# Theatrical Gossip.

Lafayette—"Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Columbia—"Jack Robinson."

Kernan's—Henry Burlesquers.

Exit high-class vaudeville. Washington evidently don't want it and has expressed itself so with a pronounced negative. The result is that the Grand will this week and henceforth, until some venturesome speculator brings a new idea and some new backing, the big play house will remain dark. It would seem that every chance was given this style of entertainment in the Capital City. The head of the enterprise was Robert Grau, not the opera Grau, but the vaudeville booking agent of New York, who has controlled most of the high-class invasions from the legitimate to the vaudeville stage. He had the best talent at his beck and call for the Grand, and they came, but the paying public did not. And thereby hangs the tale of vaudeville, which was, but is not now, nor will any more be, at least for a little while.

The attractions offered were identical with the "bill" at Keith's, Hammerstein's and Koster and Bial's in New York, where people stumble over each other to get in. People tumble over each other to keep out here. The atmosphere in Gotham is different in Gotham and the people's temperament, and hence their taste is at variance with Washington's. There they are superficial, slangy, sporty, inconsequential and distinctly opposed to an entertainment with sequence that requires following. They go into ecstacy over two inches of female limb in tights above the garter, they fall in paroxysms of glee over the hammering of a "professor" on sleigh bells or property cuspidors; a trained pig is a joy to their soul and the acme of all things desirable is a tow-headed soubrette singing about a way a rustic was done up by a confidence man.

It is not discreditable to local standards that vaudeville failed out of its proper sphere, which is Kernan's. There it is given for what it is worth, and those who desire it seek it with a thirst and without kid gloves. Vaudeville dry and with kid gloves is no go. It's all right in its place, and it looks as if it would have to keep its place when it visits the Capital or stay severely alone, lonesome.

The result of the little lesson is plainly that the women don't want vaudeville and the men will continue to drink it down at the old stand down the Avenue. Those in search of the "high class" will attend the Columbia for comedy and the Lafayette for opera, and there will be general satisfaction and a minimum of experiment.

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This is to be the last week of the Castle Square Opera Company in Washington; at least for the present. This will surprise the theater-goers. Truly enough business has been good and the public was pleased with the quality of the entertainment. Then why close?

Well, it requires not only big business but great business at present prices to make money for so expensive an organization. Everybody connected with the company is first-class and there are lots of them. Moreover, Mr. Albaugh had a good contract with the company, and that probably pinched. But the principal pinch came from Baltimore, whither has gone all the money made in Washington. It was robbing Peter to pay Paul, and Peter didn't have quite enough.

However, the company may well claim that they close in a blaze of glory. There is nothing but compliments to be spoken of the season of the Castle Square Company in Washington. Every promise has been more than fulfilled, and the performances at low prices have been on a par with high priced companies. They will leave the city regretted. But they will return. Early in the fall the season will be resumed for six or eight weeks, and the welcome then given them will be sincere and hearty.

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No one who has watched the Castle Square repertoire closely will be disappointed at the promise of this week. After having had six days of the "Mikado," but one thing was left for the light musical heart to pine for, and that same was "Her Majesty's Ship, Pinafore," or, briefly, "H. M. S. Pinafore." And agreeable to the suggestion launched forth in these columns while the "Mikado" memory was fresh with us, the management have decided to put on "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

It's no effort to be pleased at this little compliment paid The Times suggestion. We couldn't help being pleased at this prospect, even if we tried. The week will be a joy and delight. "Pinafore" will, of course, be played first. After we have had the sentimental crossings of Ralph and Josephine, and the comical self-sufficiency of Sir Joseph, then will be heard the tragic Sicilian story of Turridu and Santuzza. A treat, indeed.

Some may ask, Why not put "Cavalleria" first and send us home in good humor? Easily answered, that. Consider the musical integrity of the two works. The Sullivan music is of itself and by itself the very acme of tingling melody and jingling tune and quite irresistible. But by itself! Mascagni's music, on the contrary, is heavy and majestic, elevating and inspiring. Sullivan is all right before Mascagni. After an hour and a half of the Italian, however, the English score would sound thin as twice skimmed milk. No one cares to hear an hour of piano soloing after an hour of grand orchestra. The piano is all right and makes exquisite music. But give it to us first!

