

## "The Actors Are at Hand."

—"Midsummer Night's Dream."

MR. DANIEL FROHMAN, during his many years of management at the famous little Lyceum theater, at building up for that playhouse a clientele which was unswerving in its fidelity. There were, it is true, some very mediocre comedies produced at the Lyceum when that house was the only one in this city controlled by Daniel Frohman, but his patrons in spite of everything stuck to their favorite place of amusement. Even after Mr. Augustus Daly's death, when Mr. Frohman, still retaining the Lyceum, moved the stock company which for years had been attached to the latter theater up to Daly's old house, the Lyceum's patrons remained loyal and supported Augustus in "Miss Hobbs" so earnestly that that charming actress was enabled to put a long New York run to her credit in spite of the fact that the play with which she did it was in no sense a notable work.



CHARACTERS IN OLIVER GOLDSMITH



STUART ROBSON AS OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Since then an English farce, "My Daughter-in-Law," has been running at the Lyceum with much success as to the box office, even though not a triumph from the artistic standpoint. The old clientele is therefore manifestly still loyal.

Well, when Daniel Frohman took his Lyceum players up to Daly's theater most persons expected that one of two things would happen. Either the Lyceum patrons would desert to Daly's, or they would stick to the Lyceum solidly. In reality they have done both things. They have followed Mr. Frohman to Daly's and have also stood nobly by the old favorite, the Lyceum. The value of having a regular clientele was never more forcibly exemplified than in the case of Daly's theater, for, while that house is said to have done excellent business since Mr. Frohman has been handling it, it is a fact that this result has been attained without the aid of one notable successful play. "The Song of the Sower," in which the Sotherns appeared, and the other plays in which the stock company has since been exhibited at that house have all been rather weak and innocuous affairs. Indeed at almost any other theater in New York they would have been regarded as failures.

All of them, however, were adequately presented by competent actors, and no one of them was really bad. But in ordinary circumstances a play has to be something more than passably good to succeed in New York. This, though, as I have endeavored to explain, does not obtain with reference to Mr. Daniel Frohman, and his exemption from the general rule is doubtless traceable to the fact that any play which he considers worthy to be presented at all he considers equally worthy to be well presented. In other words, his patrons appreciate his conscientiousness and are willing to overlook an occasional lapse from the high standard of excellence to which he has accustomed them.

This statement applies with peculiar force to "The Interrupted Honeymoon," an alleged comedy which is the current attraction at Daly's theater. I say "alleged" comedy for the reason that, while it is so designated on the playbills, its absurd improbabilities put it into the farce category, while the long stretches during which there is scarcely a suggestion of real humor would seem to indicate that the author had temporarily imagined that he was engaged in writing a melodrama, or at least something equally unlike comedy.

"The Interrupted Honeymoon" is by Mr. F. Kinsey Peile. It is said to be his first offense, and the clever dialogue to which he occasionally treats us will

have been even farther apart, and the funny part of it all is that each utters his opinion in a manner intended to create the impression that Sir Oracle has spoken and there can be no appeal. As a fact, Robson has been doing very fair business, and it is probable that the opinion of the general public which pays its money for amusement and does not go into the theater on passes would be that "Oliver Goldsmith" is a pretty good play and that Robson is all right in it.

Some years ago, when the peculiar conditions which had developed in the theatrical world made it necessary for the owners of theaters who found it impossible to make satisfactory bookings to put stock companies into their houses, it was freely predicted that within three years there would not be three places in this country devoted to



SCENE FROM "THE INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON."

the stock company idea. It is hardly necessary to say that this prophecy has not been fulfilled. On the contrary, there are now half a dozen stock companies where three years ago there was but one, and, what is equally remarkable, nearly all of them appear to be making money. In fact, there are scores of cities in which stock companies are now successfully operating, and these are towns which have for a number of years been regarded as poor theaters in any city.

