

THE STAGE THE WORLD OVER.

PAUL BILHAUD and Michael Carre's comedy in three acts entitled "The Surprises of Love" is Charles Frohman's current offering at his brother Daniel's Lyceum theater. The cast is as follows:

Leduc, the lucky number.....H. Reeves Smith
Dupon Martin, member of the French academy.....Wallace Erskine
Plafond, mayor.....Alfred White
Oscar Parnot, a young actor.....Eric Hope
Dr. Jalabrette.....Frank Lee Short
John Burnett, an American promoter.....Charles Bower

Footman.....David McCarty
Mme. Marcelle Duval, a widow.....Elsie De Wolfe
Raymonde, Plafond's daughter.....Olive May
Mme. Celeste Jalabrette.....Margaret Robinson
Mme. Blanche de Solay.....Helen Keating
Mme. Jeanne Martini.....Ellen Gail

"The Surprises of Love" is an absurd proposition viewed in any light. In the

ceals herself in Leduc's bedroom. Martin has only come for the purpose of finding an opportunity to look Leduc in his little castle so that he will not be able to present at the academical wedding. He succeeds in his purpose, quite oblivious of the fact that his fiancée is locked in for the night with the man of whom he is insanely jealous. The succeeding dialogue, which is not particularly suggestive, except the speech upon which the curtain falls, brings us to the end of the second act.

At the opening of the third act we find the couple asleep in two chairs at a considerable distance from each other. After some time a plan is found to get Martin to the place. The wedding bells are pealing forth their invitation to the guests, and Martin is almost distracted, as his fiancée's absence during

its members properly come under the designation "mediocre."

"Broadway to Tokio," a musical spectacular fantasy by Louis Harrison and George V. Hobart, with music by A. B. Sloane and Reginald De Koven, appears to have caught on substantially at the New York theater, which, incidentally, appears to have been in need of a strong success.

Mr. Hobart is the humorous writer who, under the name of Dinkelspiel, has won a national reputation in his peculiar line. His newspaper work is genuinely funny, and it appears to be the impression that he has succeeded in making "Broadway to Tokio" more entertaining than spectacles of this sort usually are. Such productions naturally defy criticism, their only purpose being to please the eye and ear, and when they have succeeded in doing that they may be said to have accomplished all that their authors intended or their projectors hoped for.

Judged from this standpoint, it is the almost universal opinion that "Broadway to Tokio" is a hit and is destined to enjoy a long run in New York. The cast employed is one of the most ambitious seen in connection with extravaganzas for many years. Among the prominent players may be mentioned Otis Harlan, Fay Templeton, Ignacio

surdties, "A Parlor Match," and now proprietor of the Herald Square theater in this city, is announced to make a starring tour of the country next season in David Belasco's three act farce, "Naughty Anthony." It is said that, while Mr. Frank Worthing, who now plays the role of the professor of moral culture, has given satisfaction to the management, Mr. Evans has managed to see possibilities in the part of the existence of which even the author, Mr. Belasco, has hitherto been unaware. So Mr. Evans will endeavor to show how the character should be impersonated.

This is all very amusing, for, while Evans was very funny as the book agent in "A Parlor Match," his work was never of such a quality as to warrant even his warmest admirers in regarding him as an especially fine actor. I have seen the play, and I do not think it good enough for any one to star in, and this despite the announcement that it will remain at the Herald Square theater during the remainder of the season and that Mr. Evans paid a bagatelle of \$20,000 for a half interest—a half interest, mind you—in the road rights of "Naughty Anthony." Mr. Evans may do as a star in the best houses, but there are many persons who ridicule the idea and declare that these announcements are merely the work of a shrewd press agent, which

"KID" BROAD.

Rapid Rise of the Game Young
Featherweight Boxer & Other
Sporting Topics of Interest

BY LEO ETHERINGTON.

