

# AFFAIRS OF THE STAGE

Colonel Bordeverry, a remarkable rifle shot, is creating a stir at the Lyceum Theatre, London. One of his most wonderful performances is to literally shoot a lady's dress off. As seen in our illustration, in the lady assistant's hat, on her shoulders and elbows, are various small targets, the "bull" of which is scarcely the size of a threepenny-bit. However, it is quite large enough for Colonel Bordeverry's purpose. Rifle in hand, he stands at one end of the stage, while his intrepid assistant takes up her stand at the other. In a trice the champion rifle and revolver shot of the world raises his weapon—there is a sharp report, and the lady's hat is seen to fall to the ground. The bullet has penetrated the small bull's eye, thereby loosening the fastenings of the hat. Another sharp report quickly rings out, and one side of the lady's dress is seen to fall from her shoulder, and so the marvelous shooting continues, until the lady's dress is literally "shot off her back," and she stands unharmed and calm, garbed in loose hanging robes.

That such precise marksmanship is truly marvelous goes without saying, and it demands steady nerves from both the "shooter" and his human target. Colonel Bordeverry, however, has nerves of iron.

On one occasion, in Germany, a gentleman in the audience protested that the "colonel's" feats were not genuine. "Will you kindly step on the stage?" was the quiet reply. "I see you are smoking a cigar," said the famous shot, as the dubious member advanced towards the footlights. "Yes, and why not?" came the answer. "Oh, well, never mind," replied Bordeverry; "I'll put it out for you, as it's against the rules this side of the footlights." Hardly had he spoken than a shot was heard, and the erstwhile smoker found his cigar flying out of his mouth. It had been shot in two parts at a distance of over twelve yards.

Another marvelous feat the famous marksman performs is to shoot a piece of sugar from between two men's foreheads. Leaning together, forehead to forehead, the two men hold in that position an ordinary piece of lump sugar. At a distance of seven yards the colonel raises his rifle, and, seeming scarcely to take aim, shoots the sugar away from its human supports. The rapidity with which his feats are performed has justly earned for this marvelous marksman the title of the "world's greatest rifle and revolver shot."

It seems as easy to him to lean over backwards from the dress circle of a theatre and snuff out a row of candles, one by one, with a rifle, as it is for the ordinary "shot" to hit a three-foot target at a distance of three yards.

It should also be mentioned that the colonel is an expert pianist player. He, however, seems to play the piano with his fingers—that is far too easy. He has another and much more original way of making music; he shoots the "Cavalleria Rusticana" from the piano with a revolver. Note by note, he makes a target of an ordinary piano. And when it is said that he can play several pieces from beginning to end with an ordinary six-chambered revolver, the novel musician can hardly be termed a beginner, either as a piano player or as a revolver shot. The writer had a short chat with the intrepid lady whose dress is shot off in the accompanying illustration described in this article. "I never feel the slightest nervousness," she said, "for never on a single occasion since I have taken up the novel profession of a 'target' has Colonel Bordeverry shot a hair's breadth away from the centre of those tiny bull's eyes—and she displayed the diminutive 'circles' of steel in her large picture hat and pretty evening gown.

Sir Henry Irving, in unveiling a tablet to James Quin, the famous eighteenth-century actor, at Bath, recently, told how Quin befriended James Thomson, the poet. He found Thomson, said Sir Henry, in prison for a debt of seventy pounds. He ordered supper and claret—a good deal of claret—and when the bottle was going round he said with grim humor, "It is time we should balance accounts." The unfortunate poet, who was already alarmed at this burly visitor, took him for another creditor. "Mr. Thomson," said Quin—I can see him thoroughly enjoying the scene, and stretching it out with those pauses for which he was noted on the stage—"Mr. Thomson, the pleasure—I have had in reading your works—I cannot estimate at less than a hundred pounds—and I insist on now—acquitting the debt."

