Novelist.

HOW THE PHILOSOPHIC GENIUS WORKS

How "War and Peace" Was Written-He is Disgusted With the "Kreutzer Sonata" and Looks Upon all His Novels as Nonsense.

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Tula, July 10. - [Special Correspondence of Tun Bur. 1-"To know all women we must love and be loved by one.' This was the answer in the words of a French writer which my husband gave in reply to the question as to how he could describe just how a woman would think, act and feel under any and all circumstances."

It was the Countess Tolstoi who was speaking. We were sitting about the samovar in the dining-room of the count's home at Yasnia Polyana, and were in the midst of a long chat about the great Russian novelist. The count himself was far off in the interior, away from the railroads, in company with his daughter, taking care of the sick and halfstarving peasants, and his wife and the smaller children were on the estate alone. On a long trip from the lower part of the Volga to Moscow, I had stopped over a train to pay my respects to the count, and with Dr. Hubbell, the agent of the Red Cross, had been received most kindly by the countess. We had walked over a part of the estate, towe had waited over a part of the estate, together, bad visited the peasants in their
homes, had enten supper around the family
table, and now in answer to my questions
the countess was giving me bits of story and
fact about her husband's intellectual life.
"The count himself," said she, "does not like
to talk about his novels or his writings, and
I beg you if you should write to him not to
mention that you have been reading his mention that you have been reading his works. He is always enthusiastic while at work, but when the work is finished he is dissatisfied with it, and does not want it to go to the publishers. He does not like to talk about himself, and if any one persists in making his writing the subject of the con-versation he will often excuse himself and leave the room."

The Countess Tolstol.

But before I write further let me give you a few words about the countess. She is to my mind quite as interesting a character as Tolstoi himseif, and did she keep a diary I imagine it would rank in its interesting stories with that of Jane Weish, the wife of that other philosophic genius, Thomas Cariyle. She has, for thirty years, been the better haif of Toistor's great soul, and she is today the balance wheel which, as far as possible, holds him in check and which keeps him and the family from the poverty of the peasants. A good wife and a loving mother, she it was that prevented Toistor selling all he had and giving his property to the poor, and she it is who today manages the estates, attends to the education of the children, takes care of all the details of her husband's affairs and his house, and at the same time cheerfully and uncomplainingly softens the hard road which he would lay out for himself and his family. The counters impresses you at first meeting as a woman of remark-able strength of character. She is tall, well formed and fine looking, and though she has a son 29 years old her cheeks are still rosy, and the gray has hardly begun to show itself in her invariant dark hair. Her eyes are dark, bright and full of intelligence, and her face is full of kind feeling. She is a clever conversationalist and speaks English fluently with a slight Russian accent. She is a womanly woman in every sense of the word, and the ideals of womanhood as embodied in Tolstol's best characters are taken from her. Tolstor's love for her and her love for him during their thirty years of married life have never been questioned, and his studies of women have been made like Rubens' paintings, with his wife for his model. How Anna Karenina was Written.

During our conversation I asked the coun tess where Tolstoi got the character Anna Karenina, and the countess' sister, Countess Kousminski, replied that it was largely taken from the countess. Madame Toistoi then said: "Yes and no. That is true in part, and again it is not true at all. I am every where and nowhere in my husband's novels. He takes his characters from real life, but he changes and idealizes them until they are not the same, but are entirely new creations. Some parts of Anna Karenina are almost exact reproductions of our experiences. The description of Anna's love for her children and her manner of taking care of them are from me, the story of Kittie's courtship and marriage, even to the manner in which tho proposal was made, is the story almost line for line, of our courtship and marriage, and Anna's sickness corresponds to an illness that I once had. The count has been all his life and is always studying human character and he is always noting down in his mind thoughts, expressions and incidents for fu-ture use. He has a good memory and in a little lock box in his brain he seems to store away everything and his material is always at his command. He has for years carried a note book with him, and he will sometimes stop in conversation and make a note of any-

I asked the countess if she had any of these moment and then returned with a fat little veilow calfskin-covered note book. It was the size of the average pocket diary and was filled with writing in Russian characters, the letters being very small and the lines very close together. There were no blots very close together. nd few corrections, and from the date of it I saw that it was made at about the time that Anna Karenfha was written, and it contained some of the material which made up

As I again referred to the novel the countess told us how Toistoi began it. Said she est boy falling to sleep while reading our great poet, Pu akin. His grandmother, who was visiting us, loved the boy dearly. She was ill and I had an unfinished poem of Pushkin, which I was about to read to her. I gave way to my son, however, telling him that his grandmother would much rather hear him road it than me, and be was road-ing to her when he dropped asleep and the book fell open on the table. While it was lying there the count came in and picked it up and read it. As he read the first idea of nna Karenina came to him and he left Pushkin and began to write. He wrote al-most steadily at it until he had completed the first draft, but it was many months be fore it was finished and ready for the press. Tolstoi's Literary Methods. "Does the count write rapidly !" I asked.

