

# Music and the Drama

**THE GRAND.**  
Today, matinee and night.  
Monday, "Slaves of the Mine."  
Tuesday, "The Crossing."  
Wednesday, "The Crossing."  
Thursday, "The Crossing."  
Friday, "The Crossing."  
Saturday, "The Crossing."  
Sunday, "The Crossing."  
All week, every evening, and matinee every day.  
First-Class Vaudeville.

"Slaves of the Mine," which is at the Grand this afternoon and evening, tells an every-day, homelike story, showing the life of the miners, which is so full of interest and drama. It is the latest and most successful play dealing with the life of the miners, and is so full of interest and drama, with bright and witty dialogue, strong complications and dramatic scenes of great strength. The engagement here is at its popular price.

A British opinion of the attraction coming to the Grand Opera House for five nights and three matinees next week:

"Professor E. K. Crocker, the invincible monarch of all horse edicts, began a week-end at the Grand Theatre, Royal on Saturday afternoon with his horses, ponies, donkeys, and mules. It is fifteen years since Professor Crocker first entertained the city, but those who have seen the splendid equine entertainment have lively recollection of it, and will need no urging to go again. Those who have not seen it, however, will be well advised not to miss it. Sensitive to the slightest word or gesture from their trainer, they never have to be asked twice to do a thing. The intelligence with which they roll barrels up and down planks, skip, distinguish colors, open a desk and bring articles out of it, take part in the trial of an equine prisoner, drill, jump, and perform other feats, is a number of horses are surprised whilst sleeping in an earthenware, and called on to surrender unconditionally. The refusal, and are subjected to canoodling from the enemy's fort; but help arrives, and after shelling the fort they succeed in capturing it. The comic elements in the programme, so far as the animals themselves are concerned, is supplied by the ludicrous antics of the mules and donkeys. The entertainment is long, though not a moment too long." (Peterborough (England) Times).

The musical numbers in "Piff Paff Puff" this season are practically the same as last season except the introduction of the new number, "Love, Love, Love." "We Rest, Ourselves To Be Married," is a sextet, by Mr. Graham, Miss Osterman, the Misses Maynard, Elwood and Dunmore, and is a very clever thing. Mr. Graham, in the chorus in "Cordelia Malone," is a decided hit. In fact, all of the musical numbers in "Piff Paff Puff" are very pleasing. The company will be seen here shortly.

Leander De Cordova and Miss Ethel Blaine, who head the company which will present the magnificent, staged, modern, high-class melodrama, "The Shadows Behind the Throne," at the Grand Opera House, at an early date, have earned the enviable position they now hold as leaders in melodramatic work, by the intelligent exercise of their remarkable talents, and by hard, conscientious work.

The most pretentious production of the present dramatic season will be seen here for the first time on Monday evening next at the Grand Opera House, when Winston Churchill's great book-play, "The Crossing," dramatized by Mr. Churchill and Mr. E. K. Crocker, will be seen. "The Crossing" has so far proven to be the most intensely dramatic and interesting play situations, and there is never an idle moment from the first rise of the curtain. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Shipman are recognized today as the two most notable writers in the dramatic world, and in "The Crossing" they have produced a play which is exceeding in popularity even "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Sign of the Cross" earlier successes. As a matter of fact, neither of the authors have ever been associated with a failure, and in "The Crossing" they have the best play upon which they have ever worked.

In play form, "The Crossing" tells a great and powerful story of the early history of America, and is a thrilling world's history are more interesting or dramatic than the story of the conquest of the middle west by the pioneers. All of the wonder of that adventurous phase in the early history of the United States has been caught throughout this romance.

Each of the four acts is laid in the city of New Orleans towards the end of the eighteenth century. That was a time, as everyone knows, when that section of the country was under the rule of the Spanish King, but was inhabited mostly by Frenchmen.

With these picturesque surroundings, and with the daring young Americans, Nicholas Temple, to furnish the romance and adventure, to say nothing of several pretty love scenes, the authors have worked out a play which has met everywhere with instant success.

The adventurous young American, who goes into the country in search of a mother, finds not only his lost parent, but a sweetheart, too. This is the part which will be played by Mr. John Blair, one of the men in this country.

Mr. Shipman and Mr. Blair have selected a company of rare excellence. The comedy roles have been entrusted to Mr. Etienne Girardot, who for three successive years, made the whole country laugh in his portrayal of "Charles' Aunt." Mabel Bert will play Mrs. Temple, and other well-known people in the company are Hall McAllister, Alex. E. Frank, Arthur R. Lawrence, R. V. Ferguson, Shelley Hall, Z. Richter, Violet Houk, Laura Clement, Eugenie Upham, Madge Oliver and others.

