PLAYS AND PLAYERS

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE RE-OPENS WITH GUS THOMAS' SUCCESSFUL PLAY.

"IN MIZZOURA" IS ITS TITLE.

EDDIE FOY WILL AMUSE THE PATRONS OF THE GRAND.

"OFF THE EARTH TO THE MOON."

Henry Irving's Great Production of Cymbeline—Gossip of the Theatrical World.

The announcement that the Metropolitan opera house will reopen its doors tonight should prove welcome news to its patrons, for even though there was an excellent entertainment at the other theater all the week, yet theatergoers feel lonesome when the lights are out at the Met. It is a pleasure to announce that the attraction billed at this theater for the entire week, beginning tonight, is a drama from the pen of that able playwright Augustus Thomas, whose "Alabama" placed him in the foremost rank of American dramatists. It is also gratifying to know that "In Mizzoura" the drama to be presented, is classed by the public and the press among the successful creations of Augustus Thomas.

"In Mizzoura" will be interpreted by a company of players, said to have been selected and rehearsed by the author himself. The leading member of the cast is A. S. Lipman, a capable actor well known in St. Paul.

The story of "In Mizzoura" is interesting. Jim Radburn, the leading character, is the sheriff of Pike county, Missouri. He is young, but quiet and settled of manner, the nerviest man in Pike county, a sure shot, who makes it his boast that he has never killed a man—satisfied to wing him—and is in love with Kate Vernon, the daughter of Joe Vernon, the blacksmith. It is due to him, though Joe alone knows the fact, that Kate was able to go to college, his money paying for it all. This service, intended for her betterment is the very thing that makes Kate dissatisfied with the thought of Jim as her lover. At this time there is in town Robert Travers, a handsome, educated fellow, and with him Kate has fallen in love and he with her. Travers is a train robber, a fugitive from justice, a large reward for his apprehension being offered. Kate of course, is ignorant of this, and she has consented to go away with Travers the evening of the day on which the play begins. Radburn, the gentleness and poetical qualities of whose nature is shown in his tender solicitude for a learned dog, tells Kate of his love for her, and is informed by her that she cares for another. This is the state of affairs when Sam Fowler, the express messenger, who was arrested for supposed complicity in the express robbery, returns home honorably acquitted of the charge. He recognizes Travers as the robber. There is a fight and Travers seeks the home of Kate as a place of refuge. She hides him and is alone in the house when Jim Radburn rides up. He seats himself facing the closet in which Travers is hiding and bids him come out. Travers rushes out with raised pistol, ready to kill his would-be captor, who sits quietly without a weapon drawn. In an admirably written scene, Jim tells Travers, that for Kate's sake he is going to let him escape, and gives him the horse at the door.

Travers, profoundly grateful, offers his hand. "I give you the hoss," says Jim, "but I'm d—d if I'll shake hands with yer." But Travers does not get further than the adjoining town, where he is suspected of being a horsethief. Radburn's horse being recognized, he is shot attempting to escape, but before dying declares that Jim gave him the horse. This fact being established, the sheriff is accused of conniving at the escape of a criminal, and affairs are threatening when Kate, who has learned much of her father, comes to the rescue with her story of Radburn's self-denial, friendship and heroism, and the tide of popular sentiment rolls more strongly than ever in favor of Radburn, and we perceive that by and by it will be well with him and Kate. There are two minor love stories, the minor one between 'Lisbeth, Kate's younger sister, and Dave, Joe's helper at the forge; and the juvenile romantic one between Sam Fowler and Emily Radburn, Jim's sister.

The cast includes, besides Mr. Lipman, F. C. Hamilton, Charles H. Riegel, Charles Mason, Fred Webber, J. H. Surridge, Mrs. Jean Clara Walters, Miss Margaret Dibden and others.