"Pinafore" was the first of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas to make a great, great hit. It was preceded by "The Trial By Jury" and "The Sorcerer," but neither made the sensation that did the first nautical opera. Do you remember the characters? There is Sir Joseph Porter, who is "the ruler of the queen's navee;" his his Cousin Hebe, who leads the list of "sisters and cousins and aunts;" Ralph Rackstraw, "the lad who loved above his station;" Capt. Corcoran, who would say "damme," and sometimes with "a big, big D;" Josephine, his daughter; Little Buttercup, the bumboat woman, and Dick Deadeye, "the villain." All old friends, these.

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At the beginning of the season the Columbia outlined a new summer policy, and it called for as many new pieces as possible. Pursuant to this, they have already given us two "first time on any stage," and two "first time in Washington."

Tomorrow night we are to have another first night with the comedy company. A new piece will be seen for the first time anywhere. It has the brisk and fetching title, "Jack Robinson." Well, let him come. If he's as funny as some other fellows who have pranced across the Columbia stage this summer, he'll be welcome. With Jack comes two new players, Will Ingersoll and Bert Thayer.

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Mr. Ingersoll is one of the most prominent and promising of the young leading men of the country. He is, what Mr. Lipman was not, instinctively a light comedian.

Mr. Lipman made strenuous endeavors with creditable result, but comedy is so foreign to his calmer and naturalness, the basis of comedy, was so much an exotic in his manner, that he could not do himself justice. During his stay he made many friends, and those who understand what they see realized the odds against which Mr. Lipman battled so bravely. He will be welcome when he returns to Washington, and the most cordial wishes attend him for success in his starring venture in "The Indian," by Coyne Fletcher, of this city.

But to return to Ingersoll. He is a Hoosier—the home of so many good people. He is a native of Lafayette, the pretty city which did not give birth to those other Hoosiers—Vice President Schuyler Colfax, Vice President Thomas Hendricks, ex-President Ben. Harrison, Gen. Lew Wallace, Poet James Whitcomb Riley and "Thorntown Cyrus," but does pretty well, nevertheless, notwithstanding. The Ingersolls are a family of physicians. But Will referred to practice on people's imaginations, instead of their livers, and he has made a success.

He began in Boston, a good safe distance from Indiana. He was not long in obscurity before he joined the stock and began making little hits. Marie Wainwright broke away from Louis James about that time, and made Mr. Ingersoll her leading man. She was then a great star, and the young actor was held up most conspicuously and judged unsparingly. But he made excellent creations of the leading roles of "Amy Robsart," "The Social Swim," "A Modern Match" and others of Marie Wainwright's trials, and, in "The School for Scandal," he was pronounced the best Charles Surface that we had or have.

Then he went to Nat Goodwin, and played his leading roles. His greatest hit was as 'Squire Chivy in "David Garrick." He always got half a dozen curtain calls on the second act, and most of the critics agreed that his Chivy was a finer piece of work than Goodwin's Garrick.

For two years he was leading man, producer and proprietor of the stock company at Salt Lake City, where Edythe Chapman is now playing. But when Goodwin went to Australia he wanted the strongest possible company, and he gave Mr. Ingersoll a salary that induced him to leave his Salt Lake interests and go to the antipodes. Last year he played with Goodwin at the National, appearing as the partner in "An American Citizen."

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William Ingersoll is a warm admirer of Nat Goodwin. "Goodwin is one of the most generous men I ever knew," said he, "and although he never poses as a saint, has lots of little virtues for which he is not generally credited. For instance, he is one of the easiest men in the world to get along with. Proof of this is found in the fact that whereas Richard Mansfield has had as many managers in as many years, Mr. Goodwin has had one manager for thirteen years. Moreover, he gets along with his people, so that they are always glad to stay with him. The reason of this is that he not only pays good salaries, but is always appreciative of their work. He seems to be totally devoid of that jealousy which impels most stars to dispense with the services of players who take too much applause for themselves.

