

Continued From Page Two.

Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Beatrice Morgan, one of the beauties of the stage, is a daughter of the late Matt Morgan, the famous artist and caricaturist. John P. Sousa and Franklin L. Wall are the authors of *The Education of Mr. Pipp*, which J. Herson de Angeli will present in January.

Richard Mansfield has announced that he will play 'Beaucaire' throughout the season and that Herod will not be produced until next year.

N. C. Goodwin has cabled Klaw & Erlanger from London to book a route for him and Maxine Elliott to open Jan 20. They will begin their tour in Brooklyn borough on that date, presenting *When We Were Twenty One*.

Little Miss Robertson, the lately arrived daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson, has delayed the appearance of Madeleine Lucette Ryley's new play, *Mice and Men*, in London. Mrs. Robertson was Gertrude Elliott before she married.

Frank Daniels is writing anecdotes of his stage career.

Rostand and Sardou have both promised new plays for Mrs. Fiske.

Mrs. Fiske has been on the stage since childhood, a period of more than 30 years.

Maude Adams expects to play *L'Aiglon*, *The Little Minister* and *As You Like It* in England next April.

William Gillette will probably tour the United States next season, appearing in *Sherlock Holmes* for the last time.

It is said that Julia Marlowe will impersonate Mary Magdalene in a new play by Stephen Phillips, author of *Herod*.

Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, who has made a hit in *The Way of the World* is to become a Charles Frohman star, and it is expected that Clyde Fitch will provide her with a medium.

When it came down to a point of staging *Ben Hur* in London the managers over there were scared at the enormous expense which confronted them, and as a result Klaw and Erlanger are reported to have deposited \$25,000 to cover the cost of the play's first production.

News comes from Paris that Miss Bessie Abbott, a young American woman (whose family name is Pickens), who a few years ago was singingcoon songs with her sister at the vaudeville houses, is soon to make her debut at the Grand Opera as Juliette, in Gounod's opera of *Romeo and Juliette*.

One of Julia Marlowe's fads is the engraving of all plays in which she has appeared. The work is done on vellum, ornamented with illustrated initial letters, and bound in silk. Miss Marlowe is making designs for the vellum volume of her new play, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, the edition being limited to one copy.

Miss Viola Allen will spend the early part of next summer in England conferring with Hall Caine regarding the dramatization of his book, *The Eternal City*, which Miss Allen will present next year.

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, who has been off the stage for several weeks, in fact, since she celebrated her 80th birthday in St. Louis, resumed her role of the Queen in *A Royal Family* at the Lyceum theatre, New York, Monday evening. When she made her appearance on the stage she was greeted with a storm of applause that amounted to an ovation. She seemed to be in excellent health, and acted with all her accustomed spirited excellence.

Nixon & Zimmerman will present their American production of the latest London Gaiety Theatre hit, *Toreador*, at the Knickerbocker Theatre Jan. 6. Rehearsals began last Monday. The company will include such widely known artists as Christie MacDonald, Adele Ritchie, Queenie Vasar, Maud Raymond, Jennie Hawley, Melville Ellis, William Blaisdell, Joseph Coyne, Robert A. Evans, Edward Gore, William Broderick, Joseph Fay and Henry L. Wallis. L. F. Gottschalk will be the music director. The scenery and costumes will be of American production.

Julia Marlowe celebrated the first anniversary of *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, at the Colonial theatre in Boston, Monday night. Its first performance was in the Olympia theatre, St. Louis. Miss Marlowe was welcomed to Boston by a brilliant audience, including many literary people, who after the performance were her guests at a birthday banquet given at the Touraine hotel. Among the guests were Charles Major, author of the book, who came from Indianapolis, for the occasion, and Paul Keater, who made the dramatization. A massive silver loving cup was presented to Miss Marlowe by

the company. E. H. Sothern has the best play of his career in *Justin Huntley McCarthy's If I Were King*. In point of literary worth, in the elements of poetry and romance, in picturesque and in character it is the drama for which Mr. Sothern has been waiting, and it comes to him at the proper time—in the ripeness of his powers, when his art has acquired poise. Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Sothern are well met; for the play, fine as it is, needed the beautiful, tasteful production and interpretation given it by the actor. The only lack in the performance is in Miss Cecelia Loftus, who is no part of a capable actress, and who, it must be plain to Mr. Sothern, never will be.

