

**Music and The Drama**

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

The Strauss concerts will begin in New York at the Waldorf Astoria on November 20.

Dvorak's symphony, 'From the New World' was played at the first symphony night of the Kattenbon orchestra in New York the other night with great success.

Edward Strauss, the imperial court musical director of Austria during his tour of America next fall will investigate the American with a view to the construction of one in Vienna.

Mme. Melba has been winning new laurels in London as Mimi 'La Boheme.' The character is said to be one that suits her especially as regards her vocal demands. It is not an easy role to sing but Melba gave an intelligent personation of Mimi the melancholy heroine of the fancied delights of Bohemia.

Henry Wolschon the other day closed contracts for Mme Lillian Blauvelt and Schumann Herich for their appearance at the coming Worcester festival which will be held during the last week in September. Among the other artists engaged for the festival are Sara Anderson, Evan Williams, Theodore Van York and Signor Companari.

In speaking of the concerts of Sir Charles Hall and those of Dr. Richter an English writer says: 'Sir Charles Hall, was always anxious to give every man in the orchestra a chance to use his individuality in as clearly marked a way as possible. He left a good deal of the detail to each man to work out for himself, laying no great stress, for example, upon the distinction in violin tone between up-bowing and down-bowing.'

'Dr. Richter, on the other hand, seems to aim more at making his orchestra a perfectly co-ordinated instrument, leaving less individual liberty to the man, and retaining in his own grasp the whole machinery. Moreover, he makes suggestions to the 'cellists that only a 'cellist could make; he gives hints to the bassoon players that only a veteran and an expert upon that instrument could frame; so it is with all the different groups.'

'Dr. Richter's chief work is, of course, done at rehearsals, not at concerts. He is one of the very few living conductors who can make his orchestra enjoy rehearsing. And he is as scrupulously careful, when a new work is to be studied, to prepare himself upon it before rehearsal, as though he were a man with reputation still to make, instead of a conductor of secure fame.'

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

'A Young Wife' company closed its local engagement on Saturday evening. There were spots in the play which suggested possibilities it played by competent people, but as a rule it is weak and ridiculous. J. K. Tillotson the author may be a clever man but he doesn't display any extraordinary genius in 'A Young Wife.' It is a very bad imitation of a very good play.

The Richards Stock company opened a nine nights engagement at the opera house on Monday. Mr. Richards the star of the aggregation, has made rapid upward strides in his profession since he was here before, and throughout the week has done some excellent work, displaying a versatility that is really remarkable, and which is an agreeable surprise to his old friends in this city. Mr. Richards while young in years has had a varied experience in all that pertains to his art, and he has benefited by it is quite apparent in his clever conscientious work. He has the support of a good company and altogether the performances given during the week have given much pleasure. There are a number of clever specialty people with the company, some of whom have become very

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popular. The Richards company repertoire include the following plays, Faust, Bur Oaks, Northern Lights, Three Musketeers, Marble Heart, Camille, French Spy, etc.

Anna Eva Fay will visit St. John again in a few weeks, and will give exhibitions in "mind reading" etc. Miss Fay was here five years ago upon which occasion the Opera house was packed nightly.

Ellen Terry will play "Fine Feathers" in London next season. The play deals with American life.

David Belasco has secured the American rights to Russell Vann's "Nicandra," a mystical farce which will be brought to America next season.

E. S. Willard will include "All For Her" by Herman Merivale in his repertoire next season. The piece is founded on "A Tale of Two Cities."

Sol Smith Russell will open his season in November in Washington in a dramatization by Michael Morton of a popular novel the name of which is withheld. Russell's season will last twenty weeks.

J. E. Dodson sailed this week from Montreal for England. Whether he will finally make the vaudeville plunge, as has been so long expected, depends upon the material he secures abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drew will spend the summer at East Hampton L. I. Lillian Russell will be at Sea Beach, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sothern sailed for England on June 14 and Chauncey Olcott sails today, Saturday.

Mrs. Benton Leiter, a former Chicago devotee, who ventured with Vanderville last season, but not successfully, has re-entered the profession. She is playing small parts in Frederick Bond's Stock Company in Albany.

Eugene Presbrey has read his new play for Blanch Walsh to her managers, Joseph Brooks and Ben Stern, and they are immensely pleased with it. Miss Walsh is now in Rome and during her stay there will seek an audience with the Pope.

