THE STAGE IN NEW YORK.

Arthur Crispin Compares the Rival Productions of Dumas' "Les Trois Mousquetaires."

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The merry war of the jolly musketeers is on in deadly earnest on Broadway. At the Knickerbocker theatre the Hamlin version is the attraction, with E. H. Sothern as D'Artagnan, while two blocks farther north the Sidney Grundy-Boerlohm Tree version is holding sway, with James O'Neill "starred" as D'Artagnan and Blanche Bates romping as the ideal D'Artagnan, although he is so as the character is drawn, Mr. O'Neill gives us the popular conception of the character, and if it were not for the evil forebodings of starhood and lofty years of it, he would be the favorite interpretation, despite the very commonplace lines which Mr. Grundy has put into his mouth. O'Neill is as robustious as Sothern is quiet, and in the latter's version he sound, I think, please better than that excellent young actor, for he would infuse into it some of that dash which is, on the one hand, new lines and which is entirely too sonorous, on the other hand, in the O'Neill play. Large audiences prevail at both the Broadway and the Knickerbocker, and it is thought by many shrewd judges that the success of these two rival attractions on Broadway at the same time will have the effect of making each do better than it would have done without competition. As it is, if a person goes to see one version he feels that he is not in a position to discuss the play intelligently until after he has also seen the other.

"THE MUSKETEERS."—CARDINAL RICHELIEU'S DISCOMFITURE.

To sum it up, the Hamlin play is far and away the better of the two and the wonderful vogue of the Grundy version in England can only be accounted for by the excellent cast, including Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Lewis Waller and Franklin McLeay, and the magnificent auspices under which it was produced. Here there was nothing lacking in the matter of scenery and costumes or in the general excellence of the cast, but in England Mr. Tree had the prestige of his fashionable Her Majesty's theater and the popularity of a well known native playwright to help him out. The cast at the Broadway, in the matter of well known names at least, is a remarkably strong one. Here it is in part:

D'Artagnan	James O'Neill
Louis XIII	Walter Thompson
Cardinal Richelieu	Henry Lee
Duke of Buckingham	Francis Carlyle
De Treville	Andrew Robson
Athos	William Lodwick
Porthos	Edmund Collier
Aramis	S. Miles Kent
Rochefort	Edward L. Breese
Jussac	Allen Long
Bicarat	Mark Ellsworth
Cavois	W. L. Drew
La Chauvery	George Gray
Bessik	T. G. Linehan
Athenais	Blanche Bates
Anne of Austria	Judith Berlise
Zoe	Adelaide Merill
Constance	Margaret Anglin

The title of "The Musketeers" should be changed to "Milady," for she it is who dominates the play. In London Mrs. Potter did it, and here Miss Blanche Bates does it. When this young woman made her phenomenal hit as the female villain in "The Great Ruby" at Daly's theater some time ago, many people thought it was luck, but it was simply one of those remarkable flukes which cannot be accounted for. Mr. Daly probably was of that opinion himself, for he had no hesitation in dispensing with her services at the first intimation that she desired to leave him. But Miss Bates is no accident, and if she lives and is given fair opportunity she is as certain to become one of the greatest actresses on the American stage as anything can be in theatricals.

A few years ago a play in which the Hebrew element was predominant was considered to be a number of prominent managers in this country, and with scarcely an exception they replied that it would be little less than suicide to attempt the exploitation of such a drama, no matter how great its strength. Now, however, things seem to have changed. As is well known, Liebler & Co. will produce Israel Zangwill's play, a dramatization of Miss Zangwill's famous novel "Children of the Ghetto," which deals entirely with Jewish life. So far from fearing the identification of the play with the Hebrew character, the Liebler's it announced, will call Mr. Zangwill's play "The Jew."

Jacob Litt will also produce next fall a German play entitled "The Children of Israel." It deals with the persecution of the Jews in the land of the czar. The story is said to be quite strong, but it is impossible to tell from its nature and look about and select the material which is best suited to him instead of having to take anything which offers in the hope of accidentally striking a winner.

And, by the way, speaking of London, it is announced that Beerbohm Tree is shortly to produce at his Her Majesty's theater a play by Henry Arthur Jones entitled "Carmen Sahib." It is said to be a serious work and to afford excellent opportunities for both Mr. Tree and Mrs. Potter, who will have the principal female role. Mr. Charles Frohman, I believe, owns the American rights. At any rate, it is pretty well settled that this will be one of the early productions of next season at the Empire theater in this city.

