

# AFFAIRS OF THE STAGE

Having been approached by the officials of the French Embassy in Washington to ascertain if they would receive the honor, George C. Tyler, William F. Connor and Theodore Liebler, of Liebler & Co., will at the end of the American tour of Rejane be decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor by the French government, in appreciation of the attention bestowed upon and the liberality of the terms paid by them to Rejane and the twelve French authors in whose plays Rejane is appearing. The Authors' Society of France, which is more powerful over there than any managerial institution, has also signified its intention of electing the three members of Liebler & Co. honorary members of the society.

Rejane is in receipt of the sum of \$5000 a week for herself and company from Liebler & Co., her American managers on this tour.

The female contingent of local theatregoers will not only be greatly interested in Rejane's art during her engagement here, but also in her dresses. One of these, made of silver tulle, is so delicate that it is packed in a specially-prepared, zinc-lined trunk, so that the sea air during the trans-Atlantic voyage could not tarnish it.

Rejane carries neither dogs nor parrots nor cats nor canary birds around with her on her American tour, much to the satisfaction of Liebler & Co., her American managers, who have had several unfortunate experiences with foreign stars and their pets.

One of the big hits of Rejane's "Merry Shop Girls" is the song, "Angling by Bubbling Brook," which is sung by Alice Maude Poole in the second act.

Hamilton Ravelle, whose latest engagement was with Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry," has quit the stage and is now engaged in painting miniatures in London.

George Primrose proposes to take a big minstrel troupe to London early in the spring. Negotiations are now under way for either the Lyric or the Shaftesbury.

Robert B. Mantell is to play an engagement of four weeks as stock star of the Alvin Theatre, Pittsburg, before his tour begins under the direction of William A. Brady.

Edna May will not go to Australia with "The School Girl," altho most attractive offers have been made for a tour of the antipodes with this musical comedy production.

Louis James, the Jacques Frochard of the all-star cast in "The Two Orphans," will be next in conjunction with Frederick Ward next season in a revival of "The Two Dromios."

"Lucky Durham," a play by the late Wilson Barrett, will be given its first American production by E. S. Willard.

A less athletic man than James K. Hackett would find it exceedingly difficult to make the leap into the "royal oak," which that actor nightly achieves in the role of Charles Stuart, the hero of "The Fortunes of the King."

The imitation of Bernhardt which Rejane gives during "Lolote" is said to be so striking that Bernhardt said that she never knew how good she was until she saw herself imitated so faithfully.

George D. MacDowell, son of Melbourne MacDowell, has gone into business and will not return to the stage.

Henry E. Dixey has returned to the vaudeville field with his one-act play, "David Garrick, or the Art of Acting."

A one-act play by Richard Harding Davis, called "Miss Civilization," is to be acted in New York by the pupils of a dramatic school.

Geraldine Ulmar has returned to the London stage and is now appearing in "Ladyiang," in which the leading part is played by Burt Coote.

Charles Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars" has just finished a successful tour of the south. He is now filling engagements in the west.

Ethel Barrymore's character in "Sunday" is that of a young girl in a western mining camp who afterwards goes to London.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's accident not only compels her to abandon her American tour, but may quite possibly leave her troubled with a slight lameness. She pleaded hard, of course, to be "patched up"—a process of which the hardworking world of professional entertainers has frequent experience—but fracture of the kneecap permits no makeshift measures. There will be wide-spread sympathy with Mrs. Campbell on both sides of the Atlantic; she is, at any rate, among the elect who have attained and deserve such popularity. It is to risks of another kind that English actors and singers commit themselves for larger salaries when they tour the States—risks from life in travel, greater personal fatigue and the rough-and-tumble of a new country. To be crippled by an

ordinary slip on the pavement is particularly bad luck, for which one might as well have stayed at home; and Mrs. Campbell may be thankful to modern surgery. Not long ago this very accident of a fractured kneecap would have put an end to her career upon the stage.

