

A DRAMATIC MENU.

Arthur Crispin's
Review ofRecent Stage
Productions.

It is entirely within bounds to say that Annie Russell, in the role of the Princess Alestine Victorine Angela in R. Marshall's "comedy of romance in three acts entitled 'A Royal Family,'" has made the hit of her life. The play is now at the Lyceum theater, in this city, where it might easily remain during the entire season were it not that the management is said to be under contract to produce early in 1901 another play by another English writer.

Mr. Marshall, the author of "A Royal Family," first made his bow to us as the creator of that other Upton comedy, "His Excellency the Governor." He is vaguely reputed to be a captain in the English army, but, even if that be true, it is certain that the salary he draws from his government is but a bagatelle compared to the royalties which he must receive as the author of two of the most successful light comedies of recent years.

"A Royal Family" is a comedy in the truest sense of the term. It contains no farcical episodes, and its satire is clean cut and incisive, though, withal, good natured. The excellent cast presenting it was as follows:

Louis VII, king of Arcadia.....Lawrence D'Orsay
Prince Charles Ferdinand, his son, Donald Gallagher
Prince Victor Constantine, crown prince of Arcadia.....Charles Richman
The Duke of Baracoon, squerry in ordinary to the king of Arcadia.....Orin Johnson
The Count Varena, prime minister of Arcadia.....George Irving
Baron Holowen, chief commissioner of Arcadian police.....Charles Butler
General Casella, assistant commissioner of Arcadian police.....Harry Rose
The Cardinal Casano, cardinal archbishop of Arcadia.....W. H. Thompson
Father Isidore, his secretary.....Richard Bennett
1st A. D. C. Attached to the royal household.....Robert Hickman
2nd A. D. C. Attached to the royal household.....Allen Murnane
3rd A. D. C. Attached to the royal household.....George Forbes
Secretaries.....H. West and J. Keen
Lord Herbert Wyndham Stapleton, English ambassador at Arcadia.....Lloyd Carlton
Mr. Vandendyke Q. Cobb, American emissary at Arcadia.....John G. Edwards

Angela to Victor, crown prince of Kurland. Inasmuch as the young people are high spirited and have never met each other, the suggestion is received by both of them with anything but favor. Although Angela is fancy free, her father's announcement that she must wed Prince Victor excites within her a feeling closely akin to hatred for that young gentleman.

The wily Cardinal Casano at this critical juncture suggests to Louis VII that if he will leave everything to him he is of the opinion that he will be able to settle matters satisfactorily to all concerned. In accordance with this theory, he invites Prince Victor to visit him incognito and to assume for the time the title of Count Bernadine. Victor arrives, meets Princess Angela, and immediately it becomes evident that a case of "love at first sight" has developed. Victor, as Bernadine, eventually tells her of his feeling, and the princess confesses hers. Then the young man, somewhat inexplicably to Angela, suggests that it is her duty to give him up and marry Victor. A little later, through the blundering officiousness of a chief of detectives who arrests Victor, his identity is disclosed to the king. The latter decides that it will be dangerous to let Angela into the secret at the moment, and the denouement, so far as she is concerned, is therefore reserved for the formal betrothal ceremony, which forms the last scene of the play. And, by the way, the wind-up of the comedy is one of the prettiest ever seen in New York.

Angela is led in after the various distinguished guests have arrived. Of course, the other principal, Prince Victor, is there. At the proper moment he kisses Angela's hand. Angela raises her eyes to his face in a half frightened way, and then, recognizing the man whom she has been taught to believe is Count Bernadine, she turns inquiringly

ceptions, to all members of the cast. They have acquired what has come to be known as the "parlor habit"—that is to say, their conversation is pitched to a tone which would do well enough in a private residence, but is scarcely enjoyable, or even intelligible, in a theater, especially when one happens to be sitting in the rear of the house. This habit, which seems to be growing with alarming rapidity, is a most pernicious one, and it is one of the bad effects growing by misapprehension and misapplication out of Duse's really commendable "natural" method. Mr. Charles Richman as Prince Victor is one of the agreeable exceptions. It is not a difficult matter to hear what he says, although he at no time raises his voice above an agreeable pitch. His enunciation is remarkably clear, and the fact that he is free from the rapidly developing penchant for turning one's back upon the audience tends to aid in making his speeches intelligible to those "in front." Lawrence D'Orsay gave a carefully drawn study of Louis VII, king of Arcadia, and while it seems unnecessary to state that W. H. Thompson was excellent in a given role, the facts make it incumbent upon the conscientious critic to call attention to his magnificent work as the Cardinal Casano. Orin Johnson gave just the right touch of exaggeration to the Duke of Baracoon. Johnson is not what might be called a subtle actor, and some of his work in recent years has not been up to the high standard of promise indicated by his earlier connection with the Lyceum, but in "A Royal Family" he seems to have regained his old form, and it is possible that he will yet develop into an excellent leading juvenile. The rest of the cast was thoroughly acceptable. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert as Queen Ferdinand was exceptionally good.

