

TABLEAUX VIVANTS FOR THE KIT-KAT CLUB.

This Year the Proceeds of the Annual Entertainment Will Be Given to the Life Classes.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES PROMISED.

Artists of Fame to Arrange the Tableaux, Which Will Be Varied with Elaborate Music and Recitations.

WELL KNOWN LADIES TO POSE.

Get a copy of the programme, which will be a masterpiece of artistic skill. Each artist has contributed a pen and ink sketch appropriate to the tableaux under his personal supervision, and as there are eleven tableaux the pages of the programme will be adorned with many delicate and imaginative sketches. The first page of the programme will be adorned by a reproduction of Mr. Dupuy's inimitable painting of a tiny kitten with human eyes, than which this clever animal painter has done nothing better. About the little kitten's cooing person will be woven the mystic characters, "Kit-Kat Club," the whole furnishing a fit introduction of the good things to come.

The details of the entertainment have been so appointed among the competent committees that any shortcomings are wholly out of the question. This music is in the hands of Mr. George H. Mason. The scenic effects are to be looked after by the experts, Mr. Seaver and Mr. D. D. Plaisted, scene painter of the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. P. G. Cusachs will be in charge of the properties. The artists in charge of the tableaux have devoted a great deal of time and preparation to details. The most exclusive studios have been ransacked for rare furniture and tapestries and other properties, and the rarest reserves of the city's beauty for living figures.

The utmost secrecy is preserved in regard to the personality of those who will pose in the tableaux, but it is definitely known that a number of them will be well known society ladies. The only way to find out who they are is to go and see and guess for yourself.

Of course the most interesting thing in reference to this entertainment of the Kit-Kat Club is the tableaux themselves. As far as can be discovered at this early day this is how they will run:—Tableau No. 1 will be "The Angel of Prayer," by Walter Satterlee. In appropriate setting this will represent the figure of a tall and shapely woman, with great wings outspread and swinging a burning censor of incense. The lady who has been selected to represent "The Angel of Prayer" is noted for her magnificent figure and idyllic face.

Tableau No. 2 is the work of Artist J. Wells Champer and is entitled "The Amateur Photographer." Imagine a summer lake with the necessary concomitants of sky and wooded banks. In the foreground is a boat containing two stylishly dressed young ladies typical summer girls, no doubt—and on the bank the summer noted young man, Kodak in hand, is beheld in the act of snapping them off. This is a tableau that will appeal to every lover of girls and amateur photography.

Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith is the designer of tableau No. 3, which is entitled "Ophelia." Mr. Beckwith is said to have not yet decided in which of her many moods he will pose his "Ophelia." One thing, however, is fixed, and that is that "the combined consciousness of the particular Ophelia's first appearance on any stage, although her ambition lies in that direction. To make a long story short, it is an open secret among

millmaid, for her Dutchness is so extremely marked that nothing short of a poem in her own language could do her justice. The only way to appreciate her is to go and see her for yourself, and this, by the way, is also the only method of paying adequate tribute to the ability and taste of Mr. Turner, who designed her and made her up, so to speak.

It has been emphatically denied that tableau No. 10—Francesca da Rimini—will be done by any member of the company of that eminent tragedian, Mr. Lawrence Barrett. Mr. Leon Moran, who has designed this tableau, would doubtless have been glad to get Mr. Barrett to assist at this picture, but

a class of something comforting in front of him. In the spring Salon of this year, Mr. Rolshoven's large canvas was on the line. It was called "The Musical and the Artist." The scene is in Rolshoven's studio. At the grand piano a gentleman is playing while a girl in white stands up and sings. On the floor have been brought round in a circle, and therein sit three ladies and one man, while two men stand up behind the chairs. It is a common place subject, but treated by the artist in such a truly artistic spirit in tone and coloring that it fascinates and seems like a touch of one of the old masters.

The same year saw his charming picture, "In a

black and white exhibition. The one is a portrait of Mrs. Rolshoven, a charming and delicate, and a remarkably handsome lady dressed in a most graceful and becoming white dress. The light is thrown artistically on the left side of the face and on the thin white dress.