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Eddy Foy, the unique and clever comedian, will claim the attention of playgoers for the present week at the Grand opera house, commencing tonight, upon which occasion he will be seen in an elaborate stage spectacle by John D. Gilbert, entitled "Off The Earth." Eddy Foy, as a burlesque comedian is sui generis. His features are such as would have won him fame as a pantomimist had he ever taken up that branch of work. As he stands today, his popularity cannot be questioned, for he was the back-bone of the Henderson extravaganzas for years. The travesty which will serve to introduce Mr. Foy this time, was presented here two seasons ago. It is in three acts and five scenes. The latter from the brushes of Gates and Morange, who are most successful in this style of scene painting. One of the most effective stage settings is that representing a forest of phosphorescent fungi. The terrestrial vegetation is replaced by rushes, ferns and other tropical plants. Another scene of beauty is the interior of a palace on the moon, in which the illusion of night is represented utilizing crescents, stars, popples and other accompaniments of darkness. The other scenes are a modern bazar; "Cloudland" and "The Gates of the Moon by Earthlight." Equally resplendent are the costumes, which were designed by Mme. Fisher, of London.

Eddie Foy left the ranks of farce comedy some years ago to secure the better fortune offered to performers in burlesque. He is certainly a laugh manufacturer that the present silver agitation cannot shut down. The company engaged to support Mr. Foy is said to be a capable one. It includes Adele Farrington, a dashing and attractive burlesquer well known to local theatergoers. Mary Marble is the soubrette, whose work thus far has been much commended. Miss Louise Willis as the queen is reported a very handsome young woman. Miss Willis was formerly a member of Rice's "1492" company. Miss Louis Archer, Mr. Arthur Deagon, Mr. Henry McCauly, and James E. Sullivan, are the remaining principals. The libretto, it is said, has been extensively altered and improved, and only a few of the original vocal members are retained. The popular ditty "Still His Whiskers Grew," will be sung by Mr. Foy, in his inimitable way. He has another song, that is said to have scored a hit. It is called "All Coons Look Alike To Me." The matinees will take place on Wednesday and Saturday.

A special feature of the engagement will be the first exhibition on the local stage of the theatrograph, R. M. Paul's marvelous invention imported from The Alhambra, London, England. This is one of the most famous living photograph exhibitions of the day and depicts on canvass scenes and action with striking realism. The views will include some famous English scenes.

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The advent of Trilby, that fascinating creature of the Latin Quarter in Paris, will doubtless meet with an enthusiastic welcome at the Grand opera house, at which playhouse it is announced for engagement at an early date. Although "Trilby" has been well patronized wherever presented, it has never before been presented at popular prices. Much pressure was brought to bear upon A. M. Palmer and W. A. Brady, the managers of "Trilby," so it is asserted, to induce them to take this step.

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An attraction which will undoubtedly keep up the record for big business at the Grand opera house the present season is "In Old Kentucky," which will follow Eddie Foy at that playhouse.

In the face of the most serious business depression known in years, "In Old Kentucky" continues to fill the theaters. It is given this year with a complete new outfit of scenery, and many new and attractive features. The play is a stirring picture of Kentucky life, beginning in the mountains and shifting to the blue grass country. Its chief claim to consideration is its novelty, and the skillful introduction of original bits of Southern life. The band of pickaninnies is a taking feature.

The company includes Laura Burt in her inimitable impersonation of Madge, Bert Clark, the original colonel; Frank Dayton and Miss Estelle Wellington, a well known St. Paul girl.

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An attraction scheduled for early production at the Grand will be Gus Heege in his new Swedish dialect comedy, "A Yenuine Yentleman." Heege is always accepted as a diversion, because he occupies a field entirely alone, and no doubt his latest creation will stimulate the analytical patron of the drama as well as attract the mere laughter seeker.

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Sir Henry Irving will follow "Cymbeline" at the Lyceum theater, in London, with a revival of "Richard III." Then will come the long promised English version of "Mme. Sans-Gene."

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Charles B. Hanford will be the Marc Antony in the production of "Julius Caesar" which Thomas W. Keene will give this season. The latter will be seen as Brutus.

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The wisdom of subjecting a new opera to a process of revision out of town before placing it before a New York audience is shown again in the case of "An American Beauty," the new opera in which Lillian Russell is now appearing. Since the first performance of the work at Scranton, Pa., one act has been wholly rewritten by the authors.

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Unlike some actresses, Fanny Davenport has no fancy for seeing herself depicted in different characters. Not one portrait of the kind adorns the hall of Melbourne hall, at South Duxbury, Mass. "I have a friend," writes Miss Davenport, "who gets every photo of me published and puts them in her rooms. It made me quite wretched when I last called. There I was weeping in her bedroom and mad in her dining room, while in the parlor I was positively dying in three different positions."

