THE DRAMA

Have You Met Him?

He used to be with Irving,
Ellen Terry is his friend;
Edwin Booth once sent a letter,
'Twas a gilt-edged recommend.
Nat Goodwin said, "None better,"
"Billy" West laughed long and loud,
While Louis James was jealous,
Frederick Warde of him was proud.

He knew our only pastor,
When he was on the bum,
"When 'Tony,' boys, was rotten,
A tune he could not hum."
And "rolling-mill" John Kelly
Would never have been seen,
If this actor (?) had not found him,
Down South in New Orleans.

He knew old P. T. Barnum,
And put him next one day,
That to humbug all the people
Was the thing that sure would pay.
Sells' and Forepaugh's circus
Wanted him to run their show,
Yet he wired, "Thanks for offer,
But your salary's too low."

Was a guest of Paderewski's,
Has supported all the stars,
Knows every manager in the land,
From New York up to Mars,
Lunched with Adelina Patti,
Knew Melba, when a girl;
Taught May Irwin ragtime,
For this he was a churl.

With Haverley's minstrels toured the world,
"10—Count Them—Strong!"
But now is tired of show biz,
Can hire actors for a song.
He now lives in the country,
Where clams and fish abound,
For he's working in a saw mill
Near Seattle, Puget Sound.

—Unidentified Exchange.

WITH ENTIRE FRANKNESS

Nat Goodwin's Study of Whimsical Goodness—Maxine Elliott's Extraordinary Evolution—Cordray's.

It is a pleasant relief for us to forget occasionally that we are reasonable beings. The man who cannot occasionally shut his eyes to the stern logic of life and accept, without questioning, the refreshing whimsicalities with which Nature surrounds us, generally, in the end, deteriorates into a very flabby, jelly-fish sort of a man, indeed.

In the study of whimsicality as a fine art, Nat Goodwin holds a first place in the hearts of theater-going Americans. In his newest role—that of the soft-hearted, deprecatory Dick Carewe, of "When We Were Twenty-One," shown on the boards of the Marquam this past week—this whimsical humor is mingled with a certain radiant but irrational goodness of heart which develops into self-immolation for the sake of a scapegrace ward. He supplies him with funds from his own fortune, surrenders to him the wife his own heart desires, and, finally, in a vain effort to keep him from a reckless marriage that will bring ruin and disaster, submits to have his own honor draggled in the mire. Of course, there is not a bit of sober common-sense in this sacrifice. But, in place of it, there is plenty of emotionalism, with one scene, in particular, that brings a lump into one's throat.

The strange part of this is that it is a scene between two men—there is not a woman in it. This reconciliation of the repentant, passion-racked "imp" and the man who sacrificed his all to rescue him, is undoubtedly the strong scene of the play. Nat Goodwin's hold upon the sympathies of the audience is quite as powerful as it ever was; for he controls the well-springs of pathos, as well as of humor.

Henry Woodruff gave an exceptionally fine impersonation of the beardless, stormy-souled youth of 21, whose heart had been singed by the lightning mockeries of the "Firefly." He showed himself headstrong and infatuated, wrong-headed and obtuse, but loyal-hearted, in his own dazed fashion, and full of boyish frenzy at the deception that had been practiced upon him.

The "atmosphere" was furnished largely by the three convivial home-loving bachelor spirits—thoroughly unworldly men-of-the-world—nicknamed "the trinity," whose hearts had not kept pace with their years, but still remained as fresh and unspoiled as at 21. They took seltzer—and something stronger—over their evening game of cards, but it was done so openly and guileless that even Phyllis never thought of objecting. It was certainly a very innocent atmosphere indeed, compared with that in which the "imp" was passing his time away from home, as we were shown in the third act, where Ysobel Haskins, as the "Firefly," beautiful, shameless, but not wholly devoid of sympathy for disinterested goodness—as shown by her return of the $1000—was luring men on to ruin.

Maxine Elliott.

But what would the play have been without Maxine Elliott, whose brilliant, enthralling beauty and tantalizing coquetries, alternating with moods of wistfulness, kept the audience, no less than her poor guardian, Dick, in a sad state of bewildered admiration?

