"Tannhauser." Then he went to the office and wrote several things, among which was this: "We are even inclined to deal gently with the young man with a cold who was a substitute in the title role. If he had simply made signs instead of trying to sing, or had died in the first act, his forgiveness would have been assured, but he tried to sing and the audience whistled. Gambrinus who posed as Lord Hunt and Geary, there was almost sufficient ground for mob violence. On the whole we are glad the audience refrained from lynching either, and we suppose it was because the people were too drowsy for such vigorous measures. But we'll let that pass and say simply that we are not scandal up to 'Vagner.'"

A LILLIPUTIAN SOUBRETTE.

An unusual figure has attained a good deal of comment during the week at the Star Theatre. It is a soubrette of such diminutive proportions that she looks as if she might almost have been a member of the Lilliputians. She was new to New Yorkers, and the impression prevailed for some time that she was a recruit from the amateur stage. But it turns out that Miss Gladys Wallace has been on the stage for four or five years, though she might easily pass for sixteen years of age. Her appearance in the second act of the comedy has the peculiar effect of making all the other women of the stage look of gigantic stature. Miss O'Neill, for instance, is small and fragile enough in appearance, but when she begins to romp around the stage with Miss Wallace in the second act she looked like a tall and robust woman. Clara Bloodgood is a giant beside Miss Wallace.—The World.

Christine Nilsson's sister, says the Gossiper, has been discovered in actual want in Milwaukee. She has a daughter who promises to rival Christine if she can get her voice trained. Neither the sister nor her husband, who is a leader of Swedish wheel Nils P. Hasle, has been able to get work for some time.

A RUSSIAN DRAMATIST.

Foreign magazines, says an exchange, have been busy of late with the name of Maurice Maeterinck, a young Belgian dramatist. The Paris Figaro has ranked him in the highest series, William Archer has written an article about him in the Fortnightly Review, and W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine writes: "We group him with the poets because it seems to us that the two little plays of his which Mary Viole has given us is very unaffected English, transcend the form of prose and slip themselves in effect with the effect of verse. In a kind of elemental dreaminess, they are far beyond them, while they deal with no social or individual problem, but touch us through our mere humanity, not to say mortality, where we are not citizens, and scarcely men or women, but only Man."

The following is the way in which Mr. Howells characterizes these two one act dramas: One of the pieces is called "The Intruder," and expresses the advent of death in the circle of a family sitting together after the birth of a child, while the mother lies on the next room. The way in which death is realized as something objectively appreciable to the senses, is tremendous, but hardly anything less than the quotation of the whole brief drama would give the notion of its greatly graduated climax.

The other piece is perhaps even more horrific. A company of blind people has been led from their asylum to a distant wood near the wintry sea by an old priest, who suddenly dies and sits silent and cold in the midst of their helplessness. At last the priest's dog finds them and now they think that they are safe, that the dog will lead them back to the Asylum. But the dog will not leave the body.

"JUDAH"

was presented again last night at the Theatre to a fair house and was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Willard has proven himself an artist of great power and he is surrounded by a company to whose commendation it would be difficult to say too much. Plays like "Judah" and "The Middlemen" cannot but create lasting, beneficent impressions. They are immentately secure on the stage. "The Middlemen" will be seen again tonight. Everybody should avail themselves of the opportunity.

"WONDERLAND."

The programme at this place of amusement is a varied and interesting one. Signor Ferrari's trained cats are quite are very clever, and Mr. Paul's exhibition in the handcuff line is phenomenal. "Muldoon's Picnic" keeps the audience in Lee Tenderloin roaring with laughter. Today is children's day particularly.

ROLAND REED.

Of Roland Reed who will appear at the Salt Lake Theatre in a few days, the Denver News says: "Mr. Roland Reed has grown steadily in favor in this as well as other cities, and he is now one of our favorite comedians and he is always assured of excellent houses. His appearance at the Tabor will be more than interesting as he will then present for the first time here his comedy, "The Club Friend," the work of that clever dramatist Sydney Rosfeldt and acquainted with being his happiest effort. The play has been a triumph in every city it has been presented, and the critics have had only words of praise for Mr. Reed's efforts in his new line of work. The character portrayed by Mr. Reed is a business man who has by his own efforts accumulated a strong fortune, and he returns from California to New York to settle down. He is a lovable character, never tires of doing good in a practical way below and everybody's friend. His chief misfortune is that he is never taken seriously. The play is built on unconventional lines, and there not a dull moment from the rise to the fall of the final curtain. The complications are interesting and amusing and the dialogue is bright and crisp."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Grimpel and Phoebe Davies are to appear in a new play at Hoyt's Madison Square theatre in New York shortly.

Sarah Bernhardt opened in Boston on January 4th in "Theodora" to the smallest house she has ever had there.

Henry Irving has outlined all his parts from Lucchesi to Henry VIII. It is said he is gorgeous.

With Booth not acting, Modjeska is said to be the only acceptable interpreter of Shakspeare of any eminence now before the public in this country.

Mme Duse's Lady Macbeth is nothing—as feminine as the peerless student of human nature made her, and small the words of her mouth and all the reports of her behavior naive in boudoir, and all is intelligible, nothing with another. Lady Macbeth is not a type, as a thousand dramatists in a thousand and one would have made her, but a woman and such a woman, in the completeness of her warped, wicked womanhood, as no other writer that ever lives could have drawn. This Modjeska understands, and in this she stands alone, in all the history of the stage for nearly four centuries, in her ability to prove it.—Boston Post.

Abbey Dere, the actor, differs with his manager, and Mr. Hill, who helped fortunately to start his new play, thinks he is ungrateful.

Wednesday afternoon Miss Patti made her last appearance at the Metropolitan Opera house previous to departing for the West.

Saints and Sinners.

The first of a series of special church services arranged by the Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor in connection with the celebration of Labor Day (last Sunday night) in Trinity church, Broadway and Wall street. It consisted of a modified form of evening prayer, the singing of congregational hymns and the delivery of an address by the Rev. Heber Newton, Adams, D. D., in exposition of the principles and aims of the society.

These principles were explained to be in effect: That God, being the Father of all men, all men are brothers; that God being the sole possessor of the earth and machinery, man is but the steward of his bounties; that it is the duty of every man to labor diligently, and that labor being defined as the exercise of the mind and body and spirit in the development and elevating of human life, should be the standard of social worth. The keynote of the sermon was expressed in the special collect for the occasion, the Epistle—"Ye are the salt of the earth, the light of the world; a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid; neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The Gospel—"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Are not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." The Hymns—"Christ for the world we sing," "Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," "Onward, Christian soldiers," "Rise up, O men of God," "Fling out the banner!" "Hail the day that sees Messiah rise," "Thy kingdom come, O God," "Rejoice, ye pure in heart," "Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim," "Hasten, Christ, to bless the land," "Lo! God is here let us adore," "Come, thou Almighty King," "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet