DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1904.



Chicago circle, on and off the stage, is, and .

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will continue to be for a long time to come, the horror at the Iroquois theater, Chicago. It has cast a pail over everyone connected with theaters, especially. the regular patrons of the play and the players themselves. In Chicago it issaid to have brought business to a standstill so far as theaters are concerned, and no doubt the same deprising effect will be observed in all parts of the country for a long time to come. If there is any one individual in particular who should be singled out for public sympathy, it is the manager of the theater, Mr. Will J. Davis, well known to many people in the west as a successful theatrical manager, and as the husband of the famous singer, essie Bartlett Davis. Mr. Davis occupies a foremost position in the profesion in Chicago. He is a sterling man, and this misfortune will come very near to crushing him to earth.

Besides having his new and beautiful theater wiped out, and having such a terrible calamity associated with it, he has suffered another loss this week in having its companies house, the Illinois theater, also owned by him, suddenly closed by the death of Jerome Sykes of the "Billionaire" company. "Misfortunes never come singly," and Mr. Davis' terrible eperience is another illustration of jt.

* * * That Lulu Glaser is a great artist in her special siyle there is no gala-saying, and if any special proof of the fact were needed, it could be found in success she makes of the opera "Dolly Varden," one of the weakest and most namby-pamby pieces, of operatic literature ever turned out by its gifted authors. Those gentlemen, Mr. Stange, librettist, and Mr. Edwards, composer, have given us a number of gems in the past, such as "The Wed-ding Day," and "The Jolly Musketeer," and it is a matter of surprise that Mr. Stange, especially, with all his experience, could not have produced a streng-er story than that which he has turned out in "Dolly Varden." Without the scintillating figure of Miss Glasen the opera would be but a sorry disappent-ment. The suddenness with which the Taus 10 10eces au the guardian. who has platted and schemed through the whole piece, to keep Dolly from marrying anyone else except himself, calmiy, and even cheet fully, gives his consent when he learns that she proposes to make her own match-almost took the breath of the audience. There is little to the whole thing, in fact, except Dolly herself, and no one except Lulu Glaser could have compelled a verdict of success from hor audiences.

juarian stuffs, and Barrymore espec ally On the night that Ada Rehan reapcovered the table 'Yes," said Mansfield, proudly, "that

peared, after so many years absence from the stage, a telegram came to the opera house announceing the death of a dear member of her family. But there is a stringent rule in theaters that no telegrams shall reach a player until after the close of the perform-ance. Miss Rehan did not, therefore, learn of the fatality until she was ready to leave the house.

self, Mr. Mansfield?

later becomes a priest.

It is said that Amelia Bincham will

have a strong company when her next play is produced. Two profair ent "lights" in the cast will be Horry Weodruff and W. H. Thompson. The former will portray the role of a priest who eventually becomes an actor.

and the latter the role of an actor who

maangers from playing the piece.

Harrison Grey Fiske, proprietor of the Manhattan theater, and husband Mrs. Fiske, has thrown Broadway into convulsions by announcing a top price for parquet seats of \$1.50, abolishing the \$2 scale entirely. Other managers are frothing at the mouth over his "arbitrary" action, but it is said they will not be long in following suit.

While it is not the general thing t sempathize with the theatrical syndi-ate, one must deplore the loss of the "Mr. Bluebeard" production, said to be the most costly and the most gigan. tic spectacle ever witnessed on the stage. If, as it seems, the only part of the production saved in the Iroquois horror was the set of costumes which 200-odd performers had on at the time, the total loss to Klaw and Erlang-er will exceed \$150,000. This, however, may be but an atom of the loss by the time prospective damage sults are set-

An indication of how theatrical tuslness is in the east, is found in the fact that this season J. H. Stoddart played the Stair-Havlin circuit, with 75 cents as the top price. So did "The Princess Chic," "Arizona," Lionel Adams in "The

Christian," and many others which play the first theaters in the west. Marie Wainwright plays for 10, 20 and 30 cents, and it might be added, her houses to be batter. bear a strong resemblance to the latter figure

There was not much love lost be-tween the lamented Maurice Barry-more and Richard Mansfield. The lat-"Her Own Way" at the Garrick thea-ter in September. In November she ter, it was always said, depreciated Barrymore at every opportunity. But quite as often the younger man got was transferred to the New Amster-dam theater, and two weeks later she

week by Sarah Bernhardt.