The Bostonians have scored a big hit in *De Koven and Smith's Maid Marian*, which is pronounced the legitimate successor to *Robin Hood*. George Rogers the critic of music for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, a writer of 25 years experience, has written R. Ginald De Koven's letter in reference to *Maid Marian*, in which he says: 'In my judgment it is easily the best thing you have done and the best thing any American composer has done in this class of composition. It is fresh, bright, spontaneous and vital; full of melodic invention and harmonic skill, thoroughly artistic and musicianly. The song for Burnabee with chorus in the first act, the snake charmer's song, the love duo and the concerted music in the last act are worthy of Sullivan at his best and the whole thing, musically, is most interesting and admirable. Pray accept my congratulations. They are disinterested and sincere.'

Klaw & Erlanger's three leading attractions, *Ben Hur*, *The Sleeping Beauty* and *The Boat*, and *The Rogers Brothers* in Washington, are playing to an average business of \$45,000 each week. Besides these phenomenal receipts, their opera company in *Fox's Quiller* is beating the records of all traveling musical organizations and *The Liberty Belles* at the Madison Square, New York, is taking the largest receipts in the history of that theatre. With these five companies over 1,050 individuals are employed, so that the success of these enterprises represents success to this small army of people, not to mention those connected with the other vast enterprises of this firm.

W. A. Whittecar is playing in *By Order of the Czar*.

Annie Blanche is playing in *The Little Red School House*.

Jules Grau Opera Co., which comes to St. John, in April, opens at Victoria, B. C., this week.

A *Brace of Partridges*, with the regular company, will be seen here this season.

Kate Dalgligh and C. B. Hawkins, who have been here with Harkins, are with the *Aubrey Stock Co.*, New Orleans.

The Boston Comedy Co. Price Webber and Edwina Grey are in *New Glasgow* this week.

Joseph Brennan, who has been here several seasons with Harkins, is among the company supporting J. K. Hackett in *A Chance Ambassador*.

Miss Bonstelle will appear in her great impersonation of *Cigarette in Under Two Flags* at Halifax Friday and Saturday.

Al. H. Wilson, who was here in the *Evil Eye*, is again starring in the *Watch on the Rhine* this season. Fannie Bloodgood and Mrs. Nell Warner are in the company.

Lilian Russell poured tea at the bazaar for crippled children at the Waldorf hotel, New York; \$1 a cup was willingly paid.

Miss Guch—Poetry of course, comes natural to you. I suppose it's really 'the breath to your nostrils.'

Rimer—Just about that substantial. It certainly isn't the food to my stomach.—

'No, George the, idea of love in a cottage does not frighten me. You know I am a good cook.'

'Yes, I know dear. That part is all right. But where are we to get the things to cook?'

She had begun, a few months back, to imagine a sort of interest in herself for him.

In a dull place like Northford it was pleasant to have a merry, good tempered, devoted admirer hanging about one, and she had said to herself she might, perhaps, after some time—several years—for she knew there need be no hurry about making up her mind, as her uncle and aunt would not allow her to enter into a matrimonial engagement, even with Jim, before she was twenty one, and old enough to know her afflictions were securely fixed—come to think of him as a possible husband.

But now all thought of such a contingency was over—that idea was gone for ever.

She had met Reggie Caloney, and although different he was from any other man—from poor Jim, or any of the Northford people!

Where was the fascination that shone out in him to be found in any one else? No other eyes held the same light of his dark ones; no voice was like his, with its caressing power.