She entered more into the spirit of her teasing role than ever she has been known to do in the past, and her captivating grace of humor and disdain in the scene in which she twits Dick with love for the notorious "Firefly" was quite a revelation to Portland theater-goers. It must be conceded that she is developing a sparkling effervescence that has hitherto been a stranger to her moods. The thousand hysterical extravagances of humor with which she plied "the imp," upon discovery of the true import of the letter, also constituted a brilliant bit of acting. It is hard to recognize the former languidly beautiful Maxine Elliott in the sprightly creature so full of tender caresses and bewitching cajoleries.

The Bill at Cordray's.

There is something breezy, fresh and wholesome about the drama Clay Clement gives us; it is in accord with the invigorating robustness and manliness of his own personality, as it impresses itself upon us across the footlights. His character study of the German Baron with a fad for botanizing, as seen at Cordray's this past week, in "The New Dominion," was an excellent bit of realism. And Mr. Stockwell was capital in the role of the old plantation darky. All the other parts were well filled. There were various hints of decayed gentility, and, between remarks, frequent libations from the great punch-bowl that stood on the sideboard, together with much passing of mint julep, in accord with time-honored Virginia traditions.

In "A Southern Gentleman," the atmosphere of South Carolina was exceptionally well caught—the quick flashes of family pride, the open-hearted hospitality, the punctilious courtesy and haughty reluctance to see aught that was not honorable in a guest. This play, which is a very charming one, full of local color, showed the company at its best. Certainly so strong an aggregation of talent has not been seen at Cordray's for many a long day. The company is particularly well equipped for the vivid portrayal of Southern life, many of its members possessing special aptitude for this line of work.

A Delightful Study.

Mr. Clement has never given a more delightful study than this one of the high-spirited Southerner, with the gentle, courtly manners, and that native, unassuming dignity that has become as rare on the stage as in real life. Mr. Stockwell's role of the seedy attorney is a familiar one to us. Mrs. Clement, as the high-mettled Southern beauty, was seen to much better advantage than in "The New Dominion," since she showed greater simplicity, suppressing that ostentatiousness of manner that, otherwise, is apt to mar her work.

Max Steinle's long-haired Willie was an amusingly original creation. Nevada Heffron had larger opportunity than as Martha in "The New Dominion"—a role that, at best, seems an unnecessary interjection into the play. As the old darky mammy, she gave fresh proof of special talent for negro parts, her delightfully humorous work as "Topsy" being still fresh in our minds. ANNIE WETHER.

MINSTRELS AT CORDRAY'S.

Nashville Students Tonight, Monday and Tuesday Evenings.

Rusco & Holland will present at Cordray's tonight and Monday and Tuesday evening Gideon's Original Nashville Students, embracing a long list of minstrel performers, two bands and a first part and specialty bill. One of the features is the pickaninny drum corps, which is said to have made a hit. There are 12 comedians, numerous good singers and dancers, and the olio includes eight acts. The street parade is one of the advertised features.

The Nashville Students have been on the road for many years, and form one of the best-known minstrel organizations in the country. The engagement will be for three performances only—Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

SCHOTT RECITAL.

Wagner Admirers Promised a Treat Tuesday Evening.

Anton Schott's Wagnerian recital at Parsons Hall next Tuesday evening, June 19, promises to be a notable musical event. The programme will consist of selections from "Rienzi," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser" and "Tristan and Isolde." All admirers of Wagner who have heard Schott's dramatic and expressive rendition of the great master's music will no doubt welcome this opportunity to hear him again in extracts from some of his greatest roles. By special request he will sing the great battle hymn from "Rienzi"; also "Lohengrin's Farewell" and "The Accusation of Telramund," besides other selections.

Herr Schott will be assisted by Mrs. Nellie Ross, Miss Ottilie Schuecking, Miss Reba Hobson and Miss Marie Velguth. Mrs. Ross and Herr Schott will be heard in a duet from "Tannhauser," and Miss Hobson and Miss Schuecking will sing a duet from "Lohengrin," while Miss Velguth, Miss Schuecking and Herr Schott will give a trio from "Tristan and Isolde." Mr. Lucien Vannod will be heard in the Landgrave's address to his guests, from "Tannhauser." Explanations of the various selections will be made by Mr. Vannod. The accompanists will be Miss Emily Newmann, Miss Schuecking and Miss Velguth.

WILL PRODUCE "HOME."

Stewart Allen, Lately With Stockwell, at Walla Walla.

