THE THEATERS THIS WEEK

FIELD'S SINGERS AND COMEDIANS AT ENGLISH'S TO-MORROW NIGHT.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" in This City and at Paris—The Playhouses of Havana.

Mr. Al G. Field should call his company, which will open the season at English's Opera House to-morrow night, the "international aviary." His press agent says: "When the laughter for a moment ceases the audience is to be entertained by the greatest assemblage of song-birds ever congregated in a minstrel first part, including Joseph E. Elamphin, English tenor robusto; Julian Walsh, Irish tenor; Newton Bassett, German barytone; Aubrey Pringle, distinguished English basso; A. Fred Aelkens, American lyric tenor; Master Joe Wallace, the marvelous boy soprano, with the five Madrigal boys, and the famous romantic Welsh tenor, Reese Prosser, supported by a well-trained chorus of twelve voices. The songs are clever and tripping, and in the hands of these famous people, assisted by Mr. Field's large symphony orchestra, the music of the first part ripples along delightfully, like a sparkling summer stream."

It seems that some one has asked how Mr. Field expects to surpass his first part picture of last season, for the press agent says: "In answer to this query the management begs to call the attention of the public to the scenic spectacle, 'A Day and a Night at the Pan-American Exposition.' Two thousand miniature electric bulbs are used to light up the different buildings, colonnades and groups of statuary. Superb electric designs adorn the tracings of the picturesque architecture, converting the stage into a colossal bower of beauty. As the half hundred artists come trooping from the Stadium in full view of the audience, attired in shimmering silk and satin and jewel bedecked, the scene is animated, gorgeous and bewildering."

After this beautiful description, which at times rises to the dignity of one of D'Annunzio's prose poems, little remains to be said, except that Mr. Field's company may be depended on for an entertaining performance and the audience to-morrow night no doubt will greatly enjoy its return to the theater after a summer at the lakes or in the sweltering city, whichever be the fact. Tommy Donnelly and Doc Quigley, veteran minstrel comedians, are still with Mr. Field, and the self-acknowledged Chesterfield of minstrelsy, Mr. Dan Quinlan, is yet the interlocutor.

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Usually each new season at the Park Theater is begun with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and this fall that ever-blooming play is only three weeks late. It will be seen at the Park the first three working days of this week. Al W. Martin's "Tom Show," to adopt the Clipper's phrase, is the best. Mr. Martin employs a good company of players and besides garnishes the play with an unusual number of bloodhounds and colored singers and dancers. Many people that cannot be called theatergoers never fail to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin" every season, just as a large class of strangers to the stage always is on hand at English's Opera House to welcome Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Martin's company will give a street parade every day during its stay here.

In this connection the following grave criticism of a Parisian revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," from London Truth, is interesting:

"Tourists will be able to see a revived adaptation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the Porte St. Martin. The playwrights who adapted were Dennery and Damanoir. One should bring several pocket handkerchiefs for this drama, which is in eight acts or tableaux, is lachrymose. In seeing it one forgets that slavery is abolished in the Southern States. Uncle Tom does little more than give his name to the play. He is too much the patient moralist for stage purposes. He is supposed to hold forth like a Methodist minister behind the scenes. His place is often taken by two very live niggers, Bengali and Philemon. The chief character is Senator Bird. Inconsistency is a valuable weakness in a play. We like to see a skinflint on the stage melted by compassion into generosity, a cruel brute subjugated by the sight of infant innocence, a Pharisee turning out as genuine a man as he was the contrary. Senator Bird is an anti-abolitionist; he is on his knees before the law. The law, if we are to believe his talk, is above all considerations of humanity. If the senator were a policeman he would never shut his eyes to the theft of a roll of bread by a starving wretch. But his good heart, backed by that of his wife, who sees no more virtue in the law than in the slave owners who made it, hurries him into the most redeeming inconsistencies. He hides fugitive niggers, gives them all the help in his power and tells lies to throw the pursuers off their track. One feels that the recording angel is busy dropping tears when the senator grows mendacious, and one uses one's pocket handkerchief. I suppose this is immoral, but tant pis pour la morale. Does it not teach us how careful legislators should be not to make bad laws? The part of Senator Bird is played by M. Jean Coquelin with life, breadth of range and sublimity. He is specially good when he comforts weeping Eliss and her fever-stricken child, George. Christy Minstrels, who are equally good in pathetic and comic songs, add to the attractions of this revived drama."

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The last half of the week at the Park will be occupied by a new melodrama, "At Valley Forge," that promises novelty at that theater. It is a story of the revolutionary war and its scenes are laid in Trenton. Captain Fairfax, of Virginia as a matter of course—no Fairfax ever amounted to anything if he were not of Virginia—is in love with Virginia Preston, the daughter of a British officer, and so is Captain Carleton, who is British and a villain. Fairfax is a member of General Washington's staff, and Carleton attempts to have him captured by the English troops and hanged as a spy. The trend of events carries the audience from the Hessian quarters to the British and American camps, and finally to the fall of Yorktown. All the activity of the play requires special scenery and colonial costumes. William L. Roberts, who wrote the play, is the leading man of the company, and Olive Martin has the heroine part.

