

CHINA'S STARS ARE HERE.

TAKA WING, MOO SING JEE AND THEIR COMPANIES.

In "He Lon Ten Moo" They Will Show Us Heathen New Yorkers What the Real Drama Should Be—All Mott Street in High Feather—They Say They Are Pleased with America and Are Glad to Be Here.

There is a breezy little smirk upon the ever-expressive and ultra-mobile features of the patriotic Mongolian population of Mott street. It is not often that these intellectual, pleasure-loving citizens have an opportunity to indulge in a little wholesome theatre-going. They have a soul above the "Brass Monkeys" and "Rag Babies" and "Tin Soldiers" of metropolitan favor, and don't care a snap for the ridiculous records of current events, called plays, produced at the Madison Square or at Palmer's Theatre. To the Mongolian nothing is interesting, from a dramatic point of view, that doesn't take place B. C., and Americans selfishly gratifying their own desires for A. D. occurrences have entirely overlooked this fact.

As before remarked, however, there is a breezy little smirk dominating over Mott street this morning. It lingers frivolously round the laundries; it comes very near to baling the eating-houses, while at the Joss Temple at 10 Chatham square its dimensions assume such ample proportions that only a sense of decency restrains this pen from calling it a grin, undiluted and obtrusive.

A real Chinese company has come to town, with fifty real dramatic Chinamen in it, and two Mongolian stars, M. Taka Wing and big Moo Sing Jee.

Only a few weeks ago South Fifth avenue quailed its absence in an agony of grief at the advent of Coquelin, and Avenue B ate its succulent sausages in a frenzy of enthusiasm at the arrival of Herr Junkermann. Who shall deny to the honest, collar-loving Chinese the right to eat their rats in fervent welcome of the celebrated Taka Wing?

A representative of THE EVENING WORLD who has had some faint experience in interviewing repaired to the Joss House this morning trusting to find there Taka Wing. All the Mongolians had secured shelter at the Joss House with the exception of the two stars, who had been carried off to the houses of hospitable friends. It is not generally known that the Chinese are excessively hospitable, and where Europeans merely request, "Come and break bread with me," the Chinese remark, "Come and eat rats with me," which is, of course, a more luxurious and tempting form of invitation.

The Joss House this morning was extremely interesting to look at. It was littered with one hundred trunks containing all the dramatic "props" of this famous company that produces twenty-four dramas in two weeks, or an average of two dramas for every working day. Some of the trunks were merely bundles hieroglyphically marked, and of course incomprehensible to the average American.

Nearly all the actors had arisen, and were walking up and down shouting little bits of "Hi Lon Ten Moo," the play in which they are to open. Even in their unceremonious delivery it was easy to see a remarkable histrionic talent in the features of these Celestials. The author of "Hi Lon Ten Moo" is Koong Ming, who, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, is a lineal descendant of the potent and all permeating Confucious.

A little Chinaman who understood English introduced the representative of THE EVENING WORLD to Moo Sing Jee, Chow Loon Yin—an excessively dudey-looking fellow—Way Loo Woo, M. Ki Wing, Nani Chi Wo, Han Choon Li, Chow Kwo Kiu, Ju Khee Low, New Toon Geen, Teah Kwi Lee, Woy Chong Chi and Ho Lean Koo.

"And now," said this English-speaking Chinaman, in his own inimitable jargon, "I would like you to meet a Ka Wing."

The great Chinese star was loling in an affable way, yet a way pregnant with an inalienable dignity, upon a trunk. It was not a very strongly constructed box, and it is easy to see that Chinese actors, unlike their American brothers, do not expect to "go home on their trunks" at the end of every other engagement. Taka Wing was looking at his colleagues in an earnest, paternal way. He was Chinese, but not gaudily clad, and he seemed to feel, in a charmingly unpretentious way, that he was—to put it vulgarly—head man and bottle-washer of the occasion.

"What do you think of America?" asked the interviewer, trying to regard Taka Wing as a brother of Irving or Barrett, or Bernhardt or Coquelin, and therefore considering his views upon America as highly important.

Taka Wing shrugged his shoulders in a very chic way and spoke for about fifteen minutes. What he said was apparently of absorbingly interesting, for everybody listened. It was all lost upon the questioner, however. The kindly interpreter came to his assistance.

"Taka Wing says," he explained, "that he loves America and the Americans, and is so glad to be here. He is delighted with Mott street which he considers one of the most superbly constructed thoroughfares he has ever seen. Nothing like it exists for him in China. He is surprised at the luxury to be found in the Mott street houses, at their wonderful cleanliness and at the bewildering array of modern improvements that he finds. He has seen as yet very little but Mott street. He is much impressed with the glimpse he had of Elizabeth, Mulberry and Baxter streets. Baxter street particularly delighted him with its display of quaint American clothes. He is delighted, ravished.

Taka Wing though he didn't understand a word, smiled most beatifically and extended his hands.

"May I ask you to synopsis for me the performance in which you open Monday night?" he was asked.

Taka Wing, through his interpreter, replied as follows: "It all takes place ten years before the Christian year. The first act shows a conference of the gods, who resolve to help the Chinese in their wars with the Northern Tartars. Gen. Yung Zoon Pow marries the Princess Koon Joo, and then leaves at the head of his army. In the next act the gallant Yung Zoon Pow is captured and marries the daughter of the Tartar who caught him. He becomes the father of a son by her, and five years later returns to China. A war has broken out there, all his family have been killed, with the exception of the Princess whom he married, and who awaits him with burning impatience. She has been saved from massacre by Zoon Gaeng, a slave, but is just about to kill herself, when her husband arrives. There is much pathos in the meeting that follows, and upon the affecting tableau the curtain falls. In the third act young Zoon Pow triumphs over the Tartars and restores Ton Tai Zoon to the Chinese throne. He then proceeds to live happily with his two fond wives. There is a great deal of comedy in 'He Lon Ten Moo,' but it is impossible to describe it in a few words."

Taka Wing then begged to be excused as he had to go over to the Windsor Theatre and inspect the stage. Before leaving he said he was intensely pleased to see that the Mott street Chinamen were still consummately patriotic.

It is thought that Chatham Square will become a sort of Mongolian rislotto in a few days and that all the Chinamen anxious to secure dramatic engagements will loiter there.

Charley White Writes of the Old-Time Negro Minstrels for the SUNDAY WORLD.