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The much heralded Barrison Sisters, who so demoralized the youth of Germany that Emperor William forbade them to remain longer in that country, made their American appearance at Koster & Bial's, and gave their audience a taste of the tricks they have learned and the lingerie they have purchased abroad. There was an immense audience present, and those who expected to see something new and startling were not disappointed, says an exchange. The five little Barrisons, with their fluffy hair and their wicked songs and kicks, were not overrated. In fact, they are distinctly ahead of date, Lona Barrison's fine jockeyship on on a dashing, white charger was a delightful surprise, and her French song while astride the horse made the whole house gasp. The Barrisons were cheered, applauded and recalled a number of times. New York is sure to go "Barrison mad." Koster & Bial's has never had a better drawing card.

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The London correspondent of the New York Mail and Express writes an interesting account of Sir Henry Irving's recent production of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" at the Lyceum theater. The large number of celebrities in the audience renders that feature of the occasion of almost as keen interest as the production itself. For instance, here is a list of a few of the notables present:

Miss M. E. Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), the novelist; Alma Tadema, the renowned artist; James M. Barrie, the Scotch novelist and his wife; Barney Barnato, the plotocrat from Australia; Sir George Lewis; Lady Granby, future Duchess of Rutland; Henry Arthur James, Anthony Hope, Mme. Sarah Grand, E. S. Willard, the actor; and Miss Julia Arthur, the well-known American actress, who, now, like other stars, shines with unborrowed light.

Of Ellen Terry's Imogen and Henry Irving's Iachineo, the correspondent has this to say:

Ellen Terry is almost an ideal Imogen. In spite of her recent severe illness, she seems to be endowed with a fresh gift of youth, and her movements, her attitudes, her restless activity were as untiring last night as if she had twenty years taken away from her age. The scenes when the daughter of King Cymbeline masquerades as a footsore boy near Milford Haven are quite the most beautiful in the play, and it is here that the actress displays those exquisite gifts of comedy and pathos that have made her famous. In the tragic parts of the play, notably where she reads the letter in which Posthumus tells her that he believes her guilty, she just failed to thrill the audience. Her delicious pathos when she discovers what she supposes to be the headless body of Posthumus lying beside her was wonderfully touching. It was strange to see this fair-faced, dainty-limbed woman, who, calling the two stalwart young Britons, Guiderius and Arviragus, "supposed sons of Belarius," brothers. One of them (Arviragus) is young Gordon Craig, her son, who, with Ben Webster as the other brother, made a pair of the most perfectly beautiful boys it has ever been my pleasure to see. Lithe of limb, fleet of foot, golden-haired, blue-eyed, with straight-cut features and smooth, boyish faces, they looked like young gods.

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Last Monday night, in Utica, N. Y., Manager Pitou produced "The Cherry Pickers," Joseph Arthur's new play. The scenes are laid in Northern India during the British-Afghan war, at which time Mr. Arthur spent two years in India as a war correspondent of American papers. Manager Pitou's production of the play is said to be elaborate.

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The figure of Dr. Parkhurst at the Eden Musee has been remodeled and given a prominent place near those of the presidential candidates. It is an excellent representation and shows the reformer in the act of speaking. A singular fact that was not noticed until after the artists had completed their work is that Dr. Parkhurst has one hand pointed directly toward the figure of Richard Croker.

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Sir Henry Irving as Iachimo is fitted with a character that might almost be called subordinate. He intensifies the sardonic villainy of the character, but makes it more malevolent than fleshly. His Iachimo is a devil, to be placed half-way between the callous wickedness of his Iago and the polished cunning of his Mephistopheles. His peculiarities occasionally intrude themselves almost too much upon the audience, but he has seldom impressed me more as an actor than when he hovers, vampire-like, about Imogen's bed.

The production is a success of superb stage pictures.

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John Drew will not go to Australia next summer. His plan is to play in "Rosemary," his present great success, at the Empire theater, until the spring, when he will go to Europe. Mr. Frohman is having a play written for Mr. Drew by an English dramatist, and if the piece proves worthy it will be produced in London, which will give Mr. Drew a chance to create there the part in which he will be seen at the Empire next season.

