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PROMINENT RIDERS IN THE SIX DAY CYCLE RACE IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

THE STAGE

KELCEY AND SHANNON FAIL TO SCORE WITH "MY LADY DAINTY."

MADELINE LUCETTE RYLEY many years ago was an excellent comic opera soubrette whose work every now and then caused her friends to predict for her a brilliant career as an actress. There were spasmodic evidences of genius, but somehow or other they never seemed to fructify.

Later on, when she stopped acting and began to write plays for other people to act in, the same peculiarity was observed. Some of her plays appeared to indicate that Mrs. Ryley was destined to become a writer of really great light comedy, but again, as in the old acting days, she failed to live up to the promise of her work. She has had produced a number of comedies, among which may be mentioned "Christopher, Jr.," in which John Drew appeared; "An American Citizen," which was used one season by Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott; "A Coat of Many Colors" and "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," admirably played by an excellent company headed by Annie Russell and Joseph Holland. Of this lot "Christopher, Jr.," was by all odds the best, but even that was far from being convincing in its funmaking qualities.

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon recently produced another play by Mrs. Ryley. Its pretty title is "My Lady Dainty," and, as may be surmised, the best role is that which is played by Miss Shannon. It would be idle to assert that "My Lady Dainty" contains no good moments, but they are few and far between, and, what is more, the various motives which go to make up the complications are not sufficiently strong to warrant the outcome. As a result the play is not convincing, and, while even if it were, it would not be a great work, it would at least be an acceptable one. The first act is one of the most artificial, uninteresting and glitzy amateurish bits of dramatic construction I have ever seen on the professional stage, and it is a mystery to me that this weakness, if the play possessed no other, did not deter Charles Frohman from purchasing it. He is generally supposed to be the most astute manager in the United States, but he secured the play and held it for a long time until, as an especial favor to Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon, he permitted them to make use of it. What is more, on the stage after the first night performance I heard him making some very valuable suggestions to Miss Shannon and later conversing with her and Mr. Kelcey in a manner which indicated that the "premiere" had in no way lessened his faith in the piece.

Nevertheless, "My Lady Dainty" simply won't do. It lacks the true ring, and in heart interest of the really fetching kind it is woefully deficient. There is material in it for an excellent short story or even for a two act comedietta, but when it is spun out into a four act play the plot becomes draggy and tedious almost to the breaking point. It is possible that with a practically rewritten

first act and the introduction of a little snap into the remaining acts, to say nothing of the furnishing of a stronger motive for the supposed hero and a trifle more positivity in the role of the villain, the piece will yet

win out," but if these shortcomings are not supplied "My Lady Dainty" will come pretty close to answering to the designation "failure."

There was an excellent cast, as follows:

William Vane Ogilthorpe.....Mr. Kelcey  
Rev. Francis Fisher.....Vernon Chase  
Robert Root.....George C. Pearce  
Berry Selzer.....William A. Boaz  
Felix Montague Smythe.....William A. Boaz  
Artemis Folger.....Edward Angell  
Willie Pink Lot.....William Weston  
Jenima Jeffrey (My Lady Dainty).....Miss Shannon  
Lady Ogilthorpe.....Ethel Sanborn  
Caroline Ravanagh (her daughter).....Winona Shannon  
Mrs. Folger.....Louise Bryant  
Clay Folger.....Loretta Healy



PHOTO BY PACH BROS. N.Y.

Miss Shannon's opportunities in "My Lady Dainty" are greater than in any play in which I remember to have seen her. In fact, she has the only really good role in the piece. She takes advantage of the author's lines to the fullest extent of which she is capable. In "weepy," long suffering, bereft-of-home-and-friends characters Miss Shannon is at her best, and for that reason her

work in "My Lady Dainty" was as good as any that she has done for many years. Still Miss Shannon is not an actress of much power, and it is a question whether the role would not have been improved in the hands of some stronger player, for there are moments when My Lady Dainty is required to give evidence of the most strenuous sort of emotion. However, little fault can be found with Miss Shannon's performance.

Mr. Kelcey did not have a congenial part in "My Lady Dainty." This actor's forte is dress suit roles, and the wise author who is writing a play for Mr. Kelcey will always permit him to wind up in conventional evening attire, no matter what garb he may inflict upon him prior to the final act. But in "My Lady Dainty" Mr. Kelcey is in as hard luck at the end as at the opening of the play, and there is not opportunity for what the turf writers are pleased to designate as a "spectacular finish."

