

IMPERMITS

AT THE CHICAGO THEATRE

THE CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE

Re-Opens on September 6th With William Gillette's New Comedy "Ticcy."

The importance of the opening of the Chicago Opera House on Saturday night, Sept. 6th, is made so by the combination of facts concerning the initial production of "Ticcy." This comedy is from the pen of William Gillette, who is unquestionably the foremost American contributor to the dramatic stage of America.

face monologue king, "Honey Boy" George Evans, and augmented by two hundred other "Honey Boys" and minstrel stars, discloses the amusing and enchanting wonders of modern minstrelsy, of which the energetic and talented young Mr. George M. Cohan is the sponsor. Mr. Cohan has fulfilled the expectations of his host of Chicago admirers by a production which, while retaining all the good qualities of the old time famed and favored minstrel, is brimful of Cohanesque genius in everything from novel and sumptuous stage settings to the mappy songs in which it abounds, and which were written by this prolific writer of musical farce.

The Gordon Boys appear in a big new dancing number, which embraces the

And Tale of a Motorist. There was a man of modest means, but indolent and gay. Who sold a corner lot and bought a motor car one day. He closed his business up to ride within the big machine, and parted with his diamond ring to buy the gasoline.

Before, along the country roads, The sunlit lit its fires, He put a mortgage on his house To purchase rubber tires; And next he auctioned off his beds, His tables and his chairs To give the car a coat of paint And make some slight repairs.

But speeding in the early dusk, Without his lamps alight, A man in blue and brass appeared And stopped his dizzy flight. He didn't have a single cent To pay the fine imposed; They took the auto for the debt, And so the tale was closed.

—Popular Mechanics.

She shook her head undecidedly. "I can't promise. Perhaps—" The young man stopped suddenly, and she looked up. They were at the Empire Hotel. A porter was carrying a portmanteau down the steps to a cab, and on the pavement stood a man. "The bore!" whispered the girl, with dancing eyes. But there was no response from her companion. He stood very still. And then suddenly at a curt nod from the man near the cab, he left the girl. She stood in helpless astonishment, an unwilling and unnoticed listener.

Near the Rose

They occupied the two corners of a seat on the parade, and took it in turns to cast approving glances at each other. Each was profoundly conscious of the other's attention, and unaware that the other knew it. They chattered an acute fear in common. Would some inauspicious blunder sit down on the considerable area of green bench that separated their corners?

The girl was not without resource; her bookmarker—the latest thing in publisher's advertisements—fluttered toward the cliff. The young man sprang up. "Allow me," he murmured, and returned it to her. In sitting down after this feat of agility it did not seem necessary to return to his corner.

"Thank you," said the girl, a little nervously. "It's so windy today, isn't it?" "Very windy," agreed the young man, with conviction. "But warm," the girl suggested. "Oh, decidedly warm," he allowed. "Such a change from last week."

"Oh, you've been here so long?" the girl cried. "About three weeks." "Really? We came a fortnight ago; we stayed in town for a late wedding." He flicked a speck of dust from his coat. "Lady Marjorie Dalhurst's."

"And are you staying much longer?" "We go North next week—next Thursday; but we think of getting a day or two in town before that for shopping."

"Our programmes seem to be much the same," he said. "I'm going North, too, with one or two men who are at the hotel?" "The Grand?" she asked quickly. "No, the Empire."

"Oh! We're at the Grand." Their conversation had traveled a considerable distance from hotels when an exclamation—from the man suddenly broke it off. "Pray excuse my rudeness," he said, with some appearance of haste. "Would you—would you mind walking a little way? The fact is, I've just caught sight of a man I wish particularly to meet—no, not that one; to your right, with the lady in green—and if you would—thank you so much!"

They walked in silence for a minute or two. Then the girl laughed gayly. "Is he so very bad?" she demanded. "A knave, a fool, or only a bore?" "Who? Oh, yes, Colonel Ayton." The young man roused himself from an apparently gloomy train of thought. "He's—oh, he's not a knave, but he's certainly a bit of a fool, and a very pronounced kind of a bore."

Her ineffectual plans to divert hunters' attention from her den. Hunters found den of foxes in the hills south of Hagerstown and uncarved five little ones about as large as well grown cats. The mother fox escaped before the hunters reached the den, which was lined thickly with soft grasses and feathers. Instead of running away she kept within sight while the hunters worked with their shovels.

