

ing him bodily to the horse, being clear proof of his remarkable skill. Next a wild horse is brought out, but all efforts to put the saddle on the vicious animal are in vain. Finally, however, the cowboys lasso the horse's feet, and by this method are able to saddle him up. One of the cowboys then mounts the horse and he is immediately released from his tied-up position. The wild animal rears and bucks and does all he can with a view of unseating his rider, but the cowboy gamely sticks on, and after a most exciting display of horsemanship, slips out of the saddle none the worse for his adventure. "The Trappers" is the title of a sensational dramatic film, a fierce fight between two parties of hunters being witnessed, a youth being the central figure in the tragic happenings. A most interesting film is that of "Cigarette-making," showing the different stages the tobacco passes through from the time it leaves the plantation till the cigarettes are packed in boxes ready for the consumer. Two excellent dramatic films are shown in "The Faithless Lover" and "Life for Life," both being attended with thrilling situations. "Across the Bosphorus" is a scenic picture of considerable merit, showing some delightful views witnessed during a cruise up this famous strait. Another picture of exceeding beauty is that entitled "In Pontine Marches," depicting native life, customs and street scenes in Italy. A novel sight in this film is that of the herds of buffaloes being driven through a canals—a curious but effective method of clearing away weeds, etc. "Captured by Boy Scouts" is a picture of much interest in view of the wide attention which the movement organised by Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell is at present receiving, a branch having lately been formed in Auckland. "How the Kids Got Even," "He Could not Dance, but He Learned," and "Turning Over a New Leaf," are three side-splitting films, the last-named depicting an erring husband who on the last day of the Old Year at the request of his wife signs a document to the effect that he will never again be bad-tempered, smoke, drink, and will give up several other of his little faults. On taking his dinner on New Year's Day the toughness of the meat gets him in a fit of rage with the servant, while after his meal the temptations of a box of choice cigars are more than he can conquer, and he indulges in a quiet smoke. The scene at the club is a highly amusing one. A party of dry-throated men sit round a table, while the waiter in vain offers them a trayful of drinks. Leaving the club they all go a ride on a water-wagon, and at every hotel one of the party slips off the vehicle and runs at break-neck speed for the bar. Finally they all break their vow, and the party that goes home on the water wagon is a merry one indeed. Mr. Fred. Stokes' orchestra plays a most enjoyable musical accompaniment to the pictures.



MISS ROSINA CASSELLI AND HER DOGS.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

PATHE PICTURES.

Another splendid pictorial programme was presented to patrons of the Royal Albert Hall by Mr. Henry Hayward on Wednesday evening, when there was a good attendance. A spectacular picture, entitled "Dreadnought to the Rescue," found great favour, being full of exciting and thrilling incidents. "Dirigible Airships" is an exceptionally interesting subject, showing the various evolutions of the ships of the air. "The False Oath" tells a stirring dramatic story, while "Volcanoes in Java" depicts some beautiful scenery. "The Dog Detective" appeals to those present, and shows the sagacity of the canine. The humorous element is provided in abundance, and some exceedingly funny films are shown, amongst them being "All Scotch," "Carlos and the Baby," "Something in My Eye," "Avenging Hypnotism," and "First Lesson in Cycling."

TIVOLI THEATRE.

PICTURES AND VAUDEVILLE.

The picture and vaudeville entertainment provided at the Tivoli Theatre continues to attract fair houses. The comic song competition held last week caused considerable amusement, being won by Mr. McMillan, who sang "The Safest of the Family." The management have decided to hold another similar competition, to be held on Friday, the 15th inst., nominations for which close on the 13th. Besides the pictures good vaudeville is provided at the Tivoli, the turn of Hedlam, musician and society entertainer, alone being worth seeing. Miss Carelli is always well received for her rendering of ballads. The next change of programme will be made on Saturday evening.

"GOING TO THE DOGS!"

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE CHIHUAHUAS.

MISS CASSELLI AND HER CLEVER TROUPE.

"Now, then, Roosevelt, stop barking and lie down at once! Hold your tongue, Dewey! Down, Adonis! Be quiet, Palatis! Out of the way, Togo. Bonita, behave yourself. It's only me, children." And amidst a perfect babel of canine small talk, which was only silenced by the voice of the dogs' mistress (Mlle. Rosina Casselli), a representative of this journal made acquaintance with the clever troupe of dogs which are having their "day," or their night, rather, at His Majesty's Theatre.

Eighteen of them standing on pedestals, and all barking fiercely on our entrance! For, small as they are, most of Miss Casselli's dogs being no bigger than a cat (one only weighs 1 1/4 lbs), they are savage little creatures, and woe betide anyone who lays a finger upon them if their beloved mistress or her niece, who assists her, is not about. They are a wild race of dog, and are natives of the Chihuahua Mountains in Mexico, seldom growing any larger than those Miss Casselli has with her. The Indians usually trap and sell them. "But the breed is dying out," said Miss Casselli, "owing to the railroads being built through Mexico, and they are being driven further away into the forests. They are quite the smallest race of dogs in existence, but they are also the most intelligent. They can do everything but talk, and they nearly do that. They understand me so thoroughly, and seem to know instinctively what I want them to do. They never forget a trick, indeed, they know them better than I



THE KREMKA BROTHERS.

do. It's a wonder this breed has not been taken up by fanciers more than it has."

