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WILL THE SEALS LIKE "AS YOU LIKE IT?"

The Usual Marine Concert to Be Interrupted by Shakespeare's Immortal Comedy.

Rose Coghlan and Harry Dixie Will Raise Their Voices in Rivalry to the Amphibians.

ON THE LAWN IN SUTRO PARK.

Punctuated by the Sea Lion's Bark and Ocean's Roar, the Play Will Be Given "Under the Greenwood Tree."

San Francisco has arrived.

There's going to be an outdoor performance of "As You Like It."

Rose Coghlan and her merry men are going to take the Forest of Arden from behind the footlights and plant it out at Sutro Heights for a day.

Miss Coghlan knows just how to do that rather difficult thing, for she's done it before—in the East—and it has always been a distinct success.

It is such a relief to see people in a play walking along like ordinary mortals assuming on the scene gradually, as it were, and then the trees certainly are a real affair the canvas things that sway wildly, just as the hero says nice things about their hearts of oak.

All-out-of-door, "As You Like It," are pretty things to look at, but this particular one ought to be idyllic. There are the statues, to be sure, but they will be in the background on that auspicious day, and the trees and the lawn, and the air, and the sound of the sea on the beach below—not such a bad setting for the idyl, be it!

The play will be played on the lawn right in front of the Sutro house. It's one of the prettiest lawns on earth. Just there, with a gentle slope that makes it fitted for a vert of amphitheatre, and it is studded with scientific trees.

The actors will dress in the house, and then they will go in and out of the play through the trees just as if they lived there and might come back any minute, without waiting for cues.

The spectators will sit on tiers of seats arranged in a sweeping circle to command a view of the lawn, and there will be a sort of arbor built to look just a little like the exotic near which the wrestling bout takes place.

Outside of this arbor every bit of scenery in the whole affair will be all-a-blowin' and a-growin'.

Rosalind will sit on a bough and tell Orlando "the time trots withal, and when time gallops withal," and the melancholy Jacques will tell the assembled company that "all the world's a stage" to the tune of the wind sighing through the trees.

Talk about magic!

There never was magic like unto this. You get off a clanging cable car and walk through the dust into the midst of the brazen-lunged boy yelling, "Full—count!" something or other horrifying. You see the man who tried to cheat you in a real estate deal on the car ahead, and you hobb him and think how you will get even with him, and you rub up against the fellow who "does politics" and does them so well that he's ablaze with diamonds, and you see a little group of worthily women hurrying along, with faces tense with the anxiety of being quite "up to date."

You catch a glimpse of the gray, gray city in the distance, the city full of hurrying, anxious men and worried, nervous women, and you walk through the big white gates—into Arcady.

It's always afternoon in Arcady. The shadows fall on the green, green grass and make pleasant shades for swains and shepherds.

The air is always soft there, and the sunsh. how the sun shines! There are no worries there; nor any clocks, nor any hurrying nor bargaining. There is always time to make love there, and to dream, and to make puns, and to philosophize. Rosalind wanders out from the shade and falls in love as easily as she breathes, and no sea dreams of marriages aesthenetic and proper postures, in life. Orlando writes rhymes and pins them to the trees, and no one in Arcady thinks of calling him a crank.

The melancholy Jacques sits on a log and rails at the world—and all Arcady has both the time and the humor to listen to him. Touchstone sighs from behind an oaken bough, and all the goodly company sits still and listens to his quips without an idea of asking him to get down to business.

The old, old story of faithful love and gentle coquetry—the story of courage and faith and ardor—the story that is so old because it is, after all, so vitally true—goes on all day, and the lengthening shadows call at last, just as they always fall, in Arcady on a happy wedding.

And all the worldly mammas and the ambitious daughters and the tired men who brought them there will go home, and they will wish that they, too, dwelt in Arcady.

Now, all this isn't just for fun. It' for charity. The Chanting Auxiliary have been trying to raise money. They want the money to build an old people's home on the English plan. An old people's home which will be in the country and which will not require one or two thousand dollars as an admittance fee.

The auxiliary wants to build some cottages somewhere down San Mateo way and fill each cottage with homeless old people. The ladies of the auxiliary know just the sort of cottages they want to build, and just about where they ought to go, and they say the land will be forthcoming whenever there's money enough in the treasury to build. The money is going to come into the treasury through this very "As You Like It," as Mrs. Wilson and her aids believe—and that's what it's all about.

Mrs. Horace Wilson and Mrs. Lovell White are at the head of the affair. The first idea was to have a society cast for the play.

There were plenty of Rosalinds and no end of Celias and Phebe's, but when it came to Orlando and the melancholy Jacques there simply wasn't one to be found in all the ranks of amateurdom. So Mr. Freidlander of the Columbia Theatre came to the rescue. He said he'd see what he could do, and he did see; and he found that he could make as pretty a cast of the beautiful play as ever were honored in the acting of it.