THE activity in boxing circles during the past year has induced many young fellows to take to sparring, and as a consequence newcomers in the roped arena are reported every day. One of the most likely of these lads is "Kid" Broad, who sprang from mediocrity into the front ranks of the featherweights literally in a night. It was his victory over Joe Bernstein last month that brought Broad into favorable notice so suddenly.

Before that battle he was rated as on the average with lots of other little fellows of his weight, whereas now he is picked as one of Terry McGovern's most dangerous opponents in the near future. Broad has been engaged in fighting for several years, and his string of battles is a long one, yet there is only one defeat charged against him. That was the decision George Dixon got over him last May after 20 rounds of hot work. Few fighters of Broad's age and experience can look back on such a list of victories against such good men. The fact that he has defeated Jack Hamilton, Dave Sullivan and Joe Bernstein stamps him as a fighter of unusual ability and one who must be taken into consideration no matter against whom he may be pitted.

In his recent encounter with Bernstein Broad clearly demonstrated his superiority over his opponent all through the battle, although he did not manage to knock Joe out. As a matter of fact, Bernstein was very groggy and all but out in the first round and was knocked clean off his feet in the seventh.

Broad was born in Wales, but was brought to this country when only 2 years of age by his parents, who are still living at Cleveland, O. The "Kid" is 21 years old. In many important respects he resembles Champion Terry McGovern very closely. He neither drinks nor smokes, nor has he any other bad habits, and he always keeps in training whether he has a bout arranged or not. Like the little Brooklyn whirlwind, he is also a very aggressive opponent and is not satisfied to let his adversary do the leading, but is always forcing the fighting from the beginning of the round to the tap of the gong. He trains at Lakewood, N. J., for his engagements and has declared himself always ready to meet any one who is willing to face him at 124 pounds. Here is his record:

Rounds	
Tommy Grant, knocked out.....	2
Johnny Dennison, knocked out.....	10
Young Peter Jackson, knocked out.....	3
Billie Bradwell, knocked out.....	1
"Kid" Bru, knocked out.....	1
Ed Bennett, knocked out.....	5
Deeny Gallagher, knocked out.....	4
Peter Lacey, knocked out.....	10
Fred Green, won.....	25
Jack Hamilton, won.....	12
Dave Sullivan, won.....	25
George Dixon, lost.....	20
Joe Fairburn, draw.....	12
"Crocket" Boyle, draw.....	20
"Crocket" Boyle, won.....	20
Billy Moore, knocked out.....	6
Mike Kearns, knocked out.....	6
Jack Hamilton, won.....	10
Jack Hamilton, draw.....	12
Jack Hamilton, won.....	20
Dave Sullivan, won.....	25
Joe Bernstein, won.....	25

On the 14th of this month the annual assembly of the League of American Wheelmen convened at Philadelphia. How important the decisions arrived at during the coming meeting may prove is probably hardly appreciated except by a very few wheelmen who are interested in the welfare of cycling. Some few years ago the L. A. W. had a membership of over 100,000, whereas now there are hardly more than one-half that number enrolled on the books of the organization.

A large percentage of these cyclists deserted the ranks when the league refused to discontinue its nominal control of bicycle racing in this country. It is also fair to assume that hundreds of others have not joined for the same reason who otherwise would have done so. Of course, a certain percentage of the membership wishes the league to continue in the vain endeavor to govern the racing men, but these have long since been proved to be a small minority.

The league has recently started a movement to have a law passed by congress to appropriate \$5,000,000 for good roads. This was a capital idea and has been enthusiastically endorsed over the whole country. Now, if the league politicians at the forthcoming meeting will vote to abandon the racing game and turn their attention to good roads and other kindred matters which properly belong to their jurisdiction there is small doubt that many of those who have dropped from the rolls during the past two years will renew their membership and that others will also enter the fold.

If it were well understood that the L. A. W. would in future devote its entire attention to such matters as good roads, side paths, touring and to other matters tending to advance the interests of wheelmen, the organization would soon become the great force it once was for the rights of cyclists before this unfortunate racing controversy rent it in twain.

