

# Green Room Talk.

Butte, Feb. 6.—The only theatrical presentation in Butte this week will be a production of H. Rider Haggard's beautiful story of "She" at the Union Family theater, with a specially selected cast, together with a full equipment of special and mechanical scenic effects.

In the whole range of recent fiction there is not, perhaps, a single work so extravagantly imaginative and picturesque in its setting as "She" by Haggard. It carries the reader into a realm of most extraordinary adventure, and while aware of the utter improbability of it all, and the fact that nothing like it could have occurred under the sun, yet there is a glancing throw over the author's art that keeps up a false appearance of possibility.

Who could have conceived the "hot-pot" of molten gold, the cave-mausoleum of a prehistoric race of kings, and the mysterious and perennially beautiful "She" but Haggard?

The story is one of those eerie, weird things that enchain the balance of the human mind, and which wonderful character pictures. No wonder, then, that Edwin Barbour grasped the great possibilities of it as a stage spectacle. And judging from the praise it has received throughout the entire country, the play is a grand success.

This production will serve to introduce Miss Sadie Farley, well known as an emotional actress, in the title role. Another new face is Edward Nally, a young leading man of ability, who will essay the role of Leo Vincoy. The arduous role of Uskane will be handled by Miss May Nannery, and the part of the east has been specially selected. A large amount of special scenery has been prepared and the mechanical effects have been brought direct from Chicago. Having a clear and unopposed field and a magnificent presentation, Manager Sutton's theater should enjoy a prosperous week.

"I have put forward many plays by American dramatists, but I regret to say that these gentlemen are not at present by any means supplying the demand," says Charles Frohman in an interview in the Mail and Express. The fault with them is that they lack in spirit and the inventive faculty. Their dialogue is not so pointed as is the case with the English dramatists. Literature and the stage, of course, are different matters. But a manager is justified in asking for literary method in a play submitted for production at a first-class theater.

"By way of illustrating what I mean, let us take the case of Mr. Pinero's 'The Princess and the Butterfly.' While on the subject of the disparity in ages of an old man and his wife, Lady Ringstead, a character in the comedy, says: 'Why, he'll be 50 before her waist is settled.' Now the ordinary playwright would have expressed it something after this fashion: 'Why, he'll be 50 before she's 25.' Both of these speeches convey the same idea, but the former, as readily apparent, is much more poignantly expressed.

"Mind you, I do not say that the success of plays depends upon bright lines. It is the clash of interest, the struggle involving contending factions, that fires the imagination, stimulates the fancy and arouses the sympathy. And to accomplish this inspiration and the creative faculty are required.

"The gist of the matter is that the language employed by the English dramatists is, as a rule, better considered than is the case with our own play-makers. Bronson Howard, in comedy, has proved himself the equal of his English confederates in the play, and the Sydney Rosendell are capable of writing bright dialogue. Mr. Howard, however, is rich, and is not pushing himself forward to any extent.

"The stories of American dramatists," continued Mr. Frohman, "are frequently very good. But that isn't enough. They may be well written and well devised, but they do not penetrate strongly enough into the conscience of the audience to make what is called a box office success.

"Of all the American playwrights, so far as my opinion goes, Charles H. Hoyt has the happiest knack of satirizing American character and conditions in his writings, furthermore, are philosophic ideas. Hoyt builds up character better than does any other American artist. He has a rare talent.

"As regards the Englishmen, J. M. Barrie is a genius in the matter of playwrighting. He originates characters, episodes and complications that are almost unconventional, yet his plays are based on elementary principles of heart interest.

"You see, the Englishmen run more to originality than do almost all our playwrights. Pinero writes nothing but original plays. He can't do that, he will run out his pen to make comedy, frequently his comedies are cavilary to the general public. He has a fine sense of dramatic quality, is an expert developer of character, and his plays are instinct with tongue-tied wit.

"It is certainly somewhat discouraging to see so many undoubtedly capable American playwrights do so little or else nothing at all. This country is filled with American plays, but my remarks are concerned solely with those that belong to the highest class. It is worth noting that the finest American successes have been American pieces. An American play that is good as an English play will last a great deal longer in the United States—I am speaking of one that is American in character, environment and spirit. 'The Princess and the Butterfly,' for instance, which is by an Englishman, has made a success at my Lyceum theater. It has run four weeks beyond the time originally set for it. But if it had been by an American author it would have run all the season.