Nearly \$20,000 was spent upon the smart modern frocks of the latest fashion which are delighting the feminine section of the audience at the Lyric Theatre, London, where Seymour Hicks' "Talk of the Town" is being presented. This sum is not quite so extravagant as it may seem at first glance, for there are about a hundred and forty of these dresses altogether, including a number of beautiful evening gowns and garden-party frocks, the latter arranged with hats and sunshades, and even the most elaborate of petticoats to match. Something entirely new in the way of color schemes is a feature of the production, and in one scene the gowns are out entirely in shades of rose color, from the palest and most delicate pink to the deepest crimson, while in another scene everyone of green is represented, from lilyleaf to emerald. The six vaudeville girls, as Mr. Hicks calls them, appear in the second act in wonderful repertoire costumes of pale blue, pale yellow and pale green, with huge lace hats. These gowns they change for lovely evening dresses, two in gold and silver tissue, two in pale blue, with diamond embroideries, and two in white, embroidered with silver.

The United States press is at the present moment loud in praise of a new five-act drama, entitled "Leah Kierchua," written by Hugh Morton, who is best known as the author of "The Belle of New York." If report speaks true, Mr. Morton has made enormous strides regarding the literary merit of his work, for while "The Belle of New York" was as amusing as anything of its kind, it was admittedly of a far less ambitious order, and even "Glittering Gloria," which was also from the same pen, did not afford great evidence of anything more than an ability to devise a certain amount of uproarious fun.

The Italian papers are by no means inclined to allow Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's petulance, as they call it, to pass without comment, so that a very pretty little quarrel is promised. It will be remembered that the great French actress left Naples in a fury, because as she put it, the San Carlo Opera House was opened for the season on the evening of her first performance in Naples. She went on to say, "Rather than have disagreeable surprises in Rome, I preferred to wait until the education in politeness of the Italians had been completed!" One paper exclaims: "The San Carlo did not choose to change the custom of years—they always open their season on St. Stephen's Day—Mme. Bernhardt accuses the whole Italian nation of discourtesy, and wishes to teach us manners. Another time when Mme. Bernhardt comes among us we will keep even the churches closed; parliament will suspend its sittings and the Bourse will close its doors; perhaps thus we may regain our reputation." The paper then goes on, "But we would like to ask what she means by this. Sarah Bernhardt acts in Paris when she suspends its representations? And when the best Italian artists go to the French capital, what happens?" But the point which really rankles is that the French actresses said that she hoped the lesson she had given would be understood and taken to heart. The papers cannot find words to express their indignation. Taken to heart, indeed! They hurl the very idea back, and hint that she must mend her own temper and manners before giving lessons to others.

Stratford-on-Avon has Shakespeare, and, having Shakespeare, is now to have all else in literature added to it. Its new public library, the gift of Mr. Carter, was opened Jan. 4, and the mayor, who became the first borrower, ordered for a copy of the local post, as a token that he would not be entirely overwhelmed by the competition of fresh names.

**Mickey the Wise Guy.**  
Say, Boys, backing the ponies is a tough way to cop the change. If a guy puts a case note on a nag and gets back half a buck after the race, he is a bird. Ponies run for the dough, and if a duck is wise enough to cop it away from the nags, he ought to have a medal. Have you ever scanned a pool room or a bookmaker's box? They has two men to take the dough away from you, but they only has one guy to pass you out the mazzamorra, in case your mule pokes his back under the wire first. If a gazabo sticks to the ponies it will put a dent in his bank roll what no ten boiler-maker's can hammer out. I puts you wise to this so you can pick out a spot to plant a coin where you gets your money's worth. I has just seen a trick what is a hundred to one shot, and it brings home the dough every time. The name of this good thing is "The Rentz-Santley Co." and it hits your village next week. You don't have to drag all your pennies out of the bank, nor do you go up against a game what you fifty cents per copy for swell sittings, and you gets laughs what is worth two bones every trip. This gang of people from the fun factory plays "think what they tips as "Looping the World." Now, say, fellows, just you add up your talk right now; don't get your dates