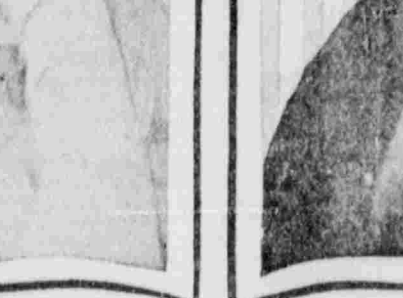


PHOTO BY PACH BROS. N.Y.



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Mr. Kelcey worked hard and conscientiously, but with an almost impossible and a thoroughly obscure and inexplicable role there could be but one result. Mr. Kelcey, like many other more distinguished ornaments of the stage, has his limitations, and, what is more, they are unusually well defined. When he is given a part which simply requires its exponent to look and act the gentleman, or even the gentlemanly villain, he is all right, especially if the role is a thoroughly conventional one; but when Mr. Kelcey is called upon to originate he is all at sea. Inasmuch, however, as a Coquelin would not be able to do anything with the character of William Vane Ogilthorpe, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Kelcey failed to make an impression in it.

Poor stuff as it is, "My Lady Dainty" is reasonably satisfactory from Miss Shannon's standpoint, but if Mr. Kelcey is wise and entertains any regard for his artistic reputation, as he presumably does, he will shelve "My Lady Dainty" without delay and without ceremony and, what is more, without going to the trouble of offering foolish and unconvincing explanation for its failure.

We all have the little frailties which appear to be necessary concomitants in the make up of the average human animal, but in no walk of life is this more noticeable than in the theatrical profession. In the manner of signing one's name the harmless pride or conceit or whatever you wish to call it always comes conspicuously to the fore. Let the programme contain the misspelled name of the most unimportant player in the cast, and he or she will make as much fuss about it as though the fate of the nation depended upon the correct spelling of that particular cognomen. Then the development into dignity of names the possessors of which have secured recognition in their chosen profession is also very amusing. In the stock company of Daly's theater, which is perhaps the strongest organization in this country, there are two young ladies now billed as Cecilia Loftus and Elizabeth Tyree. When Miss Tyree occupied a less prominent position in the

company, she was content to be known as Bessie Tyree, and Miss Loftus until recently was paid an enormous salary for giving imitations of other actors, despite the fact that she was billed invariably as Cissy Loftus. Nat Goodwin was about the best comic opera funny man this country has ever seen, but the great actor of today who is without a peer in his special line is Mr. Nat C. Goodwin. The Nataniel stage has not yet been reached, but Mr. Goodwin is still a young man, and it is never too late to make these little changes. Pete Dalley used to be a great vaudeville favorite, but now he is liked under the more dignified designation of Mr. Peter F. Dalley. There was a certain prominent manager of this city who rose from the ranks, if ever a man did, and during his upward progress his name is said to have undergone no less than five distinct changes in arrangement. It is not of record that the present greatest American actor was ever known as

the new system of team racing in six day events has made these affairs far more interesting and exciting than the old fashioned "each for himself" arrangement, which was physically terribly hard on the men. The pace now is at a racing clip the whole time, the men being practically bunched as regards the distance they travel, and the gain or loss of a lap may win or lose the race. As a result, the riders and spectators are in a constant state of tension, and the cheering and encouraging cries of the onlookers make the scene a very enjoyable one.

The entries this year are more representative and of a higher class than in any previous race of this character, and as a result it is thought that the individual and total mileage records will be broken. The winners of last year's race were Miller and Waller, who covered 2,733 miles and 4 laps, while Maya and McEachern, the second pair, were only two laps behind and Gimm and Pierce one lap behind them. This shows how closely contested the race must have been and how hard it was for any one

Dick Mansfield; but, after all, this should merely serve as one of the exceptions going to prove the general rule.

A young woman whose execution on the pianoforte has been praised by some of the best masters in the world is Miss Lotta Mills. Miss Mills is a native of New York state, and her genius for music being early recognized, she was sent abroad, where she was given the benefit of instruction by the great Leschetizky, the friend of Rubinstein and the instructor of Paderewski and Gattiagalli.

Miss Mills made her formal debut as a pianist with Anton Seidl in Washington in 1894, on which occasion she performed Schumann's Concerto. Since then she has visited in her professional capacity many of the large cities of this country as the pianist of prominent musical organizations. She is about to make a tour beginning in New York and ending in Minneapolis, and it is said by those who are presumed to be in a position to judge that there is a great treat in store for the music lovers of the cities which she will visit.