No, he stood alone. But then, was it to be wonderful? He belonged to a different sphere from all these.

He was a man of birth and breeding, the nephew of a baronet, possessed of wealth, which he scattered broadcast with easy grace.

He had come flashing into her life like some brilliant meteor, and the lesser lights were extinguished by his radiance. It was difficult to settle down to life at Northford—the old ordinary, common place life, that always tried poor Kitty, aching for gaiety and fresh scenes.

For a fortnight she looked out daily for a letter from Reggie, but she did not receive a word.

She was half-distracted by her disappointment and anxiety.

She was sure of his love, or tried to feel sure, however dark things looked.

But 'the weary round, the common task,' were very bitter to her now, and sometimes she was tempted to wish she had never left them, and found better things, which had shown her their dreary emptiness.

But one morning at the little baker's shop, to which she had cautioned Mr. Caloney to send any message, she found a letter for her in his handwriting, and when she opened it she discovered—joy of joys!—that he was coming down to Northford immediately, and that if she could be near the station at about nine o'clock on the next evening they might be able to have an interview.

This sent her spirits up as high as they had before been low, and she flew home on the wings of hope.

It was awkward, to arrange about being so far from the farm at so late an hour in the evening, and had not a propitious Fate waited upon her she might have been tempted into open falsehood, for Mrs. Wood was a strict guardian, and Kitty's determination to meet her lover was strong.

However, it so chanced that one of the maid servants was anxious to return home for a week, and had obtained leave to do so from her mistress, and Kitty skillfully worked round the opportunity until it was settled that she should drive Ann to catch the train that left Northford Station at a quarter before nine, the maid's destination being only twelve miles distant.

So that this first obstacle was overcome, and all turning out as had been arranged, the girl met her lover in the dusk of the summer evening, and they turned into a secluded lane for a few minutes to discuss their plans.

'I am only down, for a few days, and owing to what I told you about those people—in fact, relations of mine—that I want to avoid meeting, I am going to take quiet lodgings at Greatover. It is only three miles away, you say, Reggie explained. 'I don't want you to talk about me to your friends, Kitty, but I shouldn't mind being introduced to your aunt or uncle.'

'Oh,' exclaimed Kitty. 'I thought you said—'

'So I did,' interrupted Caloney, 'and I should now if I were going to make a long stay; but after all, just an ordinary call from a friend you made at the seaside couldn't do much damage or make them guess our secret, if we're careful. What do you say, darling? I thought you'd be pleased.'

'So I am!' exclaimed Kitty. And, indeed, as he was speaking, it had occurred to her that this seemed to show a real desire to know more of her life and people, and her pulses began to beat in joyful triumph. 'But you see, Reggie—'

'Have you mentioned me to them at all?' he asked.

'No, she answered, blushing a little constrainedly. 'You did not want me—'

'No, of course; I know, dear, and you are a good, obedient little girl, and a wise one too, whom I can trust,' he replied fondly. 'Still, I have been thinking the matter over, and perhaps towards the end of the week I may put in an appearance at your home, which, for your sake, my dearest, I am anxious to see. But I think I shall tackle the aunt first when the uncle is away on business. I generally get on well with ladies—petticular old ladies,' laughing. 'Tell me what she is like, Kitty?'

'Oh, she is very kind and good to me, and I'm fonder of her than I am of my uncle,' answered Kitty. 'Uncle John is—is rather hard upon us—I mean in the way of money, and amusements, and that sort

of thing. But I think Aunt Milly, although she has to be a little bit strict because of uncle, would sympathize about the friends I had made when I was away, and I'm sure she would make you welcome Reggie.'

She then described to her lover the whereabouts of Primrose Farm and other important features of the neighbourhood, and promised that, if it were possible on the next day, she would get away into the Greatover Woods, that she might meet Reggie, unseen by curious eyes.

