The DRAMA

PLAYS OF THE WEEK.

At Sutton's New Grand.

"Belle of New York" Sunday and Monday.
"Yon Yonson" Tuesday and Wednesday.
"King of the Opium Ring" Thursdaw, Friday and Saturday.
"Theodora" Sunday.

At Maguire's Grand.

"In Old Kentucky" tonight.
"Hi Henry's Minstrels" Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

FOOTLIGHTS will flash in Butte this winter in a way that will outshine the glare of former years as an arc light transcends the power of a wax candle. The theaters will be in full blast from now until the flowers bloom in the spring. At Sutton's new theater and at Maguire's Grand bookings have been made that will provide amusement for the playgoing public in a highly satisfactory way. Many of the old favorites whom Butte playgoers have applauded in former seasons will return and new faces will be seen in the lime light's glare.

The greeting given John McGuire Friday evening, at the opening of his play house, was enough to delight the heart of the recipient of the graceous attentions on the part of the public.

The sale of boxes at Sutton's speaks strongly in favor of an opening night the like of which Montana has never seen. Seats, too, have gone well in advance and the prospects brighten as the big event approaches. Sutton's opening should be made a greater event in Butte's history than it will be. "The Belle of New York" is all right in its place, but its hardly the play with which to open one of the grandest play houses in the west.

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Sutton's New Grand will have for its attraction on Tuesday and Wednesday nights next with popular price matinee Wednesday. Thall and Kennedy's big scenic production of that everlasting, Swedish comedy drama "Yon Yonson," which will also be the first attraction to appear at regular prices.

"Yon Yonson," is a play which appeals equally to both young and old, and at the same time to all of either sex or any race, creed, color or religion. There is nothing to offend even the most captious. It was intended by the late Gus Heege for enjoyment, for entertainment, to drive dull care away, while at the same time it points a moral. It lets virtue triumph over vice and does it all in such a delightful way, with liberal doses of true comedy that it seems destined like Tennyson's "babbling brook" to go on forever. While the play in itself is a treat, it is no more so than the splendid company provided by Thall & Kennedy, or the magnificent scenic investiture provided with their money and under their immediate supervision. In this company are such popular and effective players as Knute Erickson, Annie Mack-Berlein, Beatrice Norman, Georgie Bryton, Belle Gold, E. Guy Spangler, Sydney Craven, E. J. Mack, Clinton Maynard, Harry Hubbard, W H. Konst and Geo. Rignold. And the famous original Lumbermen's Quartette with their perfectly blended voices must not be overlooked.

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"The record of the bucholic play in America, by the way, is a long and honorable one," said a member of the "Old Kentucky" company at the Butte today. "There have been as many dramatists of the soil in this country as there have been poets of the soil. The founder of the native school probably was a Rev. Sylvester Judd, who put forth such an effort about the time of the revolutionary war and thereby got himself into bad repute with his congregation. It is to be supposed that similar productions followed, but the next noted was a comedy of rustic life entitled 'Dora,' and produced during the 60s by 'Yankee' Adams. John E. Owens' famous impersonation of Solon Shingle, whose constant inquiries after 'a barrel of apple sass' rendered that speech a regular quiz phrase, was introduced into a rural farce, which had considerable vogue and bred a host of imitators. Then Sol Smith Russell presenteld 'Edgewood Folks,' thus taking his first marked step toward the high position he now holds in the theatrical world, and somewhat earlier Charles W. Couldock appeared in 'The Willow Copse,' which subsequently was altered by Steele Mackaye, and dubbed 'Hazel Kirke,' had a marvelous run. Lately the bucolic play has been greatly in vogue. The 'Hayseed' character on the stage has come to stay."

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Sam Thall of Thall and Kennedy came to town this week in advance of the "Yon Yonson" company. Sam was a resident of Butte for a period of six months about twenty years ago. "When I was in Butte in those early days the place where the splendid Inter Mountain building now stands was almost outside the businesss district," said he. Twenty years make great changes. I had a tip on some good mining property from James Murray, the banker, in those days but I failed to follow the way he pointed out. Butte has grown remarkably and in the theatrical circles its considered a splendid city. Butte audiences are all right and the actors like them."

Thrall and Kennedy have "A Stranger in a Strange Land" and "The Daughter of a Million," on the road and the theatrical season, they say, has opened with prospects of the very best year in its history.