Fred C. Berger who has been Sol Smith Russell's manager for twenty years will also next season manage two companies in 'A poor Relation,' one headed by Frank Keenan who was very successful in the play last season, and the other by Alden Bass.

Eddie Foy will go on the road next season in the West with a piece from his own pen called "A Night in Town." It is adapted from the Italian by Mr. Foy, and his wife, who was formerly a dancer. Mrs. Foy is an Italian and collaborated with her husband in the adaptation. They evidently do not believe in giving money to the authors.

Helen Keating has been engaged to succeed Roselle Knott as Lygia in Quo Vadis and played the part for the first time on June 13. It is practically settled that a second Quo Vadis will be put on the road next season by Mr. Whitney, and even a third company is possible. Mr. Gillette will also have a second "Sherlock Holmes" company on the road.

Olga Nethersole has gone to Europe. It is interesting to note in connection with her lawsuit with her former manager, Marcus Mayer, that Miss Nethersole brought suit against both her former managers at the expiration of both her contracts with them. Olga's litigating characteristics bid fair to surpass her fame as an actress.

One thing troubles every one who sees "An American Beauty" in London. They want to know where Miss Truly Shattuck got her "Christian" name. Miss Shattuck was born in Southern California where romantic names are the rule rather than the exception. She was christened Etrulia but her playmates shortened it to Truly, and Truly it has ever since remained.

"Back in Jersey" a new pastoral play by the author of "The Gunners Mate" was given a successful initial production last week in Newark, Archie Boyd playing the lead. Mr. Boyd is becoming famous as an exponent of rural plays. He has let in "The Old Homestead," "Shore Acres," "The County Fair," "Way Down East," and "The Village Postmaster."

Viola Allen who has said farewell to The Christian was leading lady for Tomaso Salvini, the great Italian tragedian during his last American tour playing in 'King Lear,' 'Othello,' the 'Gladiator' and 'Le Mont Civile.' The tragedian spoke his lines in Italian as he never learned any other language. Miss Allen and her associates made use of the English words, yet so expressive was Salvini in manner and utterance that all the meanings were clear both to his associates and to the audience.

Mrs. Langtry will return to America in the fall when she is likely to play in B. C. Carton's "Lady Huntsworth's Experiment," a performance of which she wit-

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nessed in London a few days ago. Mrs. Langtry is reported to have said that she liked the piece very much, and that failing to get it she would like another play by the same author. Early next fall she will tour the English provinces in "The Degenerates" after which she intends to produce a new play by Robert Buchanan. It was announced a short time ago that Charles Froham had secured the American rights to 'Lady Huntsworth's Experiment.'

E. M. Holland leading comedian and character actor in Charles Froham's Comedians, but for the present loaned for the production of "Hearts are Trumps" now in Chicago, is one of the most conscientious actors on the stage every night shortly before seven o'clock is in his dressing room preparing for his work of the night. He takes just an hour to 'make up, for the part of Kolditz the Jewish money lender and his care and painstaking count in the artistic perfection of his impersonations. One of the curious facts about his make up is that when Mr. Holland is fully dressed and ready for the stage he presents an almost exact counterpart of Alan Dale, one of the most widely known of the New York Critics. In reviewing the first performance of the new play in New York, Dale after praising the actors went on to say 'Mr. Holland, what have I ever done to you?' The resemblance was so great that everyone recognized the intention of the actor and there was general comment on the success of the attempt.

Cassels magazine tells the following funny story of how escaped thunder rolled down stage and scared actors and audience "It was at an Edinburgh theater and the piece was 'Lear.' The king himself was battling furiously with the storm and the audience was hushed in sympathy with the struggles of the poor old man. Suddenly a terrific crash of thunder, that startled even Lear himself, though he had encountered that same storm in the same place for a fortnight, was heard, and there immediately burst through the scene a score of nine pound cannon balls. These rolled down the sloping stage with accelerated velocity on the footlights, making the patriarchal king seek refuge in the wings with more alacrity than dignity, and presenting an aspect so threatening to the musicians that they incessantly fled. Something approaching a panic was on the point of seizing the audience, for the scene had been kicked down and other sounds of alarm mingled with the rumble of the balls, when the last shot having come to a stop, the real state of matters dawned upon the cooler portion of the spectators. They had been treated unexpectedly and unintentionally to a peep behind the scenes. It so happened that the manager of this theatre had a method of his own for making thunder and his thunder was regarded by all who heard it and considered themselves judges of thunder as magnificent. Its component parts were the stage carpenter, a wheelbarrow and the cannon balls that had so inauspiciously revealed themselves. The carpenter would wheel his barrel load of balls to and fro over wooden ledges and uneven surfaces at the back of the stage, these being so constructed as to send into the auditorium a fine, full and sonorous roar. On the night in question, however, the carpenter missed his footing, the barrow upset and the catastrophe we have been describing happened.

