Of and About the Makers of Books.

Notices of Recent Interesting Volumes and Chats Concerning Literary Men and Women.

RECENT FICTION.

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT AN-TONIO, by Anthony Hope, Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda." With photo-gravure frontispiece by S. W. Van Schalck. Cloth, 12 mo, \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

D. Appleton & Co.

That the pendulumic popular taste, which erstwhile ran Fargely in the direction of the photographic realism of Mr. Howells and Henry James, and which sometime later took a swing toward sexual fiction of the class of "The Woman Who Did," is now full-bent in the direction of the romantic department of the novel-writer's art is convincingly shown by the contemis convincingly shown by the contem-porary vogue of books like this one of porary vogue of books like this one of Amthony Hope. The romanticists are three-strong since the occultation of Mr. Quiller-Couch, and one can already plainly hear the muffled tread of a regiment of ambitious re-inforcements. There is Doyle, to begin with, who excels in the simple spinging of the yarn, but is inclined to vary the fields of his endeavor, so that to call him a romanticist is only to half describe him; there is Weyman, with a style odorous of the fragrance of mediaevalism and a knack of picturing men in colors unmistakably true, but who has never yet quite caught the secret of womankind; and lastly there is Mr. Hope Hawkins, prosaic as to his name Hope Hawkins, prosaic as to his name but inimitable in his touches descrip-tive of woman's whims and foibles, and not far backward in his delineative grasp of the sterner sex.

We should like to say that Mr. Hope's

bandit count equals in workmanship the same author's "Prisoner of Zenda," or his later series of Princess Osra stories; but in truth he does not. Not that he isn't a most chivalric and amiable free booter, who kisses the ducal hand that smote him, even while he knows that it would delight to wring his troublesome neck, and whose nice sense of propriety in declining to elope with the Lady Lucia when fate had fairly thrown her in his arms and the damsel herself was more than willing will stand in the annals as a lesson to lovers for ages to come. Antonio is all that the most fastidious could desire as a being of wirile beauty, truth sire as a being of wirlle beauty, truth and honor, and were he alive today might well hope to compete with "Gentleman Jim," the pugillst, as a "Gentleman Tony" of the road.

But for all that, and despite much additional grace of style and felicity of characterization reaching in instances to the plane of the author's highest achievements, it occurs to us highest achievements, it occurs to us

highest achievements, it occurs to us that perhaps Mr. Hope is harvesting his acres overanxiously; that perchance the quality of the crop would be more uniform and on the average superior uniform and on the average superior if the quantity of it were a trifle more restricted. Do not infer from these slight expressions of doubt that "The Chronicles of Antonio" is not, at its lowest point, immeasurably above the tepid and anemic stuff which the dear public, until very recently, dawdled over and yawned at under the gross delusion that it was reading literature. delusion that it was reading literature. There is no moment in its perusal when one misses the consciousness that he is being towed along in the swirl of a real genius, which sweeps through the pages to real and sure results. The principal deficiency we are conscious of is the absence of illustrations of that exquisite insight into feminine nature which the author has so happily exhibited in the series of stories about the Princess Osra. The Lady Lucia is doll-like; and the only other approach to a real woman in the book is the Princess of Mantivages of cess of Mantivoglia, who, when we incidentally make her acquaintance, is already wedded and therefore, by all rules of precedent in fiction, bowled out of the argument summarily.

MISS GRACE OF ALL SOULS. By William Edwards Thebuck, Author of "St. Margaret," "Dorrie," "Sweetheart Gwen," etc. 12 mo, cloth, \$1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
"Miss Grace of All Souls" has been well described as "a study of two variestics of the modern woman. On Nancy 1985.

ties of the modern woman—one Nance Ockleshaw, the homely dutiful wife of the miner, representative of the old or-der, devoted to things as they are, be-cause they are unconscious that they are wrong; and the other Miss Grace Walde, the thoughtful daughter of an easy-going vicar representative of the new. To the social humiliation of the Vicar of All Souls, Grace becomes sym-pathetically attached to Nance, the hard-working wife of the miner; and by degrees, to her son Sam, an advanced democratic young miner who unconsciously throws light upon the question of labor as between man and man, woman and woman, and as between the church and the state. Grace becomes first to protest against the things that fired to protest against the things that are, in favor of the better things that might be if the church would only do might be if the church would only do its work. Hence the dramatic and psychological situation—a Vicar's daughter in advance of her parent, and a miner's son in advance of his; the two with perfect spiritual unity between them, but with the ludicrous crash of the most galling social distinctions standing in the way. It is to the evolution of this interesting social and economic problem that Mr. Tirebuck's book 'Miss Grace of All Souls' is devoted. As a novel it is powerfully imagined and a novel it is powerfully imagined and the reader's interest in the development of the drama enacted in these pages is held spell-bound to the end."

