"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD does not seem to have set the Thames afire with his production of Hauptmann's "The Conflict" was so emasculated by Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. James Brown Potter, who presented it in London, that Fernald very sensibly refused to permit the use of his name on the paper or playbills. The piece failed there, of course, although it enjoyed a short lived success, after a fashion, in this city. Fernald's friends in England made the serious mistake, after "The Conflict" failed, of inviting the author to visit with the production of "The Moonlight Blossoms," then impending. This was written exclusively by Fernald, and it was put on by an excellent company in probably the manner desired by the author. Besides, the subject was peculiarly in Fernald's taking, as the scene was laid in Japan.

The piece, after the production, was regarded by most persons as being pretty nearly a failure, and as a result Fernald's stock as playwright has vanished apparently in London. It is signed by even the young man's friends in this country that if he was unable to write a successful play on an absent patient, he had best give little hope of succeeding with any other theme, for his training and researches have given him a decided advantage over the average author in the matter of Chinese and Japanese literature.

Fernald's well wishers would like to see Sacramento himself to story writing, as they believe that he would speedily win international fame for himself in that field, and, while the remuneration for one successful play is equal to that which goes with a score of stories, it is safe to say that the man of good stories than it is to write the single play. Fernald's studies of Chinese life, which have appeared in the monthly magazines of this country, are so delightfully written and so unlike we have had from a native author during the past decade, and it does seem to be a mistake for him to wander into comparatively new fields in the vain effort to catch up with the elusive unit fortune of sudden wealth through the medium of play writing.

Several years ago there was a little girl in this city who used to give imitations of the various actors and actresses she had seen. These were usually done for the delectation of her parents' friends. A little later she attracted the attention of the Rosenfeld brothers, who then ruled the dramatic roost here, and she was given a part in a local play, "Hassalo." The child was engaged for the principal role, but the Grove society interfered, as she was less than 10 years of age. A contract for the exploitation of the child's undoubtedly remarkable ability had been entered into with the Rosenfelds, but for some reason the scheme was abandoned.

The little girl was Alice Pierce. She was not heard of for some time, but finally turned up in England as an important member of Hawtrey's Theatre company. Next she was touring the British provinces at the head of a "Belle of New York" company, playing Miss Mae's role of the Salvation Army lassie. Then she went into London music halls, where she gave imitations of popular futurities with much success. A trip to South Africa followed, and there she made a great hit. She will shortly return to London for an indefinite engagement, for the unassuming little girl has developed into a high class vaudeville attraction. Her salary is probably larger than that of many a leading woman at the prominent London theatres.

Alice Pierce is a Boston girl. Her mother is an actress, but her father was a nonprofessional, having made an enviable reputation at the bar of his native city.

It is interesting to note the methods employed by those managers in this city who have certain so called dramatic critics either allied to them by friendship or a community of interests. When one of these managers buys a play, you will see in the papers, apropos of nothing, some mention of the work in question, most frequently the bare statement that it has been a great success in London or Paris. Then watch the columns preached over by the friendly critics and in a few days you will almost convince yourself that the management of the purchase of the aforementioned play by the great manager, it may be rather an infelicity to the aforesaid critics, but it does you kind by admitting that the subject is an art critically shrewd one. The only trouble, of course, is that the public may eventually tire of the critics, and then the fat will be in the fire, for nothing they may print thereafter will be believed, whether it be true or false, whether it be a legitimate work from or a skillfully calculated piece of press work.

It is reported along the Rialto that a farce which has made a great hit at the Palais Royal, Paris, will shortly be presented in this city, the American rights having been secured a couple of weeks ago by a local manager. The farce is said to go the rounds of the letter of infidelity, and if the suggestion of the story, which has already been published, be correct, the subject matter must be admitted. It is about as follows: A discussion between the chief of police and his friend results in a wager, the latter declaring that his wife is more an efficient thief than any will, if interested to do so, assist in the following evening at secrets according of the jewels of the private citizen in the interim, not omitting the slightest detail. That starts the play.