twisted and go round looking like a frog what ain't got a croak in him, but take a good look at it is his to play it for the board. Don't put your chin on the line, for this tribe, 'cause it will give you heart disease to see it bounce under the wire with twenty lengths of sunshades between it and the next thing. Jules Verne scribbled a book what he called "Round the World in Eighty Days" and in it he had a guy who chases round the world in them number of days, but this duck Verne is a deuce with this bunch, 'cause there is a chap in this trick what vamps round the earth in eighty minutes, and when a guy can run that fast there ain't no reason why all of you fellers don't play it to the limit. Claus & Montez pulls the stoppers out of their pipes and chirps like canaries. The Eckharts is wind jammers and fiddle ticklers what makes a guy dip his sky piece to them. Cliff Farrell spouts funny stories, 'Say, this guy is got a mortgage on the laughing foundry and he just digs out the laughs when he wants them. Hawthorne & Burt is dancers what drives all the other marks way back to the clover. Charlie Douglass chirps parodies what makes you burble over your mug so you can't about too loud from the Ha Ha's he slings at 'em. The Bijou Comedy Four is ripe persimmons for the bunch. Then dem little fellows that knocked the Russians all out for sure, the Japs, The Yamamoto Bros, as acrobats are it for fair. Say when a guy thinks he can shoot his gimbs at this trick for only half a buck and then thinks that you have to dig in your teeth for a full simoleon to back the ponies, it sends him on the overland route to the dip factory, 'for this trick will win every time, while the hosses ain't so sure. Back this trick off the boards; it's a sure winner. Yours for the coin, Mickey.

**NEW MELODRAMA FOR THE MAJESTIC**  
"Hearts Adrift" will be Presented at the Popular House All This Week with a Matinee Every Day.

"Hearts Adrift," a scenic melodrama which met with well-deserved approval here last season, will be the offering at the Majestic Theatre all this week, with a matinee every day. The story of the play is of strenuous New York and New Orleans of today. Its people are high and low, rich and poor, good and bad, refined and uncouth, and grave and gay. For its centre, it has two heroic figures—one a bright young man, who has risen from the lowly position of newsboy to the head of a bank, only to fall under the suspicion of the law for a crime of which he is innocent—the other, a reformed drunkard, formerly a noted detective, who, partially atone for the wrongs of his early manhood, and partially thru gratitude, shoulder the crime himself and then proceeds to bring to justice the real criminals. Enlisted in the efforts to clear the youth's name is the young girl of his choice, a wanderer of flowers—while in the conspiracy against him is his employer's daughter, a beautiful but unprincipled young heiress, who is maddened by his affection for the simple flower girl in preference to herself.

The play opens in the office of Banker Lane. Two clever scoundrels—an inventor and the promoter of an airship, rob and murder the banker. Circumstantial evidence points to the clerk, who is arrested, but the brave old detective clears the younger man by declaring himself the criminal; this in order to throw the real assassins off their guard. Exciting events follow quickly, one on another, the self-accused detective being convicted and sentenced to death. Then comes his clever escape from prison and subsequent dodging of the police; further plottings of the chief conspirators, carrying the audience to a typical east side restaurant, then to the laboratory of the scoundrels, to which place the flower girl and her crippled brother are brought and imprisoned. Thru the rear window can be seen the big airship which figures so strongly in the story. The detective and the young banker come in disguise, secure the stolen booty of the robbers, liberate the boy and girl, when they are surrounded by the conspirators. The only means of escape is the airship, in which they climb hastily, unfasten it and soar rapidly upward, but not before one of the pursuers has climbed aboard with them. A desperate fight ensues, while the aeroplane is flying full-speed, ending with victory for the escaping quartet, the villain being thrown headlong into the sea. This transformation is accomplished by clever mechanical devices, the workshop and its many curious implements vanishing in an instantaneous "dark change," leaving the airship with nothing but the dark sky, thick clouds and flashing lightning about it. In the next scene the plot is carried to the New England coast, where the fugitives have been stranded in the airship, and the last act shows the palatial residence of one of the rascally conspirators, on the Hudson, where all ends well thru the cleverness of the detective and his associates.

