THEATRICAL NEWS

"Chames at de Show" With John Kendrick Bangs.

Gallery God's Ideas on the Music of the Theaters.

"PARSIFAL" TOO MUCH.

Prefers the Tunes the Hand Organs Play.

Explains the "Pickle Act" With "Hiawatha."

[By John Kendrick Bangs.]

I had supposed that my little friend the Gallery God with whom I had the good fortune some time ago to have an interview on the state of the drama, considering the large responsibilities of his business as a vender of newspapers, would soon forget me, but an experience I had at the Comedy theater the other night was convincing evidence to the contrary. I had gone there to hear Washington Taitlets' new musical play, "The Girl from Kalamazoo," the book by Taitlets and the music by twenty-seven different composers.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

My chair was in the orchestra, well back toward the edge of the gallery. The curtain was down at the close of the first act when a slight tap on the top of my head by an object scarcely larger than a pea, and which, in fact, turned out to be a small bit of putty which could have emanated only from that instrument of torture known as a putty blower, caused me to look up.

My first inclination was, of course, to be excessively angry at this inexcusable intrusion upon my reflections and to hie me to the gallery for the purpose of securing the immediate ejection of the offender, but the sight that greeted my eyes as I gazed upward dissipated all wrath. Leaning perilously far over the rail, his little red head shining brilliantly in the glare of the ceiling lights and his small hands shaking a cordial greeting, was no less a person than my friend Chames.

If I could judge by the breadth of his smile and the generally beaming quality of his freckles, visible even at that distance, he was delighted at this somewhat unconventional reunion.

Of course the spectacle turned my anger into pleasure, and by suitable motions with my hands I indicated that I would be glad to see him outside. In three minutes after this interchange of courtesies we were shaking hands out in the lobby.

"Well, Chames," said I as we met, "how has the world been using you lately."

"Oh, I ain't got nothing to kick about," he replied. "Me business is putty good an' I ain't passin' no dividends on me common stock, like some o' dem odder financial institutions. Foydermore—say, dat's a good wovd, dat foydermore; I tink de way you wovks it into dat Sunday stuff o' yours in de polpers is simply great. Foydermore, me appetite's good—most too good for me pocket—an' when de time comes for de Philadelphy act I'm in it deep."

"The Philadelphia act, Chames?" I inquired.

"Yes," he answered. "Sleepin'. Why, I sleep so sound dat my snorin' don't wake me up—honest."

"You are a very fortunate young man," said I. "The eye that doesn't know insomnia these hard times should account itself blessed. Are you alone, Chames?" I added.

"What? Up to the skylights? Nit. Dere's a hundred odder mugs up dere," he replied.

"Oh, yes! I know," said I. "But are you with anybody in particular? Because, if you're not I have an extra seat downstairs I shall be very glad to have you occupy."

"What! Me? Downstairs wit de swells?" he gasped. "In dese rags? Why, dey wouldn't let me in, would dey?"

"Oh, I guess so. This is a first night, you know, Chames, and you come under the head of the critics since your views were published last fall," said I. "It isn't clothes makes the critic, anyhow. I'll risk trying to take you in if you'll come."

"Soyt'nly I'll cum," he responded instantly. "I don't often take in de teayter all by my lonesome, but dis time, bein' a foyst night, I didn't ast me goil to come wit me becuz ye can't be too careful what ye takes de loidies t' see dese days. I got let into a play wit Mamie onct called 'Zazzer,' an' she ain't been de same goil since. When she gets mad she has dat Zazzer skinned, an' all becuz she's got de notion in her head dat dat's de way a poyfect loidy oughter behafe herself. Chee but dat was a bad mistake o' mine, an' I've never took her to anodder play since witout knowin' all about it before hant."

Chames and I passed in through the wicket. The doorman eyed the lad a trifle suspiciously, but when I informed him that Chames, despite his strange appearance, was a newspaper man, employed in the circulation end of journalism, who was being broken in for possible future use as a dramatic critic, no objection was made to his entry, and we were soon comfortably ensconced in the very comfortable plush upholstered armchairs of the Comedy theater.