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This week the new Murray Hill theater, in New York, will be entirely completed, and with its frescoings, its decorations in white and gold and its oil paintings will be one of the handsomest and safest places of amusement ever erected in that city. The dressing rooms are in a separate building, and will be a surprise to the actors and actresses who are to use them. Another unusual thing will be noticed by the "gallery gods," who will be seated in comfortable arm chairs instead of on the ordinary benches used in most theaters.

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Francis Wilson's success in his new opera, "Half a King," which he produced at Al Hayman's Knickerbocker theater (formerly Abbey's), in New York, on Sept. 14, seems to have been of the most positive kind, and some of the New York critics even think he has eclipsed the popularity of "Erminie." Wilson as a mountebank, Wilson as a mock duke, and Wilson as a king of vagabonds, which are the three sides to his character of Tireschappe, each suggest fun in abundance, and that is just what the public expects from him. Manager Al Hayman says: "I think 'Half a King' will be the big money winner of the season in New York and on the road."

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Hillary Bell, the dramatic critic of the New York Press, thus differentiates the dramatic editor and the dramatic critic:

"It may not be amiss at this time to speak of certain folk who do a great deal in an unobtrusive way for the glorification of the stage and its players. We refer to the publishers of theatrical press sheets. There are five of them—Goodfriend, Dunlop, Eddy and McKay, of this city, and Kierans, of Philadelphia. These enterprising writers act in a private capacity. Their business is not with the public, with the newspapers or dramatic art, although they work indirectly for all three. They are the intermediates, or middle men, between the player, author and manager and the dramatic editors. Before explaining this matter further it must be understood that there is a material distinction between the dramatic editor and the dramatic critic of a great journal. The latter writes his own opinions, the former agrees with the opinions of others; the latter reviews performances, the former anticipates productions; the latter deals with what has already been done, the former with what is about to be accomplished. The critic is always behind the times, for he cannot set forth his judgment until after the play is over. The editor is always ahead of the times, because he is well informed about things that have not yet happened. The critic belongs to the past, the editor to the future. The critics' purpose is art, the editor's is business. The critic achieves most fame, but the editor earns most money. When he dies the critic's memory may be clothed in half calf, but while he lives the editor is arrayed in purple and fine linen. The critic is a scholar, or should be; the editor is a hustler, and has to be. The critic's purpose is to increase the reputation of his journal; the editor's to aid its financial prosperity. Oddly enough, the dramatic editor is not an editor, while the critic holds an editorial position. But this is a subtlety that cannot be understood except in journalism. So there is no use bothering about it.

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Among the many strong attractions booked at the Metropolitan opera house this season there is one of especial interest to local theater goers, the announcement of which will be received with much pleasure by those who want the very latest sensation of the day. The management of the Metropolitan takes great pleasure in announcing the early appearance at that theater of Albert Chevalier, the famous English "coster" singer, who was the rage in London and New York last season. The exact date of his appearance will be announced later.

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William Gillette's new play, "Secret Service," made a splendid impression at the Garrick theater in New York last Monday night. The author likewise scored a hit in the leading role.

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Last Monday evening was a busy one for the "first nighters." Palmer's theater in New York held a large audience to welcome the first appearance there as a star of Georgia Cayvan, who appeared in "Mary Pennington, Spinster." The welcome was hearty, and the play was a trifle weak, but Miss Cayvan's splendid art triumphed over its slight deficiencies.

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Evans & Hoey, in "A Parlor Match," and Anna Held, the petite and pretty Parisian, are drawing tremendous audiences at the Herald Square theater. The theater is packed to the doors nightly.

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Mathews and Bulger and their company have regaled local theater-goers during the past week with the best sample of farce comedy that has been seen in St. Paul for a long, long while. The "funny cracks" in "At Gay Coney Island," are showered upon you with such rapidity that you can't count them, much less remember them. After leaving the theater you are simply conscious of a strange sensation in the muscles about the mouth as that feature resumes its normal expressions, which reminds you that it has been busy laughing for nearly three hours. The company surrounding these two comedians is likewise unusually capable, notably Miss Jennie Whitbeck, the soubrette.

