

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

—Hamlet.

"THE PRINCESS CHIC," an opera comique in three acts by Kirke La Shelle, with music by Julian Edwards, is the current attraction at the Casino in this city, and it is a welcome relief from the anatomical displays which flourish to a greater or less extent at that house. At the beginning it may be said that not since the days of "Robin Hood" has New York seen such a worthy effort in the direction of light opera. There is nothing little buffoonery in "Princess Chic." The story is direct and well told, and, though it is naturally not one which would bear dissection, it is interesting and from the comic opera standpoint exceedingly reasonable.

Of course, the thread of the story suspends several disguises, without which no work of this sort is considered complete. Equally, of course, there are a couple of comedians and a brace of bur-

voices, is quite the best thing heard in this city during the last few years.

The cast of "The Princess Chic" is an unusually well balanced one. Christie Macdonald, to whom is entrusted the title role, is neither a Melba in voice nor a Maxine Elliott in face and figure, but she sings sweetly, never trying to go beyond her limitations, and she is, besides, possessed of such a winsome manner that she succeeds in getting the audience into her confidence within three minutes after her appearance in the first act.

In justice to Joseph C. Miron, how-

than was Edward Morgan. As the comedian in the new comic opera, "Princess Chic," says, "Wouldn't that jolt you?"

The same policy practically, whether inspired or not, was followed when Henry Miller left the Empire company and was succeeded by William Faversham. It was then asserted that Faversham was a better actor than Miller, which was excessively funny, if nothing more. When Viola Allen left the same organization to star in "The Christian," Miss Jessie Millward was spoken of as eclipsing her predecessor. That was still funnier, and the latest thing in this line, which alleges that Miss Allen is jealous of the success of Miss Elliott, who plays in the No. 2 "The Christian" company the same role that Miss Allen has in the No. 1 organization, is about the very funniest thing I have heard this season.

The story goes even further, and with great circumstantiality tells how Miss Allen has become positively infuriated when she has seen the telegrams announcing the receipt of the Ellsler organization. It was even hinted that a coolness had grown up between the two

telling in advance whether or not she would pay as a one star. If she had precisely the correct sort of play, she might get along all right; if not she would doubtless fail.

The most absurd portion of the rumor referred to stated that the projected separation had been decided upon for the reason that it was difficult to get plays in which there would be good parts for both principals. What nonsense! Take the play in which they are now appearing, "When We Were Twenty-one." It cannot be denied that in that piece Mr. Goodwin has as good a role as man could wish for, and it is equally true that it would be a mighty difficult matter to fit Miss Elliott better than she is fitted in Mr. Esmond's charming comedy.

Miss Elliott and Mr. Goodwin make delightful and effective foils for each other, and it would be the greatest mistake possible for them to separate. Incidentally it may be worth mentioning that they have not the slightest intention of doing anything so foolish.

Here's a little piece of theatrical gossip for the accuracy of which I do not vouch, and yet it came to me in such a



lesque villains in the shape of one thin and one fat man who imagine that they are fighters, but really are not.

The Princess Chic disguises herself as a captain and goes as her own envoy to the court of Charles the Bold. There, after she has been impressed by the swashbuckler of whom history tells us—the man, by the way, who had the temerity to arrest and threaten to execute the king of France—the princess redresses herself as a peasant maid. In this garb she attracts the attention and wins the admiration of Charles the Bold, and when she once more becomes the captain and is found in the apartments of the peasant maid, the bold one is exceedingly wroth. The princess-captain is doomed to imprisonment until the return of the peasant girl. Naturally, this can never be so long as the female captain is kept imprisoned, and therefore strategy is resorted to in order to enable her to change costumes. This important feat is accomplished, and a little later we are treated to a view of the Princess Chic arrayed in her own gorgeous gown. Naturally, she and Charles the Bold are paired off and the opera comes to an end.

In "The Princess Chic" the librettist, Mr. La Shelle, has provided a neat, graceful and semihistorical story devoid of fluff and free from horseplay. He has made a distinctly valuable contribution to the literature of comic opera—if comic opera may be said to have a literature—and if the piece should meet with the success anticipated it will afford the most striking sort of evidence of the fact that it is possible for a worthy operetta to succeed even in these days when "reviews" and alleged "spectacles" founded upon vulgarity and built up on the curves of the female form divine appear to be the only classes of entertainment which certain managers care to present to their patrons.