DICK AND JACK'S ADVENTURES ON SABLE ISLAND. By B. Freeman Ash-ley, Author of "Tan Pile Jim." Illus-trated; cloth, 8 vo, 31. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

trated; cloth, 8 vo, 11. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

This is a story of two adventurous boys who got stranded on an island off the Nova Scotla coast and have a deal of fun and not a little anxiety before they are rescued and taken home. Mr. Ashley keys his writings to the tune of bright boys' vixacious spirits, puts an abundance of life, action and excitement into his stories, and makes his personages talk and act not like puppets worked by hidden wires but like real, fiesh-and-blood youngsters of dash and daring. The result is that he is a prime favorite with young readers, who, when there's a book by him anywhere within reach, follow the fashion of the iamiliar advertisement and "cry for it."

PADDY O'LEARY AND HIS LEARNED PIG. By Ellsabeth W. Champney. Il-lustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele. Cloth. 16 mo, \$1. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mead & Co.

Mrs. Champney has here drawn a rollicking Irish story, bright in plot with
in dialogue and with sparkling touches
of character-drawing. In the latter
part of the book the famous Factor
Mathew, of temperance renown, makes
his appearance as one of the personages of the story, and figures prominently in some of the culminating
scenes. The comedy has its altegnations of pathos, and rounds out, at
last, into an effective object lesson in
temperance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEE'S PRICELIONS RECIPES—A Valuable Collection of Tried Formulas and Simple Methods for Farmers, House-keepers, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Drugists, Chemists, Perfumers, Barbers, Chiropodists, Renovators, Dygrs, Bakers, Confectioners, Woodworkers, Bestars, Confectioners, Tapper-hansers, Metal-workers, Hunters, Trappers, Tandermists, Stockmen, etc., and All People in Every Department of Human Endeavor. Compiled by Dr. N. T. Gliver, Cloth, & cents; leather, H. Chicaga, Laird & Lee.

The foregoing sub-title satisfactorily

explains the scope of a book which is well indexed, neatly printed, and which would doubtless bring into every house-hold much new and valuable informa-

HOW TO STUDY STRANGERS by Temperament, Face and Head, A Sequel to "Heads and Faces," By Nelson Sizer, President of the American Institute of Phrenology, Illustrated 8 vo. pp. 367. Paper, 70 cents. New York: Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East 24st St.

Phrenology, once scoffed, has taken its place among the accepted sciences.

its place among the accepted sciences, a fact toward which Professor Sizer has contributed as much as any man has contributed as much as any man now living. In the present volume, he popularizes its chief features, dwell-ing upon temperament and physiog-nomy, and illustrates his various ar-guments or principles by sample read-ings of character made by him when the chief phrenological examiner in the office of Fowler & Wells. The book comprises afficy chapters, each possesscomprises fifty chapters, each possess-ing special interest; and is supplemented by 315 excellent portraits of men

AMONG THE PUEBLO INDIANS. By Carl Elckemeyer and Lillian Westcott Elckemeyer. Illustrated with Photo-graphs Taken by the Authors. Cloth, royal 8 vo. \$1.75. New York: the Merri-am Co.

This is a smoothly written narrative of a summer's vacation passed in the picturesque wilds of New Mexico, among the modern degenerates who preamong the modern degenerates who preserve the name if not the character of the original Indian denizens of those quainty historic localities. Mr. and Mrs. Eickemeyer, although New Yorkers, decided to make the journey from Santa Fe to the various places of interest in the region round about—notably San Ildefonso. Cochiti, and Santo Do-San Ildefonso, Cochiti, and Santo Do mingo-in a prairie schooner drawn by two horses and guided by a native. The result proved the wisdom of this determination, for although not as luxu-rious in its appointments as a palace car, the schooner gave the tourists ex-cellent opportunities to observe the country and its inhabitants in a leisurely and yet accurate fashion. The au-thors' pen sketches of the scenes and incidents of this novel timerary are bright and readable; and they are well reinforced by forty excellent half-tone pictures developed from photographs

