

Passion Play Tourists.

It is naturally supposed that the World's Exposition at Paris is the mecca of all travelling Americans this summer. It is to this little village in the Bavarian Alps that the name more truly belongs. The agent of one of the great tourist companies has booked places for more than eleven thousand Americans for the summer's performances of the "Passion Play." These figures, compared with the total of only 2,000 English people upon the company's books, is a striking indication of the extraordinary attraction which the great religious spectacle has upon the American mind and imagination. And it is not to be wondered at. After witnessing yesterday's first performances of the great Biblical tragedy one can easily understand that audiences for such a drama may be drawn from the uttermost ends of the earth. The religious instinct and the force of education and tradition are quite unnecessary to make the event impressive beyond anything anywhere else to be seen in mimic portrayal. This was in 1834.

There is no need to do more than mention the history of this decennial event which marks the landmarks in the lives of these simple Bavarian peasants. As far back as the twelfth century a Passion play had been performed here, but the wars of the sixteenth century put an end to the performances. Following the wars came a pestilence, village after a village fell a prey to ravages. Oberammergau remained untouched. A vigorous quarantine against the outer world kept it safe until one Casper Schuchler, who had been working in a plague stricken village nearby returned to see his wife and little ones. In two days he was dead: before a month was over 84 of the villagers had perished. In their despair the inhabitants turned to God and vowed that if the plague would cease they would every ten years perform the "Passion Play." From that hour, says the local historian, the plague was checked.

In 1870 the war with France interrupted the performance; forty five of them doomed went to the front, seven of them doomed not to return. Joseph Mayer, who then played Christus for the first time, started with them, but the King of Bavaria ordered him to remain in Munich and did not even let him cut his flowing locks. The play was repeated in 1871.

The author of the present version was, the parish priest Daisenburg, who died about twenty years ago at the age of 83. He stripped the play of everything ignoble or farcical, cutting out entirely the part of the devil, who, up till open, as in all miracle plays, played the comedy role, exciting much hilarity as he tore open the bowels of the suicide Judas and produced therefrom strings of sausages.

The play contains a well worked out plot, showing how Christ's entrance into Jerusalem in triumph offended the priests, how His cleansing of the temple incensed the merchants. The priests make use of the merchants through the chief, Dathan, to destroy Christus. Dathan approaches Judas and bribes him with priests' money to betray where Christus will pass the night. This leads up to the arrest, trial and crucifixion.

Until the last moment it seemed that the first performance in this year's series would be given amid cold rain and sleet and most wintry surroundings. Ten years ago these would have been almost impossible conditions for both performers and audience then assembled in a roofless theatre. The new partly covered theatre, built with the proceeds of the 1890 performances, does not look so much like an engine shed as one would suppose from the photograph. It holds nearly 4,000 spectators: there are 1,598 seats at \$2.50: 496 at \$2.544 at \$1.50, 668 at \$1 and 658 at 50 cents. This gives a total of \$175,000 for the twenty seven regular performances, while extra ones are to be given when two many visitors reach the village for the theatre to hold in one day. In 1890 the 700 performers received \$30,000; Mayer, the Christus, received \$500: the conductor of the orchestra \$250. Everything else was spent on the theatre and the village. Drains were built, a new hospital founded, drawing and carving schools established, waterworks built and the poor provided for. The stage is 150 feet broad and 86 feet deep. In the centre, twenty feet from the front, is a wide curtained proscenium, on each side of which is a balcony house, that of Annas on the left and that of Pilate on the right. These are separated from proscenium by ports or roads which lead to Jerusalem. The stage (except the proscenium) is uncovered, the

mountains, yesterday covered with snow, forming a background on one side.

The most impressive thing of all was the Schultz-Geister or chorus of twenty women and sixteen men. They file on with solemn step and line the front of the stage. Their long robes form a brilliant and harmonious chord of color. The choragus or leader recites the prologue to each act, pointing out the lessons it enforces, the chorus sings and then withdraws for the scene or retires to each side for a tableau.

