

AFFAIRS OF THE STAGE

Forbes Robertson's new daughter is to be named Gertrude Maxine Forbes.

Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King" began a tour of New England cities on April 3.

"San Toy," with James T. Powers in the title role, is to be revived at Daly's Theatre, New York, beginning April 17.

Sarah Bernhardt will play this season's London engagement at the Coronet Theatre about the third week of June.

Next season Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern will play "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice" under the management of Charles Frohman.

The Iroquois, Chicago, will once more take its place as a first-class theatre on April 14, with Robert B. Mantell as the attraction.

An Actors' Union is to be formed in England, which every actor and actress in the United Kingdom is to be asked to join.

Blanche Bates' 1000th performance in "The Darling of the Gods" will be celebrated by souvenirs, Monday, April 17, at the Academy, New York.

The principal incidents in "Pals," the new James J. Corbett play, deal with college life. The scenes are principally around Harvard University.

The Ringling Bros. circus opened at the Coliseum in Chicago on April 3. Their special feature is "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

George Bernard Shaw's "Capt. Brassbound's Conversion" is to be acted by Ada Rehan. The play was written originally for Ellen Terry.

William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer have found in Helen MacGregor in "Siberia" an actress of unusual emotional power.

Arthur Byron, in the character of Horace GreenSmith, the only male part in "Op o' Me Thumb," plays the role of a real, genuine, up-to-date coster.

Altho "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," now nearing the end of its second season, is still winning fame and dollars for Bertha Galdan, she will be seen in a new play next fall.

Margaret Daly Vokes, comedienne of the Ward & Vokes' Co., will star next season under the direction of E. D. Stair in a comedy which has been especially written for her.

McKee Rankin celebrated his 44th anniversary as an actor and stage manager on Thursday last. Mr. Rankin is also an author of some repute. His most widely-known and most successful play was "The Danites."

Miss Henrietta Crosman on Monday began a tour under the management of her husband, Maurice Campbell, her contract with David Belasco having expired.

The light comedy lead of "Pals," written especially for James J. Corbett by Edmund Day, is said to show this athlete's histrionic talent to excellent advantage.

Thomas J. McGrane, who plays Kato in "The Darling of the Gods," and who several times has been stage manager of the Toronto Exhibition spectacle, has announced his marriage to Miss Jane Everett of San Francisco.

Boston society note: Our distinguished fellow-townsmen, Uat C. Goodwin, was in town last Monday and took dinner with Maxine Elliott. Nat blew in from Worcester, where he gave a show Monday night. Glad to see you, Nat.

Last season Mrs. Patrick Campbell was a middle-aged woman of Germany in "The Joy of Living," but this year she came as a young girl of the orient, the Moorish heroine of "The Sorceress."

"I feel as if I were walking on air," declared Edna Wallace Hopper last week. She had just heard the news of her first victory in her fight for a share of the millions left by Alexander Dumas-muir, her stepfather.

A testimonial for Mme. Modjeska is being planned by Ignace Paderewski, Mme. Sembrich and other compatriots, and will probably take place at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, May 4.

Maxine Elliott's new play by Clyde Fitch, which is to be produced next season, has been named "My Girl, Joe." Mr. Fitch will confer with Miss Elliott in London during the summer, and they will go over some of the important scenes.

Last week Blanche Walsh ran into the third month of her engagement at the Herald Square, New York, where "The Woman in the Case" continues to share, with one or two other substantial successes, the great bulk of the theatrical patronage.

Between the years 1874 and 1893 Ada Rehan was seen in more than 165 roles. These parts differed in their natures as widely as Camille and Nisbe in "A Night Off"; Aouda in "Around the World in Eighty Days" and Agredella in "King Lear."

Frederick Warde will quite the stage next year for the lecture platform, according to his son, Arthur F. Warde, who says that his father will lecture on Shakespeare and the classic drama, but it is not his intention to give up the stage permanently.

Forbes Robertson will sail for England in about a week, to join his wife, Gertrude Elliott, at their London home. Mr. Robertson is anxious to go home to greet the late arrival in his family, born four weeks ago—a girl, the second.

The strength of the Bernard Shaw vogue in America was well demonstrated last week, when John W. Luce & Co. issued a limited edition of his "On Going to Church." The first edition was quickly snapped up by the dealers and a second printing was made necessary before publication day.

After an ambitious attempt Frank Keenan has retired from the Berkley Lyceum Theatre, New York, and the desire to establish a Theatre Antoine in America once more receives a serious setback, says The Dramatic News. It was a case of much hard work, this putting on three and four one-act plays every night, and trying two or three new ones every week, without any financial encouragement. Mr. Keenan will go back to vaudeville to make up what he has lost by his little venture.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys, now fascinating American playgoers in "The Prince Consort," has informed an interviewer that she has been real annoyed by the prominence given to her wardrobe in the newspaper accounts of her revival. "A great deal of space," she says, "has been devoted to descriptions of my gowns, and only a few lines to my accomplishments on the stage." After which, with that feminine inconsequence which she has so often and so bewitchingly represented on the stage, she proceeded to favor the interviewer with a detailed description of the coronation gown she wears in the play!

