DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1901.



It is pleasant to note that the center [of activity in amusement circles has again shifted to the Tabernacle choir, an organization that often times does not receive all the consideration from the public that is its due. For the next two months or more the choir will be very much in the public eye. It is now at work on a task that would stagger any musical body but the one that has competed in World's Fair contests, engineered excursions east and west and conducted Elsteddfods of its own-we refer to the committing to memory of the choruses of "Faust," and that without copies, the parts being simply written out on a blackboard and learned from constant repetition. Who but Stephens would map out such a task, and what body but the choir would have the nerve to grapple it? The first rehearsal Thursday night, resulted magnificently, and the director says when Sembrich and her company arrive, on March 14th, he will have the chorus entirely ready to meet them.

Another event in which the choir will be concerned, will be the two concerts afternoon and evening, with Sousa's band in February. A big children's chorus will probably be the matinee feature, and the engagement will without question be a huge one.

The third, and the one in which every one seems just now to be taking a most enthusiastic interest is the testimonial to the father of the Tabernacle organ, Joseph Ridges. How well that event is being pushed is indicated by the correspondence that follows.

salt Lake, Jan. 2, 1901.

Prof. Evan Stephens, Dear Friend:--1 want to make a suggestion that you arrange a concert as a testimonial to Joseph Ridges, the builder of the Tabernacle organ.

I cannot think of the great pleasure which I have had, in connection with thousands and tens of thousands of others who have listened to the heavenly music from our great organ, without eling a great desire to show my ap-eciation to its "father" in a substan-

Enclosed find \$100 for two hundred Enclosed find \$100 for two hundred tickets for the concert. Wishing you a happy New Year, I am sincerely your friend HEBER J. GRANT.

Salt Lake City, Jan. 2, 1901.

Apostle Heber J. Grant. Dear Brother:--Your kindhearted let-ter and your check for \$100 just re-

Your request to arrange a testimonial rour request to arrange a testimonial concert for the venerable organ builder I heartily respond to. With the co-operation of the Church authorities granting the use of the building (of which I haven't the least doubt) the eld of such as yourself and others or on which I haven't the least doubt it ald of such as yourself and others as an advisory committee, with that of the musical and editorial staffs of our pa-pers, to wake the public up to practical action, with some able help in general management such as Bro, George D. Buone on rive and with the hearty

Mr. Howard for so thinking, he replied that the audience began to rustle their programs and to move uneasily in their

seats. "That," said Mr. Howard, "is an in-failible sign, and I always look out for it. When Shenandoah was produced in Boston, I noticed the great interest with which the audience followed the signals on the mountains. I determined to see how long they would watch them without becoming uneasy and notified seats.

han will all open their metropolitan engagements in new plays.
Mrs. Fiske does "Becky Sharp" here the 14th and 15th, and "Tess" on the left and 15th, and "Tess" on the first play and Angel Clare in the second.
Maude Adams and Sara Bernhardt rays both brought their New York there is at present visiting the following from the New York Hereald:
Maude Adams and Sara Bernhardt rists to a close. Both broke the recerding the receipts at their respective houses. Miss Adams' ten weeks' receipts at the respective houses.
Miss Adams' ten weeks' receipts at the respective houses.

have both brought their New York runs to a close. Both broke the record of receipts at their respective houses. Miss Adams' ten weeks' receipts at the Knickerbocker were \$135,000. Bern hardt is said to have taken in \$32,500 Bern week at the Garden, or \$500 more than its seating capacity.

Mme, Bernhardt's "Hamlet" seems to have falled to create a furore in New York the past week. Some of the pa-York the past week. Some of the pa-pers referred to her performance as a comedy burlesque, while others, being less hard on the gifted French artiste, viewed her assumption of the character as a mistake. Her greatness as an actress, however, will atone for this, as it has for many another attempt in which she failed.

which she failed, MUSIC NOTES.

to see how long they would watch them without becoming uneasy, and notified the stage manager to continue them till I told them to cease. The first rustle of the program was to be my cue, but everything remained still so long that It is more apparent now than ever that the vulgar "coon songs" are losing their hold, which lasted much longer



The expected has happened. The | he would also be apt to feel that he ran The expected has happened. The "News" sumised that when the Grau Opera company cancelled its visit in this city, the next thing we would hear was that Bernhardt had also decided not to include us in her western tour. The reason is that Maurice Grau, the only manager big enough to handle two such attractions, is manager of both, and if he became convinced that sait Lake was unable to support such an attraction as the opera company.

