

News of the Green Room and Foyer.

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

"Senator" William H. Crane contributes to the press a signed condemnation of plays on the order of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," seen here one week ago. "What I want to know," he asks, "is what good do these plays do? They certainly panders to the viciousness of human nature and cause children to ponder over things they should not know until later in life. They solve no problems and teach no lessons. To my mind they are the outcome of a feverish, morbid period, and like the paralytic style of novel, which belongs to this same period, cannot live. There is nothing ennobling about them, and they fail to elevate the stage. They answer no good purpose, and the quicker they die the better." Touching the argument that nastiness pays, he pertinently remarks, "My own experience has been that the public is always eager to support a good, wholesome play that is entertaining. The play must have a strong heart interest and must teach a lesson. I do not mean that a playwright must pound morality and virtue into the heads of the people. Neither is it necessary that the characters should all be ministers and do nothing but preach. The people will not have that. If they want preaching they will go to church for it." Mr. Crane's conclusion is that "authors must soon find it more profitable to write good, healthy plays that deal with the moral side of life. They will find them more lasting. The day of the good, wholesome drama is not far away. Then not a few, but all of the theatres will give us entertainments that children, as well as their elders, may see, and the playhouse will again be known as a place of healthy amusement. When that time comes I will cheerfully shout out, with innumerable others, 'Heaven be praised!'"

The Sun tells the following good story on Joseph Jefferson. For a week during Mr. Jefferson's recent production of the immortal "Rip," one man had each night occupied a certain seat and applauded vociferously. On the concluding evening of the engagement, this man went to the stage entrance, and asked if he might see Mr. Jefferson for just a moment. The veteran actor is a man of kind heart, and he said to the doorman, "Well, let Mr. Blank come in. I'll see him for a moment." Mr. Blank entered modestly and began: "Mr. Jefferson, this is indeed an honor for which I thank you. I have a great appreciation for artists." Mr. Jefferson made a conventional reply, "Yes," continued, "Blank, I have enjoyed your 'Rip' very much more than any play that I have ever seen." "Thank you," said Mr. Jefferson. "I came to see it with a purpose," continued Mr. Blank. "I have heard so much of Rip's long sleep, and being a wide-awake man myself, I thought that I could do a little business with you that would be to our mutual advantage." Mr. Jefferson was surprised at this turn of the conversation, and he said: "I haven't the slightest idea of what you are hinting at, Mr. Blank. Will you please explain?" "Well, you see, Mr. Jefferson, I am the inventor of a patent spring bed. It's a dandy, sir, and all that I claim for it, or I shouldn't, have come to you. It will not sag in the middle with use, and it is an article that is warranted never to wear out. Now, here's my idea, and there is \$10 a night in it for you. I'm willing to spend money. You will earn it dead easy. I just want you to put in a line in the play after you wake up saying that you had slept on one of Blank's patent spring beds. That's all you've got to do, and there's \$10 a night in it for you, and it is an article that—but Mr. Jefferson had fled.

Just before concluding his American tour, Beerbohm Tree made a "farewell speech" which is a gem in its way. He said: "Ladies and Gentlemen—Tonight we are to take leave of you, but before doing so I desire to express my thanks for the consistent and generous encouragement which we have received at the hands of the American people since we arrived on these shores. We shall take back with us only pleasant memories and grateful thoughts of the warmth with which you welcomed us, and of the goodness which you have given us tonight. I am happy to be able to announce to you that I have accepted an offer to return to this country before another year elapses. I hope you will not forget us in the mean time. Hamlet says: 'A great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by'r lady, he must utter churches then.' Ladies and gentlemen, I hope we may have succeeded in building some little shrines in your hearts. On Wednesday we shall sail for England with not a cloud to dim the blue sky of our memory."

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES:
Henrik Ibsen is 68 years old.
Sadie Matson has closed her initial starring tour.
Mollie Fuller is doing a Trilby dance in her bare feet.
Charles Frohman has engaged 300 actors for next season.
Maude Banks will present "Wildfire" soon in New York.
Bob Hilliard will star next season in "Twenty-four Hours."
Edwin Arden, of "Eagle's Nest" fame, has joined Mansfield's company.
Henry Arthur Jones' new play is called "The Triumph of the Philistines."
Mrs. Patrick Campbell may come to America next season with John Hale.
Lotta has been spending the winter in Madrid. She will return home in May.
Mansfield will produce "The Peruvians," a modern romance, by Louis N. Parker.
It is said that Jack Raffael is to marry the daughter of a "Prisco newspaper man."
Modjeska is in Rome. She has played "Fedora," and will add the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" to her repertoire.
Clara Daymer, who is to play "Lady Macbeth" at a forthcoming matinee in New York, is a niece of Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax.
"What that tragedy needs," said one critic, "is more realism." "Yes," replied the other. "They ought to kill the actors sure enough."—Washington Star.

