

Dramatic



TO PLAY BEFORE KING EDWARD.



King Edward has again shown his high regard for Americans by making them conspicuous in his invitations to Chatsworth, where a house-party is to be given in his honor. Miss Wilson is one of the king's favorites.

How hard the times really are among the theaters of New York, one hardly realizes until he sees some such compilation of facts as that in the New York News of last week. That paper gives an entire page to picturing noted actors and actresses who have either been "called in," or had to change their season's plans. Among those whose faces appear are Julia Marlowe, who failed in "Facts of Nature," a case, of course, in which the play was entirely to blame. Arthur Byron, who made his hit here with Mary Mansering in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," looked for great things in Clyde Fitch's "Major Andre," but that play ran for hardly 19 performances before it was retired. Mr. Byron was then lucky enough to secure his old place with Miss Mansering. Nat Goodwin's face also appears. His lamentable failure in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is well known. He then took up with Ned Boyle's "My Wife's Husband," but as that did not suit him, he fell back on "A Titled Fool" and "In Mizouza," in which plays he will probably be seen in this city. Willie Collier tried three plays and failed in all of them. Jessie Milward had to give up the show after trying hard to make the production of "The Courtesans," but the production did not live to reach the road, and Mr. Johnson was made the lover in "A Japanese Nightingale." Blanche Ring failed utterly in "The Jersey Lily." Alice Fischer had what looked like a good play in "What's the Matter with Susan," but after two weeks, the doors were closed. The list ends with Edward Harrigan, an old-time favorite, who it was thought would jump back into popularity with his own play entitled "Under Cover," but no amount of booming could atone for the crudity of the construction, and that, too, went the way of the others.

Reports this week indicate that there is a general looking up along Broadway, and certainly the horde of disheartened actors and actresses, who have been waiting for the tide to turn, will receive the news with thankfulness.



ALBERTA GALLATIN
In Ibsen's "Ghosts."

After a long stretch of silence, the theater doors will be re-opened Monday night, the attraction being Henrik Ibsen's "Ghosts," presented by the talented actress, Miss Alberta Gallatin. This lady made her professional debut in 1899 with Mrs. D. P. Bowers, and since then she has supported Richard Mansfield, Thos. W. Keene, Sothern, and Joe Jefferson. She has had a wide experience with stock companies in all parts of the land, and comes well equipped to present what many people call Ibsen's masterpiece.

As all who follow the drama know, "Ghosts" has had a highly successful run in New York and while it is marked by all the gloomy recollections that distinguish Ibsen's works, it has a fascination that draws all classes to the theater. The Norwegian playwright has his admirers in this city, and no doubt Miss Gallatin will be greeted by a full house Monday night.

At the Grand tonight the hilarious comedy, "Hello Bill," winds up the week. Next week the patrons of the house will have to go on half rations, for only the first three days are open. They will be occupied by that old-time favorite, "Yon Yenson," which never seems to grow old. This year the company is headed by Neise Erickson, who is said to be one of the best Scandinavian actors going. Included in the company is the lumberman's comedy quartette, "Yon Yenson" never knew what it was to play to poor business in Salt Lake, and no doubt the old record will be kept up next week.

The New York Herald has the following regarding the Iroquois fire, and the closing up of the "Ben Hur" company:

After all it seems that European theatrical scenery is not fire proof, as all the scenery and nearly every one of the stage properties used in "Ben Hur," which burned last night in the Iroquois theater fire, in Chicago, came from London. Not only was all the scenery made in England, but it was also used for a long time there when the spectacle was given at the Drury Lane.

When Klaw & Erlanger bought the production for America, they also bought the scenery and properties. It was this English scenery that was used here in New York, on the road and finally burned in Chicago.

This would seem to pretty well disprove the statement that English scenery is fireproof, for it burned quite as easily as though it had been made in New York.

In addition to the "Bluebeard" and "The Billionaire" companies, the majority of whose members are now back in this city, the members of the "Ben Hur" company will be back here and

had left in her room. That was the last seen of her.

