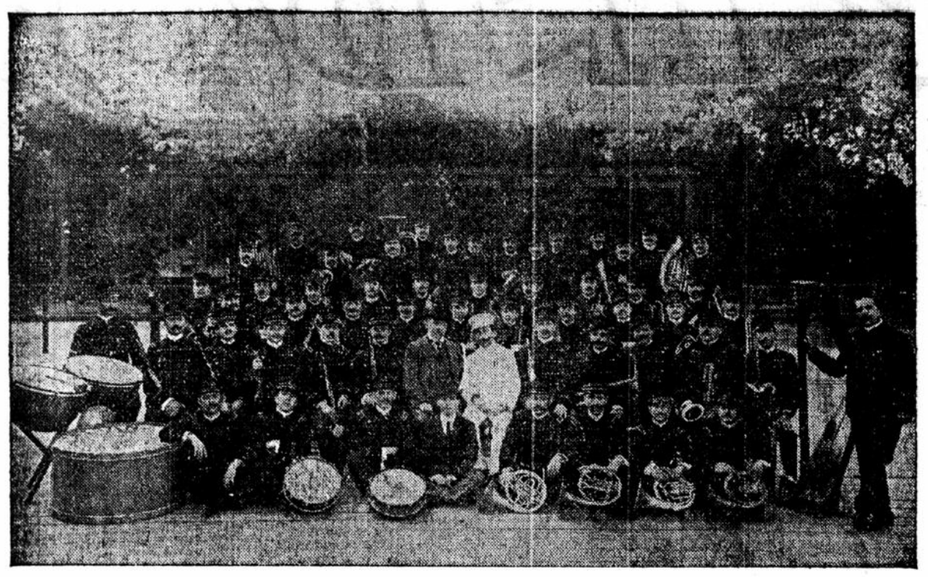
FAREWELL TO ROYAL ITALIANS AT HARRIET TO-MORROW



THE ROYAL ITALIAN BAND

—Photo Taken at Lake Harriet.

The season of the Royal Italian band, which originally was to have terminated last night at Lake Harriet, has been extended for two days by the urgent requests of the legion of admirers of the band who seem loth to see the players depart. Manager Ellery was able to arrange his dates so as to give the twin cities four more concerts at fair Harriet and every one bids fair to be a record-breaker in point of attendance.

The band has certainly won for itself a warm place in public regard by the spirit and dash of its work. Cavaliere Rivela, the musicianly leader, has shown himself to be a born leader in the best sense of the word. He has the confidence of his men and they recognize readily the authority of his musical conceptions. He has arranged his programs with masterly care and has managed to please the classicist and the lover of popular music alike—a most difficult undertaking. Success in this respect has been made possible by his thorough-going musicianly qualities. His original compositions have become very popular and he goes away wth a high place in public affection.

The closing concerts this afternoon and evening and the two to-morrow are full of the best things in the band's varied repertory. As a crowning feature of the farewell concert to-morrow evening, it is announced that the sweet-voiced and popular Miss Esther Eugenia Osborn whose success as a vocalist with the band has been demonstrated by two previous appearances will sing once more. Her selection will be a beautiful and difficult aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" in which her beautiful and flexible soprano will be heard to the best advantage. Miss Osborn is a Minneapolis girl who gives great promise of a fine musical career.

Other star numbers on the final program will be the immortal "Lucia" sextet, the grand "Tannhauser" overture and the beautiful pantomime music of Costa, "History of a Pierrot." Signor Palma, the favorite trumpeter, will play the wonderful Schubert serenade and Signor Setaro, the popular harpist, will contribute a selection. Altogether it will be a gala occasion, not untinged with melancholy when the thought occurs that it is the wind-up of a brilliant engagement. Here are the programs in detail:

SATURDAY EVENING.