Stewart Allen, late stage manager for Mr. L. R. Stockwell, left Portland last week for Walla Walla, where, assisted by Miss Mary Scott and Mr. Griffith, late of the Stockwell company, he will, under the auspices of St. Catherine's Society of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of that city, put on T. W. Robertson's comedy of "Home," at the Walla Walla Theater. He will have the further assistance in the production of amateurs selected from well-known society people of Walla Walla.

Mr. Allen and his people will also produce "Home" at Dayton, Pendleton, Baker City, La Grande and Sumpter, and, on returning to Portland, will also present it here, with the assistance of local talent.

Mr. Allen will, next season, become lessee and manager of the Farragut Theater, at Vallejo, Cal., which is a flourishing city of 12,000 people, near San Francisco.

GLEANINGS FROM THE WINGS.

Matters of Interest to Playgoers and Acter Folk.

Miss Georgie Cooper, well known to Portland theater-goers, and who recently closed the season with the "What Happened to Jones" Company at Denver, has returned to San Francisco, and will soon make her reappearance at the Tivoli in that city.

Klaw & Erlanger will shortly decide on one of three strong plays for the use of Ada Rehan next season. They will make a most elaborate production of the one selected.

Blanche Walsh is now in Rome, and during her stay in that city will seek an audience with the Pope. Eugene Presbrey has read his new play for Miss Walsh to her managers, Joseph Brooks and Ben Stern, and they are said to be immensely pleased with it. Miss Walsh will be one of the early Fall attractions at a leading Broadway theater in New York.

John J. McNally is writing a new farce, not yet named, for Frank McKee, which will be used to exploit in this country the European novelty, the Agoust family, a troupe of pantomimic comedians, which have created a sensation in Paris at the Folies Marigny. The performance of the Agousts will be introduced in the second act as an incident to the story. Mr. McKee is engaging a company for the production of the farce, which will include Otis Harlan, Joe Coyne, William Blaisdell, Mamie Gilroy, Mamie Lynch and Mae Lowry. The attraction will be first presented at the Victoria Theater, in New York, early in the Fall.

Frank McKee has accepted Edward E. Rose and Paul Leicester Ford's scenario of "Janice Meredith," the new play founded on Mr. Ford's novel, and in which Mary Mannering will make her debut as a star in October. The dramatic version will tell the story in four acts, and will introduce all the characters in the book in whom the reader takes special interest.

Mr. McKee has engaged Robert Drouet as leading man of the company which will support Miss Mannering. During the past season Mr. Drouet played John Storm in "The Christian," supporting Viola Allen. He is not only a capable actor, but a talented playwright. He has written several successful plays.

A parrot will be conspicuous in Klaw & Erlanger's new opera, "Foxy Quiller." It will be trained to repeat certain lines, and will respond to "cues." A French animal and bird trainer in New York now has the parrot in hand, but as the Gaul only speaks broken English, and a full, broad Irish brogue is desired, he is assisted by a Celt who speaks the lines the feathered actor is being taught to imitate.

Paula Edwards, Harry MacDonough, Julius Steger, W. G. Stewart and Helen Bertram have been engaged to support Jerome Sykes in the new opera. Miss Bertram was the prima donna of the Bostonians last season, and will fill the same position in the Klaw & Erlanger Opera Company. The book of "Foxy Quiller" is by Harry B. Smith, and the music is by Reginald de Koven.

ELDER SOTHERN'S SUBSTITUTE.

Introduces Startling Variations in Flying Leap.

The elder Sothern, says the Weekly Telegraph, once was acting the hero in a romantic play which required his leaping from a window in a tall tower to the stage below, where he alighted on a mattress behind a wooden rock, and immediately made off rapidly into a forest. One night he hurt his ankle, and vowed he would leap no more. Accordingly, the next day his manager hired a professional circus performer to do the actual leap, while the actor should slip back under cover of part of the tower wall and descend by a safe, but unromantic, ladder to his dressing-room.

The manager provided the circus man with a costume precisely like Sothern's and sent him to the theater to practice. The man made the jump, and set up a loud complaint.

"What's the row?" inquired a young member of the company who happened to be at the playhouse.

"Why, look here," exclaimed the professional, "this 'ere drop is too easy. A man with a wooden leg and two glass eyes could do it. Now if they'd let me turn two somersaults in the air as I came down I wouldn't make no fuss."

"Capital!" cried the actor. "Do it."

"You think the old cove wouldn't mind?" said the athlete, doubtfully.