ol de not think he can be said to produce "I do not think he can be said to produce very rapidly," was the reply. "He is very careful as to the character of his writings, and he believes the world would be much better off if many of the writers of the present day would burn their works in manu-script. He holds on to his own works as tour as possible and be objec's, as a rule, to having them published. He enjoys his work as he composes, but a great part of the wear and tear comes in the revision and correc-tion. He revises his writings again and again, and he never corrects his own manu-script, but he must have a new copy made for him on clean paper. He is not a very legible writer, as you see from his note books, and he writes on all sorts of paper. Fro picks up anything that comes to hand when a thought strikes him and writes it down upon it. A large part of the two novels. 'Anna Karenna' and 'War and Peace' were written on the backs of envelopes, half sheets of note paper forn from short letters, and some of his best thoughts have been penned on the backs of old pieces of paper upon which the children have been drawing pictures and have thrown away. For this reason it is hard to preserve his manuscripts, and such as we have are stored away in the museum in Moscow. After my busband has written his manuscript it is copied for him. For years I copied again and again everything he wrote and now my daughters do it for him. I can't tell you how many times I copied parts of the novel 'War and Peace' for revi-sion and rerevision, but I know that I copied the completed story seven times before it was brought into the state in which it went

I here asked as to how the copy was pre-pared for Tolstoi for revision, and the countess took a sheet of note paper and doubled over the side of the sheet, leaving a margin of two inches at the ends of the outlied over the side of the sheet, leaving a taken up by the theaters in Moscow, St. Petersburg and elsewhere in Russia. It had a great run in St. Petersburg, where the emperor and all of the court and official so-

TOLSTOI'S LOVING HELPMATE like this," said she, "and I copy only on one side of the page. He corrects on the margin and sometimes on the other side of the page. He always uses a pen in his writing, and never has any doubt as to the work until it is completed, when, from being enthusiastic, he becomes discouraged and dissatisfied. One of the greatest regrets of his life today is that he has wasted, as he cuts it, much of his time in writing novels, and he refers to his novels as 'that nonsenso.''

The Krentzer Sonata. "Does he ever speak of the Kreutzer

nata, and is he, as has been reported, writing a sequel to it!" o,""N replied Count Tolstol's wife, "he has no intention of writing anything more along those lines. He said to me, speaking of the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' not long ago: 'Please don't mention that disgusting story again; I am sick of hearing about it.' I don't think he will write another novel. He is devoting himself to philosophical essays upon his peculiar ideas of what society and life should be, and he regards fiction as nonsense and folly. He is now working on a large treatise against war and in favor of nationalizing society and government. He thinks the world is all wrong, and he is doing what the world is all wrong, and he is doing what he can to help set it right. As for thyself, I think it is a great mistake, and I tell him so. His forte, it seems to me, is in hovel writing, and he ought to follow it. I have urged him to continue in fiction and to put forth his ideas, if he could advocate them, in a great novel that would stir men's souls and make them think as he does. If he would do this he could accomplish more for his cause than by his philosophical essays. He thinks, however, differently, and we must be con-

## The Two Tolstois.

"In order to understand my husband and his works," the Countess Toistoi went on, you must not look upon him as he is today. His life is made up of different periods and he is a different man now than he has been he is a different man now than he has been in the past. Until about ten or eleven years ago he had what might or called an almost ideal literary life, during which his best novels were written, when both himself and his family were prosperous and happy, and when his life was full of enjoyment, leisure and hard work. During this time he was interested in everything that any practical man of the world is interested in. He devoted himself to his family to the manager. man of the world is interested in. He de-voted himself to his family, to the manage-ment of his estates and found plenty of time ment of his estates and found plenty of time for writing. He slept well and had leisure for everything. He was interested in his children's studies and even mastered the Greek language that he might alo our oldest boy in his study of it. He delighted in seciety, and our life was full of happiness. Then all at once he changed. The things he liked best became disgusting to him. He roversed the opera glasses and the big things of hie former life dwindled into nothing. He began to study the church, humbled himself and led the life of a peasant. From the and led the life of a peasant. From the writing of fiction he turned to philosophy and ethics, and in short his whole nature be-

