

At the Theatre.

"Funny name isn't it?—The Darling of the Gods! Didn't know gods had darlings—just look at those diamonds—and there's Mrs. Smythe—she looks a fright—oh, now the curtain's going up—why, they're all Japanese—it's a Japanese play, you say—what a funny way those girls walk—I never can remember all those foreign names—why doesn't Blanche Bates come on?—that's her, you say—which?—I don't see her—Yo San?—oh, that one—is that Blanche Bates?—she looks just like a Jap, do-s'n't she?

—you'd never tell from her looks she was born right in this town—are those gei-shas?—how horrid—they're not nice persons, are they?—what does that man want with two swords?—one for each hand, I guess—that's the result of jiu jitsu—why does she talk about breaking bones?—must be going to make soups for him—oh, oh, they've killed that man, haven't they?—I do hope they won't shoot off any guns—my nerves won't stand it—what are these ky-isses?—oh, just kisses—what a fuss to make over a kiss—is the hero an American?—they're all Japanese!—I don't see why the hero

can't be an American—look at those Japs in the box—this must make them feel like home—what's the shoji they talk about?—I hope it's not improper—why does that man in front of us keep looking back?—is anything wrong with my hair?—I don't understand it a bit—these foreign plays are foolish, I think—what are souvenir chocolates?—you can't keep chocolates—now the curtain's going up again—just look at that girl letting that man hug her—she's a geisha, you say—well, that makes no difference—she's a bold thing—what's down in the cellar?—is it on fire?—well

it looks like it with that red light—torturing him down below?—well, he's only a Jap—are all those people swimming? the River of Souls?—how can souls swim?—a thousand years after, you say—a thousand years—why are they in the clouds?—have they airships in Japan?—why don't they come down by parachute?—is that the end—how silly—the villain wasn't even killed—I'll never come to see a Japanese play again—but wasn't Blanche Bates just too sweet?—yes, the Irvington car—we're just in time, if we hurry."—Wex Jones in "Oregonian."



"Boadicea"

ONE OF THE STRIKING PICTURES IN MISS ELLEN VON MEYERN'S ART UNION.