Of all the novel trained animal acts appearing before the public in vaudeville, perhaps the most unique is that of Farmer Jones and his chickens, who will be seen at Bennett's this week.

There are three in Farmer Jones' act, and the oldest is Adam Devoe. He has not had a real, eighteen-cent success since "Mrs. Dane's Defense," though both "Whitewashing of Julia" and "Joseph Entranced" enjoyed some success. "The Heroic Stubbs," a complete frost, but so, too, was

her trained pigeons, her game bantams and her performing ducks. Another star feature of the bill will be the appearance for the first time here of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Powers, who will present "The Players." This pleasing little comedy skit serves their purpose admirably to introduce the blending of drama, vaudeville, grand and comic opera. Both are accomplished players and vocalists, and it is to be judged their merits by the lavish praise bestowed upon their performance by the newspapers in the various cities where they have appeared, they are bound to "make good" in London.

McNamee, the famous vaudeville modeler, will give a novel exhibition of artistic skill. His performance consists in molding faces out of masses of common clay. With remarkable artistic dexterity, he forms out of the bulky and unartistic lumps of clay the features of great men and also humorous caricatures, finishing his performance by shaping a statuette of Venus de Milo.

Eppe and Loretta are two clever colored entertainers, who will play a return engagement next week. Their splendid singing and dancing made a hit here last season, and George Eppe proved himself to be one of the funniest colored comedians on the stage. Sullivan and Simpson will present their comedy singing sketch, "A New-boy's Appeal." This act has been presented by the above clever artists in all the leading vaudeville theaters of America, and comes to London direct from a tour of the Proctor circuit.

James Carey, the actor for whom Clyde Fitch searched in vain when he was arranging the cast of "The Toast of the Town," has been located. He is a member of "The Max and Superano" Company, appearing at the Court Theatre, London. Mr. Carey accompanied Maxine Elliott to London in "Her Own Way," and Mr. Fitch re-engaged him

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"The Lackey's Carnival," the Jones play that came just before "Mrs. Dane."

What is supposed to be a unique collection of Dickensiana, the possession of the late F. G. Kitton, is coming into the market. It comprises, we are told by an official of the Dickens Fellowship:

Some 300 books on Dickens and his works, the majority of these being autograph copies; over 200 different portraits of the novelist; numerous volumes of magazine and newspaper articles relating to Dickens, pictures, programmes, playbills, etc.; autograph letters from famous admirers of the novelist; several plays based upon the novels; original reports of speeches by Dickens; numerous pamphlets, etc. There is also a splendid collection of original Dickens drawings by such well-known artists as Brock, Leslie Ward, Ralphy and others.

The Dickens Fellowship is trying to secure a fund for the purpose of purchasing the collection as the nucleus of a national Dickens library. The library committee of the corporation of London have expressed their readiness to accept, house and make the collection accessible to the public, and it only remains to accumulate the money. That such a project should be even thought of is a significant testimony to the unalterable place of Dickens in England—a place unaffected by the sneers of some present day critics at his work as bourgeois. Dickens remains, but the little critics leave not a wrack behind.

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"Ten, Twenty, Thirty!" When I go out o' Sat'dy night, Most gloriously I blow Meese an' Mag ter aithin light An' snappy in a show. Ders only one sort fills de bill— One sort I like to see, De voddervil fer me.

I'm stuck upon de funny Mick; I'm daffy on de Dutch. I like ter see de 'rowin' bricks, An' rapperty an' such. I like de good old song an' dance, It's easy like an' free. Whenever I kin git de chance, De voddervil fer me.

I don't pay no good money out Becus I want ter weep. To see folks turnin' on de spout Most any time is cheap. I'm sorry when der sigh an' groan, All right; but hully gee! I've got some troubles ay me own, De voddervil fer me.

—Chicago News.

think I can play Bill Sikes better than the public think Jim Corbett can act him.

So spoke James J. Corbett just as he was going on the stage to do his monologue at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre, New York.

After taking five curtain calls he resumed: "You see how well I'm received in this story-telling act. I've been five years persuading the public that I can tell stories that will amuse them and have succeeded."

