

STAGE AND GREEN ROOM.

BUTTE, Nov. 17.—"In Old Kentucky" broke the record for big houses at Maguire's. It is the only attraction that has ever appeared in Butte that filled the house for five consecutive nights. No other single play has ever done so well. It is the more remarkable from the fact that it followed Salvini, who also crowded the house for an entire week.

Next week, beginning Wednesday, the 21st, the Charles Riggs company will appear in a repertoire of standard plays. The company is said to be composed of a number of excellent actors.

The Montana admirers of Jefferys Lewis will read with interest the following thrilling story of a deadly encounter the actress had recently with a folding bed in a San Francisco hotel:

Miss Jefferys Lewis, the actress, came very near being smothered to death in a folding bed last Sunday evening, says the San Francisco Examiner. For several months past Miss Lewis has made her home when in this city at the California hotel. The hotel throughout is fitted up with handsome folding beds of the latest approved fashion. The wood is beautifully carved and polished, the springs elastic, mattresses soft enough to delight the hearts of the grandmothers of olden times, and the downiest of pillows invite to luxurious slumber.

On Sunday evening Miss Lewis prepared to retire. Her head had barely touched the pillows when the bed sprung closed. Miss Lewis' foot caught between the sides of the framework as it rose and she held as in a vise. The little space thus afforded saved her from suffocation. In vain she exerted all her strength to push back the treacherous framework. She might as well have tried to move back a peak of the Sierras.

Powerless to move, head downward, with the blood coursing through her veins like fire, and the sound of rushing waters filling her ears, with strange lights flashing before her eyes, and a thousand fancies crowding on her brain, she vainly sought to call for help. For more than a quarter of an hour, every second of which was fraught with horror indescribable, she struggled in this way, her voice smothered by the bed and reaching the outer air in a succession of weak cries.

Fifteen minutes of this misery—hours they seemed to the imprisoned woman—and finally some of the hotel people thought they heard a child wailing and crying. The sound continuing they went to one of the rooms where a sick child lay, only to find everything quiet there. It remained for the night watchman of the hotel to locate the stifled cries as coming from Miss Lewis' room.

Immediately there arose a great commotion. The housekeeper was called for and the door of Miss Lewis' room was opened, but when the bed was seen to be closed and this fearful moaning and crying was heard issuing from it the housekeeper rushed wildly back into the hall, surmising what had happened and shocked into a dread of the very worst. Cooler heads soon appeared upon the scene, and the work of the bed was lowered to the floor. Miss Lewis was discovered in a semi-conscious state, her hair streaming in disorder, her face white and drawn. Upon regaining consciousness she went into hysterics.

Her naturally strong will and excellent recuperative power, however, soon reasserted their sway, and she recovered sufficiently to insist that medical aid should not be summoned. But for the little foot which, though bruised, was so opportunely caught in the bed, the wires of this would have been flashing the news of the death of the once favorite actress.

Miss Lewis when seen yesterday showed very plainly that she had undergone a severe nervous shock. The shadow still rested under her eyes, and her pallor was in striking contrast to the mass of black hair coiled upon her head.

"What were my feelings?" she said, smiling faintly. "They were simply indescribable. I thought of everything in the world—past, present and future—of the telegram that would be sent to Mr. Mainhall in New York, of my mother, of the many happy hours upon the stage when success had crowned my efforts. Of much that had happened in dear old San Francisco, and then—the thought of dying such a horrible death. I seemed to see it all before my eyes—even the bulletin boards around the city with the notice, 'Tragic end of a well-known actress! Jefferys Lewis suffocated in a folding bed!' And it seemed such an ignominious close of life that I shrieked and laughed at the horror of it. And then I must have lost consciousness, for I remember nothing more until I found myself surrounded by kind friends, and that horrible sense of weight and suffocation removed."

Miss Lewis cannot tell just how the accident occurred, but says that she sat on the pillows at the head of the bed to read a while, as is her custom before going to sleep. She had not yet settled herself in a comfortable position when the bottom of the bed sprang up and she was a prisoner.

The hotel people say that an automatic snap lock holds the beds down when they are lowered and that it is impossible for the bed to close until the lock is released. The probabilities, they say, are that Miss Lewis failed to lower the bed far enough for the lock to catch, and her weight on the head of the bed caused the foot to spring up.

Mrs. Julia Mariow Taber writes thus feelingly of how one may become an actor: "If there were suitable dramatic schools in this country I should favor scholastic training for the stage, but, unfortunately, there are as yet none affording adequate opportunities, though it is but fair to note that there is at least one of established reputation showing such study, that from it a vast improvement of our present opportunities may be confidently looked for.