Sardou had selected Spain, at the period

new drama, theatrical Paris has been

on tip-toe with epectation, and the two

postponements which the elaborateness

of the scenic effects made necessary did

not rend to lesen the interest. In fact, anticipation can so high that a certain

amount of disappointment seemed in-

evitable, and so it is all the more to the venerable playwright's credit that he

not only has disappointed no one, but

has produced a work of which it is pos-

sible to varite with real cuthusiasm. And, besides being Sardou at his best,

The Sorceross" gives Sarah Bernhardt chance such as she has not had for

cessary only to tell what the play is

The scone is Toledo, the time, that

period after the defeat of the Moors by the Spanlards when the conquering race

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nany a day; after saying which it

even, On one occasion they were together in Mansfield's private office, which was

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duction of "An English Daisy," which has been running for some time in Bos-ton with what is reported to be a con-siderable measure of success. There is some talk to the effect, that after the engagement of this piece the Shuberts will make a production on their own account with Fay Templeton at the head of the cast. But this project is more or less intangible at present for the reason that Miss Templeton is expected to go back to the Wener & Fleids Music had, from which establishment her presence has been rather sadly missed. Probably the most difficult individual task confronting the fraternal Snuberts, will be the finding of profitable attractions for their Madison Square theater, for which, considering its size and location, they pay a large rental. The aladison Square has been a hard proposition ever size the end of the Hoyt days mere, and the country isn't so moded with partic-ularly strong shows this year as to make it an easy matter to fill in the time advantageously. The culmination of the tension between the Messrs. shubert and Klaw & Erlanger was reached on the opening night of the New Amsterdam theater, which is just across the street from the Lyric. Aleagthe New Amsterdam there is a outlding undergoing the process of re-construction and the biliposting brigade

admired a certain scarf which of the Lyric took occasion on the eve-ning in question to put up their posters all over the front of this structure. Mr. Erlanger regarded this performance as scarf is over 160 years old." "Indeed" And did you make it your. an act of great unfriendiness and there

were heated times in the neighborhood for awhile. Shortly afterward there was a conference between Mr. fartan-and Samuel Nixon of the firm of Nixon & Zitamerman, as the direct result of which Mr. Nix a consented to a sever-ance of his relations with the Shuberts at the end of 1903. This is how the matter stands at the present writing, but there will probably be "something" doing" before very long.

Mrs. Lestle Carter is receiving \$1,000 a week during her Zaza engagement, as shown by the recent trial in the courts of New York to enjoin her The verdict upon "Farsfal," among those who went to see 1, as a part of their winter entertainment, is that while the production is magnificent in a pictorial sense, the opera itself is excessively stupid. Sitting through a The success of "Arizona" in Louden has been chronicled in the news col-umns and serves to recall an incident in stretch of music of the heavlest type for an entire afternoon and evening, ith a comparatively short recess at connection with the play's last run. A gentleman of Celtic origin stapped at he dinner hour, becomes a task of uch magnitude that comparatively few gentieman of Celtic origin stopped at the box office and in a strong bregue in-quired what play was on. The treasurer replied that the play was "Arizona." "Arrah what?" said the Celt. "Arizona," was the bland reply. "Well," said the gentieman from Ectn's Isle. "I suppose you can give me two tickets for Tuesday night, as me wife was saving the other day that persons are enabled to look upon it as a pastime. "Parsifal" will probably be a fad for a while, but it hardly seems probable that the work will take a per-manent place in the Metropolitan Opra company's repertoire. It is what the late Artemus Ward quaintly de-scribed "too much of a muchness."

