

WOOD RIVER TIMES.

HAILEY, IDAHO.

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AMUSEMENT WORLD.

MOVEMENTS OF NOTED THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES.

Free Pass Friends and the Conscientious Manager—Many Important New Productions Promised for the Near Future—At Home and Abroad.

Native Playwrights Are Busy.

HE cry is occasionally heard that the American playwright is a slighted individual. If it be true, then he is a very hop-ful one, for more new plays are being written this summer by native dramatists than ever before.

William Young, author of "Ganelon" and "Pendergon," is negotiating for the production of his latest story of revolutionary times. "A Ride with Marion's Men" Blanche Marsden is writing a comedy for Roland Reed.

Grace Livingston Furness has completed a comedy for Felix Morris. Fred Wilson will star as a Chinese in his own three-act farcical piece, "A Crash in China."

Marion Sackett has entirely rewritten "Killarney" for Katie Emmett. A French Empress is the central figure of a new four-act drama by Frank Carlos Griffith. "Fra Dione" is the title of a one-act play by Robert Dront, recently produced in Chicago.

"An American Emperor," an historical comedy-drama founded on the life of Aaron Burr, has been accepted by Richard Mansfield.

It is by Will Wright of Minneapolis. Mansfield has also commissioned Clinton Ross to write a play for him with Napoleon as the hero.

Edward E. Rose's new plays, "The Man-of-War's Man" and "The Snares of New York," are to be produced by Thomas E. Shea.

Hal Reid's society melodrama, "The Lily and the Rose," promises to be a very unconventional piece of work. Charles Mortimer, it is said, has paid \$5,000 for the piece, and Marion Booth, a niece of the late Edwin Booth, is to be starred in it.

She is shortly to sail for Europe to secure proper costumes for it, as their design has a peculiar significance to the development of the play. In it Miss Booth will play twin sisters. One is wronged, and the other devotes herself to avenging her sister.

The first act takes place in America, and then the action shifts to England, where such well-known characters as the Prince of Wales and Belle Bilton (Countess of Clancarty) are introduced.

The American girl is exceedingly independent and patriotic, and Albert Edward is forced to take part in a situation that will cause the followers of royalty no little anguish of soul.

"Our Daily Bread" is the title of a new comedy from the pen of Lulu Klein. Julian Edwards is composing the music and J. Cheever Goodwin is writing the book of a comic opera for Dixie Bell.

Lole Fuller's Paris Success. Perhaps the most remarkable success of any American girl in Paris, at least for many years past, belongs to Lole Fuller.

attempts to join them, will surely meet with failure. There are cases, but rare ones, where women have followed certain professions without thought of ultimate profit.

Most professional women do that from a necessity of earning a livelihood.

Assuming the latter to be the general rule, the professional woman's highest ambition is naturally to succeed in her profession, to exalt it and to ennoble it.

To do this, she must live in it, which, if it is like mine, means she must live on the stage, live in her role.

Her whole identity is lost in it; she is to a great extent a stranger to her friends, unless those friends possess that greatest test of all friendship, the ability to do without friends and still have faith in them and in their affection.

Even her home life suffers because of her profession at times, at the period when rehearsals are called for nearly every hour of the day, or when there are nine performances a week, like the series given of "The Crust of Society" during the holidays.

Her small leisure time must be claimed for rest and recuperation.

Does it pay, some will ask, to sacrifice everything for a profession?

The woman who has made a success of hers will answer unqualifiedly, Yes. There is nothing more enjoyable than success, nothing more satisfying.

I can conceive of nothing which gives one such a feeling of exultation as the consciousness of knowing that whatever success is achieved is due to one's own talents, one's efforts, one's will.

Such success is worth working years to attain. A woman lives in it. With a man it is different. His profession and he are apart. This may be because for generations men have enjoyed intellectual privileges granted to women but recently.

When successive generations of women have enjoyed professions, then, perhaps, like men, they may be able to separate themselves from their work and enjoy social life, but until such time this is incompatible with a feminine professional career.