"When We Dead Awake," the latest work of Henrik Ibsen, which was acted

recently at a special matinee in New York, scored so pronounced a success that it is now running regularly at the Princess Theatre. The interpreting company includes a number of players who have won reputation in "fad productions," among them Florence Kahn, who was with John Blair's Independent Theatre Co. seven years ago, and Dorothy Donnelly, who supported Arnold Daly when originally he presented "Candida." Despite its title, "When We Dead Awake" is a decidedly interesting and dramatic piece.

If you want to laugh, see "A Friend of the Family," the jolliest, brightest and cleverest farce now upon the American stage. When it comes this way, if you have had a fussy, old day, or a visit from your mother-in-law, go and enjoy the troubles of Harry Grandell, who plays the role of Bartley Swift, a married man with a left-over flirtation from Japan bobbing up in the shape of a mother-in-law. If you don't laugh until you're throat swells and your sides ache, there's very little hope for you. The story is one that cannot be repeated. It is doubtful if the man who wrote it could repeat it after he got thru. The tangle is continuous. It's an hilarious treatment of a novel, farcical situation. There isn't a moment that drags. The fun comes early in the game and stays late. It is a whirlwind of hilarity and an earthquake of risibility.

"The Fatal Wedding," which scored so strongly in this city last season, will return in a few weeks to the Majestic Theatre. People cannot tire of such a play as "The Fatal Wedding." It is a strong and intense drama, delightfully lighted and shaded by tender sentiment and droll comedy. The scenic effects are a marvel, and as the production is under the management of Sullivan, Harris & Woods, it is assured that there will be an excellent acting company. No one who has seen the play will miss seeing again that great storm scene in Grace Church. The part of Jessie ("The Little Mother"), will be acted by two child artists this season, each alternating with the other at the various performances. The reason for this is because of the fact that the role is such an arduous and difficult one, that it is asking too much of a very young Miss to expect her to play it at every performance. The Misses Quinlan and Kiefe will alternate during the week.

From the pulpit of the Plymouth Congregational Church, Chicago, Rev. Joseph L. Milburn, the pastor, has declared the theatre a greater moral power than the pulpit.

"There are, of course, incidents of the theatre which are not good," said he. "The problem play is a thing of indifference. It panders to the taste for highly seasoned things. But there is still incident to all things, to fiction, to music, even to the church. Certainly the great dramas in themselves are not bad. And look at the great men and women and superb women whom the theatre has given to the world.

"No, if there is anything that is debilitating about a theatre, it is in us. If our taste be high and beautiful we see the high and beautiful at the theatre. It is a reflection of our taste and mind. We get what we look for. If we criticize the theatre, then it is ourselves we criticize.

"The theatre will make for universal amity and peace of nations, for the great need of universal amity is to know one another.

"I believe the stage is a religious institution and as such is growing greater. The theatre will, I prophesy, one day rise to become the highest and most powerful exponent of good."

Everyone remembers quite well who Tommaso Salvini is, and must have heard of his talented son, Gustav, who has just had a most genial idea which ought to take immensely. At old Syracuse there is a most beautifully preserved Greek theatre, with all the accessories of romantic and quiet surroundings—and weather permitting—a blue, fleckless sky, altogether much as it must have been over 2000 years ago. Salvini proposes to represent there one of the old Greek tragedies, "Edipus," by preference reproduc-

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ing the antique costumes in the antique place. Italian will lend itself well to the tragedy, as will Salvini's method of acting, so the only note out of tune will be the modern-attired audience. The idea has been eagerly seized upon by the municipality and citizens of Syracuse, and ought to be as great a success financially as artistically, as Sicily will soon be full of strangers of all nationalities attracted to the stopping place of the German imperial family, there it is hoped, may be induced to attend one of the representations, as it is just the kind of thing which would please the emperor's errand and artistically. As for others, the opportunity of fancy. As for others, the opportunity of fancy. As for others, the opportunity of fancy.

During an engagement of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" at the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, the manager of the theatre was in his office busy with the sale of seats for the evening performance, when a policeman called him out on the sidewalk, and, pointing to the fire escape on the front of the building, asked him to explain the sight that met his astonished gaze. An elderly couple were laboriously mounting the slender ladder leading to the roof, the old man spurring his aged helpmeet to mount a few steps further, with the words: "We'll soon be there, mother, an' you'll forget all about the climb when you're looking at the show."

"Hello!" shouted the manager, attracting their attention; "what do you want up there?"