Either Miss Alice Nielsen or her press agent has thought better of it, for the talented young soprano, it is now announced, will not go to England in "The Fortune Teller," at least not this year. It is also barely within the range of probabilities that she will not go next year or the next or the next or the next. Some time ago it was announced that Mr. George W. Ledgerwood, who was about to go to London, carried with him authority from Mr. Frank Perley, manager of Miss Nielsen, to arrange for that lady's appearance in "The Fortune Teller" in the British metropolis. Now the information is given out that Mr. Ledgerwood and Mr. Perley have agreed that it is advisable to postpone the trip until next year, when they will be able to take advantage of the fact that there will be thousands of Americans in London en route to or from the Paris exposition. Meanwhile, Mr. Perley will then have two operas on hand instead of one. Then, again, by the plan adopted the fact that Miss Nielsen thought of going to London, coupled with the rumor of the rumor have both been published, so that despite the absence of cut results the press agent has succeeded in getting a few more weeks and each time in a very effective manner.

Arthur Crispin

New York.

THEATRICALS IN ANAM.

In Anam, as in China, the drama is taken very seriously and is designed to give instruction to the people, who are much more given to letters or philosophy than to the customary diversions of a play—the virtue of the case, be it understood, which is frequently regarded as woe to the actors. According to their habit, however, the Anamite theatrical productions are exhibitly lengthy, with a great deal of tedious talk, and they are adhered with a great deal of ceremony, the audience, who are always admitted gratis to the entertainments. As in China, an Anamite play may continue uninterruptedly for several days, and the actors, as they become tired, are replaced by another set, who carry on the story where it left off, or, if it happens to be a new story, they begin at the beginning. In Anam, however, the story is not so prolix as in China, the dialogue is more to the point, and the actors are not so numerous. The costumes are ragged and unrepresentative, and there is no thought of letting down a curtain when the scenes require to be shifted.

The actors begin their performance by bowing before the spectators, salute and courtesy every time they cross the stage, and the prompter runs after them wherever they go. Sea voyages are represented upon the Anam stage by an individual who pulls an oar, and he may show himself back by a trotting action accompanied with the cracking of a whip. Heroic deeds are cried out in a stentorian voice, and comical things are said in a low tone. Combats are simulated by contortions and mock struggles, and the actors who are not playing quietly await their turn at the back of the stage near the orchestra and in view of the audience. The author of an Anamite play is so little considered that he does not sign it, and no acknowledgment of him is made by the audience should the play prove a success. Women do not play in Anam, but form a special corps of singers who assist by their voices to swell the general vociferation.

TERRIBLE EXTRAVAGANCE.

"You know those Boston triumvirs are good business men," says Harry Pulliam of the Louisville club, "and they should be about as good with such broad minded methods that they have made several fortunes out of baseball. Last summer, while the Louisville were in Boston, I saw Selden and Conant lecturing the groundkeeper in a way that convinced me that he had made some terrible break. They shook their fists, waved their hands above their heads and finally left in what appeared to be a white heat.

"What is the matter?" I asked of the groundkeeper a few moments later.

"They are finding fault with me because they say I paid too much for some balls."

"What did you pay for them?"

"Five cents a pound, and they say I ought to have got them for 2½ cents."

"How many pounds did you buy?"

"Three," answered the groundkeeper as he went away to call a board over a knothole in the fence."

"The Cuckoo," which so severely shocked the critics in London, may be shortly seen in this country. It is a production of Meilhac's farce "Decore" and is essentially French.

JEFFRIES--HOW HE FIGHTS.

The Big Pugilist Tells What He Thinks He Will Do to Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Maher et Al.

Gus Ruhlin, Who Fought Jeffries Twenty Rounds to a Draw, Gives His Opinion of the Latter's Prowess.

(Copyright, 1899, by Gus Ruhlin.)

Jim Jeffries, the gigantic Los Angeles boiler maker, is the strongest pugilist now before the public and a mighty clever boxer as well. As we fought a 20 round draw, I ought to know something about his ability in the ring and style of hitting. Jeffries' work as a boiler maker before he became a pugilist had given his already massive frame a ruggedness and strength that have proved of immense value to him in his contests. He is able to withstand a vast amount of punishment, which, added to the fact that he is endowed with a great deal of courage, makes him a very difficult proposition for even the best to tackle.

His hardest and most formidable blow is that terrible left hand swing, or hook, for the head. Backed up as it is with over 220 pounds of solid flesh and bone, one can imagine what a fearful force there is behind it. He is always watching for an opportunity to deliver this blow and sometimes takes the risk of giving an opening to his opponent in order to successfully use it.