It is hinted by Le Figaro that Sardois' "Rabagas," which was supposed as being an attack on Gambetta, is to be given at the Paris Ambigu with Coquelle in the title role.
The announcement is made that Katharine Germaine will be at the head of a summer opera company. Miss Germaine once made her manager pay damages for saying she had a figure like a barrel.
A play Richard Mansfield has in rehearsal is called "The Great Philanthropist." It is said to be a melodrama after the style of "The Fatal Card," and Mr. Mansfield will play the part of a thief in the employ of another robber.
Few actresses dislike to have their pho-

such changes and misapprehensions. The initial syllable "Sa" or "Sk" would very likely be dropped colloquially. I have often noticed such misapprehensions in Indian speakers. "Kayingwaurto," I have little doubt, was intended for Old King. Sa-yen-ga-ra-ha, as it is frequently spelled, is never long O at the end of a syllable; and is hardly distinguished from "uh" or "ah." Yours very truly, William C. Bryant.

We think that absolutely reasonable doubt can remain that the leader of the Indians at the massacre of Wyoming was Sa-yen-ga-ra-ha. We may add that the more the massacre itself is studied the more charitable become the American historians in their judgment of John Butler, the leader of the Tories. While by no means a saint, he was certainly not the fearfully bloody wretch that the earlier writers represented him as being.

INGERSOLL ON SHAKESPEARE.
Brilliant Bit of Word Painting by the Noted Lecturer.

If Shakespeare knew one fact, he knew its kindred and its neighbors. Looking at a coat of mail he instantly imagined the society, the conditions that produced it, and what it in turn produced. He saw the castle, the moat, the drawbridge, the lady in the tower, and the knightly lover spurring across the plain. He saw the bold baron and the rude retainers, the trampled serf, and all the glory and grief of feudal life. He was a man of imagination. He lived the life of all. He was a citizen of Athens in the days of Pericles. He listened to the eager eloquence of the great orators, and sat upon the cliffs, and with the tragic poet heard "the multitudinous laughter of the sea." He saw Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield and heart of falsehood. He was present when the great man drank hemlock, and met the night of death, and was untroubled by the sophists. He listened to the peripatetic philosophers, and watched Socrates as he chiseled shapeliness to forms of love and awe. He believed in immortality.

He lived by the mysterious Nile, amid the vast and monstrous. He knew every thought that wrought the form and features of the Sphinx. He heard great Memnon's morning song when marble lips were smitten by the sun. He laid him down with the embalmed and waiting dead, and felt within their dust the expectation of another life, mingled with cold and suffocating doubt—the children born of long delay. He walked the ways of mighty Rome and saw great Caesar with his legions in the field. He stood with vast and motley throngs and watched the triumph given to victorious men, followed by uncrowned kings, the captured hosts, and all the spoils of ruthlessness—the children born of long delay. He saw great Caesar with his legions in the field. He stood with vast and motley throngs and watched the triumph given to victorious men, followed by uncrowned kings, the captured hosts, and all the spoils of ruthlessness—the children born of long delay.

Shakespeare as a Mind-Reader.
He knew the unspoken thoughts, the dumb yearnings, the hidden ways of beasts. He felt the crumpling of the thrill, the terror of the ambush, and with the eagles he had shared the ecstasy of flight and poise and swoop, and he had lain with sluggish serpents on the barren rocks unceasingly in the heart of noon. He sat beneath the tree of the contemplative shade, wrapped in Buddha's mighty thought, and dreamed all dreams that light, the alchemist, has wrought from dust and dew, and stored within the slumberous poppy's subtle bloom.

Richard Or Robin?
The man whose own indomitable will Can calmly meet an unforeseen disaster, And, single-handed, grapple it, until Triumphantly he crowns himself its master. Commands our admiration, and presents "A Man" superior to his accidents.

FOR THE EPICURES.
Celery is uncommonly good for October, crisp, white and brittle, as if it had just a touch of early frost.
As a general thing people who cut lettuce with knife and fork will request powdered sugar for ice cream.
Bavarian radishes are a new fad. They grow like leeks and are served cold, cut in large, thin slices.
Those who know best say that terrapin will be as plentiful as ever, notwithstanding almost calamity howls.
It almost choked the average English visitor among us when he saw that beef is the equal of any he gets at home.
When what was good venison comes to the table in the condition of leather the cook should be given six months.
England's prejudices do not interfere with enormous purchases of our apples and the well-beloved Yankee apple pie.
No man need quarrel with domestic duck served at this season, providing,

Gathered in the World of Melody.