A Torontonian who was recently in Boston, Mass., writes: "After seeing Maxine Elliott, I couldn't but think there wasn't a woman in the audience who had any perception of or longing for beauty who, if she had her own way, would not chose to look as the radiant star did, for certainly to our eyes she was more regally beautiful, captivating and altogether lovelier than ever. Considering Clyde Fitch's play has been on the boards for nearly two years, it is amazing that every one on the stage works with such freshness, spirit and lightness of touch. They either look nor act as if they were the least bit weary of their lines or situations. 'Her Own Way' bears a second seeing better than most comedies.

It goes along with such a delightful smoothness and security of touch. It scintillates with such clever modern dialect. The situations are so unhackneyed and its interest sustained at high level until the very last moment. The pitch until the opening scene are simply bewitching in their naturalness, their incessant chatter and their funny little movements. Such real children are seldom seen on the stage and they don't seem one bit spoiled after their two years of experience. Miss Elliott makes her first appearance in a gown of rich brown velvet, the draped bodice embroidered in a wheat design of a lighter tone. The hat is a large flat black one with numerous plumes beneath the brim, and her fur is of sable, a long stole and a muff. Later she wears a charming affair of white net with large dots heavily appliqued with lace, but her most beautiful gown is the one in which she dresses for the ball. It is a solid mass of opalescent paillettes, with a flower design in translucent spangles with a little lace on the bodice. The jewels are a dogcollar of diamonds with a rope of pearls and corsage ornaments of baroque pearls. A chaplet of green leaves is worn in the hair. The mourning gown of the last act is of dull black chiffon appliqued with renaisance lace. One of the choicest bits in Miss Elliott's performance is the reading of her lover's letter, which has just come to her from the Philippines, to her brother-in-law. It is an exquisite piece of naturalism, and her face, as she finds how intensely she is loved, becomes perfectly dazzling in its radiance and joy."

Mary Manning, after a brief absence from the stage, has made a big hit at the Criterion Theatre, New York, as Nancy Stair. Almost everybody has read the novel which tells the love story of the handsome highborn Scotch girl who in the tale is beloved by Robert Burns, the poet; Danvers McGairn, the leader of the Ellinburgh bar, and the Duke of Borthwicke, whose ambitious aims at the prime ministership in those days, when George was third was King, and whose heart was given to the Scotch beauty. No lassie of the kingdom was fairer to look upon than Nancy Stair, no young woman of the day had a readier wit or more bewitching manner, none more disastrously entangled men in the net of her charms or found herself in more dire distress than did Nancy Stair for love of whom murder was done. These were characters and incidents that formed the groundwork of Mrs. Elinor Macartney Lane's book, a novel which created a mighty stir when it was published some months ago.

Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio appears to have finished his new tragedy, "The Light Under a Bushel," which will be given at the end of this month in Milan. The author has read it to a select company of friends, who declare that it surpasses all his others. Of course, it is in verse, the poet having chosen the classic metre of the antique Italian tragedy. The first act is of about 500 verses, the other three somewhat shorter; so that altogether there are perhaps 2000 verses. The scene is laid in Peligno, in the territory of Aversa, a little town in the Abruzzi, just on the eve of Pentecost, in the time of King Ferdinand I, Bourbon. The action is quick and passionate, the whole tragedy taking place between noon and night of the same day, so that the scenery and costumes never change, which, however, will not be monotonous, the action being so swift and full of interest and movement. The work is a miracle of accuracy in local customs and superstitions, showing a quite marvelous sense of the dramatic possibilities in a village tragedy, where the passions are primitive and direct and where the subtleties of emotion do not exist. It is said that Signor D'Annunzio is also writing a new romance, which will be given to the public before long. The secret of the subject has been well kept, but it is safe to predict that it will not be of the "pleasant" order.

of the veteran comedian's eldest son, Charles.

Charles Hawtreys usually spends part of his summer vacation at Marienbad, in Germany, where the baths are supposed to be of unusual efficacy.