Stories by Theatrical Men.

"It seems to me," said the manager of one of the largest Broadway theaters to a World writer, "that the free pass friend is worse than ever this season. The very worst specimen came along to-night. He had two young women with him, and asked me in a very off-hand manner for three good seats."

"Would you mind telling me who you are?" I asked.

"Why, certainly. My father is the head piano tuner in —'s factory."

"Well, if I had a bouncer two weeks ago," said another manager, "I would have made him earn his wages on a fellow that fooled me. This fellow was a big fine-looking German, who told me that he represented several foreign papers and asked for three seats. I told him that I could hardly push the courtesies of the house so far, but that I would give him a seat for himself. I wrote on the back of his card 'one reserve.' He thanked me and went out to the lobby, and I forgot all about him."

"But the next morning, while we were fixing up the receipts, I was paralyzed to find that this fellow's card had gone for a box. He had put a 'd' on the 'reserve,' and added 'box' in a very good imitation of my writing."

Then a third manager turned traitor, and told this story on his friend, who had just finished speaking:

"I went in to see Billy's miserable show the other night, and came out in such a hurry that I left behind me the gold-handled umbrella which Irving, Bernhard, and Coquelin clubbed together and bought me for giving them the greatest business ever known on this hemisphere. I missed it and next morning went to the box office to get it. Billy was at the window, and I told him of my loss."

"Can you identify it?" he asked.

"Certainly," said I.

"How many ribs has it?" asked he.

"Of course, I couldn't tell, and down came the window. I was too paralyzed with rage to move, and while I stood there a young man came up to a-k for a cane with a silver band around it."

"How many inches was the ferrule from the silver band?"

"Young man couldn't answer and slam went the window again."

"Up came an old lady who wanted a pair of pearl mounted opera-glasses in a pale pink plush bag, with the monogram A. R. C. engraved on them, and the maker's name under the rim."

"Are the lenses concave opalesque or convex crystalline?"

"The old lady gasped, and his sinklets said reverely: 'Madam, no articles are given up here unless they are properly identified.'"

Hit and Miss.

MARIAN BOOTH, a niece of the late tragedian—daughter of Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., that was—expects to star in comedy.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Dixey's "people" have had to get along without their salaries Dixey himself is rolling high in Europe.

The difficulty is that those who go to the Lord for advice, can interpret the answer to suit their own intentions.

AFTER a man reaches forty, everybody but his mother stops telling of what a great man he is destined to be.

EVERY woman admires a man who can swim, and looks with horror at a boy who wants to learn how.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

The Little Magician. If there's anything you wish From a ducat to a dish— From a steeple to a coat, Or a yellow gravy boat, From a ruby to a clam, From a river to a ram, From a donkey to a ham, Or a pot of apple jam, Rub the lamp, Rub the lamp, With a chamolis slightly damp, And wait for the Geni.—Eni.—I.



When the Geni appear Swallow bravely all your fear, Tell 'em what it is you'd like, Be it pen and ink or 'bide'— Be it mulligan or string, Or a solid gold ring. Doesn't matter, anything, These dear Geni will bring When the lamp You re-amp With a chamolis slightly damp, And wait for the Geni.—Eni.—I.

—St. Louis Republic. The Beetroot and the Celery. The Beetroot met the Celery—"Good morning!" said the sweet root; "Crispily the Celery replied, 'How are you, Mr. Beetroot!'"

"I'm weary, sir," said Mr. B., "Of living near to posies; I'm always hearing people praise The lilies and the roses."



"That lily's white and rose is red, I know by observation, But why don't folks give us our turn Of ardent admiration?"

"Surely because," snapped Celery, "They scarce see past their noses; I'm whiter than the lilies, sir— You're redder than the roses!" —St. Nicholas.

Mollie's Discovery. My papa says that I'm about As sweet as a sweet can be, But why he says a thing like that I really cannot see.



