

THE BUSKINED STAGE

Christmas Week in the Local Play Houses.

The Two Great Emmas in Grand Opera Roles.

Abbott Opens at the Los Angeles Tonight in Ernani.

Juch Will Open Christmas Night at the Grand Opera House—Points on Plays and Players from Many Lands.

Emma Abbott presents an unusual repertoire for her season at the Los Angeles theater Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Of the six operas, four have never been given here, and every one is a grand opera of proportions, in which strong casts, powerful chorus and complete orchestra are required.

Ernani is by Verdi, a heroic work founded upon Victor Hugo's novel of the same title. Its characters are chiefly drawn from the court of Spain, including Don Carlos, king of Spain, who is enamored of and royal suitor for the hand of the beautiful Elvira, betrothed of Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, a grandee at court.

The most exquisite of all romances is that of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Charles Gounod has given to the operatic world a music-drama as lofty and beautiful as Shakespeare's romance in prose.

Romeo and Juliet is really one of the most beautiful productions of the Abbott season, with its brilliant Capulet ball and the saraband dance, its many emotional meetings between the noble lovers, its stirring chorus work and orchestral features.

The Bohemian Girl is as familiar as a cradle song. It is sung in every household, its soulful melodies crowned wherever there is a cradle or a lover.

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This young lady, whom I afterwards found to be Emma Juch, the prima donna, blushed and stammered, and finally made a dive into one of the mysterious folds of her corsetry walking skirt and produced a rather pithy looking note, which she proceeded to tremulously unclasp, even venturing to suggest that possibly I would be kind enough to receive the fine then and there and thus save her any further trouble in the matter.

"I did not know it was against the law to take trout in Pennsylvania in July at any time," she said; "it is not so in any other state; why is it here? Trout do not spawn in July."

"No," said I, "but the fish are protected after July 15th up to April 15th, in order that the waters shall not be fished out. I had delivered a short lecture on the beauties of protecting nature."

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Leonora, Miss Abbott is without a peer. Miss Annandale's Azucena is also a remarkable character. The opera is superbly produced and forms a positive feature of the Abbott season. Miss Abbott appears in each of the six operas.

The following story is told at the expense of Miss Juch: During the latter part of July I visited the tract of land and trout streams in Monroe county, Pennsylvania, which are to be purchased by the Paradise Fin and Feather club, of which Judge Gildereeve is president and Grover Cleveland a member.

In order to tell an interesting matter concerning the early trout law, and to relate a pleasant and very rare woodland experience, I will give the details of my trip. Enjoying an early breakfast, I started for the main scene of the proposed reserve—Spruce Cabin run—inspected the location of the breeding ponds, and then made a detour through the woods in order to have the pleasure of a smoke and muse for half an hour beneath the trees.

Very soon the rocks above Spruce Cabin falls, which possess more natural beauty than any other cascade I ever had the good fortune to see. The day was warm and I took matters very leisurely, and finally arrived at the edge of the cliff, that is at times hidden by the spray arising from the falls, seated myself under one of the huge monarchs of the forest that fringe this picturesque stream, lighted my pipe, and was just about to lean back for a comfortable half hour's communion with nature and the nicotine spirit, when my eye caught something white away down below the fall, on the very edge of the large pool that is worn out of the rocks by the never-ceasing torrent of water that thunders down into it.

I drew myself cautiously up, peered over the edge, and saw one of the most charming sights ever witnessed in a forest. A charming girl was seated, half reclining, on a moss covered rock, in the act of trying to plait into some kind of subjection the flowing coil of golden hair that almost hid her neck and shoulders.

She was attired in a natty suit of brown corduroy. One little foot, encased in a stout walking boot, peered out from beneath her skirt, and by her side was the white straw hat that first attracted my attention. A little further up on the rocks I saw the well-known implements of the Waltonian art—split bamboo rod, short landing net and a trout creel. The fisher maiden soon succeeded in bringing her golden crown into a state of semi-subjection, and then reached lazily out for her creel, from which she drew a mass of fern leaves, spread them out on the rocks, and then proceeded to extract from the recesses of the basket five beautiful brook trout.

She stroked them, held them so the sun could strike their glistening spotted sides, and arranged them in order on the emerald bed she had prepared for them. When this work was completed she arose and contemplated the fruits of her morning's sport along the stream with an air of satisfaction that would have done credit to the most celebrated angler of modern times.