The music of "The Princess Chic" is as good in every respect as that of "Robin Hood," and those persons who affect thoroughly to understand such things declare that it is even more "musically" whatever that may mean. There is, at any rate, not a single number in the opera which is not pleasing to the average ear, and there are several choruses which are simply superb. The armer's song at the opening of the third act, with a chorus of male

er, it must be admitted that he made the hit of the piece as a soldier of fortune. Not only was Mr. Miron's superb basso voice heard to advantage, but his acting revealed an appreciation of subtle effects for which he has not previously been given credit. Mathilde Previle, a young woman who is as yet a very poor actress, nevertheless scored an undoubted success by her beautiful singing. She has one of the sweetest and at the same time one of the purest contralto voices I have ever listened to.

It is as good as reading a funny story to observe the methods practiced year in and year out by the lazy and overingenious gentlemen in this city who are paid handsome salaries presumably for the purpose of booming in the best manner possible the enterprises controlled by their employers. When Joseph Haworth left, or was discharged, from New York in which the practice of "repeating" prevails to an amusing extent. For the last six years at least, I do not think there has been a single play there which has not "eclipsed all previous records at this house." Of course, this would be possible were it not for the fact that in each of the preceding productions there has been manifested so much interest—according to the press agent—that standing room in New York in which the practice of "repeating" prevails to an amusing extent. For the last six years at least, I do not think there has been a single play there which has not "eclipsed all previous records at this house." Of course, this would be possible were it not for the fact that in each of the preceding productions there has been manifested so much interest—according to the press agent—that standing room in New York in which the practice of "repeating" prevails to an amusing extent.

Another thing which seems to afford great amusement to the press agents is the comparing of the originals of certain roles with their successors. When Joseph Haworth succeeded Edward Morgan in "The Christian," it was "the opinion of well informed persons that the role of John Stigm has for the first time received adequate interpretation." When Haworth left, or was discharged, from New York in which the practice of "repeating" prevails to an amusing extent. For the last six years at least, I do not think there has been a single play there which has not "eclipsed all previous records at this house." Of course, this would be possible were it not for the fact that in each of the preceding productions there has been manifested so much interest—according to the press agent—that standing room in New York in which the practice of "repeating" prevails to an amusing extent.

Glory Quakes due to Miss Allen's cutting remarks when informed that many newspapers had said that Miss Elliott's performance of the role was better than her own.

It ought to be enough to make Miss Allen shed tears, this success of Miss Elliott, but they ought to be tears of joy, for, unless pretty much everybody along the Rialto is mistaken, Miss Allen herself selected her dear friend, Miss Elliott, for the part, and, besides, has a very important pecuniary interest in the No. 2 company.

It is strange that newspaper readers of supposed intelligence will accept as gospel truth all the idle chatter they see printed about the private affairs of actors when they would not think of believing them if they were related of the people of any other profession. There is absolutely nothing in the Ellsler-Alton yarn, if for no other reason than that there is no person on the American stage less puffed up with a sense of her own importance and less susceptible to professional jealousy than Viola Allen.

For several years Miss Maxine Elliott has been showing steady and remarkable improvement as an actress, until now, even though she were not the wife of Mr. C. Goodwin, she would without question be accorded as prominent a place on the American stage as that which she occupies. To revert to the gossip, it seems that they are unable to let alone any one who is making his or her way in the profession with more than ordinary rapidity. For that reason it has been rumored, and the reason has been thought to be of sufficient moment to be printed in the newspapers, that Miss Elliott and Mr. Goodwin would separate after this season, each becoming an independent star. Of course, Mr. Goodwin enjoyed that distinction before he ever met Miss Elliott, and he could return to the old regime without any loss of patronage or prestige, but it is also true that the large and consistent clientele which he now possesses was built up to a very great extent by the aid of the attractiveness and ability of the beautiful woman who is at once his wife and co-star. As for Miss Elliott, there is no possibility of

direct manner that I have no reason to doubt it. In the Casino the other night, while I was conversing with a well known theatrical manager, a colored man happened along. My companion nodded to him, and after he had gone by asked me if I knew the stranger. When I replied in the negative, he informed me that he is the leader of the orchestra of some troupe of colored performers, that his name is Cook and that he is the composer of much music in "The Casino Girl," which is to succeed "The Princess Chic" at the Casino. He also informed me that the music he has written is possessed of wonderful merit and that the young colored man is destined to make his mark as a composer. However, of that we shall know more after the production.