I tasted of my thumb, and found He made a sad mistake; I'm not as sweet as lemon pie, Nor half as good as cake.

Toy Spider on a Rubber String.



—Harper's Young People.

A Funny Bug. Rebbe was down at the end of the lot, close beside the gate leading into the chicken yard. She was watching the little chickens that were running about crying "cheep, cheep," and the old mother-hens scratching up bugs and worms for their little folks' dinner. All at once she spied a queer-looking object trailing through the grass at her feet. It had an odd zig-zag motion, and in all the five years of her life Rebbe had never seen anything like it. She watched it intently, wondering if grandma had ever seen one like it. She would have liked to call grandma to come and see it, only it might go away while

she was gone. Pretty soon it stopped, and Rebbe went up close to it and stooped down to look at it. She thought it looked like some pretty ribbon she had seen in the store when she went shopping with mamma, but just then it raised its head



straight up in the air and shot toward her a long slender tongue that looked like a little black streak, it moved so fast, at the same time making a little hissing sort of sound.

That frightened Rebbe a little, and she jumped up quickly and ran into the house to grandma. "Oh, grandma," she said, "come out quick and see this funny bug! He goes this way." And she waved her little fat fingers slowly back and forth.

Now grandma was busy and she didn't care to go out to look at bugs; but the little girl was so earnest and excited that she went with her. Rebbe led her straight to the chicken-yard fence, and there, stretched out at full length in the grass, sunning himself, was a snake. A viper, John said it was when he brought the hoe and killed it. And when she heard what it was, and what it might have done, Rebbe was very glad the "funny bug" was dead and could do her no harm. "I guess, grandma," she said, afterward, "it was because I said my prayers this morning that he didn't bite me."—Our Little Ones.

A Sleepy Little Girl. When my sister and I were little girls we used to do a good many funny things. One night when we went upstairs to our little room sister threw herself on the bed without undressing and fell asleep. Now, this was a little trick of hers that was very trying to me, for I was obliged, almost every night, to wake her by pulling and shaking and calling, and get her to undress and go to bed.

On this particular night, however, I made up my mind to let her alone, and if she did not waken by the time I was ready, for bed I would leave her there all night, thinking how ashamed she would be the next morning when she found she had slept with her clothes on. When I was all ready for bed she was still sleeping soundly, so, with the determination to throw the blame upon her, I blew out the lamp, and lying down beside her was soon fast asleep myself.

"Come, children, time to get up!" called mother the next morning. "Why, Nannie," in a tone of great surprise as she came to the bedside, "what are you doing with your clothes on, child?" My sister rubbed her blue eyes with her chubby little fists, sitting up in the bed, and looked around with a puzzled frown that was comical to see. But she could not tell why she had on her clothes. Bless you, no! She didn't remember anything about it. She was as much surprised as mother.

Of course, I had to explain, and mother laughed—how could she help it? But if you think my sister was the least bit ashamed, you are very much mistaken. She sprang out of bed and began to dance around the room gleefully. "Oh! I'm so glad I don't have to dress. I'm all ready for breakfast. Goody! Goody! Oh, mamma!" with a serious air, "may I please sleep in my clothes every night?"

As Labouchere Sees Us. In many ways the United States have educated the world in politics, says London Truth, and I, for one, do not hesitate to say that their scheme of government is the best that has ever been established by a nation.

But in nothing do we owe more to the Americans than for their having afforded us the great object lesson of a state pursuing the even current of its way without meddling in the affairs of other states, which has been the bane of European powers. Here we have a country, rich, powerful, industrial, and commercial, yet never troubling itself with what happens outside its frontiers; or annexing foreign lands on the plea of philanthropy, or on the ground that in some centuries its area will be too small for its population, or in order to create markets for its goods. And what is the result? No one dreams of attacking the United States, or of picking a quarrel with them.