Another picture is an Italian peasant, as one might say, posed against the light, with a ray of sunshine passing over the forehead, and a delicate shadow on the bosom from the green foliage above. Apart from his talents as an artist, Mr. Rolshoven is a sociable and a genial man. His tastes are Italian and the Italian. His principal recreation is work.

On October 15th he started an art class, which has flourished amazingly, and some of his pupils' work will be seen in the forthcoming Salon.

SHE WAS A REAL PARIS MADE LADY.

BUT THAT DID NOT PREVENT THE FLOOR WALKER FROM SHOWING HER THE DOOR.

"Here, you get out of this! Don't let me catch you in this store again!" A little feminine shriek followed this rough salutation.

I turned and beheld a beautiful and fashionably dressed young lady in the clutches of a tailor made man. He had torn open a little bundle which she had just received from the package desk, had forced back her money into her hand, and with considerable roughness was hurrying her to the door. The face of the young woman was a picture. She looked like an angry queen. Her eyes were half closed and half drowned in tears. Her magnificent teeth showed through the reddest kind of lips, and her clear complexion was like marble touched with the hue of scarlet flowers.

I was tempted, as a matter of fact, by the heady tales of kleptomaniacs and other strange things in these great bazaars, and knowing the man besides the gentlemanly floor walker, I stepped in. I was taking place in one of the most fashionable stores in the city—I withheld my hand. "I know that lady," said the floor walker, with a laugh. "I should say so. She is a very grand lady, indeed. My dear sir, she is one of the tricks of the trade."

"That beautiful lady in Paris made gown and imported bonnet is a salesgirl in the store of our enterprising neighbor on the next block. She gets most weeks she comes down here disguised as a customer, buys a dozen handkerchiefs as a bribe, and proceeded to price a number of our goods in which our enterprising neighbor suspects we are under-selling him. She is so clever that she manages to mark his goods. In short, she is a spy, and as we are not permitted to hang spies in this warehouse, we are obliged to let her go. Now that this young lady has been discovered her occupation in this particular line of usefulness is gone; but our neighbor will have another rigged up in less than no time. Eternal vigilance is the price of under-selling."

"But do all the big stores keep these spies, as you call them?" I asked.

"Well," said the ungalant floor walker, with a sly wink and smile, "they all of them do but ourselves."

TROUBLES OF A HACK DRIVER.

LOST FARES, WAITS IN THE RAIN, NO FEES AND OTHER WOES.

"Talk about a policeman's lot being an unhappy one," said a veteran hack driver the other evening, "well, you can't say I'm any policeman on the east or west side—or, for that matter, with any one of the squad in the toughest district in the city. I guess you don't know what we drivers have to put up with, or the great differences in the kind of parties we have to drive. Why, before now I have had parties take me to the Astor House and give me an order to drive them to Fifty-ninth street, and when I would get out at the address given me I would climb the box to open the door for my passengers and to collect the fare, when, lo! presto, changed the hack would be empty. The Lord knows where my freight got out, but most probably somewhere between Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth streets. I don't see how they can do so quietly, for it makes some noise to open a hack door and takes some practice to jump out safely. But they do it somehow, and I suppose it is partly due to our getting tired and sleepy with our day's work."

"Then, sometimes I run across a hard crowd, and when I try to collect at the end of the route they 'give me the laugh,' and I know that if I insist I will only get half killed. Policemen are never near, either. Oh, I don't blame them, for if I was one I would hit too."

DEBARY WAITS. "Another thing that troubles a driver awfully is waiting—waiting, perhaps in a pouring rain—for a man never went into a house yet without saying that he would be out in a few minutes. And you never can tell when they will come, either. If they would only say how long in the first place, it would be easier, for then you could drive off to some convenient spot, or else curl up and go to sleep quietly inside, in case the gentleman didn't give you a cigar to comfort you. And, speaking of cigars, it is astonishing how few fees drivers get. A man will fee his waiter, his barber, his porter, his chambermaid or any people in such employment, but he seldom thinks of offering the driver anything but a cigar or a drink. Yet a driver has a hard time, and his wages are not large, either, to say nothing of the responsibility resting on him in the way of careful driving, finding the way, etc."

