



# The Season In Opera, In Concert and In Drama



**T**HE dramatic, operatic and musical season of 1908-9 will go down in history as one of surpassing interest and one marked by novelty in many respects. While the dramatic stage has always been a prolific field for exploitation of novelties the same cannot be said of the operatic stage. But the modern trend of opera is to recognize the popularity of the new, the novel and in a measure the sensational. The advent of Oscar Hammerstein of New York into grand opera, with his Manhattan Opera House and his

country with the head of John the Baptist in a box Miss Farrar's press agent decided that she was engaged to be married to Antonio Scotti, the famous Italian dramatic baritone, for he knew of several newspapers that would print the story. At present the score is about even, but very probably one or the other of the publicity promoters will soon decide that some foreign prince has presented his star with a diamond necklace valued at \$48,000. Perhaps Miss Garden has a little the better of it now, as she arrived on the same steamship with Andrew Carnegie and was photographed standing with him on the deck.

Two recent arrivals from abroad who add flavor to the season's musical affairs are Mme. Cecile Chaminade, the celebrated French woman composer and Albert Spalding, the faithful violin genius, an American.

Mme. Chaminade is engaged in a concert tour extending from New York to Milwaukee. Her vogue among the young women piano players of America is amazing.

Young Spalding, who has received the most flattering notices from the critics of London, Paris, Berlin, Florence, Vienna, etc., made his debut in Paris June 6, 1905. His next appearance in the capital Francaise was with Adelina Patti, Colonne leading the orchestra. Then came a successful tour in Europe at Vienna, Berlin, Ostend, through the provinces of France, culminating in Florence in a concert with Saint-Saens.

In England Spalding was particularly well received, and his concerts with Henry Wood, with Hans Richter, with the Philharmonic society, were well patronized musical events.

His last year has been well filled, two concerts in Paris with Cortot being particular features.

Just what drama will this season win the coveted title of "the play of the year" is now an agitated question. Whether or not the "plat of the year"



MARY GARDEN AND ANDREW CARNEGIE. Philadelphia Opera House and his stock of down to date ideas, has had a marked influence on the present trend of grand opera in this country.

He makes a particular point of producing new and untried operas, a hazardous venture at best, though the results have not as yet caused Mr. Hammerstein to swerve into more conservative channels.

Naturally his doings have had a sort of reflex influence at the Metropolitan Opera House, where Signor Gatticasazza and Herr Andreas Dippel are in authority.

Mr. Hammerstein will defy public opinion and present "Salome" this season. While the Metropolitan Opera company was forced to take off its "Salome" two seasons ago because of its alleged greswomeness, Mary Garden will be seen at the Manhattan Opera House in a most elaborate and realistic production. When Miss Garden arrived in New York recently a newspaper stated that she brought with her the head of John the Baptist and the silver salver on which it rests. She carried the head in a big square box. What a pleasant traveling companion for the beautiful prima donna!

Miss Garden is enthusiastic about "Salome." This is apparent, for not only has she brought her own head of John the Baptist with her, but she has learned to dance on her toes like a ballet premiere. She has also been coached in the part by Richard Strauss, who wrote the music.

The prima donna consented to describe her costume, but she was extremely modest about it. She insisted that there is nothing vulgar or suggestive in her "dance of the seven veils."

"My costume," Miss Garden said, "is of transparent flesh colored silk. Only my feet and arms are bare, I assure you. I wear no jewels except a ruby and an emerald ring."

Miss Garden was asked to describe the operation of shedding the seven



MME. CECELE CHAMINADE

veils. She said it must be seen to be appreciated. The Paris Information agrees with this.

A rival of Miss Garden for operatic honors will be Geraldine Farrar, the young and unusual lyric soprano who will again appear with the Metropolitan Opera House company. The press agents of these talented young women are working overtime to keep the imaginary adventures of the stars before the public gaze. As soon as Miss Garden's press agent sent out the story that she perambulated around the

**Absurd Stage Business.**  
Theatrical production is full of absurdities in business. A situation is required, a situation is thrown in. It makes not the slightest difference if it be a trolley car crew of song and dance brothers manning a yacht in the desert of Sahara. You have the trolley crew and the yacht, and if the scene happens to be a section of the arid west where typhoons take the place of waterspouts—well, so much the worse for the scene. And if the conductors collect fares from the sailors to carry out the business of the song, "We Are Jolly, Jolly Street Car Men," the audience must be prepared to submit calmly to a sandstorm immediately following, which is necessary to bring on the wind machine and stereopticon. When a comic opera (heaven save the mark!) opened at Madison Square roof with Japanese costumes, Broadway dialogue, a Martian setting and Irish comedy there were absurdities enough to delight a dozen stage directors.—Henry E. Warner in Bohemian Magazine.