THE SPIRIT OF JUDAISM. Six Papers Concerning the Spiritual Future of the Jewish People. By Josephine Lazarus. Cloth, 16 mo, \$1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The author of these papers makes an earnest plea for the elevation of her race, which can come in her opinion, only through a thorough and exalted spiritual leadership. Perhaps the keynote of her entire argument is best
sounded in this paragraph from the
paper on "The Jewish Question:"
"Deep in the heart of Judaism is enshrined a sacred and Immortal word—
duty—which makes of man a moral beduty—which makes of man a moral being, and links him to the moral source of the universe. Deep in the heart of Christianity is enshrined a sacred and icamortal word—love—which makes of man a spiritual being, and links him to the divine source of all life. Humanity needs both these words in order to become the perfect creation it was meant to be. The one gives the conscience, the other the heart of mankind; the one is the masculine, the other the feminine element of the world. Judaism gives the Ten Comworld. Judaism gives the Ten Commandments, and Christianity the Beatitudes; but only the two together can yield the perfect idea:—the love that is simply the highest duly, and duly that it lest in love." and duty that is lost in love." And in order to come into this closer, higher union, into the faith which makes humonity whole and not a thing of paris, and the "truth which makes men free." Miss Lezarus contends that "fixed and formal codes mist disappear; the outer formal a des mist disappear; the outer framework of history and theology must fail away, and spirit be left free to seek Spirit." The essays are thoughtful and devout outpourings of a plous nature's aspirations for a higher and better humanitarianism which shall not bind the souls of men in the fetters of prejudice or creed.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

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For recently expressing some opinions deprecatory of the popular craze for collecting the autographs of noted authors that cleverest of contemporary critics, Zangwill, has stirred about his luckless head a veritable hornet's nest. "It is gravely pointed out to me by incensed writers of incense-laden letters," he says in the course of a brilliant causerie in the Chicago Times-Herald-for it seems that his assailants are chiefly women—"that the demand for a writer's autograph is a mark of veneration; that his letter is reventially handed about on special occasions quite without thought of its possible commercial value; and that often—though here the argument itself becomes cunningly commercial—it becomes the focus of a local hero-worship that expresses itself outwardly in increased purchases of the author's books. Now, of course, every author is only too aware that requests for his autographs are manifestations of reverence, and only too apt to disregard the supposition of crude curlosity. He knows that it is only natural that people, forewarned by the scarcity of autographs of Shakespeare, should be anxious to safeguard posterity against a similar calamity. But that any author should have humor enough to see the absurdity of the autograph mania, that is what his fair clientele has not humor enough to understand. Anthony Hope—who by the way told me he had received a letter from an unknown lady, the object of which was to abuse me for my hereay on this heart-burning question—says that if to write his name on slips of paper adds to the sum of the world's pleasure, he is ready to do it. This is a noble attitude; but the good people do not always do the most sood. The point of view of the equally illustrious celebrities who disagree with Mr. Hope is that one ought not to pamper this interest in mere externals.

Here are the man's books, pictures, symphonies; if these have profiled you.

Mr. Hope is that one ought not to pamper this interest in mere externals.

Here are the man's books, pictures, symphonies; if these have profited you, be content—you have had enough. He has shown you his soul—why should he show you his hand? One knows into what this sort of thing degenerates—into the exploitation of celebrities by smart American journalists, to whom genius and notoriety are equally alike mere possibilities of sensational copy with screaming headlines. A. Z. has written the opera of the century; the public is dying to know the cut of his trousers and the proportion of milk in his cafe au lait. X. Y. has murdered his uncle and vivisected his grandmother; how interesting to ascertain his favorite novel, and whether he approves of the bleycle for ladies! For one person who knows anything of the artistic output of the day there are ten who know all about the producers and how much money they are making. Even when our interest in artistic work is intellectual, we are more likely to read criticisms of it than to place ourselves visa-vis with the work. Not the truest criticism, not the subtlest misinterpretation, can give us apphing like the sensation or the stimulus that results from direct contact with the work itself. As well enjoy he 'Moonlight Sonata' through a technical analysis of its form. But this is a venial vice compared with taking your sonate through the modern mania for irrelevant gossip; just as the tid-bits breed of papers is but the outer manifestation of an inner diggrace. We no longer takle great works and ordered trains of thought. Everything must be snappy and spicy, and we open our books and paners, awalting, like the criminal in 'The Mikado,' the rensation of a short, rharp shock.' To possess a man's autograph may as easily become a substitute for studying his work as an incentive to purchasing it. The critique displaces the book itself; the autograph may displace even the critique. All this without

reference to the trouble and expense entailed by an aggregation of the trivial taskwork of signing one's name, addressing envelopes, sticking on stamps and occasionally paying for them, and not infrequently defraying the extra postage on sufficiently stamped admiration."