After feasting my eyes on this very unusual woodland picture, I was about to withdraw and leave the lady in ignorance of my having discovered her, when an awkward motion of my hand detached a small stone that rolled down the ledge almost at her feet. A quick upward movement, and a stunning pair of large blue eyes was all that was necessary to detect me in the act. I was caught. Nothing remained for me to do but to rise and clamber down the rocks from tree to tree and root to root until I was able to present myself before the very much astonished young lady, with my hat in hand, trying to frame some sort of an apology for my intrusion.

Before my excuses had been sufficiently framed for utterance, a fiendish thought flashed across my mind, and I introduced myself as follows: "I beg your pardon. I see you have been fishing and what's more, caught some trout. You are doubtless aware the laws of Pennsylvania do not admit of trout being taken after July 15th, and that the penalty for each trout taken on and after that date is a fine of \$5. Now, I would not act the part of an informer did not stern duty compel me to do so. I am a member of the Fish and Game Protective association, and I will be compelled to report this breach of the laws, and I fear, appear as a witness against you."

"This young lady, whom I afterwards found to be Emma Juch, the prima donna, blushed and stammered, and finally made a dive into one of the mysterious folds of her corsetry walking skirt and produced a rather pithy looking note, which she proceeded to tremulously unclasp, even venturing to suggest that possibly I would be kind enough to receive the fine then and there and thus save her any further trouble in the matter.

I laughingly informed Miss Juch, that I was not the one to pay to, and assured her I would not cause her any trouble if she was ignorant of the offense which she had committed, and we became good friends after I had delivered a short lecture on the beauties of protecting nature."

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mous pantomime, Confusion. The trick scenery and accessories have been mounted in good shape. The olio of specialties, in addition to the pantomime, embraces several new performers, who do their several specialties in a satisfactory manner, and are cordially received by the large audiences. There is a clever juvenile soubrette, Dessie West, whose singing and dancing is very good; a burlesque skater named Joe Adams, who keeps the audience convulsed with his antics; Robert E. Price does some good characterizations, and Bentley, a thorough musical genius, juggles and plays magic, etc., in a pleasing manner, and the Roy sisters sing motto and descriptive songs very acceptably. Then, in the museum department, are several startling illusions, a capital ventriloquist, magician, etc., altogether making a most varied and meritorious bill for the moderate cost of admission.

The other evening he positively refused to be incarcerated in the pocket cunningly arranged in the breast of Sara's tunic to contain him, but wriggling forth, head foremost, he encircled the actress's neck with his green shiny length. Sara tried very hard to persuade him to enter his usual prison, but in vain, so she was obliged to go through her clean scene adorned with that strange necklace, and clenching tight to the reptile's slippery tail, to prevent his getting away altogether. When she was called out at the close of the drama, she came forth still holding onto her asp and with it still coiled around her throat.

On another occasion his conduct was even more trying. He would not be persuaded to enter the pocket at all, though Sara, rendered wise by previous experience, tried to put him in head foremost. He resisted all her efforts, the long, supple green coils writhing and wriggling over the front of her white robes in the liveliest possible fashion. Whereupon the gallery gods waxed hilarious, and set up the traditional roar of Les Lampions, to the words, "Entrera—Entrera pas?" (Will he go in? won't he go in?) stamping their feet in cadence. The wrath of Sara can better be imagined than described, particularly when one spectator, more audacious than the rest, cried out, "See here, Sara, your snake is running away. Send him back to the stable!" Altogether the live serpent, through a very good advertisement, is a serious blemish on the artistic qualities of Cleopatra's death scene, which should have been pathetic and poetic merely, but which is, by that adjunct, rendered sensational and at times ridiculous.

How did you become a theatrical manager? "Drifted into it." That's the way the majority of successful New York managers entered upon their life-work.

Augustin Daly was a dramatic critic and playwright before he became the manager of a theater.

A. M. Palmer was a librarian twenty years ago.

E. G. Gilmore was in the hotel business, and will be remembered by the older patrons of the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan.

T. Henry French is now and was a publisher of plays before his name became connected with the management of companies.

Daniel Frohman was a newspaper writer, who went on a vacation fifteen years ago, and has not yet returned to his desk.

Frank W. Sanger was in a wholesale business until he was thrown upon his cold world through a failure.

J. M. Hill was in the retail clothing business, and was forced into theatrical management to protect himself from loss.

H. C. Miner was a prescription clerk in a drug store before he ever thought of the theater.

Tony Pastor was a clown in a circus before he made his popular hit as a singer on the variety stage, thence to success and management.

Rudolph Aronson was a musician and leader of an orchestra before the Casino was what it is.