"Still, I have known people to give me money occasionally, and in this line I think actors are rather more generous than others. There is one lady in particular—the wife of a stage actor—who never fails to give me at least half a dollar over and above the fare I have to turn in to the boss. I never enjoy shopping except when I go with her."

TROUBLELESS WOMEN.

"Speaking of ladies, I suppose they are worse than anybody else at keeping you waiting. The trouble with them is that they get up at the door of a house and there they stand. Why, I have jumped up and down off my box a dozen times just because every time my wife opened the house door she would close it again and continue her conversation. Of course it annoyed me, as I wanted to be ready to open the carriage door for her."

"Theatre parties and parties who want to be taken to the station are pretty good jobs, as the distance are not always short and direct, and there are generally several in the party. Another thing a driver has to do is to use judgment as to how to drive, according to the party and the occasion. Often have I had a young fellow press a half dollar into my hand when I would be driving him home from the theatre with his girl and wiser drivers would say you can please a long way. Well, sir, perhaps those same people would take me again a year or two afterwards, and I would be sure to be a married man, because the fellow would put her in the carriage and shut the door, saying, 'Good night, dear, will be home soon.' I just want to look in at the Hudson House; business engagement. Man takes an early train; be up in half an hour."

SICHERITIES OF JUDGMENT.

"When you are driving swells home from the theatre with their wives you want to drive fast, you know, so that they can get back to their clubs in a decent hour. Every one knows that you want to go slow at funerals and fast to trains, but for the little fine details a driver has got to have judgment."

"What's that? Well, thank you, sir, don't care if I do. Very much obliged. Good night, sir, and please don't mention my name."

"ARE YOU A NIHILIST?"

CONSTERNATION CAUSED BY AN AMERICAN GIRL'S CURIOSITY IN RUSSIA.

A traveller describes an interesting experience in Russia of a young American girl who was anxious to learn all about the nihilist.

The young lady was walking through the streets of St. Petersburg with her brother. They found much in the city to amuse and interest them. The subject of nihilism was, however, uppermost in their minds, and whenever they passed a frowny beggar or oddly dressed student they immediately in a joking way set him down for a nihilist.

"Before," leave the city," said the young lady, "I intend to investigate the subject of nihilism thoroughly. I don't believe there are many of them, and you ought to know on the spot."

As the two continued their walk they espied in a shop window the sign familiar to all Continental travellers—English spoken.

The young lady inquired for the interpreter, and the proprietor himself stepped forward. He was a Russian, and in excellent English asked in what manner he might serve mademoiselle.

"I am from America," replied the young lady, "I want to learn all I possibly can about the nihilists. Perhaps you are one? Won't you tell me all about them, please?"

"At the word 'nihilist' consternation seized the Russian. The color left his face and he gasped, 'You are ignorant. Don't speak of even think of that word while in Russia. You may be an American, but you are a spy. Don't know, but I must ask you to leave my shop.'

The genuine fear of the man communicated itself to the young lady and her brother. They left the store hurriedly, nor did they prosecute their inquiry for knowledge of the nihilists while they remained in St. Petersburg.

"To think," the girl said in narrating the experience to the ship's company of the Normandie, while returning home; "only to think of being taken for a spy! Wasn't it dramatic? So like Sardou."

"Yes, indeed," said one of her auditors, an American resident of Paris; "it was dramatic, and but for the fact that the Russian evidently had not adopted American customs it might have been tragic. He probably knew you were not a spy. He said that to frighten you. He asked you to leave his store for his own preservation. Had he acted differently you might have inquired further and the result might have been a long sojourn in Siberia."



THE DELUGE.

