



Ever since theatrical manager, A. M. Palmer, announced the proposed dramatization of Du Maurier's popular story, "Trilby" there has been a wild discussion as to who could play it best. Some wag got a story that Fanny Davenport had offered herself. Most people would smile at Fanny Davenport's being "Trilby," even if they did not know that she was making a fortune out of "Gismonda." Nearly every tall, lithe, good-looking woman in the profession with an ability to act has been named. The fact is that Mr. Palmer is going to have trouble with his principle figure, although it is said that he has engaged Virginia Harned. Miss Harned is a clever and a handsome woman, but it is to be doubted if she will realize the women all women have fallen in love with. The actress to play the role best of all would be Mrs. Potter. She has not only the lithe, graceful figure, but she has the bohemienne nature, refined by her social experience, and there is in her a vein of fascinating insouciance which is distinctly her own. But Mrs. Potter is starring at the head of her own company, and she would not feel it any honor to create "Trilby" unless at some considerable remuneration. One thing is certain, however, Mr. Palmer must have somebody who will bring out in the acting all that makes Trilby charming in the book or the play will not only fail, but it may kill the popularity of the book. For "Trilby" is a risky story, without the imaginative element of the character.

There are people who think that a base ball player is never up to the whims and frills of fashion. They don't know anything about it. No one ever thought "Trilby" would achieve fame on the base ball diamond this season but there are nine players who hope to get there "all together" under that name when national game begins. Even the latest literary freak is apt to hit a home run on the diamond. Then, again, the Trilbyites may prove to be a model team. They should, if the name goes for anything. It is also to be hoped that no tricks in the line of hypnotism will be tried by the pitcher. He is in a trying position. Only artistic curves will be allowed. The team should do some tall playing but how this can be accomplished if the Trilbys give themselves up to posing is a conundrum. The manager of the organization is D. W. Lillis, and the captain, David Stewart. It is said that the uniforms for the players will be ordered from Boston. This will probably insure a Trilbyesque cut to them. The members of this nine are strong in their intention to make the season's play a success. The fact that that Trilby was not a ball tosser don't rattle them a little bit.

The Trilby mania has reached the shops. The Trilby hat is now the correct thing, according to a New York milliner. Trilby taffy is a Chicago luxury. A Trilby handkerchief is on sale in Philadelphia, and a Boston man advertises a "Trilby shoe to fit a Trilby foot." Poor Trilby had a better quality of feet than snnse, and the Boston man shrewdly argues that a good many women have the same peculiarity.

The consumer of smoking tobacco is the person who realizes how the hard times affect the manufacturers. The ten cent package of tobacco is composed largely of wrapper and sack; then there is an ounce of tin foil, and two or three handfuls of coupons, entitling him to a briar pipe if he saves up a millian of them; after sorting all of these things out he eventually discovers about a pipe full of smoking tobacco, mixed with Russian thistle seed and pine lumber. The most that he gets for his money is the cancelled revenue stamp on the outside of the package.

Mr. Bryan's theatrical remark that he would gladly die "if by dying he could prevent the passage of this bill"—the issue of three

per cent gold bonds—suggests the unhappy fact that the failure of the necessary number of democrats to die has thus far successfully retarded all manner of legislation. The country refuses to be stirred by Mr. Bryan's heroics and is reasonably rejoiced that in a few days he will be in a position where all necessity of dying for his country will be removed.

An English playwright writes to *Truth* that the author who responds to a call from the audience is a fool, for there seems to be some unwritten law followed by play-goers to this effect, namely, that a successful author deserves the reward of applause, and that an unsuccessful author must and shall take the punishment of public execration. The author is expected to appear whether the play is a hit or a failure in order that he may be the butt of the audience. He believes that if self respecting authors will refuse to appear at any time this brutal custom will quickly lie out.

A young man in Chicago writes to the press that he is a bachelor in spite of the fact that he believes that the wedded state is the happiest condition of man. He does not marry because he believes marriage is too nearly irrevocable. That is to say, while there is everywhere one good cause for divorce, it is too serious a cause to permit people to avail themselves of it. "I re-affirm," he declares, "that the irrevocableness of the marriage ceremony deters me." Coming from Chicago, this opinion will be received with the most serious consideration.

He was an innocent fellow from the country in the city for a holiday, and he had such a glorious good time that the police had picked him up and laid him on their little station house shelf until morning. It was his very first appearance in the police court room, and when he appeared before the judge he looked about himself more in curiosity than anything else. He seemed to think that that part of it went with the good time he had had, and there was no sense of violated ordinances.

"Well," said the judge, as he stood before him, "you are charged with being drunk. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I had a fine time, judge," he replied with a smile.

"Do you know that the officer picked you out of the gutter?"

"No, sir. If he says he did, I s'pose he did."

"Is this the first time you were ever in court?"

"Yes, sir."

"As it is your first offense, and you ought to be taught a lesson, I'll be easy with you and give you your choice. You can either have ten dollarz or ten days."

"Thank you, sir," responded the prisoner, smiling all over. "I guess I'll take the \$10. I don't want to stay here any longer, anyhow, and I haven't a cent left to git home on. I'll be very much obliged and I'll send it back to you as soon as I git home. I tell you, judge, this is the finest town I ever seen, and I've had a bully time."

Max O'Rell evidently understands that by flattering the American woman he makes himself eternally solid with the American man. Some American women are anxious to marry foreigners, but American men are loyal to the girls of their native land.

#### A DANGER FORESEEN.

Maude—What ought I do when one of those horrid men, I've been flirting with tries to kiss me?

Nellie—Tell him to stop, of course.

Maude (with alarm)—But suppose he should obey me?

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