Speaking of Zangwill calls to mind what struck us as a particularly bright paragraph in one of his reviews of Grant Allen's now celebrated novel, "The Woman Who Did," which, it may be explained for the benefit of the unitiated, was an effort, through the vehicle of fiction, to defend the scientific doctrine of "free love." Herminia, the heroine, braves for a time the conventional storm by living with a man not technically her husband, yet toward the end she perceives the inequality of the contest and legally becomes a wife a year before Author Allenmakes her a widow. So much for the theme; this is what Zangwill trenchantly observes apropos of it: "Let us remember that tragedies, great or small, always arise from opposing your environment. If a man merely wears long hair, or a woman bleycles in knickerbockers, they will excite the derision of the small boy; do you think my lady Horteusla could scrub the doorstep of her own Mayfair mansion without losing caste and incurring considerable suffering? In itself the act is perfectly righteous. We can all quote the tag "who sweeps a room as by God's laws: but does anyone doubt the disapprobation of Helgravia? I will willingly grant Mr. Allen that his Herminia was a perfectly righteous person, but even the most saintly "coo' will be the worse for getting in the way of a locomotive."

A newcomer into the popular magazine field calls itself "The Black Cat," halls from Boston, and goes the dime periodicals five better by selling itself for five cents a copy. The publisher assures us that the "literary contents of each number will consist of from six to eight strictly original, complete stories—stories that are stories—and absolutely nothing else; there will be no translations, no borrowings, no stealings. These stories are bought, not with an eye to the reputation of writers, but solely because of marked originality and merit; our watchword being 'fascinating tales, cleverly told.'" The lnitial, or October, number, which we have carefully examined, would seem to bear this promise out. It is an exceptionally large five cents' worth of good reading. "The Black Cat" is for sale by all newsdealers.

A discussion of "The Issues of 1896" will be printed in the Century for November, the Republican view being given by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and the Democratic by ex-Governor William E. Russell, of Maesachusetts. Both of these writers believe that the financial question will overtop the tariff in importance during the presidential campaign, and each thinks that his own party will speak emphatically and without compromise in the matter. Mr. Roosevelt hopes that the Republican party will make, an aggressive fight on the question of America's foreign policy, and says that we should build a first-class fighting navy and annex Hawaii at once. He enforces upon Republicans everywhere that they

must stand for law and order. Ex-Governor Russell denounces the growth of the spirit of Jingoism, and says that the true American spirit would urge us to a "visorous prosecution of the pursuits of peace," and competition with all nations in the markets of the world; but not to follw their bloody footsteps in a struggle to conquer or control lands or peoples beyond our borders.

A writer in Chap-Book has made the acquaintance of Frank Taylor, an English 'varsity man and poet who has recently put his muse between covers. The Chap-Book writer cites two specimen rhymes which not unnaturally praises as quite different from the stuffy or perfervid verse which is in greatest vogue today The first is a lyric called

BARBARA. A snow-white basin crowned her knees. The bursten shucks around her lay, Where sat my Barbara shelling peas, And softly smiling lives away.

Come one, come all, a horrid snap,
A silvery laugh, a mortal thrust—
Another heart is in her lap;
Another carcass in the dust.
The second selection is taken from a large poem. It follows:
To me, a man of moderate wit,
Not handleapped with spurious culture.
"New Women" savor of the pit.
The Venus blended with the vulture;

I praise the gods, I never met
In life a real "revolted daughter;"
But Phyllis is a pretty pet,
And most of what she knows, I taught
her.

The same writer is moved to declaim with not a little justice against the ubiquity of the Egotist in contemporary letters The evolution of the egotist is achieved, in his opinion, after something like the following formula:

1 pull, 3 paragraphs; 2 paragraphs, 1 puff; 2 puffs, 1 Egotist. "And," says the Chap-Book commenta-tor, "they are manufactured by the score every day in the pages of our saplent newspapers and reviews."

Here, if we may believe this writer, is the ancestry of the Egotist: "The Serpent, who was the father of fiction, was also the first Egotist. He was not content to be a nobody, and live a private life among the ferns and the skunk-cabbage. No obscurity for him, no indeed! He must climb a tree, and offer suggestions to the first passer by. If there had been a daily press in Eden, the Serpent would have had all the free advertising. He was a reformer, and scoffed at authority and the existing order of things. He didn't believe in aristocracy, or the rule of the strongest, or the logic of events, or anything but his own idea. He was stuck on himself; he must have influence and notorlety at all costs; and he got them. A little tarnished is that fame, perhaps; yet it stands the test of time, while many an unblemished name goes down to virtuous and dusty oblivion. But the Egotist must go, in spite of his distinguished ancestry.

With the Musicians.