The citizen, like most French "gentlemen," has not a very acute sense of honor, and, prior to the holding of the wager, he has been making desperate love to the wife of the police captain. She has not not his advances half well, but just at this juncture she is armed with a fit of modesty and determined to meet her suitor that evening. The outlines him, and his efforts to keep the appointment without having the secrets discover what he is about make the complications which are regarded as extremely amusing by the matter loved French people.

If an American playwright were to write such a farce and submit it to the leading managers of this country, he would stand about as much chance of having the piece produced as he would of winning the capital prize in a lottery which does not exist. But when the piece is offered to these same managers by a French dramatist or his agent they fairly tumble over each other in the effort to get it. The opportunity to advertise it as a Paris success, they fondly imagine, is worth a great deal of money, as the impression is thereby conveyed that the piece is irresistibly "risky," without the necessity for swearing in so many words. Hundreds of the "Low Brows" are attracted by this method, but we thought evidently is given to the time of thousands of respectable persons who are thereby repelled. It would seem, at least, that it was time for the officers of the law to step in and to some heavy disbursing work on those so called "Paris successes."

Theatrical managers are very much like a lot of very ordinary sheep. They will all stay in a fold if ridiculously intelligent sheep-herders tell one of them, either because he has become tired of his quarters or by reason of some accidental circumstance, gets over the fence and happens to find the browsing on the other side moderately good. Then the rest of the crowd jerk over pell-mell with as little reason for doing it as they previously had for not doing it.

Take the case of Dockstader's "A Tale of Two Cities" as an example. I think it is well within bounds to say that there have been at least a dozen managers of them of this book music since Dockstader's time. I refer, of course, to those which got edge hearings. Then the managers, who had tried amateurs with the work, were many more yet, and therefore did not succeed, arrived at the rare conclusion that their failure was attributable to the fact that the novel was odd for stage use. As a result the dictum went forth that any man who contemplated producing a dramatization of "A Tale of Two Cities" should be regarded with suspicion.

It seems somewhat to occur to any of these twenty gentlemen that the fault lies with their versions of the novel. When, therefore, Charles Frohman undertook to produce "The Only Way," it was confidently predicted that the piece would be a failure. Instead, it is a big box office success, and now there is to be any number of dramatic translations by other managers.

Among those which either have been produced or whose owners are willing to have them tried are the novels of "Dodo," "His Wife," "A Tale of Two Cities" Most of these have found at no Dockstader's hands with more remarkable combinations than the managers who tried a short time ago would have brought them to work. The change in attitude is due mainly to the fact that one man has made a success with one version of the story.

It is reported the same way with the piece dealing with Jewish life. A year or two ago a dramatic version in which most of the principal roles were Jews was rejected by several managers for no other reason than that the public would take no interest in a play in which the Jew was exploited. Lindon & Company of this city, however, became convinced that a dramatization of Israel Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" would be well received, and immediately there were announcements of half a dozen Jewish plays. "The Children of the Ghetto" was produced at Daly's Lyric at the Broadway theatre in this city. Result was prodigious, I think, by the most managers, and there are now to follow Jewish plays in the Jewish dialect. They are simply "sick to it" with the theatrical managers of the United States.

Grace Golden, the great fund and talented young prima donna soprano of the Castle Square Opera company, attached to the Boston theatre of this city, has just enjoyed the most signal triumph of her thoroughly worthy career in the private boxes of several great opera which have been presented in English at that house. Miss Golden for years was one of the most prominent music critics figures in America, but her ambition was not satisfied, and a year or so ago she resigned from the Castle Square company to go to Paris, where she pursued under the instruction of the world's greatest vocal masters. She returned home a short time ago, fully equipped, as matters turned out, for the best sort of work in grand opera.

Miss Golden is a Nevada girl, and she is generally regarded as being reasonably certain before long to attain the distinction attached to connection with the Metropolitan Opera company conducted by Maurice Grau, and, if she should ever have the opportunity, there need be no fear that she will fall short, for, allied to her charms of person and voice, she possesses the indefinable spirit which so greatly makes for success in the profession she has chosen. Miss Golden's good sense has been amply demonstrated on numbers of occasions when she has had the moral courage to resist tempting offers to star at the head of a company bearing her name. She has made her way, at the cost of her ambition, and she has succeeded in sticking to it in spite of the Bonanza Jenkins's inseparable from a stage career.