The plan would be to produce four new plays, and then move the companies from one city to the other in rotation, so that every organization would return to its own town in four weeks, when a new play would again be produced. The object of this arrangement would be to enable the performers to have sufficient rehearsals for the adequate presentation of new plays. This would practically do away with the looseness and what may vaguely be called the "sluggishness" of the average performance given by a stock company which not only has to play twice a day, but also is obliged to rehearse the drama for the coming week. If the manager to whom I refer should conclude to go into this, you may confidently look for a rattling of dry bones among the managers who have been going along complacently without any thought of opposition and with the consciousness that the Saturday night balancing of the books would practically be certain to show a balance on the right side of the ledger.

It is not improbable that a certain prominent manager with ample capital at his back will shortly take a dip into the stock company business. If he should do so, it is not unlikely that he will start with four theaters in as many cities. The plan would be to produce four new plays, and then move the companies from one city to the other in rotation, so that every organization would return to its own town in four weeks, when a new play would again be produced. The object of this arrangement would be to enable the performers to have sufficient rehearsals for the adequate presentation of new plays. This would practically do away with the looseness and what may vaguely be called the "sluggishness" of the average performance given by a stock company which not only has to play twice a day, but also is obliged to rehearse the drama for the coming week. If the manager to whom I refer should conclude to go into this, you may confidently look for a rattling of dry bones among the managers who have been going along complacently without any thought of opposition and with the consciousness that the Saturday night balancing of the books would practically be certain to show a balance on the right side of the ledger.

All dramatic criticism is rather funny, but New York criticism is exceptionally so. No play presented in this city during the present season has excited so much comment as "Oliver Goldsmith," which has just closed its engagement at the Fifth Avenue theater. This was not due to the fact that "Oliver Goldsmith" is either a very good or a very bad play. The chances are that it is neither the one thing nor the other. It is not due to the fact, either, that Mr. Robson has made the hit of his life in the title role, for that is generally conceded not to be the case. "Oliver Goldsmith" has given rise to discussion only because opinions concerning both play and player have differed so widely.

One man will tell you Augustus Thomas never wrote anything better than "Oliver Goldsmith," while the next fellow will inform you that he has a puzzled to understand how a man who wrote "Albion" could have been guilty of perpetrating such an awful thing as "Oliver Goldsmith." The first man will add that the title of the piece was made by H. A. Weaver, Sr., who made Stuart Robson look like 30 cents, and the second individual will concede to you that Henry E. Dixey was first, with the others nowhere. Your informant, too, is almost certain to supplement this carefully thought out estimate of the performance with the sententious utterance that Dixey made Robson look like 30 cents. As you will observe, the "30 cents" make the only point of agreement in the two criticisms. This variance has not been confined to the laymen, for the professional critics

son in a fine production of "Lorna Doone." An operatic version of "The Bell" has been prepared, and Victor Maurel will sing the role of Mathias. Eleanor Farjeon, a granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson, though but 15 years old, is making a reputation as a writer of opera librettos in London. It is told of Victor Bateman that he refused to play the role of Sapho in St.

### AN EXCITING RACE.

Several old timers were trotting the old races over recently, and several mighty interesting reminiscences were told. One veteran patron of the turf said:

"The most exciting trotting event I ever saw was the free for all trot at Cleveland in August, 1876, when Smuggler beat Goldsmith Maid, the then queen of the trotting turf. The Maid had been going up and down the country, beating everything that came her way, and it occasioned no end of excitement when her colors were lowered. Smuggler was a converted pacer, a big, powerful horse, very fast, but uncertain. He was driven by Charles Marvin. Goldsmith Maid was, of course, driven by Budd Doble. Judge Fullerton and another horse whose name I've



H.A. WEAVER, SR.

forgot were in the race, but as they cut no figure in the result it doesn't matter about them. There was an immense crowd to see the flers. The weather was beautiful, and the horses all appeared to be in perfect condition. At the end of the fourth heat the race stood: Smuggler, two heats; Goldsmith Maid, two heats, and the crowd was in fever heat.

"Can it be possible that the Maid is going to be beaten?" was heard on every side. And the talent did not know which way to turn. Between the fourth and fifth heats I noticed Doble and Mace in earnest conversation, and I could but wonder what sort of scheme was on foot.