"Mind!" returned the young player. "Why, he'd be tickled to death, and probably raise your salary as well."

That evening, when the part of the performance was reached wherein the hero took leave of the heroine, Sothern was gratified to see his substitute crouching in the shadow of the casement ready to leap.

"Love, good night—good night!" cried Sothern.

"Stay!" pleaded the heroine, clinging round his neck. "Stay!" That leap is death!"

"Nay, nay, sweet; 'tis honor, I leap, 'tis true, but what in my heart doth bear me up? Thine image, love! Good night—good night!"

He kissed her frantically on the forehead, tore himself from her embrace and rushed across the open space into the shadow. "Jump!" he hissed between his teeth. Out into the air shot the circus man, whirled round twice like the fly-wheel of a steam engine and lit like a bird on the highest point of the rock. The applause came in thunders. The man bowed stiffly and walked off into the wings with his arms folded.

LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Miss May Dearborne Will Be the Soloist.

The sixth and last concert for the season of the Portland Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Marquam on the evening of Thursday, June 21, at 8:30 o'clock. The soloist on this occasion will be Miss May Dearborne, soprano, whose recent appearance in public recital created such a favorable impression upon music-lovers.

An interesting programme has been arranged, which is here given entire:

Overture—"Night in Grenada"...Kreutzer
"Funeral March" .....Chopin
(a) "Au Moulin" (strings).....Gillet
(b) Minuet, "Don Juan" .....Mozart
(c) Gavotte, "Mignon" .....Thomas
Intermission, 10 minutes.
Allegretto from "Seventh Symphony" .....Beethoven
"Here Must the Smugglers Dwell" (Micaela's song from "Carmen").....Bizet
Miss May Dearborne.
Ballet music from "Nalla".....Delibes
"Largo" .....Handel

At the Portland Tonight.

"The Volunteers' Patrol," an instrumental piece, composed by Albert L. Stone, of this city, will be performed by the Portland Hotel Orchestra this evening. Mr. Stone's composition was first heard at the Portland exposition last Fall, when it was rendered by Bennett's band. About two months ago the piece was produced by the Golden Gate Park Band, at San Francisco, and was well received. The composition represents the Oregon Volunteers on their way to the famous battle of Malabon.

"A Spring Chicken" Coming.

"A Spring Chicken," a roaring farce-comedy, will be the attraction at Cordray's Theater next week. The company is said to be composed of good people, and to have been turning away crowds at the Third-Avenue Theater in Seattle. The engagement will be for one week.

Keller Coming to Marquam.

The next attraction at the Marquam Theater will be Magician Keller, who will appear July 2, 3 and 4. Keller is one of the foremost leaders in magic in the world, and he is said to have added many new feats to his repertoire. The present season, it is claimed, is the most successful he has ever had.

MANAGERIAL GYMNASTICS.

Dame Chance Plays "Evangeline" Rice Many Curious Tricks.

The announcement made recently, remarks the New York Tribune, that Edward Everett Rice, the theatrical manager, had filed a petition in bankruptcy, was not a surprise to his friends. Neither would it have been a surprise to them if they had seen him rated at $3,000,000. The liabilities were placed at a trifle over $90,000. In the years of his theatrical management Mr. Rice's fortune may be said to have varied with general impartiality from plus $100,000 to minus $100,000. Therefore those who knew and admired him long ago gave up being surprised at his financial condition, whatever it might happen to be.

Mr. Rice's financial principles have always been of the simplest. When he had a success on the stage he made money; when he had a failure he lost it, if he had it to lose; when he had money anybody who came first could get it, creditor or borrower, the latter preferred; when he did not have it, nobody could get it—how could anybody? Even a chorus girl could see the immutability of that condition. Chorus girls are a snippy lot, and sometimes they got impatient about their pay, when it was overdue and they needed it, and were so unreasonable as to forget there was no possibility of their having it, when there was no pay for anybody.

Then, sometimes, they threatened to make it uncomfortable for Mr. Rice. They threatened this in his absence. In his presence he readily persuaded them that when it was not in his power to pay them, they gained nothing by making him uncomfortable. It has been said that chorus girls who went to threaten legal and other annoyances have actually lent Mr. Rice money before coming away. For chorus girls are a good-hearted lot, with all their faults, and they always liked Mr. Rice, who employed them when he needed them and paid them when he could.