The hunters were not to be drawn away from the work in hand by such tactics and finally, after much digging, came upon the den where the five pretty little fellows were shrinking. They made no resistance and seemed rather to like the handling and petting they received. All of them were taken to a farmhouse, where they are confined. They will not be released, but will probably be painfully dispatched.

Fighting the Rats. More than a million rats have been killed in the San Francisco plague campaign within the last year. Traps and poison and Danzy's virus, which produces a mild form of typhoid, fatal to rats and harmless to man, have been the principal means used. Not all of the rats were plague-ridden, but as long as any rats remain the infected ones give one another the plague and inoculate the fleas that carry to disease to mankind.

Tip on the Young Reptile's Snout With Which It Breaks Its Way Out. Because of the popular aversion to the serpent family there is a surprising amount of ignorance about even the simplest of snake habits. It is doubtful if many correct answers could be given to the question whether snakes lay eggs or bear their young alive.

Many Languages of Mexico. During the fiestas of Christmas or the week of All Souls and All Saints, when the Indians swarm down from the mountains with their holiday wares for sale, visitors in the city of Mexico may notice the strange language that the vendors use in addressing each other.

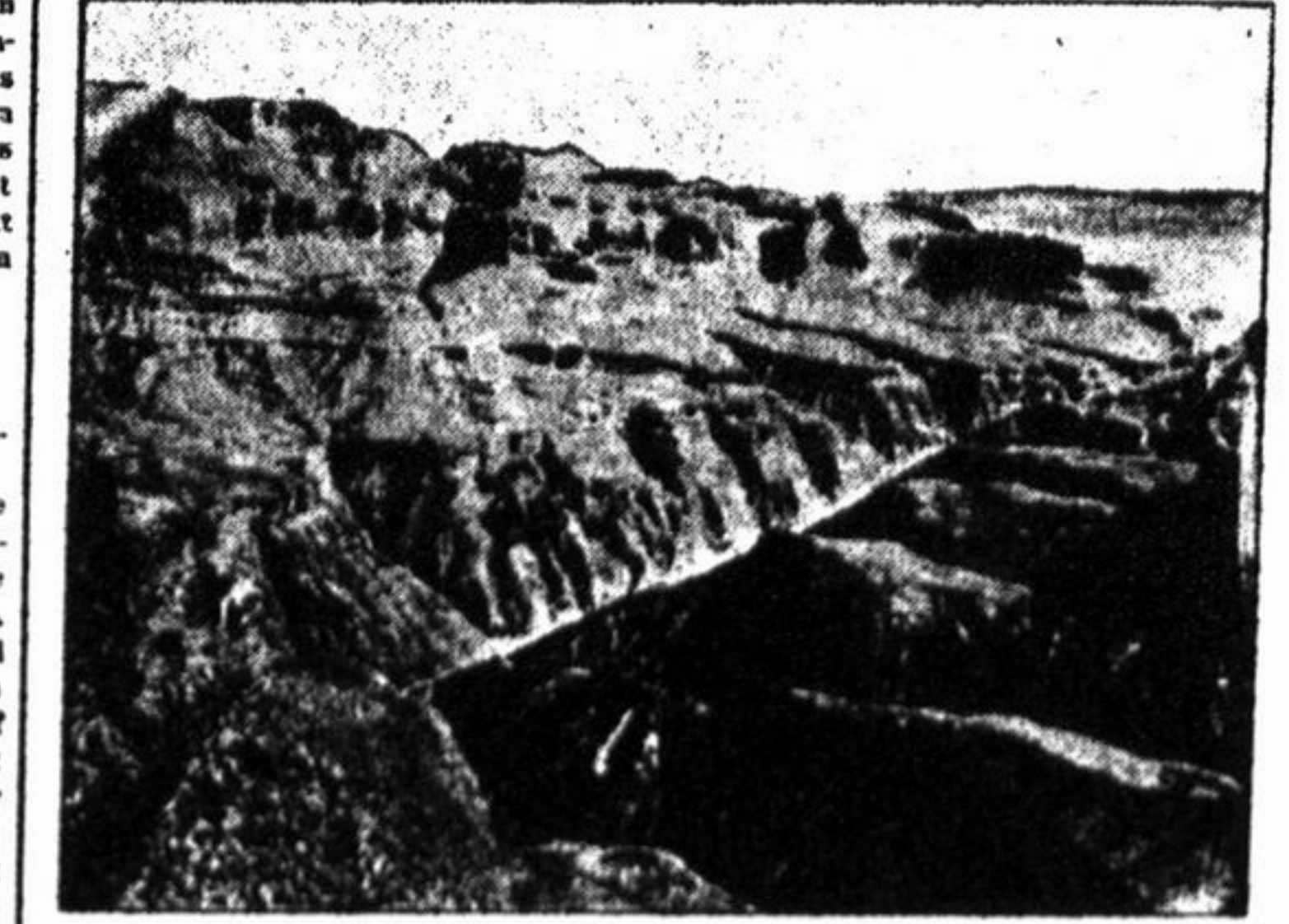
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The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River

