

## Plays, Players and Playgoers

**THE GRAND.**  
Tonight, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."  
New Year's Day, matinee and night  
"The Royal Scots"  
BENNETT'S.  
All week, "First-Class Vaudeville."

Tonight will be the last opportunity Londoners will have of seeing the Ryan Stock Company at the Grand. The play will be "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Londoners who have not yet seen the Ryan Company, should not fail to visit the Grand tonight.

New Year's matinee and night, the famous Royal Scots Concert party, a sterling attraction, will hold the boards at the Grand.

With the entertainers is Miss Flora Donaldson, known in Europe as the queen of Scottish song. The company only sailed from Scotland on Oct. 6, and since that time has created a furore in the United States.

Of the Royal Scots an American paper says: When Miss Donaldson sang that pulse-stirring ballad with "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," it was no wonder she was compelled to return to the platform, when she gave lovers of Bonnie Prince Charlie a delight by the expressive singing of the "Skye Boat Song." Her voicing of "Scotland" was very fine, while the ever popular "Whistle an' I'll Come to Ye, My Lad," was shown to have new beauties to even those who believed they had previously exhausted its coyly dainty possibilities. The splendid voice range of the artist was displayed in the fine song, "Sound the Pibroch." Miss Donaldson then sang "Caisneach Chloinn Channain" ("March of the Cameron Men"), and gave proof of the Gaelic advocates (both of the Scotch and Irish schools) often asserted contention that the Gaelic language lends itself with pecu-

lar facility to rich musical enunciation and expression. And with this linking of the two countries by the language common to the Gael of Scotland and Hibernia, it was a happy arrangement when the lady sang the Irish ballad, "The Country I'm Leaving Behind." The compliment expressed, in a not modulated voice either, by a son of Erin, as she concluded the song, showed by its spontaneity and its phrasing that other hearts than those with Scottish blood were thrilled, and simply exclaimed, as the applause was ringing all round, "Bless you, ma colleen dhas!" Miss Donaldson has a beautifully rich, soprano voice, clear and robust, and her interpretation of the "Auld Scotch Song" sent a thrill direct to the heart, while her consummate vocalization stamped her as a completely trained artist.

One of the best comedy bills of the season is promised for next week at Bennett's. Of the seven acts which comprise the bill, five are entirely new. The comedy lines, Manager Alois has secured as a feature, Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena, two well-known farce comedy stars, who have lately entered the vaudeville ranks, through alluring financial offers of the Keith agency. Since their appearance in this new line, their success has been nothing less than phenomenal. At each and every house throughout the country they have received unstinted praise from press and public. Their present vehicle is said to be one of the most surprising comedy sketches in vaudeville. If the old saying "Actions speak louder than words," is true, then their present offering, "For Reform," is the best laughing sketch yet presented in this city. It is full of amusing bits of business and lively action from start to finish. Miss Modena is said to be an exceptionally handsome woman, and

her gowns, which are exquisite, adds greatly to the atmosphere of this pretty playlet.

A pocket edition of musical comedy will be presented by the Three Estelle Sisters, who recently came to this country with the English Pony Ballet. They work with that swing and dash which is so noticeable in all English musical offerings. Several changes of costumes are made during the act, and special light effects are constantly brought into play, making it an artistic and spectacular dancing novelty.

Patrons of Bennett's Vaudeville have had the pleasure of hearing quite a number of monologues, but if press notices are any criterion, Tom Riply, who will appear here next week, will carry off first honors as a single entertainer. He is not only a humorist of unusual ability, but has a very sweet voice, which is used advantageously.

The two colored swells, Thomas and Payne, will introduce a novel singing, dancing and conversational number, featuring some wonderful buck dancing on roller skates. Mr. Thomas claims to be the best eccentric buck dancer on any stage today, and issues a challenge to all.

The Columbia Four, a clever quartet of comedians, will make their London debut in a side-splitting comedy conversational turn, intermingled with good solo and ensemble singing. The two Italians, M. E. Nibba and Marie Bordoux, will be seen in their original novelty, "Joe and Maricello." A sensational aerial act will be presented by the marvelous Wood Bros., introducing several very difficult feats. New Year's matinee, all seats will be reserved at evening prices. Pull orchestra in attendance. The advance sale for New Year's Night is very large. Patrons desiring good seats should order at once and avoid the rush.

