

which has not before been presented in New-York. Its present title is "Joan." This is the third name which it has borne since the beginning of the season. The others were "A Soldier of France" and "The Saint and the Fool." Under whatever name it goes it is a drama dealing with Joan of Arc, who has previously been with a favorite dramatic subject. This play will be repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. On Thursday evening and Saturday



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

"Sweet Inniscarra," Fourteenth Street Theatre.

afternoon Miss Davenport will revive "Fedora." On Friday evening "Cleopatra" will be acted again, and on Saturday evening the engagement will end with "La Tosca."

Franklin Fyles's melodrama "Cumberland '61" will return to town to-morrow night and will be seen at the Grand Opera House. It will be presented in the same manner as at the Fourteenth Street Theatre earlier in the season, with the same scenery and nearly the same cast, which includes John E. Kellard, Edgar L. Davenport, Frank Losee, Charles Craig, W. J. Ferguson, Lionel Barrymore, Miss Marie D. Shotwell, Miss Amelia Summerville, Miss Louise Galloway and Miss Millie Sackett. The engagement is for two weeks, an unusual time at this house.

Chauncey Olcott begins his annual engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre to-morrow night. He will again appear in "Sweet Inniscarra," the play which he acted at this theatre for many weeks last winter. It will be presented in the same elaborate manner as to scenery as before.

THE FLAG THAT TRIPPED BOOTH.

Washington correspondence of The Chicago Times-Herald.

Removal from one room in the Treasury Building to another of the flag which tripped John Wilkes Booth and caused him to fall and break his leg the night he shot Abraham Lincoln has raised the question as to the proper disposition of that famous bit of bunting. Grand Army of the Republic men want it sent to the National Museum, where it can be properly taken care of. It is one of the most interesting historic relics in the country, and should be carefully preserved. The flag happens to be in the Treasury Department because it was presented to the Treasury Light Guard along with another in 1864 by the women of the Department. This banner guard was of good use when Jubal Early was threatening the Capital, but it did not have any fighting to do.

April 12, 1865, two nights before the assassination of President Lincoln, the Treasury Guard gave an entertainment at Ford's Theatre for charitable purposes. The theatre was beautifully decorated. On the boxes occupied two nights later by President Lincoln and the White House party were the two flags mentioned. They gave the boxes such a pretty appearance that the manager of the theatre requested that the flags be allowed to remain until the night of the 14th, when the President was expected to be in attendance at a play. The request was granted, and on the arrival of the President at the theatre the fatal night he commented with pleasure on the decorations, and expressed admiration for the flag which hangs in the Treasury. In jumping from the box after the shooting the President to the stage below, one of the spurs on Booth's boot caught in the folds of the flag, causing him to lose his balance and fall, thereby breaking his leg. The rent in the flag is shown to visitors, and has been on exhibition for years.

FOR ECONOMY OF SPACE.

From The Chicago Record.

This auction shop dealer was not thinking of the lares and penates when he painted the sign which is here given:

WE SELL SECOND-HAND HOUSES—
HOLD GODS.

He had simply reached the limitation of his board when he got to the word "goods," and dropped out the "o" for that reason. The sign is on a State-st establishment.

THE WRONG SYSTEM OF NEWS VENDING.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"Our only regret," said the Editor of "The Whiggville Clarion," in his valedictory, "is that when we came here we didn't start a sewing circle instead of a newspaper. It would have supplied the people of this town with all the facilities for the dissemination of news they appear to need, and would have saved us six weeks of hard work and \$327.50 in hard cash."

MME. DUSE PROPHECIES.

SHE WEARIES OF THE FALSITY OF HER OWN PLAYS AND SNIFFS A FINER ART IN THE AIR.

Mme. Duse seems to have undergone a deep revulsion of feeling in regard to some of her principal rôles. At least that is the impression gained from an interview with her printed in the "Tribuna," of Rome. Said Mme. Duse:

"I feel the need of looking out for something new. What I have done, and what I am doing at present, does not satisfy me. I feel the elemental falsity of the pieces in which I have hitherto acted, and at the same time I feel a certain impulse, a yearning for an artistic form that will more nearly and directly meet my present ideas. What are 'Magda,' 'The Ideal Woman,' 'The Wife of Claude,' and 'Camille'? Well, no; 'Camille' isn't quite so bad—it has at least a thread of gold on which its false pearls are strung; but the others! It humiliates me to be obliged to portray such people; often my rage is so great, and the protest of my conscience so strong, that it seems as if my physical strength were leaving me, and that suddenly I should lose the power of moving my arms and lips or of retaining my senses. I am almost overcome, as by a fainting fit."

Mme. Duse looks for the salvation of the stage only in the return to the ideals of beauty as interpreted by antique tragedy. "The dramatic art of to-day," she says, "is in treatment, color and tendency an art of corruption. Even the language we speak is ruined. The eternal word, the word of truth, is found only in the antique. Now, only by taking our point of departure from this field can we hope to educate the public up to the appreciation of a new and sound form of art."

"My daughter writes me from Berlin with great enthusiasm that she and her schoolmates gave a performance of 'Antigone' on the princi-

palogue theatre in Albano, as recently outlined in The Tribune, though she makes no direct allusion to it.

WHAT THE BAND PLAYED.