WITS OF THE HOUSE.

Humorists Who Enliven the Proceedings of Congress -Chief Among Them is "Private" John Allen, Now Serving His Last Term - His Mantle Likely to Fall on Champ Clark.

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and even by those who have had occa-sion to wince under the shafts of his keen wit. Mr. Allen is a pronounced partisan, and his speeches are often leveled at the Republicans or at some particular Republican member, but there is no venom in his humor, and his opponents laugh as heartily as his Democratic colleagues at the droll sto-ries with which he is accustomed to illustrate a point or clinch an argument. Droll stories, witty sallies, trite aphorisms and pungent sayings are so deftly

floor has always been sufficient to emptoor has arways been sufficient to emp-ty the cloakrooms and corridors and fill the floor and galleries of the House. In the last Congress, when Mr. Allen attained a place on the committee on appropriations, the committee of second importance in the House, and when he began to assite to a sect in the Second began to aspire to a seat in the Senate, he tried to cultivate a dignified, sena-torial style, but he could not let pass the opportunity to tell a good story, and often in the midst of a dry speech about the figures of an appropriation bill he would convulse the House with laughter with some quaint anecdote of southern life. He was disappointed in his ambition to become United States his ambition to become United States senator, having been defeated by Gov-ernor McLaurin. Mr. Allen is unques-tionably one of the ablest men in Mis-sissippi and one of the best known and best liked, and his fitness to serve in the upper branch of Congress could not be questioned. Was it because his peo-ple refused to take him seriously that he was denied the senatorial toga? At he was denied the senatorial toga? At all events he has given notice that he will retire from public life after the 4th of next March and will go back to

Tupelo and practice law. There is, however, another phase of John Allen's character besides that of humorist and story teller. He is a modest, able, active and conscientious legislator, whose vote and voice in Con-gress mean much to his constituents, to his country and to his party. It is for his qualities as a man more than for his dualities as a humorist that John Allen is highly regarded by all his con-temporaries and for which he will be missed in the next Congress.

Congressmen are already discussing the question as to who shall succeed "Private" John Allen as the humorist of the House. Perhaps Champ Clark of Missouri possesses these qualities more fully than any other man in Congress. He is the most picturesque fig-ure in the House. He is keen of wit, vivacious, epigrammatic and possesses a marvelous fund of anecdote

OLD SALT LAKERS.

11



CHARLIE MOORE,

While there is so much talk in the air regarding organs and organ builders it will be a not inappropriate time to print a sketch of an old Salt Laker who made his fame as an organ blower. Charlie Moore, or "Captain Moore," as he was sometimes called, was known to the boys of thirty and forty years ago as one of the characters of the comunity. He officiated at the bellows in the days of the old adobe Tabernacie, which stood about where the Assembly Hall now stands, and for years Charlie pumped the air that brought the harmonies out of the organ which Joseph Ridges refers to as having been brought from Australia by him, long before the Tabernacle organ or the Tabernacle itself, was thought of. A peculiarity of utterance, a singular gait and a habit of dressing in semi-military attire, made him guite a distinct character in the community, and many of his quaint sayings are still treasured where he was known. But little is known of his history, and he died here in the early 70's.

Then

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M. S. GUDMUNDSON.

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Special Correspondence. Washington, Jan, 1 .- Every Congress has its humorist, and some of them have half a dozen. There is always some member whose keen wit, mirth provoking drollery and talent as a story teller make him a distinctive character among his fellows. Such a character was the late S. S. Cox, who years ago was recognized as the huyears ago was recognized as the hu-morist of the House of Representatives, though he was much more than a hu-morist. So, indeed, have been most of the so-called funny men of Congress. It well nigh broke Sunset Cox's heart , because the House refused to take him seriously long enough to make him seriously long enough to make him Speaker, though he was recognized as fully competent for that position. William E. Mason, now Illinois' jun-ior senator, won much distinction as a mit and competent tolks abile wit and story teller while serving in the House, And there are others. The greatest of these, however, is "Private" John M. Allen of Mississippi, who is now serving his last term in Congress, having refused unanimous renomina-tion and certain re-election. For 15 years there has been none to contest his pre-eminence as the humorist of the House, and all of his colleagues who have been re-elected to the Flfty-seventh Congress sincerely regret that he is not to return, a regret shared alike by Republicans and Democrats

Pyper can give, and with the hearty aid of our best musical organizations, we can do something worthy the genius of Father Ridges. I would propose that February 15th be selected as the date, that being about the last time we shall be able to hear the magnificent ipe organ in its present state, as after hat date the changes and additions ill be put in place and the organ may erhaps remain silent for some weeks, suggest that the entertainment take he form of a "grand organ concert," ith selections from Profs. McClellan Daynes, Radcliffe and something from he venerable organ builder himself, with he leading vocal organizations of the city interspersing selections. Of course the services of the Tabernacle choir are ssured, and our other organizations will ubiless grant their services.