R. E. Fegg, who plays the injured man in the accident scene of "A Message from Mars," has been with the play since it was first acted, and has never missed a performance during five years.

A considerable number of clergymen are always found in the audience at Charles Hawtreys' performance of "A Message from Mars."

After an interval of four years the "Fashion Play" will be again acted in the Village of Selsach (Switzerland) during the summer of 1905.

Miss Alexandra Hall of "The College Widow" Co. is the tallest person of her sex upon the stage—six feet three inches.

Col. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) sailed March 11 for Paris, where he will open the Wild West show April 2, afterward touring Europe for three years.

Maude Adams' schoolgirl admirers in Boston bought out nearly all the matinee seats before the tickets for "The Little Minister" had been on sale 24 hours.

Mascagni has denied by cable the rumor that Calve is to create in his operatic version of "The Sorcerers" the role now being played by Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

W. C. DeMille, author of "Strongheart," with the co-operation of Albert P. Terhune, a New York newspaper man, has written his first musical piece, "Hero, Nero."

Maude Adams will not appear in London this spring in the new play written for her by William Gillette. Charles Frohman will reserve the first performance for America.

How the interior of the house in the second act of "A Message from Mars" is made to appear alternately visible and invisible is a puzzle to the majority of the spectators.

**COMING ATTRACTIONS.**

May Irwin loves epigrams. It is her pet form of a jest. Here are some of her recent ones:

A champagne appetite and beer income are all right, if you have a big enough beer trade.

When a man marries a woman, he takes her, for better or worse. Mine took me for worse and I made good. (Mrs. Elack)

An accommodation liar soon travels like a lightning express.

While running an automobile always keep your eyes on the road, and the rest of your face in the wagon.

I know enough about an automobile not to buy one.

When you have nothing to say, say it and retire.

I, too, have loved and can say with pride, The love I felt in youth has not yet

Charles Frohman has secured "The Mountain Climbers," by the author of that great success, "The White Horse Tavern."

Miss Marie Doro is to have the principal role in "Peter Pan" when that London spectacle is produced in America.

Chauncey Olcott, when studying in Europe, was greatly admired by Sims Reeves, the great English ballad tenor, and values many pieces of sheet music with Reeves' annotations on the margins.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore sailed for London on Saturday. Miss Moore will not be a member of the latest production "Leah Kleschna," but will make a tour of the provinces in "Mrs. Goring's Necklace."

Henrietta Crossman will begin a spring tour in "Mistress Nell" in Minneapolis on April 2. Her company includes Reeves, Smith, Emily Rigg, J. R. Furlong and William Herbert.

Sir Henry Irving has signed a contract for an American tour under the management of Charles Frohman, beginning in October.

Glen MacDonough, author of "It Happened in Nordland," is a grandson by marriage of Joseph Jefferson, Mr. MacDonough having married a daughter

died. Have gone thru life and now a straggling survival. Still love myself, and never had a rival.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is a woman of the same extraordinary vitality and endless energy as Sarah Bernhardt. Rarely by a day passes in which she does not take a brisk walk of eight or ten miles. Pedestrianism is to her a vast amusement. Next to it comes reading, and it very frequently happens that three nights out of a week she will sit up until five in the morning perusing plays. No manager is more assiduous at this kind of work than Mrs. Campbell, and her criticisms on the plays submitted to her are remarkably keen and analytical. Put to get from her an opinion regarding prominent authors is whose pieces she has appeared, or of prominent people of any description is an absolute impossibility. She never expresses views of any sort for publication, and during her present tour she has emphatically refused to be interviewed on any topic—more especially the topic of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

"Superba" in new dress and with up-to-date specialties and ballets, comes to the Grand the week of April 1. At ways of particular interest to its legions of staunch admirers, this season's edition of "Superba" promises more than the usual varied entertainment. In these particularly typical pantomimic illusions and tricks which the Haulons are masters of designing, the new edition will abound. Pierrot, the funny clown whose adventures give "Superba" its popularity, has a score of new adventures and this season's tricks are averred to be more ingenious than ever. Pierrot gets mixed up with the giant Candles; he meets the big Scotsman whose voracious appetite consumes all things; he goes to the World's Fair and is captured by highlanders; the frisky man, has written his first musical piece, "Hero, Nero."