The admirers of Dustin Farnum, who played Denton here in "Arizona," will be glad to know that he has made a heavy personal hit in the presentation of "The Virginian" at the Manhattan theater in New York. He is enthusiastically praised, although the play itself is criticized. Another member of the cast who receives hearty commendation is Mr. Campbell, who plays the "bad man," Trampas. Mr. Campbell's Tony in "Arizona" and his Tom in "Puddin'-head Wilson" are well remembered by Salt Lake theater goers.

The critics of the Evening Post—one of the best in New York—thus speaks of Farnum's work:

Mr. Dustin Farnum as the Virginian, may be said to have stepped alive out of the pages of Mr. Wigglesworth, just as Sir Henry Irving as Charles I was said to have stepped from a canvas of Van Dyck. Whether he is simply reproducing his own personality is something to be determined hereafter, but at all events, he furnishes one of the freshest and most vital impersonations that the stage has seen for a long while. And the beauty of it is that it is the entirely consistent and harmonious in all its manifestations from first to last, in its indolent grace, its habitual gravity, its boisterous humor, its complete and tender manliness and its lovable resolution. It is a pleasure to see strength expressed so vividly without the aid of any such cheap and vulgar expedients as noise and swagger.

If Mr. Farnum can play other parts with equal insight, he has in him the making of a great actor. That he possesses, in his stature, face and voice, physical qualifications of the

most sort must be obvious to all who see him. If he is not the whole show at the Manhattan, he is by far the greater part of it, and judging from the conduct of a second night's audience he is an all-sufficient attraction. Although the southern speech flows so softly from his lips, he is a Bostonian by birth, having been born in that city 25 years ago. Both his father and mother were on the stage, and he has two brothers in the "profession," so he comes naturally to the footlights.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Harry Corson Clarke is the "tenth" manager to tempt fate with the Empire theater in San Antonio, Texas. Like his predecessors, he has vacated a wiser and a sadder man. He has gone to another town with his stock company, and the Empire theater is dark.

They point with a good deal of pride



Our old friend Rebecca Warren is still starring in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and doing well, according to all reports.

E. H. Sothern and the Salt Lake Theater orchestra will try conclusions once more. Sothern is announced as coming west with his production of "A Proud Prince," instead of trying it in London—a wise decision.

Faversham's new play entitled "Mr.

to the fact at Wallack's theater, New York, that an author has held the boards there for a year, that author being George Ade. Just a year ago last Wednesday his opera, "The Sultan of Sulu," was produced, then came "Rogey From Paris," and "The County Chairman," who is still running for office and amusement there.

"Old Adam Forepaugh," said a friend of the veteran showman, "once had a big white parrot that had learned to say:

"One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time—don't crush."

"The bird had, of course, acquired this sentence from the ticket taker of the show. Well, one day the parrot got lost in the country, and Mr. Forepaugh leaped into his buggy and started out posthaste to hunt for it.

"People here and there who had seen the parrot directed him in quest, and finally, as he was driving by a cornfield, he was overjoyed to hear a familiar voice.

"He got out and entered the field, and found the parrot in the middle of a flock of crows that had pecked him till he was almost featherless. As the crows bit and nipped away the parrot, lying on his side, repeated over and over:

"One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time—don't crush."

Ada Dwyer's performance as the heroine of the Chicago boarding house in "Merely Mary Ann," at the Garden, is a study in bit of character drawing, perhaps too vigorous, but certainly not lacking in vivid coloring. She is a first-rate actress, who may always be counted upon for something honest and good in character work.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