Such part of the task as may be mine will give me infinite pleasure to perform. Your brother and friend

E. STEPHENS, Director Tabernacle Choir,

fects.

expected.

Built."

All eyes are now on the Grand, where a return to the stock system is once more to be tried. No company that ever appeared here has had the preliminary advance work done for it that the Cummings organization has done, and It now only remains to be seen whether the players are worthy of it. The full cast of "A Gilded Fool" will be as fol-

Chauncey Short ... Ralph E. Cummings Matthew Ruthven ...Robert Cummings Banister Strange ...Willard Blackmore Bankers and Brokers. Jack Duyal, Manager Philadelphia

branch of Ruthven & Co.

Rev. Jacob Stowell, who has a mis-

... Harry F. Cummings

a column review said: "From Becky and Tess: from an ex-hibition of a witty woman's transparent cleverness to the study of a soul trag-edy-no other player living could make

"Shchandoah," the play which brought more money and fame to Bron-son Howard than either "The Banker's Daughter" or "The Henrietta," comes again to the Theater next week. Plays may come and plays may go, but Shenandoah bids fair to go on forever. Its great success is no doubt due to its fervid patriotic theme, and as it is mounted with all the lavishness that litted with all the lavishness that

Litt always employs, it is likely to do the old time phenomenal business. Sergeant James Warren, Third Artil-lery, U.S. A., who is back in this country on a six months' furlough, is in charge of the artillery detachment which is with Jacob Litt's big "Shen-andoah" company. Sergeant Warren, besides being in the Philippines with General Oils, was at Porto Rico with the expedition under the command of General Miles, for whom he has the STen! Frateat adoration. Indeed it is danger-ous for anyone to belittle the general commanding in his presence.

A pleasant anecdote is related of Broadhurst, author of "Why Smith Left Home" which played here this week, and Bronson Howard, author of "Shen-andash" which andosh." which comes to the Theater on Wednesday next. While Broadhurst was managing the Bush Street theater, San Francisco, Bronson Howard hap-gened into the theater and requested that the usual courtesies be extended bin. The conversation between Broadandoah." The conversation between Broad-and Howard veered to Sothern's hurst production of "The Maister of Wooddone at the Baldwin Theater. Broad-hurst ventured the opinion that one konged and being asked his reason by which at the time was being



ESTELLA DALE,

Gertrude Ellingham, in "Shenandoah."

cent years. Negro acts are not going with that zest that marked their success one or two seasons back.

and Howard was quite a long one. At its conclusion Mr. Howard said, "You ought to try to write a play." The The combination of young Salt Lak seed probably took deeper root than he He did try, and the result was "The state at hand very good success, especially in Ogden; on New Year's night, they had a fine audience at the opera house in that place. Miss Arvilla Clark made her debut on the stage, Speculator," after which he wrote "The Wrong Mr. Wright," "What Hap-pened to Jones," and "Why Smith Left Home." He has lately produced another successful farce, "The House that Jack"

The Boston Lyric Opera company puts in a full week at the theater soon It does both grand and comic opera.

ers which recently rendered a skit called "Hearts and Flowers" (how the author of "The Widow Hunt", might stare at that name) in the north, are

them irresistable as humor and telling as argument. Mr. Allen first took his seat in Congress in December, 1885, and early in his first term earned a reputa-tion as a wit, which he has sustained ever since. Word that he was on the

woven into his speeches as to make

in-chief"-eyes that could see in the BURNHAM, AMERICAN SCOUT. How He Taught His Business to the British Army.