One half of the world never knows how the other half lives, and when this fact is made evident it fills us with wonderment. A disclosure of vice, pictured by the bright lights of the stage with a setting of moving acting figures working out these problems, arouses an interest that cannot be duplicated by any other means. "Girl of the Streets," the thrilling melodrama written by that clever comedienne, Lillian Mortimer and which is being used by her as a starring vehicle, which comes to the Majestic at an early date, sets a new pace for the popular price play. The miscable creatures of humanity that sell their souls and attempt to drag down the pure to their lowly and despicable depths for the price of a drink are disclosed in all their hideousness in this play. There is a great moral lesson taught and in such a manner as will never be forgotten. The stage settings are of great magnitude and the company presenting this dramatic theme is in keeping with the strength of the star.

A young bride's struggles in a sea of doubt against the suspicions of an un-

compromising husband and the persecutions of relentless enemies is what forms the foundation of the new emotional melodrama, "A Wife's Secret," which Spencer and Aborn have produced on a scale of splendid scenic realism this season and which will be seen for the first time at the Majestic during the week of April 17. This powerful play of human emotions, full of tender thrilling scenes and dramatic situations, has to its credit a record of hearty approval and gratifying financial results in other cities where it has appeared, and has proven itself one of the most potent drawing attractions of its kind seen in recent years. Its main strength lies in its interesting and unhackneyed plot, novel developments and originality of a story entirely new to the stage. It has many interesting characters, portrayed by a carefully selected cast of melodramatic favorites, and the scenic equipment is said to be on a most pretentious scale.

**ACROSS THE PACIFIC.**

Bianey's Popular Melodrama to Return to the Majestic.

Bianey's stirring drama, "Across the Pacific," comes to the Majestic Theatre next week. The story is one of the war of the Philippines, but has its origin in a mining camp in Montana, where numerous schemes are hatched by the chief villain for the discomfort of everybody. From the camp the scene shifts to Chinatown, San Francisco, and shows an opium den in full blast. The picture is very realistic, and during the act one is afforded an opportunity of studying the awful effects of the drug when once the habit is acquired. The plot of the villain to separate a rich ward from her guardian, in which he is being constantly foiled, forms the main theme, and continues from America to a Philippine jungle. Here an exciting situation is presented in the attack on Blockhouse No. 7, in which a genuine rapid firing gatling gun is brought into use. The arrival of reinforcements under the command of General Lawton, relieves the garrison and everything ends in the usually happy way of stage stories. The principal role in the play is that of a newspaper correspondent, who is written by a book, and who goes to the Philippines with the Montana regiment that he may gather fresh material. The role is played by Harry Clay, who is favorably remembered here. As Willie Live, he manages to keep the audience in constant good spirits, and affords much amusement by his continual use of a camera. The company is one of the largest on the road, numbering about sixty persons. The production is given an entire new dress of scenery and effects this season, and on even a more elaborate scale than before.

**But Costs Less.**

After all, an automobile is nothing but a system of plumbing on wheels—Chattanooga Hitching Post.

SCHOOL STRIKES IN POLAND—A RUSSIAN SCHOOL INSPECTOR RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT WARSAW

One of the most remarkable features in revolt against the authorities. At a Russian subject employed as school inspector of the state of affairs in Russia and Warsaw girls' school the members of a school. The unfortunate inspector was and Russian Poland has been the strikes class smashed a portrait of the czar badly beaten with sticks and rulers and among university students and school which was hanging on the wall of the room amid a shower of children. Even girl scholars have risen classroom, and then severely handled a boots, shoes and lesson books. London Graph



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