came different and he was another man."
"Then there are two Toistois?" said I.
"Two?" replied the countess. "There are not only two; there are a hundred. The count changes every day, and vou can never tell what he will be next. He is earnest and honest in his beliefs, and he is almost forced to do what he thinks to be right. He is more comfortable now in his habits of life than he comfortable now in his habits of life than he was some years ago. Then he wanted to give up everything to the poor and have us all live as peasants do. He does not believe that one has any right to more than another, and with him to believe is to do. I would not consent to this, however, I must have my children educated and I said that have my children educated and I said that have him to be a civilized one. He then reour life must be a civilized one. He then refused to have anything to do with his property and estates, and for a time he went on in his way and we in ours, accommodating our-solves as best we could to him. He was at first irritable, and would ask why I persisted in teaching the children French and having them governesses for English and German. He looked upon our talk and our life as artificial nonsense, and his irritation from this of course affected his writing. For a time the children feared to talk among themselves in his presence lest the subjects of their con-versation would offend him, and then—for they all love and admire him—we were very unhappy. Of late years, however, he has been more tolerant. He thinks we are wrong, but he permits us to lead our life, and he leads his, conforming as much as he can to ours. There are many things I would change if I could, but I must do what is best for him and for us."

These words were not uttered in a complaining tone, but merely as a matter of fact about a condition that must be made the best of. As the countess said them, I thought that there were few American wives who were truer and kinder to their husbands than she was, and this fact became the more apparent as she went on to describe some curious features of the count's present life. Every one has heard of his thousand idiosyn-cracies. How he believes every man should work enough with his hands every day to supply his necessities; how he makes his own boots, and how he would, if his wife would let him, make his own clothes! You have read how he lives on the simplest of vegetable food; how he wears the garb of a peasant and gives without stint to all who ask alms! You have heard how he objects to man using force against man under any conditions, and how he could not conscien-tiously resist if himself or his family were assaulted. He pays no attention whatever to his estates, and the management of them and the education and training of his children are entirely left to his wife. She has hundreds of peasants on the estate to look after, and with her family of nine children she has, I udge, all she can do to make both ends meet That she does make them meet is only due to a remarkable executive ability and not to the iterary work of the count.

A Great Author Who Writes for Nothing I asked the countess to tell me if it was really so that Tolstoi would accept nothing for his works. She replied that it was true, and that he had accepted nothing from his publishers for years. 'He does not thing an author has any right to accept money for the products of his brain," said she, "and the miy money we have had for a long time from his writings came from a comedy en-titled 'The Fruits of Civilization,' which had quite a run in the theaters of Russia last season. He had relinquished his royalties to this to the government, and these amounted during that time to 6,000 rubles, or about \$3.000. During the present famine it seemed to me to be a stame that our peasants should be starving and that this money which we could use so well should be kept by the government. So I wrote to the gov-ernment officers in charge of it asking them to let me have it for the famine. They re-plied that I could have it if I would promise that every bit of it should so used for the famine, and thus I got it."

"Has Count Tolstol ever gotten any mone from his American sates?" I asked. "Hundreds of thousands of his books have

een sold there."
"Yes," replied the countess, "there was once sent to us from America a check for \$400, and this is the only money we have ever received for any of the count's books outside of Russia. I did not think best to send back the \$400 and I gave it to the poor among my peasants. I do not agree with my husband about the receipts from his books, and if he thought differently concerning them we would have enough money and to spare. we received a single kepeck (about one-half a cent) from each copy of his books that have been sold we would be very rich. As it is, we are poor. Not poor, of course, like our peasants, but poor for our condition in life. My sons have to work on their estates, and in Moscow we are not rich enough to keep a carriage. We could do much good with the money among our poor if we had it, but the count thinks it is not right. He would not feel happy if we took it, and anything is petter than discontent and trouble in one

Tolstol's New Christmas Comedy.

"Please tell me something of the comedy you spoke of," said I. "It was written," replied the countess, "to please our eldest daughter. It was at Christ mas time, two years ago, and we had a num per of guests in the house. The children wanted to have some private theatricals as The children part of their amusements, but I urged them not to do so, saying that they knew how their father looked upon such things as fool ish and that it would make him unhappy My daughters, however, said they would persuade him to consent to it, and they found a comedy that he had begun some years ago and the eldest daughter, for whom the count would do anything, persuaded him to finish it and let them play it. He took up the comedy and became interested in it. He flushed it and corrected and rewrote much of it dur-ing our rehearsais here, and we had quite a number of friends in when we played it. It has tweaty-six parts in it, so you see it was no small affair. Then it was brought was no small affair. Then it was brought out at Tula for the benefit of the prisoners there, and was such a success that it was

ciety went to see it, and it created a nurst of The emperor liked it. He said it clavated the peasants above the nobility and that it

showed the differences in the two civiliza-The Czar and Tolstol. "How does the emperor regard Count Tol-

stoil" I asked.