(Hugh Sutherland, in Philadelphia North American.)

and concluded with these words: "I has been of such great service to her

His metaphors and similes are spar-kling and original, arousing at times uncontrollable merriment, though giv-ing evidence that there are thought, purpose, character and ability behind the generous flow of wit and humor.

dark. Night after night he spent on the veldt under the cold stars, miles away from his command, moving like a shadow across the plain, crawling into Boer camps, lying flat on his face among the tethered horses and gatherng every scrap of information about enemy that sight and hearing put within his seach. Before dawn he would glide away through the grass and ride back to his own command and lay before Lord Roberts an ac-curate picture of the enemy's forces. with details of their probable movements for the next twenty-four hours. There was not another man in the British army who could have done this perilous work. Among the colonial troops-the lanky Australian plains-men and the ranchers from the Canadian northwest- there were many who understood and practiced scouting in a general way, but none of them ever approached the amazing impudence of Burnham in his treatment of the

He was captured only once, though scores of times he was within the Boer lines in khaki uniform. But it must not be supposed that his capture was due to blundering. He was engaged in signaling "danger" to the British troops, and only desisted when he saw that they had caught the warning-and incidentally when half a dozen Boers were telling him along rifle barrels to surrender. The story dragged out of him one night at din-ner in Pretoria. It was in one of the earlier skirmishes

of the war. Burnham was doing some scouting by daylight, and discovered a Boer commando concealed behind a Boer commando concealed behind a hill-kopje, if you like-a few hundred yards to his left. Two miles in front of them the British detachment was noving solemnly across the brown plain towards the trap. Burnham scrambled up on the highest point of the hill he was on and stood clearly outlined against the sky. With one eye on the Boers, he pulled out his red bandanna handkerchief and began a vigorous wigwagging to the advancing troops. The dusty column moved steadily on.

and Burnham beat the air as steadily with his signal flag. A Mauser builet sped past him with a nasty whine, and from the tail of his eye he could see party of Boers running towards him behind the slope. So he sirnaled more rapidly, until he saw the British ad-vance scouts wheel and gallop back to the main body. Then he dropped his handkerchief and threw up his hands, and told the Boers he was guite rearly in accommany them. He limed had He did not lack company them. He limped badly. He did not lack company that night. He was to be sent to Pretoria with a wagon train. There were a dozen big. lumbering vehicles in the train, and in each rode two or three Britishers, sev-

each rode two of three influences sev-eral of them wounded. I asked Eurn-ham whether his wound hurt bim. "Oh, I wasn't wounded," he said pleasantly. "I adopted that imp when they took me, just as a precaution-in case I might need it, you know-and tied my handkerchief tightly just case I might need it, you know and tied my handkechief tightly just above the knee. It wouldn't do to make it too bad, of course, so when they offered me a surgeon I insisted that there was nothing more than a scratch. There wasn't, either; not as much, in fact."

Burtham was placed in a wagon about the middle of the long column, but complained that it was too crowd-ed, so they moved him further back. then his temper, which is ordinarily smooth, developed bad traits, and to stop the row the commandant ordered him further back in the line. So by one pretext and another he worked his

As the long column moved slowly along the dim track in the veldt the two scouts tested each other's skill. Burnham lay at the front of the wagon, his hat off and his eyes closed. The bushman trotted silently beside the front wheel. With less sound than a snake among dry leaves the American wormed himself along under the hood to the back and peered out into the darkness. There was a patter of feet right under him, and he could see a right under him, and he could see a little black shape jogging along through the dust. He carefully ar-ranged his broad-brimmed hat over the tailboard and crawled back to the front. In three seconds the little bush-man was at his side and silently hand-ed him his hat.

way toward the rear until he was rid-

ing in the last wagon of all. A few yards behind that rode six mounted

men, and a quarter of a mile further back rode the rear guard. Burham

waited. That evening, as the column was crossing a drift, the rear wagons were delayed, and the prisoners who were able to walk were allowed to get down and stretch their legs. One of the British officers caught sight of the scout and halled him. "Hello, Burnham, he said cheerfully; "so they've got you?" "Shut ap."

"Shut up!" retorted Burnham in a

fierce whisper. The Boer commandant had half heard the name of the fa-

mous scout, and wheeled around sharp-

by. When the wagons finally got across the drift he called up a bushman, one of those wonderful little natives who have the keen instincts of animals, and

told him to watch Burnham. Then began a silent duel, The American

As the long column moved slowly

scout almost met his match.

waited.

ed him his hat. Every device that he could think of Burnham tried, but it seemed no use, So he settled himself down in absolute stillness, with eyes and ears wide open. Hour after hour passed, yet with dog-ged patience he hung on and waited. It was nearly dawn when his chance came. The bushman ran forward a few steps to speak to the driver of the team, who was swinging his long whip ed him his hat. team, who was swinging his long whip over the plodding line of oxen. Those few seconds were enough. Silently Burnham slipped forward on

his face, out on to the disselboom-the heavy pole between the wheel oxen. Heavy pole between the wheel oxen. He lay dow on the big timber full length, clasped it with his arms and legs, swung himself to the under side and dropped on his back on the soft dust

The heavy wheels creaked past; then came the six mounted guards. In the black darkness the man on the ground had only his ears to guide him. Lying flat and straight, with his arms close to his sides, he wriggled a few inches to one side and lay still, and on each side of him passed three horses, their hoofs kicking dust into his face. Two seconds more and he was free. He gave them fifty yards' from the track for twenty yards and lay still until the wagon train had passed out of hearing. The first streaks of dawn were showing.