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Ed F. Rush's Bon Ton Burlesquers opened the season at the People's Theater, Cincinnati, last week, and will open the season at the Empire Theater, in this city, next week. The olio includes George Austin Moore, a monologuist; Byron and Langdon, in a new sketch; Miss Marie Rogers, a singer and dancer; Murray and McFarland, an Irish team, and Weiland, a juggler. An Oriental dance and two skits complete the bill.

THE THEATER OF HAVANA.

A Farce of Electric Cars—The Seven Playhouses There.

J. Ellis Norris, the Havana correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror, says:

"Dejele, yo lo conozco, es Motorista (Let him alone! I know him; he is the motorman) is the name of a very clever comedy written by Senor Morales, which was used as a vehicle for the reopening of the Lara several nights ago. The electric cars that have recently been put into operation here are an innovation, and accidents due to the inexperience of the motormen and the careless driving of the cabmen are very frequent. Such being the case, arrests of the motormen have been very common on the part of the policemen. It seems that some of the influential citizens spoke in behalf of the motormen, of the absurdity of removing them from the cars for the slightest accident, and since then they have not been molested. This, as a basis, has been the means of Senor Morales exploiting a successful comedy. Another success is "Habana al Natural," which was presented Monday night. In this play the comical phases of life in this city are cleverly depicted. Between the acts Esmeralda, a dancer, is seen.

Since I have never spoken of the theaters of Havana, I will, in this letter, give a short account of them. They are seven in number. The Tacon, it is said, was, until ten years ago, classed one of the largest playhouses in the world, and was constructed in 1837 by Francisco Marty. In 1898 it was bought from his heirs by a stock company, of which Henry P. Booth is president. A number of New York merchants are on the board of directors. The local manager is Ramon Gutierrez. This theater has excellent acoustics. The stage is 17 meters wide by 18 meters deep. The house has seating capacity for 2,307 persons, but in saying this, as to the size, the theater is done an injustice, for from 5,000 to 6,000 people can witness a performance. The seats are far apart and the lobby is very large. The Tacon is peculiarly adapted to opera.

The Payret is the next house in importance, and has a seating capacity of about from 1,800 to 2,000. It was built about fifteen years ago. Senor Saaveric is the proprietor and manager. Drama is generally seen at this house, but quite frequently opera is sung.

The Albisu was constructed in 1870 by Jose Albisu. Juan Azue is the proprietor, but as he is in Spain, his brother, Eusebio Azue, has the management of the house. The theater is given over to the presentation of light opera, and has a seating capacity of about 1,500.

The Alhambra was established many years ago, and was, until a short time since, known as the American Casino. Last year Pirolo Arias & Co. had it reconstructed, and it now presents a very neat appearance. It can seat about eight hundred people comfortably, and since its opening, owing to the good management of Piroio, has done a good business.

The Marti was built about twenty-five years ago, and was first known as the Irijoa. For the past four years it has been named Marti, the Cuban martyr. It is a cozy little house, seating about 2,000.

The Lara has been managed for the past five years by Juan Villamil, and was built some years ago. It has a seating capacity of from 600 to 800. Tandas are always presented at this house also.

The Cuba, devoted to vaudeville, was built many years ago, and was originally used as a clubhouse. For the past four or five years Ramon Gonzalez has been the proprietor. He is partial to American performers, and during the season just closed many Americans played his house.

Pubillones' Circus is an old established affair. Col. Santiago Pubillones's name is a household word. He is known as the Barnum of Cuba. After the closing of his circus each season he returns to his home in Spain. His nephew, Antonio Pubillones, is also well known here, and when Santiago sends out a second circus Antonio is put in charge. At present he has a circus here of his own.

THE PACK RAT.

An Animal Which Has the Traits of the Human "Collector."

Ernest E. S. Thompson, in the Quartier Latin.

Away up in the mountain region of the West is a little animal called a pack rat. "Pack" is Rocky mountain for "carry," and this rat obtains its name on account of its mania for carrying off to its hole any odd or striking object that may fall in its way.