"Chee!" ejaculated Chames, as he settled back. "Say, dees chairs is a dream, ain't dey. I don't see how ye keeps awake in chairs like dees."

"Some of us don't, Chames," said I. "It depends somewhat on the play."

"We likes a band when its got its red rags on, wit' a chesty Dago at de head of it, twirlin' a nickel-plated ice pick ten feet long, walkin' down de avenoo, becays dey has some style about 'em. But dese dinky little fiddlers what sits behind a fence doin' der stunt wit a man in restaurant clois leadin' 'em along wit' de bottom half of a Willie boy's walkin' stick wese has no use fer. It's feet what shows de goodness of de music."

"You interest me, Chames," said I. "Explain."

"Well, it's dis way," said Chames. "If dere's a march tune dat's any good at all it oughter make people march. If dere's a spiel in de music yer oughter have trouble wit' yer feet t' keep 'em from spielin', an' how dose chumps in de orchestra can sit quiet when de music sets de whole gallery push stampin' an' shufflin' is past my thinker."

"I think I see," said I. "You judge music by its effect on your feet."

"Soyt'nly," said Chames, "if it's feet music. Tunes oughter hit ye somewhere, an' if ye can't whistle 'em, or dance to 'em, or wave your hand at 'em, or git your heart beatin' to 'em, dey don't go. Dat's de trouble wit' most o' dese musical plays nowdays. Dey don't ketch hold on any o' your orgins. On de level, Mister Man, I blow in two dollars on dat 'Parsifal,' an' it didn't take me nowheres. Youse'll never find dat 'Parsifal' music on de hand orgins, an' nothin' short of a fire tug could whistle it. Honest, dat 'Parsifal' didn't make me tink o' me goil oncet."

I gazed at Chames in amazement. The idea that this lurid little freckle trust from the street should have taken in "Parsifal" struck me as too extraordinary, so I questioned him as to how he had managed it.

"Oh, I got in orright," said he. "Somebody's got to pass the ice water in a show as long as dat, and I sublet de job from a friend o' mine who wanted a day off. I didn't care for de show half as much as 'De Goil from Kays.' Say, dat's a bute, on'y she's oughter been called 'De Goil from Sixarnses.'"

"Well, now, tell me, Chames," said I, "what do you think a musical comedy should be? Have you formulated your ideas on that point?"

"Oh, I don't know," Chames answered, thoughtfully. "I'se seen all de shows o' de year so far, and, honest, dere hasn't been a tune in de bunch dat I'm whistlin' today dat I wasn't whistlin' ten years ago. We is gettin' too much o' de same old t'ing. De show goil is givin' us de same old 'Florodora' wink dat we t'ought was all our own in de days gone by. De military march dev gave us when dat feller Wilson was supportin' hisself in 'De Strollers,' wit' dis same heroine on de side. Dey're doin' de pickle act wit' 'Hiawatha'—"

"The which?" I cried.

"De pickle act," said Chames, "fifty-seven varieties. Youse can't go nowheres witout trippin' over a new kind of 'Hiawatha,' an' de show dat can't sport one o' dose Reubens on his honeymoon fakes ain't ace high. It looks to me as if dese comic opera fellers was puttin' de whole business on a police basis. It's nuttin' but system all de way troo. Dey's ongkoin' demselves all de time, and de hand orgin man that depended on new tunes for a livin' would starve to deat' in a minute."

MISS FAY COMING.

She Will Open at the Crawford on Monday.

Is the practice of the occult necessary to a prosperous business? Are all successful men really mind readers to a greater or less degree?

Anna Eva Fay, who mystified Topeka audiences two years ago, and who is to be here for six performances next week, declares that they are, and gives excellent reasons for her belief. From the number of well known business men who consult Miss Fay on matters of supreme importance to themselves, it would seem that there are many who are becoming devotees of the science.

"Mind reading is not such an unusual thing," says Miss Fay. "In fact, it is practiced every day by the best business men. Why can one clerk in a dry goods store draw $20 a week, while another working right alongside of him can earn but $10 or $12? You say it is because he understands his business better. No doubt, but why does he? It is simply because he reads his customer's mind, and knows what he wants as soon as he approaches. It is the same faculty which enables certain men to swing big business deals. Take the Buffalo millionaire, Mr. Stilwell, for instance. People say he must be a hypnotist. He simply uses this faculty of discovering what is in the mind of the person with whom he is dealing and taking advantage of it. The faculty may be exercised unconsciously. No doubt Mr. Stilwell is entirely unaware of its employment. But that is what he is doing, just the same.