"On the contrary, Goodwin is always delighted to have his people popular. For example, I headed a stock company in Salt Lake City two summers ago. Now, the Salt Lakers, when once they take a liking to a player, always remember him. As a result, when I appeared there last season, I met with a reception that delayed the play for several minutes and almost spoiled Mr. Goodwin's first entrance. But, far from being annoyed, he was as much pleased as I. Again, when we were playing in Washington, Mr. Goodwin received a card from Senator Gorman, who was in front, congratulating him on the play and mentioning me in complimentary terms. Far from taking all the glory to himself, Goodwin sent for me and showed me the card, emphasizing the compliment in a breezy, off-hand way that was better than a raise of salary. I tell you a player appreciates that sort of treatment from a star comedian like Nat Goodwin."

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Bert C. Thayre, the new jeune premier of the Columbia Theater, hails from Boston, but he is not in the least proud of the farce-comedy debtor's law which makes the Hub a horror to players who have had financial troubles. Although the fact may not be generally known, if a man owes a debt in any part of the United States, all his creditors has to do is to follow him to Boston, and if the bill is over $20, the courts will give him a warrant for the debtor.

While the law is fair enough on its face, the practice of enforcing it has become very much like the operations of the old English debtor's law, as described by Charles Dickens. Consequently, it is considered commendable to dodge a bailiff, if possible, and the man who achieves this successfully is the recipient of more congratulation than contumely. Thayre had a little experience in this line himself. He was connected with a summer snap, which became indebted to a lithograph concern for some "paper." Although Thayre was not strictly responsible for the debt, he was the most available man to collect from, so on his last trip to Boston he found a bill awaiting him. He hated to pay a bill he did not owe, but knowing the consequences, consulted his lawyer. The latter found that, with interest, the bill amounted to a little over $20.

"Now, Bert," said he, "you may not owe this bill, but if you don't pay it they'll jail you, you'll lose your engagements and much more than this amounts to. But if you'll go down and give them enough on account to bring it below $20, they can't touch you."

Thayre gave the lawyer a couple of passes and took his advice. "I tell you, said he, in relating the incident, "these lawyers are foxy fellows—I'll take off my hat to them every time."

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The superstitious are forever saying their characteristic "I told you so." And though superstition rose and flourished years before the stage, back-drops, soubrettes and all that sort of paraphernalia were invented, yet there is no gainsaying that it never came into its own till the dramatic profession got a good start. It is amusing, but really remarkable, what absolute confidence some actors—and there is no occasion to differentiate in sex—place in signs, charms, devices and precedent.

There is a truly handsome ring which has a reputed power among actors. It is as well known to them, and to some of them better known, than the personal history of C. Columbus, or the sad fate of Capt Kidd. As for the miracles of foreign shrines and the healings of Schlatter, they are mere bagatelles in connection with what this ring can do. It belongs to Joseph Grismer, and aside from its apparent transcendental powers it should interest on account of its recent and latest exhibition of power, which was made right here in Washington.

Though the ring belongs to Mr. Grismer, his wife, Phoebe Davis, is not amiss in claiming her uxorial one-third proprietary right allowed by common law. It is a handsome bijou and the set is a strange stone that looks like the Chinese jade. It was sent to the Grismers by Clay M. Greene, the dramatist, while he was in the Orient on his way around the world. It reached them in San Francisco just before the production of "The New South." Whether Mr. Greene knew or even suspected the charm of the memento he was sending his friends is not a portion of this history. Mr. Grismer innocently put it on his finger for his friend's sake and went on the stage the first night to play the star part in "The New South." The play made a hit.

The blame of the success was jestingly put on the ring. But a superstitious jest is a religious actuality to an actor. That ring became forthwith more precious to players than Penates to Romans or tin Buddhas to the Brahmins. It was the first thing and the last thing thought of on first nights, and the Grismers would as soon have produced a play without its hero as without the ring.

Mr Grismer was much interested in the outcome of the recent production of "A First Offense." He gave up the seclusion, rest and infinite joy of his home at Bayside, Long Island, to come to the capital and spend the week watching the new play. He had scarcely arrived when it occurred to him that Joe Holland had the ring. A dispatch was sent to Mrs. Grismer, and she hied herself into New York to the Lyceum Theater, and secured the treasure and expressed it to her husband. Though Mr. G. was not in the cast, he took Mr. Barrows aside just before the curtain went up, and placed the ring on the comedian's finger. Those who stood in the neighborhood and fancied it was a wedding rehearsal without the bride are now informed better. Well, the reception given the piece vindicated the ring, and brought out a chorus of "I told you so's" from the superstitious player folk.