Arthur Crispin
New York.

THE BERNARD BROTHERS.

It is not known generally that the right name of Sam and Dick Bernard, the Dutch comedians, is Barnett. The manner in which they adopted the name of Bernard is interesting. Their father had told them never to have their names on theatrical posters, so when the two ambitious youths started out they assumed the name of "the Bennett brothers." They opened in Newark. The posters of the show were lost, and the printer guessed as near as he could to their name. He guessed at "Bernard brothers." The boys were a tremendous hit, and it was necessary for them to forever after keep the name of Bernard.

WOULDN'T HURT HIS FEELINGS.

One night when Dicky Bell was playing the deacon in Hoyt's "A Mid-night Bell," Augustus Thomas, the playwright, went back to Bell's dressing room to congratulate him on his success in the character. "Digby, old chap," he said, "your deacon is a creation. It's great. In my opinion it ranks with—well—with Jefferson's Rip." Bell was visibly affected by the praise, and with a tear laden voice he said, "Do you mean that, Gus?" "No, I don't," quickly responded Thomas, placing a hand soothingly on his friend's shoulder. "I didn't mean it—I really hadn't any idea it would hurt your feelings so."

SPORTING GOSSIP OF THE WEEK

EDDIE LENNY

A Young Featherweight Who Is Quickly Climbing to the Top of the Pugilistic Ladder.

BY LEO ETHERINGTON

ONE of the most promising featherweights just now is Eddie Lenny, who recently fought a 25 round draw with "Kid" Broad in Brooklyn. Lenny is the featherweight champion of Canada, and a great many experts who have watched his career think he will in time be the champion of the world at that weight. He won the title of champion of Canada by defeating Jim Smith, the former holder of the title, in 17 rounds at Toronto.

Lenny is an aggressive fighter and is always at his man during the whole round, never allowing him a moment's rest. He has met more than 50 men during the three years in which he has been boxing, often facing fighters weighing from 5 to 15 pounds more than himself and has lost but two fights in all that time. He has never been knocked out or even badly bruised in a fight. The two men who have obtained decisions over him are Harry Forbes and George Dixon, both of whom he met last year.

Lenny took up boxing in the fall of 1896 under Bobby Dobbs, the well known colored lightweight, with whom he trained for a year. Lenny was born in Philadelphia in November, 1873, of Italian parents. He stands 5 feet 4½ inches in height and fights at from 115 to 122 pounds.

One characteristic of Lenny is that, unlike most fighters, he is not fond of the companionship of men of his own profession, but prefers to be at home with his family, for he is married and has one child. This fact has probably had a good deal to do with his success, for it has kept him from getting into bad habits and thus ruining his health. He neither smokes nor chews tobacco and seldom drinks anything in the shape of intoxicating liquors. He lives at Crum Lynne, Pa., and, being in the country, gets lots of outdoor exercise, which enables him to keep in good health and in trim for his many engagements in the ring.

Last year Lenny took part in no less than 12 battles, only two of which he lost, the ones against Harry Forbes and George Dixon. He lost to Forbes on March 31 at Toronto, but met the Chicago boy again at Coney Island on Sept. 11 and partly redeemed himself by getting a draw. His defeat by George Dixon occurred in New York. Lenny stood with the dusky champion for the 25 rounds, and a good many people who saw the mill are of the opinion that the decision should have been in favor of Lenny, who, they say, certainly had the better of the argument.

Lenny also fought 20 round draws last year with Patsy Haley and Joe Bernstein, though in the latter case many impartial spectators think the referee should have decided in favor of the Pennsylvanian. As a matter of fact, the referee seem to have had it in for the Italian in several of his battles. Many critics who witnessed his recent go with "Kid" Broad at Brooklyn assert that Lenny had the better of it in almost every round and should have had the decision. He that as it may, however, it can be seen that Lenny is in the first flight of the featherweight class and a dangerous aspirant for championship honors. He is very anxious to try conclusions with Terry McGovern, and as the young Brooklynite is willing to take on all comers a meeting between them will probably be arranged.