An Eminent Meteorologist. Among the many services which Professor Cleveland Abbe has rendered to meteorology are the translation of valuable papers by foreign physicists for the Smithsonian Institution. One collection of them, mostly from the pen of Dr. Julius Hann, made its appearance several years ago. Another has just been issued under the general title "Mechanics of the Earth's Atmosphere," and includes treatises by Helmholtz, Overbeck, Bezold, Kirchhoff, Hertz and Hagen, to which are appended writings of Lord Rayleigh, Max Morgules and William Ferrel, which deserve a place in such a volume. Whoever desires an acquaintance with the fundamental laws governing atmospheric motions—and engineers and aerial navigators, as well as meteorologists, are interested in such matters—will find these discussions of great value.

Prof. Barnard has been engaged for the past two years in photographing the Milky Way, and expects that he will complete his task at the end of three more years.

SILK-COTTON TREE.

One of the Most Interesting Features of the West Indies.

Among the interesting natural objects of tropical America the gigantic silk-cotton tree is one of the most prominent features in the landscape. It is widely distributed, but is seldom seen to more advantage than on the grazing pens in the high valleys of Jamaica, where it is a most imposing giant, when its smooth, straight trunk is seen towering like a great lighthouse from some commanding hill, with its majestic crown of spreading branches outlined against the sky. A young tree is protected by sharp thorns, but as it grows older these disappear. When the tree is some four or five feet in diameter wooden brackets begin to grow out from the trunk under the branches, which thus become strongly braced as they begin to spread. At the same time the trunk becomes ventricose near the ground, and soon great buttresses arise between the trunk and the roots. These but-



SILK-COTTON TREE OF JAMAICA.

trusses run close to the surface of the ground for a great distance, sometimes 50 feet. Between these buttresses the Spaniards used to stable their horses. Above these buttresses the trunk is smooth and cylindrical, sometimes twelve feet in diameter and 100 feet high. Just before the tree flowers the branches are bare, but after the fruit has set the new leaves burst out and nourish the great pods until they have swelled to their full size. Then the leaves fall and the sun beats down upon the pods until they are fully ripe, when they burst and swell into great snowy bundles of cotton.

Specimens of the silk-cotton tree vary in shape, and solitary trees in open meadows often branch near the ground; but in a well-grown typical tree the trunk runs straight up, without branches, like a massive cylindrical tower, well above the heads of all ordinary trees or even the tallest palms. At the top it carries a crown of branches stretching out horizontally to an incredible distance.

THEY DANCE IN WORSHIP.

Fantastic Ceremonies of Some of the Derivishes of the Orient. The derivishes in Mohammedan countries are a religious class corresponding in some respects to the monks of christendom. There are many orders, distinguished by pecu-



DANCING DERIVISHES.

lilarities of faith, ceremony and costume. Some live in monasteries, others dwell in villages, but all profess poverty and humility and some chastity. Their religion prescribes mortification, but their practices are very often inconsistent with their professed standard. Many of them lead a vagrant life, traveling all over the countries of the East and being supported by convents of their order. The Mevlievs are the most numerous. They indulge in fantastic dances, in which they whirl around with great rapidity to the music of a flute, generally not ceasing until they are overcome by exhaustion and drop on the ground. This ceremony is performed in honor of their founder, who is said to have whirled around for four days without any nourishment, while his companion played a flute. Often these derivishes are found in cities playing the part of jugglers and sorcerers.

A Clean Face.

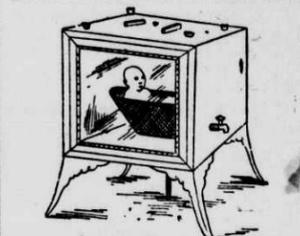
Theatrical people know that oil cleans the skin better than water. Generally other people do not. If actresses undertook to get their make-up off with water, they would need soft soap and a scrub-brush to do it, and the skin would inevitably come with it. They used once cocoa butter; now they use cocoa oil, which is a better preparation of the same thing. Drug stores keep it. Some keep it fresh, and some keep it rancid. Take care not to patronize the second class, and in cocoa oil you will have the most delightful of all emollients for the oil bath. If you want to see how effective it is, come in from a railway journey on a hot day, when the windows have been up, and you have had as much benefit of the smoke and soot as the freman. Take the most vigorous bath you can devise or endure, then spread some cocoa oil on your face, and wipe it off. The blackened towel will tell the tale of failure for the bath and triumph for the oil.—Boston Gazette.