But for faith that is child-like and bland take Joe Holland's confidence in that ring. It is his role of three, his hope, his confidence, his oniest one. This reposeful dependence on a jewel came to Joe just before the "Widow" days. Things hadn't been going right for him. One day the Grismers gave him the ring to wear, "just to change his luck." Next morning he had the offer from Charles Frohman to play Mr. Perrin in "Wilkinson's Widows." He wore it on the first night and the piece was a great go. Things went along smoothly and Joe and the ring drifted apart. Then came his starring days. He forgot the ring, but his troubles never forgot him. Finally he drifted into "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle." The premier of that piece was of a happy, but unenthusing character here in Washington. Joe was becoming desperate. He foresaw a speedy closing, perhaps another starring tour, and the prospect was alarming.

In his last hope he sent for the ring. It did not reach him up to the time of the overture the first night of "Bugle" in New York. Holland was frantic. He knew the piece would fail. "Washington had said so and Washington is always right." Besides, how could it succeed without the ring. The other players laughed, but there was a hollow unsubstantiality about the laugh. Secretly each wished the ring had come. In his dressing-room Joe put on his make-up and costumes in a sorry temper. Then he went on the stage to wait for the curtain. There was no balm in his Gilead. He was irritable and not to be monkeyed with. A youthful sprig of a boy ventured to approach him and was nearly annihilated by one glance from the comedian's black eyes. Then—then, he saw a parcel in the boy's hand. The boy said it was from Mr. Grismer. The scowl faded, a smile sprung from it; Joe was radiant. He grabbed the parcel, broke it open, and fairly shouted to the circle which had gathered: "The comedy will be a go, sure!" He had the ring again.

He swore nothing would ever induce him to part with it. And he was obstinate in living up to his unregistered oath. In her husband's absence Mrs. Grismer went to him to secure the talisman for "A First Offense." Joe said "No," and he said it in his delicious farcical earnestness, but in real life he is earnest. He said he was sure that if he parted with the ring he would loose an eye, or break a leg, or forget his part, or attendance would fall off. But finally his big heart got the best of his oath, his judgment, and even of his superstition. Then Mrs. Grismer decided to get even. She went to one of the gentlemen of the company, who went to the treasurer of the Lyceum Theater, and with a bibulous bribe induced him to saunter back on the stage every night that Mr. Holland was separated from his ring, and make disparaging remarks about the business. Then Joe would look at the unadorned finger, where the ring had been, and gloomily reply: "I told you so! I told you so!" He has the ring again and is happy. No one believes it safe to ask him for it. Wedded they are, and not even death will them part.

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Bert Riddle is thinking seriously of embalming the narrative of his last season's experience in red ink and consigning it to the archives of some society for the gathering of the curious and unprecedented. He is proud of it. He wades around in the glory of it, even if there is a substrata of hope, a sort of bed-rock trust in providence, that history won't repeat itself and do the same thing over again.

As his friends all know, and nearly everybody else in the South, he was in advance of Eugenia Blair, who is America's favorite emotional actress, just as you will remember that Robert Downing was America's favorite tragedian. Miss Blair's performance only appeals to the serious-minded, to the reading public and the scholarly-inclined. A large percentage of this class resides outside the metropolitan centers. Considerably outside. So far outside of Atlanta, for instance, as Wambuga, and of New Orleans as Gallipopolis. As railroad facilities and McKinley's election made it impossible for the public to reach the centers, Miss Blair, in her laudable ambition to propogate the emotional drama, took it to the public—even of Wambuga and Gallipopolis.

There are other centers, too. In fact there were few that she missed. Mr. Riddle coupled the gentle task of adjective juggling with the more tentative trust of discovering centers of culture. The grip began to cultivate the amiable Albert before he was out of the shadow of the Monument. But he was making for that portion of Virginia, where quinine is caviar and only the F. F. V.'s can afford it. He found corn cider cheaper, but on the whole not so safe. The next Monday he had a jump of forty-eight miles, so he took an express and outran his pursuer.

