

DRAMATIC

The Woodward Stock company, which has played at the Metropolitan opera house for the past two weeks, has succeeded in convincing St. Paul theater-goers that first-class performances can be given at popular prices. The excellent character of the organization has been an agreeable surprise to the thousands who have witnessed the productions of "Men and Women" and "A Fair Rebel," and both press and public agree in opinion that the Woodward company offers more for the price of admission than any company that has ever appeared in this city. The patrons of the Metropolitan have been accustomed to paying the regular scale of prices, were inclined at first to doubt that adequate performances of stock drama, supplemented by appropriate vaudeville attractions, could be presented with profit at popular prices. The Woodward company has unquestionably given performances first-class in every respect, and the crowded houses for every performance give assurance that this enterprise is profitable from a business standpoint.

The conditions prevalent in the financial world during the last three or four years have necessitated many radical changes in theatrical business methods, until, at the present time, not less than fifty big stock companies are playing long runs in the larger cities of this country. As the great majority of these stock companies are successful, it is evident that the class of entertainment has met with public approval throughout the entire country. The growth of the stock companies of the present day offers an interesting study to those conversant with matters theatrical. Beginning at a period some six or seven years back, theatrical managers in all parts of the United States commenced to take note of a gradual decline in business; the receipts of all classes of attractions diminished steadily, wiping out former profits and consuming new investments of capital. Theater companies, operating on small capital, were forced to the wall, while the big organizations strove to stem the tide by cutting down expenses on all sides. Salaries were reduced, companies cut down and every item of unnecessary expense mercilessly lopped off, and still, as the seasons rolled by, the percentage of failures among the theatrical companies grew larger and larger. A few of the great stars of the American stage continued to make money, but the great majority of traveling organizations were content to operate on a basis which allowed only a small margin of profit.

The financial distress of a few years ago brought matters to a crisis; many combinations were compelled to disband, many others figured on a seven months season, or even less, and the theaters also found it necessary to shorten their regular seasons. To keep the houses on a paying basis stock companies were organized to play at popular prices during the summer months, and in a great many cases these stock companies were extended to include part of the regular season. People became familiar with the leading stock artists, and enjoyed studying their regular work. They came to feel a sort of proprietorship in their local companies, and began to take a new interest in theatrical performances. They developed into critical students of drama, and became more and more difficult to please and excessively intolerant to productions of a mediocre nature. The stock companies grew stronger and stronger, while the patronage of the traveling combinations diminished steadily.

The long run of farces and farces-comedies, followed by a season of imitations, has been the chief source of opposition to companies presenting dramatic productions. Not alone did the farces, comedies and vaudeville under the strength of these standard productions, but the most popular stars and best known supporters of standard drama, attracted by big salaries, entered the vaudeville field. The position of the vaudeville artist in the vaudeville world of America, which at first condemned the entrance of legitimate stars to the vaudeville stage, was eventually compelled to abandon this position of disapproval; the position of the vaudeville artist was that of the supporter of vaudeville was that these artistic recruits had so elevated the vaudeville stage that it had risen to the same plane as that of the dramatic stage, and was entitled to the same recognition in the world of art.

These inroads upon the field of legitimate drama made it difficult to secure adequate companies for road work, and second-class organizations could expect but little support. The Woodward company is composed of twenty clever people, and are playing together for over four years. Before coming to this city the company enjoyed long and successful runs in Omaha, Kansas City, and other large cities, and from present indications their St. Paul engagement will be no less satisfactory. The vaudeville feature introduced here as the acts have been highly appreciated, and are a welcome addition to the regular shows; not only are they well-selected, refined and thoroughly enjoyable, but they obviate the long wait between the acts, and relieve the tension of the dramatic interest.

For the coming week, commencing this afternoon, the Woodward company will present the four-act drama, "Moths," a dramatization of Ouida's novel. The story of the play is one of absorbing interest, and grows more and more thrilling as the action progresses; it will be presented by a cast containing the full strength of the company, with Bertha Creighton as "Vera Herliker," Wilson Enos as "Lord Jura," and Frank Sheridan, who has not heretofore been seen in St. Paul, as "Prince Zoroff." Miss Gertrude Berkeley will appear in the role of a cold, calculating "woman of the world," and Mr. Montague as "De Corresse."