"I know how the public look upon the pugilist going on the stage as a joke. No pugilist who ever went on the stage did so for any serious purpose. The first match he could get on he deserted the stage with a parting remark that could not be uttered in polite society. The stage for the pugilist has been a sort of limelight where he can show off his vanity by exploiting his brawn and little achievements. I want to say that I have gone into the stage business seriously. I have

admission of him as an actor, would somehow interfere with my warm approval of anyone else who should undertake the role of poor old Rip. If I had conclusively or otherwise allowed such a condition to grow up, it was speedily cancelled when I saw the son of the creator of the character of Rip Van Winkle portray that part in loving imitation, in conscientious striving toward his father's perfection and with individual and personal qualities of his own."

The Chicago-Record, Herald says: A novelty in vaudeville is a tiny Japanese woman, who, with a bulky American assistant, practices his jitsu tricks. Also she gives incidentally a demonstration in advertising sales. On Harlan's business streets, at a thronged time of the day, a woman was accosted by a man.

"May I go along with you?" he asked, impudently.

"You might try," she replied, demurely. "The man was a beawny six-footer, the woman a frail five-footer, but before the gathering shoppers could say what a shame it was for such a big huffer to mash him, she kicked him back of his knees, and then, as he tottered on, she suddenly bent legs, she caught him by his arms from behind and threw him on the sidewalk. Before she sat on him and scolded him until a policeman came, to which time a cheering multitude had assembled. It wasn't till next day, when he was fined in court, that anyone recognized him as the famous jitsu expert."

Meanwhile the morning journals had described the fake as a brave woman's punishment of a ruffian. The next day a jitsu team in a Harlem music hall this week. But they kept up the bluff by declaring that they were in counter was honest, and that they went into partnership afterward to repeat it as a lesson to masher and masher.

Ben Greet is in Shakespearean competition, Elizabethan style, with the theatre. He has hired a hall, and on the bare stage of it is this week enacting Shylock and Benedict, as he has in other cities. The audiences here are composed in part of those who want to know how Shakespeare's plays looked in Shakespeare's time. The severest test of the sceneless method, however, was made last week with "Henry V." That unimaginative historic chronicle, with its meager yield of familiar quotations and its palpable demand for pictorial illustration, did not greatly reward Richard Mansfield when he brought it out spectacularly. As recited by Ben Greet and his company, on a plain platform, in a half empty big hall, it subjected me to a painful trial of endurance. Yet next to me set an engrossed and almost ecstatic listener. And there you are.

Ex-President of the United States Grover Cleveland thus reviews a recent performance by Thomas Jefferson, son of his old friend, the late Joseph Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle."

"Yes, I was there, and I saw one of the best and most remarkable performances I have seen for years. I had supposed that my great love for Joseph Jefferson as a man and friend, and my unbounded

admiration of him as an actor, would somehow interfere with my warm approval of anyone else who should undertake the role of poor old Rip. If I had conclusively or otherwise allowed such a condition to grow up, it was speedily cancelled when I saw the son of the creator of the character of Rip Van Winkle portray that part in loving imitation, in conscientious striving toward his father's perfection and with individual and personal qualities of his own."

The Chicago-Record, Herald says: A novelty in vaudeville is a tiny Japanese woman, who, with a bulky American assistant, practices his jitsu tricks. Also she gives incidentally a demonstration in advertising sales. On Harlan's business streets, at a thronged time of the day, a woman was accosted by a man.

"May I go along with you?" he asked, impudently.

"You might try," she replied, demurely. "The man was a beawny six-footer, the woman a frail five-footer, but before the gathering shoppers could say what a shame it was for such a big huffer to mash him, she kicked him back of his knees, and then, as he tottered on, she suddenly bent legs, she caught him by his arms from behind and threw him on the sidewalk. Before she sat on him and scolded him until a policeman came, to which time a cheering multitude had assembled. It wasn't till next day, when he was fined in court, that anyone recognized him as the famous jitsu expert."

Meanwhile the morning journals had described the fake as a brave woman's punishment of a ruffian. The next day a jitsu team in a Harlem music hall this week. But they kept up the bluff by declaring that they were in counter was honest, and that they went into partnership afterward to repeat it as a lesson to masher and masher.

Ben Greet is in Shakespearean competition, Elizabethan style, with the theatre. He has hired a hall, and on the bare stage of it is this week enacting Shylock and Benedict, as he has in other cities. The audiences here are composed in part of those who want to know how Shakespeare's plays looked in Shakespeare's time. The severest test of the sceneless method, however, was made last week with "Henry V." That unimaginative historic chronicle, with its meager yield of familiar quotations and its palpable demand for pictorial illustration, did not greatly reward Richard Mansfield when he brought it out spectacularly. As recited by Ben Greet and his company, on a plain platform, in a half empty big hall, it subjected me to a painful trial of endurance. Yet next to me set an engrossed and almost ecstatic listener. And there you are.

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