Each pack rat's home is in the middle of a vast accumulation of useless odds and ends, such as pine cones, white pebbles and skulls of small animals. Even crabs' claws from remote waters find their way to the pile, and cast-off snake skins are esteemed particularly precious. If a hunter's camp is near by the pack rat often finds opportunity for securing specimens of leather straps, old cartridges, tobacco stamps, pipes, etc., which it steals while the men are asleep. None of the objects, of course, is of the slightest use to the animals. Simply it likes them. It goes on adding to its heap of rubbish till it is perhaps four or five feet high and eight or ten feet across. There, on top, in sunny weather, sits the diminutive collector—not as large as a house rat—gloating over his possessions. He turns them over so that the sun will strike them better, and enjoys them, but worries his little life out lest some other rat will steal from his pile. The larger the pile the more pleasure and the more worry he finds in it. For he lets all the world know just where he lives, and often draws on himself the vengeance of hunters whose valuables he has pilfered.

Also, the country in which he lives is subject to both fire and flood, and on the approach of either destructive element the poor pack rat is in a terrible state. He wishes to move his treasures, and tries to secure the help of his neighbors; all, however, are busily engaged with their own bibeloto. He rushes frantically about, endeavoring to take to some place of safety his rarest acquisitions—that doorknob, which he was three long weeks in carrying from the ranchhouse, that piece of green soap, or that set of false teeth stolen from the passing picnic party; then he is horrified at the idea of leaving these valuables while he returns for more. Finally he becomes so bewildered by terror for himself and anxiety for his museum that he carries back the treasures that he had removed, and, accidentally perhaps, perishes with them. While the common, sordid rats of the neighborhood, with no property but the fur on their backs, and with no ideas beyond the getting of a living, escape without difficulty to a place of safety.

PHTHISIS ON THE DECLINE.

Evidence that the Complaint Is Succumbing to Medical Treatment.

London Polyclinic.

Mortality statistics collected in different countries seem to concur in giving evidence of a steady reduction in the number of deaths from consumption during the past half century. It may be plausibly suspected that the whole of the apparent gain is not real and that greater exactitude of diagnosis and a more precise use of the term "phthisis pulmonalis" may explain away some of it. Still, we may thankfully believe that a large part is real. We obtain support in that conclusion by the general impressions formed by intelligent old people, who, almost without exception, assure us they hear and see far less of "consumption" now than they did in the days of their youth. It is of great interest to determine the influences which have been at work in bringing about this result. It may be said at once that attention to the now so fashionable doctrine of contagion has had no material share in it, since until the last few years no sort of precautions on that score had been taken. It is possible, but perhaps not very probable, that the inspection of butcher's meat may have been influential in some slight degree. By far the most probable hypothesis is that the gain has accrued from the improvement in the general prosperity of the race which the nineteenth century witnessed. During it mankind were, on the whole, prosperous and in most civilized countries the houses, the clothing and, above all, the food of the community were improved.

To speak of England alone, those who can remember what it was sixty years ago assure us that the advance in the condition of the working classes has been very great. The food which is now obtained by all is more nutritious, more varied and less exclusively vegetable than it formerly was. The clothes are better and the houses are better. In spite of the fact that the age has witnessed the influx of population into cities and large towns and a partial abandonment of the country, the facilities for locomotion and the cultivation by both sexes of athletics and outdoor pursuits have probably secured without diminution the advantages of fresh air. As regards the use of alcoholic beverages, the age has witnessed vast improvement. While there has been no diminution in the quantity taken, it has been spread over a larger number. Excess has become disgraceful and is far less common than it was, while what may be called the dietetic use has been maintained. Thus, then, we seem to come to the conclusion that the reduction in the prevalence of tuberculosis has been due to improvement in general stamina and advancement in the arts of civilized life.

Stephenson's Creed.

Robert Louis Stephenson.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier by his presence; to renounce where it shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

The Making of the Wedding Garb.

When I was weeping,
In my pain I said:
"I weary of my life—would I were dead,
In silence sleeping,
Where troubles are no more, nor cares, nor tears,
Nor visionary hopes, nor fears
Like dark night-shadows all around us creeping—
Would I were dead!"

Were death but sleep,
Small harm to wish into the grave to creep,
And no more weep;
But were death life,
Far truer life than that men live on earth;
Were death but birth
To life where cares, and tears, and toil, and strife
No longer are,
But which the Just alone
With other Just may share—
Could I still dare,
Whose days so little justice yet have shown,
To seek an entrance through death's golden gate?

Nay, rather for long season let me wait,
And with the embroidery of love and prayer,
And holy deeds, and suffering prepare
The wedding garment for the wedding feast,
That I be not the lowest or the least
In that great throng,
Nor 'shamed the Royal Bridegroom's guests to greet
Whose voices sweet
Catch up the angelic song
And Holy, Holy, Holy, without end repeat.

—Frank C. Devas, in Catholic World.

SUMMER NIGHT MUSIC

THOMAS, SEIDL AND NEUENDORFF FAILED AT IT IN NEW YORK,

But Young Franz Kaltenborn's Orchestra Draws Crowds to the St. Nicholas Garden.

