

# THEATERS

## BILLS OF THE WEEK

May Irwin and "The Burgomaster," at the Metropolitan.  
 "The Flaming Arrow" at the Bijou.  
 "Moulin Rouge" at the Dewey.

Charming May Irwin, a comedienne, holding high favor with theater-goers.

tired people in a city appreciate, as it has that pleasant tinkle that brings encorages.  
 At the rise of the curtain, which takes place in Amsterdam in the year 1660, the governor, or Burgomaster, Peter Stuyvesant, has his own troubles, of not only a domestic nature, but political. The state of affairs completely unnerves Peter, and as a last resort Peter and Doodle drink the wine originally prepared for their enemies, and lie down to the presumable



GUS WEINBERG AS THE BURGOMASTER. At the Metropolitan the latter half of next week.

who has come to be known as "The Woman Who Makes You Laugh," and her merry company in the new comedy, "Madge Smith, Attorney," by Ramsey Morris, will be the principal features of this week's theatrical offerings in the advent of its appearance to-morrow night at the Metropolitan for an engagement of four nights and Wednesday matinee. Miss Irwin has never been seen as a star in this city before, and, of course, her appearance means a great deal more than the ordinary announcement when this play will be seen for the first time in this city.

In a nutshell, the story of the play is that Madge Smith and her husband do not live in perfect conjugal felicity. Madge concludes housewifely duties are irksome, and throws them aside for the pursuit of wild excitement in the practice of law. The nature of her profession brings her into publicity, not at all relished by her husband, John Smith, who being deprived of his wife's society most of the time, owing to her professional work, seeks comfort in a surreptitious visit to the theater and an after-the-play "bird and a bottle" with a former sweetheart, who happens, at the same time, to be a friend of Madge's. Madge, too, coincidentally has had her antedivock sweetheart, and, unfortunately, is afflicted about this time by an outbreak of this individual. The efforts of the two to conceal from each other their secret entail them in a series of complications which are continuous to the end of the play.

May Irwin sings many new songs, among the most infectious being the following: "I Ain't Gwine to Work no Mo'"; "I've Got Troubles of My Own"; "Give Me Back My Liza"; "Jungle Queen." Other songs included in the play are "The Turkey and the Turk," and "Out, Out, Macnoiselle," sung by Mr. Sparks and Mr. Burress respectively. One of the most effective bits of work done by Miss Irwin is a burlesque on the convention address of lawyer to judge and gentlemen of the jury, which occurs in the courtroom scene.



May Irwin, in "Madge Smith, Attorney," at the Metropolitan the first half of next week.

At the Metropolitan beginning Thursday, May 2, the merry "Burgomaster" is announced for a return engagement of three nights and a Saturday matinee. Frank Pixley has put in "The Burgomaster" about all the best things he has thought of for a long while—many of them unusual; in fact, most of the book is of the sort admirers of Harry B. Smith will be could write. Gustav Luders' music is of the catchy kind that

ish the awakened sleepers with various typical performances of the day.  
 This Rip Van Winkle proceeding, with variations, paves the way for a good deal of jolly fooling, coralling all the features of wit, beauty and song. "The Burgomaster" was lucky enough to shed his wooden leg during his long sleep and grow a new serviceable member, which was fortunate for him, under the new conditions of civilization, as he finds it necessary to jog along pretty lively in keeping up with the quick New Yorkers.

Act two is divided into five scenes, picturing the seashore, a down town portion of New York, the French ball at Madison Square Garden, Dearborn street in Chicago and the Court of Honor at the late World's Fair, all of which are visited by Peter and Doodle under the guidance of Willie, a wise city chap. The company numbers eighty people, foremost of which mention can be made of Edith Ferington, Laura Joyce Bell, which are visited by Peter and Doodle under the guidance of Willie, a wise city chap. The company numbers eighty people, foremost of which mention can be made of Edith Ferington, Laura Joyce Bell, which are visited by Peter and Doodle under the guidance of Willie, a wise city chap. The company numbers eighty people, foremost of which mention can be made of Edith Ferington, Laura Joyce Bell, which are visited by Peter and Doodle under the guidance of Willie, a wise city chap.