The leading role of Capt. Teddy, the old detective, is still in the clever hands of E. L. Snader, who is ably supported by Harry J. Hunt, George C. Pearce, Master Phil McCarthy, Jr., H. K. Fowler, Bert Walter, Louis Bishop, Philip McCarthy, Lew Walter, C. J. Singleton, J. E. Mikel, Walter Moyo, Frances Whitehouse, E. Hayden Curran, May Ethel Courtney and Annabelle Gordon.

On Wednesday evening the election returns will be announced from the stage, before, during and after the performance.

**An Imperial Romance.**  
Vienna Letter in London Chronicle.  
A novel old woman, with Hapsburg blood in her veins, a great-niece of Emperor Franz Joseph and half-sister of Prince Alfred Montenuovo, deputy chief court marshal, has just been dismissed from her humble position as charwoman in the Imperial Burg Theatre, and now faces starvation, and the irony of the situation is intensified by the fact that the official who signed the order of her dismissal is her half-brother, Prince Montenuovo.

The unfortunate woman's father was Prince Wilhelm Montenuovo, son of Maria Louise, the daughter of Emperor Francis and wife of Napoleon I. from her second marriage with Count Adam Nelpperg ("Montenuovo" being only the Italian translation of the old German name "Nelpperg"). Prince Montenuovo, who was a half-brother of Napoleon's ill-fated son, the Duke of Reichstadt, in the late forties of the last century, was a dashing member of the Viennese court. He was fond of music, and frequently visited the house of a family named Gottbank, where some of the best music in Vienna was performed. The Gottbanks had an adopted daughter, Maria Josepha Rautenbela, herself an accomplished musician, and considered at the time Vienna's greatest beauty. She was seduced by the prince, and gave birth to a daughter, of whom the prince acknowledged the paternity. He refused, however, to do anything for her.  
Maria Josepha Rautenbela died soon afterwards. Her little girl was twice adopted, and each time lost her benefactors, being left penniless. From her second adopted father she took the name Severt. As a young girl she played children's parts in fairy plays, then became a member in strolling companies. Some 10 years ago she returned to Vienna, aged before her time, ill and unfit for the stage.  
An actor, who remembered her mother and knew her story, secured her the position as imperial charwoman. But she was given to understand that immediate dismissal would be attempted on her part to approach Prince Alfred Montenuovo, the son of Prince Wilhelm, and therefore her half-brother.

She faithfully held the compact.

**Good-Hearted Ducks.**  
"Ducks possess plenty of good sense, unrivaled memories and in many cases very good hearts," said Frank Finn, the well-known ornithologist, in a lecture on the waterfowl of London parks recently.  
"People wonder why 'duck' is a term of endearment," he continued. "The originator of the affectionate epithet was probably thinking of the neatness and genial disposition of the duck."  
Mr. Finn also had a good word for geese, asserting that they are unusually intelligent and peculiarly sentimental, evincing strong attachments, sometimes to the most unlikely objects.  
"They have much more force of character than swans, altho in this respect the black swan is superior to the white."  
The white swan is the acknowledged monarch of waterfowl, and is a very old favorite, believed to have been introduced to England by Richard Coeur-de-Lion.

**A Notable Frenchwoman's Death.**  
There recently passed away a long-forgotten Frenchwoman, who, in her day and without meaning it, set Europe by the ears in controversy. People of middle-age only know of La Salette from books, but the older generation will not need to be told the mountain and its apparitions were once only less famous than Lourdes itself. Meaine Mathieu, the heroine of them, was then 14, and she passed straightway to bury herself and her visions in the cloister where, after 53 years of quiet seclusion, she has just died at the age of 72. After reaching her three-score and ten, she two years ago experienced the sadness of involuntary exile owing to the expulsion of the religious order from France. Her death took place in the little Italian town of Altamura.