Musicians and music lovers all over the country are interested in the "Kaltenborn concerts" given at St. Nicholas Garden, in New York, in the summer. Frederick Dean describes these concerts in the following article on "Our Summer Night Music, Past and Present," in Town and Country:

The question of catering to the musical taste of the New York summer man has been one fraught with many difficulties. The average New Yorker is becoming more and more restive under the banalities of the roof garden. There is a large and rapidly increasing population that likes its music straight, with perhaps a little glass of light refreshment "on the side," and it is before this really critical class of music lovers that our orchestral conductors have appeared with such varying results in years gone by. Those of us who are willing to admit the age limit remember with pleasure the charming smoking concerts of Theodore Thomas, given in the Central Park Garden in the early seventies. But Mr. Thomas was nothing if not an instructor, and even his most devoted admirers objected to protracted school hours in hot weather. The lightest numbers he would condescend to play were dainty little minuets for string orchestra, or Schumann's "Traumere," or some other trifle for the first violinist.

As one of the old-timers once said, "Beethoven and beer never go well together, and when you come to Bach, why you have to misspell him to make him palatable—with beer."

Other ventures were tried during the succeeding seasons, and twenty years later, when Anton Seidl and his metropolitan orchestra began a "limited season" of orchestral concerts in the Madison-square Garden amphitheater, "Wotan's Farewell," the "Lohengrin" cathredal music and the "Tannhauser" overture were played as only Seidl's men could play them. Later, a change was demanded from "the heavy Wagnerian music," and AdolphNeuendorff attempted to please the people with purely popular programmes. Waltzes, selections from the comic operas of the day and stirring marches formed the musical diet offered, but although Neuendorff had a large following, and it seemed at first as if his was the ideal hot weather music, his audiences gradually faded away and he was forced to admit that he had not struck the right chord, or, if he had, that some of the notes were missing. Others followed. New angels appeared with each succeeding summer, only to retire at the close of the season with singed wings, and but little headway was made in the establishment of good popular summer music.

Two years ago the St. Nicholas skating rink was opened for a series of "summer night orchestral concerts, and whether or not the first audiences were tempted by the recollection of the cool evenings of the previous winter in the same auditorium, the attendance was large from the very start, and continued so during the summer. Last season the doors were again opened, and were not closed until late in the fall. This year, promptly on the first night of June, the concerts were resumed, and the two hundred and fiftieth programme was recently given before an overflowing house.

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Now, wherein lies the secret of Kaltenborn's success? What is the "missing note" that he has seemingly found? Is it in the management? Theodore Thomas had as capable a business man in John Mahnken as was to be found in the business. Is it backing? Herr Seidl had the combined bank acounts of the entire Madison-square company to draw upon. It surely is not in the ensemble of his band, for each one of his predecessors had equally good men in larger numbers. Is it due to our increased musical taste, or to some occult force in the man that wields the baton, or to both? No one will contend that Kaltenborn is the profound musical scholar that Thomas is everywhere acknowledged to be; nor so gifted a leader as Anton Seidl; neither can so young a man be expected to have the following of the older Neuendorff. And simply because we have for so many seasons partaken of the best that the music world has had to offer is of itself good reason to claim that we are more critical than in former days, when we knew little and cared less about the musical dishes set before us for our midsummer refreshment.

Richard Wagner, in one of his pamphlets, tells us of the joy he experienced in hearing Beethoven's ninth symphony rehearsed by the Paris Conservatoire orchestra. French musicians, like the Italian, approach music through the medium of the voice. Their idea of playing an instrument well is to "sing" well upon it. The conductor of the Conservatoire orchestra had taught his players to look for Beethoven's melody in every bar, and the orchestra sang the melody. Possibly this is Kaltenborn's gift. All the world loves melody, and this young conductor brings out so clearly the melodic grace of the music his men are playing, it seems to make but little difference whether it be a Bach fugue or one of Strauss's valses, a French ballet suite, or a selection from "The Nibelungen Ring," it sings its way into the hearts of the listeners and they like it and go again to hear it.

And there is a peculiar charm in the make-up of the programmes of these new concerts. There is seemingly a harmonious blending of the Thomas classics with the Wagnerian beauties of the Seidl regime and the more popular numbers selected by Nuendorff. During the past two seasons the works of one hundred and eighty-one composers have been heard. Symphonies of Beethoven, Schubert and others have been given in their entirety, and many times repeated. The "heavy Wagnerian music" has been represented by fifty different selections, and while such pieces as the "Centennial March" and the ballet music from "Rienzi" have been played but twice, the "Lohengrin" prelude, the "Tristan" prelude and the Liebstod, the "Tannhauser" overture and "Wotan's Farewell" have each had over twenty hearings. And, combined with these selections have been made from all eras and all schools. The latest things from the pens of Svendson and Grieg have been played side by side with the quaint ballet music of Gluck, and the minuets of Bochorini. Mascagni and Leoncavallo have rubbed elbows with their American cousins, Chadwick and MacDowell. Mozart and Moskowski, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, DeKoven and Donizetti, Sousa and Spohr, Robert Schumann and Harry Rowe Shelley—these and many other antithises have been welded together into harmonious combinations that have caught the ear of the crowd that nightly goes "to hear, feel and to be satisfied."