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"If Maude Adams was ever seen more in the character of her own simple girl-like self than the day she last arrived in Hoboken from her trip abroad, I never heard of 'the occasion,' said a fellow-traveler. "She was met at the pier by her mother, who brought her some fresh fruit from the country place where Miss Adams was to spend the remainder of her vacation. On the pier she stood in an obscure corner, leaning against a derrick. In one hand she held an apple and in the other a pear, and, girl-like, first she took a bite of the apple and then a bite of the pear, and at times a half bite of each, so as to get the flavor of both fruits together. There she stood, all unconscious of being the center of attraction, while between mouthfuls she watched with great, wondering eyes the operations that those confounded customs inspectors were performing on her trunks and valises."

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The Chicago Chronicle is responsible for an amusing story concerning a visitor to "Way Down East." According to the Chronicle, he is an oldish man and his appearance was such that a glance at him gave the assurance that he was not a regular theater goer. His clothing had seen long service; his linen was not of the cleanest; his shoes were guiltless of polish. The special policeman at McVicker's had some difficulty in inducing him to take his place in the line filing past the box office window. When he did reach the opening he braced himself to robust pressure and prepared for a long stay. 'How be ye?' he asked the treasurer.

The official in question replied that his health was excellent.

"Air you th' young feller that sells tickets for th' show?"

This time a nod was the only answer vouchsafed.

The oldish man drew forth his wallet. "How much?' he inquired.

"A dollar and a half downstairs; a dollar upstairs."

"What's goin' on?" the man inquired.

"Way Down East,' responded the treasurer, gently but firmly.

"Downstairs?"

"A rural play—'Way Down East.'"

"Gosh!" said the prospective patron "What's going on upstairs?"

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Both Webster and Fields of the comical comedy team have made it a rule never to rehearse with the rest of the company, lest some of their jokes should become public before the first performance. When it is necessary to rehearse with others of the principals in scenes in which they appear, the dialogue is whispered.

Edgar Smith, the librettist, was watching one of the final rehearsals the other day and tip-toed up near the stage where the comedians with Sam Bernard were going solemnly through lines that have since been laughed heartily over. The auditorium was dark, but the comedians saw the figure groping in the darkness and immediately ceased their stage conversation.

Mr. Weber called to Julian Mitchell, the stage manager, and asked him to find out who was in the theater.

"It's Smith," he called, after discovering the librettist.

The author of the dialogue which the comedians were rehearsing laughed heartily.

"What do you think I'm trying to do?" he asked. "Steal some of my own lines?"

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William A. Bradys strikingly beautiful production of "Way Down East," will be seen here again this season. Lottie Blair Parker's rural drama, which owes its elaboration to Joseph A. Grismer, is proving itself possessed of the elements of extreme longevity. During the past eighteen months it has been given for the second or third time in many large cities, the engagements often reaching a total of over a hundred nights, and yet the popularity of the piece seems undiminished. The company presenting "Way Down East,'" now is said to be almost identical with the original.

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Daniel Frawley writes that he has opened a seven-weeks' engagement with his company in Los Angles, beginning with "Lord and Lady Algy" as the attraction.

Mr. Frawley's policy of taking out to the Pacific coast the best successes of the New York season and presenting them with complete equipments of scenery and adequate casts has given him an altogether remarkable grip upon the western public.

He can play the year round in a very few cities, and as he doesn't have to take chances with untried plays he seems to have anchored in about as safe a position as is enjoyed by any theatrical manager in America.

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Not very long ago Lillian Russell, actress, received in her dressing room back of the stage an enormous bouquet of red roses. Concealed among the flowers was a note, in which the writer said:

"If you will take dinner with me tomorrow, please wear one of the flowers in your hat on leaving the theater."

It happened that Miss Russell's admirer was a pet aversion of hers, so she contrived a scheme that resulted in his utter discomfiture. Each chorus girl in the company received a rose and some instructions, and when the admirer posted himself opposite the stage door later in the evening he saw pass in review before him twenty or more heavily veiled women, every one of them with a red blossom in her hat.

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Clara Morris' forthcoming appearance on the lecture platform under the direction of Thomas H. Broadhurst is for one season, with the privilege of renewal in case the engagements are as successful as anticipated. Talking over the matter with Mr. Broadhurst, he said that their association came about quite inadvertently. She had submitted to him the manuscript of a play, and he had pointed out that it was not suited precisely to his requirements.

