

THE MASK AND LYRE.

Notes on the Plays and Their Players.
Gossip of the Stage and Platform.

A recent issue of the London Chronicle contains the following paragraph: "The past fortnight of night nights at the theatre suggests a certain defect in our dramatic arrangements. It is the sequel, more the performance, that is wrong. The curtain falls on the climax; we are full of ideas, criticisms, enthusiasm, fury; yet we have to struggle into coats in a hurried moment, to put the covers on the stalls. One moment we are in fairland, or hell, or the very heart of things the next we are looking for a cab. So abrupt a transition is bad for one. It is undramatic. It should certainly be an understood thing that the audience have the use of the theatre for a quarter of an hour after the curtain falls. On first nights at least scores of people are brimming over with ideas and anxious to communicate them. An advertised quarter of an hour for cigarettes, refreshment and conversation after the play would insure interest and make for popularity. Personally we dread that sudden stampede from fancy to fact."

There must be some radical difference between the audiences of "dear old Lunnion" and those of this city. Perhaps we do not get the same quality of plays here; perhaps we have not the fine nature to become so lost in a play that it is a shock to realize that it is only a play; perhaps we haven't time to sit quietly, and think of the performance just closed. At all events, no one here shows the slightest disposition to linger a moment after the fall of the curtain. On the contrary, the first five minutes before the curtain falls is generally occupied with the donning of overcoats and wraps, and the curtain has barely ceased to descend before there is a stampede for the door by people who would know no better. If these offenders were possessed of the barest ideas of common courtesy, they would know that the players on the stage and the other members of the audience have certain rights which should be respected. A notable example of the conduct complained of was seen last week when Chauncey Olcott, at the New Grand, Mr. Olcott was seriously disturbed in the singing of one of his prettiest songs, and the pleasure of it was wholly spoiled for many by the haste of a few members of the audience to get away before the curtain went down. No true lady or gentleman would do these things, but it is small consolation to those about the entertainment to know that the offenders are destitute of the first principles of good taste and good breeding.

Forest H. Cummings, a young actor seen here in "Thelma," last fall, and who returned to the city a few days later as a member of "The Tide of Life," is in trouble in New York. He was arrested at the instance of Aiden Benedict, owner of "Thelma," "Fable Roman," "Quo Vadis," "The Sign of the Cross," and "The Sign of the Cross," which belonged to Benedict. It is said that while the "Thelma" company was playing in London, Benedict grew suspicious, and sent a detective to join the company, and incidentally to relieve Cummings of further responsibility. Stetson asserts that when he arrived on the scene Cummings made some excuse about not making a settlement at once, and then arising early the next morning suddenly departed for parts unknown. Stetson says that Cummings took with him a large sum of money, and that Cummings is a brother of Bob and Ralph Cummings, formerly of the Cummings Stock Company, Toronto.

The past couple of months seem to have been fatal ones for both the shining and eclipsed stars of the minstrel world. Jack Haverly was the first to go, and then after the lapse of a few weeks came the death of Billy West. This was followed by the announcement of the death of Billy Emerson, once king of the minstrels, John Queen, one of the younger men who had made a name for himself by his successful songs, and lastly old Billy Rice. Now comes the news that Neil Bryant is awaiting in an hospital his hourly-expected end. His death will remove the last of the old minstrels.

Kirke La Shelle announces that the signal triumph of Mr. J. H. Stoddart in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," throughout his recent trip in Canada, has prompted him to play return dates in the Dominion. The company will include this territory in its spring tour. It is to be hoped that London will again be included in the route.

Chauncey Olcott, seen here in "Garrett O'Magh" last week, sang a solo in the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Hamilton last Sunday night.

Toronto Saturday Night says of the Boston Lyric Opera Company, which comes to the New Grand next week: The management of the Grand Opera House is deserving of sincere thanks for affording Toronto people this week the opportunity to hear such standard operas as "Il Trovatore," "The Bohemian Girl," "Carmen," "Martha," and "Faust," well performed, at prices within the reach of all theatre-goers. The Boston Lyric Opera Company is, of course, not to be measured by the same standards as grand opera companies asking and obtaining \$2 to \$5 per seat. But judging the Boston or-

ganization on the plane of the prices charged, it must be said that their performances have been satisfactory beyond expectation. They number amongst them several well-trained and pleasing solo singers. Their chorus is efficient, comfortable in its size, and has the merit of singing with vigor and earnestness.

THEATRICAL TITTLE-TATTLE.

A benefit performance will be given for the widow of Jack Haverly in New York on March 14.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be played next month by a company of deaf mutes in Salem, Ore.

Bronson Howard, the dramatist, is still in the south of France trying to secure relief from nervous trouble.