"A short time afterward I found out. When they were called out for the final and decisive heat, people held their breath, for they knew they were about to witness a terrific struggle between the mare that had won so many races and a rival that had demonstrated that he could go like an unchained thunderbolt. When Doble drove around from the stable past the grand stand, he tried to look smugly confident as he doffed his cap in acknowledgment of the applause, but his face looked drawn and pale. It was apparent he was nervous and anxious. Marvin's face was full of grim determination and his horse seemed to sniff victory afar off, so widely extended were his quivering nostrils.

"After they got the word Smuggler, the Maid and Judge Fullerton kept pretty well together for the first half, but after that Marvin and Doble began to urge their animals a little. Just as they turned into the home stretch Marvin let Smuggler out. But a long drawn 'Oh!' went up from 5,000 throats as it was seen that Doble and Mace had pocketed Smuggler between their horses. But Marvin was equal to the emergency. He lifted Smuggler right out of the pocket, and how he did send him down the stretch! It really seemed as though the brawny animal was flying through the air, so tremendous were his strides as he thundered under the wire a clean winner, while the homely old Maid came close at his heels, trying her utmost to win. Doble's whip cutting her dripping flanks at every stride she made.

"Smuggler won the race and was bedecked with flowers. Budd and Mace looked glum, and the crowd yelled itself hoarse."

THOUGHT HE SAW IT ALL. G. W. Frothingham of the Bostonians recently told the following: "We were playing in a small town last year, had our private car and four porters, who took turns coming to the show. One of them came back one night right after the second act. Another porter asked him why he didn't stay and see the show out. Porter No. 1 said, 'I did see all there was to see.' 'Why, no; there are three acts, and you saw only two.' 'Well,' answered my man, 'my programme said: 'First act, ruined castle; second act, monastery and convent; third act, same as first.' I didn't want to see the same act over again, did I?'"

The League of Press Agents is the latest in New York.

is a recent bride. Mr. Hope Ross is the son of a wealthy mill owner, and the wedding took place in Baltimore a few weeks ago.

Mary Anderson is the founder of a monastery. The monastery is situated about 12 miles from Louisville and is built on a tract of land of about 400 acres, given to Mary Anderson and her brother, Joseph C. Anderson, by their uncle, a priest of the Cath-

olic church. It is said to be an ideal site for a monastery, in the midst of an old French settlement. The building is an unpretentious one, but amply sufficient for its present uses. The greater part of the big tract of land is still virgin forest, only about 40 acres having been cleared.

Lulu Fuller returns to this country in November for a season of 15 weeks. Lulu Glaser may go to Berlin this summer with the intention of studying for grand opera.

It is now said that the late Colonel Ingwersoll suggested the writing of "Ben Hur." The Pasha play is being reproduced by the cinematograph in New York.

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## THE SPORTING WORLD

News and Views on Many Topics of Current Interest.

BY LEO ETHERINGTON.

THOSE persons who regard the winter as so many months of longing and expectation for spring and joyous summer, when they can again take up with renewed zest their favorite pastimes in the forest or on the water, are now awakening to the thought that the time for their enjoyment is at hand.

Fishermen, huntmen, yachtsmen, canoeists and all other lovers of outdoor life and scenes are busy fixing up lines and rods, filling guns or getting their craft calked and in shape for the season.

A general increase in all forms of outdoor sports is noted with every recurring season, so that it will be no stretch of the imagination to assert that more people will go in for these amusements this summer than ever before. We are fast becoming a nation of sportsmen, and, happily to say, true sporting ideals are at the same time becoming inculcated in the minds of the participants.

A great many people who have the time to spare will spend their vacation this summer in making a trip to France and the Paris exposition. Those who do go will have no chance to forget while over there that they are Americans, for almost every day one hears of some new team of athletes who are to contend for international honors in the coming games to be held at the French capital.

One of the latest of these plans is that of sending a representative team of American lacrosse players to enter the championship games. Lacrosse is essentially an American game, and it is only meet that this country should be well represented. The Nationals of Montreal, who have often won the senior championships of Canada, have decided to go over, and now the Crescent A. C. of New York has made arrangements to send a team. For years past the Crescent A. C. lacrosse team has been the finest in the United States and has frequently won from the best clubs in Canada.