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Next Sunday night at the Metropolitan opera house "The Old Homestead" will be presented. Of the play itself it may be justly said, that there is no play now before the public that is more deeply rooted in the annals of the American stage, than Denman Thompson's pastoral drama. From its very first presentation and throughout its long run of four years at the Academy of Music in New York city, it became firmly seated in the hearts of theater-goers. The beautiful scenic effects, notably the representation of Grace church, with which every visitor to New York is familiar, and the picturesque view of the countryside, near Swanzey, in the Granite state, materially enhance the charm of the play.

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Eddie Foy tells a funny one about a couple of Irishmen, who were standing on the corner trying to fix a meeting place for the following day. They finally agreed upon a plan: "Mike," says Pat, "I'll meet you on Halstead and Madison streets in the morning at 6, and if I get there first, I'll place a stone on the curb, so that you'll know that I've been there."

"And if I get there before you do, I will push it off," says Mike.

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Apropos of the coming engagement of Augusta Thomas' delightful play, "In Mizzoura," it is interesting to note that the spelling of the title is a fair idea of the real pronunciation, different from that generally in use. In explaining his reason for his departure from the beaten track, Augustus Thomas, the author, responds with the following amusing story: "You know that just south of us the people of Arkansas, annoyed beyond endurance by the various pronounciations of the name of their state, brought the subject to the attention of the legislature, and that body, by special enactment, fixed the pronunciation as Arkansaw. Missourians feel the same way about Missouri. They detest the effeminate aspirant, that Boston has tried to fix upon them, and the diminutive sound of the termination. I remember well when I was a schoolboy in Missouri, and anxious to show my acquirement at home, pronounced the name of the state Miss-sou-ree; my father overheard me, and told me never to call it so again. Obeying him next day at school, I gave the real trans-Mississippi sound to it in recitation and I was promptly called down by the teacher. I explained that paw had—

"But that makes no difference. I'm teaching this class. Your 'paw' isn't. You must say 'Miss-sou-ree.'

"I told my father at supper how the teacher had figuratively wiped up the floor with him before the geography class. The gov'nor pushed back his pie—they ate pie for supper over there—and went out and chewed tobacco on the back porch. He thrashed around in bed all night, and when morning came he was up at daylight, trying to push the time ahead to 9, when school opened. Then he took me by the hand, and we went into school together, a trifle late, for effect. The gov'nor had a good eye for stage business. He planted his progeny in the center of the stage before the astonished teacher.

"'That's my boy.'" The young woman looked us both over and seemed inclined to grant it. Impressive wait, and the gov'nor giving cues. 'He was born in Mizzouraw. Where are you from?'"

The young woman said Boston, and gave a drowning-man-look around for her diplomas, that was somewhere under the map of Asia, but the old gentleman was setting a faster pace.

"What's Boston got to do with it? What do you say the name of this state is?"

"Why, I thought Miss-sou-rie—"

"Not at all. Tom Benton said Mizzouraw when he addressed the senate of the United States. Gen. Shields says Mizzouraw. Nathaniel P. Lyon, who died at Wilson Creek, said Mizzouraw, and Frank Blair always said it—understand?"

She understood.

And years ago on the first survey map it was printed as the Indians called it, full of z's—and the gov'nor hung on to the tail end of the alphabet like a cross-cut saw. The teacher was wincing, as I'd seen her do when a boy scraped his pencil edgewise on a slate, and paw went on.

"This is my boy. He's going to say Mizzouraw. The teacher nodded—'going to say it here in school'—she bowed again. The gov'nor turned to the class. "And every boy here that respects his parents and the constitution of the United States will always say Mizzouraw."

He went home, and I don't think I ever said Miss-sou-ree again.

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"A man who studies a part for the stage," observes the finished actor, J. E. Dodson, "often changes all his preconceived notions of the character as soon as he finishes the first rehearsal. When I get a new part I read it over three or four times to get a general idea of the character. Then I conceive in my mind's eye what the character should be and fall to studying. When I get about half way through I run across a little sentence which changes my entire estimate of the character, feeling as I do that a man who would give expression to such and such a thought would not be consistent if I should picture him as I had first intended. Then I go to rehearsal, and, presto! the whole fabric of the character totters. I see the man now in his relation to other people. A glance of the eye from another player, a smile, a sigh, a word, a look—all bear upon the mental character I had pictured, and I find my error. Then again I build, but this time from an objective point of view. And, speaking generally," adds Mr. Dodson, "no character on the stage was ever so interpreted that an entirely diametrically opposed interpretation could not have been given with reason."