The specialties promised this week are the strongest yet presented. The Vaidis Sisters head the list, with an aerial performance that is said to be more thrilling than has been seen to date. Horwitz and Bowers, vaudeville comedians, will introduce new songs, burlesque comedy and imitations of noted men. Miss Irene Franklin, no stranger locally, will also appear. Her topical songs and charming personality have made her a favorite.

The usual matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

"AT PINEY RIDGE."

It will break the Reign of Comedy at the Grand.

The first term of drama selected by Manager Hays, of the Grand, to relieve the theatrical field from a surfeit of comedy will occur the present week at that playhouse, and a performance tonight at 8:15 will inaugurate the engagement of "At Piney Ridge," a delightful drama from the pen of David Higgins, a play which comes with the prestige of being one of last season's greatest successes at the same house.

The impression left by David Higgins and his excellent company in the play last season has, in all probability, not been effaced by the lapse of time, and the mention of the coming of this piece to the Grand this week is, perhaps, sufficient in the way of preliminary announcement.

"At Piney Ridge" is a wholesome and morally clean melodrama of the better and rather serious school of serious plays. The fact is impressed in its rather commonplace story, that the men and women are in fact such,

and within the radius of probability. The people of this drama, whether true to the locality of the play or not, seem to embody in themselves much that reaches the well springs of human emotions by way of the great fundamental truths of life. The play is full of good and forceful incidents, and has been universally voted by critics all over the country as altogether one of the best melodramas at present on the boards. The play will be presented here with a wealth of scenery and effects, with the author of the play, David Higgins, at the head as the director of the production. This attraction has the advantage of the author in the principal role, and the success Mr. Higgins has had in his portrayal of Jack Rose, the principal figure of his play, adds to the value of the play materially. Miss Georgia Waldron, as



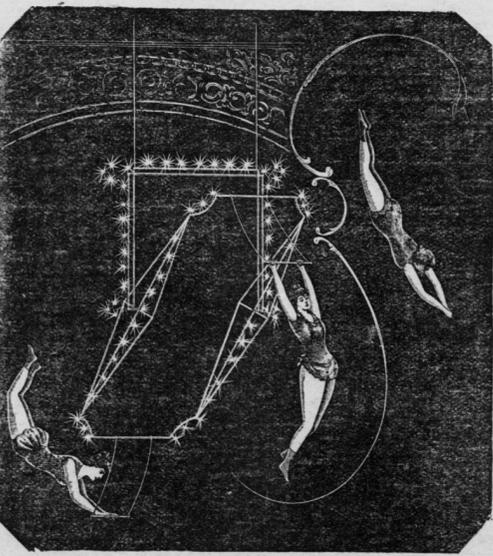
DAVID HIGGINS, Author and Leading Actor in "At Piney Ridge."

"Cindy Lane, the mountain girl," still plays her original part with all the freshness and discrimination that has made it, from the first presentation of this drama, one of the few really fine creations of character of the past two seasons.

"BROWN'S IN TOWN."

New Farce to Appear at the Grand After "Piney Ridge."

"Brown's in Town," the latest farce, will be at the Grand opera house Sunday next, following "At Piney Ridge," and during the entire week. An aggregation of merry farces has been selected to interpret the new candidate for public favor, and it includes such clever people as James G. Barrows, who is one of the foremost of versatile comedians. Two other important members of the "Brown" company are Anna Belmont and Kathryn Osterman, who were seen here a few weeks ago in "What Happened to Jones," and who had a great deal to do with the success of that play. One of the best things Miss Belmont ever did was Suzanne Green in "The Butterflies," which organization has the "real thing" in the new farce, by a singular coincidence, is again Suzanne. There are matinee idols and matinee idols, but this organization has the "real thing" in the person of handsome John Lancaster. Belle Davis will be seen in an entirely new role; that of an octoorn



THE WONDERFUL VAIDIS SISTERS.

maid. Miss Davis will create a furor when she renders her Ethiopian songs, for which she is rapidly becoming famous. The Brown quartette is another important feature and will be heard in several new songs. Among them is a charming ballad called "One Little Angry Word," Lottie Williams, who is known as the "Ach du Lieber," that of a German helress.

The company is composed of young people only, and the mother-in-law and the girl, which are seen in nearly every farce, is dispensed with in "Brown's in Town."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"At Gray Coney Island," that breezy, popular creation of Hays, is underlined for an

early visit to the Grand. It is in the hands of a most competent cast of comedians, headed by Smith and Campbell, who are said to furnish all kinds of fun in their respective characterizations.

