



and Mr. Blair are in perfect accord in their attachment to the artistic side of the profession, and with his new opportunities Mr. Blair will, without doubt, achieve added distinction.

One of the most beautiful features of the revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" is the gowns worn by Miss Helen Grantly who plays Katherine. The garments were specially designed for her by Worth of Paris, and it is said that in making them the great dressmaker has surpassed all of his previous efforts in stage attire. The richness of the fabrics, the exquisite patterns and the elaborate embellishments combine to render them models of grace and beauty. Wherever these dresses have been seen this season feminine theatergoers have openly expressed their admiration. Their cost is reported to be not less than \$6,500. Miss Grantly is particularly well suited by nature to wear such artistic and costly garments, for she is of striking personal beauty, both as regards face and figure. Last summer the cable flashed the news from London that her portrait had been selected by the photographers' convention as an ideal type of Grecian beauty.

"The Taming of the Shrew," in which the well known Shakespearean star, Charles B. Hanford, will play Petruchio, will be presented in this city at the Broadway soon.

The enormous advantage of a catchy air for a musical comedy or light opera was never more completely demonstrated than in the case of "Florodora," with its "Tell Me Pretty Maiden." It is like a bell caught in a sheep's tail; it is impossible to shake it off, and the more it tickles, the less likely it is to be forgotten. Every successful musical piece has this one all-pervading and tenacious number; the "Princess Chic" has the exquisite ballad, "The Love Light in Your Eyes," "El Capitán" has "The Typical Tune of Zanzibar," "The Strollers," has "I Am So Tired," and "Miss Simplicity" the delicate "Rosalie." Of course, these musical plays have other lyric numbers, which are pleasantly titillating; but ask anybody who sees these successful pieces and he is sure to mention these lambent operatic lyrics. They are to comic opera what the fire engine and paper-mache avalanche are to melodrama and hair-breadth escapes and sword slaughter are to the picaroon play.

The success of Mr. Kyrie Bellow and "A Gentleman of France" at Wallack's has been one of the much commented on features of the New York theatrical season. The play is a captivating one from start to finish, as the vigorous applause which invariably follows each act will bear evidence, but "the fight on the staircase" which has made the scene the theatrical sensation of the winter in New York, has had a far reaching effect, and it rarely happens now that a theater going out of town visitor to New York would think of returning home without taking in "A Gentleman of France" at Wallack's. The execrable weather of the past two or three weeks, which has not been without effect in diminishing receipts at a great many of the other houses, has apparently had no influence at Wallack's, and the management has not yet been compelled to make the disagreeable acquaintance of "a poor house." "A Gentleman of France" apparently has a fascination for the small boy—or rather the school-boy, whether he be large or small. A short time ago Mr. Bellow gave a special matinee for the New York school boys, and there were nearly fifteen hundred of them present. Such a display of enthusiasm has not been seen in a New York theater for many years, and at the end of the fifth scene they fairly "raised the roof." It is safe to say that there has not been a performance of the play in New York in which the school boy representative was not present, and in quantity.

While the "Arizona" company was playing in Washington, Dustin Farnum, who plays Lieutenant Denton, became possessed of a new "jag" which he considered entirely too good to waste, and which was of course entirely useless to him in the "jeune premiere" business. So he wrapped it up and sent it to Frank Daniels whose opportunities in "Miss Simplicity" are more elastic. Daniels, base ingrate, rewrapped the merry jag and mailed it on to Chicago, (collect 2c), to Lew Dockstader. Here it is as Dockstader sprung it at the Wednesday matinee:

"Why is the south end of a yellow pop like the plot of a society novel?" "Because thereby hangs the tale?" Dockstader refuses to pay royalty on this gem of purest ray serene, and Farnum is talking of enjoining him for piracy.

