

THEATER GOSSIP

AGNES CAIN BROWN.

Singing One of the Song Hits in the New Comic Opera, "The Alaskan."

MME. JOHANNA GADSKI

Who Appears at the Tabernacle Monday Night

IN LONDON THEATERS.

LONDON, Sept. 25.—It is pretty hard to say which of these two celebrities, Hall Caine or George Bernard Shaw, is occupying most attention on this side of the water, just now. Perhaps on the whole, the honors really lie with the Masterman, who has three plays going in London to Mr. Shakspeare, and whose series of fiery "epistles" to the quite temperate comments of the London critics on his re-written "Christiania" are filling even more of the newspapers than was devoted to the recent adventure of the author of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in the mountains of Wales.

From Shaw, however, we are fairly certain to be hearing more shortly, for it is not likely that the author of the suggestion in connection with him, which has just been put forth by a writer on theatrical topics here, will stop writing plays and lay his hands at the feet of the librettist with a view of discovering whether or not he is the success that has been waiting so long. He is the one man in this thoughtful and superficial age, who has an appreciation of the theatre that is not morbid, yet whimsical, and which we call Gilbertian. He has tried most methods of calling to account, but here he holds the reformer apparently never thought. In the guise of musical comedy Mr. Shaw has put his unpleasant truths at the heads and hearts of the nation, and he would not reach in any other way. Surely that thought will tempt him to storm the attack so feebly held by inveterate librettists to

Up Bernard Shaw, in fact, this writer sees the salvation of the oft-doomed musical play. "The only thing that can save it from annihilation," he asserts, "is another mighty combination like the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership. The musician probably would be found quite easily if he had a worthy 'book' to inspire him. And it is the satirist with no objection to 'playing the fool' who can write us books, lyrics and all that we need. So why not George Bernard Shaw?"

Well, the suggestion is a novel one. At all events, though whether another Sullivan would be found "quite easily" is another matter. Moreover, there are many points of resemblance between the contemporary world of Gilbert and the "common-sense world" of Shaw, as has been remarked frequently since the Vedreux-Marker management transferred its operations to the Savoy Theater and began to produce Shaw plays on the stage, where Gilbert's characters once lived, moved and had their say. It remains to be seen, however, what the Irishman will have to say to the suggestion that he should become a librettist.

The two Shaw pieces which I have mentioned as being on view in London are "You Never Can Tell" (at the Savoy) and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," which Ellen Terry and her American husband are giving at the Gaiety, and their author, who likes to excel, probably would be quite happy were it not for the three London productions to which his Manx rival is able to point.

These latter, by the bye, include the Lyceum production of the re-written "Christian." "The Progress of Soul" which is being done at the Camden; "The Boardman" at the Kluge's. Probably the royalties for the two latter works having not come all accounts. The "Christian" in its new guise is proving a success. A good-natured, a little "pious," its "moral lesson" a bore but apparently the public that patronizes the pit and gallery thinks differently. At all events, the old play which failed at the Lyceum, is now being done at the Theatre, here by Frohman after its big American success is packing the Lyceum to its fullest capacity. The management must be getting itself on the back for thinking that 15,000 people have seen the play during the three weeks or so that it has been running, and from the size of the crowds I can believe it. They are sold out the biggest night of the season, and the biggest night of the season is not Hall Caine who told me so, either.

In Paris, they seem to be running more and more in the "problem play" groove. The latest one is the joint work of an ex-director of the opera, and a professional playwright and is called "Each Use His Life," in which the sixth-able stage is added "Commonsense in Matrimonial Difficulties." The authors' goal, in fact, is that a man has the right to reform his life when

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home," is about to be produced—the work, oddly enough, of an ex-naval officer. This is Maxime Mariotte, who says that he first read "Salome" in 1895 on board his ship on the way to China. Apparently the east has the effect of inspiring French naval men to artistic achievements, for was it not the inspiration of the orient that started Capt. Louis Mader, now world-famous as "Pierre Loti," on his literary career?

SOME BRITISH JOKES.

[illegible]

"Ah!" you don't know her, man! The doctor always said that a damp room was the very worst thing for me, and that weapon used to sit and cry just to make the air damp!"

A certain mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter he had caused a quarrel with the husband. And one day she came again came to stay, she found her daughter in tears on the doorstep. "I suppose George has left you," she sniffed. "Yes!" sob. "Then there's a woman in the house?" she asked, her eyes lighting up. "No," she answered. "—poor!" she demanded. "You!" sob. "Gracious!" exclaimed the mother-in-law. "I am sure I never gave him any encouragement."

At one of the side-garbs a gentleman observed a disqualifying jockey and horse dealer haggling over the sale of a horse. Full of curiosity when the two separated, and anxious to know how two such shrewd characters had bargained, the gentleman called the jockey to him, and inquired how much he had got for his animal.

"But isn't that very cheap?"

"He said the jockey," "he's dead lame."

The gentleman then sought the dealer, and said:

"So you've given 22 shillings for a lame horse?"

The dealer laid his finger on his nose, and said:

"C'mon, he's as sound as you are; I saw he was badly shod, and only limped in consequence."

The inquirer returned to the jockey,

His confrere, Mariotte, left the service some six years ago, and studied music under the most modern masters in Paris. His operatic version of "Salome" is to be produced during the winter at the Grand theater at Lyons, and the composer's friends are hoping it may bring him as much renown as the publication of his first novel did to Pierre Loti.

CURTIS BROWN.

and reported what the dealer had said. The former gave a tremendous and significant wink, and whispered:
"It's as lame as a two-legged stool. I had him badly shod on purpose to make them believe that that was the cause of

"Ah, well, it's all right—it was a bad sovereign!"

A Scottish tourist, wandering about the streets of Paris at some distance from his hotel, found himself in a strange neighborhood. He was surrounded by a mob that failed, through his ignorance of the language, to get any one to guide him home-ward. Then a happy thought struck him. He called to a man who was bargaining with a fruit hawker for a basketful of gooseberries, and then, to the amusement of everybody, he went about in the street crying, "I am looking for a penny a mile." This went on for a while, till a fellow-countryman rushed forward to him, and seizing him roughly by the collar, he said, "You are a scoundrel, and you are in the streets of Glasgow, that you going about like a madman crying gooseberries." "Eh, eh," he replied, with a sense of relief, "I am looking for a penny a mile." "Do you know the way to the Rue Hotel?"

Mr. Jones had a country house and had run up to town. On his return journey his train came into collision, resulting in damage and delay. Mr. Jones was injured, but not otherwise hurt. He got a friend to telegraph for him, which he did to the following effect: "Serious accident. Mr. Jones remains coming 8:30 p. m. train." The next day the clerk received the message thus: "Serious accident. Mr. Jones remains coming 8:30 p. m. train." And when that unfortunate gentleman arrived, instead of finding his wife and child, he was met by a messenger with a coffin waiting to convey his remains to his sorrow-stricken family.

Mrs. Brown awoke her husband in the dead of night with the startling information that she had just heard a burglar claim, excitedly, "he's lighting one of those cigars I gave you for your birthday. I heard him pick up the box and put it down again." Then John sat up and listened. "By jove, Mary, you're right!" he answered. "He is! He's actually smoking one of those—er—our cigars." Then he nestled once more comfortably beneath the blankets. "Go to bed, dear Mary. He'll be asleep in a minute. We'll find the poor wretch in the morning."

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