**He Couldn't See the Joke.**  
"The mother-in-law joke isn't half as funny to me as it was when I was a bachelor," said a young New Yorker to his old chum. "I've got a pretty good mother-in-law myself, and she's visiting us now. That's all right too. But here's my grudge:  
"Whenever we go out in a bunch, as we generally do, ma grabs the baby every time we sit down—subway, elevated bridge, surface or ferryboat. Just grabs the kid, you know, as if it was her private property; exhibits it in a way to everybody near by, tells the woman next to her all about how to raise children and what she's doing for this particular one; attracts general attention, you see, with my baby as a star performer and my wife and I sitting there without a chance to say a word and looking as if we wanted to apologize for being on earth."  
"Don't think that's funny, eh?" said his friend. "How your sense of humor has shrunk!"—New York Globe.

**Running For the Car.**  
If you feel like emulating Sherlock Holmes try your luck occasionally when you see some one run for a street car. It's a good, easy way to determine the previous training and the present occupation of the subject.  
You will see one fellow dash easily toward the car with a long, swinging stride that usually means athletics, but no special training in the sprint. The old time college runner can be picked out by the way he throws his knees in front, like a high bred trotter.  
Some waddle, and you must relegate them to the general category of "bony business men" whose duty to the desk has robbed them of wind and waist. Others are getting more than their share of avoidpools, but in spite of that manage to show you that they are not out of it by any means. To that type it is a veritable triumph to over-haul a moving car and to swing on without the assistance of the conductor.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**The Joys of Life in Africa.**  
You must never walk barefoot on the floor, no matter how clean it is, or an odious worm called a jigger will enter your foot to raise a numerous family and a painful swelling. On the other hand, be sure when you put on boots or shoes that, however hurried, you turn them upside down and look inside lest a scorpion, a small snake or a perfectly frightful kind of centipede may be lying in ambush. Never throw your clothes carelessly upon the ground, but put them away at once in a tin box and shut it tight or a perfect colony of fierce biting creatures will beset them. And, above all, quinine!—Winston Churchill, M. P., in London Strand.

**Self Disgraced.**  
In Boston, as every one knows, the symphony concerts are viewed in the light of sacred ceremonials. In this connection the story is told of two little girls of a certain family who returned from the music hall "in a state of mind." One of them carried an expression of deep scorn, the other an air of great dejection.  
"What is the matter, girls?" asked some member of the household. "Was the concert fine?"  
"The concert was all right," responded Eleanor. "The trouble was with Mary. She disgraced herself."  
"Disgraced herself?"  
"Yes; she sneezed in the middle of the symphony."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**How Needles Are Made.**  
Needles are all made by machinery. The piece of mechanism by which the needle is manufactured takes the rough steel wire, cuts it into proper lengths, files the point, flattens the head, pierces the eye, then sharpens the tiny instrument and gives it that polish familiar to the purchaser. There is also a machine by which needles are counted and placed in the papers in which they are sold, these being afterwards folded by the same contrivance.

**It Was All Within.**  
A practical joker carried an onion in his pocket to the depot when bidding farewell to a young lady and took a bite now and then to induce tears. Before the train departed he had eaten the entire onion. The young lady, perceiving the situation, remarked, "Ah, you have swallowed your grief!"—Harper's Weekly.

**Men of Yesterday and Today.**  
In our great-grandfather's young days a man was usually not only considered, but really was, elderly at forty, old at fifty and a gouty, flannel swathed wreck at sixty.—London Throne and Country.