The new organization which is to present "The Girl of the Golden West" in cities where Blanche Bates will not be able to play this season rehearsed on the Belasco stage in New York the past four weeks, and began its tour last Monday. It is headed by Mary Hall, whose performance of the girl is remarkable for personal charm and dramatic interest. The critics speak in high terms of her work throughout.

"The American dramatist has at last come into his own, and in a great part through the assistance of the independent managers," says the Yonkers Gazette. "The five really important dramatic successes of New York are 'The Rose of the Rancho,' 'The Great Divide,' 'The Three of Us,' 'The Love Route,' and 'The New York Idea'—all by American playwrights, and all under independent management."

Jess Dandy, who plays Hans Wagner in "The Prince of Pilsen," and Frank Darling, the musical director with the "American" company, were talking on musical subjects recently, when Dandy remarked that he had some slight ability as a musician and that his musical talent was once the means of saving his life.

"How was that?" the musical director asked.

"During the spring freshets some years ago, the river near which we lived overflowed its bounds and washed away our home. My father got on a bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued."

"And you?" suggested Darling, inquiringly.

"Well," continued Dandy, "I accompanied him on the piano."

Mary Manning, who has left the management of her husband, James K. Hackett, and is now a Shubert Brothers star, has had considerable success with the play provided for by her new managers, "Glorious Betsy." The comedy is by Rida Johnson Young, who wrote the successful college play, "Brown of Harvard." The play had its premiere in the early part of the month at the Colonial Theater, Cleveland.

The English musical comedy, "The Girl Behind the Counter," is now the most likely candidate for the first vacancy at the Casino. This piece was originally intended for Lew Fields' use, but it may be produced without that comedian, for the urgent demands of the Casino will require some new offering before "About Town" has out-

lived its road usefulness. Julian Mitchell has been called in to superintend the production, and an American author will be set to work on the libretto to adapt it to our requirements.

These plays are now at the Shubert Theater, New York. Hackett's "Pioneer Days" and "Neptune's Daughter," Princess, "The Great Divide," Casino, "The Blue Moon," Majestic, "Brown of Harvard," Herald Square, "About Town," Lyric Theater, "The New York Idea," Lincoln Square, "The Man on the Box."

The latest recruits to the independent forces are Joseph and W. W. Jefferson, sons of the late Joseph Jefferson. The Jeffersons have been appearing since the opening of the season in a play by Hartley Davis called "Playing the Game." They made their first appearance in a Shubert theater last Monday evening at the Lyric Theater, Buffalo.

Eddie Fox, seen here with "The Earl and the Girl," was with the "Bluebeard" Company before, during and after the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago three years ago; afterward appeared for a big New York run in "Piff, Paff, Pout," and was for a time in vaudeville. Since his early days in the Iroquois he has been in several musical comedies.

Helen Bertram and Aubrey Boucault will play a one-act comedy in vaudeville written by Frank Pixley. Mr. Boucault could not locate a suitable sketch for himself, and hearing Mr. Pixley's product read, suggested to Miss Bertram how well he would fit in the male part. The singer acquiesced. She has considerable time booked alone in the west, and this will have to be readjusted if Mr. Boucault joins her immediately.

It is said that the reason Harry Laufer, the Scotch comedian, lays the greatest stress upon, for not coming to the States, is that he has an earning capacity of from \$1,000 to \$1,500 weekly upon the other side, and did an American trip prove a failure it would react against him financially, a risk not necessary owing to the Scotchman having bookings ahead until 1912.

Herbert Standing is another actor from the legitimate drama who is contemplating a trip into the continuous. He has a sketch which he regards as a fine example of the polet play, and will make the venture soon.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke will fill an engagement at Hammerstein's within the next few weeks. He has an entirely new "single" turn and unlike most of his previous appearances will come on in regulation evening clothes. He will sing "The Bird on Nellie's Hat" and will later change to overalls and duoden and do his "O'Hoolihan" specialty.

Katie Barry, the English comedienne, has received 28 weeks of Keith time, to the discomfort of the Boyle Agency and possibly a few managers. Mr. Boyle thought he had secured Miss Barry for Hammerstein's, but when the cloud rolled away Keith had sent in an offer of a long route which was accepted, and not through Boyle. Miss Barry informed her former agent, though, that his interests would be personally taken care of by her.