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The St. Nicholas rink, although smaller than the Madison-square Garden, is cool and comfortable. You are seldom crowded away from a friendly table, and you may listen to your musical favorites to the merry accompaniment of popping cork and clinking glass. Beethoven and beer are seemingly on greater terms of intimacy than in the old days, and the symphony nights and Wagner nights are the most "popular" of all the week, and attract more people than those devoted to music of the lighter vein.

"Popular music will ever stand as the chief and most important contribution to the history and evolution of music," says a recent writer. Aye, but what is "popular" music? To you a Hungarian czardas, to me a Tschaikowski symphony, and to our neighbor "Yankee Doodle." Wise caterer he who can choose the idiosyncrasy of each listener and blend the many into a mosaic beautiful and pleasing to all.

It was Walt Whitman who said:

"All music is what awakes from you, when you are reminded by the instruments. It is not the violins and the cornets—it is not the oboe nor the beating drum—not the notes of the baritone singer singing his sweet romanza—nor those of the men's chorus, nor those of the women's chorus. It is nearer and farther than they."

Franz Kaltenborn, with his love of melody and his cleverly prepared programmes, simply awakens the music within us and bids it sing.

A RAGTIME CARNIVAL.

Band at Fair Bank Will Give Special Concert for Fire Chiefs.

Ostendorf's Concert Band will give what it calls "A Ragtime Carnival" all this week at Fair Bank. On Wednesday night the fire chiefs attending the national convention of their organization will be entertained at Fair Bank, and a special music programme will be given for them. The two programmes are as follows:

—General Programme.—

March, "American Jockey" .... Hall
Medley, "A Sure Thing" .... Tobani
"Cupid's Garden" .... Eugene
Ragtime march, "Creole Belle" .... Lampe
"A Bunch of Rags" .... Chattaway
"Coon! Coon! Coon!" .... Friedman
"Ma Ragtime Baby" .... Stone
Medley, "Harvest Days," .... Von Tilzer
Song and chorus, "Only a Man." Dedicated to Herman F. Newman, chief of the Merchants' Salvage Corps. Sung by Edward Pedigo.
"Bowery Buck," ragtime two-step ... Turpin
Medley, "Head Liner" .... Mackie
Cake walk, "Hunky Dory" .... Holzmann
"An Afternoon in Midway Plaisance" .... Luders
Cake walk, "A Warm Reception" .. Anthony
Medley, "Merry Go Round" .... Beyer
"Ragged Raglets" .... Fulton
Galop, "Latonia Races" .... Daniels

—Fire Chiefs' Night.—

March, "The Buffalo News" .... Lampe
Medley, "Merry Go Round" .... Beyer
Waltz, "Symposia" .... Bendix
"A Coon Band Contest" .... Pryor
Selection, "Amorita" .... Czibulka
"Presidential Polonaise" .... Sousa
Fantasie on "My Old Kentucky Home" .... Dalbey
Descriptive, "Night Alarm" .... Reeves
Synopsis: A calm and peaceful night. Ten o'clock—lights out. All quiet. "Choral." All asleep. Alarm of fire. House gong. Rush of horses. Box 32. Off to the fire. Arrival. Unreeling of hose. Fire out. Recall. Reeling up of hose. Off for home. Home again.
Song and chorus, "Only a Man." Dedicated to Herman F. Newman, chief of the Merchants' Salvage Corps. Sung by Edward Pedigo.
"Bowery Buck," ragtime two-step ... Turpin
Two-step, "Freaks of Blackville" .... Dalbey
Medley, popular "Sunny Tennessee" .... Boettger
"American Patrol" .... Meacham
Medley, "Popular Kentucky" .... Boettger
March, "The Billboards" .... Klohr

MUSIC AT THE PARKS.

Bands and Vocal Quartets at Broad Ripple and Fairview.