The play commenced yesterday with Christ's entry into Jerusalem. From the back of the stage the "volk" came slowly, waving branches, chanting a march chorale, one of the most successful pieces in the Passion-music. On, on they came, all looking backward toward Christ, till it seems as though an innumerable multitude of men, women, and children were streaming on to the stage. Then the Christus appeared, "meek and sitting upon a colt, the foal of an ass." The proscenium represented the Temple filled with traders, sellers of doves and lambs, &c. Christ—for all thought of Anton Lang the actor has disappeared from the mind—turns them out with blows, overthrowing their tables, the doves released from their wicker cages fly away into the blue air, and the scene closes with Nathaniel, a leader of the priests, promising the traders their revenge.

It would take too long to tell of every one of the eighteen scenes, in addition to which there are twenty three tableaux taken from the Old Testament. These are used to illustrate the scenes. For example, a marvellous scene representing the falling of the manna in the wilderness, in which there must be over a hundred figures, precedes the Last Supper, a representation of the despair of Cain ushers in the act in which Judas returns the thirty pieces of silver and hangs himself.

The representation lasted from 8 A. M. till 12, and from 1.30 to 5 P. M., and the absorbing interest with which it was followed was shown by the fact that every one was surprised when 12 came. There was no applause at the end of a scene, though people stamped their feet to restore the circulation, for there was a little chill in the air.

Two questions most generally asked are "Does not the representation of Christ on the stage jar on the feelings?" and "Is not the Crucifixion scene too trying to look on?" To both queries the answer is no—to the first, unhesitatingly. This is because of the fact that the Christus takes little part in the action of the play except in cleansing the temple; for the rest the action takes place about him while he suffers in silence. The divinity of Christus plays a very small part in fact only appears in the healing of Malchus's ear and in the Resurrection, which is more a tableau than an act.

As regards the Crucifixion, it was one of the few scenes in which the spectator thinks of the actor rather than the act. The physical pain endured during the time the Christus is on the cross, about nineteen minutes, must be very great. The excellence of representation of the Crucifixion in sculpture and painting to which we are so accustomed tends to rob the scene of its effect. The means by which the body is fastened to the cross are invisible, but a strong glass showed marks round the wrist and doubtless some form of oroset is used, but it is all hidden, even during the taking down of the body, in which Buben's well-known picture is reproduced.

THE FUTURE OF BOER LAND.

Big Boom Expected in South Africa After the War is Ended.

Instead of desolation following the war, writes General Sir George White, the hero of Ladysmith, in the July number of "Success," there will be a great boom at the Cape. This struggle has drawn the attention of all the world to South Africa, and people are beginning to realize some of the vast resources there which are only waiting to be developed. I confess that I was myself surprised when I went to the Cape and saw what wonderful progress has been made there in the past few years. Where there were formerly deserted wildernesses, there are now cultivated farms and bustling villages. Where there was not, formerly, even a farmhouse, there are now whole towns, and this wonderful change is sure to go on more rapidly now than ever before. There had been so much uncertainty for several years as to whether or not there would be any war, that men of wealth hesitated about making movements,

and then ensued a falling off in immigration.

Now that settled conditions are about to exist again, I prophesy that there will be a great rush of settlers to the Cape. That whole country is likely to be a good one for a young man to go to to make his fortune. There are whole districts which are practically unsettled and uncultivated, and there is certainly a wonderful opportunity awaiting men who have had experience in farming. There are stretches of land in the vicinity of Ladysmith which are very productive, and will make especially good locations for fruit orchards. I fully agree with Rudyard Kipling when he says there ought to be a chance for some of our British volunteers to remain in South Africa and become farmers. As the farms increase, there will be a demand for merchants, and prosperous villages are sure to spring up in time.

The Boers did not, apparently, have to work very hard to accumulate their wealth. If they have been successful, young Englishmen and Americans should be successful, and I think they will be. I cannot see that there is much truth in the recent assertions that Americans do not make good colonizers, and can never settle to any great extent in the new colonies of Porto Rico and the Philippines. I am sure that, while I was stationed in India, I met a great many Americans who were living there and were very successful as colonists. I am certain that Americans will be abundantly able to take care of their islands, sending thousands to settle in the Philippines and Porto Rico. The United States possess enough people to spare some for South Africa, too, and I expect to see many more going there than are already resident in the various colonies at the Cape. As America came out of its Spanish war with flying colors and is meeting its problems successfully, so shall we meet ours.