Speaking of Terry McGovern, his bout with Oscar Gardner on the 9th of this month ought to prove a great battle, although, looked at from a superficial point of view, the "Omaha Kid" would seem to be hopelessly outclassed. A comparison of his last few fights with the record made by the terrible Terry is anything but flattering to the "Kid." As a fact, however, Gardner's last few fights furnish no real line on his actual ability. For a long time last fall Gardner was laid up with malarial fever, and, owing to injudicious management, he was matched for several contests before he had entirely recovered. A sick man cannot fight like a well one, and Gardner's showing was consequently away below par. He lost to several fighters and drew with others who are not really in his class, and consequently has been put down by many as a "has been."

Gardner has all along declared that his showing during the last few months was due to his poor physical condition, but that, having had a good long rest, he will be as good a fighter as he ever was when he meets Terry McGovern in the ring.

If it be true that the Nebraska has really recovered from the effects of his sickness and can regain his former strength and cleverness, he has at least a fighting chance to wear the laurels now sported by the Brooklynite.

Both boys fight on the same plan. Both are rushers and both keep their arms free and ready for business when at close quarters. Neither goes for a clinch or hangs on to his opponent, but keeps battering away whenever he gets a chance.

I look to see the Brooklyn boy emerge from the coming encounter a winner, but, all the same, if Gardner is in the condition he claims to have reached, he may fool us all yet.

The recent stories that have been sent out from British Columbia about Peter Jackson have set the old timers to telling reminiscences of the battles of the great negro heavyweight. When Jackson first landed in this country, he had a frame and constitution equalled by few living men, but the honking he received at the hands of certain sporting elements in San Francisco and London finally wrecked even his magnificent physique. Jackson's fight, too, with Paddy Slavin in England, though one of the

greatest in the annals of the ring, injured the vitality of both contestants to an extent from which neither ever fully recovered.

It is strange to note at this time, by the way, that while Jackson is slowly dying in poverty in northwestern Canada, his old antagonist and former pupil, Slavin, is further north in Alaska, where he is said to be fast getting rich at gold prospecting.

Now that the National Cycling association has been recognized by the International Cyclists' association as the governing body of racing in this country and all the fighting and bickering that so hurt the game last season have come to an end, it seems certain that the sport will receive a great spur in public favor. Already plans are being formed that should insure the greatest season in the annals of the sport. Paced races with motor cycles and races between crews on motor machines will be very popular. The public has been educated up to exciting sport and wants to see very fast riding. Tracks are now in the course of construction with banking steeper even than those in use last summer.

Racing at night by electric light will undoubtedly be very popular, and it certainly is fascinating in the glare of the white globes, with their sharply defined shadows, to see the well named infernal machines careering round the six or eight lap tracks at a speed of from 1:25 to 1:30 per mile.

Several old timers and others who decided last season to retire have determined to ride again, being lured by the prospect of large purses and lots of racing. One of these old timers who will again be seen on the track is C. M. Murphy, who last year made the sensational ride behind a locomotive on Long Island. Murphy told me the other day that he intended to go in for some five mile paced races, and said he:

"I think I have a license to ride against any man in the world at that distance. Of course, I may be beaten, but I think not, and I am going to try, anyhow."

Murphy, when a circuit follower some years ago, was noted as having the fastest leg action of any man on the track, and in his recent exhibitions on a home trainer has shown that he has not lost his ability in that line.

The recent action of Frank L. Kramer, amateur bicycle champion of the United States during the past two years, in turning professional has cast gloom into the ranks of the speed merchants. Last season Kramer was head and shoulders above all other amateurs, and in private trials during the past few weeks while in training he has beaten Cooper, last year's champion professional, and others of the fast men. Kramer's admirers predict for him a career in his new field of action more brilliant than even that of the immortal Arthur Zimmerman, whom he resembles in style and action to a remarkable degree. He is a magnificent pace feller, and his sprints to a finish have often proved that at this game he is the equal of any one.

Kramer lives in East Orange, N. J., and rode last year under the colors of the Harlem Wheelmen of New York. Two years ago he carried off the prin-

FULLIAM AND HANLON.