Concerts will be given at Broad Ripple Park this afternoon and evening by Montani Brothers' full orchestra. The special feature of both the afternoon and evening concerts will be singing by a quartet composed of Frank Taylor, Oliver Isensee, Morris Meck and Homer Van Wie, members of the Philharmonic Club and well-known vocalists. The programmes follow:

—Afternoon.—

March, "Peace Forever" .... Lacalle
Overture, "Fest" .... Lieutner
Quartet.
Waltz, "The First Violin" .... Witt
Ragtime two-step, "Bowery Buck" .. Turpin
Trombone solo .... R. Long
Quartet.
"Sweet Annie Moore" .... Flynn
Cuban dance, "Hermosa" .... Musso
March, "King Dodo" .... Luders

—Evening.—

March, "The Telegram" .... Farrar
Selection, "Florodora" .... Stuart
Quartet.
Concert waltz, "King Dodo" .... Luders
Characteristic piece, "Coon, Coon, Coon" ....
Cornet solo, "The Holy City" .... Adams
Nicholas Montani.
Quartet.
Intermezzo, "Salome" .... Lorraine
Quartet from "Rigoletto" .... Verdi
"Stein Song" .... Bullard

The usual afternoon and evening concerts will be given at Fairview Park to-day. Next Wednesday evening will be Venetian night at Fairview. The Indianapolis Military Band will play. The descriptive piece "From Fireside to Battlefield," which was so enthusiastically received last Wednesday evening, will be repeated. The park will be illuminated with red fire almost continuously during the concert. A special feature of the Wednesday evening concert will be singing by a quartet composed of Homer Van Wie, George M. Talbott, Frank N. Taylor and H. M. Lout.

Frau Wagner Was in the Clouds.

Arthur Boyd, London correspondent of the New York Morning Telegraph, says:

"A dispatch from Bayreuth, Bavaria, says an audience of unusual size and distinction saw 'Der Fliegende Hollander' there Monday night. The performance was begun at 5 p. m. and lasted until 10. It was given as originally intended by Wagner, without division into acts, and was superb as a spectacle, especially with regard to the sinking of the phantom ship and the apothesis of the Dutchman and Senta, which, it cannot be said yet, has been accomplished impressively in London or New York.

"Herr Motti procured a very fine rendering of the orchestral portion and Herr Van Rooy was a magnificent Dutchman. Fraulei Destin, as the self-sacrificing heroine, was satisfactory, but not much else. But in the ensemble it was a most delightful and impressive performance.

"The festival closed last night with 'Parsifal.' Never has the Wagnerian worship reached so high a plane and awakened such intense enthusiasm as at this festival. Frau Wagner, who has been the center of numerous fetes and parties, said she had been living in the clouds (wolken), so beautifully inspired had been the artists and so ecstatically appreciative the audiences.

"Unprecedented prices have been paid for seats. One seat cost 45 marks ($11.25), and one man was glad enough to get a seat for 'Parsifal' at 60 marks. Hundreds of others paid more. Early subscribers got them for an average of about $5 a performance."

Edouard Zeldenrust.

New York Sun.

Edouard Zeldenrust, the most noted of the stranger pianists to come here next winter, is not going to make any appeal to sensational success by his appearance. He is an eminently sane and every-day looking person, without apparent affectation in dress or taste, rather good than ill looking, and unmistakably a foreigner. But he has no long hair, nor is there any other outward and visible sign of the virtuoso. He is now only thirty-six years old, and began to study the piano so young that at the age of fourteen he was ripe to enter the Conservatory of Music at Cologne, for which he had prepared under Robert Collin, of Amsterdam. In Cologne he was under Ferdinand Von Hiller. His later instructors were James Kwast, Frederich Garnsheim and Antoine Charles Marmontel, of the Paris Conservatoire, from whom he considers that he learned more of his art than any of his brother professors taught him, his selection as one of the students to receive free instruction being evidence of his progress under this professor. He is known chiefly as a player of Bach, although he is in no way a specialist.

Love's Trembling Cup.

Unto a woman Love one day
Came jauntily and said:
"Thou art of haughty mien, but I
Can lower thy proud head."

But smiled the woman scornfully:
"I challenge; do thy worst!
I'll drink thy bitterest dreg, and cry:
'I drank thy nectar first!'"

Then to her lips Love held a cup;
And joy more keen than pain
Leaped up her pulses to her heart;
She drank and drank again.

"Drink deep," Love said, half pityingly;
"Poor foolish one, drink deep;
Then to thy couch—a night comes on
When thou wilt pray for sleep."

For one year and a day she knew
The rapture of the blest—
Such ecstasy as Mary thrilled
When Christ slept on her breast.

Then came Love to her jauntily,
And looked into her eyes;
"I have another cup for thee;
The hour has come—arise!"

But smiled the woman scornfully:
"It is the cup of pain.
I drank thy nectar first—and now—"
She proudly drank again.

"I like thy spirit well," Love said;
"Come, keep thy courage up."
He held before her dauntless eyes
Still yet another cup.

And lightly dropped the broken pearl
Of broken faith; it sank
And melted in the amber dregs.
With pallid lips she drank.

The look of Death grew in her eyes,
She did not shrink or speak,
But up the gray of ashes came
And covered brow and cheek.

"Now drink," quoth Love, "my bitterest cup,
The cup of jealousy;
But first look in its ruby depths,
And speak. What dost thou see?"