Lovers of bright music, clean and wholesome fun and dazzling spectacular effects will be pleased to learn that "The Brownies" will again visit Scranton in the near future. Parties who saw "The Brownies" last season will be surprised and delighted at the many changes made in the play and the pleasing new features introduced. While the opera is, of course, still the story of the Brownies, made famous by artist Palmer Cox, the dialogue has been brightened throughout: new songs, composed especially by Malcolm Douglas, have been introduced and the musical numbers have been strengthened throughout. During the sultry days of the past summer, Mr. Douglas, who is not only a musical composer, but a dramatic author as well, has been busily engaged in revising the already averallent work and the results are already averaged in revising the already averallent work and the results are already averaged to search and the composer has written music around a dance anti has been very successful in producing effects in harmony with the peculiar stage business introduced by the dancer.

The music of the Second Presbyterian Church is giving universal satisfaction under the able leadership of Mr. Chance. The music of the Second Presbyterian Church is giving universal satisfaction under the able leadership of Mr. Chance. The music of the Second Presbyterian Church is giving universal satisfaction under the able leadership of Mr. Chance.

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The quartetic consists of Miss Black, soprano; Miss Caragan, alto; Mr. Beynnon, the second Presbyterian Church is giving universal satisf has been busily engaged in revising the already excellent work, and the re-sult of his labors will be apparent to all who witness the comping produc-tion of the fairy opera in Scranton.

Strange as it may seem, notwith-standing the work on the stage during a production of "The Brownies" is very fatiguing, and matinees are frequent, the quaint spectacle which is the joy of the children, old and young possesses a fascination for members of the theatrical profession also, and nearly all who have taken part in the performance prefer to remain with the company, even in instances where higher salary has been offered for lighter work. While the company for this season was being reorganized last summer, one of the bright young ladies of the trouve approached. Manager of the troupe approached Manager Klaw, of the firm of Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger, with the request for a re-lease, stating that she had been of-tered an increase of 55 her week in sallease, stating that she had been of-fered an increase of \$5 per week in sal-ary by the managers of another company. Although sorry to lose the vocalist, the manager re-leased her from her contract to sing with the Brownies, not caring to stand in the way of the financial increase, and the singer departed to rehearse with the other combination. In less than a week she returned and asked to be reinstated. "What's the matter be reinstated. "What's the matter now?" inquired the good-natured man-ager. "Oh, I don't know," said the girl, "the other people are nice, but I'd rather sing with "The Brownies" for even ten dollars less a week!" It is needless to say that the young woman was re-engaged and is one of the hap-

The musicale given by the Young Women's Christian Association on Tuesday evening was one of the most delightful events of the week. Although the affair had not been heralded as a concert of unusual merit, a programme of high order was rendered by some of the best known musicians of this valley. The musical numbers were given by Mrs. W. J. Hand, the accomplished soprano, who of late has seldom appeared in public; Miss Julia Clapp Allen, the eminent violinist, and Miss Blackman, planist, of Wyoming Seminary. The interpretation of themes by Bohm, Musin, Wieniwiski, Paderewski and others given by this trio of local artists was an evidence of their thorough appreciation of the spirit of the composer in each instance. It would plest of the company. composer in each instance. It would be a pleasure to lovers of good music if there talented musicians who give their services in the interest of the Young Women's Christian Association on Tuezday evening would appear more

George Noyes Rockwell's new Sun-day School hymn book, which embraces the finest collection of church hymns ever published, will contain several carols composed by Richard Weisenflue, the well-known violinist of Scranton.

Arrangements are being made for a continuation of the chamber concerts which were so highly appreciated by the more allvanced musicians of the city last winter. The concerts will be given by last year's coterie, which includes Messrs. Rippard, of Wilkes-Barre; and Messrs. Hemberger, Bauer and Conant, of Scranton.

Prof. W. P. Schilling, organist at St. Peter's Cathedral, contemplates producing some of the standard German operas during the coming winter and expects to give the work in the German language. There are enough excellent vocalists in the city who speak the German language to form a fine chorus, as has been frequently demonstrated ut entertainments given by the Scranton Liellerkranz, and there is no doubt that they could be interested in the work. Prof. Schilling has in his possession two or three tuneful German operas that have never been rendered in America. His past successes as an operatic director are evidence that the compositions would be arlistically interpreted under Prof. Schilling's supervision.

Class Fitzgerald, the dancer, who is to appear at the Frothingham next Wednerday night, will lift her heels to music written especially for her by the well-known composer and on diastral director, Wilkam Fursi. In this case it

Organist Chance is organizing a Chorus choir for the Second Presbyrian church. It is expected that the chorus choir will render music on the first Sunday in November.

Richard Lindsay, of this city, director of the Lawrence Orchestra, will super-intend a production of the "Chimes of Normandy" by Carbondale amateurs during the coming winter.

Mrs. Kate Wilcox, who instructs a vocal class at the Lady Jane Grey Seminary in Binghamton, will give a recital at the Parlor City early next month.

pope, a basso, and Victor Emanuel, a tenor.