There has been a proposal made that the league should give up the control of the professionals and still keep the management of amateur racing. Now, any one who has followed the cycling business during recent years knows perfectly well that it was the amateurs who caused all or nearly all the wrangling in times past. A prominent amateur belonging to some well known club would in a moment of weakness commit some act, such as riding a certain make of wheel for money, which would force the local L. A. W. officer to declare him a professional. At once his clubmates would rise up in their wrath and denounce the proscription as an outrage, and in the end the club would probably resign

from the league. Many such instances might be recited.

While athletes in almost all lines of sport are making arrangements to go to Paris next summer, it was not to be expected that the boxing fraternity would be willing to be left out in the cold. Consequently the announcement that "Parson" Davies is contemplating an invasion of Europe in the spring at the head of a string of fighters comes with a very perceptible shock.

That Davies will have charge of the invaders makes it certain that everything in connection with the trip will be on the square and no fear need be felt that the members will do anything that will "queer" the Americans in the eyes of Europeans, if Davies can prevent it. The "Parson" is one of the squarest sporting men in this country and knows how to handle boxers. Among the well known men he has had charge of are Peter Jackson and Joe Choynski. The boxers whom he will take to Europe will be recruited chiefly from the aggregation under the management of Tom O'Rourke, the 1 job Bah of the pugilistic world at present. Sharkey, Smith, Walcott and Dixon will probably be among the number.

The plan as formulated so far is to promote a great international boxing tournament in Paris, with purses large enough to induce the best men from all over the world to enter. If the scheme is carried out, it is probable that several other American fighters will go to Paris to try for some of the plunder.

It is said that Davies will also take along with him to the other side Little Willie Hoppe, the 11-year-old billiard phenomenon, as he feels assured that the lad's cleverness will impress the Parisians and that he will be the maker next summer when all the great cue experts will be gathered in the French capital.

While the baseball magnates are squabbling and generally exposing their littleness the real lovers of the sport are quietly thinking out plans to improve the game. One of the latest ideas advanced is the signal system for umpires. In its primary features the advocates of the scheme provide that the umpire shall raise his right arm when he calls a strike and his left for a ball. The system might, of course, be greatly extended.

That plans to improve the game are being thought out at this time when baseball has been dragged to such a low ebb by the unsportsmanlike actions of the magnates shows the great hold the game really has on the American people and indicates that if once more carried on in a decent or sensible fashion it would regain in time many of its lost adherents.

Although the football season is well over, the players and those who are interested in the game are just at present holding eager discussions. The interest in the game really has on the American people and indicates that if once more carried on in a decent or sensible fashion it would regain in time many of its lost adherents.

Several incidents that occurred on the field during important games last fall have caused a good deal of adverse comment, and it is thought that strict rules should be passed so that they shall not happen again. One rule that will undoubtedly be framed relates to coaching from the side lines. The colleges were almost all equally guilty in this respect. It is contrary to all accepted ideas of sportsmanship for a graduate or other coach to interfere with the play from the side lines, and a very stringent law will undoubtedly forbid such actions in the future.

The present method of scoring points will also receive attention. Some experts think that there should be no point for a try for goal after a touchdown, but that the touchdown itself should score six points. Several other matters are also on the list for discussion, including the one which permits a team to retain the ball after intentionally losing 20 yards on four downs. This play was used by Yale in the game against Harvard, after being almost forgotten for several years.

HE SAW THE SHOW.

It is a difficult job to suppress the theatrical passion. Tim Murphy, the comedian, says it can't be done. Last spring, when Mr. Murphy was playing "The Carpetbagger" in an interior town, a hotel waiter asked him for two "complimentaries," and as the actor, generosity toward waiters, housekeepers and hotel employees is proverbial he received them. The recipient lost no time in selling the passes to a drummer and pocketed \$1 for his enterprise. A few weeks ago "The Carpetbagger" revisited the town, and the same waiter again asked for a ticket. This time he said he would do.

"Do you want to see the play yourself?" inquired the elongated comedian.

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"If I give you a pass, will you use it yourself?"