"A complete course of private training before appearing upon the stage is an excellent substitute for those who have the ability, and, what is more, the patient persistence to justify the long years of hard study. But the stage training is more difficult and discouraging pursued alone than with the inspiration of companionship of others similarly ambitious. Not many have the patience to work this year after, and unless their work is directed by someone versed in all the varied arts of the stage craft there would be danger of learning much that must be unlearned and missing many essential points.

"Hence it follows that dramatic training in America is almost exclusively gotten through practical stage experience. And in a majority of instances I am inclined to think that the best way in the present state of things. A repertoire company playing the standard productions of the great authors I regard as the best school of experience, for in the minor parts of the modern drama, there is little, if any, chance of cultivating dramatic art. The players simply go on instructed to conduct themselves exactly as they would under similar circumstances and environments in the line of their own every day experiences. In playing such a part for a season, about all that has been gained is self-confidence and the emphasis of personal peculiarities.

"But my ideal, possibly practicable at that, for the elevation of the American stage is one which, I feel confident, is shared by my professional friends generally—a metropolitan theater which shall correspond in some measure to the Theater Francaise, having a dramatic conservatory as an adjunct. Such an institution would be self-supporting, once started, and could thrive without a subsidy. For the chief value of the subsidies to Parisian and other continental theaters is the public distinction accorded to them because of its government aid. It is what in America would be regarded as good advertising rather than financial support to any considerable amount.

"At any rate, this constant traveling is the bane of artistic culture on the stage. The actor should be a student, not only of his own art, but devoted to literary and general culture as the one person of all others commissioned to hold the mirror up to nature. But 'on the road' one has no time for consistent and methodical self-culture. The strain is so great that idleness seems the only comforting relaxation, despite its dull monotony. It is almost impossible to observe anything like regularity, without which study or effort in any line is all but futile. Again, one misses the artistic environment and congenial society which are the most helpful incentives to the fullest development of an artist. And, finally, one is without the support and encouragement of an established constituency whose taste and discrimination naturally grow with what they feed upon. I've had about enough of traveling, and I do hope the time will come when I can settle down in a city and call it my home, domestic as well as artistic."

The coming of the Tavery Grand English Opera company to this city is being awaited with no little interest, and to all lovers of the higher art the appearance of this organization seems as a revelation, after the years which have elapsed since grand English opera was attempted in a pretentious manner. Madame Tavery has attained the height of artistic fame, and the success with which she has appeared in the most difficult roles has made her one of the most famous singers of the day. The organization supporting Madame Tavery is most notable, and besides many of the more prominent singers, includes a brilliant chorus and orchestra. The opera to be interpreted during the engagement in this city are particularly noted for their great variety and will be produced with a preciseness heretofore unknown. The list of artists in support of Madame Tavery include Emma Mariani, Henrietta Dreyer and Sophie Romani, sopranos; Madame Theodor Dorre, mezzo soprano; Helen von Deenhoff and Dora Seest, contraltos; A. L. Guille, Payne Clarke and William Warren, tenors; William Mertens, F. L. Hill and S. Dudley, baritones; William Hill, basso, and William Schasser, basso cantata, the director of the orchestra being Sig. Emerico Morrales. These are but a few of the names that go to make up the Tavery Grand English Opera company, and since it is the only one that will be heard here this season, a most brilliant engagement is assured.

There seems to be real danger in the mechanical devices with which some of the current dramas abound. May Wheeler was caught in the machinery of a cotton-mill scene in Boston and badly hurt. James L. Sutherland lost an eye by the unexpected explosion of a bomb in a St. Louis performance of a railway play. Arthur Clyde had a leg broken in a "trap for life" at Chillicothe. Riders in picquet whose horses are used on stages of inadequate size are frequently thrown. At this rate, the law requiring nets underneath acrobats will have to be amended to protect actors in realistic dramas.

A laudable effort is being made in southern cities to suppress the posting of indecent pictures advertising immoral shows. The sound argument is advanced that, while vicious stage performances may be avoided by people who do not like them, there is no escape from the representations of nude women on the streets, and so the latter exhibitions should be abolished. The crusade in Chattanooga had a ludicrous incident. The police gave notice to a manager of a burlesque company that the bills he had posted were unlawful, whereupon he sent a man out with a hammer, tacks and plenty of tarlatan to drape the actresses in the pictures.

To hear of a man's life hanging by a thread is so common an event that it has become a platitude. To hear of a woman's gown hanging by a string is a more novel, if not a more serious, matter. In the third act of "Camille" Miss Netherole wears a ball dress, the bodice of which is kept in place by a pair of pearl shoulder straps. Sleeves there are none. Most actresses never essay the part of "Camille" until they are in the neighborhood of 42. At that stage of the game it would be impossible, not to say imprudent, for them to wear a duplicate of Miss Netherole's gown. Thanks to her youth and beauty, Miss Netherole fills the gown admirably, but at the same time, the weight of responsibility laid upon those strings is something dreadful to contemplate.