Congress, at its last session, was asked to appropriate money for a monument to John Wesley Powell, to be erected somewhere on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which he was the first white man to explore. His achievement differed from those of other explorers in that they followed routes or trails more or less known to the aborigines, while his way was through a chasm so tremendous, so appalling in its vastness, so filled with hidden perils that even the natives feared and shunned it.



GRAND CANYON FROM SCENIC DIVIDE.

grand passages of the madly rushing river, into which boats had been carried, never to reappear. It was currently believed that the river was lost under the rocks for several hundred miles, and that any attempt to ride its surface meant certain death.

Mystery of Lost Memory. Not an uncommon occurrence for persons to forget names. A young Parisian actress who had for weeks held the title role in a popular play, recently, it is said, was, while on the stage, suddenly afflicted with forgetfulness and was utterly unable to repeat the lines of the last act, though she had successfully passed through the three preceding ones, says the Indianapolis Star.

VIEW OF THE RIVER FROM ANGEL PLATEAU. It is thirteen miles from one rim of the canyon to that on the opposite side, and there are two trails by which the western side may be reached. One of them, the Bright Angel Trail, is opposite the new hotel, and although it is

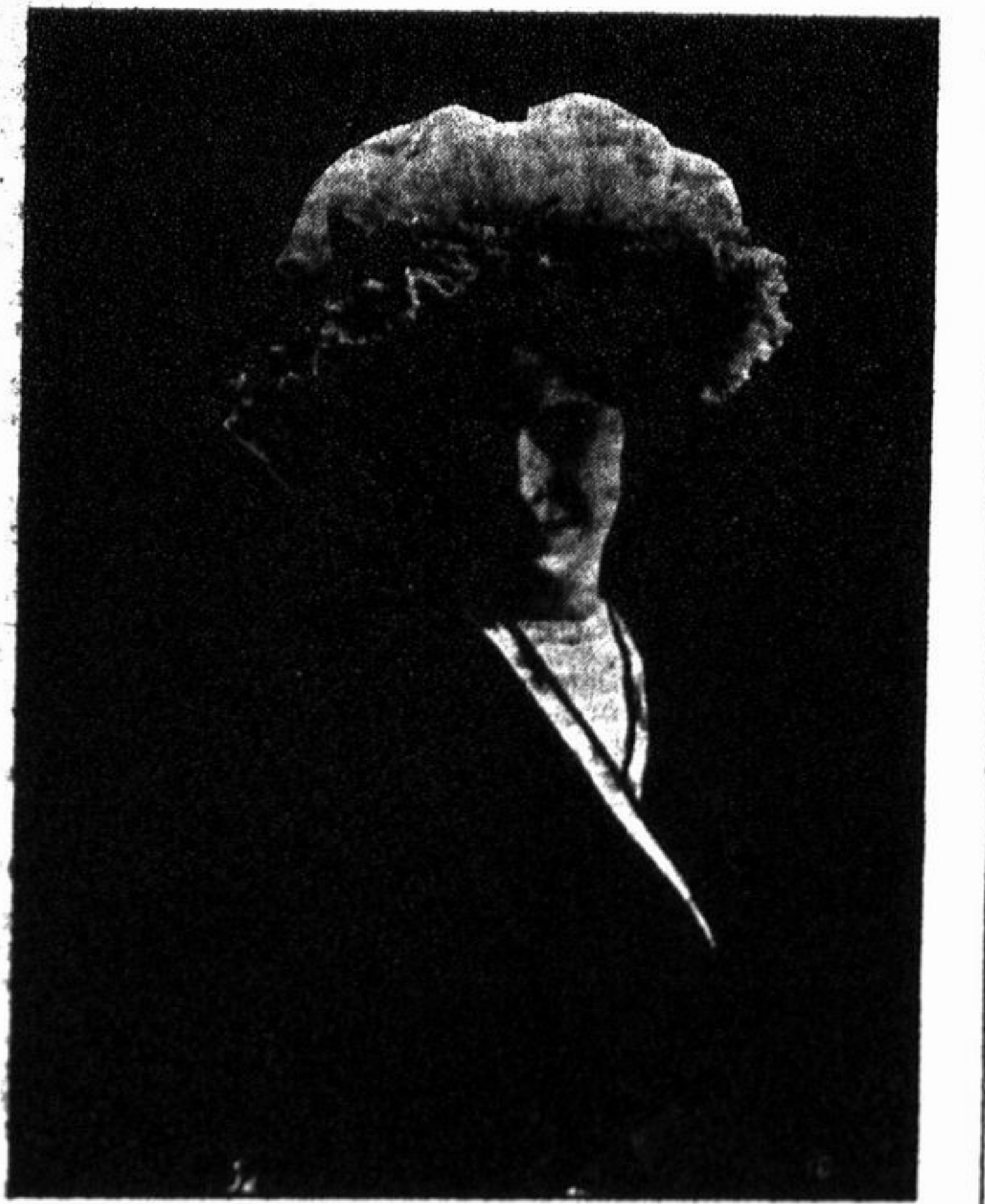


VIEW OF THE RIVER FROM ANGEL PLATEAU.

eighteen or twenty miles to the top the climb is comparatively easy. It follows a stream of clear, pure cold water which comes tumbling down a narrow canyon on the western side, and Major Powell during his first memorable exploration of the canyon called it the Bright Angel River because it was such a grateful discovery.

People are beginning to find their way to the Grand Canyon. Last year, which was the first since the railroad was opened, about 12,000 people came. This year, if the present average keeps up, there will be from 20,000 to 25,000 visitors, and every one who comes goes home a walking advertisement for the place. There is nothing to compare with it anywhere in the world. It is impossible to exaggerate the grandeur, the sublimity, the impressiveness of the scenery; and its fascination cannot be accurately described. It is impossible for one man to express his emotions to another.