**Avarice is the vice of declining years.**  
—Bancroft.

## NEW YORK'S HORSE SHOW



REGINALD VANDERBILT DRIVING A HACKNEY STALLION

**A**NY one who has ever visited the New York horse show will never admit that King Horse is dead and that King Automobile has risen in his stead. Interest in horses has far less chance of dying out than has that of giddy femininity in Paris gowns, picture hats and complexion powders. Nor can a money stringency like that occurring in this country during the past year affect the actions of those horse folk who consider the equine quadruped a proper object of reckless extravagance in the spending of money.

Reading over the list of box holders of this year's exhibition of the national horse show at Madison Square Garden, New York, reveals many new aspirants for classification in the much envied Four Hundred. Of course the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Harrimans, the Lorillards, the Wideners, the Hitecocks, the Colliers, the Mortimers, the Burdens, the Twombles, the Whitneys and other famed families of fashion are never absent from the foot-steps of King Horse's throne during the week that he allows his menials to approach the presence.

The New York horse show opens the American indoor horse show season. Later comes the Chicago horse show and other exhibits that place before the public the best specimens of almost every breed of horses known in this country. Horses are sent from all parts of the United States and from many parts of the world to appear in competition at the New York show. More than fifty blooded horses were entered in this year's exhibit from

borrowed money, on horses, rigs and other accouterments. Then his brokerage firm went to pieces when its capital was thus squandered, and while he was going through a receivership his wife went to work on the stage at \$35 a week. This man had formerly paid his press agent, who gave photos of his horses, stories, etc., to the newspapers, more than the amount his wife was forced to earn to keep the family in food and clothing. All in all, was that not a big price for a man to pay to learn that the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Goulds and their friends did not want to increase their number of friends, that society was so well pleased with itself that it just giggled fit to kill itself when it read in the yellow journals that Broker X had lost all his own money and his wife's, too, in trying to gain admission to the "inner circle?"  
FREDERICK R. TOOMBS.

**Priority.**  
The wagons of "the greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rumble soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and his five-year-old brother Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two white robed figures crept past her bed into the hall on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him beg. "You'll get ahead of me."  
"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.

Mother started to the rescue and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded, but anxious and insistent:

"You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."—Everybody's.

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**Turner and the Doctor.**  
When Turner, the famous painter, was dying at Chelsea he sent in despair for a Rainsgate doctor who had done him some good during his recent stay at that place and who, he hoped, might take a different view of his case from that which the London physicians had expressed. The doctor arrived and confirmed the opinion that the artist had very little time longer to live. "Wait a bit," said Turner to the doctor. "You have had nothing to eat and drink yet, have you?" "No, but that's of no consequence." "But it is," replied the painter. "Go downstairs, and you will find some refreshment, and there is some fine brown sherry—don't spare it—and then come up and see me again." The doctor refreshed himself and then came back to the patient. "Now, then," said Turner, "what is it? Do you still think so badly of my case?" The doctor regretfully said he could not alter his former opinion. The artist shook his shoulders, turned his face to the wall and never spoke again.—Dundee Advertiser.

Keeping up a show is what keeps many a family poor.



MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND MRS. ARTHUR SCOTT BURDEN.

Canada alone, and several famous equine aristocrats were entered from England and the continent.

This year's show illustrates that horseback riding is rapidly increasing in popularity. More saddle horses were entered than ever known before, and the increase proved chiefly noticeable as regards women's saddle horses. Also the patrons of the strictly thoroughbred show horse of practically every description are multiplying, an encouraging sign from the breeders' viewpoint. Whether or not the abolition of thoroughbred racing in the east has caused sports people to center their attention on show horses is a moot question.

Over a million dollars' worth of horseflesh is annually put on show at the New York exhibit. The carriages and other paraphernalia total over a quarter of a million. The gowns worn by the society women represent almost a quarter of a million dollars, and the value of the jewels adorning the pretty persons of the society women seen in the boxes is estimated by a prominent jewel specialist to be more than a million dollars. So it is seen that King Horse is paid homage that would do honor to a Napoleon or an Alexander.

The New York horse show is a terrific, a fatal lure to the socially ambitious. The number of men and women who have spent fortunes to shine at Madison Square Garden during "horse show week" and who have had their hearts broken through their failure to be recognized by the fashionable "powers that be" would amaze the public were it to become known. There was a New York broker a few years ago who made a moderate fortune, and he and his wife decided to break into society by way of the horse show. He spent \$100,000, part of it

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