Mrs. Anna Hegan Rice, the creator of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary," has drawn nearly \$250,000 in royalties from the two stories and the play founded upon them. Liebler & Co., who own the piece, expect to continue to pay Mrs. Rice a yearly fortune in royalties for a long time, as the play increased in popularity and drawing power.

Sarah Bernhardt is accredited with at least a marked artistic success in Catulle Mendes' new poetic drama of sixteenth-century Spain "La Vierge d'Avila," which she recently produced in Paris. The verse was, it is said, delivered with the actress' customary silken enunciation.

"The New York Idea," Langdon Mitchell's new play, in which Mrs. Fluke is appearing, has divorce for its theme. Its central idea, as one of the characters expresses it, is that "woman should marry when she has the whim, and leave the rest to the divorce court." The play is said to be sparkling and brilliant and cleverly acted, but cold and hard, in spite of its witty scintillations.

This particular field has been distinguished by the works of such men as the Marquis of Tennyson, the late Sullivan, Millocker and Dillinger, not to speak of Mozart, who was really the first writer of light opera; in France by Auber, Boieldieu, Offenbach, Audran, Messager, Lecocq and Planquette, and in England by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The works of these men established a particular art form not less valuable in its way when properly carried out than the works of the great masters of grand opera.

For many years in the United States, and more particularly during the reign of Col. John A. McCall, to whom American music lovers owe a debt of gratitude not easily repaid, the works of these composers reigned supreme. After this time came a period when, with "Robin Hood," "The Fencing Master," and "Rob Roy," by myself, "The Student King," by Victor Herbert, "Brian Boru," by Julian Edwards, it seemed as if this form of piece was to dominate in this country to the same extent as the works of the composers above named had abroad.

A Change. And then came a change. With the introduction of the so-called English musical comedy, with its ruffs and frills, its pretty music, which relied on its dancing and catchy qualities rather than on its organic artistic construction for success, there were years when it seemed as if the legitimate artistic form, which I term above light opera, fell into desuetude, if not almost into disrepute. I would call attention to a rather peculiar fact, and that is that light opera has been always dominated by women. Offenbach was great because of Theo and Schneider. Geislinger and women of her class made this form of composition the vogue in Vienna, and in the United States the light opera successes have been due to such women as Alice Oates, Marie Stone, Juliet Gordon, Marie Tempest, Geraldine Ulmer, Zella de Lussan and Lulu Glaser, and to a certain extent, Lillian Russell. When these women migrated to other shores, went into grand opera or passed away altogether, the form of work fell with them.

## SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

King Charles of Roumania, whose health is in an extremely critical condition, has been restricted for many months past to a diet of milk and crackers. Emperor Francis Joseph, now in the neighborhood of 80 years of age, ascribes the retention of his amazing physical and mental vigor to the fact that he has always been extremely careful about his diet, and is now more strict about the latter than ever. He seldom touches anything at the banquet which he gives, eating alone, before or afterwards, dishes of the simplest description specially prepared for him.

King Edward, in spite of his reputation as a gourmet, has for the last ten years observed the utmost caution with regard to his diet, to the tyranny of which he renders the most complete submission.

Emperor Nicholas and the Sultan of Turkey are obliged to be still more careful about their diet; less, however, by reason of delicacy of digestion than on account of the serious danger of poison. In fact, the padishah never touches a single dish or bottle of water that does not reach his table sealed, after having been previously tasted by one of the highest and most trusted dignitaries of the realm, this office having been long filled by the gallant old field marshal, surnamed "The Victorious," who was the hero of the siege of Evrona in the last Turkish war with Russia.

Another monarch who is a slave to diet is Leopold of Belgium, who restricts himself to the plainest fare. The two heaviest eaters of the now living crowned heads of Europe are undoubtedly King Charles of Portugal, who has inherited his voracious appetite from his grandfather, the late King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and King Alfonso of Spain, whose prowess with the fork are due to the fact that he is a Bourbon. The Bourbons have for hundreds of years been renowned for their extraordinary capacities in the matter of consumption of food, and it is not altogether surprising under the circumstances that most of the Bourbon kings of France and many of those of Spain and of the two Sicilies have succumbed to stomach troubles. It is probably owing to the youth of Don Alfonso that he remains for the present so thin and conveys so little notion by his appearance of the power of his appetite for food—but not for drink, as he is a teetotaler. But the bulk of King Charles of Portugal is colossal and almost as large as that of the late King of Wurtemberg, renowned for his gluttony, and of the Maharajah of Tanjore, who undergoes each year a peculiar ceremony in connection with his avowedness. It is known as the ceremony of Talabaram, and consists in weighing him against an equivalent weight in gold. The latter is thereupon distributed among the poor who assemble around the palace gates for the purpose. It stands to reason, therefore, that the loyal subjects of this Indian

potentate are extremely interested in fattening him, with a view to the increase of his weight.