Housewife and Burglar

The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded, and they made some noise.

He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed as if about to get up, and he paused.

The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears.

If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble, and a whole lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go downstairs and take them off."

He went downstairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went out into the night again, and the "pal" who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye.

"I can't rob that house," he said. "It reminds me of home."

"We are all in the Hands of God."

Many years ago, a New Hampshire physician was stunned by the premature discharge of a blast. He related afterward the fact that in the moment of the explosion he had time for the swift passage of three thoughts through his mind: "I am a dead man! What will become of my family? We are all in the hands of God!" Curiously enough, the Prince of Wales made use of this last impressive sentence on his first public appearance in England after the recent attempt at his assassination: "We are all in the hands of God!" What if the consciousness of helpless dependence which men feel in a crisis of extreme physical danger could become a habitual attitude of trust, and thus a fountain of joy?

Japanese Royal Wedding.

At the recent marriage of the Crown Prince of Japan immense multitudes in the streets watched and applauded the bridal procession, but not a person looked out of an upper window. To the American eye and mind this seemed strange. But the Japanese explanation of it was simple. It is contrary to etiquette—indeed, to loyalty for a Japanese to look down, either literally or figuratively,—upon a member of the royal family. One smiles at the quaint conceit that would interpret the visual angle as a slight. Yet there is much that is admirable and worthy of emulation in scrupulous regard for what are esteemed and honored.

American Army in Manila.

Bishop Potter pays a high tribute to the character and qualities of the rank and file of our army in Manila. He says, in effect, that no one who has seen our soldiers in the Philippines, and has noted their splendid physique, their attention to duty, and the high average of intelligence existing among them, can fail to have an increased pride in our army, and a profound faith in their capability to do whatever is required of them. He saw our soldiers in many

places, under all varieties of circumstances during his stay in Manila, but not one among them who reflected discredit upon himself or his country.

DEATH OF SAMORY.

A Man Who Once Lorded It Over 500,000 People in West Africa.

The Emir Samory, who has cut a larger figure in the affairs of West Africa for the past twenty years than any other native, has just died, a prisoner in the hands of the French at Libreville, in the Gaboon region. His prestige and power had been waning for some years. About two years ago the French caught their old enemy near the northern border of Dohomey, carried him to the coast and kept him under guard, so that he might do no more mischief. They were very happy over the downfall of Samory, who had given them more trouble for many years than all the other natives potentates in West Africa together.

Samory was a slave when he was a little boy. The chief who owned him gave him as a ransom to another chief, for a woman who had been taken captive. Samory's new owner was an important personage in West Africa, the Marabout Sory Idrahina, and as his little slave grew up he attracted much attention from the Marabout and from everybody else in the country who had anything to do with native politics; for Samory became a young man of great intelligence, courage and talent for intrigue. He was so bright that the Marabout made him his chief adviser. Samory always looked out for No. 1 in a very keen and able manner. One day he thought he saw a chance to better his fortunes, and so he deserted his old master and joined forces with a more powerful chief. It was a sorry bargain for the latter, for in a few years Samory turned against him, defeated him in battle and took the whole country into his own keeping. He was now a Prince on his individual account with a throne of his own, and he began to enlarge the borders of his dominion.

Samory's career of conquest was brilliantly triumphant. He compelled one petty thief or kinglet after another to beg pardon for the resistance they offered and proclaim themselves the vassal of the great Samory. He set out to conquer about 160 little States in the interior of West Africa and carried out the job with great thoroughness. By the time he got through he was an absolute master of 150,000 people in the Western Soudan and lorded it over a country east of Liberia and Sierra Leone that is larger than most of the States of Europe.

But Samory was not satisfied with the empire he had carved out for himself. He wished to be master of the whole western Soudan, and on account of his ambition he got into hot water with the French. He would push into the territory they claimed on the upper Niger, and they would drive him back. Then the French would push up the Niger into Samory's realm, and he defeated many a French expedition; for it was long before the French sent a party against the powerful native that was adequate to cope with him. It was not until 1891 that they finally dealt him a series of blows that greatly damaged his prestige and stripped him of considerable territory.