me wife was saying the other day that she hasn't seen an Irish play since "Arrah Na Pogue" and, begorra, "Ar-rah Zona" must be another wan of them: so we will both come down The Messrs, Fisher & Ryley had a stroke of uncommonly hard luck the other day when the West Side Lyceum vas burned. The costumers engaged in making the handsome and costly dress-es for "The Medal and the Maid" had Maxine Elliott's record breaking seaust about completed their undertakson in New York will end Jan. 2, and on that date she will have appeared in ig in the Lyceum building when the imes broke out and spread so rapidfour different New York theaters con-secutively without leaving the city limy that only with the utmost difficulty were about half the costumes saved from destruction. The company left tion has ever achieved such an unusual record for a continuous run under dif-ficulties. Miss Elliott first appeared in New York that very night for the pre-liminary canter of the new piece unfer difficulties which many managers would have found insurmountable. It will doubtless be possible to complete the sartorial equipment of "The Medal and the Maid" before the piece reaches the Broadway theater a week from Monday night, but the intervening repesentations in other citles will naturalsuffer to some extent through the necessary substitution of older raiment for that specially prepared before the fire.

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STATUE OF PAUL REVERE,

By C. E. Dallin, the Utah Sculptor.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN PATRIOT

There is on exhibition in the Commercial club this week, a miniature cast of Cyrus E. Dallin's beautiful statue of Faul Revere. It has attracted and continues to attract much attention. There are two reasons for this. First, it is a masterpiece of sculpture, and, second, it is the handiwork of a great Utah artist.

So striking is the creation that interested beholders can almost imagine it a living, breathing thing. As for the strong American patriot he readily pictures in his mind the memorable ride of the dashing Revere, whose notable feat has been immortalized by the great poet Longfellow, who is himself immortal, through his contributions to the world of literature. He can see Revere's steed, drawn back upon its haunches, as its dauntless rider stopped line enough, here and there, in the delivery of this liberty-making message through every Middlesex village and farm, for the country folk to be up and to arm," on account of the approach of the red-coated Britishers. The earnestness of the face, the eloquent and graceful gesture of the arm are beautifully true to dife. In brief, the whole is the work of a gifted sculptor, one whom Utah is proud to call son. How much of inspiration Dallin drew from Longfellow's historic poem of the "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," as he fashioned with deft hand this magnificent product of his mind, his friends do not know. But surely his very soul must have been thrilled to the core, as those of countless thousands of American you the have done in the contemplation of these lines:

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere. On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five: Hardly a man is now alive. Who remembers that famous day and war

A moment on the roofs of the town, And the moonlight flowing over all. Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead In their night-encampment on the hill, Wrapped in silence so deep and still That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread The watchful night-wind as it went Creeping along from tent to tent. And seeming to whisper, "All is well!" A moment only he feels the speil Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread

girth; But mostly he watched with eager search

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light! He springs to the saddle, the bridle he

But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight

A hurry of hoofs in a village street. A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark.

And beneath, from the pebbles, in pass-

A second lamp in the belfry burns,

height,

turns

as he looks, on the belfry's

When he crossed the bridge into Medford town. He heard the crowing of the cock And the barking of the farmer's deg. And felt the damp of the firmer's deg. That rises after the sun goes down. It was one by the village clock, When he galioped into Lexington. He saw the gilded weathercock Swim in the moenlight as he passed. And the meetinghouse windows, blant and bare.

The theater has nothing tonight, nor any night next week, traveling attractions having wisely decided to leave a clear field for Patti.

At the Grand tonight "Ten Nights in a Barroom" will be seen for the last time, and that house-also steering clear of the Patti event-will be dark till Thursday, when the rolltcking farce comedy, "An Eye on Hubby," will be seen. The company is headed by the comedian, Robert Buchanan, who has a very good reputation as an actor all over the country.