Miss Casselli may practically lay claim to having exploited the Chihuahua dog to public notice, for twelve years ago she was the means of establishing a dog class at the show in Madison Square Gardens, New York, when her dog "Old Man," as he is familiarly called, took first prize. Since then this special dog class has been included in the shows held there.

"This is 'Old Man,'" said Miss Casselli, lovingly lifting a little chap out of his cosy box. "Thirteen years old—yes, you can stroke him with impunity, he hasn't a tooth in his head! But he's good for another tour round the world!" This dog, it is interesting to note, is the chauffeur in the motor turn, so he's decidedly worth taking care of in his old age. "He thinks he runs the act, too," added his trainer, laughingly.

"Here's Adonis"—a very handsome little fellow, who does not belie his name—"he won't have anyone blocking up the entrance, and soon clears them out. They don't stand on the order of their going, either, I can tell you!"

"There's Monty; he's pretty aggressive, too, when he likes. In Melbourne he took a great dislike to one of the stage men, and as soon as his trick was over he'd look about for him, and the poor man often had to fly for rescue to the top of the piano! They're undoubtedly vicious little things when they're roused, but I haven't got a scar."

"No need to ask your methods of training," remarked the interviewer. "Kindness, patience and sympathy are evidently your weapons."

"Look how frightened they are of the whip," said Miss Casselli, flaunting it at the same time in front of them. Several of them caught it and chewed the ends! It had no terrors for them. "I simply couldn't whip them; why, it would seem like hitting a canary. The only time I do use it, though, is when they fight amongst themselves, for they are terribly pugnacious."

Miss Casselli was, as she puts it, born in the profession, having been connected with the stage all her life, and had considerable experience as a horsewoman. One of her brothers, Tom Casselli, who was known as Australalia's "Pet," died some 25 years ago, her remaining brother being a comedian in New York. She has always been exceedingly fond of animals, and prior to leaving America had eight of these midgets for pets, and always had them with her when travelling. Leaving for an engagement in London with a big vaudeville company some years ago, she was told there would be trouble in landing her pets unless they were performing dogs, so she put them through some of the tricks she had taught them at home, and they were then allowed to land by the authorities. That was the origin of the performing troupe. Since then, of course, the tricks have been added

to considerably, until they have reached the stage of the marvellous. These dogs have performed at the Alhambra twice a year and two months at a time to crowded audiences, and for seven weeks out of the eight the Royal box was taken for the dog act only. After New Zealand they return to England, then to New York and on to Frisco. They are fed on the fat of the land—milk, crackers, force food, grape nuts and all sorts of dainties are given them in the morning. After their turn they have supper. "To-night they dine on kidney stew," said Miss Casselli.

The dogs travel in special cages. Each has a hair mattress to sleep on in a separate box, and in cold weather (for they are used to an even climate) they have warm coats and flannel underclothes, so that no risk is incurred with them.

"We are our own surgeons, as you can see," Miss Casselli remarked, pointing to the bottles, brushes and other medical impedimenta about. And we scarcely ever lose a dog; we've only had four deaths, and that was through old age." The dogs are guarded day and night, an assistant sleeping in the same room with them, while Miss Casselli herself looks after them with the zeal of a mother, so carefully does she study their various likes and dislikes. And they reciprocate the sympathy, too, and are as docile and lamblike with her as they are savage with others. "Wait till you see them on their mettle to-night," concluded Miss Casselli apologetically. And to the tune of a parting growl from the alert Roosevelt, who objected to his quarantine territory being invaded, the "Review" representative withdrew.

GREENROOM GOSSIP.

THE WILLIAMSON ENTERPRISES.

The results of Mr. J. C. Williamson's visit to the Old and New World will very shortly be realised out here (writes a Melbourne correspondent), and new arrivals for practically every company under that management continue to come out from England and America until well on into next year. Miss Marjorie Murray and Miss Ethel Gordon will be the first newcomers to put in an appearance. They have both had splendid experience in dramatic work, and should prove decided acquisitions to the companies which they are to join. An engagement which will affect the Royal Comic Opera Company is that of Miss Fanny Bauer, the well-known Sydney girl, who is due out here next November. There are also several artists who are coming out to augment the ranks of the Pantomime Company, and who even now will be thinking of making preparations for their trip to Australia instead of the usual remaining in London for the big Christmas extravaganza there. And so the stream of newcomers will continue to invade our shores until the various J. C. Williamson organisations will have their ranks augmented.