

The Last Week of That Concert Tour

Miss Kaiser Writes of the Experiences of Saying Good Bye.

FINE FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT

The American Tourists Are Accorded a Magnificent Ovation at Newport and Listen to a Speech by Lord Tredegar, a Survivor of Balaklava.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Cardigan, S. W., Oct. 18.—Our concert here last night was another decided success. The reception was very flattering indeed, and although we were booked here for only one concert, we have been so earnestly requested on all sides to repeat it again today, that we shall do so. Tomorrow we give two concerts in Fishguard, near here. One in the afternoon and one again in the evening. The next day is in Pontardawe, and the next, which is Sunday, Evans—rest, I hope. Next week come Neath and Mountain Ash, and the end, which is not seen in such dim perspective now, after all, comes at Newport Wednesday night, where we shall have a grand wind-up. Miss Driscoll, under whose management the concert takes place here, was down at Cardigan last evening to get out the programme and arrange details. She informs us that we shall have another crowded house, and that among our auditors will be the big man of Mountain Ash, Colonel Morgan, of Ruyper castle, member of parliament for that district, and General Roberts, the hero of the siege of Cardigan. The other three survivors of the famous battle of Balaklava, and he is evidently much pleased indeed, and received it amid great applause and loud cheers from the people.

News of the Green Room and Foyer

Some of the More Important Doings of These, Our Actors.

PREJUDICE AGAINST ACTORS

It Exists Among All Classes and Vance Thompson Explains Why—Beauties of Paul Potter's Latest Play—Other Theatrical Intelligence.

Why do there such a deep-rooted prejudice in the minds of people against the actor? A prejudice it is that no influence of achievement can wholly overcome. It exists throughout every grade and level of civilization and refinement, yes, even among men who pretend to be above it. What is the cause? The explanation of Vance Thompson is interesting. To say the least, "I believe," he writes, "that the origin and continuance of the prejudice is to be explained by the material in which the actor works—himself. He is the sculptor and the marble; the painter and the canvas; the musician and the instrument. To use a Galilean, 'He plays with his person.' You cannot, as in the case of the novelist, separate the man from the artist. This peculiarity is at the root of the whole matter. Mr. Coppain recognized this when he refused to play Scapin, because he had a new son and could not no longer submit to the indignity of the couplet. It is the root of the whole matter. The archaic who grins from the billboards is taken that 'The New Boy' is similar. I do not know who plays the titular role in the current production, but I call up Weston Grossmith's probabilities in a child's frock and sailor hat, with thin legs and whiplike face. And I laugh, not at the new boy at Dr. Candy's school, but at Weston Grossmith, the lean and comical little man. Did he lose anything of the dignity of manhood by this exhibition? If he did, I think you have become the cause of it. Inevitable and inalienable is the prejudice against the actor. One of the comic operas being played in Broadway there is a fat and unwieldy woman. The sole reason for her presence there is the fact that she is unwieldy and fat. If you see a loss of dignity in permitting capital to be made out of these physical disadvantages you have to admit that you are a prejudiced actor against players. Should it not be the other way with equal force? All acting is not buffoonery, not the portrayal of sordid and unlovely characters. If Mr. Grossmith loses some of his natural dignity by being kicked across the stage in 'Robert Macaire,' does not Mr. Irving gain in dignity of mind by the manner in which he plays 'Becket'? The actor who depicts heroic characters should, one would think, gain in those very respects in which the player of humiliating roles loses. But the prejudice, old and insensible, does not recognize this distinction. What it does recognize is the loss of identity, as this, as I have said, is the beauty of the whole production. It is a feeling that a man's personality—his face, his voice, his body—are not to be lightly tampered with. It is something akin to the contempt one feels for the man in everyday life who wears a wig, dyes his moustache, or paints on the crow's feet on his face. He has sophisticated his personality."

The Tale of the Bloomers

Trials of a Tailor Who Endeavored to Equip a Young Lady.

UNIQUE LETTERS FROM SYLVIA

The Bicycle Garments Led to a "Sawtooth" for Sill—They Were Not Properly Made—Where the Chief Wear and Tear Took Place.

Exhibit A in Justice John Patterson's court, in Brooklyn, next week, will show why Miss Sylvia Bogert quit the dress reformers, and why Tailor Ralph A. Clark has made his last pair of bicycle bloomers, says the New York Sun. It will show in detail the trouble between two long suffering people—Miss Sylvia Bogert and Tailor Ralph A. Clark, which Miss Bogert says she will carry to the United States Supreme Court if necessary.