"He considers him honest and carnest in his beliefs and in his life. He does not look upon nim as a revolutionist, and he has told the government officials that the count is an honest man and they must not disturb him. Many of the officials do not like my husband and they think he is entirely too liberal in his actions and in his books. It is a mistake to suppose be discusses political questions with the peasants. He advises them as to their life and the little troubles in their families, but he devotes his pen to the setting forth of his ideas. Whether many of tnem are right or not is a matter of some difference of opinion between us. In one way, however, I think he has done much good, and that is in the stirring up the pub-

ic mind to thinking of these questions. Tolstol's Pavorite Books. The conversation here took a bookish turn and I asked the countess as to the favorite reading of the novelist. She said: "He was reading Montaigne's Essays when he left home a few days ago, and I saw the book lying open on his table where he had laid it nown. He will take it up in all probability when he returns, for he has no time to fead where he is. As to his general reading the count reads everything. He reads much philosoppy and he used to read many novels. He said novel reading rested his brain, and at the same time it was an intellectual refreshment for it. He read 'Robert Elsmert' when it sppeared and also the 'History of David Grieve,' but he did not like the latter lovel so well as the other. He considers he likes Thackaray and Dickers. He ad-mires Victor Hugo's works, and among American writers he is especially fond of Thoreau and Emerson. He also admires

Ruskin."
"How about poetry?" said I. "Count Tolstoi is fond of poetry, and he is of course familiar with all the great poets. He especially likes our famous Russian poet, Pushkin and while he was reading it one day I heard him exclaim that Pushkin was a most beautiful writer, and that he considered him his

Thoreau and Emerson. He also admires Henry George as a thinker upon land ques-tions along somewhat the same lines as his

own, and he has of late years read much of

"Is he a bible reader?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply. "He knows every line of the gospels by heart, rnd he reads the bible very often. He believes in Christ and tries to follow his teachings as he understands there."

The Education of the Russian Peasants. It is impossible for anyone who has not been in Russia to appreciate the ignorance of the Russian peasants. With intellects naturally strong, they have never been roused to ambition or study, and a great maority of them cannot read nor write. newspapers are taken by them, and the fam-ily that has any reading matter in its house s the great exception. Some years ago Poistoi organized a cheap library connected with a colporteur scheme which should disseminate the best reading among the peas-ants at the lowest possible cost. A great many books were published at from 1 cent to cents a volume, and these were good tories, religious tracts, sound essays, and they included the best thoughts of the best men in literature. They were especially adapted to the peasant and were doing great good. They were selling at the rate of from four to five millions a year, and their sales were rapidly gaining up to a short time ago, where, as Countess Tolstoi tells me, the gov-ernment stopped their circulation. She does not think the kovernment is anxious to educate the peasants, and she says that the peasants' school which had been established on the estate and which was taught by her daughter has been closed by the order of the

A Visit to One of Tolstoi's Villages At the invitation of the countess we ac-companied her on a walk to one of her vil-lages. It lies within a short distance of the house and consists of two long rows of thatched one-story houses, the most of which are made of logs, though one or two of the new ones are of brick. We entered some of the houses, and I saw that the peasants almost worshiped the countess. Some of the young girls among them caught her by the hand and walked along with her, and one young woman leaved out the window of her hut and kissed her. "That woman," says Mme. Tolstoi, "is a great friend of mine. She was sick a long time and I cured her, and now though she has been more than six years married she has her first child. It is

a boy. She was telling me of it and was so happy she kissed me." As we walked in I noticed that the houses of the peasants were far better than those of other villages I had seen and I asked if the peasants had not become more civilized and more ambitious under Count Toistoi's teaching and example.

"No, I think not," was the reply, "They ake advantage of his good nature and I can do nothing with them. They encose the best places for the grazing of their own stock. They do as little as they please and take what they please from us. I may object, but they say, 'Oh, the count will not do anything to us,' and the result is the estate is very land to us,' and the result is the estate is very hard to manage. It has been deeded over t our youngest son (a boy of about 4), as is the custom as to the family estate or homestead in Russia, and I am his guardian. The Count Tolstoi was the youngest son of his father, and in this way the estate came to him. As to our peasants, I think they are if anything, not as good as they were ten years ago. I suppose in the far future they may improve, but it seems to me that the outlook