Sir Henry Irving, like most great fathers, has never had any great confidence in the ability of his son Lawrence either as a player or a play-maker. Apropos of this, a story is told of the first production of "Godofroi and Yolande," a play written by Lawrence Irving, and first produced in Chicago.

Sir Henry did not approve of this play, and for some time absolutely refused to allow his company to present it. Finally, Miss Terry, who has always been very fond of Lawrence, determined that it should have a hearing, and, calling the stage manager to her assistance, got all things ready for its production, and had it in rehearsal for nearly a month before Sir Henry knew positively just what was being done. At last the day for the dress rehearsal arrived, and Sir Henry, growing a bit uneasy said:

"See here, Ellen, I think I shall come around to-day and have a look at your work and see what the promise is."

"You will do nothing of the kind," replied Miss Terry.

"But," said Sir Henry, "the public, you know, will not believe that I am not responsible for the entire affair, and I certainly must be permitted to have once glance at it before the critics are invited."

"It is too late now," answered Miss Terry. "You refused to give Lawrence a proper hearing; I volunteered to do the thing, because I believe in the boy and know he has talent. We have pro-

gressed thus far quite satisfactorily without your aid, and we shall finish as we began."

"But," remonstrated Sir Henry, "the public."

"Ah, the public," replied Miss Terry, "well, that is your lookout," and so saying she brushed out of the room with a laugh, and Sir Henry was obliged to utter himself, for the persistent woman was as good as her word, and the distinguished gentleman was never permitted to see the play until it was before the public and the critics, and the public invited in together.

Miss Julia Marlowe presented for the first time in this country "The Countess of Valeska," called in the German "The Tall Prussian," from the romantic play by Rudolph Stratz, translated from the German by Miss Woodward, a member of the Marlowe company. The action is supposed to take place a few hours before the battle of Friedland, 1807, and gives opportunity for picturesque costuming and scenery and of which full advantage has been taken. The Countess Valeska, a young and beautiful Polish widow, has as a guest in her castle Napoleon and members of his army, who are stopping there for the night, preparatory to the great battle. Marquis von Sturmeil, aide-de-camp on Napoleon's staff, loves the countess, but his affection is not returned. Achim von Lohse, captain in the Prussian army, whose regiment has just been badly defeated, comes as a fugitive to the castle and is befriended by the countess, who has known him since childhood and whom she loves. To avoid his arrest and disgrace as a spy she engages him as overcoat. His true identity is discovered by Von Sturmeil, who is prevented from placing him under arrest by the countess, who declares if he is given up to the guards she will say he was found in her room, and in this way reflect on his honor. Von Sturmeil will not accept this sacrifice of the countess, and under these conditions agrees to waive arrest. The father of Von Lohse has a plan to assassinate Napoleon, and demands the aid of his son and the key to the castle, which the countess has entrusted to him. When the countess learns of this she calls the guards and denounces Achim von Lohse as a spy. The countess' love for Von Lohse is still so strong that she accomplishes his escape just before he is to be court-martialed. Added to this are the love affairs of Elizabeth, a sister-in-law of Valeska, with Muechenberg, a young captain. One New York critic says it is the best serious play of the season.

Miss Marlowe's work is praised, as well as that of Mr. Kendrick.

In his memoirs, Joseph Jefferson tells of how he narrowly escaped the wrath of a country bumpkin while barn-storming through the South early in his career. He was then playing "heavies" and confesses that he was as ranting a melodramatic villain as ever trod the boards of a country school house. Of course, he obstructed what would have been a happy marriage and was gloating over the fact in a vigorous aside when the countryman in the audience arose and declared if he "did not get that right marry her feller he would settle with him after the show was over." That was many years ago, of course, and in the wilds of the South, but up in Philadelphia last week the curtain fell. Not so the wrath of the gallery boys. They gathered about the stage entrance and awaited the coming of Mr. Testa, anxious to revenge the injuries of the man-o-war's-meat of the men that Mr. Testa finally was enabled to reach his note.