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"All right," said Mr. Clark, "that is our specialty, and we can fit you out." "But I want them different from the bloomers worn by other girls," said Miss Bogert, and when she proceeded to explain that she wanted these queer garments made of navy blue extra heavy storm serge, she insisted that for satisfactory reasons, the bloomers should be lined with chamamois leather, and that in place of buttons and hooks there should be laces on each side to hold the bloomers to her body. She wanted long strips of broad black braid on the sides and four pockets, including one on each hip. Finally, she was very particular in explaining that there should be an extra heavy lining of chamamois leather in that part of the bloomers where the exigencies of wheeling demanded extra strength.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

Central Railroad of New Jersey

Anti-railroadism has increased, but the railroad is still the life of the nation. The Central Railroad of New Jersey is a prominent example. It connects New York with Philadelphia, and provides a vital link between the East and the South. The schedule of trains is as follows:

Station	Train No.	Time
New York	100	6:00 a.m.
Philadelphia	101	11:00 a.m.
New York	200	3:00 p.m.
Philadelphia	201	8:00 p.m.

AMUSEMENTS

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY. BETTER THAN BEFORE. THE STOWAWAY. Royal and Romantic Return of the Renowned Reformed Burglar, "SPIKE" HENNESSEY and "KIT" McCOW, who will "rock" a real safe with surprising swiftness.

In Compliment to Dr. Parry.

At the beginning of the second part of the programme, instead of the quartette, Mr. Evans informed the audience that the programme had been changed. There were three of the great composer and musician of all Wales, and one of the foremost in the world today, Mr. Anwyll and I would sing the duet from his opera, "Biedermeier," accompanied by the honored composer himself. My thought would be, "What a grand opportunity!" I am sure Mr. Anwyll will be, too, for we both did our level best, as you may rest assured we did not wish to sing his own composition for him and do not do it full justice. After the concert was over the stage was invaded by hosts of lovely people who came up to meet and congratulate us all, the lord mayor and his lady introducing many people to us. He is going to be photographed with us tomorrow, with his turned cloak of office and all the rest of the funny things these dignitaries wear over here. Miss Driscoll and her sister, Amelia Driscoll, who occupied the stage with us tonight, and who played some of the accompaniments, are to be taken with us as well. Tomorrow afternoon we are all going down to Cardiff to the concert, where the programme will be given for us, and some time tomorrow, probably in the morning, we must attend the military bazaar, to which we have been very cordially invited. Then tomorrow night there is another farewell banquet to be given by Mr. Tom Stevens to our party up at Treherbert, in Rhondda valley. We had intended to go to Treherbert, but we must go to our journey to London the next day, so we shall send the gentlemen of the party to represent us.

Paul Potter's Latest Play.

Paul Potter's latest play, "The Beauty of the East," is a masterpiece of dramatic art. It tells the story of a young man who falls in love with a girl from the East, and the obstacles that stand in the way of their union. The play is full of action and passion, and is a true work of art.

THE REAL DANGER.

From the Detroit Free Press. One of Detroit's budding hunters, a youth of 20 summers, went the other day to a veteran in the line to borrow a rifle. The old man, after a moment's reflection, said the veteran, with a very palpable note of doubt and fear in his voice, "but I can't let you have it." "Why not?" asked the young hunter, bridling at the imputation on his skill. "Because I am afraid something might happen." "What do you mean?" "You talk," he said, "as if you were afraid I might shoot myself." "No," protested the veteran earnestly, "it isn't that. What I'm afraid of is that you might shoot the dog." The young hunter turned his back on the veteran in a towering rage.

DELIA, LACK, AND WESTERN.

Delia, Lack, and Western are the latest additions to the list of new plays at the Academy of Music. They are all highly regarded and are expected to draw large audiences.

THE PRINCESS BONNIE

By the author of "The Little Tycos." 70 People, including an augmented orchestra. Tickets \$1.50, \$1.00, and 50c. Sale of seats open Monday, Nov. 10.

BOB FITZSIMMONS

Champion Middle-Weight of the World. James J. Corbett, for a \$41,000 purse and \$10,000 stake, and his own. BOB FITZSIMMONS will appear in his great ball fighting scene, and display of the Manly Art with his companion, Con Reid.

WILLARD SPENSER'S OPERA CO.