"You bet I will!" was the emphatic reply.

"Come here, then," said the actor.

Drawing a pencil from his pocket, he wrote across the polished shirt front of the waiter.

"Pass this pass tonight—it is no show," and he handed it to the waiter.

"At 8 o'clock the waiter presented himself at the box office, and, pointing toward his wishbone, inquired, 'Is this ticket good?'"

"Certainly," replied the ticket seller.

"Give me a coupon, please."

"All right, but I'll have to punch this ticket if it is a 'complimentary.'"

"What! Punch a hole through my shirt?"

"Yes, sir, or else I must stamp it. Those are my instructions."

For a minute the pass holder hesitated, then he returned to the attack. "Go ahead," he said.

"But I'm afraid it will spoil your shirt. This is purple ink, and it is indelible."

"I don't care. I want to see the show."

A rubber stamp was pressed against the linen, and the waiter approached the door, holding up the coupon for inspection.

"Ticket, please! I can't let you in on that," politely remarked the doorman.

"Well, here is my ticket," replied the doorman.

"I'm sorry, sir, but so that we can count on the house."

"Thunderation!" ejaculated the pass holder. "Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, sir."

There was only a moment of wavering. The orchestra was playing the overture. He pulled out a "dickie," handed it over and went in.

"It was a damned good show," he said as he came out. "But," he added sadly, "it cost me 15 cents after all."

MORE GOLF TEAM MATCHES.

One of the gratifying features of golf has been the increase in team matches between the various clubs. Medal play, except in qualifying rounds and in the open championship, was not much in evidence, the match game superseding it in almost every instance. The inter-club matches have had a very beneficial effect on the participants, both from a social as well as an athletic standpoint. Nothing conduces so much to improve a man's play as new greens and strange opponents. While play on the home green is enjoyable enough the spirit of friendly rivalry is not as keen as when trying to wrest the honors from a worthy opponent on a foreign green. The game being comparatively new in many localities, team matches give players an opportunity of meeting each other and discussing matters in doubt.

In this age of "iron" it is strange to see the tenacity with which some of the crack professionals cling to the wooden butter. Although it proved Aucterley's Nemesis in at least two of his big matches recently, he still believes faithfully in it, and gives as an excuse for his erratic putting, "it's nae 'th' clobber; it's thae moun."

Even his faithful young pupil, William Holabird of Glenview, has been won to the iron and uses it exclusively now. The devotees of the almost extinct wooden club claim that on good turf there is no equal to it for running up over undulating ground.



first place, it is farce of the rankest sort, except when for a moment or two it becomes positively tragic in its immorality. As much of the story as can be given without offense to decent people follows: John Burnett, an American promoter, has organized a lottery in which there is to be one prize, which, by the way, it is announced will be in the nature of a surprise to the winner. The impossibility of such a "heads I win, tails you lose" scheme does not seem to have occurred to the authors, and if what follows were reasonably interesting they might be forgiven for this fault.

Among the idiots who have bought tickets in this lottery is one Dupont Martin, a man who, being a member of the French academy, ought to have known better. This fellow, by the way, is forever expostulating against being made ridiculous, when in reality he is perpetually engaged in the occupation of putting himself into absurd positions. Martin presents the lottery ticket to his fiancée, Mme. Duval, and a little later it develops that she has won the prize. This prize is soon introduced by Burnett, the promoter, and turns out to be a man, Leduc, a fellow whose Nemesis through life has been bad luck.