There is, says the New York Sun, in one of the New York theaters to-day, a young woman who smiles with such brilliancy and sparkle that people train their opera glasses on her whenever she shows her teeth, in the hope of finding the cause of the unusual brilliancy. Her name is not printed here, as there is no particular reason for advertising her, but it may be said that she is a most notable illustration of what is said to be the highest development of the dental craze in San Francisco. She has three diamonds set in her teeth, and they are unquestionably stones of the first water. There is one in a lower tooth and two are in upper teeth on either side of the mouth. She said when the manager of the theater talked to her a few nights since that she knew several other women in San Francisco who had tiny but brilliant diamonds set in their teeth, and she did not see why the plan should not become a general one.

Jefferys Lewis told a San Francisco reporter that during 15 minutes in which she was shut up in a folding bed she thought of everything in the world, past, present and future. If Jeff thought of everything in her past career, the 15 minutes were pretty well taken up.

M. B. Curtis, the actor, was arrested in an eastern city a few days ago under an execution for \$1,267, which Duncan B. Harrison, his manager, claimed was due him for services. Curtis took the poor debtor's oath and was released.

It is reported that Marion Manola, the actress, who has been in a private retreat near Boston for several months, has no far recovered that she is warranted in engaging for a reappearance upon the stage.

In the second act of the Irish comic opera, in which William Furst, the well known American composer, is evolving, the heroines will kiss the Blarney stone, a la Blanche Walsh, Steve Brodie and Ward McAllister.

Will A. McConnell has had numerous opportunities within the last few years to appear on the stage. David Henderson has offered him big money to play comedy roles in Henderson's extravaganzas. But it required the persuasive eloquence of George W. Lederer to make Mr. McConnell willing to back again in the glare of the footlights. Once upon a time McConnell and John McCullough were in the same company. From McCullough to the "Twentieth Century Girl" is quite a leap.

If one noticed a man writing and mailing letters to himself across the street and sending a telegram to himself, the natural inference, as a rule, would be that the individual engaged in this peculiar proceeding is not quite responsible for anything he might do. That is exactly what Charles Frohman does, however, and that Charles Frohman is in full possession of well-developed mental faculties is well known. "You see," says Mr. Frohman, "it is at my desk at the Empire theater that I transact all my business. It happens frequently, however, that schemes and plans of action occur to me when I am walking along the street, lurching at Delmonico's or dining at the Waldorf. I then write letters to Charles Frohman at the Empire theater, giving him suggestions that have occurred to me and when Mr. Frohman gets to his office in the morning he opens his telegrams and letters from Charles Frohman and takes immediate action upon them."

Nelson Wheatcroft may impersonate Edgar Allan Poe in a one-act play by Henry Tyrrell. Madge Kendal and her trained husband have been saying unkind things of America and American newspapers in general and in particular. When this pair came to this country they were in an impoverished condition, but they have since made about half a million dollars out of this God-forsaken land. Under the circumstances, we cannot blame them for giving us the laugh.

Cyrene, the dancer, tells a New Haven interviewer the reason why dancers live so long is because of their perfect physical training in childhood, and says if young girls were given the same physical exercise administered the embryo dancer a more graceful and beautiful degree of womanhood would be the result.

A striking phrase. From Printers' Ink. About a year ago Printers' Ink gave place to an account of a window display made by a down east druggist. It consisted entirely of nursing bottles, and on a card, in conspicuous letters, were the words: "GIVE THE LITTLE SUCKERS A CHANGE."

Since then correspondents discover adaptations of this idea and send it on to Printers' Ink as a sure enough novelty. Webster City, Iowa, is the last point reached.

Increasing. Her cheek turned red; "May be," she said, "With angry, flashing eye, 'You think you're very smart because you kissed me on the fly.'"

"Yes, dear," her lover made reply; "I find in some strange way That, as the time goes on, I grow More clever every day."

A Reformed Farmer. Brown, as a farmer, failed to float—A failure most alarming; But now he's rich, because he wrote A book on "Motel Farming."

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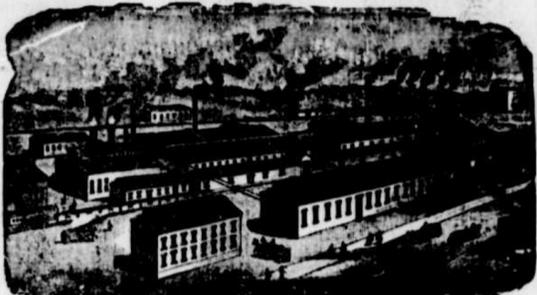
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Table with columns: Train, Leave, Arrive. Train No. 21 Montana Express, Eastern bound, for St. Paul, Chicago, New York, and all Eastern points, 9:00 a.m.

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