EDDIE FOY IN "A TRIP TO THE MOON."

A SCENE IN "MIZZOURA."

MARY MARBLE IN "A TRIP TO THE MOON."

He Was Supported.

Indianapolis Journal.

"And you, my friend," shouted the street-corner orator, "are you a supporter of our American institutions?"

"Me?" answered Weary Watkins, "Lord bless you, mister, no! The institutions support me."

Trustworthy.

Boston Globe.

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?"

"Trusted? Yes, rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life!"

"Yes, but with anything of value, I mean."

The Dog Was All Right.

"Do you know that your confounded dog barks all night?" Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Yes, I suppose he does. But don't worry about him. He makes up for it by sleeping all day."

In Purse and Strength.

Detroit Free Press.

Rural Host—Well, good-by, good-by; I shall expect to see all you folks back again next summer.

Town Lot—I dare say, as we'll have a chance to recuperate during the winter.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
One Week, Beginning TONIGHT.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
THE AMERICAN TRAVESTY CO. AND EDDIE FOY
(DIRECTION MR. JOHN W. DUNNE.)
In the Fantastic Operatic and Spectacular Travesty by John D. Gilbert,
OFF THE EARTH
With Gorgeous Scenery and Superb Costumes,
THE FUNNIEST COMEDIANS, THE FUNNIEST SONGS, THE FUNNIEST THINGS, THAT EVER HAPPENED.
THE PRETTIEST COSTUMES, THE LOVELIEST LASSES, THE GRANDEST SCENERY, THE UP-TO-DATE SHOW.
Enjoy Eddie's New Budget of Jokes. Hear Him Sing
"ALL COONS LOOK ALIKE TO ME." "YOUR POLITICAL CANDIDATE." "STILL HIS WHISKERS GREW."
"TUSQU LA." "YOUNG AMERICA." "THERE ARE THINGS THAT CANNOT BE EXPLAINED."
Elaborate Equipment and Soul-Stirring Specialties.
SPECIAL
At great expense the management has secured Paul's famous invention.
THE THEATROGRAPH!
Direct from the Alhambra, London.
NEXT WEEK—IN OLD KENTUCKY.

METROPOLITAN.
L. N. SCOTT, Manager.
WEEK COMMENCING TONIGHT, OCT. 11.
Hamilton's Company of Players,
PRODUCING
AUGUSTUS THOMAS' GREAT SUCCESS,
IN MIZZOURA
MR. THOMAS SAYS: "My Best Play, and the best company that ever played it."
A Quaint, Picturesque, Dramatic Poem, Quaintly and Characteristically Told, Acted and Framed to Nature.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday! MATINEE PRICES: 25 and 50 Cents Only.
NEXT WEEK—"THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

THE TRAINED NURSE

HER DUTIES AND EARNINGS IN HOSPITALS AND PRIVATE FAMILIES.

THE COURSE OF PREPARATION.

MOST TRYING PART OF A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE IS WHEN ON NIGHTS.

THE REAL TEST OF FITNESS.

Hospital Superintendents—Hard Work and Responsibility—Visiting the Sick Poor.

Special Correspondence to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—The old time nurse was born, not made, and her pay was mostly in gratitude and "keep." The up-to-date nurse is largely the result of a course of severe training, theoretical and practical, extending over two or three years.

There are all sorts of private schools which offer, for a consideration, to train a nurse in three or four months, and some small hospitals agree to give a course of training in return for six months' service. These are all very well for the woman who wishes to know how to take care of the members of her own family. The woman who is taking up nursing as a means of livelihood would better await her chance of getting into one of the large city hospitals. The mere fact of holding a diploma from the New York hospital, Mount Sinai, Bellevue, Boston city hospital, the Chicago city hospital or any other large city hospitals gives a nurse a standing with the medical profession and with her patients which she can attain in no other way and which is money in her pocket.