It would not do for her, any more than for him to be seen about the roads and lanes nearer home, until it was, at any rate known to her aunt that he had come down as a visitor to Northford.

So she could not even offer him a lift towards Greatover in her uncle's trap, but had to drive off alone, and very quickly, to make up for the time they had spent together.

She was not quite easy in entering upon her course of deceit, for, until Love had cast its glamour over her, she had been an open, fearless, innocent child.

Now, for Reggie Caloney's sake, she had developed into a girl who was ready to plan, and scheme, and hide the most ordinary doings from the old pair who had brought her up.

But she always assured herself with consoling sophistry that Reggie's circumstances were so peculiar.

His position in the world was so much higher than her own, that, had his old uncle discovered his attachment to her, it might be the means of separating them forever, Sir Charles being opposed to the idea of his nephew marrying at all, even in his own rank of life.

And then, Reggie did not, of course want his relations in Berkshire to discover he was paying his addresses to her, for, in that case, they would be sure to write off to the old baronet with the whole story at once; and he could not be very open with her people because he could not formally talk of marriage yet, dependent as he was upon the old man, and she could not be open because of these circumstances.

Still, it showed that he was making a great effort in his love for her that he had decided to call at Primrose farm before his departure; and he had been very glad to see her to-night—of that there could be no doubt whatever.

And, oh, how handsome he was! how he put every other man into the shade!

She drove home in a state of rapture more deeply in love, more completely under the spell than ever.

As she was going up the old, shallow staircase to her bedroom that night, an hour and a half later, she paused for a moment to look through the window into the dark lane that ran by the side of the farmyard; she did not know why.

Cleverer Than She Looked.

One of the curious prejudices people sometimes take against a stranger recently possessed a Hartford woman who was coming home by rail from New York. The object of her dislike was a girl who occupied the seat in front of her, and the thing to which the Hartford woman especially objected was the girl's hat, which, says the Post, was very unbecoming.

About the time the Hartford woman had settled it to her own satisfaction that the girl had no taste and did not amount to much, anyway, it chanced that an acquaintance of the girl entered the car. The two began to chatter. The girl exhibited various packages of dry goods, evidently the spoils of a day's shopping in New York. Finally she produced needle and thread, scissors and thimble, and temporarily turned milliner.

She cut and neamed a long strip of Persian satin. She reshaped the ugly hat. Then she trimmed it. That unlovely piece of head-gear became, as the Hartford woman owned to herself, the most stunning hat she had seen during the year. At New Haven the girl put on the hat. She was a different looking person from the one who had started from New York.

'I may just as well have been doing that as wasting my time,' she explained to her companion. 'It has made the journey less tiresome, and I have saved that much time. Now I think I can just about finish this shirt-waist before we reach Hartford.'

So saying, she took out a dainty affair of French flannel and went industriously to work, at the same time talking vivaciously on intellectual subjects in a way that made the woman in the seat behind hold her breath.

'And I thought she hardly knew enough to come in out of the rain!' murmured that lady. 'Well, that's all you can tell sometimes. I'd like to know that girl.'

'Was your amateur play a success?'

'Oh, yes; every member of the cast had friends who told them they would make their fortune on the stage.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

WHY GROUP IS FATAL

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning. All little children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safe, used for a child's cough or any cough is *Adams's Botanic Cough Balm*. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.

To give a child a "cough mixture" containing a narcotic is a very serious matter, yet most preparations contain something of this kind. *Adams's Botanic Balm* is prepared from the purest extracts of herbs and roots and gums of trees, and is health giving in every component part of it. Wherever it touches an inflamed surface it heals and soothes it. Nothing ever compounded for cough is so harmless, and nothing so efficacious. *Adams's Balm* is an old remedy and it has never lost a friend through failure to help. Keep it in the house. Try it on your own cough and do your child a good turn by being ready for any emergency. Price 25c. at any druggist's.