"El Captain," the most popular of the Sousa operas, will be seen at an early date at the Grand.

"Gayest Manhattan," one of the biggest hits of last season at the Grand, is underlined for an early return visit to that playhouse. Jean McInnis, the pretty, talented comedienne, who made such a great hit in the leading role last season, is reported to be meeting with more success than ever in the piece. The assisting company is reported to be larger in numbers and more expensive in principals than ever before.

Charles Dickson, assisted by Henrietta Crossman and a great cast, is reported to be making a tremendous hit in the West in Grant Stewart's new farce, "Mistakes Will Happen." This attraction will be seen at the Grand in the near future.

The world-famed Brothers Byrne, of "Eight Bells" renown, will appear at the Grand at an early date, presenting an entirely new pantomime comedy, entitled "Going to the Races," introducing wonderful mechanical effects, entirely new pantomimic tricks, a lavish display of gorgeous scenery, and giving a performance new in its entirety. The scene, in which six thoroughbred race horses

WON \$16,000 ON \$2

THIRTEEN PASSES IN SUCCESSION MADE AT A GAME OF CRAPS

SURPRISING RUN OF LUCK

Die Throwing That Astonished the Old Gamblers—The Same Man Was Also Able to Make Mighty Winnings at the Faro Bank—Players Divide Over Sixteen Thousand Dollars.

Special to Chicago Item Ocean.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24.—"Speaking of the hoodoo which has found time immemorial seemed to surround the number thirteen, I want to tell you there is one town on the map of the United States where thirteen has been considered a winner ever since Clint Thompson made thirteen passes at a crap game and got away with a nice bank roll of something over \$16,000 at a single play."

The speaker was a well-groomed, settled-down government clerk, and his listeners were a pair of robust, prosperous-looking members of the Metropolitan Turf association, whose fingers are tolerably well known on the plunge line over at the Benning race track, where the bookies now are taking it off of the talent with such persistent regularity owing to the erratic performances of the ponies.

"Baker City, Or., is the town where Clint Thompson made his phenomenal play at craps, and the fame of his run of luck at that game lives yet in that little Eastern Oregon town. I had a half-interest in that rake-off myself. I'll tell you how it came about. I was traveling over Oregon and Washington during 1891 writing up biographies of the pioneers of those states for a history-publishing outfit—and amusing myself in the dead, small towns on my route by playing faro, or any old game that made time pass agreeably. I came up with Clint Thompson at La Grange, Or. There was no formal introduction. I was engaged in an artistic effort to drop my last stack of white

and we were about to make tracks for our hotel, when we saw an interesting play at the crap table. A minstrel show was doing a one-night stand there, and Bob Slavin and several of the boys were taking a whack at the gambling before turning in. Clint says to me, 'Suppose we put in a dollar apiece and take a whirl at it for fun.' Slavin says, 'I pulled out a silver plunk, though I knew he had run out of 'dope' and really ought to be back at the hotel to take a double-header with that hypo outfit. But, believing that it would take but a moment to lose our \$2, I said nothing.

BIG GAMBLING IN CRAPS.

"Thompson stepped up to the crap table and waited for his turn with the dice—he would not take any chances on another man's throw, and Slavin was the worst kind of a Jonah that night, shooting double sixes, pairs of aces, sevens when after a point, in one, two, three order. The dice came down the line to Clint. He took a brace, gave them a good rub on his moist palms for luck, laid down our two 'simmons' on the line, and rolled 'em out.