Chatting in this way we walked over the village, then visited the gardens where the countess raises all sorts of fruit and vegetables, for her family and after walking through a magnificent forest along paths shaded by all birch trees whose beauty reminded me of the famous cryptomoria trees which line the road to the shrines of Nikko, Japan, we found our way back to the house. The Toistoi estate contains about 2,500 acres of arabie land and forest and its woods are wild, romantic and beautiful. It was given to Toistoi enderthe manufather will. to Tolstoi's grandfather by Catherine II as a reward for his military services, and though not a large estate for Russia it is a very fine piece of property. As it is today Tolstoi re-sides upon it rather as the guest of his family than as its owner. He would sell it today if his wife would consent and give the proceeds to the poor, and as the wise wife and good mother that she is refuses to do this he has washed his hands, as it were, of all responsibility concerning it and its care devolves entirely upon her. His action in wishing to give up his property was undoubtedly due to a sense of duty. Hers in in insisting upon keeping him, her family and herself from dirt, poverty and starva-tion was also from the action of the same sense, and as we drove in a rude droschky through the mooniit forest to the train last night I could not but think that of the two she has chosen the nobler and the better part. Her life as it can hardly be one of rest and roses and her sacrifices, cheerfully made though they do not include the wearing of sackcloth and ashes, are to my mind greater than his. Tolstoi is giving up much for his own ideas. His wife is giving up all for him. Frank G. Carpenter.

BURLINGTON, 1a., April 4,1891. Dr. J. B. Moore—Dear Sir: Have been troubled with catarrn in my head and face for three years—at times was unable to hear had a constant ringing in my ears and for two years was almost deaf. Have tried sev eral so-called remedies and been treated by regular physicians and noted specialists, bu failed to get any relief. I tried one bottle of Moore's Tree of Life Catarrh Cure. It gave immediate relief and effected a permanent cure. I heartily recommend it, to all suffer-ers of this disease and will cheerfully give any further information on being addressed at my home, No. 223 Sweeney ave., Burling-on, Ia. For sale by all druggists. Respectfulily, R. L. REID.

For sale by all druggists. Mixing the Metaphor.

In the promenade. 'We keep step perfectly," murmured Waasleigh.

with a sigh. "Well, darling-may I call you so?-I vant to ask you to walk with me through

Thank you, but I've already accepted n invitation to ride.

The "No. 9" Wneeler & Wilson is the only lock-stitch machine made that will maintain an even and perfect stitch at different speeds. Sold by Geo. Laucaster & Co., 514 S. 16th st.

Two Companies Rehearsing New Productions at the Local Theaters.

ON "CUPID'S CHARIOT" AT THE BOYD

Little Tippett," a Parisian Success, at the Farnam - A Glimpse of the Stage During Rehearsal-News of the Profession.

The dramatic profession recognizes Omaha as one of the best theatrical cities in the country, and this is made apparent in various ways besides the most obvious one of long engagements. Many managers have found their most profitable territory in the extreme west, and it has become a common thing for them to inaugurate their tours in this city. Indeed, it is no unusual thing to hear professional people talk of beginning their coast tours in Omaha, as though this city were a thousand miles, more or iess, on the other side of the Rockies. To stay athomes the easy assurance with which veteran travelers like theatrical people ignore great distances is bewildering, but in this case it is only an infication that Omaba is one of the pivotal points about which revolves a great business.

It has now become a not infrequent thing for managers to launch their ventures in Omaha, and some of them regard a favorable reception here as a good omen. George Tuatcher, for instance, has received such generous treatment at the hands of Omahans that he is said to be superstitious about it and veritably considers this city a mascot for him. Last year he launched "Tuxedo" at Omaha, and as it was a unique sort of entertainment, a mixture of minstrelsy and farce variety, its initial performances were awaited with considerable trepidation. It went in high favor here and has been a successful attraction ever since.

At present there are two companies in Omana rehearsing new plays and preparing to open their seasons in this city. Thatcher is interested with flenry J. Sayers in a new species of farce variety, and their company, onsisting of talented and well known per ple, jumped from New York, a distance of 1,500 miles, to whip their new play into shape and get a hearty western send off. It has the catchy name of "Cupid's Chariot," and its flavor is strongly atbletic, bicycle and its flavor is strongly athletic, bicycle riding by experts being a prominent feature. This commany has been here nearly three weeks rehearsing at the Boyd, and if the unnitiated, filled with the glamour and the glory of the profession, would like to have that nonsense knocked out of them they should attend some of these rehearships, with the theoremeter at 1922 rehearsals-with the thermometer at 1000 and running over at the top. Three times a day, morning, afternoon and evening, these men and women, whom the learned critic will talk of as this or that kind of "artist" and whom the delighted audiences will encore a dezen times with wild catcalis and en-thusiastic thumping, have to meet on the stage and go through their parts over and over again. There is a stage manager, too, who takes a fiendish delight in finding fault -a tyrant and a martyr for the public weal. It is "Do this" or "Don't do that" and "Try it again" until the performers' tempers, limbs and lungs are weary, while the director has become appreciable bolder through clutch-ing at his locks in his fits of frenzy.