Mr. Pyper has not yet heard what will be done regarding the tour of "The Billionaire" company, and the filling of Jerome Sykes' place, as the enterprise is a very expensive one, and as it is ewned by Klaw & Erlanger there is little doubt of its going on and filling out its time, with a new star,

Thomas Jefferson, the son of Joseph Jefferson, who is starring in "Rip Van Winkle" tells a funny incident that happened the last time he was in In-"I received a profusely comdlana. plimentary letter from an Indianapolis man, who afterward called. My name Dunk,' he said. 'I am the inventor of Dunk's patent spring bed. Mr. Jefferson, Fve been mightly pleased with your play, and as a return for the pleasure you've given me and mine, I want to make you a present of one of my spring beds.' I told him I would accept the gift, and asked if I could of-fer no remuneration whatever. The only request I have to make,' said the man, 'is that the point where you wake up in the third act, after your twenty years' sleep' you just say that you would not have slept so badly if you'd been in one of Dunk's patent spring beds.

There is a strong reminder of the late Charley Hoyt in the present Ward and Vokes (ravesty, "A Pair of Pinks" (Pinkertons). A scene showing the in-terior of a jull, cracted by Bullion Ayer. richest man in the world; the bars are of gold, the cells are suites with bath the prisoners wear their stripes in even ing dress form, bell boys are at th command of every prisoner, and strictest rule of the prison is "Any-body caught trying to escape abalt not be allowed to return" Through the entire act, a decrepit old man emerges slowly every few minutes and requests a cup of water. He gets it each time and bows his way back into the bel with profuse thanks. Finally, us he comes out and has the cup re-filled for the sixteenth time, the worden y marks: "Sir, you must be nearly dy-ing with that thirst of yours," "Thirst?" replics the astonished pris-

oner, "why, I'm not thirsty-my cell's on fire

Is that like Hoyt or not?

Mrs. Fiske's tour has thus far pro gressed most successfully, and cach week brings her nearer to her engagement in this city, where she will duly appear in her great production of "Mary of Magdala," This drama is said to give even a more vivid and verifable series of pictures of life in angle. ancient Jerusalem than the famous works of Tissot, endowing those pictures as it does with actual life, while as a play it is one of the most impressive and dramatic that the stage

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Every now and then we hear of a case where a player is competed by the nature of his employment to play comedy while some bitter wee gnaws

"THE SORCERESS." Sardou's New Play

Veteran Dramatist Makes Up for "Dante" With a Piece Which Gives Sarah Bernhardt a Great Chance-Scene is Laid in Spain at the Time of the Inquisition.

of her nuptials, has thrown her into a hypnotic trance, and assumed her place in the bridal ceremonies. She is Paris, Dec. 19.-As American audionces have been finding out lately, Vic. mited to the Spanlard, and then, when torien Sardou did not distinguish himthey are alone, reveals her identity and reproaches him bitterly for his lack of self over much in the writing of onstancy. But Enrique replies that he "Dante," but it is acknowledged on all ares nothing for the governor's daughsides that the veteran playwright-who ter and is ready to fly with the woman who now is his wife. She accepts his offer and they are preparing to leave, soon will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the production of his first piece. when there bursts upon them an agent sent by the famous Cardinal Ximenes, -has more than come back into his own with "The Sorceress." produced this the Inquisition, to lay hands apon the Moorish woman and drag her before the terrible body on the charge Ever since it was announced that M.

having bewitched Juana. Enrique however, defends his wife, and in the struggle the emissary of the Inquisiof the Inquisition, as the scene of his is killed. Whereupon the Spaniard and his bride take flight, with the hue and cry after them.