Harry Fulliam of the Louisville chess club tells an amusing story about Ned Hanlon and the covered benches that were provided for the players in accordance with the rule to that effect passed last year. He says: "It was passed by the National league. In his arguments he referred to the roadways from the Louisville bleachers and declared for covered benches as a matter of protection. So the rule was passed and we provided a covered bench. We built it between the bleachers and the grand stand, 11½ ft. high against the fence. During the afternoon the sun would slant down beneath the cover from in front, and, as there was absolutely no way for air to pass through, it was little short of torture."

"When Hanlon brought his team to Louisville, I was ready for him. It was a fiercely hot day, and after the Brooklyn manager had crawled out and crawled over the covered bench for while he crawled he could get some fresh air. The players took the cue, and soon the bench was deserted. Then I called Fred Clarke over to me and told him that there was out there no more sign of the signals. Clarke hustled out to the umpire, and Mr. Hanlon was ordered to betake himself and his players back to the sweat box. Once or twice after that the uncomfortable Hanlon made a break for the open air, but every time I set Clarke at him. The evening following the game I called on Hanlon at his hotel and asked him how he liked it now that we had a covered bench. 'It is the blindest hottest place I ever was in,' said he. 'If that hole is a forerunner of a possible hereafter, I will be careful how I behave in the future.'"

TALES OF GOLF LINKS.

Keep your eye on the ball and don't get nervous are two excellent rules for every golfer to remember. The members of the Morris County Golf club had a good laugh on one of their members last year who was more than a little annoyed at players behind him. One day he was out alone, and immediately after he had struck his ball another one from a short distance in the rear came spinning by dangerously near his head. Determined on revenge, he marched to the spot where he saw the ball fall, and, picking it up, hurled it with all his force into the woods.

"There!" he muttered. "That'll teach that fellow to keep his proper distance after this."

Soon the offending golfer appeared and said cheerily: "Hello, old man. Guess my ball fell about here. Oh, yes, there it is!"

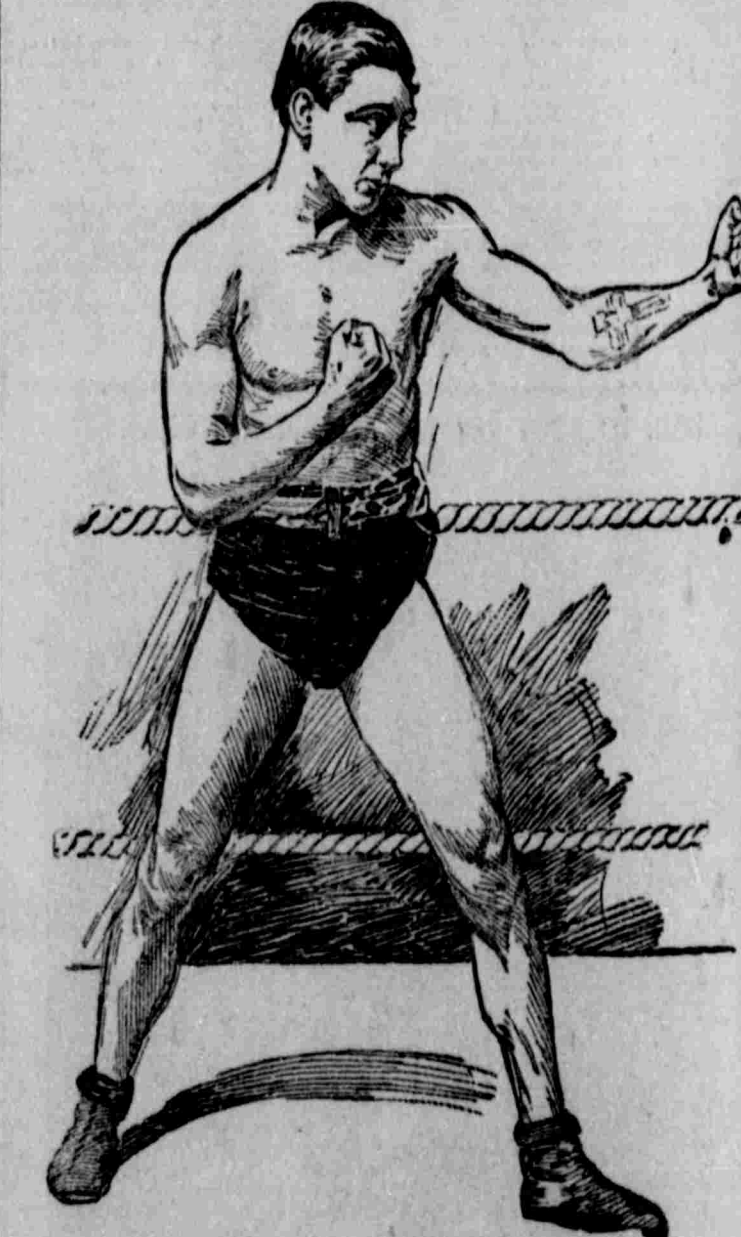
"I beg your pardon; that's my ball," replied the irate player.