Mme. Duval is naturally embarrassed by this unlooked for addition to her responsibilities, and, after extracting from the unfortunate creature the full story of his life, she explains to him the impossibility of keeping him in her house, and Leduc leaves. A few moments later he is brought in in a limp condition, having thrown himself into a fountain, which, unfortunately, happened to be the only one in the city into which water had not yet been turned. Mme. Duval now seriously realizes the delicacy of her position and is afraid to let Leduc admit lest he carry out his threat to attempt suicide at the first opportunity. She would probably tell him to remain were it not that she is talked out of the idea by Martin and others of her friends who happen to be present. Martin ridicules the fellow's statement that he will throw himself into the river and offers to bet 500 francs that he will do nothing of the kind. Leduc is just on the point of going, but he turns, and, telling Martin that he will take the bet, he leaves the stage. A few moments later the member of the academy has lost his bet, for Leduc, true to his word, walked directly to the bank of the river, into which he threw himself. He is brought back into the house once more, and then Mme. Duval asserts herself and decides that, no matter what people may say, she will permit him to remain on her place. A comfortable and luxurious summer house is assigned to Leduc, and the hitherto unlucky beggar is in clover at last.

In the second act we find that the village is proud of the unfortunate "capital prize" and that all the women of the neighborhood, including Mme. Duval, have gone daft over him. He is giving music lessons to them, and, all in all, is thoroughly enjoying life. He is desperately in love with Mme. Duval, but has never dared to mention it to her. She also secretly cares for him, despite the fact that on the following morning she is to be married to Martin. She goes to the summer house in the evening, and while there is surprised by the advent of Martin. In order that he may not see her she con-

the night has been discovered. When he enters Leduc's apartments, Mme. Duval comes from the room into which she has temporarily withdrawn, and then follows some of the most grossly suggestive dialogue, considering the conditions precedent, that has ever been heard on a supposedly respectable New York stage. It is impossible to go any further into details, except to say that Martin, being led to believe the worst, and apparently being anxious for an excuse to get out of the marriage, is permitted to do so, and Leduc and Mme. Duval are betrothed as the curtain falls, ending the play.

The hit of "The Surprises of Love" was made by H. Reeves Smith as Leduc. His performance was really a remarkable one when the almost insurmountable difficulties of the role are considered. He has a smooth, easy manner which is certain to send him rapidly along up the ladder of fame if he should decide to remain in this country permanently.

The only other performance that was especially noteworthy was that of Raymonde, in which character Olive May was exceedingly good. Miss May is the young lady who enjoys the distinction of having been the only actress in this country to make Maude Adams seem tame by comparison. This occurred some years ago in "The Butterflies," of which John Drew was the star. Maude Adams was his leading woman, and Miss May had the ingenue role, but she made a greater success than John Drew and Maude Adams put together. It was then thought that a new star in embryo had arisen, but Miss May's subsequent work disappointed the hopes and caused the predictions of her admirers to remain unfulfilled; in fact, until the production of "The Surprises of Love," I have never seen her in anything that was more than moderately acceptable since the days of "The Butterflies." Miss Elsie De Wolfe was as stilted as usual, and there is scarcely a note in the long song which she sings as the irrational widow, Mme. Duval, which rings true. The rest of the cast was fairly acceptable, though most of

Martinetti, Joe Ott, William Gould, Gilbert Gregory, Idaline Cotton, Alice Judson, Nick Long, Josie Sadler and Charles Kirk, nearly a half dozen of whom are considered by many managers as being of stellar caliber. The ballets, costumes and general accessories are claimed, and apparently with justice, to be the most elaborate ever seen in this city.

Chauncey Olcott is at the Fourteenth Street theater for his annual run in this city. The play in which he is appearing is "A Romance of Athletes." It is substantially the same as the other comedies which have served to bring him to the front, since the time, several years ago, when Augustus Pitou selected him as William J. Scanlan's successor. It is a wishy washy sort of affair and is laughable only in the sense that it is an absurd flummery together of a number of the most conventional episodes. The supporting company is remarkable solely because of its lack of ability. There is scarcely one thoroughly competent member of the cast. Olcott himself never was a good actor, but he is now worse than ever for the reason that, feeling secure of his hold upon a certain section of the theater going public, he takes liberties with his role, which he would not have dared to attempt a few years ago. His singing is not so good as it was, either, and his nasal tones are sometimes positively exasperating.