Example of Frugality.

And Mr. Rice knew the chorus girls and knew the right use of money, even when he did not have the money wherewith to illustrate his understanding. Here is a story which proves this:

One day he was standing with a friend near the stage door, as the chorus girls were coming out, after a matinee. One came out who was richly dressed, and she got into a carriage that was waiting for her and rode away. Another came and hurried away, not even waiting for a car, and carrying, in a bundle under her arm, open at both ends, some sewing that she had been doing in the waits.

"Do you see those two girls?" said Mr. Rice. "What a lesson that is. They get just the same salary, $14 a week, and yet one of them has her own carriage and the other has to do extra work. Why can that girl have her carriage, when the other cannot? Because she saves her money and the other spends hers."

Mr. Rice understood theatrical finance as well as ever Henry E. Abbey did. Once Mr. Abbey had a partner, with whom he wanted to launch into some vast enterprise. But they had no money, and the partner, who was not a great genius in such matters, said: "How are we going to pay for all this?"

"We will give our notes," said Mr. Abbey.

"But these will come due after a while," said the partner; "what are we going to do then?"

"Why, give some more notes," said Mr. Abbey.

Colonel Mapleson also understood these things, what time he directed the opera at the Academy of Music, and since then. When the whole opera company completely despaired of getting its pay, it would give him a benefit. That promoted general good feeling, and nobody could then be so ungrateful as to ask for pay.

Nobody could ever tell when Mr. Rice was making money and when he was losing it. With some managers it is easy to tell. Some of them get cross and disgusted with the world and sarcastic about life and the decadence of art when they are losing money. Some, on the other hand, try to be particularly jovial and overdo it.

Worldly Wisdom.

There used to be a manager in New York who was rather careful of his money, when he was making piles of it, and always began to invite everybody within sight to drink champagne with him when he was losing money. The more money he was losing the more champagne he insisted on people drinking, and the more of them he insisted should drink it. His intimate friends could tell within $100 a week how much he was losing by the amount of champagne that he bought.

Once, in a very bad season, he had a speaking tube fitted up between his office and a neighboring barroom. He never spoke through the tube; he simply whistled through it, and then, when the whistle was answered, he gently tapped on the end of the tube. The number of taps indicated the number of persons present, and in a moment a waiter came in with that number of glasses and the needful quantity of champagne.

But Mr. Rice is not like that. He buys whatever he thinks that he and his friends need to drink, but nobody can tell his financial standing by it. Sometimes the theater where one of his companies is playing is crowded to the doors all the time, and at the end of the season it will be found that it has lost money straight through, all the people present having been deadheads. Then, again, the theater will appear to be almost empty, but Mr. Rice will prove to anybody who ventures to offer sympathy that the house is so full upstairs that the fireman made him stop selling standing-room tickets, the only trouble being that the play is a little over the heads of the class of people who buy the high-priced seats.

Mr. Rice is a natural musician, just as he is a natural financier. He will sit at the piano and compose music by the hour, playing it as he goes along. The most of the airs that he composes in this way are, of course, never heard again, but if he happens to be particularly pleased with the sound of one, he will play it again before he forgets it, write it down and keep it, and sometime, when he is putting the music to a new burlesque, it will be handy.

His first great success, as everybody knows, was "Evangeline." He says that he composed over 800 melodies for that piece, and from that mass the ones finally used were selected. It is not likely that anybody who was so prodigal of airs as that would be small in money matters.

CORDRAY'S THEATER

JOHN F. CORDRAY, Manager

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RAILING AT THE DRAMA

VAPID CLERICAL DROOL DIRECTED AT THE STAGE.

Broad View of a Great Church Journal, Showing That the Theater Supplies a Public Need.

The perfectly legitimate criticism of indecent plays by the press of the country seems to have stirred up the more rabid and irrational of the clergy to new assaults upon the theater, which they attack with all their ancient enmity. Not even the discriminating sermons of clergymen that recognize the fact that the theater has admirable as well as bad features have any effect in tempering the declarations of the radicals, who do not hesitate to sacrifice truth in their malice.

One Rev. A. C. Dixon, who preaches regularly in Brooklyn, recently delivered a sermon in Baltimore, in which he made this amazing statement: "There is not a clean theater on earth. Every one of them is a pile of dirt. The stage is vile and bad in every place."