The fourth act is the great one of the play. It occurs in the vaulted hall of the Inquisition, the representation of which is said to be historically accurate to the last detail. The fugitives have been captured and brought before the sacred tribunal, the chief wish of whose members is to save the bonor of Enrique as a Spaniard of high rank by proving that Zoraya, as a sorceress, has bewitched him. At first the Moorish woman proves more than a match for the Inquisitors, but finally is told that, unless she owns that she is a witch and has used her arts upon Enrique, he will perish for the crime of having had any, thing to do with her. So she makes a false confession, not only of practising sorcery, but taking part in horrible or-gles. Just at the end of this avowal, Enrique is brought in. He hears and believes what Zoraya says and the cur. ain falls as he is heaping abuse upon her while the Cardinal Ximenes towers triumphantly above them both.

the Spanners when the conjuering race was engaged in trampling the con-quered under foot, with no thought but its after humilation. The here of the play is a Sexnish officer, Don Enrique de Palavios, the hereine, a Moorish wo-man of groat beauty, Zoraya, She has the reputation, among the lower classes, of being a sorceress, but in reality pos-sesses only those powers of hypnotism and distinction common to so many of The last scene shows the preparations for the execution of Zoraya, who has been condemned to be burnt as a witch and divination common to so many of her race. Enrique, on meeting Zoraya in front of the old cathedral of Toledo. As the self-accused "sorceress" is are fact, the Tagus river, permits her to beside the pain, and then the two fall a love. The law, however, forbids marbrought out, she is confronted by the governor of the city, whose daughter is still under the hypnotic influence and who begs Zoraya to release her. She replies that she will do so in exbetween Spaniard and Moor, and o the lovers carry on their affair in se. change for her liberty, which is there-upon granted her, and, when the girl is cret. Unknown to Zoraya, however, Enrique is sugaged- and has been since ed in, she performs this seeming mirhis birth- to a Spauish girl of rank, daughter, in fact, of the governor of Teleda, and so, the day of his marriage acle in the presence of the awe-strick-en crowd. But Zoraya is doomed Though her life has been promised her aporoaching, he begins to see his mis-tress less frequently, though he still the monks incite the crowd against her and she is attacked. She flies to the Meantime, to Zoraya is brought Juana de Padília. Enrique's door of the cathedral, seeking sancfiancee, who is rather a weakiing, for treatment. The Moorish woman relieves tuary, but it has been locked, and she beats upon it helplessly with her hands. At this moment, Enrique, who has just arrived, comes to her rescue with drawn her by means of hypnotism, and sends her away, but almost immediately after sword, but the mob advances upon the pair and it is evident that they will be destroyed. So Zoraya draws a vial of learns that this girl is to marry har over in a few days' time, and falls to poison from her bosom and drinks it, after which she conveys the draught

The third act brings us to Enrique's edding, which ends in dramatic fash-For Zoraya, coming in contact with a last kiss to her lover, and with her artistocratic rival just on the two fall dead upon the cathedral stops.

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Special Correspondence. New York, Dec. 28, 1903,-Now that the Shubert brothers are out with the Theatrical Syndicate-all relations between the two concerns ending with the conclusion of the year-there's a good deal of interest as to what course the firm intends to pursue. It is apparent that the brothers are not looking to an

"Merely Mary Ann," with Eleand Robson in the title part, has made an undoubted success at the Garden the-

ater. There is indeed every reason to believe Miss Robson and her companons in the cast of the Zangwill drama will remain in New York until well on toward the end of the season. The play follows the published story with siderable fidelity, but has an act beyond he finale provided in the novel. Mr.