He remarked he would be glad to have her own services. Miss Morris replied that under no circumstances would she ever return to the stage.

"Why not enter upon the lecture field?" suggested the manager. "Your recent writings in numerous magazines and newspapers demonstrate that you can provide original material in the way of reminescences, and I would pay gladly so much a week to control your services in this connection."

"All right," responded the actress, and and the contract was immediately drawn up.

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Lewis Morrison was touring in the play, "Faust," with which his name is so closely identified, and at a small theater in the west one night, part of the programme went wrong.

It was where "Mephistopheles" (Morrison) was to disappear through a trap door in the floor of the stage. Mid a flare of red fire the descent was begun, but the trap moved by jerks, and when about three-fourths of Morrison's tall red figure was beneath the stage, it stopped.

The actor stamped impatiently, but the trap moved not. Just then a voice from the gallery was heard exclaiming:

"Gee wilikins! He can't git in,—hell's ful."

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All of the buyers at the auction sale of boxes at Sutton's Wednesday evening as the time for representation. The house will be opened Sunday evening with the "Belle of New York," which was presented here about a year ago.

The new house has a seating capacity of 2,300 and is said to be the largest in the northwest. It has a balcony and gallery in which the seats are so arranged that those occupying them can see and hear what is transpiring on the stage. The drop curtain is fire proof. The interior of the structure is not quite finished, but Manager Sutton has a force of men working night and day. By Sunday the house will be comfortable.

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The late Augustin Daly had in his employment a man who always addressed him a note, periodically, asking for an advance of money. This note was invariably answered by a most abusive letter, in almost insulting terms, and threatening instant discharge if the offense was ever repeated—and inclosing a check for the money.

At regular intervals of about three months the man invariably made the same request, with the same results, always, however, getting a check inclosed. And thus it continued until Mr. Daly's death.

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Wallack's was the only New York theater to close and remain closed until after the funeral of the president, this in the face of the fact that it was doing about the biggest business along Broadway. The morning after the death of the president, there was a conference of New York managers, who agreed at first to keep their houses open. Afterwards they decided to omit the Saturday matinee only, and this rule was followed by most of the New York theaters.

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Upon hearing of the death of President McKinley, David Traitell, manager of Frederick Warde, refused to permit the company to play in Danville, Va., that night, and shipped his star directly to Richmond, where this week they are representing for the first time on any stage a new Roman tragedy called "Horatius." It was written expressly for Mr. Warde by Miss Verna Woods of California.

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J. J. Dodge, the manager of "A Runaway Girl" company, received an amusing answer to a request for time at a western theater.

He had had his production at that theater last season, and wished to repeat the performance this year. The answer to his letter read:

"I will be glad to have your show at our place, but I can't let you have the theater on the same terms as last year. She then, I have taken a partner, so will have to raise our price."

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The failure of airbrakes to work caused an accident on the Northern Pacific railroad by the collision of two sections of a train near the town of Lake in the state of Washington. All elderly man named Crankle of Grant's Pass, Ore., was injured seriously. Several members of the "Female Drummer" company who were aboard were hurt. They were Albert Elds, leader of the orchestra; Miss Vinna Hawkins, Miss G. Payson Graham, Manager M. Rice and Mrs. George Henry.

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Concerning Sutton's new opera house the New York Clipper, the leading theatrical publication in America, has the following to say:

The new house, Sutton's Grand, opens Sept. 29, with "The Belle of New York," for three nights. This was the best paying attraction that played Butte last season, and it is very likely "Uncle Dick" will have to stand 'em up in his handsome and commodious new house this year for this attraction.

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"Sporting Life," caught on in Butte and pleased three good sized audiences at the Grand Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights. Not in many a day has a play come to Butte that has escaped unfavorable comment so generally as this gigersome melo-drama. It is related by those who saw the play in Anaconda that in that city the lines were cut and parts of acts left out. Butte saw the whole play and it was well appreciated.

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This seems to be the year for comedians to become female impersonators. At Weber & Fields' DeWolf Hopper is strutting about as the Countess Zicka in "Diplomacy." In "Are You a Mason?" Leo Ditrichstein impersonates a coquettish orphan with infinite tact and verisimilitude.

The latest masculine victim of petticoat embellishment is Charles Ross, formerly of Weber & Fields' engaged to play the queen in "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast."