The stage, denuded of its scenery, looks rather like a barn for a pastoral play, and there is an unconventional variety about the attire of the players, who lounge about in the most aimless of attitudes when not actually at work that would rudely shock the imaginations of those simple souls who think of the stage only as a region of beatific beings in belitting raiment. Here is an actor who flings a dell at the ambirigged out in all of the toggery of street wear, even to a heavy hat. Yonder is a pretty soubcette in bounet, standing collar, starched waist and impossible domi-train trying at a high kick with a lofty aim. Elsewhere are an actor stripped to trousers and undershirt, and a sylph in a gauzy gown that is seant in bodice and briefer in skirt-but The rehearsal is a bewildering perform-

ance to the untutored. It is now a dance then a song, and again a specialty. There is no apparent connection between them, and a layman may be excused for doubting that they were ever intended to be welded into harmonious whoie. These deficiencied will disappear when the dress rehearsal is reached, and the finished performance of the first night may be one of the very best of the whole season; certainly it has an interest of its own that makes it the morsel most desired by a large class of dramatic epicures.

There is a love's young dream running through "Cupid's Charlot," but its central

feature is a great bicycle race, just as in "A County Fair," and other similar works, there is a strong piece of mechanical realism like a horse race, etc. The wheel contest will have a scene representing a grandstand full of spectators, and barring an experiment or two in that direction it promises to be the first successful employment of the bicycle in an important dramatic role. It will no doubt be worth seeing as a novelty if for no other reason. Prof. Barber, one of the finest bykers in the country, and the Powers brothers, also experts, will furnish the bicy cle flavor and introduce some wonderfu work on the wheel.

Messrs. Thatcher and Sayers have called

together a company of very clever people, and the rehearsals indicate a production of considerable variety and excellent amusing quality. Miss Alice Evans, the soubrette, is petite and sprightly and has an unaffected manner that is genuinely engaging. She promises to make a hit in her singing and dancing, and Omabans will have a chance to see a brand new thing in the shape of the "Whirlwind Dance," in which she wears an intricate skirt with forty-nine yards of

airy stuff in its folds.

The four widows, a turn that has made a great hit in "Miss Helyett" and in "A Trip to Chinatown," will be introduced with an original song. Mr. Savers claims to have originated this bit of pusiness for "Tuxedo," from which it was appropriated by the others. There will be plenty of pretty new music, and C. B. Ward, a ballad singer with a sympathetic voice, and George A. Smith, a basso profundo who has been under engage-ment with Frederick Archer, ought to be strong features. J. C. Stine promises to be a very funny comedian, and James Powers, as a tramp, will be a bizarre character. This company is virtually hard at work from It is company is virtually hard at work from 10, in the morning until late at night, and will not reach its first dress rehearsal until Wednesday. Omana's first-nighters may have a look at the new play Friday evening. The company will next visit Lincoln, Fre-mont and Sioux City and theu work east. At Detroit it will meet "Tuxedo," and George Thatcher will take a night off to see his new property. The tour is so arranged that in a number of the big eastern cities "Tuxedo" will play the first three nights of the week and "Cupid's Charlor" the last three. Duncan B. Harrison who has dropped John

L. Sullivan and embarked in a more ambitious style of en ortainment, is another manager with a kindly feeling for Omaha. He also brought a company from New York direct to this city, and the players have been rehearsing twice a day at the Farnam Street theater, concluding vasterday with two dress re-hearsals. This alternoon they will give their first performance of "Little Tippett." From Omaha the company will work its way out to San Francisco and then go back to New Vork for an unlimited run.

"Little Tippett" was written by Alexandre Bisson, one of the most successful of French dramatists. It has had a very successful career for two seasons in Paris, and the French version has occu adapted by Harry and Edward Paulton, to make it suitable for English ideas of propriety. The play is a farcical comedy and is con-

cerned with complications produced in the households of Austin Trippett and Oliver Newton, law partners. They have been successive husbands of an adventuress, from whom they are both recently divorced. She sends worl to Newton that he has become a father. Newton is married, and his second wife does not know that he was previously wedded. He alters the letters so as to make it appear that it is written to Tippett, who is also remarried, but temporarily separated from his wife. from his wife. The latter, accompanied by her own child, whose cirth is unknown to Tippett arrives upon the scene at this junc-ture. Very amusing complications follow. Tippett things that the child is that of his

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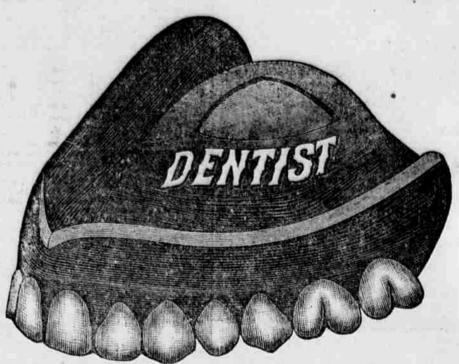
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SMOKE BLUE SEAL | H. BESELIN. CIGAR. Special brands made to Nebraska Manufacture. Jacob Jaskalek. Factory 2409 Patrick Ave Store 820 North 16th divorced wife. To further mix up the skeins the child of Mrs. Tippett's nurse becomes confounded with Little Tippett and is kid-napped by Newton in mistake for the one he

lieves to be his own. The bewilderment reaches its climax in the third act, but all ends happily, the letter of the adventuress having been proved a blackmailing affair.

