

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Julia Marlowe will rehearse her company at Waukesha this fall and open her season there.

"Arms and the Man" which Richard Mansfield is to produce next season, was produced at the Avenue Theatre, London, last April, and was not looked on as a great success, although its author, Mr. Bernard Shaw, is considered the most brilliant of the younger literary set.

Miss Helen Mar has been very successful in London with drawing-room readings and has filled a number of engagements of a highly flattering character, being warmly commended in the journals for the quality of her work. Mr. Henry Irving has taken a friendly interest in Miss Mar and contributed to her professional success.

Theatrical business has been affected not a little by the long un-suppressed outlawry incident to and growing out of the railroad tie-up. The people living in the suburbs, who make up a goodly percentage of theatrical patronage, have feared to come into the cities at night even had they been permitted to do so by the mobs that seem to have possession of things.

Though her last season was not a success Lottie Collins is to make another starring tour. Her company next season is to be called "The Lottie Collins Troubadours," a title which suggests pleasant memories of Nate Salisbury. The first part of the entertainment is to be vaudeville, and the last half will consist of a musical sketch by Fred K. Bowyer and John S. Baker, called "The Devil Bird."

A London paper says: "Feminine impersonators of male parts in the legitimate dramas have been pretty rare of late, if those curious matinee performances this year of "As You Like It" at the Prince of Wales' theatre by ladies only be excepted, but at the Britannia theatre Miss Olive Webb has been appearing this week as Hamlet. The best known lady Hamlet of modern days is Miss Marriott, but before her time Charlotte Cushman, the American actress, was a notable Romeo. Miss Gladys Homfrey, now playing at the Vaudeville, made her first prominent appearance in London as Romeo."

A correspondent from London, who is a much better gossip than critic, writes to her paper thus curiously: "I remember but one actress on either side of the Atlantic worthy to be named in the same breath with the Italian, and that actress is Agnes Booth, as I recall her in the days when I lived in New York eleven years ago. I am not sure that even Agnes Booth had Duse's dainty rippling melody of method. Her comedy was broader, her illustrations less subtle. But there was the same breeziness, the same vivacity." The human mind is capable of instituting strange comparisons.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taber (Julia Marlowe), who sailed on the Paris more than a week ago, made some change in their plans, and will not go to London at all. They left the Paris at Southampton and took the screw steamer for Harve and went at once to Paris, where they were joined by Miss Emily Smith of Philadelphia, who was one of the party with which Miss Marlowe went abroad last summer, and who, with her mother, has been in Florence ever since. They will make a short stay in Paris, attending to some costumes to be made there and doing all the theaters faithfully, and then proceed to Switzerland. They will return the last week in August.

"It strikes me as being very strange," said Marion Manola-Mason the other evening, "what little interest, comparatively, the majority of people in the dramatic profession take in regard to the great public affairs. They go along, day in and day out, just the same old way, absorbed in their stage life, and in nothing else. What caused me to think of this was the day after President Carnot had been as-

assassinated. The newspapers had columns and columns about the dreadful event. That evening I met several actors, and one of them really confessed that he did not know that anybody in particular had been assassinated, and that in fact he did not know who President Carnot was anyway. Now, perhaps you may think this to be an extreme case, but I assure you that it is not. The man I refer to is looked upon as a good actor, and is fairly well educated. Hundreds of like instances I could point out to you if you had but the time to listen. This man confessed to me honestly and sincerely that the only time he read a newspaper was when it contained a dramatic notice either of himself or his friend. He looks eagerly forward to Tuesday morning to see what the critic has to say of him, and with this end in view he will purchase every newspaper published in the city that he happens to be playing in. If the notices are good he will cut them out and put them in his scrap book. If they are bad he will throw them away and make up his mind that the critic is his personal enemy and doesn't know his business. He never reads an editorial. He doesn't know nor care about the tariff, the silver question, what congress is doing or anything else. Men may shake the world with a great speech, but this is a minor detail compared with whether or not the actor has received a good notice. No, I cannot explain just why it is so. In a measure, perhaps I can. The actor lives in a world alone. When he meets another actor he instantly begins to talk shop. He can tell you who the original in almost any part that has been seen for a generation. He can tell you how good the actor was in the part. Just try the next time you meet an actor to have him discuss public affairs. It is almost a certainty that he will evade your question and branch right back to the theater. He never seems quite able to get away from the atmosphere of the stage. He fairly revels in it. It is life to him, and he cares for no other subject.

DID'NT BELIEVE IT.

Proportionately to population, Indiana has more money to spend on schools than any state in the Union. It was in Indiana, not so very long ago, that the daughter of an old White River farmer was reading the country paper to him. She got to the "Personals," and read this:

"Mrs. Willie Morriffs, nee Black, has returned from a visit to her parents in Indianapolis."

"I don't quite understand that," said the old gentleman.

"What don't you understand?" inquired the daughter.

"That part about 'Mrs. Morriffs nay black.' What does 'nay Black' mean?"

"Oh, that's French and means was born Black."

"Born black!" exclaimed the father excitedly.

"Yes: nee is French for born."

"Well, it ain't so," ejaculated the old man, jumping up and shaking his fist. "I knowed her parents and they were as white as anybody that ever lived in Indianny, and I'll see that editor about it," but before he could get away the daughter explained matters and the old gentleman cooled down.

ONE OF THE PROPRIETIES.

A policeman, still in his uniform, on his way home, stood a moment at the corner of a couple of residence streets, and as he started on a very handsomely dressed little girl came up and stopped while a carriage passed.

"How d'y do, little girl?" said the officer in a fatherly tone, for he had some little girls of his own.

The little miss looked at him askance.

"Do you want to get across the street?" he said again, attributing her silence to the natural shyness of a child.

She merely looked at him and made no reply.

"Come," he said in his kindest way. "I'm going across and I'll escort you over."

This time she stepped back haughtily.

"Excuse me," she replied. "I can take care of myself. My mamma told me it was't proper for a lady to be seen on the street with a gentleman she had not been introduced to," and she skipped across leaving the officer leaning up against the lamp post trying to get over the shock.

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