"That of it," the newest Clyde Fitch production played at the Savoy is worth seeing, says a New York critic, not because it is a good play or because it is any sort of a play, but because it affords a rare opportunity to see a clever dramatist can do wrong. Here is shown, in a baggy, enough dramatic matter to have made a good play if Mr. Fitch had but taken the trouble to make a brief speech out of it. There is no question of this author's insight into human nature, of his skill in detecting and translating feelings, and in handling them and making dialogue. It is all the more on account of that account that he should have permitted himself such sheer waste as the most careless observer can hardly avoid seeing in his play. Miss Philip James, who has won a place in our hearts by her artistic efforts in children's plays is unfortunately miscast in this place. There is only one performance in it with the possible exception of that of Edward Abbey as the effeminate how wacker, that is worth its final mention. It is that of Miss Lila Watson, who is a musical comedy star, who has graduated from a department store onto the stage. It is a startling interpretation of a not uncommon type. But Mr. Fitch is evidently in need of a long rest.

"I never spent a happier Christmas in my life," said Maxine Elliott on the stage of the Savoy theater, when she closed her record-breaking run on Broadway in Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way." Miss Elliott was compelled to make a brief speech after the second act, and, though nervous and apparently overwhelmed, she managed to ex-

press her thanks for the applause. "I didn't expect to spend Christmas in New York," said Miss Elliott in her speech, "and to do so was the best Christmas gift I received."

Ethel Barrymore hurried around to the Savoy and Criterion theaters last Monday and Tuesday nights, after the fall of the curtain on Cousin Kate, to see her brothers John and Lionel, in "Glad of It," and "The Other Girl." She saw Lionel but missed John, as he is not in the last act.—Mirror.

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Leander Richardson's Letter

Special Correspondence.
New York, Jan. 11.—Last year at this time there were at least a half dozen attractions playing in different parts of the country, the managers of which were clamoring for opportunities to come to New York theaters, basing their anxiety for metropolitan openings upon the fact that they had registered successes of such magnitude elsewhere as to justify the experiment on Broadway. No such condition exists at present. The only really strong hits which have been developed along the line of large cities away from here without having already reached this center are "The Yankee Consul," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "The Pat." These are already booked for runs "in town" at an early period, while the "Mrs. Wiggs" company is being held out purposely by its proprietors, who are pressing with the idea that if the piece is presented on Manhattan island at the beginning of the season it will run straight through until the following spring. These managers are motivated by the extraordinary paucity of desirable theatrical material brought to light during the current season outside New York. Even here we have encountered far more failures than successes, and it seems that in a number of seasons. Some of the men who handle our amusement affairs have a tendency to blame the financial conditions of the period for this situation, but it seems to be that there is more poor stuff in vogue nowadays than usual at the height of the season. Probably the time has something to do with the case, but they are certainly not exclusively responsible. This is shown by the unmistakable fact that the leading hits of last year have been immensely successful this winter in their new quarters, and that they are, as ever before, ready only to be convinced of the actual worth of a theatrical entertainment to patronize it with liberality. It is true that here have been still a few very strong successes in New York, but there is no denying the assertion that they are fewer than the ordinary quota.

"The Medal and the Maid" is the sole new offering of this week. It is on view at the Broadway theater, where it has met with the emphatically expressed approval of very large audiences, and where it will probably enjoy a profitable stay. The production is made by John C. Fisher and Thomas W. Ryley, whose only other joint venture, "Florodora," has had a larger degree of sustained popularity than any other musical comedy of recent years in the matter of running on from season to season with no cessation or interruption. The book of "The Medal and the Maid" is by Owen Halliwell music by Sydney Jones, and both are worthy of strong commendation. Most of the fun is furnished by James T. Powers and Ignacio Marini, while the feminine interest centers largely in Ruth Vincent, a charming actress and singer brought over from London for this occasion. The cast when it otherwise notable, includes Emma Carson, Carl Engelhardt, Jeanette Lenoir, Cyril Scott, W. E. Cadden, Stanley Poole, Tom Terrier, and a large number of others of varying quality. The scenery and costumes are quite superb.