Arthur Crispin  
New York.

A JOKE ON FORREST.  
It was in Baltimore. Forrest had been impudently engaged that great wag and practical joker, Charles Salisbury, for his company. Salisbury's sense of the ridiculous had got him into all manner of trouble, and he found it difficult to secure an engagement. Mr. Forrest took him in, however, and one night while playing in Baltimore Salisbury took a brief night off. The play that night was "Othello," and in one scene Mr. Forrest, as the Moor, read those stirring words, "This is a bad, bad act."

From the gallery came a voice, "You're right, but the other two were worse."

It was Salisbury. He had stowed himself up side to enjoy the performance, but couldn't resist the temptation to work in one of his humorous bits. Forrest raved and stormed behind the scenes, for it spoiled his act, but Salisbury came in smiling so serenely he was never suspected.

LOADERS LIKE THEM.  
American shorts girls first became a distinct feature in London when "The Belle of New York" was taken over about three years ago. In that aggregation were 60 front row girls, of whom only about 20 have returned for the production now touring in this country. They were replaced by others, and they have failed to come back too. Then a score or more were deported for "The Messenger Boy," and they, too, have remained. When "The Casino Girl" was taken over, of went with it. Not one-tenth of the number has returned.

the stirring times that followed in England about the year 1888 are drawn upon for the action of Lulu Glaser's new opera, "Sweet Anne Page."

The Chorus Girls' union, a very strong organization, is contemplating the erection of a clubhouse in Fifth avenue, New York.

May Irwin has secured a lease of the Bijou theater in New York for five years, to take effect on Jan. 1. She will form

AS THE social season in New York is annually opened with a great hurrah by the national horse show, so the indoor cycle racing season in this country is yearly started with a bang by the great International six day race for the championship of the world at Madison Square Garden.

The event this year will take place in the vast arena in Gotham, beginning at 12:05 a. m., Dec. 10, and will finish at 10:05 p. m., Dec. 15. It will be a continuous 142 hour contest, the riders being divided into teams of two men each, only one of each pair being allowed on the track at a time. The contestants have the right to rest and ride as they see fit, except that no rider may be on the track more than 12 hours out of each 24.

Each team must choose and wear its official colors, and as it is an international affair each must wear the flag of his country, the emblem of his state or some other distinguishing mark which will make it apparent to spectators what they represent. Pacingmaking is not allowed that will be to the disadvantage of any of the other riders, and any contestant found guilty of giving or of accepting such aid will be disqualified.

Joe Gans has been anxious for a long time past to get a whack at Terry McGovern, and his ambition is at last to be gratified. On Tuesday evening the lads will face each other in the ring in Chicago for a six round bout.

The colored boy is pretty near the top of the heap among the lightweights, while Terry is the champion featherweight. The latter has been taking on flesh very rapidly during the past few months, however, and would probably need several weeks of hard training to get down to his weight at his last championship battle. In this respect, therefore, the pair will be about on a par.

As to condition, however, there is liable to be a marked contrast between the men. Terry is on tour with his theatrical company, and though he takes some exercise every day, he is not likely to show the speed which has characterized his work in all his important fights. His recent go with Bernstein demonstrated this point. Gans, on the other hand, is sure to be in corking good condition, for both he and his manager realize the importance of the coming event to Gans and are not likely to leave anything undone so far as condition is concerned.

McGovern has such a wonderful constitution and recuperative power and

showed the stamina and grit that have made him so successful during the past season in the face of innumerable accidents and discouragements in the early part of the summer.

Harry Elkes is another rider well known among the middle distance men both here and abroad who won fame in a week long contest at the outset of his career on the wheel.

The riders who have come from Europe to take part in the race are a crack lot and have made it interesting for our men in former contests. They include such well known cyclists as Gougoltz and Bourotte, Kaser and Muller, Nawn and Fredericks and Chevalier and Seidl. They have all been in this country for several weeks and are acclimated and in good condition for the contest. The team prizes will be as follows: First, \$1,500; second, \$1,000; third, \$750; fourth, \$500; fifth, \$350; sixth, \$250. Besides these, large individual prizes will be hung up by the management.

There he found assembled a choice group of stage favorites, among them Joseph Herbert, whom he knew very well. Herbert and the other members of the party were buying wine, and when it came to the Briton's throw he, with the gameness characteristic of his race, tossed his lone \$5 bill across the bar and ordered up another quart. He was counting on change enough to buy breakfast.

