The rooms in the terrace will be much better than those in the basement of the Capitol now used for committee rooms. The chief advantage in the terrace, however, is in the improvement it makes in the appearance of the Capitol building as seen from a distance.—Chicago Times.

Killing the Birds.

A farmer in El Dorado county, Cal., in order to get rid of the many hares, that were proving very destructive to his fruit, sprinkled strychnine on a watermelon and killed eighty in less than an hour.—Chicago Times.

IRISH GIRLS AND BEES.

Carrying Honey to the Fair—Purchasers with a Sweet Tooth.

Near Clogheen we overtake two country lasses jogging along on a home made cart behind a rusty nag. As we approach we see that they are enveloped in a perfect swarm of horse flies, and, since insects are so rare in Ireland as rooks are plenty, we marvel greatly. "They are bees!" exclaims the lively professor of romance languages from Columbia college, who is visiting the home of ancestors and natives of the province. And so they are; placidly and with a joyful laugh for the joyful tourists the peasant girls continue their journey, with bees on all sides of them.

Now one seems to settle on the russet coils of hair of this girl, and there are two walking about the big cloth cloak of that. As we pass the mystery resolves itself. They are not witches, nor, like Melusina in the fairy tale, do they end in mermaid extremities; but under the hood which serves them for a seat are two beehives, which these stalwart virgins—be mothers without a miracle—are taking to the small fair at Clogheen. While we wait in that little place they come up, the hives are unceremoniously unlatched from under the seat, so that buyers can examine them, a number of purchasers and idlers gather about, and one, who means business and has a sweet tooth, calmly raises a hive, takes a dab of honey out with his forefinger and tastes of the contents. 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