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"Under Two Jags," is the suggestive name of one of the burlesques put forward by the Rentz-Santley company at the Dewey theater, New York, under the direction of Araham Leavitt. This is the first time the dramatization has figured on the burlesque stage, and Leavitt points with pride to the name of "Ouida" on the printing put out by the show.

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Rehearsals of "Sag Harbor" are under way daily at the Republican theater, New York.

Mrs. Herne, the widow of James A. Herne, the author of the play, as directing the reharsals in person. She herself once was known on the stage, and is said thoroughly to understand her husband's ideas about the manner in which he wished his plays presented.

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Butte people by the score and hundreds visited Sutton's new opera house during the week while the finishing touches were being put on the splendid building. Part of the work has been done at night and the sightseers congregated at the theater more numerously by lamplight than at any other time.

Thrilling Log Jam Scene in "Yon Yonson."

GENIUS OUTWEIGHS GOWNS

Rich Apparel May Secure an Advantage in the Beginning of a Stage Career, But Merit Wins.

Dress? says Elsie de Wolfe. It is a matter which worries me but little, and when you ask me what effect a woman's dress off the stage has upon her advancement in theatrical life I answer absolutely none.

While it is a duty every actress owes to the public and her art to costume herself as carefully and becomingly as possible on the stage, in my opinion it is no concern of the public whether an actress is gowned in silks or cottons outside the theater.

As regards the managers and producers— to ones to whom the woman of the stage looks for advancement in position as she by her own efforts advances herself in her art, they, if they be of that sound judgment and understanding essential to success, are not guided or deceived by the clothing she wears. If one has talent—is the possessor of that subtle, indefinable something known as the "dramatic instinct," that talent will force recognition from the world, even though its possessor be clad in rags.

But from this one must not infer that I do not advocate the advantage of dressing well. Shapespeare has told us that "the apparel oft proclaims the man," and the great majority of the things said by Shakespearse hold good today. It is equally true of the woman. Uo one admires a neat gown more than I, but at the same time, what constitutes proper dress? The tendency in America, both among the women of the stage and of society is toward overdress. The shop girl, with her white waist and neat cotton skirt, seated in a modest lunch room at the noon hour is a better dressed woman than many whom I havee seen at the Waldorf-Astoria at the same hour, clad in rich velvet and ablaze with jewels.

Proper dress consists, first, of a display of good taste, which is usually shown in modesty of raiment rather than the other extreme. In order to dress well, women should study themselves, and so discover what is most appropriate to their peculiar charm. They should possess individuality in the selection of their costumes, but should know their own strength before attempting anything that could be considered "daring" in their raiment. A dress that on one women would promptly become the mode, and would have no more sublime effect than to cause her to be considered a "guy" by her associates.

By carefully watching this point, almost any woman can dress well—that is, becomingly, no matter how small her income. And every woman desires to be well gowned, for nothing so adds to her appearance and her ability to please. It is a feninine trait, this desire to please, and a woman without it would to my mind be a most unfeminine creature.

But I do not think that a lack of proper dress could for any lenght of time suppress real talent in an actress, nor could a change of gowns several times daily make an artiste of one whose ability was limited to the selection of silks and laces alone. I know that many people of the stage, of average ability, place great store by their personal appearance, and I dare say that many managers, in choosing between richly gowned women and their less fortunate sisters of equal ability, would give the preference and the first trial to the possessor of the most imposing wardrobe. The only qualification with me would be ability to act, and I would be certain to select all of the shabby applicants, because I would see they needed the work.

When it is all summed up the fact remains that it is ability that carries one to the top of the ladder of histrionic fame. Clothes may secure for one an opportunity for an engagement, but it is talent that wins the place. Lack of stylish clothing may cause strangers to look askance at one on the first meeting, but the fires of genius within will burn the barriers away in time, and the real ability will place one in the niche of fame which Fate has foreordained.

What Constitutes an Educated Man.

What is an "educated" man or woman and how is he or she to be distinguished? Professor Butler of Colombia proposes five tests of education, in the broadest sense of the term:

1. Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue.
2. Those refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and of action.
3. The power and habit of reflection.
4. The power of intellectual growth.
5. Efficiency, the power to do

This brief list constitutes such a good answer to a difficult question that it is given here without comment. —September Munsey.

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