A Boston clergyman, the Rev. F. W. Hamilton, at about the same time said this: "The drama is good or bad, according to the use that is made of it, which is also true of other things, including religion. Taking the drama as a whole, it has been as helpful as any kind of literature. I believe that it does some men as much good to see a good play as to hear a good sermon."

Differing Views.

These are two widely differing opinions, yet there are few persons that would hesitate to take that of the Rev. Mr. Hamilton as the correct one. Moreover, the Rev. Mr. Hamilton strikes the Rev. Mr. Dixon a stinging blow, when he says that religion, as well as the drama, is good or bad, according to the use made of it. The Rev. Mr. Dixon, in his remarks on the theater, uses religion as a vehicle for slander and untruth.

And here is another parallel: At Des Moines, Ia., the other evening, one Rev. E. L. Eaton, in the course of a long tirade against the stage, said: "The theater, the brothel, the saloon and the gambling-house go hand in hand. They form a coterie which is inseparable." Yet here is the Congregationalist, a denominational journal of influence, that says:

"The church and the theater, as institutions, ought to understand each other better. Both appeal strongly to the emotional life and depend on it largely for their success. The church appeals to it to stimulate men to the noblest service; the theater to secure the largest returns in money. But the church is not above temptation to the lower purpose, as witness the advertisements of services, the prominence of musical entertainment, and occasionally of dramatic display in connection with public worship. The elaborate ritual of some churches addresses the emotions through the eye and ear as effectively as the scenery and music of some theaters.

Legitimate as the Church.

"The church condemns theaters which corrupt public morals, and ought to do so with all the emphasis of which advocates of right living are capable. But the church cannot consistently condemn the dramatic instinct in men, nor forms which appeal to it worthily. Theoretically, the theater is as legitimate as the public service of the church. Nor can the church afford to ignore the theater as it exists, when more than half of the people of our cities patronize it with greater or less regularity. If there are actors and actresses—and we believe there are—who are striving to make their profession honorable, no Christian should be indifferent to their efforts, or be without faith that they may succeed."

No person that respects sanity and truth would hesitate to condemn the Rev. Mr. Eaton as insanely untruthful, for his slander illustrates a fanaticism that is but one form of insanity. And no one can deny that the statements of the Congregationalist are just and Christian-like. There is as great a difference between a just and an unjust clergyman as there is between a good and a bad play.—New York Dramatic Mirror.

CIRCUS INCIDENT DOWN SOUTH.

Darkies Nearly Cause Riot, When Excluded From the Show.

"In the North," said the old circus man to a reporter of the Chicago Chronicle, "the desire to get into the tent by crawling under the canvas is confined to the small boy. But in the South the entire colored population comes to the ground and hangs around day and night looking for an opportunity to get in free. And to crawl under the canvas seems to them to be the easiest way. Men and women tramp around and around the tent looking for an unguarded point.

"We always put extra canvasmen on watch, when we go to the South with our show. I have witnessed more than one amusing and exciting incident growing out of this desire of the negro to get into the circus without buying a ticket. They go literally circus-mad when the show comes to town, and they won't do a tap of work until it leaves. One reason why they don't step up to the ticket wagon and hand out their coin is that they never have any. There may be other reasons, but I have never inquired further into the subject.

Two Schemers.

"I was with old Adam Forepaugh one Fall when he took his show to the South for an extended season. Two new canvasmen nearly precipitated a riot for us at Lexington, Ky. They had been hired for the special purpose of keeping negroes from crawling under the tent, and they saw an opportunity to make a little money for themselves on the side. They were able to work out their scheme, through the fact that they were favorably stationed for it. One was on the outside, at the connection between the main tent and the menagerie, and the other on the inside, within the connection.

"Among the big crowd of negroes hanging about the show was a large number who had come to town expecting to get in for 10 or 25 cents. The outside canvasman gave out a quiet tip that if any one had any change in his pockets, by giving it to the right person he could get into the show at cut rates. They began to crowd around him, tendering varied amounts of money, from 1 cent up to 45. He accepted all tenders. He told them that he would have to put them in one at a time. He did.

"The inside man was waiting for them. Just as soon as a black head would appear under the canvas he would grab it, drag the rest of the person owning it inside and shove him out of the other side of the narrow connection. From here it was a long way around to the man who got the money.

An Endless Chain.