The cast is made up of such well known actors as Messrs. Edward M. Bell, Charles Bowser, Harry Allen, Harry Morgan, Henry J. Bradley and Charles Harris, Misse Mabel Bert and Marie Lewes and Mrs Harry Bloodgood. The two babies are ac companied by their mothers and were selected by Manager Harrison from an assortment o forty offered by a New York dramatic agency. Bottle-bred infants were desired, and Mr. Harrison's of forts at selection must have been amusing. He passed up and down the line of forty pabes offering a bottle of milk and those who did not make a grab for it

CIGARS.

were ruled out. this connection a brief sketch of Bis son, the author of "Little Tippett," with have a timely interest. Born in Paris in the year 1854 of extremely poor parents, his father a commissionaire, or, as we would call him in this country, a messenger or porter. Bisson had more kicks and cuffs than ries, and up to the outbreak of the Franco Prussian war led the life of a veritable stree gamin. It was at the seige of Paris, o rather at its conclusion, that the turning point of his career presented itself. During the seige he in common with the youth Paris had enrolled himself in one of the many batallions of defense, and while in this service he won the love and admiration his comrades and attracted the attention his officers by the exhibition of his qualiti and temperment. He was gifted with mar velous powers of minicry, quick at reparter with a keen sense of humor, and of a satir cal yet kindly disposition, buoyant and jovial to a degree and possessed of bravery and

daring in the extreme. Among those who were attracted by his personality was Colonel Gervaise. After the capitulation of Paris Colonel Gervaise sent for Bisson and proffered him a term's tuition at the Acadamie Cervit, which generous offer was promply accepted. During his term at the acadamic young Bisson wrote a number of satirical songs, largely dwelling on the German occupation Paris and the political phases France. These songs became intensely ular and were sung in every concert saloo and eafe chantant throughout France. They served their purpose and made Bisson the subject of discussion and the helo of the hour, and resulted in innumerable offers for his appearance in public. To all of these his appearance in public. To all of these proffers he turned a deaf ear, but finally ac proffers he turned a deaf ear, but finally accepted the post of satirical commentator of the staff of Lo Petit Journal, then and not the most popular newspaper in Paris.
Shortly following this advent and still during the occupancy of Paris by the Germans, Bisson wrote and produced his first farce entitled, "La Diable Aliemand," or in English, "The German Devil." Tois play was produced at Les Varietes and scored an instantaneous success, but was suppresse by the French authorities after its fifth per

by the French authorities after its lifth performance on account of its keen satire on the
Germans and the intense feeling it engendered. It resulted in no tess than sixteen
challenges to duels being seet to Bisson by
various German officers, three of which he
fought. He was the victor in two, but in
the third was severely wounded and incapaciated for a number of months.

After convalescing, Bisson turned his entire attention to the writing of plays, of
which be has written over ninety. The
proportion of successes achieved by his
works has been truly marvelous. At no
time have any of his plays been pronounced
failures. His most successful play is now its failures. His most successful play is now in its third year in Paris under the title of "Les Joies de la Paternite," the English adapta-

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PRINTERS. OVERALLS. REED JOB PRINT KATZ-NEVINS Co. ING CO., 202-4 Donglas Street. tion of which is called "Little Tippett." now in its second year in London. The American rights have been purchased by Harrison &

Bisson is better known in America by his "Wilkinson's Widows," "The Lottery of Love" and "The Nominee." Two years ago he was decorated by President Carnot with the cross of the Legion of Honor, as an ex-emplification of the manner in which Bis-son's works are sought. It is but necessary to state that all of his prospective plays for the next five years are purchased or con-tracted for, and in many instances the contract price already paid. Such is the case with the new play for Charles Frohman in which John Drew will be starred, and the new play for Duncan B. Harrison, which cannot be delivered before 1894. This is most enviable record for a man scarcely 3

Georgie Cayvan is doing Japan.

A New York authority says farce variety Nat Goodwin will open the season in Sep tember with "A Gilded Fool." Manager Burgess returned Wednesday

from a pleasure trip to New York. Daniel Frohman has pooked the Kendalls for another farewell tour of America next Dixey, who is playing in "Mascot," make

Lorenzo a gentlemanly old fop instead of a buffoon. Emma Hanley, formerly of "A Straight Tip," will take the place of the late Kate Castleton in "The Dazzler,"

D'Albert is putting the finishing touches to his opera, "Der Rubin" ("The Ruby"), the text of which he wrote. David Blaxeley is in Europe negotiating with the Kooiner Macanerchor for a tour of this country during the World's fair.