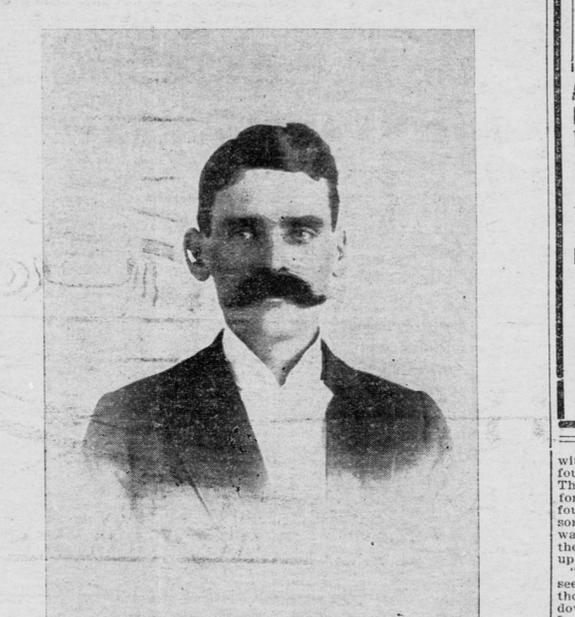
"Shoots eleven," quoth the dealer. We had four 'bucks' on the line. Clint shoots again. This time a four and a tray showed, which, in crap parlance, is also a 'natural,' and the dealer paid. We were getting action of \$8. Next throw Clint made six for his point, and it came easy in three throws. We were now \$16 strong on the line, and 'running easy.'

"Pretty good gun," said somebody who had been shooting the dice just before Thompson's turn came. 'Guess I'll follow him.' Some of the minstrel men followed suit. On the fourth throw Clint made for his point ten. They call that 'Big Dick,' and a hard one. Not for Clint Thompson. He played around it two or three throws—it seemed as though there were no sevens on the dice when he was shooting for a point. Eight, two fives—and joy on the part of his followers. We stood \$32 on the line. Did we pinch? Well, I should say not. I observed, however, that the house man sort of shifted to the other foot when he realized that he was against a lucky thrower. But the house was game and stood for a tap at all times, it was current, at from \$1 to \$30.00.

ASTONISHING RUN OF LUCK.

"Clint rolled the dice good and hard the next throw and they sped the whole length of the green table, and

JOHN T. MCGOWAN, Senator From the Thirty-eighth District (Minnesota).



John T. McGowan was born in Minneapolis, April 18, 1854. He attended both public and private schools, taking a business course at the Minneapolis academy. He is commended work the carpenter trade from the age of 16 and continued at it six years, when he engaged in business. He was elected a member of the city council of Minneapolis in November, 1888, being the youngest member of that body. He was nominated for president

of the council two years later by the Democrats, and came within one vote of being elected, notwithstanding the council consisted of sixteen Republicans and ten Democrats. On account of disunion the district which he represents elected a Republican senator four years ago. W. E. Johnson, but this election the contending elements united on McGowan, and although his opponent was an able and popular candidate, his constituents elected him by over 500 majority.

chips at Bill Stewart's gambling rooms there one night.

AN ARTIST AT FARO.

"I was making a bad job of 'double out' when the cases all proved to be 'three-one' shots, and was pretty well out, when I felt a touch on my shoulder. I turned in my seat and met the black eyes of a handsome, big-mustached stranger. He indicated that he would like to use the remainder of my stack of chips. Not feeling lucky, I gladly gave him my stack at the layout in about ten minutes I was aware, and so was the dealer, that Clint knew a sink or two about how to put down chips on a faro table. In three deals we divided up \$200 apiece and went across the street to another game, where luck followed, and we cashed in to the tune of \$500 more.

"Before turning in at the Golden Eagle, where we were hung up, my lucky stranger informed me that his name was now Clint Thompson, but that his real name was something else. I gleaned from his conversation that he had been a student at Ann Arbor university, but in a mixup with a fellow senior over a fair member of the law class, he had killed his rival and took to the tall timber of the Cascades, which he reached, without getting landed for his crime. While delivering himself of these introductory remarks, I observed that my lucky faro player gave himself a hypodermic jab in the arm with some fluid he had on tap there. I soon discovered that he was a confirmed victim of the needle, and required regular rubber jabs to keep keyed up to the notch. In fact, he was about 'set out' when he cashed in the last batch of chips at Stewart's No. 2 house.

STRANGERS' LUCK HOLDS GOOD.

"We put the next night in together, and he played again with almost equal luck, and when I departed for Baker City, about sixteen miles up the road east on the Union Pacific, Clint Thompson was pretty well staked, and I was financially easy. At Baker I took the faro banks out for several days, while I was interviewing the old citizens whose names I had for write-ups. But no sooner did I finish up my legitimate work than I began to thirst for a peep into the gambling joints. Clint Thompson followed me to Baker. Said he had no luck at La Grange after I left, and that I seemed to have been the 'maaco' of the play there. So he chased me. Remembering the skill and judgment with which Clint played at faro, I made a compact with him to play each night, each man putting in \$20 for a stack of reds, win or lose, and to play for not more nor less than \$500, equal division. He agreed. During every night of my sojourn of ten days in Baker I slept on a wad of \$250 as my share of the evening's play. It was on the Saturday night previous to my departure the next day for Walla Walla that the final coup poured over Clint's head. He came in his bunches of blues and yellows,

Amusements.