He is quick to take advantage of the slightest opening offered by an opponent and is very aggressive when he thinks it his best policy to force the fighting. His ability in this line was amply proved when he tought Sharkey at San Francisco. During the fifteenth round of that encounter he inflicted a terrible drubbing on the ex-sailor, and, for that matter, Jeffries poured hot shot into the ribs of his antagonist in every round. The wonder was how his opponent stood up against the onslaught.

Those who are inclined to belittle Jim Jeffries as a competitor in the ring with the hunky Australian, Bob Fitzsimmons, and proclaim that the champion will have an easy thing of it seem to me to be overlooking some important points which it would be well to make note of when instituting a comparison between the two men. Jeffries has never yet been defeated or knocked down in the ring. He is a veritable giant in description, who will fight at 225 pounds without any superfluous flesh.

When Fitzsimmons meets Jeffries, he will be up against the youngest, healthiest and most powerful antagonist he has ever encountered, and one who weighs between 40 and 50 pounds more than the Australian. To counteract this Fitz has his far greater experience in the ring to fall back upon, as well as his wonderful ability to recuperate after punishment. He proved this during his contest with Corbett at Carson City.

To my mind Jeffries' greatest fault is his slowness on his feet in the ring, though he is credited with being an extremely fast runner, but for a man of his size and weight he is fast enough to prove very dangerous, especially when it is remembered that there are several fighters who are a great deal more shifty than Fitzsimmons. Taking them all in all as regards sprinting ability, Corbett is about as good as any, with the odds slightly in favor of the champion.

Fitzsimmons has predicted that when he and Jeffries come together his terrible right will play an important part in the encounter. According to his own statements he will endeavor to toss Jim into leading with his right and thus lay himself open to that famous right hand punch with which Fitz has blasted the ambitious of so many aspirants for championship honors. Jeffries, however, it must be remembered, is ambidextrous and can use his right or left hand equally after that idea has been worn almost threadbare in literature. This fact is easily explained. Audiences, as a whole, are made up of people of only average intelligence. New ideas and new methods cannot at first sink to the enthusiasm of the two or three hundred thousand people who are interested in the game, and the fresh ideas speedily through the masses. Carefully pondering the situation are possible to Jeffries, but not to the shifter in a theater, who has scarcely time to grasp the sense of one phrase before another assails his ears. A new taste is not created in the theater, but outside, and very often is created unwisely to its possessor.

Some months after information has leaked that Minnie Adams and Viola Allen ride horseback for recreation, that May Robson's hours of rest are devoted to art and needlework, that Otis Nethersole finds delight in the author of her two collies and Irene Bevan and the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," that Lillian Russell refuses to tell how she enjoys her leisure hours, that Sara Derbyshire when away from the theater is an amateur sculptress, that Pattie Bell an expert billiard player and Sadie Martinot a fine cook, that Camille Clarice loves the music of the piano and banjo and simply dotes on horses and horseback riding, it is not manifested what the gentlemen of the stage love best or how they use their spare time.

Manager Daniel Frohman was once private secretary to Horace Greeley.

Herman Bivard and Hunter Mattheews are writing a comedy for Orkin.

GUS RUHLIN.

JAMES JEFFRIES.

James Jeffries

Gus Ruhlin

Stories of The Stage.

Maude Raymond at Hammerstein's new Victoria Music hall, New York, in "A Reign of Error," tells this story: "I was with a vaudeville company one season at Grand Junction, Colo. One Monday night we opened to a crowded house, the front row of seats being occupied by a lot of cowboys, their pistols and knives sticking out of their belts—a walking arsenal, in fact. At that time I was singing a song called 'Come Up Here and Play'—not the Anna Held song, but an old, sad song—a child's song, in fact—the chorus of which is:

"Oh, won't you come up here and play?
Won't you come here and play?
Wa won't go to school,
And our mammy won't care
If you'd come up here and play.

"My habit had been, if I found the house friendly, to pick out some one in the front row and beckon him to come up and play. Usually the audience enjoyed the spirit of it, and the discomfiture of the person thus boldly addressed was then a huge joke. So on the night in question I had reckoned without my host. I picked on a big, soft-looking man. I beckoned to a big, soft three inch cowboy, and at the conclusion of the second verse he shouted:

"I'm comin, sir!" and up he came.

"He towered above me to an enormous height (I'm only a little thing, you know), and to an orchestra accompaniment he whirled me around like a tornado. Then, letting go of me, he whipped out a revolver almost as big as he was and fired six times in the air. That was too much for me, and I toppled over in a faint.