**Why He Failed.**

A young man who had failed by only three points in an examination for admission to the Marine Corps, appealed to his representative in Congress for assistance, and together they went to see the Secretary of the Navy in the hope of securing what is known as a 'rerating' of his papers.

'How many more chances do you want?' asked Secretary Long. 'This is your third time' And before the young man had a chance to answer, the Secretary continued: 'How do you expect to get along in the world when you smoke so many cigarettes? Your clothes are saturated with their odor. Pull off your glove and let me see your

fingers. There, see how yellow they are!' pointing to the sides of the first and second fingers.

Before the young man found his tongue to offer an explanation, the Secretary asked him if he drank.

'Only once in a while,' was his sheepish reply.

Secretary Long then invited the congressman into his private office, and while offering to do everything that he could consistently, added: 'I am sick of trying to make anything of these boys that are loaded with cigarette smoke, and drink 'once in a while.' They are about hopeless it seems to me.'

When they left the department building the young man, half-apologizing for his poor showing, remarked: 'Drinking, my father says, is the bane of the navy.'

'I guess it is,' replied the congressman, laconically. 'It is the bane everywhere else, and I should think quite likely it would be in the navy.'

The young man promised to turn over a leaf absolutely, in both particulars, and was allowed another chance.

**MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS**

A Westerner Tells of Some Sound Advice He Once Got After a Row.

'Mind your own business is a good rule to go by,' said a veteran Westerner with an ugly scar between his thumb and his index finger, 'and this mark you see on my hand keeps me in mind of it. I got it by not doing that. I happened in a faro room one night in a mining town. I was watching a friend playing, and just opposite was a little fellow neither of us knew. My friend had up a bet of \$20 which he won and just as he was about to take it, the little man reached out and got it.

'That's mine,' said my friend.

'It's mine,' said the little man, and the trouble was rising when the look-out, with a gun across his lap, put into settle it.

'This is our business,' said my friend waving the look-out off.

'Now,' he went on, addressing the little man, 'we will just step outside and see whose it is.'

'I thought I had seen a 'guerrilla, one of those chaps around a game who is watching to catch a sleeper, slip the checks and knowing that somebody would be killed if the two men went outside. I put my hand on my friend's shoulder and announced that the guerrilla had pinched the bet. The guerrilla promptly struck me in the jaw and I went over, but was right up again, and he came for me with a 'big knife which ripped my hand up, but I held on until somebody hit the guerrilla with a stool and knocked him senseless. A dozen pistol shots were fired during the scrap, 'just to shoo the 'thes out,' some joker said, but I was worse hurt than anybody else.

'You ought to have minded your own business,' said the old fellow who dressed my wounded hand.'

'But I wasn't going to see my friend robbed and killed,' I protested.

'Mebbe,' was the sage reply, 'but you'll have all you can do to keep out of trouble mindin' your own business in this country, and let this be a warnin' to you.'

'As it turned out, I was right, and my friend and the little man shook hands. We got the \$20 from the guerrilla and that same night the boys wrecked his cabin and drove him out of the camp.'

**Dangerous Medicine.**

The mystery in which the doings of a doctor, scientist or inventor are clothed, to the ignorant mind, is the occasion of as many surprises as there are new things.

An elderly woman, in one of the simple homes in the Tennessee mountains, was sick. The medicine that the doctor prescribed was in the modern convenient form of capsules. [The patient trusted her medical adviser, but regarded the medicine with suspicion. She had heard about the terrible dynamite cartridges.

Some time after she had taken the capsules, her daughter inquired how she felt.

'Mighty polly,' was the reply.