Besides playing in Paris arrangements have been made to play a game with a picked English team in London. This latter match is regarded by the club with even more interest than the Paris games, partly because of the generous treatment enjoyed by the team during the tour of Great Britain and Ireland in 1897 and partly because of the social credit which is almost sure to distinguish the event if played at Lord's grounds and under the right auspices.

Besides the proposed trip to Europe the Crescents have made up a schedule of games against the best teams in both the United States and Canada; so they are likely to have all the work out for them this season that they can possibly manage.

What a faculty the heavyweight boxers have for acting in a manner contrary to their own interests! Just when Sharkey and Fitzsimmons were receiving praise from ring followers for getting together and making a match they both the affair and call everything off. Fitz seems to have been square enough in the matter, and a good many people



including Sharkey's own manager, are now asserting that the sailor, who was itching for a chance to get out of fighting the Australian, was glad of the opportunity afforded him by the hitch over the club at which they should meet.

Another fact brought out at this meeting was that, although Fitzsimmons without the aid of his brother-in-law, Julian, the story of their quarrel and subsequent antagonism must have been greatly exaggerated, inasmuch as they certainly acted as though a secret understanding existed between them.

There is a very popular impression that McCoy is always on the lookout for "marks" in the ring, and perhaps he is hardly to be blamed for corraling all the "easy money" in sight. It is, however, a mistake to assert that the "Kid" is afraid of any one. It took but a very few minutes for Sharkey to get on a match with McCoy after his failure to come to terms with Fitz. The winner of this encounter is to meet the victor of the Jeffries-Corbett battle for the championship, so that there is a possibility of Sharkey and Jeffries again battling for the championship.

Talking of Jeffries and Corbett, the

closer we get to the date for the bout the more confidence there seems to be in the minds of the majority of the experts that Jeffries will emerge from the encounter a winner. In spite of the stories that have been going the rounds telling of his poor condition and inability to reduce his weight, there is not the slightest doubt that the champion is in splendid health and that he has already taken off a great deal of superfluous flesh and will reduce himself still more in the remaining few weeks before the fight.

McCoy says he will not fight Gus Ruhlin again because he does not intend to meet those he has defeated, as he sees no reason for so doing. And yet McCoy did not lose a minute in clinching a match with Sharkey the other day, although the sailor has already knocked him out in the ring, while the best McCoy could do with Ruhlin was to get the decision after 20 rounds of fighting.

McCoy is not consistent. If he does not intend to meet those whom he has defeated, then he should not pester those who have won from him to give him another chance.

Sam Austin, who is to referee the coming battle between Jeffries and Corbett, is one of the squarest sporting men in America, and is an all around good fellow besides. His views on all matters connected with the ring are regarded as those of an expert. He not only perfectly understands the rules of the ring, but is thoroughly posted on the records and ability of most of the fighters and writes on such topics in an interesting fashion.

Although best known as a writer and referee of boxing, Austin is well up in other sporting matters. There are few shrewder judges of a horse, and he generally has one or two fine trotters for his own use. As a judge of dogs he is well known to the experts, and there are several trophies in his house that prove that he has bred and owned good ones. He never sends a dog to a show nowadays for the reason that he lost a very valuable animal, of which he was extremely fond, while it was on exhibition years ago. The animal caught cold in the drafty building and died of pneumonia, and Austin then and there declared he would never again risk such a fate for a dog of his. And he has kept his word, though he has undoubtedly missed many prizes by that course.

Ring followers will be interested in the news that Jimmy Barry of Chicago, the one time undisputed bantam, or 105 pound, champion, has decided to enter the roped arena once more. When the little blond haired fellow was fighting, he was looked upon as the best of his weight in the world. He defeated all the well known bantams in this country, and then, to clinch the title, he defeated Walter Croft, the English champion, in a contest which ended fatally for the Britisher. Barry retired, claiming that a weak stomach interfered with his training.