This was plainly impossible. Mr. Moran has not yet decided upon all the details of his picture, but it is certain to be a fine and accurate rendition of some crisis in Francesca's stormy life.

The entertainment will be closed by a tableau, in which "the combined consciousness" of the Kit-Kat Club will be employed. The title of this tableau is "The Deluge."

Engadine Garrett, where he represents a pretty peasant girl in the costume of the district, with fine effects of light from rays which break in through many cracks and crevices.

The same Salon saw his striking pastel, "A Girl Looking Out of the Window," a masterly treatment of light effects, and "Le Matin dans un Grenier Suisse."

And now a word of Mr. Rolshoven's style. His strength lies in his wonderful mastery over effects of light and his strong figure subjects, peep into his studio for an hour. See that portrait of a middle-aged lady in a black velvet dress, with ruffles of lace. How dignified and how pleasing, and the veiled light so pleasantly cast upon the figure through the curtained window! The portrait is destined for Boston.

He is a master in pastels. He took to pastels by chance some four or five years ago and there are few, if any, artists today who can produce such delicate results of tone with them.

As regards pastels, Mr. Rolshoven looks upon their use as a very serious branch of art. He simply delights in working with them, and in truth the effects he produces are almost sublime. He considers that with them the artist can obtain the quality that you find in old pictures, not of paint, but of line and charm, which they seem to give.

SUMMER SELECTIONS. For instance, four sketches of "Summer Scenes in Italy," the results of his recent journey to that country. The principal one, which is on the easel in his studio, is a remarkably fascinating piece of work, and the light effects are so real as to

lead us to "The Deluge." It cannot be doubted that the flood in which Mr. and Mrs. Noah and their family were concerned was nothing to what this deluge of the Kit-Kat Club will turn out to be. The members are reticent about details and decline to state in what kind of liquid the members of the club would be seen to be drowning. Also it is still uncertain as to who will personate the ark, and eventually save the unfortunate Kit-Kats from a fate worse than death—viz., a watery resting place.

After the ark has been seen to safely rest upon the Mount, bearing the glad assurance to the audience that "the combined consciousness" of the club has once again been preserved to its friends and admirers, it is more than probable that the real deluge will begin, including congratulations and the other good things in which faithful Kit-Kats were never loath to drown their sorrows.

OUR ARTISTS ABROAD.

JULIUS E. ROLSHOVEN, OF MICHIGAN, IN HIS PARIS STUDIO.—A MASTER OF PASTELS.

(From the European Edition of the Herald.)

Mr. Julius E. Rolshoven is one of those men whose eminent genius, talent and hard work have enabled them to complete the uphill journey which leads to artistic fame and can include in the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts have been crowned with success.

Mr. Rolshoven was born in Detroit, Mich., just two-and-thirty years ago. His father, whose engraving establishment in that city was famous, was a man of the highest refinement and artistic tendencies. These qualities were very strongly reflected in the son, who, endowed with an ambitious and energetic nature, early made his mark in his father's atelier.

IN EARLY LIFE.

At the age of fifteen he had already made a name

as a designer in his father's business. So apt was he in the creation of artistic designs that nearly all the work in that direction soon came to be passed through his hands.

The Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876 gave the youth an opportunity of expanding his mind. He went there, and thence on to New York, where he entered the establishment of an art jeweller where 600 men were employed. His work at once attracted the attention of his chiefs. His evenings he was wont to spend at the Cooper Institute.

His ambition very soon impelled him to leave his position, and he became the pupil of Mr. Hissman, the well known New York sculptor, since dead. The master, convinced of the artistic ability of his pupil, recommended the father to send his son to study art in Europe.

Accordingly, in 1877, at the age of nineteen, young Mr. Rolshoven went to Dusseldorf, where he became the pupil of the Academy. Next year he transferred himself to the more congenial and artistic surroundings of Munich and Florence.

He lost no time in becoming a finished painter. In 1884 he decided to visit his native town and there give an exhibition of his works. His return there received almost of a public ovation. The Detroit Free Press and all the other papers vied with one another in praise of his works, and the talented Detroit artist's son, of whom the city was right proud.