'Don't you want something to eat?'

'No.'

Soon, however, the mother sat up in her rocking chair. Thinking the attention would be gratefully received, the daughter filled her pipe with the fragrant 'baccy,' and taking a live coal from the hearth, carried both to her mother.

A scream of fear came from the old woman.

'Take it away, child! Don't you come near me with that fire while I've got those ca'rtridges in me!'

**Rescuing a Kitten.**

A well known Boston architect has a tender spot in his heart, and once spent several hours devising a way to rescue a kitten which had fallen into one of the ventilating flues in the walls of an apartment in the post office building. The kitten had been imprisoned several days without food or water. The flue was forty feet in depth. A Boston newspaper tells the story.

Notice of the affair was brought to the architect late of a Saturday afternoon.

The cries of the kitten could be faintly heard, and the would be rescuer at first thought he would cut through the marble facing of the apartment in which the flue was located. Fortunately some one suggested that perhaps the prisoner would seize the end of a line if it were weighted with something bulky and readily laid hold upon.

The experiment was tried, and strange to say, the nearly starved creature almost instantly took fast hold with its claws. The rope was very carefully and slowly drawn down up, and the kitten with it. She was very weak, but warm milk, administered at intervals, soon restored her.

**Poor Alf and Poor Living.**

When "Jim" Bridger, the famous scout of the plains, grew old, he thought he would like to retire from the somewhat arduous life of a plainsman and settle down to the ease of "the East"—which to him meant Missouri. So he used his best endeavor to find a competent man to fill his place, and went back to Missouri.

A year or two passed, and one day Captain Russell, the commandant of the post which Bridger had left, was surprised to see the old scout heave in sight. When he came in, the Captain asked:

'Well, Bridger, what brings you back here?'

'Captain,' said Bridger, 'I want to go back to scouting again.'

'Indeed? Why I thought you had settled down in the east for the rest of your life!'

'Well, cap'n I'll tell you how it is. I went back to old Missouri, and if you'll believe it, they've got a railroad station! And what's more, they've got a ranch now in every four miles. I tell you what, cap'n the air s'nt pure down there no more!'

'Is that possible? But I thought you'd like the good things they have to eat down there—you like good things to eat I remember.'

'Good things to eat! Why cap'n, I didn't have a briled beaver-tail the whole time I was there!'

**Frightening a Burglar.**

A man on the South Side, says the Philadelphia Times, was alone in the house one night, his family being away. Hearing a noise, and thinking he might have left the dog in the dining-room, he ventured downstairs, thinly clad and defenceless.

The disturbance was not made by a dog, but by a big, ugly-looking burglar, who resented the appearance of the white-robed visitor and started to choke him into submission. The astonished householder saw that a physical encounter would result badly for himself, and darted back into the hall for some weapon.

The only thing in sight was a basketful of incandescent bulb-lights, which he had brought home the night before. Instinctively he seized one of these and hurled it in the direction of the enemy. His aim was so bad that the bulb struck the door frame, and broke with a bang that in the stillness of the night sounded like the explosion of a young lyddite shell.

The result was surprising. The burglar, no doubt thinking the thing was a hand grenade and that more were coming, fled in all haste, followed by a volley of popping incandescents, which smashed against the walls or the furniture with a noise that sounded deadly.

**Shirt-Waists in Africa.**

Helen Caddick, one of the few white women who have ventured into the heart of Africa has recently written about her trip from Zambesi to the great lakes—a trip for pleasure.

The cotton blouses or waists which she wore were washed and "ironed" by her native "boy," and the process was extraordinary.

The laundryman first spread a mat on the ground. Next the clothes to be "ironed" were placed on it and smoothed out as well as possible. Then placing a towel or some large cloth over the garment, he rubbed his feet back and forth over it until he thought it was smooth enough.

**A Temptation of Satan.**

Ratus Pinkney—'Want ter buy a good coon-dawg, Mrs. Jackson?'

Mrs. Jackson—'Get out wit yo'! Wot yo' mean by bringing round a coon-dawg w'en mah husband's jes' got a steady job for de fust time in footeen yeas?'

'Julius, we must begin to talk about our summer trip.'

'That's so, Julius; the sooner we begin talking about it the sooner I can get you convinced that we can't afford to go anywhere.'

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