March, "North Coast Limited" ..... Rivela
Overture, "Il Guarany" ..... Gomez
Trumpet Solo, "Infiammatus" ..... Rossini
Signor Demitris.
Gavotte, "La Belle" ..... Schuey
"La Traviata," Act IV ..... Verdi
Solos by Signori Palma, Marino and Curti.
Prelude, "Cavalleria Rusticana" .... Mascagni
Signor Marino.
Harp Solo ..... Selected
Signor Setaro.
"Iris"—"Hymn to the Sun" ..... Mascagni
March, "Patria" ..... Musso

SUNDAY MATINEE.

March, "Owls' Club" ..... Metz
Overture, "Mignon" ..... Thomas
Bombardino Solo, "The Palms" ..... Faure
Signor Curti.
Grand Selection, "Il Trovatore" ..... Verdi
Solos by Signori Palma, Marino, Curti.
March, "Return from Turin" ..... Rivela
Duet, Themes from Bellini's "Norma" ..... Lovreglio
Signori Massa and Ferullo.
Polka, "Minnetonka" ..... Rivela
Overture, "William Tell" ..... Rossini

SUNDAY EVENING.

March, "Festival" ..... Rivela
Overture, "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
"Serenade" ..... Schubert
Trumpet solo, Signor Palma.
"Histoire d'un Pierrot" ..... Costa
Oboe solo by Signor Ferullo.
Soprano Solo, Aria from "Queen of Sheba" ..... Gounod
Esther Eugenia Osborn.
"Lucia," Sextet ..... Donizetti
Signori De Mitris, Di Natale, Marino, Curti, Basile and Di Fulvio.
Harp Solo ..... Selected
Signor Setaro.
Mazurka, "Inspiration" ..... De Sica
"American Fantasie" ..... Herbert
Incidental solos by Lamonaca and Ferullo.

At Como and Wildwood.

Concerts will be given to-morrow afternoon and evening at Como Park by the Minnesota State band. The engagement of the band is to close with the concert Tuesday evening. Musically the engagement has been most successful, but the unfavorable weather has militated against the attendance, particularly at the week night concerts.

The music for to-morrow will be of a variable standard. In the afternoon Titl's military overture, "Der Tambour der Grade," a selection from Donnizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment," and a charming intermezzo by Voelker are the main feature of the program.

The feature of the evening's program will be the new selection "Albion," a fantasie on Scotch, Irish and English airs. Another interesting number will be the trombone solo, a fantasie on "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," to be played by John Hansen.

The Wolff and Barrett orchestra will continue at Wildwood, White Bear Lake, to the end of the month, and probably through September. The nightly dances have been well attended, each night the past week the floor of the pavilion being almost crowded with dancers. For this reason the effort will be made to extend the season of the orchestra. The usual concerts will be given to-morrow.

THE THEATERS

To-morrow evening at the Metropolitan, the Percy Haswell stock company will enter upon its sixth week in Minneapolis, presenting as the most thrilling offering of the season, the celebrated romance by Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The play has been made from the world-famous novel by Stevenson, and is a fairly accurate reproduction in stage form of the thrilling and fascinating story so artistically told by the great novelist. The dual role of Jekyll and Hyde will be played by George Fawcett and the members of the company will be seen to advantage in support.

HASWELLS IN "JEKYLL AND HYDE."

The story puts in concrete form the idea that each man is in reality possessed of two natures, the good and the evil, each struggling for mastery. In this play Henry Jekyll is a prominent London physician, upright, honorable, respected, all that a man should be. But he experiments with drugs and discovers a mysterious concoction which enables him to transform himself at will into another being. This other being is a personification of all the evil in his nature. A second dose of the drug restores him to his normal state. The desire for scientific investigation leads him to the point where the changes take place against his will. While calling upon his fiance, Agnes Carew, Jekyll is suddenly transformed into the arch-fiend, Edward Hyde. He springs upon the father of the girl he loves, Sir Danvers Carew, and kills him. Then he escapes. In the next act, safe from detection by means of the drug which changes his identity, Jekyll sorrowfully joins in the hunt for the murderer. Again, as Hyde, he knocks down a little child and brutally tramples upon her. He commits other fiendish acts, always sincerely repenting them when he becomes Jekyll again.