Zangwill originally left his much abused little slavey and her music-lov-posing lover at the point where Mary Ann came unexpectedly into a legacy just as she was about to elope with

the musician, who suddenly awoke to the enormity of the act he was on the verge of committing. It was left to the reader to guess that the pair would ultimately wed, but in the play the nified story is taken up again with a six years' interval, and carried to a happy

conclusion. Miss Robson's interpreta-tion of the little waif who gains a fortune after having been compelled to do menial service through her childhood's years, is altogether charming. It is in truth as pretty and moving a characterization as any we have seen upon the New York stage in years. She is apably supported by Edwin Arden and an excellent company,

The scene of Clyde Fitch's new comedy, "Glad of It," at the Savoy theater, is laid first in a dry goods store, and afterward in a countrified part of Long Island, so that there is ample diversity of environment as well as characterization. Millie James, who has the principal part, proves herself an actress of considerably wider scope an actress of consucrably where y at-than was suggested by her very at-tractive illustration of the leading part in "The Little Princess." The whole company assembled by Charles Frohman for this amusing piece, is worthy of commendation and it includes Phyli-lis Rankin, Fanny Addison Pitt, Georgia Mendum, Edward Abeles, H. Hazzard Short, Thomas Burns, John Barrymore and a large number of other players. Comedy seems to be "the real thing" in New York just now and "Glad Of It" is directly in the spirit of the period.

The one hundredth performance of Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles the Amateur Cracksman," is pretty nearly due at the Princess theater, and the manage-ment is proparing to colobrate the event in a manner worthy of the most extended Broadway run of the season. It now seems apparent that Mr. Hellaw inay remain at the Princess long enough to pass nis two hundredth night there, and perhaps pile another hundred on top of that. The Sacrament of Judas. which was withdrawn for a few nights last week, owing to the injuries sustained by Mr. B-liew in the execution of his sensational fall down the steps in the final scene, is now restored to its place upon the program, and the louble bill thus afforded makes one of he very strongest entertainments of

the year.

When Frederick Thompson, of Thompson & Dundy, proprietors of Luna Park, gails on Saturday from Boston Olbraltar, he will be accompanied by an interpreter of no less note than Hassan Ben All, the exceptionally in-telligent and well informed Arab, who has brought to this country during the past many years nearly all the Eastern acrobats, jugglers and horsemen ob-served in our various circuses and other shows. Hassan enjoys the complete confidence of his countrymon, and, nore-ver, speaks a dozen languages pathway is a; t to be comparatively asy. Tanglers, Morecco, India, France, Germany and England will be visited in search of surjosifies for Luna Park, and the trip will cover from three to four months of active and constant iravel.

It is quite probable that David Be-lasco may go to London within the next in Boston, which has been a disastrous few weeks upon a mission likely to have an important bearing upon his immedibert, but for various other managers, who have tackled it from time to time. future as a conservation of from an English syndicate to ate future as Mr. Belasco h the nature of his employment to play comedy while some bitter we gnaws at his heart. There was an instance of this kind at the theater other night when Harold Blake, the Captain Har-court and tenor of "Dolly Varden," re-ceived word that his bosom friend,

He said to his friend-"If the British

By land or sea from the town tonight, Hang a lantern aloft in the beifry-arch Of the North Church tower, as a signal

light-One if by land, and two lf by sea; And I on the opposite shore will be. Ready to ride and spread the alarm Through every Middlesex village and

farm. For the country-folk to be up and to

arm, he said good-night, and with mut-Then

hed our Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore, Just as the moon rose over the bay, Where swinging wide at her moorings lay The Somerset, British man-of-war: A phantom ship, with each mast and spar Acress the moon, like a prison-bar, And a huge, black huik, that was mag-nlifed

By its own reflection in the tide,

Meanwhile, his friends, through alley and

Meanwhile, his friends, though they are are street. Wanders and watches with eager ears. Till in the silence around him he hears The muster of men at the barrack-door. The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet. And the measured tread of the grenadiers Marching down to their boats on the schere.

shore.

he climbed to the tower of the Then

church. Up the wooden atsirs, with stealthy tread, To the belfry-chamber overhead. And startled the pigeons from their perch On the somber rafters, that round him

On the sound made Masses and moving shapes of shade— Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall, To the highest window in the wall, Where he paused to listen and look down It was twelve by the village clock

work will occupy about a year, or pos-sibly longer, and the London Belasco theater will be opened at Easter time 1905 with Mrs. Leslie Carter as the attraction in the play recently completed for her use by Mr. Belasco. Following Mrs. Carter's engagement, Henrietta Crosman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" will go to London. This arrangement will give Mr. Belasco an ample outlet for his New York productions from time o time, rendering it unnecessary to hunt for time outside the syndicate houses, excepting in the cities where he is already provided with ample facilities.