Barry is 30 years old and is said to look as well as ever. Those who remember his fighting prowess four years ago will be glad to welcome him back to active ring work. It is said that he will

challenge Danny Dougherty, to whom Terry McGovern has handed over the bantam championship.

TO RE-VIVE SPRINGFIELD MEETS. It is said to be very probable that the great Springfield bicycle meets will be revived this season on a grander scale than ever, and that the Hampden park elaps eastern and western cities, then to California, stopping on the return trip at New Orleans and Havana. The tour will be under the direction of Rudolph Aronson.



ization come directly to this country, and 100 or more concerts are to be given here, opening about Oct. 15 with performances at the Waldorf-Astoria and the Metropolitan.

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### WHIMS OF PLAYERS.

"Did it ever occur to you," remarked a theatrical agent of much experience, "that actors and actresses have some peculiar whims regarding the location of rooms in a hotel, and an advance agent must get their notions down to a nicely before locating them, if he values his position and desires to have peace of mind?"

"For instance, Mrs. James Brown

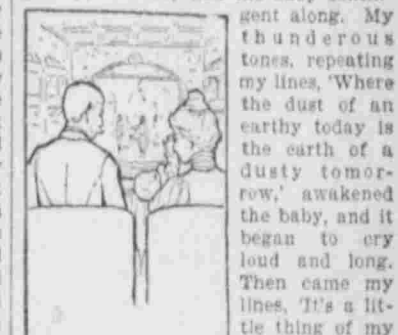
Potter wanted a cheap room, no matter how high up—perhaps she learned how to be economical from Kyrt's Believ, who is satisfied with anything, as he never parts with a dollar without thinking of the title of that popular ballad, 'How Can I Be so Cheap?' Mrs. Gerster wanted a top floor and wanted it cheap, but preferred a parlor on the Emily Rig likes to paint.

first floor at the same price. Carmencita always demanded the best in the house at any price. She wanted rooms wherein she could eat Spanish onions and prepare her own meals with the help of her chafing dish, without regard to the damage done to the carpets and furniture. Her dishes were hot, but talasco faded into insignificance when the landlords took stock of her apartments after her departure.

"Maggie Cline wants a room where the button presses easily and the bell-boy does not outgrow his clothing in his journey with the duck. Emily Rig likes a room and parlor where she can study and paint. She is quite clever with the brush."

THE BABY'S STAR PART. H. C. Barnabee, the well known comedian, tells a good story about a baby that made the hit of the evening at a certain performance of "Patience" in which he took part.

"There was a young couple up in the gallery, and they had the baby continue along. My t underous tones, repeating my lines, 'Where the dust of an earthy today is the earth of a dusty tomorrow,' awakened the baby, and it began to cry loud and long. Then came my lines, 'Oh, hollow, hollow, hollow, hollow'—which he probably was."



"It's a little thing of my most of them, and the house caught on and yelled itself hoarse, and they weren't fairly quiet when the next line sent them off again. 'But I shall not publish it.'"

"At a later performance another baby made an unconscious hit. He made such a noise crying that he had the 'middle of the stage' for about five minutes; then came my lines, 'Oh, hollow, hollow, hollow, hollow'—which he probably was."

THE WALTZ KING COMING. Early next fall Edouard Strauss, the eminent ball and concert director of Vienna, and his famous orchestra of 60 musicians, which created such a sensation here on their previous visit six or seven years ago, will make another tour of this country. At the close of a three month's engagement in Paris during the exposition Mr. Strauss and his organ-

ization come directly to this country, and 100 or more concerts are to be given here, opening about Oct. 15 with performances at the Waldorf-Astoria and the Metropolitan.



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### WHAT THE ACTORS ARE DOING.

In ancient Greece, the characters being Socrates, Xantippe and their two children.

Miss Ada Rohan has portrayed more than 250 principal characters during her career.

James J. Hackett may present "The Prince of Jemico" in London.

Augustus Russell is to appear next season in a new play.

Andrew Mack's new play will be called "The Rebel."

It is rumored in New York that Nat Goodwin is to have a theater of his own, to be built next season.

Yale students are preparing a play, which will be produced in May, founded on incidents in the lives of the saints.

A new drama gives a picture of life