The Palace has the courtesy of his con-fidant and last disclosed to "grin and bear it," when he feels himself an actor. The other day the new director, commissioner made a public statement when Mr. Belasco thought a reflection upon his theater, and that night the manager stepped before the curtain and "talked back" with considerable emphasis. He remarked that he had spent a fortune in making his playhouse not only comfortable to the point of luxury, but safe beyond question, and challenged the department to "find any flaws in it. Thus far they haven't succeeded in doing so, even if disposed, and the Belasco, along with all the other first class places, will amusement in New York, will emerge from official

scrutiny without a scar. It must be said that the new mayor of New York has taken a reasonable and considerate view of the situation by calling the managers to individual conference with him, telling them what changes they ought to make, if any, and asking their co-operation, which as a matter of course they are very glad to give. This is a great deal more sensible and just than taking advantage of a condition of public apprehension to make a "galley play" by peremptorily closing up all the theaters in town, as was done by the sensational and publicity-loving mayor of Chicago. Incidentally it goes to show that the New York theaters are conspicuously well equipped to meet emergencies.

The success scored by Eleanor Robinson in "Merely Mary Ann" at the Garden theater, who at that time will be a brief engagement with her revivals of "Taming the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice" and "The School for Scandal." The stage productions of these classic plays were originally perfected under the personal eye of the late Augustin Daly, who also accomplished a great deal toward molding the artistic qualities of both Miss Rehn and Mr. Skene. An advanced, quite perceptible in the complete fitness of their work upon the stage.

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the Victoria theater into a music hall, closely following George W. Lederer's start upon the conversion of a large structure near Longacre square into a place of entertainment upon similar lines, takes New York back to the time when such institutions flourished vastly here. Mr. Hammerstein is going to give afternoon and evening performances of straight vaudeville to audiences who will be permitted to smoke and otherwise refresh themselves. Mr. Lederer will also encourage the smoking and refreshment privilege while giving shows partly made up of specialties and partly putting forward burlesques upon current successes.

A glance at the running plays in New York is sufficient to indicate that the people just now are craving comedy. "The County Chairman" at Wallack's; "The Other Girl" at the Criterion; William Gillette in "The Admirable Critch-

ton" at the Lyceum; "Mother Goose" at the New Amsterdam; "Harriet's Homecoming," with Mary Mansering at the Garrick; "The Girl from Kays" at the Herald Square, and "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Belasco, are all in the spirit of hilarity. There's very little serious material on view at present.

Now that Fisher & Ryley's "The Medal and the Maid" is fairly under way at the Broadway, these managers have turned their attention to "Guttering Gloria," which they will shortly produce at Daly's. This piece was originally presented in London as a comedy without music and it was well received in that city. In the interval a complete score has been composed, with suitable lyrics, this considerably enlarging the scope of the entertainment. The libretto is by Hugh Morton, author of "The Belle of New York" and other works of lesser popularity.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.

Bernhardt's Most Ardent Disciple.

Special Correspondence.

London, Jan. 5.—Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who has made final arrangements to play in Sarah Bernhardt's Paris theater next Easter and for a run of several weeks, will be, for that length of time, somewhat in the position of pupil at the feet of the master. People who know the triumphant Mrs. Campbell purely in the light of a brilliantly successful, self-sufficient actress will have to re-construct their conception to reconcile them with the idea of Mrs. Campbell, devotee at the shrine of Sarah. Whenever Bernhardt plays and Mrs. Campbell is about, the English tragedienne stands in the wings and studies the Frenchwoman's method. Her attitude toward Bernhardt is said by those who know them both to be touching indeed. She feels almost humble in Sarah's presence, and invariably addresses her as "Madam."

The Bernhardt, on her hand, in addition to considering Mrs. Campbell one of her dearest friends, with whom she is constantly exchanging letters and visits, looks on her disciple's career as practically a condition of life, since Mrs. Campbell is about half the age of the ever-youthful French woman.

Mrs. Campbell, whose husband was killed at the Battle of Rittowstein in South Africa some years ago, is said to be on the high side of 30; yet she has a son who has entered the English navy, with the king and Lord Charles Bessford as sponsors—a fact that promises well for the boy's future.