. . . Next week will be lively in the thea-trical way. On Monday J. M. Barrie's "Little Mary" will be infroduced at the Empire: Mary Mannering will present her new play. "Harriet's Honeymoon." at the Garriek: Vesta Tilley and company will follow on Tuesday at Daly's with "My Lady Molly;" Augustus Thomas' new comedy, "The Other Girl," will be shown at the Criterion, and "hauncey Olegit will come into the New York theater with Augustus Pitou's latest Irish play, "Terence."

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"Candida," the Bernard Shaw comdy produced experimentally at a matinee by Arnold Daly a forthight or so ago, made such a real hit that it has had a number of afternoon repetitions at the Madison Square, and will be played as an evening bill as soon as a suitable opening can be found for it The piece is principally talk, but it is great talk, and has caught the town. LEANDER RICHARDSON.

A Prisoner in Her Own House. Mrs. W. H. Layha, of 1001 Agnes ave., Kansas City, Mo., has for several years been troubled with severe hoarse. hess and at times a hard cough, which she says, "Would keep me in doors for days. I was prescribed for by physicians with no noticeable results. A friend gave me a part of a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with in-structions to closely follow the direcfrom and I wish to state that after the first day I could notice a decided change for the better and at this time after using it for two weeks, have no hesitation in saying I realize that I am entirely cured." This sale by all Druggists. This remedy is for

dread Of the lonely belfry and the dead; For suddenly all his thoughts are bent On a shalowy something far away Where the river widens to meet the bay-A line of black, that bends and fibats On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

and bare. Gaze at him with a spectral glare, As if they already stood aghast At the bloody work they would look

upon.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride, Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride, On the opposite shore walked Paul Re-vere. Now he patted his horse's side. Now gazed at the landscape far and near, Then impetuous stamped the earth, And turned and tightened his saddle-girth:

It was two by the village clock. When he came to the bridge in Concord town. He heard the bleating of the flock And the twitter of birds among the trees, And felt the breath of the morning breezd Blowing over the mead ws brown. And one was safe and asleep in his bed Who at the bridge would be first to fall, Who that day would be lying dead, Plerced by a British musket-ball.

The belfy-tower of the old North Church, As it rose above the graves on the hill, Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still. And lot as he looks, on the belfry's You know the rest. In the books you

have read How the British regulars fired and fled How the farmers gave them ball for ball From behind each fence and farm-yard wall:

wall; Chasing the red-coats down the lane. Then crossing the fields to emerge again Under the trees at the turn of the toad, And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Reverce And so through the night went his erg of

And so through the half of farm-alarm To every Middlesex village and farm-A cry of defiance, and not of fear. A volce in the darkness, a knock at the

And beneath, from the peoples, in plass-ing, a spark Struck out by a steed that flics fearless and fleet: That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light. The fate of a nation was riding that night; A volce in the darkness, a knock at ind door. And a word that shall echo forevermore! For, borne on the night-wind of the past. Through all our history, to the last. In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need. The people will waken and listen to hear The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed. And the midoight-message of Paul Re-vers. And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight. Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

vere. -H. W. Longfellow



This is the first time any attrac-

Special Correspondence,

Honeymoon" and "Winsome Winnie"

complete the list of present Shubert at.

tractions. The managers are trying al-so to unload some of their least suc-

cessful theaters, notably the Columbia

venture, not alone for the Messrs. Shu-

Presumably the brothers will now be-come more closely linked than ever