Daniel Frohman's projected New Lyceum Theatre will be among the smallest in New York. It will seat only about 900.

A conservative estimate of the real estate value of the 50 principal places of amusement in New York city places it at over \$30,000,000.

Stephen Phillips' play, "Mary Magdalen," may be seen in London, with Julia Marlowe in the title part, before presentation in America.

One of the handsomest wreaths placed on the casket of William West, the minstrel, at his funeral, came from Fay Templeton, his first wife.

R. D. McLean has a clearly developed case of appendicitis, and his company will close for at least three weeks until he recovers from the operation.

"Mice and Men" is already being played in London. "A Country Mouse" will soon be produced there, and "Little Miss Mouse" is soon to be tried in New York.

Virginia Earle's plea for divorce from Frank Lawton, the whistler, now in London, was granted last week by Justice Blanchard, of the supreme court of New York.

Richard Mansfield will, in all probability, not the role of Charley Steele next season in the dramatization of Gilbert Parker's melodramatic novel, "The Right of Way."

Wm. Pruette, the baritone, who sang the title role in "Rob Roy," fell on the ice the other day in New York and sprained his ankle as to necessitate his canceling two weeks of his bookings.

Hall Caine has written Liebler & Co. that he will surely visit the United States next month to look over the presentation of "The Eternal City," which Viola Allen will have next season.

Liebler & Co. have abandoned the proposed all-star revival of the "Two Orphans" as Kate Claxton was unable to give them a clear title to the play on account of previous arrangements.

Reports from New York say that on the night Prince Henry appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House the receipts were \$75,910. Orchestra chairs brought \$30 and box seats as high as \$200.

In these days of bigger combines it has not attracted so much attention that the Chorus Girls' Amalgamated Association and the White Horse vaudeville have been merged into one trust.

Robert Loraine, who was to be the leading man of the Notre Dame Company, resigned last week, and Howard Kohn has been given his part. Mr. Loraine had a dispute with playwright Paul Potter.

Negotiations are now on looking to the transferring of Kyle Bellew and the "Gentleman of France" company to London at the end of the present season. The deal will probably be closed in a few days.

The gipsy Rigo, scandalously associated with the Princess Chimay, did not make a violinist with the Belgians. Policemen had to escort him from the theatre as a precaution against being mobbed.

Charley Hoyt furnishes one of those cases where a man's works live after him. The royalties on his "A Trip to Chinatown," etc., one week recently, are said to have amounted to over \$3,500.

The most popular song that the late Chummy Queen wrote, and the one which he received the least money, was "Just Because She Made Those Goo-Goo Eyes." Queen received the paltry sum of \$15 for it.

Charles Frohman arrived in London last Monday, and the first information he gave to the newspapers was that Edna May would come to this country next season instead of going to Australia. Miss May will have a new play.

Last week's big snowstorm in New York was taken advantage of by the different bill-posting concerns. Where the snow was piled the highest in the street large placards were announcing the various theatrical attractions.

The play, "Du Barry," seems destined for still greater public patronage. The charge has been made to Anthony Constantine that a novel of that name from the French, just published in New York, is fearfully immoral and should be suppressed.

Few leading actors are such one-sided men that their interest in the world is confined to the stage alone. Kyle Bellew last week lectured before the Engineering Society of Columbia University on "The Most Interesting Feature of Mining."

Olga Nethersole and George W. Lederer are in correspondence with a view to the latter's managing the English emotional actress on a starring tour of the United States next season. Miss Nethersole will tour the English provinces this spring.

Augustus Thomas has his work mapped out for him for the next five years. Before sailing for Europe, Charles Frohman signed a contract with the playwright, calling for his services for that period, and one play at least guaranteed each season.

A drama, the title of which may be translated "The Girl Savage," is making quite a stir in Paris. A savage girl is caught in the woods, educated and then returned to her people. Her learning is found to be a curse, and leads to the destruction of the heroine.

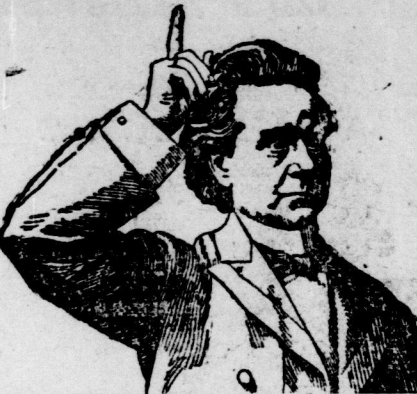
John R. Stirling, of the Star Theatre, Buffalo, and Alma Doerge, the actress, were married in a little Ohio town last week. Miss Doerge is to be starred next season in "The Gypsy Cross." Mr. Stirling is the manager who first made Rose Melville prominent as a star.