His sister, Mrs. Campbell's beautiful 16-year-old daughter, is being educated in the family of a German baron, but will make her social debut in London before many seasons. Her mother and children are a curious mixture of their Irish father's temperament and the Italian artistic traits of their mother. It is not generally known that Mrs. Campbell and the late Patrick Campbell, who she married and who she divorced, were passionately in love and, other reports to the contrary notwithstanding, remained so until Mr. Campbell's death.

According to all accounts, Patrick Campbell was a good fellow, of good family, an excellent horseman and a splendid shot. But he hadn't the least knack for making money, and he had inherited all these virtues from some hard times in the family not long after the honeymoon. In desperation Campbell went off to South Africa in the hope of getting rich down there, and his wife went on the stage, cutting no great figure in Sims melodrama, and such things. She was playing in a part a bit like Mrs. Tanqueray one fateful night when Arthur Pinero happened to be present. With his genius for discerning genius he insisted that this practically unknown woman should be cast in the title role of "Mrs. Tanqueray," which was then almost ready for rehearsal. The wife wangled her head off an unpromising first act on the first night, and told each other what a blunder Pinero had made. What happened after the second act is stage history.

When poor Pat got the news he was employed by a hotel in some forlorn little African town to go out and shoot game enough daily to keep the hotel under the bill. He was living in a little hut near the hotel. The gallant Pat shook his head mournfully at his wife's eabled suggestion that at last there was money enough for both of them. He said he didn't want to live on a woman's earnings. But he had a Kaffir robbed him of his savings, and he gave

up a struggle that had lasted seven years, and came back to London. It was several years later that he returned to Africa to continue his struggle.

Mrs. Campbell was born to romance, as it were. Her father, John Tanner, was living in Bombay, when he fell in love with a beautiful Italian circus rider, Louise Romanini, whose father was the proprietor of the show, and married her, to the great astonishment of his social circle in Bombay. The daughter of this union was christened Stella Beatrice after her mother's sister, Stella Romanini, whose horsemanship made her also one of the attractions in Romanini's grand circus.

Mrs. Campbell's people all live near her in Kensington, London. Her mother, a charming Italian who speaks English brokenly, almost invariably accompanies her daughter to the theater. When she is present, Mrs. Hill, a sister of Mrs. Campbell, who is much seen in smart society, is in the dressing room. Mrs. Campbell is one of a family whose family feeling is unusually strong for her position.

The fact that, as Ben Greet says, Mrs. Campbell "works like a charwoman" accounts for the stern treatment she sometimes gives the men and women in her company. She has such laborious ideas that it takes extraordinary efforts and actresses to do all approach them. But when she sees that some one is really trying hard, no one exceeds Mrs. Campbell's favors. This, often, moreover, when she may have worked 18 hours out of the 24; as is quite her custom.

A London social man said of Mrs. Campbell a few days since: "She must be as great an actress as Bernhardt yet. She is far on the path now and scarcely past 30. She has almost Puritanical ideas. She is so many actors and actresses that it takes extraordinary efforts and actresses to do all approach them. But when she sees that some one is really trying hard, no one exceeds Mrs. Campbell's favors. This, often, moreover, when she may have worked 18 hours out of the 24; as is quite her custom."

Mrs. Campbell's home life and social life have none of the rouge-and-powder aspects of the off-stage hours of actresses by those who know little about the subject. She lives in a typically grim and outwardly ugly house in the quiet and rather fashionable Kensington district. But she is so often the case with a forbidding smoke-stained London house, once you get inside you find yourself surrounded with every evidence of rare taste in art and taste. Mrs. Campbell's favorite and most cherished volume is a precious Kelmscott edition of Chaucer—her best loved author—and I have been so fortunate as to obtain a hitherto unpublished photograph by a famous amateur, which shows the actress at home, poring over this identical tome, whose typographical beauties can be judged from the photograph.