"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE," H. V. Raymond's great play, will be presented at the Metropolitan the entire week beginning Sunday, May 5, with a matinee on Wednesday and Saturday, by Edward E. Rice's superb company with the popular and brilliant young actor, George Clarke, as "Richard Carewe." "When We Were Twenty-One" is one of the finest plays of the past decade. The story briefly told is as follows: Dick Carewe, a London barrister and his three comrades, the doctor, soldier man and Waddles, are bound together by ties of lifelong friendship. Together they guard and protect the life of the "Imp," the only son of a dead comrade. The Imp is just twenty-one, and as wild as young men of that age sometimes are. He has married a woman much older than himself, who proves to be an adventuress of the worst type. Dick and his friends succeed in saving the Imp from the snare into which he has fallen.

The Bijou's offering the coming week will be a decided novelty inasmuch as it will present for the first time in this city the very successful and talented Indian actress, "Go-Won-Go-Mohawk," in Lincoln J. Carter's big scenic melodrama, "The Flaming Arrow." Miss Mohawk has but recently returned from a year's stay in England, where she achieved immense popularity in her frontier plays. She is a full-blooded member of the tribe whose name she bears and in many respects a remarkable woman. She speaks several languages, having enjoyed the benefits of a thorough education both in this country and abroad, and is the authoress of several interesting stories of frontier life.

The story of "The Flaming Arrow" thrills with stirring incidents, not of the hair-raising kind, but of natural and interesting dramatic situations. White Eagle, a young civilized Indian, whose character is enacted by Miss Mohawk, returns to his home and tribe in the far west with a knowledge of the power and greatness of the white man, whose advancements in the march of civilization have pushed onward until a conflict for supremacy with the red man is inevitable. A council of war is held between the Indians and army officers in which the former, led on by a rascally Spaniard and a treacherous lieutenant, go on the war-path. The daughter of Colonel Fremont is captured by the Indians, who attempt her life, but are frustrated. Her rescue is successfully accomplished by White Eagle, her lover, with the aid of his horse, "Wango," his almost inseparable companion, which, dashed into the midst of the amazed and stupefied Indians, scatters the firebrands with well directed kicks, while White Eagle cuts the things that bind her to the stake, and throwing her insensible form over his shoulder, leaps upon his faithful animal and dashes away before the astounded savages recover from their bewilderment.

The men and horses are but incidental to the thrilling love story of romance, loyalty and adventure, and there is a remarkably truthful portrayal of the earliest scenes enacted upon our western frontier.

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ly of the Campanile; Brunelleschi spanned the dome of the Duomo; Ghiberti swung his bronze gates; Angelo carved the moving marble and the unfinished Desiderio and De Vinci painted the canvas never to fade from memory's gallery.

I frequently worshipped in the sanctuary of Florentine sculpture, of which Thorwaldsen says, "Clay is birth, plaster is death, marble is the resurrection." Here is the Loggia of the Lanecers, an arcade of arches filled with the master art of "Rape of the Sabinas," "Perseus" and "Polyxena and Achilles." Along thoroughfares and porticoes are statues of her leading men—while towering as Saul above his brethren, his Angelo's statue of David, cut from the eighteen-foot block of rejected marble. Where art is not in the stone itself, you find it on the facades of buildings where gods and men, beauty and the beast are frescoed in amazing outline and color.

When it comes to painting Florence is heir of art's history. Her galleries are in places which were made possible by the wealth and power of the Medicis. The study of the fourteenth century is interesting to me as the pictures on exhibition; the absurd criticisms of some, the pretended rapture of others, the glance of the blasé traveler and the unfeigned horror of pater and mater familias as their offspring viewed the nude marble or the blushing canvas. The Uffizi gallery is a shrine of painting and sculpture of gems, vases and bronzes from ancient masters. The halls are filled with busts of emperors and empresses, original drawings from De Vinci and Raphael, bust of Alexander dying, and group of Niobe and her fated children. The Tribune with its mosaic pavement, mother of pearl dome, gilded walls and ceiling is the gem of the whole collection. Within its magic circle, solitary and unique stand the master pieces of Raphael, Correggio, Del Sarto and Angelo; the Wrestlers, Dancing Fawn, Apollino and Scythian, whetting a knife. Titian's Venus with shameless attitude and coloring, stares you out of countenance, while the Venus de Medici welcomes you with a face and form at once the delight and despair of modern artists.