The two most famous royal gluttons on record are, however, Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII. of France. Louis XVI. lost his life and that of his consort, Queen Marie Antoinette, because of his slavery to his appetite. For they would have escaped at the time of their flight to Varennes had not the king insisted on stopping at an inn in order to devour a roast turkey, for which his stomach experienced an insatiable craving. Just as he was finishing his meal his pursuers caught up with him and placed him, together with the queen and their offspring, under arrest. They were taken back to Paris, where the boy died in the prison into which they had been thrown and from which the king and queen emerged only to appear on the scaffold.

This monarch's brother and successor, Louis XVIII., became toward the end of his life so obese from gluttony that he was almost unable to walk. During his closing years his digestion had become so biased and his palate so jaded that he ceased to appreciate any food but potatoes prepared in a particular way by a chef who was almost as fat as himself. One night, as was not unusual with him, he awoke in the small hours with a craving for food, which was in no sense satisfied by the consumption of the cold chicken and bottled burgundy always left by his bedside at night. So he caused his chef to be summoned and suggested that the man should then and there prepare his favorite dish. The cook was nothing loath, for it was the king's most gracious custom to permit him to share in the consumption of the delicacy at these nightly orgies. A dish of immense size was in due course prepared and the monarch and the cook started fair to consume it. "You will kill yourself," you say so fast at that, exclaimed the king between two mouthfuls. But the cook did not take warning, and in a few minutes he fell back dead at his majesty's side. "There, I told him so," ejaculated Louis XVIII., as he pointed out the body with his fork to one of his chamberlains. But he never for a moment desisted from the feast, and not only consumed his own share of the dish but also that which had been left uneaten by the cook at the moment when he ceased to live.

From Brussels comes the announcement of the marriage there on Dec. 27 of Professor Andre Giron, who achieved most unenviable notoriety three years ago by taking advantage of a temporary mental aberration of the then crown princess of Saxony to induce her to elope with him to Geneva. It is unnecessary to recall here the various features of this unfortunate episode, which cost the crown princess the crown of queen of Saxony and the loss of her children. She was at the time when Giron, who had been the tutor of her sons at Dresden, eloped with her within three months of giving birth

to the little girl who is now Princess Anna Monica of Saxony.

The character of Giron is best shown by the fact that as soon as he had reached Geneva he caused himself to be photographed with the crown princess for publication in the various illustrated newspapers of Europe and America, seeking notoriety for his escapade without the slightest regard for the unfortunate princess. Then he agreed to a pecuniary compromise with her relatives, as the result of which he abandoned her and retired to his home in Brussels, leaving her to be transferred from Geneva to a sanatorium in Switzerland, where she remained until shortly before the birth of her child.

Under the circumstances the bride of Professor Giron can scarcely be congratulated on her impending marriage and on the choice which she has made of a husband. She is Mlle. Jeanne Freym, granddaughter of the celebrated engraver of that name and niece of the popular dramatist, Maurice Hennequin.

As for the other plebeian Don Juans who have figured as the story heroes of royal elopements, ex-Capt. Mattachich, who was turned out of the Austrian army after being degraded and forced to serve a term of penal servitude, is still with Princess Louise of Belgium, in Paris, and it is owing to the scandal caused by the continuance of her association with the man with whom she eloped from her husband, Prince Philip of Coburg, that her father, King Leopold, declines to allow her to set foot on Belgian soil, condemning her to exile.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, who has just let his grand old family mansion in St. James' Square, in London—a house built in 1772 for a former Sir Watkin Williams Wynn—to Lord Strathmore, on a long lease, often has been described as "the King of Wales," being, indeed, the largest land-owner in the principality. The Wynns have during the last hundred years declined no fewer than four times offers made to them of peerages, being of the opinion that no new-fangled title of earl, viscount or baron could possibly add to their prestige or claim to consideration. In olden times the head of the house bore the title of Prince of North Wales, and Sir Watkin is said to have in a direct and unbroken line from Rhodri Mawr, the great King of Wales.

