

The most successful plays now-a-days are those which appeal to the common sense of humor and the common sentiments of the masses of the people. The failure of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith" is evidence of this. The first production would have been hissed off any stage if attempted by less respected artists than the Kendals; while the latter received a short shrift from a public which, having paid its money, was independent enough to take its choice, uninfluenced by flowery "advanced notices" or "inspired" newspaper paragraphing. If, then, popular appreciation and an overflowing treasury be the criteria of success for play-wrights and managers to-day, certainly the late Sir Augustus Harry Glossop Harris was the premier of them all. Twenty years ago he was playing subordinate parts in a London theatre at a salary of five pounds a week, and died in only his forty-fourth year, the central figure of theatrical managers throughout the world, and was honored in his life and in his death as no man similarly placed has ever been before.

In the theatrical profession, the artist who has not arrived at the dignity of a "nickname" after a short stage experience may be counted as a "back number;" he may be used to fill gaps, but no one really wants him. Sir Augustus Harris was to the last simply "Gus" to his intimates and friends, but he had for many years been "Druriolanus" to the profession. He was a member of the St. Martin's-le-Grand Lodge (No. 1536) of Freemasons, a member of the Loriners Company of London, etc.; and the way in which "Druriolanus" was honored in his death, not alone by the profession, but by all classes of the people, was something unparalleled in the annals of the stage. The fact that Queen Victoria that august lady has for the profession which not long since was legally stigmatized as a band of "rogues and vagabonds," for the regulation of which special legislation was needed and special penalties were prescribed. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that the English royal family was well represented at the grave of Sir Augustus Harris; but I think it is surprising to find the occasion taken by the public for an overwhelming popular demonstration of respect. Twenty years ago, if a dozen of the leading actors and actresses in the world's metropolis had been buried in one day, I do not believe that it would have made any particular commotion. But the story of the funeral of "Druriolanus" sounds like that of an important State function on the death of a popular member of the royal house. A friend of mine who was present writes to me a full account of the sad ceremony, thus enabling me to give more ample details than have been yet published in America. A special detachment of 250 police was told off to keep an open space around the grave for the mourners and immediate followers of the cortege. To suit the convenience of artists with *matinee* engagements, the procession left the house of the deceased as early as 10 o'clock in the morning. Not many minutes after the cemetery gates were opened, fully ten thousand people had collected in the grounds, which number was augmented by a continual stream of humanity until long after 11 o'clock, at which time the melancholy procession entered the gates. From the Elms, Avenue-road, Regent's Park (where the deceased died), to Brompton Cemetery is over two miles, and the streets along the route were lined with many thousands of sympathetic onlookers. The procession included four hearses, the first bearing the coffin, and all heavily-laden with floral tributes, the list of those contributing being headed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.