"If one of the dupes found his way back, which was uncertain, and wanted his money returned, he was promptly shoved under the canvas again and just as promptly kicked out on the other side. It was a kind of endless chain.

"Why didn't the two men let them stay in? Well, old Adam Forepaugh was about, and if he saw an unusual number of negroes in the tent he would at once have made the rounds to find where they were getting in. That was why.

"The show was about half over that night when an unearthly racket started at the connection. A minute or two passed and we saw two canvasmen running for life around the hippodrome track with an angry, yelling crowd of negroes after them. The audience enjoyed it immensely. They thought it was part of the show. We knew different. A lot of us jumped in and headed the negroes off. That gave the canvasmen time to escape. After we learned the cause of it, we regretted our interference. We lost two promising canvasmen at Lexington."

L'Enfant Terrible.

Little Millicent, the infant prodigy, daughter of Montmorency Muger, the eminent comedian, had partaken copiously of a light lunch of green apples. Shortly afterward she remarked to her papaw:

"I feel just like a store window."

"Why?" asked papaw, in the tone of one who carries on a conversation for the purpose of supplying cues to the orchestra.

"Because I have such a large pain in my sash."

This joke will be tried on an audience in Washington early next season.—Baltimore American.

VIOLIN RECITAL.

The public are cordially invited to attend the third annual violin recital given by the pupils of Reginald L. Hidden, at Parsons Hall Saturday evening, June 23. Admission free.

March—"Tannhauser" ....Wagner
Ronald Mackenzie, Dagmar Games, Louis Gevurtz, Lenore Gregory, Edwin Jacob, Grace Hunt, Dudley Werschkul, Esther Goldmann.
Pastorale.....Sitt
Dudley Werschkul.
Old English dance.....Day
Edwin Jacob.
"Petite Fantasie Elegante".....Dancla
Lenore Gregory.
"La Melancholie" .....Prume
Edith Hamblin.
"Manzanillo" .....Helmesberger
Margaret Glenn.
"Madrigale".....Simonetti.
Dagmar Games.
"Cavatina" .....Raff
Miss Ivy Morgan.
"Polish Dance" .....Wieniawski
Mr. Hubert Parsons.
"Legende" .....Wieniawski
Mr. Frank Eichenlaub.
"Sonata" in G minor.....Tartini
Miss Frances Gill.
"Concerto" in D major.....De Beriot
Miss Clarieta Dumars.
"Bohemienne" .....Vieuxtemps
Mrs. G. Kuhn.
"Elfin Dance" .....Popper
Miss Nellie Brown.
"Nocturne," Op. 9 (Chopin).....Sarasate
Miss Lelo Nicklin.
Accompanists—Mrs. Reginald L. Hidden, Miss Marie A. Soule, Miss Beatrice Hidden.

Uncle John's Logic.

Th' Presidential 'lection is coming on once more,
An' th' farmers is a-getherin' at th' cross-roads groc'ry store.
Hiram Jones he hez th' storebox, talkin' all th' livelong day,
W'en it seems ez ef he orter be a-makin' uv his hay.

Sez he thinks th' guv'ment oughter raise th' price uv wheat by law,
With his own crop, porely tended, runnin' most ter chaff an' straw,
Seems ter me fer lack uv judgment, he's mighty hard ter beat;
Raise uv prices wouldn't help him, w'en he don't raise enny wheat.

Sez Imperialism's awful—wot it means he dunn'o know,
But th' other party wants it an' uv course it's got ter go.
Th' trusts wus never worse, he sez, sence th' day thet he wuz born,
An' while he talks he trusts th' Lord is plowin' uv his corn.

Ez fer me, I keep a-workin', in their talk I never mix,
Hopin' thet th' Lord'll help us; take no stock in pollyticks.
Ef th' Lord intends ter help us, thar's wun thing well I know,
He won't choose no pollytician ex his agent hyar below.

W. R. Carter in Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sometimes Identical.

"You have this word wrong," said the man who had been dictating. "I said 'marital,' and you've written it 'martial.'"

"Oh, I guess that's all right," answered the stenographer with conviction. "I've been married myself."—Chicago Post.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING, AT MT. TABOR

The Finest Den of African Lions in the World

Professor Brown's Band and Feeding the Lions

Adgie and her performing lions will remain at Mount Tabor during this entire week. Performance and band concert every night; grounds beautifully lighted. Take City & Suburban cars, every 7 minutes.