

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Dramatic Hell Broth Fairly Bubbling Over with Putrid Wickedness.

A Devastating Epidemic of Nastiness-- Ella Wesner's new Departure, and a Glimpse of Oscar with his Hair off.

THAT monstrous ass, Townsend Percy, is back again. The Lord deliver us!

POOR old Aimee is to be put on exhibition again by the heartless and cruel Grau. The old lady ought to be allowed a holiday, if not for her virtues, at least on account of her age and general decay. To see her essay her ancient naughtiness will be a spectacle almost as forbidding as one's own grandmother trying, paralytically, to do a red hot can-can at a wine supper.

THAT disgusting illustration of anatomical profligacy known as Sarah Bernhardt, is seeking a divorce from Damala. By all accounts, the festive Greek won't weep over the separation. It is bad enough to have a skeleton at one's board, but to have one as the perpetual sharer of one's bed also--and a particularly rattling and noisy skeleton at that--must be an unmixed sorrow. So long as Paulding keeps single, however, there's another chance for Sarah over here.

LILLIAN RUSSELL is a distinct failure in London. They are naturally astonished to find the "American prima donna" a mere expressionless stick of a ballad singer. Her airs and graces are nothing new in a country which has been for years the home of mild and leggy burlesque, interpreted by young women with good figures and fair voices, but no dramatic talent whatever. "Teddy," by the way, has just gone into bankruptcy. His assets are \$20, and his debts are \$12,000. It is not stated if his American "loans" are included in the latter amount. With such a showing as this it won't be long before Lillian is once more on her way home.

HARRIGAN & HART have scored another hit. This is what they deserve. Both are good fellows, capital managers and honest men, and for all those reasons are very much disliked by the swell "bums" and dead beats of the profession. But there is room for improvement, even at the new Comique, and one of the most desirable reforms is the removal of old Pop Harrigan to where he belongs--the strictest private life. A more ill-mannered and disagreeable old party it would be hard to find. In a museum of curiosities he might have a specific value, but in the box office of his son's theatre he is as much out of place as a stupid hyena would be in a drawing room.

THE fact that Charley Stevenson, the husband of Kate Claxton, is a thundering bad actor is explained by the other fact that he is a gentleman. He has no more business on the stage than he has in a gang of bank robbers. His antecedents, his origin, his education, all unfit him for the dirty trade in which he is at present wasting his energies. If he were a notorious drunken, indecent, uproarious blackguard the chances are he would soon be regarded as a great actor. But not being the one, it is only too evident he will never be the other. There is no business which so ill befits a gentleman as that which combines in itself the acts of the pimp and the swindler and calls itself the stage.

BOB MORRIS continues to give daily evidence of the bargain he has signed with General-Paresis-Davis. Every issue of the *Telegram* contains an elaborate puff of that outrageous caricature, even on the stage. One's first impulse is to get hopping mad at Bob's unblushing venality, but on cooling down one remembers what he did for Frank Mordaunt, and how thoroughly he extinguished him by first blowing for him in his paper and then by writing a play for him. That settled Mordaunt, and removed from the American stage one of its biggest and most unpleasant nuisances. Bob is doing the same useful office to Davis. He is at present engaged in puffing him. His next step will be to write a play for him. That will naturally end Davis. So, if you will look at him in the light of a boss scavenger with a general contract for getting away with offal, or as one of those burial bugs who devote their little lives to putting putrescent carrion where human beings can't run into it, Bob Morris is not without his uses.

THAT unmitigated ass and most transparent fraud Oscar Wilde is back again to try and knock a few more dollars out of the American public. But the American public is a good deal poorer and a good deal "flyer" than it was when he paid it his original visit, and the odds are in favor of Oscar's going home very much in the condition of Mother Hubbard's dog, when that good old lady couldn't find him a bone. "Vera" is pronounced by all who have read it, to be a masterpiece of "rot"--mouthy, wordy, noisy, pointless "rot," and in quarters where the facts are not known, a great deal of sympathy has been wasted on Marie Prescott. As a matter of fact, Marie Prescott isn't "putting up" a dollar on the venture, all the cash being found by Oscar. Let us hope, as we firmly believe, that of all the ridiculous failures of the year, none will be so thorough, so complete, or so well deserved as that of "Vera."

EMMY RENEE, the popular soubrette of the Thalia theatre company, is running a beer saloon, and mixes drinks and draws schooners with her own fair hand. This is perfectly consistent with all the traditions of the dramatic "art." Favorite actresses who have not tended bar in beer saloons have sang and danced in them, and the crowning ambition of every actor, good or bad, is to keep a rum shop, where he may swill his life away in free and unlimited "lush." Lotta used to be the bright particular star of a California free and-eazy of Fred. Lubin's Philharmonic type, vast as are her present pretensions to being a fine lady. Adelaide Neilson began her professional career as a barmaid. George Browne is one of a dozen actors who keep chophouses. And yet blatant frauds pretend that an institution which sits with its feet in stale beer and its head in a gin-soaked barroom towel, is an "artistic profession" and a "distinct social element." Bah! So is Greene street, so is the Tombs, so is the cancer ward in Bellevue.

THAT real bad girl, Ella Wesner, is to add to the terrors of impending cholera this season by playing in a piece to be called "That Dreadful Dede." If all is true that is alleged against the Dede--and some horrible things are charged to its account--Ella will play the part to the life. Those who know her and have had the pleasure of enjoying her pro-masculine perform-

ances, declare that she is an artist of the highest class, and one to be regarded with natural envy even by so accomplished and successful a rival in the same line as St. George Hussey. Indeed if you attach any weight to the tribute of biased friends like Alma Stuart Stanley and Blanche Selwyn, there is no male performer living who can do the Wesner act as thoroughly and so successfully as Ella herself. Alma Stuart Stanley has been so impressed by the merits of her performances that she is going to set up as a male impersonator on her own hook.