Frank Hochstadt.....Louis Mann
Walter Hochstadt.....Edwin Alexander
Joshua Appleton.....William F. Carroll
Frank Donovan.....Charles E. Surges
Jeremiah Haskins.....Edward See
Abraham York.....Oscar Dase
Willie Park.....Master Walter McArdle
Nathan.....James P. Doyle
Della Coventry.....Miss Rose Bandett
Mrs. Lavinia Appleton.....Miss Christine Blossing
Mrs. Tabitha Haskins.....Mrs. E. A. Florie
Miss Sadie Lennon.....Miss Emma Jovier
Mollie Worth.....Birdie Bertrand
Little Bobbie.....Little Irma Bertrand
Elizabeth Carter, schoolteacher.....Miss Clara Lipman

This is the cast of "All on Account of Eliza," a something which on the play-bills is designated as "a new comedy in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein." The cast, incidentally, is also the best thing about "All on Account of Eliza," which is one of the most rapid, senseless and thoroughly unworthy efforts presented

very often, his presence in the cast merely mitigates the horrors of "All on Account of Eliza."

Mr. Mann and Miss Lipman have never been noted as seekers after the radiantly pure and staid in stage literature. Most of the forces with which they have been connected in recent years have been, to say the least, a trifle risqué. "All on Account of Eliza" is not, however, risqué in any sense of the word, but it does contain several spots which are examples of dull, sudden vulgarity. The fact that one or two allusions in these episodes elicited laughter from many of the theatrical persons present will probably be taken by Mr. Mann as an indication of their humor and pleasantness to the public at large, but if the gentlemen should lay this flattering unction to his soul and persist in presenting "All on Account of Eliza" without having it practically rewritten it is a safe prediction that long before the end of the season he will have become the possessor of a complete assortment of dark and deep regrets.

Otis Skinner is an actor who has achieved considerable popularity in what, in the eagerness of New Yorkers to ape the Britishers, we have presum-



CHARLES RICHMAN.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

delphia, "Kid" Harris of Chicago, Tom Broderick of Yonkers, N. Y., and many other lesser lights. Callahan, it is said, is matched to fight Ben Jordan, the crack English featherweight, before the National Sporting club of London, and it is safe to predict that the bout will be an interesting one for our English cousins to witness.

Even in Chicago boxing has been dealt a solar plexus blow, Mayor Harrison having issued an order to the effect that no more fights in which heavyweights are the principals will be allowed. This will have a serious effect upon the few fellows who have made thousands out of the game there, but they will probably turn their attention to Philadelphia, where they are not yet barred; to San Francisco, where the municipal regulations permit 20 round bouts, or to Connecticut and New Jersey, where rumor has it that a number of clubs will start in business this fall. Some, indeed, have already begun operations.

Of course, such stars in the pugilistic world as Champion Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Gus Rublin, "Kid" McCoy, Terry McGovern and Frank Erne are not losing any sleep on account of the severe blow dealt to boxing. They have all made enough out of the game to keep the wolf from the door for a number of years to come. Besides, not one of them will be idle. Corbett has a good paying saloon, and will no doubt star in a play this winter; McCoy is also in the "wet goods" business and is thinking seriously of taking to the stage, while the little fighting wonder, "Terry the Terrible," is already playing to crowded houses in a sensational melodrama entitled "The Drovers After Dark." Fitzsimmons, who for years has had a weakness in his heart for Chicago, has in view a big gymnasium, boxing school and billiard hall in the Windy City, and, although he has not fully mapped out his plans, he hopes to

NEW YORK.



THE EXODUS OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE "SQUARED CIRCLE" TO EUROPE.

PEOPLE OF THE STAGE.

Fitzsimmons, the prizefighter, is to star in a play called "The Honest Blacksmith," in the course of which he shoes a horse.

Julia Marlowe will this season do "Barbara Frietche," although she may produce "When Knighthood Was In Flower" later.

Alberta Gallatin, who made a success

last year as Fanny Le Grand in "Sapho," will star this season in the same play.

Ignacio Martinetti will appear in "A Million Dollars."

Frank Daniels will appear again in "The Amser" this year.

Valerie Hergere will succeed Blanche Bates in the principal female role in

"Naughty Anthony." She has also been engaged for the title role in "Madame Butterfly."

Willie Edouin may appear in the musical comedy, "Florodora," when it is produced.

Jessie Bartlett Davis has decided to remain in vaudeville for another season.

It is among the possibilities that Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon will be

the principal players in "The Mantle of Elijah" should the new Ziegfeld play not be required for the use of Viola Allen.

Pat Rooney will play the part of Slat, an office boy, and will introduce his dancing specialty in "A Million Dollars."

All the scenery which E. S. Willard will use during his coming American tour will be painted in this country. In

fact, he has never imported but one stage setting, and that was for "The Rogue's Comedy," which he no longer plays.

Three carloads of scenery are used in the production, "Slaves of the Orient," also four horses, two camels, one elephant and numerous reptiles.

John Drew appears in "Richard Carvel" without a mustache.

Lady Francis Hope (May Yohe) will

soon be seen in New York in a new musical comedy by De Koven and Smith, called "The Little Duchess."