In North Carolina he became the victim of a society whose object is the restoration of the mash-note to its proper place in literature. He received notes protesting admiration, devotion, adoration and plain love in all three degrees of comparison, from twenty-nine and a half young things. The fractional last was only denoted "a young thing" by courtesy to her second childhood. Bert didn't understand this attention at first. He began to shine his shoes daily; he bought a stick of mustache wax, and he wore boutonnieres, with an accent on the e, which the forman says we haven't in our font. Then he noticed for the first time the unwashed condition of the mirrors in North Carolina hotels. He remembered he had left his cane at the National after the last session of the Knocker Club. He discovered that very few tailors in that section, especially in the centers of culture, understood the process of creasing trousers. He refilled his fountain typewriter and dictated replies to the first comers. Just then he received a copy of the Ciceroville Mentor with this notice marked, "Mr. Riddle always responds to mash-notes with two perfumed complimentaries." He suspects George Buckler.

His suspicions are better accounted for in the light of a later happening. It happened that a date of the Blair company and of the Bukler Stock Company (R. I. P.) conflicted in one town. That is, on the same night one was to play in the Opera House (so called because operas are never given there) and the other called the Academy of Music (so called because the cornet band gives its May festival of one concert there every January). This was evidently not merely a center of culture. It must have been a town. Miss Blair announced her till as "East Lynne," she to play Lady Isabel. Buckler announced "East Lynne." His role was unannounced. Presumably not Lady Isabel. The Blair company waited for the people to come and see them. Buckler shouldered his pencil, and went to the people with the glad abundance of free tickets. He had had that knife up his sleeve for some time. When Bert speaks of it now, it is only to mention: "Well, anyhow, we drew more money into the house than the other person." The term "person" in this case has a particularly cutting and sarcastic ring. Indeed, it is believed that Bert would have liked to ring the person himself. The opinion is current, but not to be vouched for, that there are others.

In Gargery, a "metropolis" of West Tennessee, he was entertained at the Moonshiners' Social Club; in Perkinsville, Ala., he attended a watermelon contest; in Sutesburg, same State, he was made a hero of and a life member of the Citizens' Volunteer Fire Department for his bravery in extinguishing a lamp in the city hotel. From there he went to Mulberry, Miss., but a cyclone had been there first, and he wired back that it would be best to play Suetsburg a second night "by special request."

A few days more took him into New Orleans, and there was milk and honey, or something else more stimulating, for which this is the equivalent figure of speech, for weeks. He had the pleasure of seeing his star become a favorite in the Crescent City. The receipts rose nightly. His spirits rose with them. Then the temperature began to rise, and finally the river became animated with the same elevating tendency. It rose even higher than the receipts. So Bert cast his weather eye up river. He got out his Postal Guide and started on his voyage of discovery. His voyage up stream was not all that the Macalester makes the journey to Marshall Hall. The higher he got the higher the river got. There was no danger of running aground. There was also little apparent danger of running ashore. But one day the mariner in charge of the expedition touched at what proved to be Manteno. Ask Bert. He left the next day. And the next day the town fell in the river.

On his way to Nashville he took in Valparaiso. Some one heard that he was an advance agent. They didn't stop to consider. A mass meeting of men who voted for McKinley met and then adjourned in a body to wait on Mr. Riddle. He made one of his "customarily happy speeches" and explained the sort of prosperity he was in advance of by presenting the mayor of the town and the constable's family with free seats. That made him solid there and they asked him to remain and run for alderman from the second ward. It was discovered in the course of the discussion that that particular ward was under water at that time. They then offered him the fifth, but he declined, and the only favor he asked was to have Miss Blair's picture in the courthouse and the postoffice, and her appearance announced in the pulpits on Sunday. Bert thought he had struck it rich when someone said something which he understood. The result was that two days later he telegraphed back to the company for active cash and reported the next two towns under water, and jumped into St. Louis.

That was the beginning of the end. At that point the thermometer got even higher than the river, and Bert checked himself home on a through ticket. He thinks the South a nice place to read about in guidebooks. Washington is his ideal summer place. He likes to stay here, and talk about his adventures, of which the foregoing is, as Mark Twain would say: "Not a finished work; a mere study."