In 1887 Mr. Rolshoven decided to come to Paris, and here he studied under M. Tony Robert Flandin and M. Bonington. His success was a foregone certainty.

He exhibited in the Salon for the first time, when he showed his famous picture "Hamlet and His Mother," and a most fascinating portrait of a beautiful profile, which is known both here and in the United States as the "Portrait of Miss K." The "Hamlet and His Mother" now hangs as a well known attraction in the foyer of the Comedie Theatre.

In 1889 the Salon saw his two pastels, "Constable Le Pays" which is now being etched for publication in 22 Arts; a charming portrait entitled "Portrait of My Sister" and "A Tyrolean Lace Woman."

But young Rolshoven is an active man, and during the same year (1889) he found time to start an exhibition of his works in Boston, which, by the bye, met with great success.

HIS OWN MODEL. Then followed an incident which certainly has its humorous side. Mr. Rolshoven returned to Paris. The International Exhibition was about to open. He had no picture to send there; neither had he a model. So he grappled with the emergency, sat down in front of the looking glass and made "A Portrait of Myself." It was done in twelve hours. It was sent to the Exhibition, and was seen by the jury, and promptly they awarded to the work a second medal, which carried with it the coveted two words, "Hors Concours." He represented himself as he saw himself, with a silk hat on the back of his head, a cigarette in his hand, the smoke of which was coming out of his mouth, and

sketches, which show a girl on bended knee picking flowers in a field, with the sunlight playing over the green grass in the background, while the foreground is entirely in the shadow. Another of the same group represents a girl in a field of long rough grass, the tops of which are tinged brown from the sun. Beneath the brown mould is visible and away in the background is a fig tree, a grapevine growing in an old tree, and an olive and a cypress. The effects of light are characteristically excellent.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Before closing this brief sketch I must not omit to mention a picture, one of the two of the artist



THE SCULPTOR.

lean is "The Sculptor." It cannot be doubted that the flood in which Mr. and Mrs. Noah and their family were concerned was nothing to what this deluge of the Kit-Kat Club will turn out to be. The members are reticent about details and decline to state in what kind of liquid the members of the club would be seen to be drowning. Also it is still uncertain as to who will personate the ark, and eventually save the unfortunate Kit-Kats from a fate worse than death—viz., a watery resting place.

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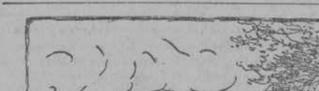
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A STUDY BY A DUTCH PAINTER.

(Kit-Kat Tableau).

he scarcely credible. A poetic, dreamy eyed, dark skinned Italian girl reclines in a bower of flowers. She is leaning slightly to the right, and her head is resting on her right hand. She is dressed in a simple, but elegant, dress, and her bosom is delicately outlined with green cording, which also trims the open front, the wrists and



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FOUNDED PURPOSE OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

Rabbi Drachman Traces the Influence of the Synagogue in Judaism and Its Daughter Religions.

WORSHIP AND HUMAN DUTIES.

Notable Lecture by Father J. F. X. O'Conor on the Madonna in Christian Art.

The Rev. Dr. B. Drachman preached yesterday in Temple Zionchon Ephraim on "The Purpose of the Synagogue," from this text:—

And they shall make unto me a sanctuary and I will dwell in their midst.

It was, in fact, a moment of vast historic importance to Israel and to all mankind when these words were first spoken as an injunction to be carried out by the people, reverently waiting for the behest of the God who had chosen them for His service on earth.

The humble tabernacle in the wilderness was the inception, the first modest beginning of an institution which was destined to become the central feature, the chief distinguishing characteristic of Judaism and the daughter religions descended from it—the institution of public services in edifices especially devoted and dedicated to the worship of the Most High.

This naturally turns our mind to a consideration of the whole subject. We ask, prompted by an involuntary impulse, "What is the need of these pompous edifices? Is the worship of God only conceivable within buildings of stone and brick, and cloth