GRAND ENTIRE WEEK, COMING TONIGHT

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THEO. L. HAYS, Resident Manager

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LAST SEASON'S BIGGEST HIT.

A Charming Stage Story of the Mountains and Valleys of East Tennessee. Direct from its Phenomenally Successful Eastern Tour.

A DRAMA OF PATHOS, TEARS, SMILES AND RUGGED, HONEST COMEDY.

PRESENTED BY MR. DAVID HIGGINS.

AT PINEY RIDGE

SUPPORTED BY MISS GEORGIA WALDRON.

AND A COMPANY OF CAPABLE PLAYERS, Including: Albert Tavernier, Maurice Hedger, Lydia Knott, Van Kinsie, Charlotte Wade, Fred Kinsie, Edith Wells, Charles Harting, Fred Stearns.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND EFFECTS.

Next Week—"The Glorious Farce, 'Brown's in Town.'" Anna Belmont, Kathryn Osterman and a Great Cast.

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Seventh St., bet. Robert and Jackson Sts.
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MOZART HALL

TONIGHT—Concordia Singing Society; Operatic Troupe, in German, of the

BEGGAR STUDENT.

Selbert's Full Orchestra and Chorus of Sixty Voices.
Admission, 60c—To All Parts of the House.

"I'll shoot again, or pinch the pie?"

"Clint," says I, "it looks like a pretty good bunch, but we are in only a dollar apiece, and you have luck to throw to the birds. Do as you like, but I won't care if you go for it once more."

"Just then the house said: 'Gentlemen, what'll you have?' I was glad to hear Clint order a big hooter of whisky, for I thought it would do him good in his business. All hands took drink, and there was a pretty good deal of talk going on over that big bundle of yellow, white and green money on the table. When Clint took the dice for his last throw somebody remarked that 'this was the thirteenth round.' So it was. We had not thought of that. This remark about the thirteenth hoodoo seemed to have some effect upon the star figure in this crap play, and it was plain to me that he was very nervous indeed. Nobody else would risk a cent on the line for this throw of the dice. Clint takes them up and rubs them once more good and hard. Then he sent them a smashing throw against the side of the table and sent them spinning in the opposite corner. One of them stopped. The other continued to spin. The still dice showed an ace, and it was any kind of a bet that it would be craps. It was a moment of suspense to the house and player—and myself—when down goes the spinning dice and turns over, showing a six.

THIRTEEN PASSES.

"You have made twelve passes, sir, and there is just \$5,192 on the line. Shoot for it, or take it down, just as you like."

"I could see that Clint was doing a power of thinking, and surmised what he was thinking about, and was right, as I afterward learned. He turned to me and said: 'What do you think of

PLAYERS DIVIDE \$16,384.

"The man of the house flushed scarlet. 'Rolls seven,' he said in a monotonous tone, just as if it had been a pass for \$1, and counts out from a wad of money taken from the safe \$3,192 more, which Thompson scooped in and placed in various pockets. The house announced that business was suspended for that evening, and the faro dealers turned over the boxes. We went to the hotel and divided evenly the \$16,384 won, depositing the money with the night clerk, who placed it in the safe.

"About a year ago, after I had come East and drifted into the government service, I met Clint Thompson—but that was not his name now—on Pennsylvania avenue, as handsome and groomed a citizen as you could pick out in a day's walk through the metropolis. He informed me that he was now a successful lawyer in New York city. He had gone to Michigan, given himself up for that shooting scrape at college, won out on a plea of self-defense, married the girl over whom the row came about, taken a course of treatment for that hypo habit, got cured—and never gambled for a penny since the night he made thirteen passes at craps."

As they separated, one of the bookies remarked that "anybody can shoot me for my bankroll, and if he can't, he'll shoot me for my life. I'll deliver the goods."

"Well, just you make that crack in Baker City," answered the government clerk, "and you will get all the takers you want for the limit."

P. MCGOWAN, Senator From the Tenth District (Wasco County).