But finally the drug is exhausted. He can procure no more. The detectives are on his trail and discovery is but a question of hours, perhaps minutes. The story then moves quickly to a tragic climax.

Mr. Fawcett is said to give a very thrilling performance of the dual role. He made quite a hit in the part in St. Paul recently and is said to be very impressive in his work. All of the physical changes are facial and he relies in no way upon external aids to complete the transformation from man to devil.

The scenery will be entirely adequate and the supporting company will appear to advantage, although the play is essentially a one-star play.

After being closed for nearly three months, the Bijou opera-house will soon again open its doors to its large clientele.

THE BIJOU'S OPENING.

On Saturday night, Aug. 23, the first performance of the fall season will take place, introducing for the first time here, "Nevada," a powerful comedy-drama in which the well-known and dainty comedienne, Miss Elsa Ryan, will make her bow as a star, supported by an excellent company.

During the summer months the Bijou has undergone the customary house-cleaning and every nook and cranny has been scrubbed, dusted and cleaned. Workmen, seated in chairs and supported by ropes from the loft above, have with considerable risk to themselves been able to reach with long brushes the topmost points of the auditorium and proscenium arch. The usual painting of the floors, cleaning and redecorating has taken place and new rubber matting and tile have been laid in abundance. New effects in electric chandeliers and other changes have been made, all calculated to beautify and make more pleasant and convenient the already happy environs of this playhouse.

The stage has not been neglected and the dressing-rooms have been repainted and redecorated in a manner that will call forth the decided approval of the traveling actor.

With a small army of artisans, each at his own line of work, the Bijou presents a busy scene. The Twin City Scenic studio has supplied the stage with new scenery and the Bijou will open its fall season equipped as but few popular priced theaters are in this country for the convenience, safety and pleasure of its patrons.

Jacob Litt has provided a splendid list of bookings for the coming season and the plays to be seen the first two months embrace some exceedingly prominent attractions.

During fair week will come Jacob Litt's great success, "In Old Kentucky," with the strongest and most expensive acting cast and the most elaborate scenic equipment the piece has ever had. Other near-by engagements are: Rose Melville, the well-known comedienne, in her quaint and original "Sis Hopkins"; a new and thrilling play, "Her Marriage Vow"; "Up York state," one of the most pleasing of rural dramas; "The Night Before Christmas," one of the hits of last season; Mason and Mason, the well-known comedians in their laughable creation, "Rudolph and Adolph"; the first visit of the clever comedy, "All on Account of Eliza"; a revisit of one of last season's most successful attractions, "Across the Pacific"; a week with those master workers of fun, Ward and Vokes, and that inimitable magician, Kellar, who promises many surprises.

The Bijou's working force will continue the same. Theodore L. Hays will continue to direct the affairs of both of Mr. Litt's twin city theaters. Arthur M. Lamble will be assistant manager and treasurer; Charles Lamble, assistant treasurer; J. J. Whitehead, advertising agent; Mike Hahn, chief usher, and W. K. Brown, stage manager.

The DEWEY'S OPENING.

The Dewey theater will open its regular season Aug. 24 with the rejuvenated City Club Burlesque company. Manager W. W. Wittig has just returned fro mthe meeting in the east at which a combination was formed of the burlesque theater managers of the country. The organization is confidently expected to work a revolution in the burlesque business in many important ways. Of course, the routing of traveling combinations will be much simplified and good economies will be effected in that way. But the most important reform promised is in the raising of the moral standard of these companies. Heretofore under the conditions that have prevailed it has been difficult to regulate the character of the traveling burlesquers. But the managers have now agreed to cut out everything objectionable and keep a tight rein on the combinations. Each one will be closely watched and if at the end of its third engagement on the circuit it is found objectionable in any way and fails to eliminate such features its contracts will be cancelled and no more dates given. Manager Wittig says this agreement will be rigidly kept and promises a marked improvement in attractions at the Dewey.

Footlight Flashes.

Haverly's Mastodon minstrels, with George Wilson at the head of a long roster of comedians and specialty artists, will be the attraction at the Metropolitan for four nights, commencing Sept. 14.