"So it is with everyone who is making a success nowadays. They are learning to use their hitherto unknown powers of the mind. If young men and women would devote as much time and energy to the development of the faculty of reading other person's thoughts as they do to their books, they would be far more successful.

"You can scarcely find a man who is eminent in any line nowadays who does not believe to a greater or less degree in this power. Prof. William Crookes of London, inventor of the famous Crookes tube, used in producing X-rays; Thomas A. Edison, the late President McKinley, Miss Clara Barton—these are some of the noted persons who made a special study of this new science.

"I have only gone into the matter more deeply than most people and so have attained greater results."

Miss Fay has been engaged to give her mystifying enterthainment of "Somnolency" at the Crawford all next week, except Tuesday and Saturday. Those who saw her at her last visit here two years ago will remember the furore which she created by reading and answering questions known only to the inquirer. A man writes a question, puts the paper in his pocket and goes to the theater. Then, if he thinks intently enough of the object of his inquiry, Miss Fay will catch the thought, read his name and question and reply to it. She can be consulted in all matters, personal, social or of a business nature. She has been particularly successful in locating the whereabouts of lost or stolen valuables.

Miss Fay during her engagement here gives two matinees on Wednesday and Friday, exclusively for women. These matinees give ladies a chance to ask questions of a personal or delicate nature without fear of embarrassment. Reserved seats for her engagement are now on sale. On Monday evening one lady will be admitted free with every paid ticket.

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There is little joy in living when the disordered nerves prevent sleep and rest; when one wakes from a restless night more tired than the night before; when one is forced to drag through the round of daily duties without energy, ambition or interest. This condition is due to a derangement of the nerves which may be speedily regulated and strengthened by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. This remarkable medicine has a wonderful record of cures. Supplying as it does the exact element needed for the restoration of the nerve force and vitality, its good effects are felt after the first few doses.

"I have used your remedies myself and in my family for the past seven years and it is not too much to say that they saved my life. The tired feeling I used to have after giving a few music lessons has left me entirely and instead of lying in bed three or four hours trying to get sleep and then getting up and walking the floor until morning, I can now go to bed and sleep eight, ten and twelve hours without any trouble. When I think of my former nervous, wretched, irritable state I want to tell everyone what Dr. Miles' Nervine has done for me. I can do as much work now in a day as I used to take a week to accomplish. I think Dr. Miles' Nervine is the best remedy for nervousness and general debility on earth."—L. D. EDWARDS, Prof. of Music, Preston, Idaho.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Anna Eva Fay, Who Will Be Seen at the Crawford Monday Night in Somnolency.

A TEMPERANCE PLAY.

Charles Warner, Actor, a Rival of Mrs. Nation, Actress.

Charles Warner, the distinguished English actor, whose powerful performance in "Drink" has made such a profound impression, is off the state as genial as though the horrors he depicts were never heard of in his experience.

"I had often received offers to come to the United States," he said, when asked about his American trip, "but this is the first time I have ever been in this country on a professional tour. I have now played this part 5,000 times. Am I tired of it? Well, I am and I am not. The intensity and vitality of the role keep it from being monotonous, and make me feel absorbed in it while I am acting, and I am always studying and developing it. Its moral effect is brought home to me practically in a number of ways.

CHARLES WARNER.

"In one engagement of several weeks in Birmingham, 75 signed the pledge in a fortnight, brought to a realization of their danger by the play. In Tasmania two drunkards dropped senseless in the gallery, but this we have known to happen in other places. I do not aim to preach a sermon, for that is not my object in playing, but it cannot but be gratifying to know of such moral results, especially as in the case of a young man with a wife and two young children, whom the play reclaimed from the drunkard's path he was pursuing, and who is now sober and steady in his habits, earning a good salary and a devoted husband and father. The province of the theater is not to teach moral lessons, but if those lessons come in incidentally in the course of the play, the stronger the piece is as a play the more impressive will be the moral. 'Drink' does not preach; it is simply a powerful dramatic picture that impresses, because it is real life, naturally painted.