A DINNER TABLE EPISODE ON SHIPBOARD.

An instance of what it calls "transatlantic courtesy" is related by the "Gaulois" of Paris. One of the greatest singers of France, a woman whom it says everybody will at once identify on a moment's consideration, was returning from New-York on one of the German liners. One evening, glancing at the programme of the concert that was to be played at dinner, she saw the announcement of a triumphal march celebrating the German victory of 1871.

"I am sure," she said to a fellow-countryman sitting near, "that this is not intended as a discourtesy to us, but I don't care! I'm too much of a patriot not to express my disapproval of it in my own way when they begin to play this piece. Wait and see!"

The captain, having caught the gist of these remarks, and noticing the great artist's agitation, glanced at the programme to see what caused it. Then, without showing any surprise, he spoke to one of the waiters in a low tone.

At the moment when the German triumphal march was due to begin, the French singer, who could hardly control her agitation, prepared to leave the table. The first chord was played, the artist arose—and stood, pale, agitated, amazed, while the officers and other passengers also got up and smiled sympathetically at her. And the band played "The Marseillaise!"

LONDON BRIDGE.

Sir Walter Besant in The Pall Mall Magazine.

When was the Bridge built? It is impossible to say. It was not there A. D. 61, when Queen Boadicea's troops sacked the city and murdered the people. It was there when Allectus led his troops out to fight the Roman legions. It was

main. The Bridge over the Thames, however, was of wood. This is proved by the fact that, had it been of solid Roman construction, in stone, the piers would be still remaining; also by the fact that London had to be contented with a wooden bridge till the year 1176, when the first bridge of stone was begun. Considerations as to the comparative insignificance of London in the first century, as to the absence of stone in the neighborhood, and as to the plentiful supply of the best wood in the world from the forests north of the city, confirm the theory that the Bridge was built of wood. We have only, therefore, to learn how Roman engineers built bridges of wood elsewhere in order to know how they built a bridge of wood over the Thames.

ANOTHER REMEDY FOR INSOMNIA

J. B. Learned, in The Sanitarian.

How can we extemporize the normal conditions of sleep when the abnormal prevail and sleeplessness is upon us? Cerebral activity, an automatic cellular commotion in one corner of the gray substance, presumably without my order or consent, seemed to run on forever like the babbling brook.

How can it be stopped? Turn off the belts is the first reply that suggests itself when you take in the fact that gray matter cannot keep up this rattle without vital power.

I set about in this way: I ordered the brain to take charge of the respiratory function. In place of the sixteen respirations, six or eight were directed per minute, made full, deep and regular. They were counted. This was the first duty of the brain. Added to this, I directed changed positions of body, and contractions of various groups of muscle, each group to be in use for a definite length of time estimated by the count of respirations.

The dorsal position, reaching for headboard and footboard, brings into use one set of muscles; elevating the head half an inch brings into use another set of muscles; raising the foot immediately on the head going back to the pillow, and holding it the same length of time; then the next foot going up in like manner, to go down at the direction of the brain; all these contractions and relaxations presided over by the brain without permitting any rests or vacations tend to equalize circulation.

A few minutes' experience of work done by the brain (in this way) under the direction and control of the will is very unlike the work done by the same brain not under direction and con-



SCENE FROM "CUMBERLAND '61"—GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

pal's birthday. My daughter knows nothing of my views; as little do her schoolmates know, but it is in the air, and will soon be felt by everybody—this longing for a noble and pure form of art."

According to Mme. Duse, the impulse of this movement is coming from Italy, which possesses in Tina di Lorenzo an Ideal Antigone.

"Why should not this young and already famous artist," she asks, "prefer the works of Sophocles to those of Sardou, those of Aeschylus to those of Sudermann? Why should she not seek to join hands with me for a dramatic renaissance in these lofty works?"

This interview shows the noted Italian actress to a quite new light. Her utterances will at once recall the projects of D'Annunzio for an

there very early in the Roman occupation, as is proved by the quantities of Roman coins of the four centuries of their tenure found in the bed of the river on the site of the old Bridge. It is also proved by the fact that Southwark was a settlement of the wealthier class, who could not have lived in a place absolutely without supplies, had there been no bridge. We may take any time we please for the construction of the Bridge, so long as it is quite early—say, before the second century.

The Britons themselves were quite unable to construct a bridge of any kind unless in the primitive methods observed at Post Bridge and Two Bridges, on Dartmoor, by a slab of stone laid across two bowlders. The work, therefore, was certainly undertaken by Roman engineers. We have, in the next place, to inquire what kind of bridge was built at that time by the Romans. They built bridges of wood and of stone; many of these stone bridges still remain, in other cases the pieces of hewn stone still re-

control. In the one case you may lie an hour, two hours or three hours mayhap thinking, or conscious that thinking is being done, and not have the tired sensation come to you such as precedes sleep. In the other case but a few minutes have elapsed with all these changes to be executed before the drowsy feeling begins to creep over you.

ITS LOFTY PURPOSE.

From The Chicago Tribune

"Will you tell me," asked the reporter, who had looked upward at the cloud-piercing structure until his neck was weary, "what you are building this gigantic smokestack for?"

"In order, perhaps," coolly replied the architect who was constructing the tower of smoke, "to get beyond the reach of the higher criticism."

And the deafening roar of the workmen went on.