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Two fine-looking men were chatting in the foyer of the Columbia last Thursday evening. No one knew who they were. One looked like an Englishman. At least they were entertaining talkers, and, as they must have been conscious of several other men within ear distance, it was perhaps no case of eavesdropping that the following interesting story found another listener, nor is it a breach of confidence, since none was given, to repeat it. The story is really a valuable contribution to the history of the drama.

"Do you know," said the man who looked like an Englishman, "the character of Con. the Shaughraun, was taken from real life, and suggested itself to Boucicault under peculiar circumstances? At the time he had for many years been absent from Dublin, and returned to that place to fill a three weeks' engagement in the old Theater Royal, which was afterward burned down. The individual who furnished the subject of the plot was a fellow known all over the country as 'Cantherin' Jack,' who eked out a precarious existence by following mail coaches from one town to another. He was attired exactly like 'Con,' and he was often known to run twenty or thirty miles behind the mail coach without stopping. On the way he kept up an unceasing rasping on his 'fiddle,' and was generally rewarded by a shower of coppers and small silver by the passengers.

"Boucicault was to open in the 'Colleen Bawn' at 8 o'clock on that particular Monday night. Early in the morning he drove to the country residence of a wealthy friend, nearly thirty miles away, and he remained with the latter until nearly 5 o'clock in the evening. Then his host harnessed a fast trotter and undertook to take the actor up to the city in good season. They had proceeded on the journey about fifteen miles when a thunder storm broke. The trotter, frightened at the lightning, became unmanageable. When it was finally got under control it was found that he had sprained a leg, and that it was impossible to reach Dublin that night. There were no railways at that time within many miles. Boucicault was frantic, and afterward admitted that he heard, in imagination, the cries of the gallery gods at his non-appearance. While both gentlemen were abusing their bad fortune the hedges opened before them and both beheld 'Catherin' Jack.' Boucicault's friend at once seized the vagabond and offered him five guineas if he would beg, borrow or steal a horse that would take them to Dublin. Jack mused a moment; then muttering to himself, 'There's only wan horse that can do it,' he disappeared silently in the darkness.

"Fully ten minutes elapsed before Jack made his appearance, and the other two began to think he had forgotten them. He brought with him a rearing animal, on seeing which Boucicault's friend grew almost white from fear.

"'Why,' he said, 'that is—'

"'Never mind what it is,' said Jack gruffly. 'Just help me harness the baste.'

"The work was done in silence; then Jack, taking the reins and warning the other two to keep still, drove rapidly toward the city. On reaching the streets, the animal screamed with fright, but Jack urged him on, and Boucicault reached the dressing-room of the theater just as the orchestra struck up the overture. Jack not only got the five guineas, but a considerable sum from the actor. The main point of the story lay in the fact that the animal Jack had stolen was a race horse, the property of a well-known member of the Irish peerage. It had been entered for a big stake in England, and many thousand pounds had been wagered upon it. Jack got the animal safely back home. The horse did race two weeks later and won. The story of that fifteen-mile ride to Dublin, and Boucicault's first introduction to 'Con' was never told, however, until many years later, when 'The Shaughraun' was produced."

Then they disposed of their cigar stumps and went in and enjoyed the last act.

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Katherine Grey says that Al. Lipman ought to be a stage manager, and Katherine Grey ought to know. Lipman is a man of many talents, but he never showed signs of the new one until an incident occurred the other night that brought from him a vocabulary of new and original as well as standard oaths that would have done credit to anyone. And that is why Katherine Grey says Al. Lipman ought to be a stage manager.

When Miss Grey was cast for the part of the wife in "A Man With a Past," a serious problem with her was the dress she was to wear. That is always the main thing with a woman, you know, and a season with a stock company requires an extensive wardrobe. The play is laid in the winter, and so a cold-weather dress was required, and Miss Grey began to look over her trunk for one. After a prolonged search for something to suit, an old gray walking dress was found, and Miss Grey was happy. It was remade, and, when the actress stepped on the stage on the first night of the play, she looked really charming. So her stage husband thought, and, when the end of the first act came, and he seized her in his arms, it was even a little tighter than arranged for in the manuscript. And then, while the audience was enjoying the humor of the thing, the catastrophe happened. Something began to tickle the inside of the leading man's nose. It was a pungent odor, and it was useless to try dodging it. Al. put up one hand and scratched his nasal organ, but to no avail. Then he sneezed. Not once, but repeatedly and with an energy remarkable in a man as lazy as Lipman. And the audience laughed the curtain up for an encore, and Al. kept on sneezing. Finally, the act ended and the two were at liberty to talk. "What is the matter with your dress?" asked Al.