Frank Daniels says he has at last almost completed the book on which he has been putting in his leisure time for a number of years and that the manuscript will be turned over to the publishers in a few weeks. The book is a thorough study of the history of the odd members of the horse family, such as dwarf-horses or ponies, asses, burros, bronchos and mules. It details the origin of these queer specimens of the genus equinus together with their gradual domestication in different parts of the world, and it points out the influence these animals have exerted upon civilization and the prominent parts they have played in numerous incidents of history. The book will be the first one to cover this subject thoroughly and will doubtless prove valuable as a work of reference. It will be called "The

Horse's Poor Relations," and the comedian has written it as part of a queer hobby of his which finds other expression in the fact that his favorite driving team on his farm is a pair of high bred mules and in the name of his country home, Shetland Place, at Rye, N. Y.

Frank Daniels' pretty prima donna, Helen Lord, recently gave utterance in an interview to some views on the subject of what spoils an actress that prove that she can think thoughts as well as sing songs. She said: "If a woman is bright, clever and agreeable, the women may spoil her, but not the men. An actress who is an artist at heart does not care half as much for the adulation of men as for the admiration of women. The idol of the 'Johnnies,' the idol of the man without brains, is never more than a curiosity to women. The women on the stage who have self-respect and brains get more ardent admiration from their sisters than men are capable of and it pleases them."

On the last Thursday night of the recent Chicago season of "Arizona," the Illinois naval reserve attended the theater in a body in compliment to Mr. Stanley Murphy who plays Sam Wong, the Chinaman, in Augustus Thomas' play. The reason of this graceful attention is to be found in the log book of the battleship Oregon, during her historic service with Schley's squadron at Santiago. Mr. Murphy was first-class apprentice in the navy at that time, and came around the horn with Captain Clark as the Oregon's chief signal boy. At Key West the Oregon's fighting quota was filled by a draft of 50 of the gentlemen Jackies of the Illinois naval militia. These amateur sailors, rich men and yacht owners many of them, fraternized joyously with the professional blue jackets of the regular service, and made a fine record in the way of personal popularity as well as heroic devotion to duty. Having completed his prescribed course in the navy Mr. Murphy sought the stage for a livelihood, and has achieved encouraging success in two years' time. The compliment paid him by the former messmates of the naval militia is esteemed by Murphy beyond any experience which has come his way since the great day at Santiago.

Though the sawmill and the revolving lighthouse as aids to the drama are the products of American inventiveness, the tank melodrama is by no means an exclusively American product. In England plays of this sort are produced which make their American cousins—in the language of vaudeville—look like 30 cents, and in France some of the most popular melodramas resemble dramatizations of "The Abattoir," Superintendent Handy's book.

In the first two acts the heroes and heroines are subjected to all sorts of ghastly tortures, and in the last act the villains are massacred by companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions and army corps.

Some time ago Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's son, Maurice, wrote a play of the strenuous kind, and, according to all reports, it is a prize winner. Its title is "Nini l'Assommoir," and it is now running at the Theater Porte St. Martin.

Inasmuch as Mme. Bernhardt became ill with vexation when the audience laughed at it on its first night, there are reports to the effect that she helped her son to write it.

If this is true, she is far more blood-thirsty than her admirers on this side of the water imagine.

In all there are 34 killings in "Nini l'Assommoir." Ten minutes after the rise of the curtain a man is stabbed, and he falls he shoots another man, and the bullet, going through the latter,

strikes a woman, who in turn falls from a roof and hits a passerby, who rolls into the gutter and knocks down a policeman, who, in falling backward, trips a cab horse, who runs away, colliding with a bus containing 10 people, all of whom are thrown into the street, and six of whom are run over by a trolley car.

This, at least, is the report sent from Paris. The heroine, it also says, is a female bandit, who makes a study of the science of assassination and invents 19 new methods of putting people to death.

Her husband is a rascal and cut-throat, but fortunately he dies, in horrible agony, in the first act. The climax is said to resemble a stage version of the proceedings on St. Bartholomew's day—people kill each other, and the only man that escapes commits suicide by stabbing himself with a pair of scissors. Shortly before the fall of the final curtain the pool of blood on the stage becomes so deep that it extinguishes the footlights.

One critic has suggested that M. Bernhardt may have written the play as a satire on the current melodrama. But this does not tally with the fact that Mme. Bernhardt wept when the first night audience laughed at it.

"The Right of Way" to Be Dramatized.