Dr. Antonio Dvorak has written to Mrs. Jeanette Thurber, president of the National Conservatory of Music, saying that it will be impossible for him to come to America this winter and assume the directorship of that institution. Dr. Dvorak says that one of his children is ill, and that the others are so young that it is deemed inadvisable to leave them in the care of strangers. A new director has not yet been selected.

Philadelphia Bulletin: Little Miss Lulu Glaser's contemplated matrimonial scheme has again been revived. Miss Glaser has been "going to be" married for ages; but she is still unwedded. As a matter of fact, the jolly little lady is really engaged to a Pittsburg man named Roder; but she is no nearer marriage than she was a couple of years ago. Her various successes with Francis Wilson are not likely to lead her to wedlock just yet. Miss Glaser has risen from the ranks to her present position without any of the prima donna methods. She has never lost a diamond in her life, and her head has persistently retained its normal size.

ONE ON THE TEACHER.

A certain school master occasionally compares the achievements of his pupils with the work of noted men in their boy-hood days, much to the scholars' disad-"Now, John, have you solved the prob-

"Now, John, have you solved the prob-lem?" asked the teacher the other day.
"No, sir," replied the boy. "I can't."
"How old are you, John?"
"Sixteen." was the answer.
"Sixteen!" repeated the instructor, Six-teen and can't solve a simple problem like that! Why, sir, at your age George Washington was surveying the estate of Lord Fairfax."
The pupil looked thoughtful, but made no reply.

no reply.

After the class was dismissed a classmate inquired of him if Washington did
anything else remarkable when he was 16.

"I don't know," responded the boy. "He
was a surveyor when he was as old as I
am, and when he was es old as our teacher he was president of the United States."

LOVE'S VISIT.

"Love came, one night, his wings all wet And put his face against the pane, And shook his ringlets in the rain: When soon I heard the swetest noise, Made 'twixt the wind, his wings and heard it and I hear it yet!

"What could I do but ope the door
And take him softly from the storm,
And rub his rosy body warm,
And hang to dry the slackened bow
And sliver arrows dripping so,
And make him happy as before?

News of the Green Room and Foyer.

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

have enjoyed a remarkable degree of prosperity the past four seasons in their presentation of that infinitely di-verting musical farce, "The Hustler," will reappear in the city tonight. "The will reappear in the city tonight. "The Hustler" in its present form, is radically different from the original version. As now given, the piece, while it does not contain a plot that would keep Sardou awake o'nights, possesses a compact, well-told little story, intense vitality and a superabundance of striking, and fetching "business." The feminine members of the company rank equally high with their male conferes in point of talent and popularity. There is Dolly Theobold, Dorothy Kent, Lillie Allyn, Georgie Lingard, all of whom are young and sprightly, and of whom are young and sprightly, and are said to sing, dance, act and pose "divinely." The famous Electric qar-tette is also to be included with the leading attractions of this exceptionally versatile company.

"Eight Bells," that successful, nau-tical, pantomimic comedy, which the Brothers Byrne are responsible for, begins a week's engagement at the Academy Monday evening. The new "Eight Bells" shows great improvement over its predecessor in this line, the sensational features being much the sensational features being much stronger in every way. One can hardly appreciate the scene of a ship completely turning around, unless the ship in "Eight Belis" is seen, and then the conviction will come that no more howlingly funny act was ever devised. It is not to the lines of the play, but to the clever gymnastic work of John James and Andrew Byrne, who continue the life of the performance, aided tinue the life of the performance, aided by a well-balanced company, that the success of the comedy is attributable. From the rise of the first to the fall of the last curtain, everybody is work-ing and working hard. In the pro-duction this season there is a great improvement, showing a desire on the part of the Brothers Byrne to keep the comedy up to its original attractivecomedy up to its original attractive-ness, and they succeed in giving a very entertaining and catchy performance.

Among the attractions coming to the Academy Wednesday evening is Chauncey Olcott in his new play, "The Irish Artist." The piece has won golden opinions from press and public every-where, and, without doubt, is an Irish play of exceptional merit. It is said to be devoid of all caricature, there are no impossibilities, no murders or riots, and none of the strains for effect that have erst seemed to be sential to an Irish production. sential to an Irish production. ar.
Olcott is one of our youngest Irish comedians, but his phenomenal success
during the past two years has placed
him at the head of the list. He has a
splendid supporting company, and the
"Irish Artist" is magnificently mountduring contrast of the production of the list. ed with costumes and scenery.