She saw another woman's arms
About his throat; and there
Those sweeter, younger, lingering lips
Pressed kisses on his hair.

The cup shook on her teeth; she drank,
And bowed her head, and cried;
"Love, ere I drank thy nectar first,
Would God that I had died!"

—Ella Higginson, in Boston Transcript.

Do you remember Mrs. Austin?

GREEK COLONY GROWING

GEORGE PILALOS INDUCING COUNTRYMEN TO COME HERE.

A System of Boot-Blacking Rooms—Few of the Young Men Can Speak English.

During the last three or four months there has been an influx of Greeks to Indianapolis, and the Greek colony has been greatly increased. Some of the new comers have taken the places of others who have started in search of new abodes, but those who have recently come to the city far outnumber those who left.

The increase in the Greek population is largely due to the efforts of George Philalas, who lives on West Ohio street. He is striving to increase his worldly goods through the work of a number of his countrymen. Philalas was largely instrumental in establishing the shoe-shining parlors in the city conducted by Greek boys. There are shops in five or six locations in the city where men and women may have their shoes polished for five cents by these young sons of Greece. The shops on Illinois street and Massachusetts avenue were first opened by Philalas or his fellow-countrymen. Two or three of the shops have changed owners within the last few weeks.

Most of the young men who work in these shops are still in their teens, but they are hard workers. In one of the Illinois-street shops are two boys, one fourteen and the other seventeen years of age. The older can speak a few words of English, but the younger shakes his head when any one addresses him in English. They are both familiar with the United States money, and it would be hard to "short-change" them. One of the lads has to carry the name of Nikles Cristofilakis through life. These two boys have been in this country one year and were brought to Indianapolis by a cousin.

The Greeks do not master the English language readily, and there are only a few in Indianapolis who speak English at all. There are on many of the street corners candy wagons owned by Greeks, and an attempt to enter into a conversation with them in the English language is as hard as communicating with Mars. They touch their fingers to their lips, indicating that they neither talk nor understand English.

LIVE CHEAPLY AND SAVE.

The Greek colony in Indianapolis is divided, as part of them live on West Ohio street and the others in a large room on East Washington street. Those who live in the Washington-street room sleep on the floor and live very cheaply. They spend little money and a few of them try to save enough to take them back to their native land some day. Those who do not manufacture and sell cheap candies shine shoes and seem content with their lot. They peddled candy in their own country and had no desire to change their vocation when they came to the United States.

A man in one of the shoe-shining rooms conducted by young Greeks the other day pointed to the label "George" on a cigar box. The name caused the young Greek to smile and he murmured the name of King George. He said in his best English that his fellow-countrymen thought as much of the name of King George as the United States people think of their President.

There is employed in a South Illinois-street candy and fruit stand a Greek that is anxious to get back to his native country. He came here some time ago, leaving his wife and mother behind. He said he was in his father's store one day when a number of Turks entered the store and killed his father and the clerks and some of the people in the store. He is afraid his wife and mother may meet the same fate.

ODD THINGS ABOUT INDIANS.

Their Number Has Not Decreased Much Since the Days of Columbus.

New York Evening Sun.

North Carolina's Croatans, who say they are descendants of Raleigh's lost colony, are not the only peculiar people among the red inhabitants of these United States. The claim is not new. It has been more or less exploited these thirty years, along with that of the still more curious Melungeons of East Tennessee. Their name, said to come from the French melange, a mixture, must be pre-eminently fit, since they show racial characteristics of the Cherokees, the negroes, the Portuguese and the plain, ordinary poor whites. Their language is as mixed as their blood and their civilization is in somewhat the same condition.

Over against them set their neighbors, the Eastern Cherokees, who live in Qualla Boundary, in western North Carolina, and are so up-to-date they have formed themselves into a regular corporation, so as to share in the government benefits which were in danger of monopoly by the rich and out-reaching Western Cherokee Nation. Right here it may be proper to say that, after the outcry against Indian management, cold figures show that the Indian population of to-day is not so very much less than that which Columbus found here, and that the so-called five civilized nations of the Indian Territory have quintupled in numbers since crossing the Mississippi.

Roughly speaking, Columbus found some half million red folk within the limits of what are now the United States. Their latest estimated number is between three and four hundred thousand. And whenever a tribe becomes self-sustaining, as in the case of the Navajoes, it very quickly attains to the normal rate of human increase. Still, it must be admitted that of the fifty-three separate parent stocks, once existent, but thirty-two now have a living representation. Admixture with the whites has proved poison to some tribes, yet to another has meant new life. This is notably the case with the Cherokees and Choctaws, many of whose leaders are Indian in name only. Not a few of their chiefs can trace to the best blood of Scotland and England. The way that happens is one of the romances of history.