DAN'L, of the Frohman's den, is hard at work carrying out his usual policy--puffing the Cayvan and running down the Madison Square prestige. A sorrier lot of oufters, from Harry Pitt down to Dolly Pike, than Dan'l has got in the cast of the "Rajah" it would be hard to find between here and San Francisco. What a brace of sharps these brethren are. Beginning with loud protestations of their piously disinterested zeal for the stage, they hired an expensive and able company to send them off. But now they engage the cheapest and vilest people in the market, with the hope and expectation of "shoving" them on the public out of town as "metropolitan favorites." If H. K. Thurber & Co. were to be caught sending out damaged mackerel in A No. 1 barrels with a certificate of worth and soundness, what a powerful sermon wouldn't the we zen little parson who "runs" the Square preach against such a terrible offence. But he thinks nothing of putting half a dozen cheap hamfatters just long enough into the home theatre to catch its "flavor" in order to eventually unload them on the rural public as the real article. Luckily the rural public isn't quite so green as it was, and the rural press has had its eye-teeth cut, so that the chances of another bonanza are growing fearfully less. Dan'l will have to go back to minstrelsy if he doesn't keep wide open the weather eye which is now dreamily fixed upon the meandering and mediocre young ex-laundress who calls herself Georgia Cayvan.

ANYTHING more loathsome, hideous or disgusting than the Bangs-Lagrange affair no well regulated and decent mind can conceive. Each party to this villanous scandal accuses the other of actual crimes against nature. Mrs. Bangs declares that Mr. Bangs was a monster of depravity, whose vices led him into the practice of almost incredible transgressions against humanity, while Mr. Bangs avers, with profound solemnity, that Mrs. Bangs introduced to his astounded notice on their bridal night, habits and propensities from which a prostitute negress would have recoiled in horror. And to make the lesson all the more emphatic, the honorable "profession" to which Mr. Bangs belongs, and into which his wife tried to crowd herself, is fairly buzzing with stories and innuendoes and comments of a kind to turn in consecutive order the seven stomachs of a camel. The hum of a convention of blowflies over the bloated carcass of a dead and rotten dog is nothing to the sound and fury of the actor's delight over the enormity of the Bangs scandal. It is the beastliest contribution ever made by vice to the tickling of prurient curiosity, and as a matter of course it comes from the one institution which seems to exist for the mere purpose of showing how vile and depraved idle men and women can be. It was a mild law which stigmatized actors as vagabonds, seeing the industry with which they constantly prove themselves monsters.

IRVING is going to bring his own critic over with him, a fellow, Clement Scott by name, who wrote a letter to Florence Rice, Knox's husband, of the most transparently corrupt nature. This fellow, Scott, who has become famous by occupying to Irving the same relation which certain small worms do to woodcock, by inhabiting their entrails, has been photographed in London in the costume which he is to wear in America. From his looks, in the garb which he has chosen, you would take him to be Stanley, the African explorer, or some such person. The compliment he pays New York and its barbarism is to wear a shooting jacket with a big cartridge belt round it, a pith helmet with a puggree, knee breeches of corduroy, leggings, and a field glass slung across his back. It seems as if he were so distrustful of our civilization that he intends to visit Wallack's theatre in the same panoply and with the same equipment of firearms he would wear in the African jungle. So that when, within a month or two, the casual visitor to Irving's performance shall see a young man with a blonde mustache and eyeglasses, dressed like an English soldier in Egypt, or like Billy Lytell as the newspaper correspondent in "Michael Strogoff," with the addition of a revolver at his side and a Winchester rifle across his back, the casual visitor will realize that he sees the London newspaper critic whom Mr. Irving carries round in his train.

THAT extraordinary concern the George Edgar Syndicate is getting its first experience of the biped animal known as the American actress, and is correspondingly cast down. The first round was fought over the question of passage to Chicago. Poor old George had selected the Pennsylvania road as the official route, and palace cars, by a curious mistake, had been engaged instead of hog pens, for the company. That ancient and honorable spinster, Miss Sarah Jewett, was dissatisfied to find that she had to go over such a common and unromantic road as the Pennsylvania, and took a train, on her own hook, on the Baltimore and Ohio. Of course, the English leading lady, an equally ancient and quite as respectable Shakespeareid, of the name of Ward, had to get her venerable back up also. So she took the limited express on the Erie. It is refreshing to reflect that the day is not so very far off when both these two elderly persons will be exchanging over their gin and tea in the back bedroom of a fifth story flat reminiscences of the "princely" way in which they used to do things. For it is one of the merciful compensations of Providence that there is no human creature so utterly forgotten, neglected and despised, in the ratio of their former pretensions, as the "popular" actor or actress who used to play the tyrant of a brief hour in the remote past. When Sarah Jewett is in the condition of Laura Phillips or Annie Deland, she will realize pretty accurately what a fleeting sham an actress' life is off the stage as well as on.

A SINGULAR SUICIDE.

A remarkable suicide is reported as having occurred near Kernersville, N. C. Philip Comfont, a young white man, became partially demented two weeks ago, the cause being his cool treatment by a young lady of whom he was fond. He went to his room, locked the door, laid down on the bed and swallowed over half the pins in a paper. Several hours afterward he was found dead, many pins sticking in his mouth and throat.