There is an enclosed walk between galleries of art over the Arno river, leading to the Pitti gallery. This palace was the former residence of the king and queen of Florence, and it retains its magic circle, solitary and unique stand the master pieces of Raphael, Correggio, Del Sarto and Angelo; the Wrestlers, Dancing Fawn, Apollino and Scythian, whetting a knife. Titian's Venus with shameless attitude and coloring, stares you out of countenance, while the Venus de Medici welcomes you with a face and form at once the delight and despair of modern artists.

I crossed Ponte Vecchio, the oldest and oddest of the six bridges over the Arno. A double decker, with art galleries above, and where mid all the precious stone of the turquoise is the prevailing one. This was a beautiful and inexpensive here, and I exchanged a few American rocks for scarf pins and serpent headed ornaments. I stood on this bridge at midnight. Above me the silver moonlight beamed on me, and below me the lights of the city shined. I felt as if I were in the open heavens over Bethlehem's plain.

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"Vines, flowers, air, skies that fling such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales of Florence and the Arno," make a never-to-be-forgotten frame of my pictured vision. In this spirit I read Robert Browning's "Andrea del Sarto" by the big, historic table in the bridal chamber of Queen Caroline. Then I took a cab and visited the house where Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote her immortal "Casa Guidi Windows." Later I visited the Protestant cemetery where she lies buried. Dead she still speaks. Her worth shines like a star at night. More enduring and beautiful than the flower-strewn marble sarcophagus which rises above her body is the memory of a woman well called "Shakespeare's daughter."

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## REV. G. L. MORRILL BECOMES POETIC IN WONDERFUL FLORENCE

### A Visit to the City of Statuary, Paintings, Literature and Modern Wickedness—Some Criticism of the Modern Italian as He Is at Home.

I went to Hotel de Italy, the former palace of Prince Murat and Queen Carolina. By mistake I was assigned a kind of jail room, No. 13, on the street of Lung Arno. I existed in durance vile till early next morning, when I rang the conierge and was received by a maid and boy who took me to lucky No. 13, carrying my grip, pants, umbrella and vest in a kind of procession before me. Opposite my window I saw the house of Amerigo Vespucci; he was gone, but not the girl in the window who spent her time in sweet nothingness till the hand came by, followed by Italian soldiers; she waved her handkerchief, I waved my flag; the captain recognized me and the boys her, smiled and exclaiming on.

I had the continental breakfast, not worth a continental, of coffee, bread and honey. Food in Italy, as a rule, is small in quantity and poor in quality, disguised in high seasoning and made as indigestible as palatable. The Italians are too lazy to eat much. They have to take something or die, but eating seems a matter of necessity and not of choice. Profit is their staff of life, and not to the Italian what potatoes are in Ireland. The natives serve you with grapes, peaches, figs, quinces, pomegranates and a confectionery paste, very good and abundant, and, like everything except frames, paintings and statues, goes by weight.

Drink is the main thing; more is spent for wine than bread or fruit, but it is a harmless wash, and nonalcoholic, for it is used soon after it is made, and it is innocuous compared with beverages found elsewhere on the continent or in America. I drove around the city and conquered and complimented my driver by saying, "Buono Italia." He was as noisy as his brothers. A sound like Bedlam broke out from the narrow streets of the city like low C through a tuba. Boys' cries of Gazettes, cigarettes and matches; men's cries of brooms, rooster-combs, chestnut pudding, squashes, baked pears, figs, grapes and roll squash seeds, assailed our ears until we implored high heaven for temporary deafness. Even this was denied us by a little boy who got his English mixed and came to me saying, "Good-Bye," and left me, adding, "How do you do." Flower girls were in abundance selling their wares, in all the variety of orange, lemon and laurel. You might as well be without your coat and without a flower; the flower girl will stop you on the street or come to you in the cafe and put a rose bud in your buttonhole unless you resist her. You may pay later in the season when the season of your decoration she comes in an irresistible way and you settle for value received. There are some picturesque women here, but, as a rule, they are hideous when the moment of their marriage was based on dowry and not on divine standards. Their proverb says: "Marriage is the tomb of love"; Byron said: "They marry for their parents and they love for themselves." Society, too largely consists of smoke, drink, gambling and free love; a paradise for people who like that kind of thing.