The combination of letters that go to make up the name Pinero is familiar to play-goers all over the world, yet to only a very small percentage of them do these letters mean anything more than a word on a playbill. To many it will be interesting to know that Arthur Wing Pinero is now 42 years old, and by no means a young man. He is a lawyer and an actor before he became a dramatist. It is said that he was 10 months writing "The Princess and the Butterfly." In a letter from London to the Boston Transcript, Joseph Anderson gives this pertinent sketch of a man with sharp, narrow, unbearded face, quick, black eyes; high, bald forehead, alert, easy and dexterous in his movements, yet withal reposeful, as someone's feature and action as a swift, deep stream that gives no surface sign, or sound of its progress—such is Arthur Wing Pinero. He is not, as he has been called, the inventor of the stage woman with a past, but he is the inventor of the most modern type of the female on the stage. Eleanora Duse has just scored a success in her portrayal in Italy of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Frank Lindon, who has been Mr. Sutton's general amusement director and leading man for more than a year, closed his engagement last evening. Mr. Lindon will take his great play, "The Prisoner of Algiers," to the coast and from there to Honolulu, where success will doubtless greet him. Mr. Lindon has made a host of friends in Butte during his stay here, and they all extend him their best wishes for the future.

"Shall We Forgive Her," which seems to have been decided hit in Chicago, will make a spring tour of the coast under the management of Jacob Litt. This is the play which tempted Marie Wainwright from the path of the legitimate theater and the one in which she has made the biggest hit of her stage career. Miss Wainwright, with the original company and the original production exactly as given in New York, is now making an extensive tour of the coast and will be in Butte shortly.

The rumors so often current regarding the marriage of James K. Hackett and Mary Manning of the Lyceum theater stock company were set at rest Sunday when the fact was disclosed that the couple had been wedded at the New Amsterdam hotel on May 2, two days before their betrothal was announced in the papers. Although the fact that the ceremony had been performed was known to their intimate friends, both Mr. Hackett and Miss Manning desired that the news should be kept from the public, and by chance that the story leaked out.

It is announced that when Julia Arthur returns to New York April 25 she will present a new version of "Camille." She has decided to give, during the same engagement, a new three-act Italian comedy, "Indele," by Roberto Bracco, which she has had translated into English.

Elita Proctor Otis has under serious consideration the project of reviving

"Oliver Twist." Nancy Sykes has been one of her favorite parts. Miss Otis believes that the dramatized version of Dickens' famous novel would be one of the strongest cards of the season.

Clyde Fitch has another play ready for production. It will be presented in Philadelphia in February by Herbert Kecey and by Effie Shannon, and for one of the roles Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne has been engaged.

Elizabeth Waters, says the New York Sun, might have spared herself all these lawsuits with her ex-husband, Baroness Blanc, as well as \$10 fine, if she had only had the sense to have her play bills read Baroness.

Joseph Hatton's dramatization of Mark Twain's romance, "The Prince and the Pauper," will be reproduced in England on the 21st and will then go on a tour through the British provinces.

A play which Mrs. Bernhardt is soon to give in Paris has the French name of Josephine as its heroine. The French drama deals with the divorce of Josephine from Napoleon.

Reményi, the violinist, has not given up his concert engagements on account of going into vaudeville, but will fill them later in the season.

Minnie Seligman Cutting will make her vaudeville debut next month in a piece written by Gilbert for Mary Anderson.

Adele Ritchie, in fulfillment of her announced intention, has gone to Paris to study music with Striglia.

Ernest Lamson, until recently leading man with Stuart Robson, will probably go into vaudeville.

Joseph Jefferson is said to be a millionaire.

## TRAMP WEDS RICH WIDOW.

Bride Welcomes Stranger and Finally Makes Him Her Husband.

Sioux City, Iowa, Correspondence of the Chicago Chronicle.

Among the wealthiest members of Sioux City's Scandinavian colony is Mrs. Christina Olson, the widow of Nels Olson of 201 South. She is said to own much valuable real estate, a row of tenement houses and a fat bank account.

George Somerville has been tramping for 18 years. Rev. G. W. L. Brown of the First Methodist church married him to Mrs. Olson a few days ago.

Somerville entered Sioux City "broke" and intending to remain only a few hours. To-day he is a citizen, a property owner, the head of a family and presumably a permanent resident. He is a son of a New Jersey clergyman, who gave him a liberal education and intended him for the church. George did not like the prospect, so he left home at the age of 18, tramped all over the country, worked at odd jobs in nearly every state in the union, and after nearly a score of years of wandering struck Sioux City penniless and hungry, as he had hundreds of other towns before in the course of his travels.