"I remember a comical incident happening once when the king and queen of Greece were visiting Queen Victoria, and the Prince and Princess of Wales (the present king and queen) were present with the Greek royalties at my performance of 'Drink.' The prince sent an equerry back of the scenes to ask if it would be convenient for me to have him call on me in my dressing room, which is a regular practice of the king's. (He invariably sends first when he wishes to go back to find out if it is convenient for the actor to receive him.) After complimenting me, he said: 'Now, Mr. Warner, I want you to come just as you are to our box and let me introduce you to my guests.' I answered that my horrible makeup was hardly the dress in which to present myself before royalty, but, of course, his wish was a command, and I would come. When I presented myself the prince introduced me to the party and said pleasantly, 'Now, Mr. Warner, you are dead, are you not?' I said yes, I was dead, and he rejoined, 'Then sit here with us and see the last act, though I warn you in spite of your temperance lesson we are going to have a brandy and soda.' And we had a pleasant time during the last act, enjoying the play and the brandy and soda together."

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Poor Appetite,
Indigestion,
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ADELINA PATTI'S RIVAL.

Robert Grau Discovered Madame David, Who Sings High G.

When Robert Grau, the great impresario, was in Houston last week he gave a vague hint of his plans for next season, saying that he had discovered in the west a woman whom he thought had the greatest voice of any human being in the world. He said nothing then as to who she was. There were many who thought it was Madame Calve to whom he had reference, as 't was known that during the fall of this year and the spring of 1905 Mr. Grau will tour Madame Calve in addition to Sarah Bernhardt and several others of the world's greatest artists. Now that he has made definite announcement the secret is out and all the country will soon know that it is Madame Nina David that he "discovered" and who he will take over the entire country next senson for a series of 100 concerts.

The manner in which Nina David was 'found' and rescued from obscurity makes most interesting reading.

It was six or seven weeks ago, just before Mr. Grau closed his contract with Adelina Patti, that the impresario was in California. He was out on the coast resting from the previous season of hard work, and one memorable evening he strolled into a vaudeville theater. It was a high class house but nevertheless it was not the "legitimate." There were jugglers, tumblers, monologuists and many other amusing features on the bill. Then came Nina David, a winsome young woman with all the charms of girlishness. Tender eyes looked from her sweet young face and in her bearing there was just the slightest suggestion of that wild wonder which comes to one unused to looking down upon a sea of upturned, strange faces. Nina David had been billed simply as a "vocalist." She was not ever the top-liner of the week—that honor had gone to the family of Italian gymnasts.

Nina David's selection was a simple, persuative little ballad, but before she had half finished Mr. Grau knew that he had accidentally run upon the most wonderful singer he had ever heard. He did not even wait for the end of the song, but left his box and sought the manager of the theater. Mr. Grau asked permission to interview Nina David, and it was granted.

"I heard you sing," said Mr. Grau, "and I was delighted. I want to know Madame David if you would like to enter into a contract with me to give 100 concerts in the leading cities of the United States under my auspices."

Nina David was overwhelmed. She had had a fine faith in herself all along, but it had been an uphill fight, and the recognition she had hoped and prayed for had been denied.

And then it had come in a single night, almost in a single moment.

Mr. Grau learned that Madame David was under contract to sing one more night at the vaudeville theater. He agreed with her that she should keep her agreement.

But then and there Nina David gave her written promise to sing 100 times in the United States under Mr. Grau's direction, the first two recitals to be given at Carnegie hall, New York, next September.

Madame David takes her G easily. At the little gathering in Frisco Frederick Maurer presided at the piano and the voice followed step by step the notes he struck from high C to the final G, four lines above. The program on this occasion was made up of specially selected songs and was remarkable from the fact that all of the numbers were taken in the original key, a feat seldom accomplished or even attempted by the greatest sopranos. This was particularly noticeable in David's 'La Perle du Bresil," in the celebrated cadenza of which Nina David takes the high E in alt with perfect ease that would deceive one into believing it a much lower note. The D was sustained with remarkable freedom and absence of effort and was as clear and as sweet as a bird note.