All the Wynns become portly on attaining middle age, and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, the grandfather of the present baronet, was a man of altogether Falstaffian proportions when stationed in command of a regiment of Welsh militia at Bordeaux, just after the overthrow of the first Napoleon. That Sir Watkin's appetites and manners were quite as Falstaffian as his appearance, and found their counterpart in his intimate friend and comrade, the Marquis of Buckingham, commanding the other British militia regiment at Bordeaux. In fact, the two commanders, their officers and their men shared so great a predilection for the wines of Bordeaux and achieved such widespread celebrity throughout France in connection with their hard drinking that the great Duke of Wellington, then in command of the army of occupation in France, caused the two regiments to be sent home to England in disgrace.

The present Sir Watkin Williams Wynn is divorced from his wife, who was likewise his first cousin, the co-presenter in the case of his late private secretary, Lady Williams Wynn, an extremely pretty woman, is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra, and of the latter's mother, Queen Louise of Denmark. She had been born in Copenhagen, where her father, as English envoy, negotiated the treaty of marriage of Queen Alexandra and King Edward.

There are at the present moment nearly a score of professing Jews in the House of Commons at Westminster, and they have lately been taking steps to unite their forces and to work in unison in Parliament. They have had a number of meetings, and while they repudiate the idea of forming a separate party group and insist that they only intend to act together in issues affecting Jewish interests, yet the fact of their being banded together in such matter is certain to lead to their voting in unison upon most of the questions that come up before Parliament.

This is the first time, I believe, of the Jews taking any steps towards the formation of a distinct political faction in any modern legislature, and in view of the colossal wealth which they control—a wealth altogether out of proportion to their numerical importance—this novel departure, with all the possibilities that it suggests, is worthy of note. In the House of Lords the Jews are represented by three persons—namely, by Lord Rothschild, Lord Michelham and Lord Wandsworth, the patronym of both the latter being Stern. Lord Battersea is the husband of one Rothschild heiress and Lord Rosebery the widower of another, and both, therefore, may be said to have cause to champion Jewish interests.

Of all the radical measures ever inaugurated by the English Parliament, the most extraordinary has been the almost unanimous acceptance by the House of Commons of a bill for the expropriation of the Marquis of Clanricarde from his extensive Irish estates on account of his crying tyranny and cruelty towards his tenants. This is an altogether new scheme for the punishment of rapacious landlords, and may be said to owe its invention to the former Tory premier, Arthur Balfour. Some time ago Balfour referred to Lord Clanricarde as "the classical type of absentee landlords," who are responsible for as much of the misery in Ireland and for the agrarian distress.

(Continued on Page Five.)

## Maude Adams in Peter Pan Again Captures New York

Christmas Week Gossip From the American Metropolis.

[Special to The London Advertiser.]

New York, Dec. 28.—The only matters of any considerable importance in a theatrical sense this week in New York are the brief revival of "Peter Pan" by Maude Adams, at the Empire Theater, and the bringing forward of "The Student King" by Henry W. Savage's company at the Garden Theater. Miss Adams' reception was, of course, in the highest pitch of enthusiasm, for she is at the very zenith of a marvelously successful career, where the eyes of the country are turned toward her whenever she appears in public. There have been some changes in "Peter Pan" since Dr. Barry's fantastic play was last seen in New York city, principally among these being a new final act which supplies added opportunities for the exhibition of Miss Adams' qualities as an actress and dancer. The new act is headed by Lina Abarbanel, who has been seen in the same role in the past. Doubtless many will go again to see the entertainment in order to familiarize themselves with the new material in it—that is to say, if they can manage to squeeze themselves into the house, which as a fact is almost all sold out for the entire five weeks of time laid aside for this attraction.

Upon "The Student King" Mr. Savage has expended time, care and money with lavish hand, and the piece has been received with marked favor at its New York premiere. The score of this work is by Reginald De Koven, and much of it is in the best vein of the composer of the immortal "Robin Hood." In truth, Mr. De Koven has rarely, if ever, been heard to his advantage than that which characterizes his latest contribution to the light operatic world. His score, too, is most admirably rendered by an exceptionally well-chosen and well-handled organization headed by Lina Abarbanel, who had previously won a large measure of success, both in opera and comedy upon the German stage, and she is capably clever in all that she does as an actress and prima donna, and she has assuredly made a very strong hit in her first essay at playing important roles in English. "The Student King" will doubtless have a run of considerable length and of large appreciation in New York.