"Nothing much," returned Miss Grey, with the innocence women know so well how to assume. "I think I salted it with pepper last year to keep the moths out—that is all. Did you notice it?"

And then Lipman remarked, "—!———"

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"Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" are the two works that will form the bill at the Lafayette for each evening's entertainment by the Castle Square Opera Company this week. The staging of "Pinafore" will be out of the ordinary, for aside from the canvas backing, everything on the stage will be what is used on the regular full-rigged, sea-going vessel, from the capstan and compass to the ratlines, to the yard arm, and back again to the coils of rope on deck. "Pinafore" is a work of itself, and no opera, comic or grand, has been written since its birth that approaches it in popularity. No work has so many clever and witty sayings.

The cast for "Pinafore" is as follows:

Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., Arthur Wooley

Capt. Corcoran, Com. H. M. S. Pinafore, Arthur Cunningham

Ralph Rackstraw, an Able Seaman, Joseph Sheehan

Dick Deadeye .. .. .. .. .. William Wolff

Bill Bobstay, Boatswain, Arthur L. Liebylee

Tom Tucker, a Midshipmite Master W. S. Hennessy

Josephine, the Captain's Daughter, Miss Alice Judson

Little Buttercup, a Bumboat Woman, Miss Lizzie Macnichol

Hebe, Sir Joseph's First Cousin, Miss Gertrude F. Quinlan

"Cavalleria Rusticana" will also be sung with a cast that will bring out all the beauties of this Italian master's fine composition. In the cast will be Miss Edith Mason, who is one of the greatest favorites in comic opera with Philadelphians, in which city she has appeared nightly for nearly a year past. Miss Mason's only appearance here this season was at the "flying matinee" of "Falka," when she made a decided hit. As Santuzza she will doubtless increase her popularity here. The cast of "Cavalleria Rusticana" follows:

Lola, Alfio's wife.... Miss Lizzie Macnichol

Turiddu, a returned soldier.. Thos. H. Persse

Alfio, the village teamster.. William Wolff

Lucia, Turiddu's mother Miss Bessie Fairbain

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Miss Belle Chamberlain, the mezzo-contralto of the Castle Square Opera Company, who made a decidedly favorable impression in the "Gondoliers," is a young artist of much promise. She is a product of Grand Rapids, Mich., and until about a year ago had never dreamed of going upon the stage. She had taken part in many amateur performances in her native city, and had shown considerable talent. One evening Miss Chamberlain received a telegram from her brother, asking her if she would accept a position with Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown." She replied that she would. Her brother wired back to join Hoyt's company at once at New Brunswick, St. John's. Her family were very much opposed to her accepting the proffered engagement, but she managed to induce them to allow her to join the company. Two days later she started on her long journey to St. John's, and by her hard work, pluck and determination she has within an incredibly short time risen to be one of the principals of the Castle Square Opera Company.

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"Jack Robinson," the gentleman who has already sent his visiting cards to the Columbia in promising a call this week, is, like "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" and others of his class, a rather vague and mythical personage. The fact that he is to be presented by the Columbia Stock Company is a sufficient guarantee that he is also a jolly fellow, and from the trouble that is scheduled to fall on his unoffending shoulders, it is perhaps better that he is of the same material as Hamlet's visionary father.

The story concerns mainly a certain frisky young lawyer, impersonated by William Ingersoll, who has married into a sedate Connecticut family. Katherine Grey is the particular member of the family who becomes his wife. But after the bonds of matrimony get a little old, this lawyer finds that a desire to have "a time" now and then cannot be warded off, and so he hires a fellow to occasionally wire him that he must come to New York. He explains to his wife that the man who sends the telegrams, "Jack Robinson," is the silent partner in his firm, and that the call is one of business. The wife is satisfied until by an unlucky chance a certain busybody in the person of Miss Evelynne finds a flash photo of the lawyer with a strange woman in a New York theater. That settles it. The sinner brought to bay claims that the woman was the wife of Robinson, and is believed.