General Restraint. Judge—You'd better be careful or I shall commit you for contempt of court. The Lady—Don't be 'ard on me, yer worship. I'm a-doin' me best, ter conceal me feelin's.—The Sketcher. Not to Be Expected. "Have you any idea how many pounds the shipments of tea received in this country in a year would total?" "Of course not. I'm not a fec-total-er."—Kansas City Times.



MARY RYAN in William Gillette's New Comedy "Ticcy."

playwrights. His original plays and adaptations include "The Professor," "Emerald," "The Private Secretary," "Held by the Enemy," "All the Comforts of Home," "Mr. Wilkinson's Widow," "Too Much Johnson," "The Great Service," "Because She Loved Him So," "Sherlock Holmes," "Charlie," etc.

The producer of "Ticcy," Mr. Fred McMane, has done big things since he became identified as an entertainment producer. Miss Ryan has, in consequence, created for herself a following who will want to see her in William Gillette's latest play, "Ticcy," in which she is said to be particularly well suited.

MAJESTIC.

For the week of Sept. 6th, the Majestic Theater, Chicago, offers a bill rich with the best acts and novelties to be had in the vaudeville field. The headliner will be the famous Four Mortons, whose reputation as entertainers has long been world wide. Father, mother, son and daughter, this talented family occupies a unique place in stage history, not surpassed even by the celebrated Four Cohans. Clara Morton is regarded as one of the handsomest young women on the stage.

AUDITORIUM.

Big Auditorium Theater opens Sept. 6, with Cohan & Harris' Minstrels. George "Honey Boy" Evans heads this smooth and novel aggregation of world-famed artists. The second brilliant season of the show and showman management of the Auditorium Theater will be inaugurated on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 6, with a mammoth array of talent on representation by the Cohan & Harris Minstrels. This new aggregation, led by the black-