Arthur Crispin

New York.

TWO GOOD HEARTED MANAGERS.

Lots of stories are told of the hard heartedness and inhuman of treatment meted out by managers to actors and actresses, so that the following anecdotes that are told of two of the best known are quite refreshing:

At the close of last season Jacob Litt sent out of his representatives over to England to do a little business for the good of the cause. This gentleman had been trying for the last few months in Boston and New York. He had started with a show of his own and had failed in it, and then was "Old Nick" to pay all around. He was thinking of over when Litt sent for him to go abroad. Litt said: "Look here, I want you to go abroad. Here is your hard ground. Stick!" Jones told him he wasn't fond at all, in words to that effect.

"You lied," said Litt, and the subject was dropped. But before Jones was called Litt leaned side or curious and said: "Oh, by the way, here are some additional instructions. I want you to follow, but you'll oblige me when if you don't read them till you're out of the harbor."

Much took the curious and when he opened it he found a draft for $100. It was made out in four figures. And it was a free gift.

A young writer went to Weber & Fields' with a burlesque. "All right," said Lew Fields, with his customary good humor, "leave it here, we follow, and if I get a chance I'll run my eagle eye over it." The "all follow" left it—not in the several months.

Then he got a message from Fields, and he went down to the music hall.

"I sort of like this idea," said Fields. "I may get a chance to use it, and I entered into a game in which these acrobats were engaged. The substance of the knowledge possessed of knowing one's feet, or, rather, of knowing one's feet, but be pretended to be near-sighted with all the intricate points of the game. He started his partner by making leads that would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. As soon as each card, he and his partner won. "Well," said one of their opponents, "I have seen all kinds of systems played, but I never saw any equal to that which you fellows started up against us. What do you call it?"

"To tell the truth," said the joker's partner, "I hadn't been asked. I was alone as much as we are you fellows. What do you call it, Ole?"

"That," said the other gravely, "is the stricker system, and you don't want to touch it. I've got it patented."

MASCAGNI'S ROYAL CRITIC.

Mascagni, the famous composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," a few years ago was asked to entertain the royal court in Rome. He did so, and delighted his audience. When he had finished playing, he started a conversation with a little gentleman who had stood near the piano during the recital and had showed every sign of deep interest. As a matter of fact, he had been its guest, and the lady mother to her. In reply to the question, "Mascagni was the greatest musician in Italy."

"Do composers asked her which of the great living masters she liked best, and the proud mother turned toward the child to hear the pretty little speech which she had been taught to lisp in honor of the compliment came the withering rejoinder:

"There are no great masters living. They are all dead."

The musician gave a little start and then said:

"Your excellence, permit me to congratulate you. You are the most truthful critic in Europe."

THE STRICKER SYSTEM.

Many ball players are experts at whist, and they can give the "short sixes," the "long sixes" and the "common sense" chaps many a good point about the game. In one or two cities in the League whist is quite as popular as any game that is played, and the men while on the road frequently make a tolerable hour by playing for a small amount per corner.

It is related of one chap, who was somewhat of a wag in his way, that he

ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

Why Harvard and Yale Are Both Extremely Anxious To Turn Out Winning Teams This Season—Other Interesting Gossip Concerning Sports.

TO THE superficial observer it would appear that Harvard passed the crucial point in her athletic career when she won the inclusive football championship last fall and signally defeated both Pennsylvania and Yale. There is the inside, however, know better. There are lots of carping critics and partisans still left at Cambridge who deny the great results that the change of policy has wrought in the fortunes of the crimson.

When year after year the end of the season found the Cantabs defeated and charges of mismanagement and, worse still, of undue favoritism, were brought against those in authority, there were always plenty of alumni and others to stand up for their college.

The cry, however, became too indistinct to be unheeded, and last year Jack McMasters took charge of the football squad on condition that he should not be dictated to, but must have entire control of the team and say which men should be included and which promoted on their fitness to play on the eleven.

The result every one knows, and it is to vindicate the new policy and give critics no possible chance to say that the victory last fall was a mere chance and not necessarily the outcome of the new methods that the players and their well wishers are exerting themselves to turn out a winning team this season.