And now it is given out that Fay Temple-tyu will be in a traveling company to put "A Trip to Chinatowa" on the road. Mascagni is writing a bymn to be sung early in August at Leghern on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Victor Em manuel. There has been recently discovered in th

library of a St. Petersburg lady an auto-graphic arrangement of Weber's "Der Freischutz' DeWolf Hopper will resume with "Wang"

August 15. He will have a new elephan only four feet high that will introduce a new line of specialties. The American dramatist is catching on. Of the new attractions heard in New York

last season fifty-four were by native writers and thirty-six by foreigners. During the recent opera season at Vienna lasting eleven months and ten days, no fewer than sixty operas by thirty-night composers and fourteen ballets, were mounted. It is stated that an enterprising English

manager proposes to take into the provinces a company which shall enact nothing but dramatizations of the works of Dickens. Payne Clark, the leading tenor of Hinrich's American Opera company of Philadelphia, has decided to remain in this country the coming season and sing in concerts and ora

torios. Joseph Holland has a part in the new play, "Settled Out of Court," that covers 133 typewritten pages. It is said to have more

drama. "Little Tippett," which opens its season at the Farnam Street theater tonight, was re-hearsed for two weeks at Hermann's theater

his latest opera, "Falstaff," this coming sea A new idea is to be operated by Ethel

Norton, an English Actress, who has bought of Rudyard Kipling the exclusive right to sing his poems as pailads in London music The production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" at Berlin, which was first anounced to take place during the past win ter, is at present fixed for the end of Sep-

Ida Mulle, the tiny, plump actress whom we used to know as Cupid in various bur-lesques, has been the wife of Benjamin Tuthill for several years, and now in Chicago she is suing for a divorce from him.

It fell to the unhappy lot of Louis James lately to play Uncle Tom, in "Uncle Tom's lately to play Uncle Tom, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with the Minneapolis summer company of which he is a member. Julie Arthurs was the Eliza and George R. Edeson the Marks.

At the final concert of the season recently given by the pupils of Mme. Marchesi at the Salle-Erard, Paris, the successes were made by two American girls Miss Blanche Taylor of New York and Miss Susanna Adams of Boston.
Professional visitors to Adelina Patti at

her Welch place are uncommonly numerous this season, and that fact seems to be ex-plained by another one—that she gives weekly entertainments at her castle, these guests appearing therein as monologue per-"A Trip to Chinatown" is said to stand in New York. It has reached 275 performances. "Adonis" had 600, followed by "Humpty Dumpty," "Hazel Kirke" and

"Two Orphans."

Tennyson's "The Foresters" is to be sent out for a long American four and under a few method of business management. Au agent is to go ahead and try to secure subscriptions, faling in which no performance will be given in the city thus declining to re-

will be given in the city thus declining to respond with a guarantee of profit.

Frank L. Perley, press agent for Barnum & Bailey, is in the city. He will be advance agent for Mme. Modjeska next season, and announces a sumptious revival of Henry VIII., which will visit Omaha after the holfdays. Two carloads of scenory are now being painted for this work, and the strong est company ever supporting this star is being

will be given in the city thus declining to re-

The Carieton club, an amateur theatrical organization in Chicago, offers a prize of \$500 for the best three or four-act comedy The merits of the plays in competition will be judged by a committee, of which Manager McVicker is chairman. The prize play will become the property of the club, but will be returned to the author to be sold for the professional stage upon the return of the \$500. In six years the Carleton has given

fifty-nine public performances.

Miss Alice Evans, the sprightly little sourrette with "Cupid's Charlot," tells with great enjoyment the story of her first chance of a speaking part. She and her sister were working at Uhrig's Cave, St. Louis, she in the chorus, but Agnes, ber sister, had one pretty little scene in the play. One day Agnes fell ill and was unable to appear, and Alice was to play her part. All day long she rehearsed the scene before her mirror, she rehearsed the scene before her mirror, telling herself that having once seen her in the part, the management would not consent to Agnes returning to it. In the evening she iav down under, a tree at the cave, still thinking how she would play that wonderful bit, the wand that was to open to her the door to future and greater speaking parts, any finally make of her a star of the first magnitude and, her drawns of future great-

the Farnam Street theater tonight, was rehearsed for two weeks at Hermann's theater
in New York and jumped direct from that
city to this.

Verdi, the great Italian composer, is at
present in Milan and has closed with the
Scala management for the first production of