Getting his direction, he started on rapidly-without a limp-towards when he would strike the British lines. Sud denly he saw in the dim light, within 300 yards, a Boer farm house and three or four armed men on a hill near by He dropped like a weasel and wright through the grass to a little di where a tiny creek runs in the ra season. Dogs were barking around th farm house. He lay down on les back put his hat over his eyes and kept still It wasn't so had for an hour or tw except that he was a little hungry. Bu the chill of the night gave way to still ling heat as the sun rose and beat down on the plain. By cautiously peering out he could see that the armed men were still on watch, and there was nothing to do but He still. The sun rose until it stoed almost straight overhead, and Burnham was

tortured by thirst more than by hun ger. He hardly dared move a muscle While he lay motionless his khak aniform could not be distinguished from the dry grass. His hair over his face kept the glare out of his eyes. Onhis parched lips and dry throat hurt But sunset came at last, the twi-

light for a few minutes, then the co-darkness. When the last glimmer o light was gone. Burnham be crawl away on his hands and began ti In an hour or two he had circled far enough away from the hill where the Boers were to get on his feet. All that night he kept up his weary march, and at daybreak sighted the British outposts.

"What did the sentries say when you walked into camp?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't bother the sentrics," he ald, "I just went past them in the said. usual way. It is much less trouble to pass a British sentry quietly, when you don't know the countersign, than it is to let him stop you. I always avoided

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Leipzig, Germany. Studio, 127 North West Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

play "L'Aigion" on the road just ahead of Bernhardt and Coquelin. Alice Fisher and Louise Thorndyke Boucicault are with Henry Miller's pro-duction of "Richard Savage."

The Cummings Stock company will visit Ogden week after next, rendering "A Gilded Fool," and "Captain Swift."

English theater goers are to soon see "Shenandoah." which, by the way, will be entitled "Ladysmith" and somewhat changed to suit the tastes of the Brit-



WILLARD BLACKMORE, Of the Cummings Stock Company,

Willard Blackmore, the leading man of the Cummings Stock company, was, until he came to this city, the leading man in Forepaugh's Stock company in Philadelphia. Prior to that he playe d leads with Carl Haswin in the "Lion's Heart." He was also for two years in a stock company in Louisville, and for three years has been with Mr. Cummings.

When Captain Fred Burnham left Pretoria last June, invalided home on account of injuries, Lord Robertshanded him a remarkable letter. It announced the American scout's appointment as a major in the British army,

do not think there is another man who

I lost my nerve and dared not wait. I tried the next night with the same re-sult, and then gave it up in despair, fully satisfied that the audience were thoroughly interested in my stage ef-The conversation between Broadhurst

. . .

It is a brave woman who would dare to enter the lists against Louis James and Kathryn Kidder, take the Grand, while they were at the Theater, and lift her prices to \$2, while they played to \$1.00 and \$1.50. That is just what Minnie Maddern Fiske has done, how-ever, and there will be general curiosity felt over the outcome. Manager Kall-man says the seats already taken by

man says the seats already taken by

the holders of season tickets will take care of nearly all the lower part of the

house, so there is apt to be a scramble over what remain. Mrs. Fiske has just

concluded her Chicago engagement and

Chicago Evening Post in the course of

the two expositions so convincing as does Mrs. Fiske, and never has she

gained a more attentive, appreciative hearing than she had at the Grand last

evening, when she made the character-istic transfer. To step from the Thack-

eray scenes with their glamor and pa-

geantry to the sordid, mean and miser-

able life Thomas Hardy described so

daringly and truthfully in his novel, re-ouires more than mere versatility-it demands genius, the brilliant genius Mrs. Fiske possesses."

THEATER GOSSIP.

Mansfield is to produce "Herod" on

James O'Nell has played "Monte Cristo" about 5,000 times.

It is reported that the theatrical

It is proposed that Maude Adams will

business has taken a "slump" in New

March 17th.

York.

It is a brave woman who would dare