The terpsichorean sensation of last season in New York was Cissy Fitzgerald's dancing in "The Foundling." She comes here next week to the Frothing-ham and one may be able to judge for himself what all this talk was about. "The Foundling" ran for nearly two hundred pights at Hoyt's theater, New York and was about the season of the property of the property of the season of the property of the pr The terpsichorean sensation of last York, and will be presented by one of Manager Charles Froham's bes comedy organizations, embracing the players seen in New York and includ-ing Thomas Burns, S. Miller Kent, Charles Schaeffer, E. Soldene Powell, Frances Stevens, Stella Zanoni, Maggie Holloway Fisher, Clara Baker Rust, Maggie Felding and Jane Stetson. "The Man Upstairs," a one-act farce by Augustus Thomas, will be the cur-

"Shore Acres," which is almost universally acknowledged as the best at the Parkor Ckty early next month.

SHARPS AND FLATS:

Suppe's last opera will shortly be produced in Vienna.

Sixty-four new operas are already announced for production in Italy this season.

Rudolph Aronson will visit Vienna to complete arrangements for the production here of Johann Strauss' latest operetts,

"Le Chevaller d'Harmental," an opera in four acts, is taken from Dumas' novel. The music is by Messager. It is to be given in Paris and Vienna simultaneously. Van Dyck will be the tenor in Vienna.

According to the Chicago Times-Heraid, the Theodore Thomas orchestra is now as stable and permanent a Chicago institution as the big packing houses or the Auditorium, and the stories about its early migration to New York or Philadelphia are all bosh.

Mascagni says that over 1,500 librettos are written in Italy every year, and that 200 of them are sent to him. He has received books from a railroad porter, a sailor, a sheemaker, and a pig-doctor. One dealt with Italian unity, among the characters being Garibaldi. a baritone; the pope, a basso, and Victor Emanuel, a tenor.

Dr. Antonio Dvorak has written to Mrs.

Hascagni says that over life to the versally acknowledged as the best American play yet produced, will he given a fine scenic representation at the Academy Thursday and Friday evenings. An eminent dramatic editor in writing of Mr. Herne's great work says: "If Charles Dickens had had as much talent as he certainly had affection for the stage he would, I imagine, have written just such a play as "Shore Acres." There are nearly thirty characters in "Shore Acres," and the action for the stage he would, I imagine, have written just such a play as "Shore Acres." There are nearly thirty characters in "Shore Acres." There are nearly thirty characters in "Shore Acres." There are nearly the received hooks from a railroad porter, a sailood, porter, a sailood, porter, a sailor, a shoemaker, and a pig-doctor. One dealt with Italian unity, among the characters being Garibaldi. a baritone; the pope, a basso, and Vic

At Davis' theater the first three days of next week Jule Walter's new four-act drama, "A Money Order," will be produced by an excellent company. All scenery and appliances used in this production are carried by the company. "A Money Order" is a play of today, and the people in it are the people of today. The plot is taken from real life, and there is no clap trap or blood and thunder. It is clean, wholesome comedy, all the way through.

The Philadelphia Record wants to know "why is it that the modern so-ciety drama should go to such exasper-ating lengths in its criticism of the most sacred subjects, and give itself systematically to dispelling the pleasant fluctons that make this workaday world endurable to those who have to live in it? Why is it that to be suc-cessful the dramatist must needs saturate his lines with musings morbid and morose, and philosophizing un-healthful and contemptuous? If it be true that the picture given is accurate in outline and comprehensive in detail, then, of course, there need be little objection either to its propriety or its necessity. But is the dramatist a faithcessity. But is the dramatist a faithful artist? Does he give us a symmetrical, evently toned picture, or one with merely a clever combination of color and a happy adaptation of form? To believe that the society drama of today truly represents American, or even English, life is to be skeptical of the virtues and graces of all highly cultivated men and women; it is to tear off the veil not only of illusion but the veil not only of illusion but delusion, and, like the characters in of delusion, and, like the characters in the play to reveal the feol's head and the death's head beneath the comely exterior of silver or gold. And is it true that the representative from life of our people is no better than this disappointing picture—that it is led along lines no more estimulating, no more elevating, no more enobling than the severe limitations circumscribed by the average society drama?