In May Irwin's company for her new play are Raymond Hitchcock, George Beane, R. E. Graham, Frank White, Jacques Kruger, Queenie Vassar.

Three hundred and forty-seven plays were acted last year at the Royal theater in Berlin.

It is not generally known that Schu-

self by having a manager who knows his business, and such a one is cheap at any price. Take, for example, Sam Harris, McGovern's manager. It is of record that Harris put the little fighting wonder where he is today. When Sam made the McGovern match and several others where Terry went out of his class to fight, sporting men in general declared that it was a big mistake and predicted McGovern's downfall, but that Harris knew his business is a matter now of pugilistic history.

While there is great lamenting in certain quarters over the downfall of the score of clubs in Greater New York which have held so many good exhibitions and made big money out of the business the majority of sports are arguing that matters have been overdone and that a "call off" will be a good thing. It is a fact that fights were frequently put on which were not on the square, and the Walcott-West "job" was a climax to breed almost universal disgust and mistrust. It is also a fact that in many cases the contestants were better fitted for saloon brawls than for a display of "science" in the roped arena. In brief, there had come to be too much of a good thing, and we shall now take a rest which will probably be a good thing for the game. With pugilism dead and buried in New York, and with pugilists, managers, trainers, rubber, fans and the husky boys who made a living selling "soda or sars" at the clubs idling around town, it would be well for Mr. Business Man, when he bumps into a crowd, to be careful that he isn't stepping on the toes of some of the bruising fraternity who are just aching to hand out a few upper cuts or solar plexus blows.

ARTHUR B. LEWIS.

WHEN TEBEAU FINED HIMSELF.

This may or may not be accredited by the skeptics. Nevertheless it was told by a man whose reputation for veracity would run a neck and neck race with the lamented George Washington.

Once upon a time, when Oliver Tebeau was manager of the Cleveland club, as well as captain and press agent, he had occasion to find fault with one of the young men under his charge and solemnly announced in that tragic voice of his that "So-and-so's" salary would be \$5 short at the end of the month. "I can stand for errors," said he, "but not for such blankety blank blank—more blanks if you like—'thick headed stupidity as that'."

Some days later the aforesaid Tebeau was guilty of a piece of stupidity himself, something, by the way, that couldn't be charged against him more than half a dozen times in 20 years of service.

Of course, as the players were dressing after the game, there were one or two chuckles over in the corner of the



Photo by Fowler, Evanson, Ill.

ANNIE RUSSELL.

key last winter knocked out "Texas Jim" McCormick in one round.

Another question that is interesting just now is, "What will the managers of the fighters do?" They are in the same boat, for if there are no fights to be arranged there will be no call for their services. Almost every boxer of importance has a manager to make his matches, and, although sometimes managers prove an expensive luxury, the average pugilist has little or no education and must have some one to look after his affairs. Then, too, a manager as a rule "seconds" his man in the ring, sees to it that he is well taken care of, advises him after each round and by prearranged signals coaches him during the fighting. Many a scrapper has made a name for him-

self by having a manager who knows his business, and such a one is cheap at any price. Take, for example, Sam Harris, McGovern's manager. It is of record that Harris put the little fighting wonder where he is today. When Sam made the McGovern match and several others where Terry went out of his class to fight, sporting men in general declared that it was a big mistake and predicted McGovern's downfall, but that Harris knew his business is a matter now of pugilistic history.

While there is great lamenting in certain quarters over the downfall of the score of clubs in Greater New York which have held so many good exhibitions and made big money out of the business the majority of sports are arguing that matters have been overdone and that a "call off" will be a good thing. It is a fact that fights were frequently put on which were not on the square, and the Walcott-West "job" was a climax to breed almost universal disgust and mistrust. It is also a fact that in many cases the contestants were better fitted for saloon brawls than for a display of "science" in the roped arena. In brief, there had come to be too much of a good thing, and we shall now take a rest which will probably be a good thing for the game.

With pugilism dead and buried in New York, and with pugilists, managers, trainers, rubber, fans and the husky boys who made a living selling "soda or sars" at the clubs idling around town, it would be well for Mr. Business Man, when he bumps into a crowd, to be careful that he isn't stepping on the toes of some of the bruising fraternity who are just aching to hand out a few upper cuts or solar plexus blows.

ARTHUR B. LEWIS.

WHEN TEBEAU FINED HIMSELF.

This may or may not be accredited by the skeptics. Nevertheless it was told by a man whose reputation for veracity would run a neck and neck race with the lamented George Washington.

Once upon a time, when Oliver Tebeau was manager of the Cleveland club, as well as captain and press agent, he had occasion to find fault with one of the young men under his charge and solemnly announced in that tragic voice of his that "So-and-so's" salary would be \$5 short at the end of the month. "I can stand for errors," said he, "but not for such blankety blank blank—more blanks if you like—'thick headed stupidity as that'."

Some days later the aforesaid Tebeau was guilty of a piece of stupidity himself, something, by the way, that couldn't be charged against him more than half a dozen times in 20 years of service.

Of course, as the players were dressing after the game, there were one or two chuckles over in the corner of the