It was a cold night early in December, and the warmth and light in the room occupied by the local Rescue mission at the corner of Fourth and Pearl streets made the place a pleasant one in which to pass the evening. So George sat toasting his battered shoes before the fire during the progress of the services.

The speaker's words revived old memories of home and friends and at the experience meeting which followed the regular service he resolved to give a brief sketch of his own life. And give he did in a manner that drew forth the tears to the eyes of everyone in the room. He told of his childhood, his flight from home and his aimless, restless wanderings from Maine to California, from Washington to Florida. He concluded with the declaration that thereforward he intended to lead the life of a Christian.

Mrs. Olson was among the workers at the mission last night. She was astonished at the man's courage and polished manners and evident superiority to the place he occupied in the social scale. At the close of the meeting she introduced herself to him, offered financial aid and promised to help him in any way for which he accepted. She was as good as her word, and as soon as Somerville had convinced her that he meant what he said, asked him to come to her house and live with her family.

A few days ago she accepted, and the wanderer was soon a warm friend of the widow's grown-up son, George Olson, an employe of a wholesale dry goods house in that city.

A few days ago Mrs. Olson began the purchase of what looked like a trousseau. Somerville also invested in a new suit of black clothes, patent leather shoes and a shiny silk hat. When all was in readiness the wedding ceremony of Pastor Brown, where the wedding ceremony was performed.

Then they returned home. The bride announced, in the presence of her children, that she had given up the name of Olson for that of Somerville and that in future they might address their guest by the name of "father." The children took the new arrival to their arms with the best of feeling. Much of his time will be occupied in looking after his wife's property interests. He expects, however, to embark in business for himself as soon as a favorable opening is found, and will be active among the influential voters of the Fifth ward. He is 36 years old—ten years his wife's junior—but the two are devotedly attached to each other and the marriage was evidently one of love on both sides.

Mr. Somerville has been a prominent church worker for years and is spoken of by all who know her as a model Christian woman. She has taken deep interest in the welfare of the Rescue mission and both she and her husband are regular attendants at its services. Somerville is a man of education, beloved by his wife, popular with his step-children and seems determined to do himself and family credit. He is somewhat chagrined by the newspaper notoriety he has attained and says all he wants is fair treatment until he has a chance to make a place for himself in the ward. His personal appearance is much in his favor and Mrs. Somerville's friends are treating him as if they had known and admired him for years.

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## GRIEF OF A BIG JAGUAR

An Exhibition That Alarmed the Slayer of His Mate.

## AN ENGINEER'S ADVENTURE

The Roars of Rage and Mourning of the Beast Unlike Anything Else in the Forest of Ecuador—Fury Awed by the Sight of Men.

From the New York Sun.

It was in the wooded region of Ecuador, in the San Jacinto district, on the easterly slope of the Maritime Andes, that I killed a jaguar one day just as our party was going into camp for the night, said A. L. Vernon, a civil engineer, who for several years was engaged in exploring railway routes and building track in various parts of South and Central America. The jaguar was a female, a big, hungry brute that had followed us for hours, and she hung so close about the camp after we halted as to throw the horses and some of the men almost into a panic. I shot her in broad daylight, not 50 yards from our camp fire, as she was stealing upon a mule standing with his back under an algarroba tree. I took off her skin—it was a superb one, sleek as satin and splendid in its black and yellow markings—and hung it against the trunk of the tree high enough to keep it from the mountain rats and other gnawing vermin. It was in the spring season of the jaguars, and some of the old forest men with me said that there would be another tiger to deal with before morning; that the male jaguar would come round in search of his mate, coming nearer before we had the nightfall we heard the wailing cry of a jaguar out in the forest on the right, and the sound shifted to different points, coming nearer before we rolled ourselves up in our blankets for the night. It was in the dry season and we slept in the open air, 12 of us, in a double row, and there were four fires left burning brightly, one on each side of the camp, as we dropped asleep. I should not have troubled to have the fires built on my own account, having great faith in my repeating rifle and revolvers, coming nearer before we rolled ourselves up in our blankets for the night. It was in the dry season and we slept in the open air, 12 of us, in a double row, and there were four fires left burning brightly, one on each side of the camp, as we dropped asleep. I should not have troubled to have the fires built on my own account, having great faith in my repeating rifle and revolvers, coming nearer before we rolled ourselves up in our blankets for the night. It was in the dry season and we slept in the open air, 12 of us, in a double row, and there were four fires left burning brightly, one on each side of the camp, as we dropped asleep. I should not have troubled to have the fires built on my own account, having great faith in my repeating rifle and revolvers, coming nearer before we rolled ourselves up in our blankets for the night.