The markets of Florence are as curious as their mosques; long lanes lined with boxes, baskets and barrels, filled with flowers, fish, fowl, flesh and fruit and as many kinds of curious people to sell them. Near by are stands where the hungry may buy a fried cake congealed blood or roasted fat cat with some favorite fritters soaked in grease. I was hungry, but insisted on vegetarian diet. No, thank you, said, give me liberty. I hungered for death. Feeling ignorant and helpless and the need of a wise companion, I was approached by a man who had little owls for sale. They may be had for a song, but I preferred my thoughts for a net.

One morning I overslept and my party left without me. I started to overtake them, walked in a circle for half an hour and came out by the bridge two squares from my hotel.

I was in just the frame of mind to go to church and so went where I could learn the story record of Florence's birth, life, and death. Signore Lorenzo, with the tombs of the de Medicis, and Angelo's colossal figures of Day, Night, Dawn and Twilight. San Marco, with the pulpit of Savonarola, where he thundered of righteousness and judgment. Duomo, that marble mosaic with its daring dome by Brunelleschi. Campanile, that beautiful bell tower which Giotto hung three hundred feet in the air, and many others.

Carey roofing sheds water like a duck. See W. S. Nott Co. Telephone 376.

The North-Western Line Announces special rates to the Pan-American Exposition. On May 7th, 21st and 28th The North-Western Line will sell tickets to Buffalo at rate of one fare plus \$1.00 for the round trip. Also on any date from April 1st to Sept. 30 Pan-American excursion tickets will be sold at rate of one fare and one-third for round trip. Call at 322 Robert Street, St. Paul, 413 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis and information on length of time tickets are good, choice of routes east of Chicago, etc.

## CLUETT'S ARROW BRAND PAMLIPO COLBERT

Warning—Reserve Your Berths Quick. If you are going to take advantage of the last cheap one way "settlers" excursion on the Northern Pacific railway, Tuesday, April 30th, 1901, call at the city office, 19 Nicollet House block, and make your arrangements for tickets and berths.

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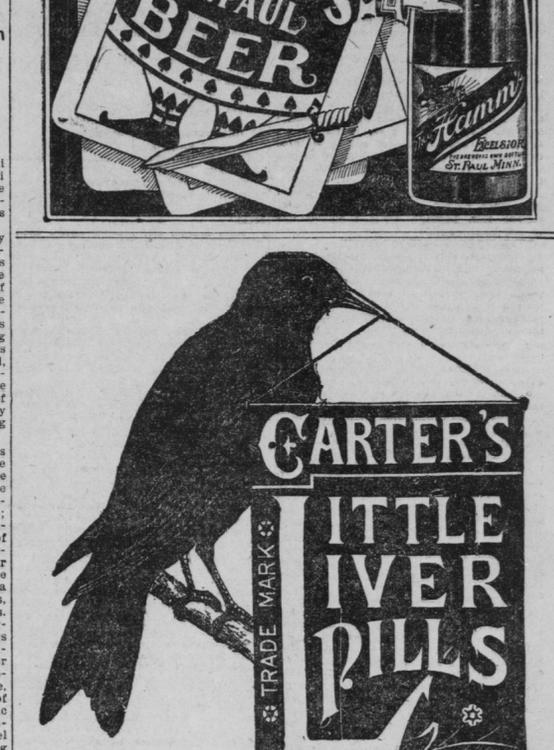
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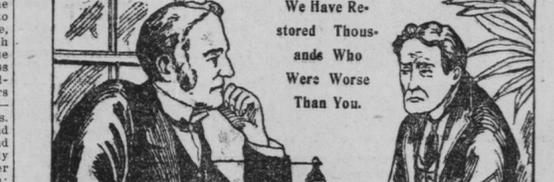
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