Madame David has a register unusual in a soprano, taking G below to G in alt, a register of three octaves. Aside from coloratura work Madame David has in her repertoire many familiar ballads, whose simplicity is a factor, the difficulty of which can not be met with any success by many of the world's greatest singers. The soprano voice is usually described as cold, pure and crystal in its timbere. Madame David's voice has the same quality from the B below to G below.

Let it not be understood that Nina David is a singer by chance. Far from it. She was the pupil of Murio Celli and kinswoman to the celebrated Felecian David, from which branch of her family doubtless comes her musical ability. She is very prepossessing in her appearance, being rather petite. Her speaking voice is soft, well modulated and musical.

When Madame Patti's present tour ends there will be a vacancy on the concert stage that will be keenly felt, and it is the purpose of Mr. Grau to have Nina David step in and follow in her footsteps.

So there is a peculiar fitness in Madame David being called the successor of Adelina Patti.

THE WEEKLY GRIST.

Amusing Anecdotes of the Players and the Managers.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is above all things the typical German mother. The strength and sentiment of her "operatic allasses" (as she terms them) find abundant outlet in her well-trained family. But there is one element in marriage which is her bete noire—wedding for money or for a title. A bit of repartee which is characteristic of her is echoed through musical circles.

An acquaintance married a member of the nobility for advancement, and madame was discussing the event.

"Was there any sentiment in it?"

"No, madame, I understand not," observed a mutual friend.

"Well, what did she do such a rash thing for?"

"She got what she's been wishing for all her life. He made her a lady." The friend eyed the singer subtly.

"Ah! I hadn't thought of that. He has truly accomplished much!"

Richard Le Gallienne has no great love for the typical English girl. In his picturesque, vivid way he described her one night at the Lamb's club in New York. Finally he said:

"I was walking down an English lane with an English girl on an August afternoon. The sun shone through a soft haze, and in the green fields many white lambs played.

"'Is it any wonder,' I said, that poets from time immemorial have made the lamb the emblem of innocence?'

"The young girl smiled radiantly.

"'Lambs,' she said, 'are indeed delightful animals, especially with mint sauce.'"

Ethel Barrymore, at a reception in Philadelphia, talked about small audiences.

"Sir Henry Irving," she said, "once described to me the smallest audience on record. It consisted of one man. The play, nevertheless, went on in the provincial theater, where this one-man audience was gathered.

"But the manager, between the acts, peeped out from behind the curtain, and saw that the house was empty.

"'Where is the audience?' he said anxiously to the usher.

"'He has gone out, sir,' the usher answered, 'to get some beer.'

"'Will he return?' asked the manager.

"'Positively. He expresses himself as well pleased with the production.'

"'Ah,' said the manager, with a look of relief, 'then let the performance proceed.'"

Lawrence D'Orsay has a reputation for absentmindedness. That it is deserved was proved the other day on an elevated train. The actor was riding down town on his way to appear in a matinee performance. As he was gazing abstractedly out of the window two young women, sitting across the car, kept up a lively flow of conversation.

"And have you heard from Sarah?" asked one of them.

D'Orsay, recalling in the midst of his day dream that one of his cues in "The Earl of Pawtucket" was "And have you heard from Sarah?" straightened up in his seat and said:

"Aw, yes; I have a telegram from Sarah. Sarah's bettah."

Whereat the other passengers, especially the two young women, stared at him curiously.

Both Richard Mansfield and Joseph Jefferson paint, not alone their faces, but squares of canvas as well. And both relate many experiences which their palettes, brushes and talents bring them.

Very recently a long haired youth with a sketch portfolio cornered Mr. Mansfield with no loophole to escape.

"Here is a work of art by me," said he, "Take a look at it—an old tumbled down cottage on the hill. Now give me your opinion of it."

"Very nice, indeed. In fact, I'd like to suggest a good title for that painting," said the actor.

"Delighted. What title would you suggest?"

"I'd call it 'Home.' There is no place like it."

Underground Theaters.