The Original Organization Direct from the Grand Opera, Philadelphia. THE PRINCESS BONNIE. By the author of "The Little Tycos." 70 People, including an augmented orchestra. Tickets \$1.50, \$1.00, and 50c. Sale of seats open Monday, Nov. 10.

DAVIS' THEATER

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, NOVEMBER 12, 13 AND 14. THE CHARMING COMEDIENNE. Pauline Parker. In the beautiful Comedy Drama "WILD ROSE." Supported by a Powerful Company, and the Favorite Comedians, Richard and Hensley. Admission, 10, 20 OR 30 CENTS. Two performances daily at 2.30 and 8.15 p.m.

THEY'RE AFTER ME

But so far behind in the race when it comes to selling standard goods, at low prices, that they are not worth considering as competitors.

DON'T TAKE MY WORD

For it. Compare the values I offer in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware, with what you can get elsewhere and you will be guided thereafter by your own judgment.

C. W. FREEMAN

CORNER PENN AND SPRUCE. Maloney Oil and Manufacturing Co. OILS, VINEGAR AND CIDER. 141 to 161 MERIDIAN ST.

Noted Leaders in a Group.

Oct. 23—Today, among other things that are going to happen, Mr. Evans, Tom Stevens and Curragh, the three winners of the three largest prizes ever offered by eightfold, are to have their photographs taken in a trio group, up at the Druid store, near Pont-y-Pridd. These three wonderful men were all born at the same place, Aberdare, South Wales. He has, town is justly proud of this fact, and the townsmen, you may be sure, I almost envy the friends of Mr. Evans, Mr. Anwyll, Mr. Blackwood and Mr. Burns the anecdotes and incidents with which they will be able to entertain this winter. They must have a stock on hand long enough to enable them to tell a story every day for a year, almost. No doubt this winter will reach you any sooner than they will, and I will now close, as you will hear everything I have not mentioned from them. We have made so many dear friends, and have had such a delightful time, altogether, that though we are not very sorry to stop working, we are certainly sorry indeed to separate. Sadie E. Kaiser.

That Is to Say—Slim.

We believe Breckinridge's chances of getting a United States senatorship are enhanced by the fact that he is a member of the cabinet of cashing her \$50,000 judgment.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

When the frost is on the punkin and the leaves are on the tree, And you hear the quack and the gobble and the strutting turkey cack, And the cackling of the ganders and the cluckin' of the hens, And the rooster's halloo-cree as he struts on the fence, With the rick on a greet him from a night of peaceful rest, As he leaves the house bare-headed and the chickens scold and caw, When the frost is on the punkin and the fudder is in the shock, They're something kinda' hearty-like about the atmosphere. Of course, we miss the flowers and the greenery, and the sun that is so warm, And the hum of the humbirds' wings and the buzz of the bees; But the red and the orange, and the land-scape through the haze, Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days, Is a picture that no painter has the color-ink to mock— When the frost is on the punkin and the fudder is in the shock, The lucky, rusty rattle of the tassels of the corn, And the rattle of the tangled leaves, as golden as the corn, The stubble in the furrows—kinda' home-sweet-like, but still— As the wind seems to us to be growing to it, The horses in their stall—the clover O, it set my heart a-cloakin' like the tickle in a clock. When the frost is on the punkin and the fudder is in the shock, The happy, rusty rattle of the tassels of the corn, And the rattle of the tangled leaves, as golden as the corn, The stubble in the furrows—kinda' home-sweet-like, but still— As the wind seems to us to be growing to it, The horses in their stall—the clover O, it set my heart a-cloakin' like the tickle in a clock.

THE MIND READING BOY.

From the Detroit Free Press. The policeman had been standing on the corner for about ten minutes, and a fox-like young fellow sitting on a door-step was watching him. The boy's curiosity overcame him at last, and he sidled up to the officer. "I say, Mr. Copper," he said at a safe distance, "what are you standing on this corner for?" "That's my business," he replied curtly. "Well, you seem to be tending to it," ventured the boy. "That's what I'm paid for." "All's names?" chirruped the lad, "I know what you're standing here for." "I've got a nickel if you'll tell me," bawled the officer, as he held out a coin to the kid. "Throw it to me," said the boy, keeping his distance warily. "Not touch. You tell me what I'm standing here for and I'll give it to you." The boy came close enough to reach the officer's hand and snatch the nickel. "You're standing here for ten minutes," he said, with a grab at the money and the officer chased him in vain.

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