"But I'm sure that's the Ocoee ball I was playing with," was the reply. "What was your ball?" "A Henley," the angry man said, with a gasp at the sudden recollection that he had thrown away his own ball.

These tales of the links crop out every year where the game is played, and the best of it is that the true ones are much more remarkable than any one would think of making up for effect. The case actually happened last year of a player giving up the hole because he could not find his ball after a long hunt, and when his partner pulled out the missing ball was discovered in the hole, having gone in on one stroke entirely unknown to the man who played it.

AN L. A. W. FESTIVAL.

The festival which will be given in Michigan in July by the League of American Wheelmen will take place at



EDDIE LENNY.

championships held under the auspices of the L. A. W. and last year confirmed his right to the title by defeating all the crack amateurs in the competition for N. C. A. honors. He will try to eclipse Zimmerman's record of 100 first prizes during one season and will do all his racing during the summer in this country.

Port Huron. The dates for the affair are July 2, 3, 4 and 5. The first day will be dominion day, and the second will be good roads day. The state championship races will also be on the programme. There will also be a lot of athletic and aquatic games, and a display of fireworks will be given every night.

ROUND ABOUT THE STAGE.

W. S. Penley has built a theater in London from the proceeds of "Charley's Aunt," and it will probably be opened with a revival of that farce.

In a recent interview May Irwin is represented as saying that she would infinitely rather play to women than to men. "The women," she says, "respond so quickly and heartily to every shade of humor I throw into my act and are

so sympathetic that I can just turn myself loose. The old ladies are so nice! Bless their dear hearts! I do love to make them laugh until they cry. Give me a house full of women, and I'll do my best work."

Miss Louise Alcott's favorite book, "Little Women," has been dramatized and will be produced in Boston. The British navy is represented in

Mrs. Langtry's company by Arthur Seymour, who is a nephew of the famous admiral of the same name who is now in command of the channel squadron.

The statement is again put forth that Julia Arthur proposes to retire from the stage at the end of the season and live in Boston as Mrs. Cheney.

Barrie's play, "The Two Kinds of Women," has passed now into the hands of Charles Frohman. It is a se-

rious comedy of high literary quality. It tells the story of a marriage and its consequences and starts off, as it is said, with a representation of the ceremony.

E. H. Sothern is to play "Manon Lescaut." The drama is the work of Charles Henry Meltzer. Its inspiration is entirely in the novel of the Abbe Prevost, the "Manon Lescaut" that is a classic of literature.

William Goebel, the Kentucky politi-

cian recently assassinated, is said to have been a suitor of the late Caroline Miskel, wife of Playwright Hoyt, before the beautiful actress went on the stage.

The daughter of Mary Ellen Lease has been awarded a prize in New York for a drama entitled "Love Laughs at Spice Cakes."

Toby Claude, the little singer who plays Pin in "The Belle of New York," has been on the stage a little more than

a year and was playing a small role in the London production of "The Geisha" when Manager Lederer saw, admired and engaged her.

During eight seasons as a star John Drew has had only two leading ladies—Maude Adams for five seasons and Isabel Irving, now in her third season.

Adelaide Astor, who is a member of Mrs. Langtry's company, is a sister of Letty Lind. The first American actor to play in

England was a little known Mr. Browne, who did Hamlet in London in 1787. The first American actress to appear there was Mrs. Young, who made a good impression as Desdemona at Drury Lane in 1823.

Pauline Markham, one of the original Lydia Thompson British black-birds who carried all before them in this country 20 years ago, is now idle and not in any special managerial demand in New York.