After the '45 the flower of the young Jacobites who had been "out with the Young Chevalier" fled for asylum to western North Carolina. Not so long after, when the revolution came, they thought they had had enough of rebellion, so espoused the side of the crown against the colonies. When again they found themselves losers, visions of hanging for high treason sent them scuttering away still deeper in the wilderness. They brought up at the Cherokee head village, in the southern Appalachians, or the Creek town not so far off, or in the Choctaw lodges. Tarrying there, they married Indian wives, took Indian names and became, to all intents and purposes, Indians. But many of their children have reverted to the Scotch patronymics. The famous Chief John Ross is a case in point.

It was in those same mountain villages that the Cherokee alphabet was invented. Its inventor taught it first to his daughter. He cut letters out of bark and with them spelled words. Both he and his pupil came near being burnt as sorcerers because those about them feared those who could, in their own phrase, "make chips talk."

The Pamunkey and Chickahomini now number a scant two hundred. The woods were full of them in Capt. John Smith's time. They still live in Virginia and keep very much to themselves, neither voting, bearing arms nor working if they can help it. But every Christmas they send to his Excellency, the Governor of the State, tribute of furs, game and fish, fruit of their own bows and spears. They live upon the rivers of their own name, which were made familiar to all the people by certain events of the civil war.

The Chippewas believe that every human being was either a bird or beast or fish just before it was born. They put rude effigies of the supposed antecedent animal upon the stakes they drive at the head of a grave. If the death seems untimely or in any way mysterious they watch the grave for nine nights, sure that whatever witch has worked bad medicine against the dead will come to gloat over the grave in the shape of that which was formerly the dead. Thus a maiden who had been an owl or a sparrow hawk would have a sparrow hawk or owl shriek delight over her grave; a brave who had been a big wolf would find a brother wolf howling joy at his destruction. Killing the disguised witch does not, of course, bring the dead to life, but may be in a degree soothing to the feelings of the mourners.

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HALF-BLEACHED DAMASK—2 yards wide, very fine and stocky; regular price, 90c; sale price 69
SCOTCH DAMASK—Bleached, all pure linen, 64 inches wide, spot and floral designs; 65c quality 48
SILVER BLEACHED DAMASK—64 inches wide, all pure linen, soft finish; our regular 50c quality 39
UNBLEACHED DAMASK—58 inches wide, regular 30c quality 21
FRINGED NAPKINS—10c kind, for.... 5
FRINGED NAPKINS—5c kind, for..... 2½
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NAPKINS—Full bleached, 20x20, all pure linen, splendid selection of patterns; regular 2.00 quality 1.49
NAPKINS—⅝ size, bleached, pure linen; our regular price, 1.00; sale price 77
HEMSTITCHED HUCK TOWELS—19x38, all pure linen, plain white, in fancy dice and spot patterns; our regular 25c quality 19
LINEN HUCK TOWELS—20x40, plain white borders; regular 15c quality 10
BARNSLEY CRASH—18 inches wide, bleached, with red borders; all linen; regular 12½c quality 10
BROWN CRASH—Union linen; regular price, 7c; sale price 5
ROLLER TOWELING—Bleached, extra heavy, 6½c quality (ten-yard limit) 3½

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FRENCH PRINTED CASHMERES—Our own importation, all wool, artistic printings, in India and Persian effects; 15 different styles for ladies' waists, dressing sacques, kimonas and house gowns; special 75

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ROMAN STRIPED TAFFETAS—20 inches wide, good firm cloth; 1.00 quality 79
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TUCKED TAFFETAS—20 inches wide, white and black only; resembles tucking very much 98
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BLACK INDIA—Yard wide, best quality 1.00 is the usual price; to close 68

Sale of Black Brilliantines

40c Black Brilliantine, 38 inches wide.... 24
50c Black Brilliantine, 38 inches wide.... 35
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1.00 Black Brilliantine, 44 inches wide.... 79

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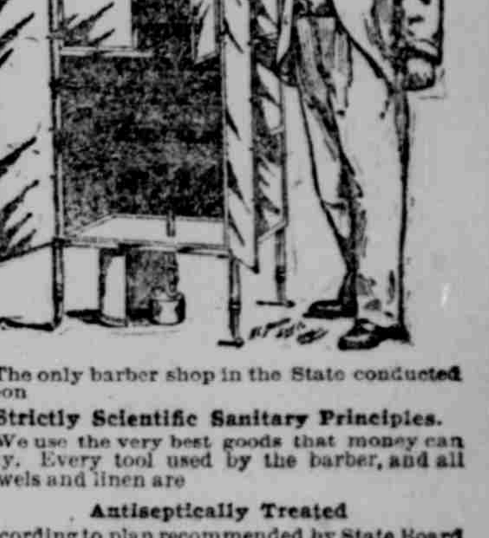

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