Sir Charles Wyndham is of opinion that all theatres should be built under ground. One of the reasons he gives for belief in this curious theory is that in the event of fire there would be no air to feed the flames. The flames would, of course, both eat and heat such air as there was, and then what of the unfortunate playgoers? Even playgoers must breathe. His idea, however, that it is better for a crowd to have to run upstairs than down is certainly sound.

Origin of the "Tip."

Theatre programmes sometimes contain an intimation that no tips must be given to ushers or other employes for services rendered. The word "tip" is said to have originated in the device of a certain restaurant keeper, who had a small box fastened up just inside of the door, with a slit in the top, and bearing the legend, "To insure promptness," the initials of which spell the now universal open sesame to good service.

Shakespeare in Turkey.

Occasionally Shakespeare is played in Turkey, but always with modifications suited to the Sultan's taste. One of the latest given at Constantinople was "Othello." Alterations began with the title, which was changed to "Jealousy." In the text Othello was not allowed to go to Cyprus. A hidden political significance was detected in the suggestion. The island was changed to Corfu. The "Merchant of Venice" is banned altogether as likely to stir up hatred against the Jews.

COMING TO THE THEATERS.

Offerings for the Topeka Playgoers Next Week.

"Peck's Bad Boy" tonight.
"Hearts of Oak" Tuesday.
"The Silver Slipper" Saturday.
Anna Eva Fay all week.

That Bad Boy of Peck's will come to the Crawford tonight and furnish a whole lot of fun. The play out this season has been somewhat changed from the old one which is so well known by the introduction of new characters, one of which is "Happy Hooligan."

When James A. Herne's famous comedy-drama, "Hearts of Oak," was first produced, nearly three decades ago, it was said by many that the playwright was ahead of the times, and that a play without a villain could not succeed. In a single year this play made a hundred thousand dollars and it was known as a record breaker from Maine to California. It was "Hearts of Oak" also that carried the first complete scenic equipment ever used for such purposes in America, and it was "Hearts of Oak" that introduced the first real rain storm on the stage.

"The Silver Slipper," which scored so heavily when in New York all last season, will be the attraction at Crawford on Saturday afternoon and night.

ANNA TYRELL,
In "The Silver Slipper."

The whirlwind-like "Champagne Dance" is said to be the most sensational novelty in the dancing line of all musical comedies. Manager Fisher has gone to great expense to have a unique set of new dresses made for the six young women who appear in the dance. Dressed entirely in black with embroidered skirts, the dancers present a flash so dazzling as can only be equalled by calcium rays. The company is headed by Sam Collins, Ann Tyrell, Donald Brine, W. G. Stewart, Ben Lodge, Frances Gordon, Carolyn Gordon, Laura Clement and Alice Lessing.

When Anna Eva Fay was here two years ago, she puzzled and mystified all who saw her. Her great performance of "Somnolency" is the most interesting and unexplainable mystery on the stage today. If there is anything on earth you want to know, ask Miss Fay. She will be at Crawford's all next week, except Tuesday and Saturday, with matinees exclusively for ladies on Wednesday and Friday. Popular prices will prevail.

Theatrical Notes.

Mrs. Fiske has obtained the sole English acting rights to "Into the Great Light," the first serious play by C. M. S. McClellan. Mr. McClellan is responsible for "The Belle of New York."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is finishing a new play. It is a dramatization of "The De Willoughby Claim," and is said to be a further testimonial of Mrs. Burnett's ability as a playwright.

Franklin Fyles has regained his health and during the week handed over a play for Daniel Frohman. He is now at work on a play for the Liebler company and also one for Ralph Stuart.

The "Violet Bride" episode is to be dramatized under the title of "If Women Were Men," and will be presented in New York. Miss Alma Powell will play the leading role.

Julie Opp joins her husband, William Faversham, as leading lady in "Lord and Lady Algy" at Atlantic City and will continue in the position for the remainder of the season.

Marie Montague is the latest to sue David Belasco for dramatic infringement. She asserts that "Sweet Kitty Bellaire" is "borrowed" almost bodily from a play written by her called "Sweet Jasmine."

Henry Miller's 18-year-old son has gone on the stage in opposition to his father's wishes, it is said. The youth is playing with Amelia Bingham's company under the name of Gilbert Heron.