A NEW YORK policeman has resigned because the commissioners wanted him to sacrifice about six inches of his mustache.

HOW BABY GREVERT GROWS.

He Is So Big Now that He Must Have a New Incubator.

Joseph Grevert, who is being raised in an incubator at the home of 14 street, No. 315 East Twenty-sixth street, New York, passed his thirteenth day of existence comfortably, and with an appreciable gain of strength. Heretofore Joseph has been fed a drop or two at a time with a medicine dropper, but as if in mockery of superstition, he celebrated his thirteenth day in the incubator by nursing from a regular sure-enough bottle. He also cried in regulation baby fashion so loud that it could be heard outside his box. The incubator has all modern improvements. Joseph has gained a pound and a quarter since his birth, and now weighs three and one-quarter pounds. The incubator is 24x14x16 inches in its inside dimensions and consists of four tin cans that are to protect Joseph from cold draughts. A gas jet below heats the air in the outer compartment. The second compartment contains hot water and the compartment next to that containing Joseph again contains hot air for the purpose of obtaining more even distribution of heat. Joseph reclines in a little basket of wire net lined with cotton. In the top of the incubator are the ventilators for Joseph's sleeping apartment and openings to supply draught to the outer fuel compartments and for filling the water compartment. There is an automatic regulator that closes the ventilators of Joseph's bedroom if the temperature falls below 98 degrees and opens them if it rises above 100. There are two openings for thermometers to avoid any possibility of inaccuracy. The front of baby's home is of glass.



BABY GREVERT'S INCUBATOR.

WASHINGTON'S WISE DOG. When Sick Brute Instinct Directs Him to a Physician. There is a prominent business man in Washington, says the Post, who is something of a dog fancier, and takes pride in a pair of English setters that have held a prominent place in several bench shows in the country. Some months ago one of them developed an incipient case of ophthalmia and was taken to an oculist for treatment just as naturally as would have been any other member of the family. The treatment, which con-

sists of drops to be put in the patient's eyes, proved quite successful, and relieved the trouble for a time, but after a while it came on again, and a second expedition was planned to the doctor's. Flim Flam seemed to know where he was going, for on entering the square where the oculist had his office he raced ahead of his master and got up the steps where he had been but once before, and on the door being opened bolted straight for the treating-room, instead of waiting his turn downstairs, as two-legged patients learn to do to their sorrow and impatience. This time the treatment was a zinc solution that was very severe and brought the water in streams from the patient's eyes, but he took it with his nose in the air, never wincing, and the only sign of feeling he made was to hold out one paw pathetically for his master's hand.

Always the Favorite. Although the rose was brought in to greater prominence during the feud between the houses of York and Lancaster, which sent between the red rose and the white, A thousand souls to death and deadly night, the emblematic rose of England was part and parcel of ancient history in England long before. There is (or was) a wild rose which trailed and climbed over the cathedral walls at Hildesheim, with its roots in the crypt. This rose was said to have flourished there long before Charlemagne laid the foundations of that glorious edifice. Roman warriors had roses depicted upon their shields, and, indeed, for ages and in every clime the "queen of the flowers" has been a universal favorite. It is a worthy emblem of "the rose and expectancy of this fair state," and long may it continue to be.—Home Journal.



TREATMENT SEVERE, BUT APPRECIATED.

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A NEW YORK Judge has performed a humane act by changing the name of one Mendel Berkowitch Kornitsky to that of Mark Barnett Johnson.