Long have silken tights been identified with the realm of burlesque. Surrounded by an atmosphere of audacity they have, in the past, made the theatergoer's disposition. But from strutting through the mimic world these silken vagabonds have gradually become civilized, have been admitted to good society, and now their apotheosis is at hand. Step by step the evolution has come about. For some time tights have moved under smart riding-habits and lace petticoats. We have known they were there, though we have not seen them. Now they are to be sublime and idealized, surrounded by culture and aestheticism, ushered into the service of sweet charity with no less a sponsor than Robert Browning himself.

The really latest and sweetest effects in silken tights are imported, not as heretofore from London and Paris, but from Boston. This is a new idea—that in addition to being the greatest living authority on the subject, we have not seen them. Now they are to be sublime and idealized, surrounded by culture and aestheticism, ushered into the service of sweet charity with no less a sponsor than Robert Browning himself.

For two days last week an air of great mystery has hung over the Berkeley Lyceum. If you were fortunate enough to be of the gentler sex, and gained admission to the outer corridors, perhaps you observed that the ushers and other necessary male adjuncts of the institution walked softly and deprecatingly and spoke in whispers. Their manner, their expression seemed to say: "We really can't help it, don't you know, and it is the regret of our lives that we were born men. Try and tolerate us in our proper places." When they led the ladies to their allotted seats, they observed extreme dispatch in having the handsome little theater, and tremblingly paused as they re-entered with fresh arrivals. As for the man who attended to the calcium lights, and who sat in the top seat of the gallery, he was truly an object of commiseration. The reproachful glances which hundreds of fine eyes cast at him seemed to abase him even into the earth and he sunk into himself, and behind him lay the possibility of a noble and bald-headed man, with reprehensible

tendency, actually went into a box and talked with some ladies who sat there doubtless with the intention of telling them to look for him all they could—but his stay was brief, so many long-remembered heat fiercely upon him that he was driven from the field.

The men were not in it. The pompous dowagers, the well-groomed matrons, the smart young women had the performance all to themselves—the dear selfish things. There were only the soft treble tones of conversation; the baser element was lacking. Why was this cruelly shown to helpless mankind? Because a beautiful and shapely Boston woman was to play the lover in Browning's one-act comedy, In a Balcony, and she did not choose to appear before men. Every one was on the alert to see Mrs. Burten, who was to appear as Norbert, and when, to the soft strains of hidden music, the golden brown curtains were drawn apart and a tall, handsome person in pale blue tights, trunks and doppel stepped upon the stage, a murmur of approbation ran through the Lyceum. Mrs. Burten is about medium height and admirably formed. Her face is strong, her eyes piercing. She wore a bronze wig and a slight mustache that looked greatly like a real one, but, of course, wasn't. Her costume was rich and becoming, and she wore it like a man. She was an impassioned lover—much more lover-like than many men—and her pose and gestures were full of grace and spirit. She seemed also to have a very good idea of kissing, and kissed early and often, with lingering tenderness and considerable enthusiasm. Her embraces, so far as an uninitiated on-looker might determine, were authentic and properly carried out. Of course she was the main attraction, and all eyes followed her every movement.

It was a very pretty exhibition, and the new idea will probably take root and grow. We may perhaps in the near future see society belles in Siebel's garb or Romeo's costume. Think what a delicious Hamlet might be found among the feminine swells, and what a monstrously clever Mephisto might come from Murray Hill.

Remarkable Facts. Heart disease is usually supposed to be incurable, but when properly treated a large proportion can be cured. Thus Mrs. Elvira Hatch, of Elkhart, Ind., and Mrs. Mary L. Baker, of Ovid, Mich., were cured after suffering 20 years. S. C. Lininger, druggist at San Jose, Ill., says that Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, which cured the former, "wonders for his wife." Levi Logan, of Buchanan, Mich., who had heart disease for 30 years, says two bottles made him "feel like a new man." Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold and guaranteed by R. W. Ellis & Co., Book of wonderful testimonials free.

Free! Free! Free!!! Remember that all who make purchases of boots, shoes or slippers, at the Mammoth, for the next three days, will receive their free. H. OLCOVICH, 315 and 317 South Spring Street.

What a Lady Saw on Spring Street. This lady was not violating any of the laws of the city and had no intention of doing so, but she had a perfect right while walking down the street to look out for her own interest, and as she passed 507 South Spring, near Fifth, she discovered a lady buying household goods, and she was to pay only 25 cents a week on them until the bill was paid. So she concluded to buy her curtains, chenille curtains, table covers, bed sets, clocks, album pictures, etc., from Humphrey's, 507 South Spring Street.

Removed. L. B. Cohn, the pawnbroker, has removed to 146 North Main street, opposite the Western Union Telegraph office. 1m

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