Miss Coghlan will play Rosalind, and she's famous in the part. Barrymore will play Orlando, and every matinee girl in the country knows how Barrymore sighs when he says that Rosalind is "just as high as my heart."

L. R. Stockwell is going to be Touchstone; Harry Dixey is going to play one of Orlando's brothers, Jacques; Mr. William Barry will play the Duke, and the rest of the cast runs in this wise:

Frederick, brother to the Duke	Charles Bates
Amiens	Frank C. Thompson
Jacques	Frank McGilvray
Le Beau	Hugh Ford
Charles, the wrestler	Prof. Gustave Mocking
Oliver	Warren Dibble
Jaques	Brigham Royce
Corin, a shepherd	John Williams
Silvius, a shepherd	Perris Sage
William	Harold Veach
Gentle	Mr. Godfrey
Celia	Pauline Pruett
Phebe	Freda Gallick
Audrey	Maud Winter

Half the pretty girls in town are going on as maids of waiting, and servants and things, and the other half will be selling good things to eat and drink between the acts.

There have been a number of famous actresses, "As You Like It," one of them was at Mrs. Paran Stevens', and one of them was at Treeds Park. Miss Rehan played Rosalind on the meads of Stratford-on-Avon, and Miss Coghlan has played it in all sorts of weather and under all sorts of skies.

There's only one drawback about an outdoor entertainment, it usually rains.

This time it isn't going to, Mrs. Wilson says. She's been consulting the man who keeps the California weather locked up in the Mills Building, and he's been looking over his records and he says it hasn't rained on the second or third week in September for thirty years, and he doesn't know what it did before that time.

So the second or third Saturday in September it will be, and nature send the sun shine. The amphitheatre will seat 10,000 people, and those seats are being built now.

ARIZONA'S BIENNIAL ATTACK.

The Regular Two-Yearly Case of Snakes Is Just About Due.

Moqui Indians at Work Gathering Rattlers for the Disgusting Serpent Dance.

WILL PROBABLY DRAW A BIG CROWD

Owing to the Fact That the Moqui Is Economical of the Truth the Exact Date Not Known.

FLAGSTAFF, August 15.—"Them moky is rakin' rattlers together pretty lively just now," remarked a pensive Arizonan the other day, turning on a reel in his bar brim that his mesmerlcky glance might have an unobstructed journey up the canyon where the grosscane harvesting was supposed to be taking place.

"For what?" he repeated, infusing into his pessivenesss a tinge of pity for my ignorance which could prompt such a question. "Why, for the rattlesnake dance. Sure."

Here his knowledge, and that of most Arizonans hereabouts, appeared to end. The average Arizonan is kept too busy all day, and by night he is also kept too busy opening the festive jackpot to have any time at all left for historical research. So, he who is interested in the Moqui snake dance must appeal to other sources of information regarding the religious but loathly festival.

The exact day of the snake dance, which occurs every two years, is kept secret, and white men who wish to witness its fascinating horrors have to go prepared to leaf away a few bars in the vicinity so as to catch them on the fly, as it were.

The Moqui ought not to be interpreted by the baleful light of this one reptilian orgie, for he is a law-abiding and inoffensive Indian; domestic in his habits and agricultural in his pursuits; passably satisfactory as a citizen, and not altogether impossible considered as a man and a brother. He is known to the ethnologists as a "pueblo Indian"—for an American. But he alone of all the swart aborigines of the Wild West perpetuates the same awful dance, identical in all its details as it was viewed by Hayden, the Spanish explorer, as far back as the year 1581. Zepelo, however, witnessed it among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, who have long since allowed the rites to "fall into a decay" and become "conventionalized."

Just as it appalled and repelled and fascinated that ancient Spaniard then, so it affects all who witness it to-day; and it would be well worth the exertion of any man who has not much to do, like a scientist or an historian, if would be quite worth his while to take a trip just now into Northern Arizona for the purpose of getting the most satisfactory creeps his spine has ever experienced.

The dance will take place at the pueblo of Wolbi, about a hundred miles from Flagstaff, this latter a sturdy little wind-swept town on the A. and P. Railroad. Professor Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution is haunting the vicinity with the intention of leaving for the scene of the terpsichorean evolutions of his bodily rattled snakebugs. The Smithsonian professor has authorized the statement as often made and so little believed, that the Indians do not remove the fangs of their strange partners. Two years ago he laid capturing hands upon some of the giddy reptiles when they had quite got through dancing and sent them East to be examined, and they were pronounced to be untampered with and in dangerously good working condition at both ends.

The guileless Moqui answers all questions regarding this dance with the quiet heartedness of one who is willing and eager to turn his information-bag inside out for the benefit of the inquirer; but still no one has ever succeeded in finding out just when the affair is to come off, or what is to bidden the dancers to the feast. Every Moqui within shouting distance is on stringent hand to assist in the preparations, and even the children are forbidden to mention the matter to the pale face. Even the women, who are usually the most talkative members of any community, are as silent as the sphinx on this subject.

Nevertheless, the dance will take place, and it is a safe prediction