**The Test of Palmistry.**  
From The Cincinnati Commercial.  
She had dropped his hand with an indescribable gesture of bewilderment.  
"Johnnie John" she gasped. "Why have you never told me?"  
"Told you what?" asked the startled lover.  
"That you were going to be a rich man."  
"I didn't know it myself; how do you make it out?"  
"Why, your life line is very red. It starts between the thumb and index finger, runs around the Mount of Venus, with a deep branch line running straight to the Mount of Plenty."

"You are away off, Gerty." That was a diagram I was drawing to show the boys how Fort Arthur fell. That red splash is where Captain Dragomoutsky lost a leg.

## "RUNNING FOR OFFICE" A BREEZY COMEDY

The breezy musical comedy, "Running For Office," will be presented at the Grand Opera House all the week by a big and clever company of fifty people, under the management of George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris, commencing with the usual Monday evening performance. The term "musical comedy" has been much abused by its general application to productions that possess no merit beyond attractive gowns, scenery and light effects pleasing to the eye, but without either dramatic or musical merit. "Running for Office," which is from the pen of George M. Cohan, and incidentally the best of this clever actor's efforts, is a real comedy with a plot of sense, a happy blending of fun and frivolity, with jingling lyrics that are whistled, hummed and sung from the time they are heard. No one will have any difficulty in recognizing the piece as the work of George Cohan, that clever young actor, who is a member of the famous Four Cohans. The latter can get as many exits and entrances to a minute as any man who turns out productions for the stage, and with the youthful George it is not a question of simply making his characters chase each other across the stage. This is an old trick, but Mr. Cohan so works these quick entrances and exits that each causes a new complication. The audience is in a continual roar of laughter during the rapid action of this piece. All of the 15 songs are tuneful, and "If I Were Only Mister Morgan," "I Want to Go to Paris, Papa," "I'll Be There at the Public Square," "Root for Reilly" and others have become immensely popular. "Running for Office" was inspired at the passage of the local option bill in the State of Vermont. The white flag of temperance is so often waved, and its adherence seldom taken seriously that when a state like Vermont makes local option initiated, attention is excited both of a serious and humorous nature. The possibilities suggested to the author resulted in a comedy that was one of the most talked about and noteworthy successes of last season. The scenes are laid in Tigrerville, Vermont; it is not on the map, but it is in the play, nevertheless. The characters are in keeping with the surroundings and are not exaggerated, as is usually the case where an author depicts rural atmosphere. To conceal from his wife the fact of having a grown-up daughter, John Tiger, a politician, who is running for office in his native town, resorts to all sorts of "white lies," and when his wife surprises him in the act of kissing his daughter, his troubles begin. To further complicate the situation, Mrs. Tiger, who had been previously married, is discovered by Tiger in the arms of a grown-up son, of whom Tiger had no knowledge. Tiger's cup of domestic woe is then filled to overflowing. The resulting situation brought about by Tiger's matrimonial and political troubles develop into fast and furious rapid-fire fun. The company is composed of a number of clever comedians, among whom is the well-known Toronto favorite of some years ago, Thomas J. Grady. The production is splendidly mounted, the original one used during the New York run being used, and the costumes are all new, effective and picturesque. On Wednesday, election night, the returns will be announced from the stage.

**Eureka.**  
From The Dallas News.  
I am not an etymologist.  
As I'm not fond of Jargon.  
And as a chemist I did not find  
Either radium or argon.  
But I've made a great discovery  
At which you will not scoff—  
I've found that the girl with dimples  
Has the smile that won't come off.



A Scene from "GHOSTS" at the Princess the First Half of the Week.