Herbert, who is one of the best hearted chaps in the business, knew of the Englishman's financial condition, and, pulling out of his pocket a roll of bills big enough to choke a sewer, said quietly:

"I will pay this round, old chap," and picked up the bill to hand back to the man, who placed it on the bar. At this most inopportune moment, however, a friend touched him on the shoulder and called him aside. He still had the Englishman's \$5 bill in his hand. Unfortunately for all concerned, the conversation between Herbert and the stranger ended by their both dashing out to the sidewalk and springing into

and has proved remarkably popular with the players. It was the president's belief that the standard of play at the national championships would be bettered if the contestants were previously sifted out at home tournaments. The soundness of these views was shown by the improved caliber of the entries in this year's championships.

It is said that the committee has several men in view, any one of whom would be acceptable as a successor to Mr. Thomas, but the main difficulty seems to be in finding some one who has both the time to devote to the position and the willingness to accept it.

CHARLES E. EDWARDS.

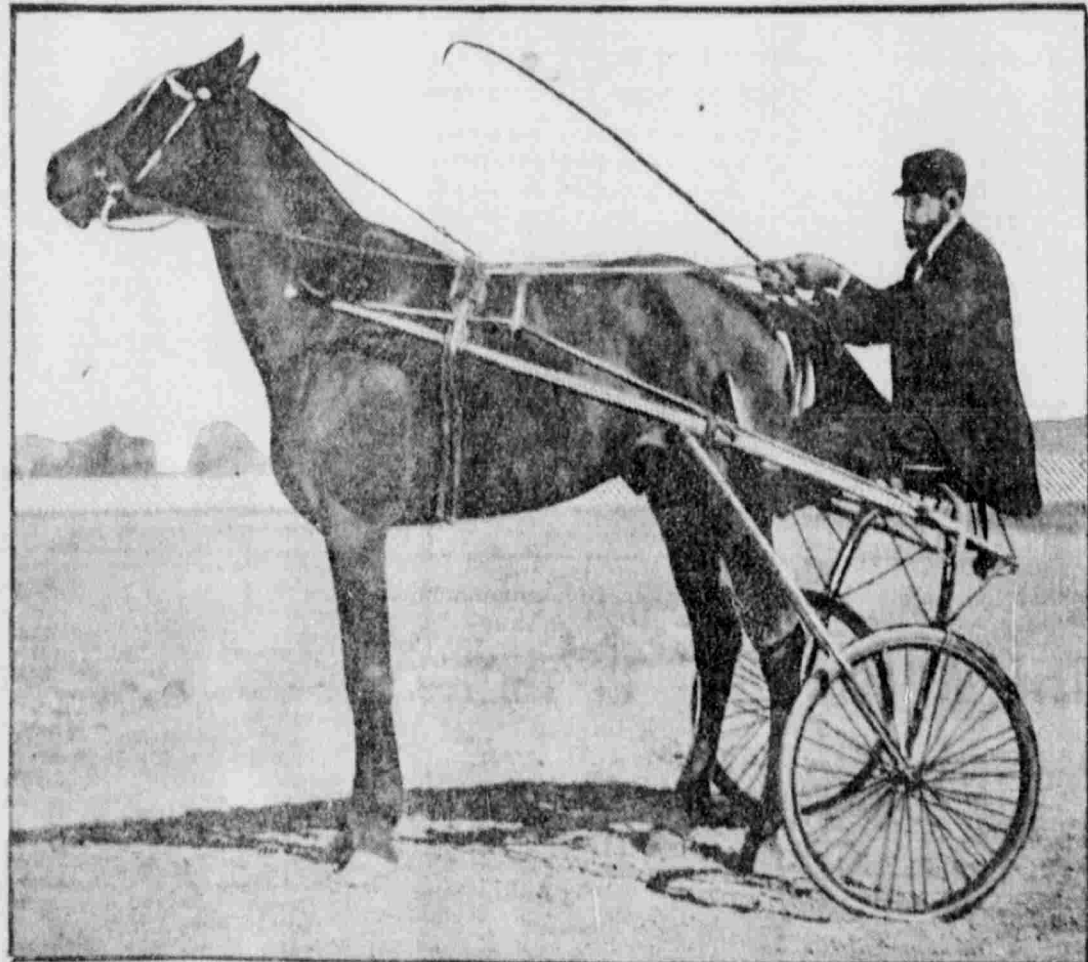
HARD LUCK, INDEED.  
A hard luck story was told recently by one of the best actors Great Britain has sent us in recent years. He was telling of one awful summer, when, with no engagement in sight and very gloomy prospects, he was confronted daily by an angry landlady, and had many problems to solve dealing with the acquisition of food and clothing.