Interesting Notes About Famous Musicians at Home and Abroad.

The universal praise bestowed upon the choir of the First Presbyterian church for its work last Sunday is certainly fully deserved, for all agree that better church music has never been heard in this city. The programme as printed in The Tribune was fully carried out, and the church was crowded at both services. In the evening hundreds were unable to gain admission, and Dr. McLeod announced from his pulpit that for the benefit of those that could not get inside, the music would be repeated next Sunday. The following will be the programme for tomorrow: Organ Prelude... Miss Florence Richmond Doxology, Invocation. Anthem, "Awake Thou That Sleepest," Allen Hymn. Choir, with Solos by Miss Saller. Scripture Reading and Prayer. Ladies' Chorus, "I Will Sing of Mercy," Novello. Ladies of the Choir. Responsive Reading. Offertory Song, "Christ the Victor".... Cass Miss Annette Reynolds. Hymn. Anthem, "Christ Our Passover".... Holden Hymn. Organ Postlude. EVENING SERVICE—7:30. Organ Prelude... Miss Florence Richmond Anthem, "He Is Risen".... Palmer Miss Reynolds and Choir. Hymn. Scripture Reading. Prayer. Quintette, "Pilgrims of the Night," Westbrooke Miss Lydia Saller, Miss Margaret Torrey, Miss Grace Rose, Miss Cora Dickson, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Lily Joseph. Responsive Reading. Offertory Song, "Angels, Roll the Rock Away"..... Marzo Miss Annette Reynolds. Hymn. Anthem, "Christ Our Passover".... Sheppard Choir. Organ Postlude.

THE COST OF LIVING.
We Can Buy More Than Ever Before, but the Trouble is That We Also Want More.
From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
The statistics show that the cost of living in this country has been greatly reduced in the last thirty years, and that at the same time there has been a material increase in the rates of pay for all kinds of services. This should mean that wage-earners have accumulated a handsome surplus, and that the world goes well with them in every respect. As a matter of fact, however, such is not the case. The advantages in question have not been worth as much to the people as they might have been, because the best practical use has not been made of them. In a majority of instances the opportunity thus presented for securing reasonable independence and putting something aside for the proverbial rainy day has not been duly improved. During the good times that prevailed for so many years the general tendency was toward personal and family improvidence. Men spent their money as fast as they earned it, and when their wages were raised they were so near to them that they were not willing to refuse themselves things for the purpose of providing against future misfortune; they lived up to the full limit of their income and left tomorrow to take care of itself. Instead of cultivating the saving habit, most of our chances of cheap living, many of the issues which we find so troublesome in our affairs would settle themselves. But we will not consent to try the discipline of systematic economy as a remedy for any of our ills. The diminished prices of all articles of necessity do not help us as they should, because the gain which comes from the way of economy is neutralized by expenditures for things that could be dispensed with if we cared to pursue a frugal course. This is illustrated every day, among all classes of society. The spirit of wastefulness is continual in evidence, and it has far more to do with our besetting public troubles than we are apt to think when looking for means of relief.

Live Beyond Their Means.
If the truth could be known, it would probably appear that at least ten-tenths of our citizens live up to or beyond their income. The desire for show, for enjoyment, for social recognition, drains the purse to the last dollar, and leaves no provision for possible disappointment and embarrassment. This tendency is attributable to the fact that it is so easy to live comparatively easy way. We are all optimists, with unlimited faith in the future, and a certain characteristic contempt for plodding and deliberate methods of getting along in the world. The patient and steady accumulation of money in small quantities, by doing without what we do not really need, is contrary to our national temperament and philosophy; and yet that is the only true theory of success, all things considered. It is by the habit of saving that fortune can be most surely made friendly to the individual and to a country. That is the lesson of history, of personal experience, and of plans that have ever been devised for the promotion of material welfare and happiness; and the best of wisdom lies in giving heed to it, instead of lightly preferring a different policy.

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When what was good venison comes to the table in the condition of leather the cook should be given six months.
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No man need quarrel with domestic duck served at this season, providing,

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Weakness of Young Men Cured.
If you have been given up by your physician call upon the doctor and be examined. He cures the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Scrophulous Glands, Catarrhs, Piles, Female Weakness, Affections of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Asthma, Pleurisy, Tumors, Cancers and Cripples of every description. Consultations free and strictly secret. Enclose five or six stamps for symptom blank and my book calling "New Life." I will pay one thousand dollars in gold for the discovery of a sure cure of EPILEPTIC CONVULSIONS or Fits.

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TO OUR PATRONS:
Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will yield to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding. This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.

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