Gilbert Parker, the novelist, undismayed by the fate which overtook the dramatic version of his books, has entrusted the presentation on the stage of "The Right of Way" to Manager Charles Frohman. The contract was signed the night before Mr. Parker sailed for home. He will be his own dramatist this time, having satisfied himself that this is the only way he can achieve the result he desires. No time has been set for the new production, but it will probably not be ready until late in the year. Speaking of "The Right of Way," Mr. Parker said the other day:

"You Americans have very keen noses for news. I never realized this until recently on a trip from Washington to New York, when I opened a newspaper and found a whole page full of pictures and a story that I had been to Pennsylvania to visit the heroine of my last novel. Right alongside of my picture was one of the young ladies whom Mrs. Parker and I had met at Obermergau some time ago. We met her again on the steamer on which we came to this country, this time, and that is really quite as far as our acquaintance went. Long before I met her 'The Right of Way' had been written. They gave it to an artist whom I have never met for illustration, and by a curious chance he made the heroine of the book closely resemble in face this young lady. I called her attention to the fact, and from this somehow grew the story that she was the real heroine."

Burlesque Lines of Great Players.

Over in London those persons who are sufficiently Americanized to have a sense of humor are laughing heartily at an amusing little book called "Lives of the 'Lustrous,'" which was recently published by Sidney Stephen and Leslie Lee. The authors announce that they undertook the work on account of what Lord Rosebery had called "the deplorable abundance of bad biography." It contains a series of brief biographical sketches of men in the public eye, including a few actors. Those of Sir Henry Irving and William Gillette, who is now appearing in London in "Sherlock Holmes," are here set down.

Irving, Sir Henry Washington, American actor, was born at Boston in 1838. Sir Henry, who is known in his own country as Colonel Irving, has occasionally visited England, but has so great an objection to performing out of America that only mere glimpses of him have been obtained here. On one of his brief trips to London, however, the opportunity was found to make him a knight, and the few performances in which he was then seen filled all English playgoers with the desire to know more of his superlative gifts. Sir Henry Irving is perhaps better known by his books, especially "Bracebridge Hall" and "Rip Van Winkle." His son, Mr. H. B. Irving, the distinguished criminologist and Lombroso of the footlights, is now playing the principal part at St. James' in his brother's play, "The Likeness of the Knight." Sir Henry's motto is "Hail, Columbia!"

Gillette, William Sherlock, international detective, was born at the Needles in 1857. With the eye of a lynx, and the logical acumen of a Conan Doyle, he has succeeded in attaining to the highest position among the law's sleuth hounds, both in England and America. The recent arrest at the Lyceum theater of Dr. Moriarty, the Whiteley of crime, was due entirely to his amazing re-

FAITHLESS REDSKIN KILLED BY CUPID'S ARROW



BEAR-AFRAID-OF-THE-WOLF.

(Special to Inter Mountain.)

Have, Mont., Feb. 22. — Red Blanket and several Indians who have been on a pilgrimage to the Bear Paw mountains, returned today with the news of the tragic suicide of Bear-Afraid-of-the-Wolf, a full-blood Sioux Indian who killed himself by blowing out his brains with a shotgun.

Chided by the members of his tribe and rejected by Moonbeam, a princess of the much-despised renegade Cree Indians, the ardent Indian lover left his tribe camp a week ago yesterday and when found his body was frozen, and nearby was found the carcasses of his two ponies which he killed before taking his own life, that he might ride on their spirits to the happy hunting grounds. The body was brought into camp, and for more than a week the Indians have been in a great state of excitement over the affair. According to the custom of the Western red men they have inflicted cruel injuries upon their bodies during the lamentation over the dead.

The prominence of the dead chief and that of his squaw, who is a granddaughter of Sitting Bull, together with the sensational and unusual character of his taking-off has prolonged the lamentation over his death until the Cree all through the Bear Paw mountains are much exercised over the affair and the medicine men predict the death of Bear-Afraid-of-the-Wolf as meaning that the Great Father will soon give the Cree

Indians a land of their own. The dead chief is a descendant of White Bear, the famous Sioux chief, after whom White Bear lake, near St. Paul, was named.