If Harvard wins from Pennsylvania and Yale, or, at any rate, beats one of them and nothing defeat at the hands of the other only after an honorable struggle and good fight, then it will mean the permanent establishment of the new policy and will be of incalculable value to the great university in athletic matters.

Crucial as the result will be for Harvard, it will be no less so for Yale. For many years the light blue has been regarded as at the top in athletics generally, and consequently her downfall during the past year has been all the greater. All her energies are now bending toward the training on a successful football team as a first step toward regaining her laurels. And at the present time it looks as though she may succeed.

The interest in the games that will take place next Saturday is very general, for it is expected that the score then will foreshadow to a great measure the standing of the big teams later on. The following are some of the more important contests scheduled for Nov. 4: Harvard versus Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; Princeton versus Brown, at Princeton; Yale versus West Point, at West Point.

One of the big athletic clubs in New York had a new member on its list last spring who was famous locally as a splendid running half back. The club was highly delighted at getting him, as he was known to be a man who not desert them, a place was made for him on the baseball team.

He was not a particularly brilliant baseball player, and before one month have been secured for his position, but visions of the wide swath he would cut through opposing teams when the football season set in made them keep him on the club. At all summer he had a pleasant time, eating at the club's expense and generally enjoying himself.

When the days began to get shorter and football togs were put on, the officials began to look for a return of their outlay. On the first two or three days of practice the new half at most he had a pleasant time, eating at the club's expense and generally enjoying himself.

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It is interesting to note in connection with this football player as an instance of the wonderful effects produced by physical training that for years when he was a child he was obliged to wear irons on his legs, as they were so weak that they would not otherwise support his body. It was thought by his parents that he would always be a cripple.

New his lower extremities are well developed as are those of his upper, the philanthropic and his whole body is proportion. The change has been brought about by means of gymnastic, throwing exercise and plenty of fresh air.

The Welch between Schroder and Sloman in New York and the coming tournament of the A. A. U. have the united public interest in billiards to a high degree.

The centre for the amateur game close to a day or two now, and then a whopping galaxy of dark horses may unknown southerner. Many cities will be represented, and the play is expected to be exceptionally brilliant.

The wonderful and startling developments of the month, especially in the matter of speed, have made the departments of the arena hotels to look over with them. Especially is this in regard to tracks. Buildings for were entirely satisfactory under the old regime, when Bonnie Scotts was the only methods of pacing are utterly inadequate now.

People who have not kept in back with the changes wrought in the "dark horses" would be astonished to see a modern, up to date winner tracks. Structures are not satisfied with a quarter or third of a mile tracks which used to be considered the proper thing with their long stretches and reaching in country from one end of the building. Many are the in or if by hard effort mother over, where the track is narrow, the buildings near the paddocks and the sides somewhat close to one another almost all the time. Speed and endurance were somewhat neglected and this is kept up to the first quarter of a mile, which is most successful today.

The new track to be used during the winter for the bicycle race at Madison Square Garden, New York, is a good example of the latest developments in banking. The flooring on the turns in this track will rise at an angle to 40 degrees. How much of this can be gathered from the fact that a boy man standing at the lower edge of the back can touch the track when standing upright by merely holding his arm out straight.

When two riders are abreast, the one on the outside will be completely above the other, so that, when viewed from the opposite side of the building, the whole wheel of the further rider will be in sight above his opponent, even a the lower rims of his tires.

LEO STEINHEIMER.

SUCH IS FAME.

Philosophers without and have to contend against the evanescence of fame. Another incident to great men of occurred in Philadelphia recently. If there is one theatrical name with which the Philadelphia theater goes than all others it is that of Joseph Jefferson, with the possible exception of his inimitable Rip Van Winkle. In the following extract from a story in a recent issue of a thousand-odd Philadelphia newspapers, the best place to obtain good accounts of theatrical matters, a gentleman of "some note" is tired the joke and asked the price, which leads to the following:

"I never heard of him." "Joseph Jefferson," said the other, pitying.

"Joseph Jefferson, and it was learned that a neighboring university had offered him "inducements" to enter the college and that he was playing on its eleven.

And now the laugh is on the club.