Despite all these drawbacks, Olcott is one of the best paying stars in this country. He scarcely ever plays to poor business, and receipts in excess of \$7,000 a week are so frequent as not to elicit the slightest expression of astonishment from either star or manager. And there you are. There appears to be a sufficiently large portion of the public to enable Olcott to win fame and fortune in large chunks and in short order. For these reasons it is idle to attempt to seriously criticize him. In fact, he simply defies criticism.

Charles E. Evans, formerly a member of the firm of Evans & Hoey, who made a fortune in one of Hoyt's earliest ab-

they manifestly are not, for no man employed to disseminate information and "stories" about a theater and its owner would have the temerity to send out such matter without authority.

Arthur Crispin
New York.

A LUCKY INVESTMENT.

In the suburbs of London dwells a little shoemaker—that is, he was a shoemaker until chance brought him a fortune. Now he lives on the interest of his money and blesses the day that he entered the theatrical world. A comedy was produced in London. The public did not take kindly to it, and it seemed a question of only a few days before the projectors of the enterprise would have to file a petition in bankruptcy and perhaps flee the city to evade the demands of actors who were growing clamorous for their pay.

Then one of the parties to the enterprise was seized with an inspiration. He had confidence in the comedy and felt that if it were taken out of town it would reap a golden harvest. In order to get it away it was necessary to raise \$2,500. All hands got together and thought great wads of thinks. Then one bethought him of the shoemaker, who by dint of industry had laid aside a modest competency. Perhaps he could be induced to disgorge. The shoemaker did not know a play from a side of bacon, but the persuasive eloquence of one of the interested parties induced him to part with \$2,500.

The comedy was hastily taken from the city. It was put through a course of one night stands, and each night showed a comfortable profit. Charles Frohman saw it and bid for the American rights. The play was brought over and made a tremendous hit. The shoemaker got back his money, and to this day enjoys a comfortable revenue. The shoemaker's name does not appear in the story. The play was "Charley's Aunt."

which has been accepted by Mildred Holland and will be produced under the direction of Edward C. White the latter part of this season, has about it a delicious atmosphere which relieves the strong tragic situations in the drama. In "The Last of the Rohans" Andrew Mack makes use of a trick horse. The animal, a handsome Kentucky thoroughbred, has been cleverly trained and is quite an important figure in the

performance. He does a dance accompaniment to one of Mr. Mack's songs. Richard Mansfield has announced that, in addition to a revival of "Henry V," he contemplates producing next season Herman Merivale's play, "Don Juan."

The startling scene in "The King of Rogues" is the clock tower of St. Nicholas, Paris, with a full set of chime bells, in which the heroine is saved

from a terrible death through the timely arrival of the hero, who in return receives the stroke of the deadly hammer.

Mary Manning is to leave Daniel Frohman's company and go starring at the head of a company of her own next season.

Clara Lipman has finished a dramatization of the Shalsh romance, "Lady Barbary." It will in all probability

be included in the Mann-Lipman repertory for next season. They will also have a new play from the pen of Sydney Rosenfeld.

Dave Warfield has added a new dialect to his list. He is making an artistic success of James Whitcomb Riley's poetry.

Richard Mansfield is letter perfect in 11 star parts, several of them among the largest in the drama.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

It is alleged that A. H. Wilson, the German comedian of "The Evil Eye," that he is a nephew of the late Senator Wilson of Iowa and was disinherited as a punishment for adopting the stage as a profession.

Frank Daniels has 44 girls in his chorus. Twenty-two are blonds and 22 brunettes. Their ages range from 16 to

23, their weight from 100 to 143, their height from 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 8 inches.

It is said that J. M. Hill, the one time famous theatrical manager, who brought Denman Thompson into popularity and reared Margaret Mather's fame, has made a new fortune in mining speculation. The theatrical associa-

tion has been known him for several years. However, now that he has money, he is likely to be drawn again into the managerial mainstream.

Clay, who will pass a season or two, if luck follows him, in the theaters playing legitimate characters. Barton Hill is another good actor who has gone the same route.

Theodore Kremer's new play, "Aria,"