Mrs. Marion Faversham, wife of William Faversham, the actor, began suit last Thursday in New York for absolute divorce, naming a woman prominent in metropolitan society as co-respondent. Mr. Faversham is reported to have said that he will fight the case.

David Belasco had about made up his mind that he would only write a play for Mrs. Leslie Carter next season, but the death of material has com-

DYSPEPSIA

BOTH SIDES OF THE CASE.



How a Guileless Witness Annoys the Attorney.

Together With Just a Word About the Methods of Some Criminal Lawyers.

The Montreal Herald gives the following stories:

I.—THE GUILLESS WITNESS.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him sick," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer sternly.

"Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," yelled the lawyer.

"How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the court make the—"

"What, judge," said the witness anticipating the question, "I have answered the question. I knew the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten."

"It's a fact, judge; I'm under my oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer rose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table and said:

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this Case—his name's Smith."

"Your Honor," howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the judge, "you must answer the questions put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, judge, ain't I bin doin' it? Let this blamed cuss fire away, I'm ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and this prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly responded the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever friends—he's an old line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down!" yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down."

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up."

"Sheriff, remove that man from the box."

Witness retires muttering, "Well, if he ain't the thick-headed cuss I ever laid eyes on."

—Des Moines Register.

II.—EXAMINING A WITNESS.

The flatter in which attorneys question witnesses, says the Cairo Bulletin, is exasperating to the intelligent listener, beyond expression. The great purpose of the average criminal lawyer, for instance, is to draw from the witness all the facts in his possession, excepting the facts touching the case under consideration. A case, similar to this, has occurred lately in a famous criminal case, in a town not remote over 45 miles from Montreal.

A countryman, chopping down a tree, stops his work, and buries his axe up to the eye in the brain of his brother-in-law. The witness who saw the whole bloody transaction is brought into court, and his examination runs about thus:

"You say that the prisoner was chopping a tree down. Now will you please tell the jury where he bought the axe?"

"You don't know? Very well, sir, we'll see about that. Now, sir, look at the jury—don't stare in that helpless manner at me. Now, sir, do you say upon your oath that you don't know that the defendant stole that axe before he left Paducah?"

"You say so, ah! Well, now mark me, sir. How many feet was it from the tree the defendant was chopping to the nearest grist mill? You can't say?"

"Was it ten feet?"

"Certainly, a good deal more."

"Well, then, was it a thousand miles?"

"O certainly not."

"The court and the jury will please observe the stubbornness of this witness. It is manifestly his purpose to keep from the jury the facts they ought to know."

"Now, sir, who owned that mill?"

The witness innocently inquires, "What mill? But soon repents it.

"The jury will please observe the exasperating contumaciousness of this witness, his evasion and his manifest purpose to confuse your minds as to the facts involved in the terrible murder."

"Now, sir, look me in the face. You have solemnly sworn that a man was chopping near a mill. Will you now tell the jury what mill?"

"There was no mill within one thousand

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miles of the tree defendant was following.

"I don't say anything of the kind."

"The jury will please note this answer."

"Now, see here, my friend, we've had about enough of this. You first declared there was no mill, and now you brazenly avow there was no mill near the wood chopper."

"I said there was no mill within ten feet."

"Never do you mind what you said; I know what you said, and the jury knows what you said, sir, listen to me. Who made your boots?"

"You don't know?" Is there anything under heaven that you do know? There, there, look at the jury, not at me. And, now, perhaps, you can tell the jury what your name is."

"Now, sir, look at the jury, how long did you live there?"

The witness timidly asks, "Live where?"

"May it please the court and jury, I find this man utterly incorrigible, stubborn, mulish, and bent upon keeping back the very facts the jury must have. He has clearly been tampered with, and comes here with the manifest intention of browbeating and worrying both the jury and the bar. I have led him gently from point to point, in the hope of beguiling him into a true recital of the facts connected with this dreadful murder, and what is my reward for this considerate kindness and forbearance. Speaking under the sanctity of a oath, he tells this court and jury that he doesn't know where he lived, and has asked me to tell him. Can such things be, and not overcome us? I ask your honor that this witness be sent to jail for contempt, to remain there until he expresses a willingness to tell what he knows about this dreadful murder."

The court then admonishes the witness that further trifling will not be permitted, that he must answer the gentleman's questions, or he'll certainly feel called upon to commit him to prison.

The witness by this time is bewildered, scared, dazed, and indulges in contradictions and absurdities as fast and as much as the attorney requires him to, and finally reaches the stand, where he can recall his own name or fix his own identity. The attorney then gets upon his feet, tears the wretched witness's contradictions and foolish rigmarole all to tatters, and asks that he be excluded from the jury as false and nonsensical.

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