Mr. Hammerstein expresses himself as being more than merely satisfied with the result of his opera season at the new and beautiful Manhattan Opera House. He would have been very well pleased indeed and not in the least surprised if his actual losses had run up to the average amount of \$5,000 a week. To meet this possibility the impresario had laid aside a fund of \$200,000 in cash, but his shortage on the season will not begin to reach so large a figure. Meanwhile the brand of opera being given by Mr. Hammerstein is so distinctly better and finer in every sense than that put forward by the Metropolitan management that for the second season of the new undertaking there will undoubtedly be a subscription of quite a sufficient magnitude to make the venture a paying one upon a most extensive scale. One hears nothing but praise of the work that is being done by Mr. Hammerstein and his aides in every department, and it is noticed too by those who follow the newspaper reports that many of the oldest and firmest adherents of the Metropolitan Opera House are turning their attention to the other establishment. All in all it looks very much as though the road stretching out before the marvelous Oscar Hammerstein was not nearly as rocky as most people anticipated at the beginning.

George Fuller Golden is about to add the role of publisher to his many other successful personations. Mr. Golden, who lives at Saranac Lake, is at work on the proof sheets of a new monthly which he is to call the George Fuller Golden Magazine, and which will have

Saranac as its abiding place. The fertility of this actor's mind and the liveliness of his imagination have long been well known in the theatrical profession, where it has always been perfectly well understood that Golden was the originator of all the material he presented to the public, and not merely the repeater of lines written by someone else. His little magazine, which will be of pocket size, will surely have one vast audience for the opening performance, and if the editor "makes good" as well as he has always done before his readers will stick to him permanently.

Every now and then the wall goes up that there are more theaters than attractions to fill them, and that, in consequence, the art of acting is rapidly and surely dying. Yet theater builders go on ceaselessly with the work of construction, and there rarely comes a moment when several attractions are not on the waiting list for time in the cities of the first class. In New York at present no less than three companies, all under the direction of well-known managers, are guaranteed against loss the theaters at which they are appearing, a condition only to be explained by the absolute certainty that comparatively speaking there are vastly more shows than places in which to show them. The management of Jefferson De Angelis, the largest and most powerful business organization ever put together in the amusement world of this or any other part of the country, was obliged a while ago to "play off" the comedian when he was thoroughly successful because there was no city time available. "Told in the Hills," hailed by all who saw in the early season as a singularly powerful and well-played drama, is tucked away in its little bed for the same reason. Not until next week will Charles Frohman himself be able to bring the new Clyde Fitch play, "The Truth," to Broadway, by reason of the absence of vacancies. There are probably fifteen or twenty other instances like those already quoted, all of them tending to prove that the men who have the theaters are the ones to be regarded with envy rather than those who have the plays and players. Moreover, it is a fact that the theater owners and lessees all over the country are the rich men, while those who are the mere makers of productions cannot be similarly described when speaking of them as a class.

William Gillette, not wholly satisfied with his record as a dramatist for the "regular" theater, has been writing a one-act play for the vaudeville, to be called "The Red Owl." This piece will be stage managed and produced by the author at his own expense, and will be quite the most elaborate thing in its line that has yet been brought to the attention of vaudeville supporters. There won't be much in it in the way of profit for Mr. Gillette, but he will be satisfied if he adds another artistic success to his list.

Down at Daly's Theater they must be rather well satisfied with the reception that has been accorded "The Belle of Mayfair," since they are enabled to carry in their advertisements the line, "Seats two months in advance." By the way, it is considered remarkable among theatrical managers that there was so slight a shrinkage in audiences as was observed this year during the week before Christmas. Heretofore this has been looked upon as pretty nearly, if not quite, the worst week of the whole theatrical year, and it is the custom of the business to either pay half-salaries during the term or close up entirely. This time there was no necessity of either alternative—so far as New York went—for the business seemed in almost every instance to be as big as at other periods. For example, I suppose that Amy Heid's receipts at the Broadway Theater were not less than \$12,000—figures that don't come out so very often along Broadway, to be sure, but go to show that we are changing our before-the-holidays attitude in a most unobtainable manner.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.

MR. E. NIBBE AND I MARIE BORDOUX, AT BENNETT'S NEXT WEEK.

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