Bellevue hospital, New York, was the first in the country to organize a training school for nruses, and most of the hospitals throughout the country have modeled their schools after its plan. The nurses at Bellevue and at most of the large hospitals live in a large, comfortably furnished house, a short distance away from the hospital. In return for their training they are required to do all the work needed in the sick wards. Each ward is in charge of a head nurse, who has nearly completed the course of training, and several newcomers. Usually the nurses are obliged to be at their posts from 7 in the morning until 7 at night. As a rule a student has two weeks' vacation each year and one afternoon and evening for recreation each week.

The most trying part of the unfledged nurse's experience is the six months she must spend on night duty. This is apt to be the real test of her fitness for her chosen vocation. Hospital patients have a way of dying off in the night, and the first thing she knows the student finds herself alone with the dead in the dim lighted, solemn stillness, obliged to lay out the body without making any fuss or disturbing the other patients.

No woman under twenty-one is received as a student at the first-class training schools, and rarely are women over thirty-five accepted. Most of the students in the city hospitals are country girls, and a remarkably large percentage have been teachers in country schools before entering the hospital.

The first thing for a woman who desires to become a trained nurse is to write to the superintendent of the training school she desires to enter. She will receive in reply a blank application, which she must fill out, giving her age, her state of health and other particulars, besides the names of a physician and two or three other persons who have known her for several years. If her answers are satisfactory and there is a vacancy at the school, she will probably be asked to arrange for a personal interview with the superintendent. If everything goes smoothly, she will be received on probation for a month. At the end of this period she must supply herself with the hospital uniform and necessary books, and she will find herself safely launched on the course of hospital work, lectures, classes and study which in two or three years will make her a full-fledged nurse. During this period of training the student nurse receives from $5 to $12 a month, according to the school. Out of this she must supply herself with books and uniforms.

After graduation most nurses take up private nursing. Some return to their homes or go to smaller towns where there is a demand for the services of a trained nurse with a city diploma. The pay is not so great, but the quieter life is preferred by many country-bred women. A large percentage remain in the city. Very often the skillful assistance rendered by a student nurse at a difficult operation has attracted the attention of a visiting physician and he recommends her to his private patients. In this way frequently nurses get on the regular staff, as it were, of prominent physicians and are never out of employment. The hospital keeps a register of its graduates, and doctors and patients send there when in need of the services of a nurse.

The real plums of the profession, one of which every ambitious graduate hopes to secure, are the positions of superintendents of hospitals and training schools. Many of the graduates of American schools are at the head of hospitals in England, Germany, Turkey and India. A Bellevue nurse is superintendent of a hospital in China. All of these are superior positions, but there are some nearer home not to be despised. Miss Louise Darche, superintendent of the Metropolitan school, a New York institution under municipal control, receives $1,000 a year and has a charming suit of rooms and her meals served in her private dining room.

The day nurseries, which are becoming such a prominent feature of city life, are generally under the management of a trained nurse who is paid a fair salary by the society supporting the nursery.

Many of the missionary societies and dispensaries in the large cities employ nurses to visit the sick poor in their homes. A few enterprising nurses manage to turn numerous honest pennies by giving lessons in bedmaking and cooking for invalids to classes of women and girls, usually members of clubs of one sort or another.

The work of the trained nurse is not easy, and the occupation is one which should not be taken up by any one who is looking for something light or who is not strong and healthy. There are few women's occupations which entail more hard work or greater responsibility, and there are few which offer more opportunities for genuine success in the sense of being an all-round useful member of society and earning a good living. —Mary E. J. Kelley.

A Tale of Woe.

New York World.

"In vain! In vain!"

Those who heard the young man's hopeless cry gathered about him and sought to help him. The human heart ever beats with a tender sympathy for those in sorrow.

"In vain! In vain!" he cried in agonizing tones.

"What, dear, dear young man," asked a benevolent stranger, "is in vain?"

"The letter 'V'" he cried.

Far up the street a pin fell with a dull, sickening thud, and the crowd, hearing it, moved on in search of a new excitement.

In the Swim.

Cleveland Leader.

"By Jove! but I am lame! It seems as if my back would break in two."

"What's the matter? Have you been taking too much violent exercise?"

"Guess so. I was at a reception last night and never had such a time getting into a dining room in my life."