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"Now, we do not intend to answer these questions immediately or comprehensively. We are content, rather, to let them answer themselves. Yet it is only right to say that the less artistic melo-drama is in "its neculiar field infinitely more faithful to the life it represents and far more healthful for the people who watch it than is the more aesthetic dramatization. For, whatever may be said of particular uncouth features in the melodrama, there yet remains the grafifying assurance that in the less elegant audience every one loves the hero and hatea the villain; while in the "lisky" pl'sy—and we are now speaking only of plays where the dramatist seeks to skale on extremely thin fee—there are comparatively few

who can have either sympathy with the one side or with the other, for sympathy is a matter of the soul far more than of the mind, and must be awakened by moral rather than intellectual appeals. Be good, sweet maid, let other girls be clever is Kingsley's injunction on a different occasion, and it might well serve for writers of the drama. Have a firm and abiding moral purpose, and let the intellectual varieties go by the board. If that should be the aim of the dramatist there would be little of the unwholesome cynicism which we have lately learned to look for on the stage. There would be more of genuine feeling, spontaneity and enjoyment before and behind the footlights. The world is fond of ingenious novelty; it is still deceived with ornament. But of these it tires in time, Davis and Keogh's comedians, who | who can have either sympathy with the novelty; it is still deceived with orna-ment. But of these it tires in time, and comes back with never-failing reg-ularity to the stern truth that moral-ity and sincerity are forces yet alive in society. How long is it to be before the strictly 'clever' shall cease to en-tertain us and the abiding 'good' in life, Eterature and art shall assert its instructive power?" instructive power?"

Managers have already begun to renew last season's complaint at the unsaticfactory state of the "show" business. It is reported upon credible authority that less than two road companies out of five are making expenses these days. It is a fact of local knowledge that the season in Scranton has been disappointing. There has yet been only one "standing room only" engagement—that of "1402" at the Frothingham—akhough several "houses" in the Academy and one or two others in the Frothingham have been large ones. The outlook is brightening, and in a few weeks it is expected that theatrically things will be on the jump; but thus far, the financial returns from money invested in amusements have been few and far between. Managers have already begun to re-

on the jump; but thus far, the financial returns from money invested in amusements have been few and far between.

The recent visit of Creston Clarke to the Academy has left local theatergoers in a difference of opinion. Some aver that he is already a great actor, and others say that he is only the promise of one. But all agree that at some stage in his career he will encounter fame and recognition. All of which bears out the law of heredity,

and newly calls attention to the long line of gifted men and women of the stage in whose veins flows the blood of Junius Brutus Booth. For our part, while Mr. Clarke cannot—and doubtiess would not if he could—change the fact of his relationship to the Booths, we wish that he could be persuaded to forget it during the periou wherein he outlines the contents of his pamphiet blographies and advance notices. Too much stress upon one's kinship to one's uncle is as bad in its way as the theft of diamonds or the notoriety of a scandalous divorce. dalous divorce.

The excuse has been advanced in a number of recent instances in behalf of managers who have admitted to their places of amusement such vulgar apologies for entertainments as the spectacle, "Zero," that they "did not know it was bad." This, it strikes us, for if not to know the kind of shows for if not to know the kind of shows presented to the patrons of his house? The number of clean and respectable stage attractions is by no means so ilimited, these fine days, that a manager who knows his business need often take risks on an uncertainty. It ten take risks on an uncertainty. It ought to be a matter of business cau-tion with managers to protect themselves from imposition, for they are really the ones that suffer when unsav-ory or disreputable scenes are enacted on their stages.

It is old but true that "Z-ro" ought really to have expected a "frost."

CHATTER OF THE STARS:
Bernhardt was a dressmaker's appren-

Bernhardt was a dressmaker's apprentice.
Alphonse Daudet is dramatizing his "Little Parish."
Couldock will return to the stage shortly in "The Witch."
Richard Mansfield has decided not to play in New York this season.
Blanche Walsh is under contract with A. M. Palmer for two seasons.
Effic Shannon has been engaged by Olga Nothersole for her American tour.
Five new theaters will be added to the list of New York playhouses before next September.

list of New York playhouses before next September.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, it is said, will retire in the course of a year, and will not thereafter be seen in public life.

Marie Jansen, Dan Daly, Maud Granger and Charles Dickson will begin a season in a new play in New York on Nov. II.

A project has been formed in Denmark to establish a woman's theater, in which every department will be carried on by women.

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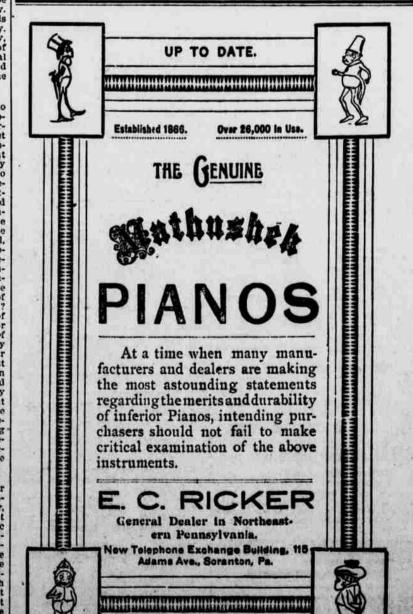
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