Ten years ago Bear met his wife, who was a descendant of Sitting Bull. They were married in Judith mountains, in June of 1890 with much pomp. Drifting for several years from place to place in Northern Montana Bear-Afraid-of-the-Wolf made love to many other Indian maidens and this caused an estrangement which led to his separation from his spouse.

Still there was but one true love for him, and that was the fair Moonbeam of a band of wandering Crees that Uncle Sam had refused to grant succor and who had been ordered by an officer from Fort Assiniboine to return to the Canadian possessions, from whence they came. But Moonbeam had another lover. One of her own tribe who had watched over her, and to whom she was betrothed, proved a successful rival to the doughty Bear, who was repulsed, and for a time the other young braves of his tribe cast cynical glances at him and the object of his love had neither smiles nor good words for him.

He rode out of camp a week ago with his two ponies and the searching party three days later found his frozen body near that of his ponies, with the side of the head torn off by a charge of shot.

source. The ordinary Scotland Yard bungler would, months before, have taken a posse of police and captured Moriarty red handed in his underground counting house. Not so Mr. Gillette, after giving Moriarty several years in which to incriminate himself sufficiently by murder and robbery, Mr. Gillette lured him into the disguise of a cabman, and calling him into the house, bade him strap his valise. This—being a London cabman—he naturally did as a matter of course, and was handcuffed during the act. As a reward for Mr. Gillette's courage and ability a public subscription was started, payable at the Lyceum doors, from which Mr. Gillette, with true professional magnanimity, makes numerous and unerring deductions for the benefit of his collaborator, Mr. Gillette, who is remarkable for his stage slimmness, is upward of seven feet in height, with features perfectly adapted for chromo-lithographic representation on the London boardings. In founding the Bachelors' club he provided a field for those bullseye lantern entertain-

ments which are so greatly relished by the nobility and gentry."

Washington's Birthday.

At Sutton's Family Theater, Saturday, February 22, at 8 p. m., the Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. church, south, will give one of the greatest musical treats of the season.

Washingtonian tableau will be given in costume, their beauty being greatly enhanced by calcium lights and choral accompaniment. Following is the program:

- Trio, Mrs. Bergstrom, Messrs. Olson and Ballard.
- Tableaux I., cradle scene, choral accompaniment, "Sweet and Low."
- Reading, Mrs. E. H. Weirick.
- Tableaux II., Cherry Tree Episode, choral accompaniment, "Woodman, Spare That Tree."
- Vocal solo, Magnus Hansen.
- Tableaux III., Washington's Wooling, choral accompaniment, "Love's Old Sweet Song."
- Violin solo, Otto A. Olson.
- Tableaux IV., Valley Forge, choral accompaniment, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."
- Vocal solo, Mrs. Fitz Butler.
- Tableaux V., Triumphant Entry into Trenton, choral accompaniment, "Welcome, Mighty Chief."
- Cello solo, R. H. Ballard.
- Tableaux VI., Peace.
- Quartet, Mesdames J. W. Thomas, Ignatius, Donnelly, Messrs. J. W. Thomas and Samuel Coup.
- Tableaux VII., Ensemble, choral accompaniment, "America," audience joining in singing.
- Piano accompanists, Mesdames O. H. Bergstrom, W. L. Irvine and Mr. Vernon E. Mattlack.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

"Are You a Mason?" has passed its 150th performance in London. A new music hall at Whitechapel will have standing room for 1,900 people. Edward Harrigan is to appear in a Philadelphia stock company's revival of "Of his plays." The Marquis of Anglesey has been wearing a \$10,000 costume in an amateur production of "Aladdin." Seven lions killed a keeper who had entered their cage at the Hagenback quarters near Essen, Germany. This is the first winter for 33 years that there has not been a pantomime at the Standard theater, London. Marie Loftus has the assistance of no fewer than eight people in her new song, "The Shop Walk," by I. P. Harrington and George Le Brun. The betrothal is announced from Obermergau of Anton Lang, the Christ of the Passion Play, to one of the soprano soloists, Mathilde Rutz. Barney Gilmore is said to have been offered by Joseph Murphy the sole acting rights to the latter's plays to star in them under Mr. Murphy's management.



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