At 50 yards away, in the bright moonlight, the jaguar made a fine mark for my rifle, but somehow I did not feel like shooting him. His grief and resentment, both so intense and fitting, appealed to my sympathy, and I should have been glad to see him turn away unharmed. I stood with my finger at the rifle trigger without aiming until Pedro's whisper came:

"Fire, senior, while you have the chance. In the name of Joseph and Mary, do not wound without killing him. If you do he will have revenge."

Then I fired three shots in succession, aiming between the fery eyes. The moonlight may have been deceptive, perhaps tiger fever, more nerve-shaking than buck fever, got into my aim. I knew that none of my bullets had struck the jaguar. But what was better than merely to wound him, their whistling and the flash and reports of the firing caused the jaguar to retreat. At the third shot the roaring ceased, and he crept into the shadow of the tree. Somewhere beyond the trunk I caught another glimpse of his eyes and fired two more shots. That was the last we saw of him, as he stole away in the darkness.

Five minutes later there came an outcry from the direction in which our stock had been driven—sounds of a stampede of hoofs and the cries of the herdsmen and a gunshot. I took half the men and, carrying torches, we started for the sounds. We met the herdsmen

know that I was awake. All about me the men were starting up and gazing fearfully around the camp.

"What is it, Pedro?" I asked my native guide and interpreter, who slept always by my side. He had drawn his machete from beneath his poncho, and now, resting on one knee, was looking in the direction of the algarroba tree.

"El tigre, senior," he answered. "He is mourning his esposa" (wife).

He pointed with his machete toward the tree as he spoke. The full moon had just risen above the mountains, and by its light I could see the jaguar standing beneath the tree looking up at the skin of his mate stretched against the trunk. Twice he moaned. The sound was something between a wail and a low roaring, but its cadence unmistakably was of distress. Then, throwing his head higher, he uttered again a cry such as that which had awakened the camp. Such a sound I have never heard before or since. Loud, deep, vibrant, it filled the air with its expression of wonder, dismay and grief—a jaguar's grief, with a note of gathering anger in its tone. As it ended the creature turned toward our camp, as I could tell by the flaring forth of his eyes like fireballs. The lowering his head and half crouching, the jaguar uttered roar after roar.

We were all on our feet now, and every man who had a weapon of any kind had seized it. Sons of the moon were at the fire that had been built around us, stirring them into a blaze and piling fuel upon them, taking care as they worked not to get beyond the protection of the flame. Every instant we expected the jaguar to come bounding upon us. The sight of our numbers and the blazing up of the fires held him back from attacking us, but for several minutes the animal faced us, roaring angrily. Sometimes he would crawl a few inches toward us, or, rising, would tear at the turf and tree roots as if testing the strength of his claws. It was a splendid challenge that none of us was inclined to accept.

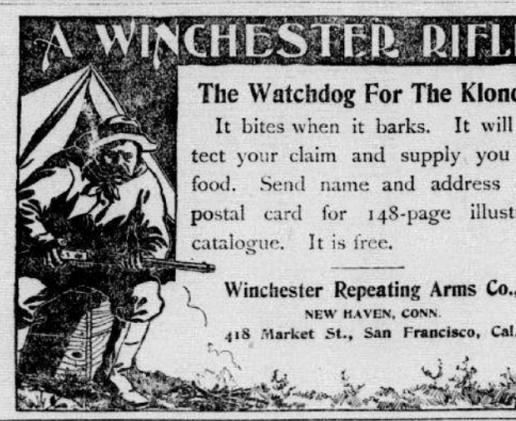
The killing of the horses seems to have been done by the jaguar purely as an act of revenge. It apparently served to work off his fury, for he troubled the camp no more. The loss of two good horses, besides the disturbing of the camp, which did not get quieted down for hours, was the price the jaguar made us pay for the killing of his mate. Indeed, I feared at first, that more of our animals had been killed, but we found all the others at the camp when we returned. The instinct that causes domestic animals to seek the protection of man in presence of danger from wild beast, had brought them there, after their first mad rush in any direction to get away from the jaguar's attacks.

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