Mrs. Campbell was so much fond of America last summer, and goes about so much over here, that she has the reputation of being ambitious socially. But that reputation isn't in accord with the facts. For instead of knocking in this chattering up, and confederating in those lower down the social scale, as the climbers have to do, it doesn't appear to make a particle of difference to this unusual and charming woman whether her intimates are duchesses or girls who have to work for a living. Both kinds are on her visiting list, and all are apparently alike to her so long as they are quiet, thoughtful folk. She was the intimate friend of Burne-Jones and Lady Burne-Jones, and her London house is filled with the artist's work presented to him by her. Mrs. Campbell differs from many actors and actresses who find their only deep interest in the actual stage. It is her artistic and intellectual life, rather than her dramatic interests which decides her friendships for her.

CURTIS BROWNE.

HOSPITALITY LIMITED.

The Anson Phelps Stokeses have a very large and imposing place in Berkshire hills, and their hospitality is famous. The following letter, however, shows that even the capacity of that hospitable house was limited.

Some time ago the son of the family was at Yale. It was early in October, the time when the Berkshire region is at its best. Young Stokes thought he would take a half-dozen or so of his classmates up with him on Friday and keep them over Sunday. So as to make sure that everything would be in readiness, he sent a telegram ahead, which read:

"I am going to bring a party of 9 men up to stay over Sunday."

This was the first word from one of the members of the family:

"Can accommodate 25 or 30, but not room enough for 26."—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Saved His Leg.

P. A. Danforth of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Aider-Sole cured it in five days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

ENDURANCE OF THE WHITE RACE

The report of the Surgeon-General of the army emphasizes the fact that the white people of the temperate zone are better able to adapt themselves to climatic changes than any other race. Eskimos cannot live in a warm climate, and negroes from the tropics cannot stand exposure in extremely cold countries. Individuals of the white race might not be able to endure great changes, but as a race it has proved its ability to live in any country where human habitation is possible.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

An Editor Speaks.

Editor Lynch of "Daily Post" Philadelphia, N. J., has tested the merits of Cole's Honey and Tar with this result: "I have used a great many potent remedies in my family for coughs and colds, and I can honestly say your Honey and Tar is the best thing I have ever used and I cannot say too much in praise of it." Sole agents, F. J. Hill Drug Co.

BELLE THE KISSER.

Arthur Horn complained to the police today that a big girl grabbed him last night and kissed him. Horn lives in northwest Atchison, and the assault occurred near the company of the Atchison. The police say a big girl known as Belle is under suspicion. Belle lately came to town from Mount Pleasant, and is living with an uncle. Belle the Kissier is only 17 years old, and

rather good looking. She has a mania for kissing men, and she is in spite of their screams, whenever she wants to. The police say that Belle the Kissier has been "chasing" Arthur Horn, but that there are three other boys who would be overjoyed she is fond of.—Atchison Globe.

Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved," writes Mrs. W. Watkins of Pleasant City, O. "Phonolua had been given a severe cold and a terrible cough set in. Besides, doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's Discovery for Consumption, and our darling was saved. He's now sound and well." Everybody ought to know, it's the only cure for Coughs, Colds and all Lung Diseases. Guaranteed by Dr. C. C. I. Drug Store. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

TOILET REQUISITES.

For a satisfactory bath or any of the essentials that you require in delicate and pure soaps, sponges, brushes, sea salt and Florida water, bayrum and perfumeries, creams, powders and everything that goes to make one sweet and wholesome. Welcome, step in. All cars start from

GODBE-PITTS

...Drug Store...

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

If you continue to abuse your eyes from day to day, of course, you have probably concluded to abide by the consequences—but you are not alone. For you—not only you but in the future, to have scientifically correct tests for your particular case.

UTAH OPTICAL CO.

237 MAIN.

MANAGERS OF IROQUOIS THEATRE



William J. Davis and Harry J. Powers, managers of the Iroquois theater, Chicago, recently burned out with a loss of 130 lives, who are under arrest, charged with contributory negligence.