"King Dodo," now running at the Studebaker theater, Chicago, will close early in September to make room for "The Prince of Pilsen," and will be seen in Minneapolis, at the Metropolitan, for three nights and Saturday matinee, beginning Sept. 18.

Wagenhals and Kemper have just purchased another new play for Blanche Walsh, entitled "What Will People Say," the daring nature of which it is said to have suggested its odd title.

The success of "Florodora" still continues. There will be over 100 in the organization at the Metropolitan early in the season.

Kelcey and Shannon, in William Gillette's dramatization of Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes," will be one of the early attractions at the Metropolitan.

"The Wizard of Oz" continues to draw large audiences in Chicago. The story, taken from Frank L. Baum's fairy tale, is gorgeously staged and appeals so strongly to the innate love for the wonderful and extraordinary that no one can resist its charms.

"Way Down East" will the fair-week attraction at the Metropolitan, opening Aug. 31, and it is safe to say that its wonderful success of the past two seasons in this city will be more than duplicated.

Chauncey Olcott's annual engagement begins at the Metropolitan Sunday, Sept. 7, and is of great interest because of his first appearance here in a new Irish comedy, written by his manager, Augustus Pitou, entitled "Old Limerick Town."

MISS ELSA RYAN,
The dainty Comedienne, who will make her debut as a star as Dolly Gray, in "Nevada," at the Bijou, Saturday night, Aug. 23.

LIFE IN GERMAN HEALTH RESORTS

The Fashionable and the Serious "Cures"—"B. O'B." Tells About Them and the Inevitable Voyage Down the Rhine—A Dull German Comic Opera.

Rolandseck on the Rhine, July 21, 1902.—German health resorts are divided into two classes; those which are fashionable, and those which are not. The occasional visit of royalty or some high court official will make a place, however obscure, smart at once, and the cure becomes an adjunct to the mild frivolity of the modish world, as at the Saratoga and White Sulphur of a generation ago. Homburg and Carlsbad are the ultra types of the dominating influence of the court and social world of Europe and Weisbaden stands in the middle ground, and at the other extreme are Bad Nauheim and Ems, where the cure is all essential, and the pomps and frivolities of the town are cast aside for the time being, along with dress, horses and the newest dancer at the opera. With this essential difference the life is much the same at all these places; the towns are attractive; women find the shops mildly fascinating, and the hotels are uniformly good. At Nauheim, where the $300,000 spent by the Grand Duke of Hesse in beautifying the town makes a pleasant background for the serious nature of the cure, they claim to heal almost all the incurable ills that flesh is heir to from the waters of the three springs. Bad hearts, weak hearts, in fact any kind of heart but a marble heart is warranted not to balk and be sound and kind in from three to six weeks. I believe the theory runs that while heart troubles are sometimes hereditary they come from many causes, heart complaints being hand maidens of love and first cousins of apoplexy. Bad circulation may be brought on by your creditors who hold too many of your notes; weak hearts by the stock market, and feeble hearts come to American business men who work themselves to a standstill physically and mentally. However as soon as people get money enough together to learn they have hearts they seem to drift to a German water cure, and as a natural result the local physicians have villas filled with watteaus, drive about in carriages, and spend their winters in Paris or Vienna.

A Busy Time of It.

The tourist who follows the regime, however, has a rather busy time of it. Up at seven in order to get in the prescribed number of glasses before breakfast, the water being served in dainty clean glasses by maids in uniform, which surprises the American accustomed to having it ladled out in a cracked glass, thick enough to have done time in the penitentiary.