Then the family go to New York to the cycle show. The woman herself turns up followed by her husband and that complicates things. Then the persistence of the false Robinson in sticking to his name settles it and it takes another act to untangle affairs. In the production here Mr. Barrows will be a gay old farmer, Mr. Stein will play the part of a fiery Spaniard, Miss Ferrell will be the "lady in the case," and the rest of the company will be well cast.

The second act of the play brings all the characters to New York city to attend the big bicycle show, and serves to introduce the ladies of the company in cycling costume. They have been to great pains to secure the latest styles, and Washington wheelwomen in search of correct modes for wheeling will find half a dozen living fashion plates on the stage of the Columbia this week. Moreover all these ladies are enthusiastic cyclists, and know how to wear such costumes as well as to propel the festive wheel.

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The attraction at Kernan's Lyceum Theater this week will be the Henry Burlesque Company, an organization composed entirely of talented vaudeville and burlesque artists. The performance begins with a new and laughable comedy skit entitled "Pink Dominos." This is arranged for the purpose of introducing the full strength of the company. Many topical hits are gotten off, and a number of musical numbers are excellently rendered.

The olio, which is a feature of the program, is made up of Carr and McLeod, the musical comiques; Billy Barlow, the singing and dancing comedian; Brooks and Brooks, the Broadway entertainers; the O'Brien Sisters, the twentieth century girls; Clifford and Hall, the refined comedy duo; Miss Mollie Whitten, singer of the latest popular songs, and others.

The entertainment will conclude with a quick glance at the New York success, entitled, "An Artistic Model," which is replete with pretty girls, rich costumes, special scenery; clever comedians and elaborate electric effects. The electric doll dance, by the four Rossard Sisters; the Parisian tic-tac dance and the trick elephant, Tip, are among the novelties to be introduced. There will be matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

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Commencing this evening at the Columbia Theater, the management will introduce the newest and most improved picture machine, the X-Ograph. This machine is considered by experts to be the best yet introduced. They will also show many new pictures never before shown here, and will introduce some new effects in colors that are said to be marvelous.

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Courtenay Thorpe is not only making eulogists but prophets of every dramatic critic of London. He appeareed recently as Werle in Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," and the following is a fair sample of the rapture which his work drew out: "First and foremost, I am at a loss to describe adequately the exceedingly brilliant work of Mr. Courtenay Thorpe. It is now certain that he is the coming actor. I can see no limits to a genius to plastic, so sensitive, so imaginative, so many-sided. In two Ibsen plays—'Little Eyolf' and 'Borkman,' he had already shown the magnificence of his endowments. But I confess I was not prepared for a creation like Gregers Werle. Now, however, I recognize, I salute, I proclaim the advent of a new artist. His Helmer was superb, how superb I did not realize until I saw his Gregers Werle. It is almost incredible that the same man should be able to realize two such conceptions within a week.

"His study of Gregers Werle is a product of sheer genius, that is to say, of alert intelligence and nimble imagination working on through the technique of the actor's art. Such a feat is only possible to an actor of the highest rank, for it evolves the exercise of qualities of the rarest and subtlest kind. He shows you the shining face of the fanatical idealist, transfigured by his dreams, rapt with passionate yearnings. It is the face of a mystic, a prophet, a reformer. It has the unearthliness of a Blake, or a Shelley, the supernatural glamour of a religious maniac. What are the vulgar happinesses of domesticity to such a man!

"And as he pursues his work of ruin and devastation, he never falters, sublimely unconscious of the havoc he is making in this mean, squalid, yet relatively happy home. From Hialmer he goes to Hedvig, dunning them in turn with the 'claims of the ideal,' until at last he is knocked flat by the thumping fist of reality in the shape of Hedvig's suicide. And through the whole play Mr. Thorpe's art never falters or gropes. His Gregers is a unity without a jarring, disconcerting feature. This, you say to yourself, is the real Gregers, the living man, and no clumsy copy."


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Beginning Tomorrow Night at 8.
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The Laughable Comedy Skit, "PINK DOMINOS."

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Introducing two new members of the company,
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