"We got gallery seats," shouted back the old man, "an' we're gettin' there, tho it seems to me it's a pretty hard climb for the old lady. Wish't I'd paid more an' got low-down seats."

The manager then shouted that the entrance was below, and the way they had chosen was the fire escape. The old people began a troublesome descent, assisted by the policeman, who had gone to their aid.

"An' that's what comes of your measly stinginess," snapped the old lady to her spouse, as she wearily waded down the last step of the ladder.

David Belasco remarked the other evening that from a financial viewpoint the present season would be quite the most profitable he had ever enjoyed, writes Leander Richardson. "Strange as it may appear," he continued, "this is the direct result of my falling out with the theatrical syndicate. Thru the inability to book more than one of New York, I have kept the rest of them stationary in this city, thus avoiding the large expense entailed in travelling from point to point, and fortunately the receipts of all of them have been very large indeed. Mrs. Carter has crowded the Belasco Theatre from the beginning of her engagement, and Mr. Warfield has literally turned away crowds from the doors of the Bijou, while at the Academy of Music our business has been so great that Mr. Gilmore has given me the first call upon all future time at that establishment. Mrs. Carter and Miss Bates will divide the season next year at the Belasco Theatre, and Mr. Warfield will remain a fixture at the Bijou. Mrs. Carter will play for a few weeks at the Academy of Music, and she will also be seen in Chicago and Boston. I am still at work on the new play for Blanche Bates, and it will differ very materially from anything she has heretofore undertaken. It is very satisfactory to me to know that all my enterprises are booked solidly for the season of 1905-06. I am very confident regarding the future, for the country will ultimately be compelled to open for my plays and stars. Attractions such as those I have been fortunate enough to manufacture are not so plentiful that they can be shut out permanently."

feminine. Whether it is because most actresses have an exceptionally philosophic turn of mind, whether they are not troubled by the smaller concerns of everyday domestic life, or whether they take more care to remain young than their sisters, the truth remains that the average lady of the limelight is in her prime at forty. Lillian Russell is somewhere between forty and forty-five. Of course, this would not be old age for any woman, but for Miss Russell it seems to be actually the heyday of youth. She looks like a girl of twenty, while her acting and singing have about them, to quote Alan Dale, "a freshness and spontaneity that would permit one to mistake her for her own daughter." Ada Rehan, a trifle more advanced in years than Miss Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew" this season than ever before. But these two instances are by no means the most striking. Ellen Terry, in England, is still dancing in "Much Ado About Nothing" at the age of fifty-seven. "Do you know," she said recently in an interview, "that my diffculty with Sir Henry Irving was that I could not convince him that I had grown too old for youthful parts? He would laboriously mount the slender ladder leading to the roof, the old man spurring his aged helpmeet to mount a few steps further, with the words: "We'll soon be there, mother, an' you'll forget all about the climb when you're looking at the show."

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The series of character delineations given by Albert Chevalier appeal with peculiar interest to every playgoer with intelligence to discriminate between the mere mugging comedian and the artist who combines ideality with skill. Chevalier is distinctly creative. Beneath the exterior of pigment and costumes are heart, soul and brain. "A book that is written from the heart," said Carlyle, "will go to the heart." A character depicted by Chevalier immediately arouses sympathy because it is human. His work is refined. Even his coster and his country yokel have the saving grace of a touch of ideality. His elderly characters, like the old singer or clubman, the rugged old singer of "My Old Dutch," and the superannuated tragedian, "The Fallen Star," are suffused with a tenderness and pathos that are irresistible. Each delineation is distinct and graphic. In a few minutes the impersonator completely changes alike his outward appearance and his method. A capacity like this is not the result of skill alone. It is directed by intelligence and experience, but chiefly by intelligence and culture. Hearing him sing "In the Old Kent Road," in the fantastic attire of a coster, full of the mannerisms of the character, the hat cocked roughly over one eye and the chin protruding in a defiant grin, one finds it hard to identify this personality with the pathetic aspect of the forgotten Hamlet who occupies the stage a few minutes later. But it is still more difficult to reconcile either of these portraits with the gentlemanly and scholarly actor when he has laid his characters aside and is Albert Chevalier himself. It is then that the springs are revealed which form the fountain of his inspirations. A man who loves books, who enjoys the acquaintance of noted men, who surrounds himself with pictures, and discusses literature, art and science with the enthusiasm of a devotee and the modest tone of a student, is not the book that is written from the heart. Himself the author of an interesting book and of several plays, he possesses the culture to seize upon the salient elements of human character and to crystallize them into concrete beings of flesh and blood in his delineations. Those who viewed his performances with the intelligent discrimination that inspired them, they were treats of the first order.



"Parsifal's return from his pilgrimage."—Scene from Henry W. Savage's production of "Parsifal." (in English.)