As he strolled up Broadway, New York, one day he vividly realized that the breakfast of the day before marked his last stopping place along the foot

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CHARLEY HERR, 2:07, THE FAMOUS KENTUCKY TROTTER STALLION.

Charley Herr, the famous racing stallion, has had a checked career. He was not born in the purple. His owner, David Cahill, a poor dairyman, bought him and two others for \$25 and afterward discovered the animal's wonderful speed. John D. Creighton of Omaha has offered \$25,000 for Charley Herr, but Cahill wants \$50,000 for him.

of the riders to get away from his rivals.

The individual mileage record was made by Bob Walthour, the Georgia rider, who covered 1,462 miles and 8 laps in the week, while Turville, who rode 1,287 miles and 9 laps, was second.

Some of the best known riders in America first made names for themselves in six day events. "Major" Taylor, the professional short distance champion, made his entry into professional circles in a six day grind in Madison Square Garden several years ago. William Stinson, the middle distance champion, who was the first rider to cover 40 miles in an hour, came to the front in last year's event, where he

has shown that he can stand such an awful amount of punishment that it is unlikely that Gans will be able to put Terry to sleep even if the latter should prove "spongy."

Although the annual meeting of the United States Golf association is still two months off, enthusiasts have begun to talk of it already. This is owing to the determination of W. B. Thomas of Boston to resign from the presidency of the organization.

"During his two years' tenure of the office Mr. Thomas has done yeoman service for the game by the establishment all over the country of sectional leagues, with individual championships. This has been almost a hobby of his

a cab. This left the Briton in most dire distress. The barkeeper threw the bill into the till, remarking, "I will hold Mr. Herbert's change for him until he comes back."

The rest may be left to the imagination.

IN TRUTH OR IN JEST?  
Ernest Hastings is playing the part of a lunatic in "Her Majesty." Of his performance one critic wrote:

"Mr. Hastings made a great hit as a lunatic, acting the part in an entirely lifelike manner, seemingly without effort."

The actor was puzzled as to whether the critic was praising or "kidding" him.

Imperial stock company, St. Louis, may appear in vaudeville at the close of her present season.

The authoritative ruling is that Quex in "The Gay Lord Quex" is pronounced Kwex, not either Ex, Kay, Kux, Coox, Quex, Cue, Cuss, Quiz, Queeks, Kix, Squex or Cakes.

"Beau Hickman" is the title of a play by Willard Holcomb in which Tim Murphy may be seen next season.

THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

Human nature is the same in royalty as in those of less exalted stations. A mouse interrupted a state concert before the emperor of Austria at the palace in Vienna. Mme. Saville broke down in a song at sight of it, and when it ran toward the royal party the ladies fled.

Among the prominent stars who may

next season act plays written by American authors are Richard Mansfield, Tim Murphy, Julia Marlowe, Ada Rehan, Henry Miller, William Gillette and Kathryn Kiderer.

The Percey Opera company, at present playing at Central-theater, Berlin, has acquired the German rights to the popular Morton-Kerker extravaganza,

"The Belle of New York," and this eminent musical creation is soon to be heard in a German version or refinement of the text into Berlin acclimatized surroundings.

Talking of stage superstitions, a player now playing the part of Justinian in "Theodora" in a traveling company carries with him in place of a rabbit's foot, a coin issued by Justinian himself.

The landing of William of Orange and

the stirring times that followed in England about the year 1688 are drawn upon for the action of Lulu Glaser's new opera, "Sweet Anne Page."

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a stock company of well known players and spend most of each season in New York.

Harry Conner, who has played the leading parts in several of Charles H. Hoyt's farces, will be a member of the company headed by Miss Edna May, which is to play "The Girl From Up There."

The burning woman question is said by the satirists to be, "Is my hat on

straight?" Now Grace George, as Queen Honoria in "Her Majesty," gives us a variation by inquiring if her crown is on straight.

It is said that a fresher at Blyth, England, filled a theater with water nearly to the stage level and submerged the parquet, but a performance was given before an audience seated in the balconies.

Maude Odell, leading woman with the

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