Lillian Russell has decided to return to the comic opera stage and will be among next season's stars, appearing in a new piece by Victor Herbert. It is said that Miss Russell will finance the venture.

William Wood, at present business manager of the New York theater, has secured the road rights for "The Little Princess" from Charles B. Dillingham, and will place the piece at Atlantic City for a summer's run.

Edward Mackay, who has been playing in "A Japanese Nightingale," will create the role of Jonathan in Wright Lorimer's new Biblical play, "The Shepherd King," which will be produced in New York in April.

Weber and Fields last Monday disposed of "An English Daisy," now running in New York, to Joseph Gates, and it is expected that they will soon be entirely free of all attractions but the one bearing their names.

Charles Frohman has announced that he will establish a permanent musical comedy stock company in New York city, which will be headed by Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams, the principals now appearing in "The Girl from Kays."

While Weber and Fields and the Roger Brothers are playing in California the stock company that has been presenting the former's burlesque in San Francisco for the past three months will move on to Honolulu and Australia.

When Fay Templeton makes her appearance as the star in "Lady Teazle," the comic opera version of "The School for Scandal," by Baldwin Sloane and John Kendrick Bangs, it is more than likely that Henry E. Dixey will be the principal comedian.

William Walkley, the critic of the London Times, and Arthur Bourchier, the London manager, have patched up their quarrel, the latter making an apology to the former in the different London daily papers for refusing him admission to the theater because of adverse criticisms.

One of the successes of the present season in Paris is "Mlle. Cotillon," which has been secured by Minnie Seligman, who obtained the rights through Elizabeth Marbury. Cosmos Lennox is to adapt it to the English language, both for Miss Seligman here and for the London production with Maud Jeffries in the title role.

The initial production of "Cinderella and the Prince," by R. A. Barnet, author of "1492," was given in Boston last Monday night by the Cadets of that city and another success is reported. The piece is in three acts and five scenes and is the tenth effort of Mr. Barnet. Already Messrs Shubert, Rush and Weber have secured all the rights to the play and an early presentation by professionals is promised.

Nearly Forfeits His Life.

A runaway almost ending fatally started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years it defied all doctors and all remedies. But Bucklen's Arnica Salve had no trouble to cure him. Equally good for Burns, Bruises, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c at Arnold Drug Co., 521 North Kansas avenue.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try

Jell-O,

a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts.

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ALL NEXT WEEK

EXCEPT TUESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Commencing Monday, February 15.

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Special Engagement

OF ANNA EVA FAY

OF ANNA EVA FAY

IN

SOMNOLENCY

A POSITIVE SENSATION

Unfolding the Mysteries of the Mind.

Supported by **A CLEVER COMPANY**

POPULAR PRICES—10, 20, 30, 50c.
Matinees—Wednesday and Friday.
Exclusively for Ladies.
Best Seats 25 cents.

FREE On Monday Evening one lady admitted free with every paid ticket.

If there is anything on earth you want to know visit Crawford's and ask Miss Fay

If you miss seeing Miss Fay you will always regret it. Your mind an open book to her.

8:15 **TONIGHT** 8:15

Applause! Laughter!! Screams!!!

PECK'S BAD BOY

The Musical Farce Comedy.
Night: 25c—$1.50. Box: $2. Mat.: 25c—$1.

Tuesday Night, Feb. 16.
James A. Herne's Great Play,

HEARTS OF OAK

Rugged as New England.
Prices: 15, 25, 35, 50, 75c. Seats Sat.

Sat. Mat. and Night, Feb. 20.
Stupendous $50,000 Production,

THE SILVER SLIPPER

By Authors Florodora—135 Co.
Night: 25c, $1.50. Box: $2. Mat.: 25c, $1.

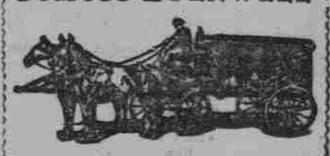
David Harum, Feb. 25.

Mrs. Fiske, March 4.

Advance reservation now being made.

E. O. DeMOSS. L. M. PENWELL.

DeMOSS & PENWELL



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