They do not gulp the water down, but sip it leisurely, taking from ten to fifteen minutes to a glass, strolling through the park and listening to the music the while. From one and a half to two glasses is the average, three the limit, though as those with hearts do not drink the waters but confine themselves to the baths, the springs are never overly crowded. Then after an interval of half an hour breakfast; another hour of rest, then the bath; complete quiet for an hour or so, and then an elaborate course dinner at 1 o'clock. This completes the routine of the day unless you wish to spend the afternoon in a beach chair inhaling the fumes from filtered black thorn, which is said to be most beneficial for catarrhal affections. Everywhere you go, however, you suit your individuality and become a number. The attendant at the doctor's hands you one as he ushers you into a reception room as dull, dreamy and comfortless as such places usually are, where your fellow sufferers in half a dozen tongues with unblushing frankness are discussing aches and pains which would never as much as be hinted at elsewhere. Again at the bath houses you go by number, and though they give 2,000 baths a day, if you are not early, you must wait an hour or two watching the board where the numbers being called off are hung out like winning horses at a race track. Finally, when the very glass at the spring is numbered, you begin to feel like a cross between a keno caller and a train dispatcher.

As for the amusements, they are much the same at all of the cures. Whether you wish to or not, you pay a nominal fee for a Kurhaus tax, which entitles you to all the privileges of the place except the particular things you most wish to see. The Kurhaus is as dull as London of a Sunday, as the yawning American and the bored Britisher lounging all day on the really beautiful terrace can testify. There's a billiard-room with two lonely tables, a smokeroom sprinkled with Germans and indifferent pictures, and a reading-room filled with notices printed in all languages enjoining that strict quiet which after a single visit one has no intention of again disturbing. The popular concerts on the terrace might be worth while were they popular in anything but name; but Wagner is "light" and Weber is simply ragtime to these music-loving Germans, and unless you are really an educated musician, you soon have a surfeit of Bach and Beethoven, and sigh for Sousa. One number, however, every afternoon, is a waltz, and the Germans have the swing of it, and certainly play waltz time better than other musicians, even though they scorn any dance music less than twenty years old. In fact, a disregard for all things new characterizes German musicians in general, and the musical Joe Miller of a bandmaster at the Kurhaus is particular to such a degre ethat I've heard "Carmen" so many times in the last month I begin to feel like a matador, or a picador at the very least. I did hear one musical novelty, however; a composition by the kaiser, who may have ordered it played, but must have forgotten to order the applause, for it was received with that awful death-like silence which in theatrical parlance is known as a "frost." I fancy it rather easy to be a royal composer; all an emperor has to do is to pick out the tune with one finger, and then call in some musical hack to polish, orchestrate and generally fix it up.

A New Comic Opera.

I was also "among those present" at the first production of a new comic opera by Dellinger, a well-known German composer, some of whose operas have been produced in America at various times. It went off with considerable eclat, the composer leading the orchestra with spirit and skill and being decorated with laurel between acts. The opera itself is of the "Nanan" type, being built up around one waltz song, and, judging from its reception, seemed to achieve a fair measure of success. But the book is absolutely unintelligible, and when it is all over one wonders what it was all about, although that is in no wise remarkable in comic opera. But what impressed a stranger chiefly was the absolute lack of movement, if "Jadwiga" be taken as a type of the usual operatic brand made in Germany. From an American viewpoint, the comedians were absolutely funereal in the few places where they were given rein; the principals stand in one spot and seem to take root while they sing and deliver gestureless speeches; and as for the chorus, it wandered in and out apparently at will. A German comic opera chorus strolls leisurely on, exhibiting in the time-honored way a burning interest in the affairs of all the other characters; but there the resemblance to the ideals of childhood ceases. The chorus cannot be made to laugh at the antics of the funny man; nor do the woes of the lovers move the comic opera villagers to tears. When they have heard enough, they simply walk off without even waiting for the old familiar speech of "Now I pray you leave me, kind friends; I would be alone." By the way, we might all of us with profit copy the virtues of an operatic chorus. Such unselfish consideration of others, such good listeners, never interrupting save in monosyllables and inspiring the confidence of every one to such an extent that they are always found loitering around the most public place in the village waiting for some total stranger to happen along to take them into his confidence. And then always so happy; for they not only tell you so, but they must be, with nothing to do all day long but "tra-la" and practice the two-step.

The Trip on the Rhine.