The conflict waged for years after that Samory gradually losing all that he had gained, until in the last stage of the struggle he was driven from pillar to post, a mere hunted fugitive. The French flag now floats over all the territory that Samory acquired, and the old Emir probably welcomed the end that has come at last. He had lost everything that made life desirable.

"Breathe Freely Now!"

Your friend exclaims when he has satisfactorily explained some alarming news. So we say when we hand you a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam for any kind of trouble in the air passages. 25c. all Druggists.

Is it all Failure?

"One-fourth of the lawyers," said Governor Shaw, of Iowa, recently, "can try a case no better today than when they began." "There are also women who can cook no better than on the day they were married, and are told so three times a day." What commencement oration could better set forth, in co educational terms the common principle of failure? Not to advance, as Lord Bacon insisted long ago, is simply to go back.

Yellow or brown cottons or silks, can be dyed black. Try Magnetic Dyes, black costs ten cents only.

A Burning Question.

Editorials and communications abounding in the daily press indicate that one unsettled problem which the nineteenth century will bequeath to the twentieth is presented in compact form as follows: What is the best way to make a strawberry short-cake?

FLASHES OF FUN.

"But the famous man you mention once drove a dirt wagon."

"All the better fitted for the haul of fame, isn't he?"

Pearl—How is the Parisian getting on with our language?

Ruby—Nicely! He can understand our street car ads now.

Father (angrily)—What! All your money gone? Been betting on fast horses, I suppose.

Son (meekly)—No, father, you do me an injustice. All the horses I ever bet on were dead slow.

"So, there," said Mrs. Henpeck, concluding her remarks. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

"Yes, my dear," replied Henpeck, "and to the average married man a word in edgewise is sufficient."

"Oh! Mr. Rubitout, are you a true artist? Do you believe in art for art's sake; or do you paint your pictures to sell?"

"Well—e—I—I accept money. But not very much money."—Life.

McJigger—Poor Buschey. He's lost that great long beard he was so proud of.

Thingumbob—Yes, but haven't you heard? He found a diamond shirt stud, and to display it, of course, he had to shave off his beard.

McJigger—Certainly, I knew that, but he has since discovered that the diamond is nothing but a bit of glass.

"Perhaps you can tell me," remarked the exchange editor, making another vicious lunge with his shears at the helpless paper he was dissecting, "perhaps you can tell me how the water gets into the melon."

"Blamed vine know," replied the answers-to-correspondents man.

"Wrong," rejoined the exchange editor. "They plant the seeds in the spring."

And they didn't speak to each other again until one of them wanted to borrow a match.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does cleave mean?

Pa—It means to unite or stick together.

Little Willie—Then if the butcher cleaves a bone does he stick together, pa?

Pa—Why—er—I guess it does mean to separate, my son.

Little Willie—And when a man separates from his wife, does he cleave to her, pa?

Pa—Young man, it's time you were in bed.

"Why, its old Diogenes!" cried Skinins, as the ancient philosopher, lighted lantern in hand, plodded slowly down the street. "Hullo, Diog," cried Patroclus in bantering tones, "found that honest man yet?"

The sage stared up at them. "Honest man!" he grumbled. "I'm not looking for an honest man. I gave that up long ago."

And he turned to hobble away.

"Then what are you looking for?" cried young Herclius.

Diogenes paused. "I'm looking for a hired girl," he growled "ours left yesterday."

Instructions.

Indignant Patron—You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?

Doctor Quack—Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed.

Indignant Patron—My son took your medicine for a year and then died.

Doctor Quack—My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years.

Might Still be Said.

"There was a time," exclaimed young Spenders, who had gone through a fortune, "when people used to say I had more money than brains. They can't say it now."

"No?" queried the caustic cad.

"No. I'm down to my last penny."

"Ah! but you have the penny."

Glamour Gone.

Officer Clancy—Faith, ye seem t' have losht yer howld upon the Sweetblood's cook.

Officer Grogan—Oi have, bad luck teh me fur a blunderin' fool. Whin Oi got me new suit av citizens' clothes th' other day Oi wint 'round an' let her see me in it.

SUCCESS FOR SIXTY YEARS.—This is the record of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. A sure cure for diarrhoea, dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis. 25c. and 50c.