But to return to the subject of the cures, complete rest after taking the waters and the baths is claimed to be one of the essential requisites. You can go to Switzerland, which, at this season of the year, is too much the fashion for rest, or you can recuperate at the American bar in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and incidentally take a dip in the dissipations of one of the gayest cities on the continent. Better still, chose a happy medium and bring yourself for a couple of weeks in one of those attractive little towns which dot the Rhine on both sides, where, if you don't find the luxuries you find the real substantials of life. Though out of the running for the time being yourself, you can look on at the game as played by the tourists who go up and down the Rhine every hour of the day, and every day of the year. The trip on the Rhine is one of the few set pieces for sightseers which really quite comes up to expectations. If pushed for time it is all well enough in a way to take the railway, which skirts either bank of the river; but the question of time being of little moment to the average tourist, it is better to put in an hour or two longer and do it by steamer. The picturesque scenery may become a trifle monotonous, and one old castle which has withstood the assaults of everything but time, looks very like another, crumbling to ruin high up on the cliff. But the trip down the Rhine, with its [illegible] of romance and chivalry, its tales of wicked barons and maidens fair, would be ideal for the honeymoon, and might even conjure up recollections of that time of long ago to the seasoned experience of such worldly persons as have forgotten all such things. Taking the steamer at the old fashioned typical German town of Mainz, post Rudesheim and its famous vineyards to Bingen. The original "Bingen on the Rhine" which you used to recite on Friday after Friday afternoon, until the teacher put a stop to it by asking you to learn a new "piece." On down the river by the quartz ledges in the stream, passing close to the Mouse Tower, where, as legend tells, Archbishop Hatto of Mainz was eaten alive by mice just because he ordered a crowd of famine stricken peasants to be burned to death, comparing them to corn-destroying mice. This tale may not be strictly true, but the mere mention of it caused half the women on the steamer to make an involuntary reach for their skirts. Further down, the quaint old town of St. Goar is overlooked by the most ruinous ruin on the river, the famous Rheinfels, dating from the twelfth century, besieged I don't know how many times and finally blown up by the French. Just above lies the Lurlei rock, rising above the whirlpools in the deepest and narrowest part of the Rhine, and the fabled seat of the siren who lured the sailors on to death. And so on to Coblence, where the Moselle empties into the Rhine, a beautiful monument to William I, marking the confluence of the two streams. From Coblence on, bridges of boats cease to be a novelty, and thirteenth century churches are too plentiful for more than passing comment until you reach the Drachenfels, some thousands of of feet above the river, with a twentieth century cable runnning up to the fourteenth century rock-carved ruins. On, on you go, down the river by Remagen, Rolandseck and Godesberg to Bonn, the German university town where the crown prince is reported to mingle with his fellow students on terms of perfect equality. The picturesque beauty of the Rhine begins and ends at Bonn, and from there on to Cologne it is as commonplace as warehouses and factories can make it. Cologne, however, with its narrow streets, its many shops, each of which claims to be the only one selling the genuine article, and boasting of one of the finest cathedrals in Europe, is well worth a day.

The American Invasion Again.

Here and there the claim is made that the beauties of the Rhine are being wiped away by the devastating sweep of commerce. True, a factory at the base, a baronial castle on the summit and the huge "ad" of a popular brand of soap on the side of a cliff strike the tourist as a bit incongruous. Yet it enhances the crumbling beauties of eudalism to place them in such close contact with the matter-of-fact things of to-day, and is a mute illustration of the survival of the fittest. The bands on the boats play Sousa marches; the Falls of the Rhine were illuminated on the Fourth of July, and now that J. Ponty Morgan says he's met the kaiser and likes him, could stronger evidence of our American commercial invasion be wanted? No; even though the maids in German hotels receive only $3 a month wages, and the waiters just nothing at all but their tips. As for the people themselves, they drink coffee and munch at something all day long; raise their hats whenever they meet you, yet stare at you with supercilious rudeness throughout a long dinner. But they are as easily amused as children, and week after week enjoy an outing along the Rhine. Sunday picnickers who'd rather sing than fight, though they drink beer enough to call for the services of half a dozen "bouncers," were the same miscellaneous crowd with its environments transplanted to America.

—B. O'B.

Puzzle Picture

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Defective Page