"The next morning I found a little box waiting for me at the theater. On it was scribbled, 'To the Girl Who Sings "Come Up Here and Play,"' and what do you think was in it? The daintiest, prettiest pearl handled revolver I ever saw in my life. On a card beside it was written this wish: 'I hope you'll shoot right among the stars some day,' and since then I've been trying to shoot, but I'm not a star yet."

Mr. Edmund Collier, who is playing Porthos in "The Musketeers," tells a good story of one of his experiences while traveling in the south with a company when business was light. Mr. Collier prefaces his story by disclaiming any proprietary rights in the company, and he says he was not the man with the make up.

The company arrived in the metropolis of Broken Row. The house at night was wretched. When the manager counted up, he found he was three faces short to the next town, the agent having telegraphed that business would be big there. To get people to come to the show that night passes had been distributed with great generosity, especially to the railroad people.

After the play the manager met the passenger agent and told him of his dilemma and asked him if he could help him out. The agent said he thought he could fix him up and wanted to know if there was anybody in his company who looked like a Catholic priest, as he knew one was needed. The manager recalled that he had a pass that had been returned by Father ——. But the man who impersonated him must sit in the car apart from the others and speak to no one.

The manager arranged with one of his actors to play that part en route. When the conductor came through for the tickets, the actor gave his pass with a serene and rigid countenance, while the conductor eyed him suspiciously. After several stops the actor, forgetting himself, got into a heated dispute with one of the company who sat behind him. The conductor, happening along at that time, asked him if he was not a member of the company.

Taken by surprise, the poor fellow hesitated and then stammered, "Yes."

"What do you do?" the conductor demanded.

"I'm the chaplain," the actor replied.

"We were playing 'A Pale Rebel' at the Grand Avenue theater, Philadelphia," says Harry Davenport, "and Alice Gale was cast for the part of Sally Woods, a North Carolina girl, whose rasping voice was a characteristic of the low-bloods girl in that section during the war days. Now, Miss Gale's voice is beautifully modulated in a low key, and to make matters worse she came to the theater that night with one of the production with a beastly cold in her. She could scarcely speak.

"However, the terrible cold with which she was suffering just fitted into the particular role she was playing, and Sally Woods' comical hoarse voice that night brought down the house, everybody thinking it was the art of Miss Gale and not a beautifully developed cold that made possible a voice such as had never before been heard. On the Saturday night of the week that as I was going on the stage I saw Miss Gale in the wings. 'How's the cold?' I asked. She shrugged her shoulders and said, 'Almost better, thanks—the thank heavens I've just enough left to make the last performance of Sally Woods a success.'"

Hilary Bell tells the story of how Edith Kingdon, now the wife of the millionaire George Gould, sprang into popularity when she was a member of Augustin Daly's drama company.

Miss Kingdon was so impressed by the unusual dignity of her surroundings on the first night of "Love on Crutches" that she failed to realize how great a hit she had made. A roar of applause followed her exit after the second act, but Miss Kingdon, thinking that the plaudits were meant for the leading lady, hastened to her dressing room to make a change of costume. In answer to the tumultuous hand clapping Miss Kingdon came out, Mr. Drew came out, and Mr. Daly came out and said:

"Kingdon!" "Kingdon!" was the cry.

Finally the surprised debutante was summoned from her room, whence she emerged in confusion and astonishment so hurriedly that she had not time to finish dressing, but was compelled to throw a shawl over her bare shoulders. As she popped out in front of the curtain Edith Kingdon looked so fascinating in this hastily improvised costume and her blushes of embarrassment that George Gould immediately lost his heart to her, and now she is the richest woman that any stage has ever graduated.

IN THE CALCIUM'S GLARE.

Old Dan Rice, the circus man, is said to be in England writing circus stories for a magazine.

Aspinilla Daly has bought for this country "The Live For Men," and Eleonora Duse will play it in Italy. It has the subject of divorce and the unequal force of the social laws for men and women as the theme.

A bill has been introduced at Albany requiring the presence of a practicing physician or surgeon of at least five years' practice at every place of amusement, while a performance is in progress.

The interest of a clause in the French theaters is a mystery to American critics. Sara Bernhardt abolished it after her travels, but was obliged to restore it. Paris possesses a king of the chairs, the terror and providence of divorces, who lets out spectators to all the great theaters of the capital.

"The stage isn't what it used to be," remarked an old timer to a promised actor recently. "Do you know," was the response, "I have heard that remark every since my early boyhood, and my grandfather tells me he has always heard it. I am strongly tempted to believe that the stage never was what it used to be, after all."

A new style of "Hamlet" is being given throughout England, with "magnificent scenery, dramas, ghost illusions and up to date effects." The fate of the king's assassin on the voyage to England is unknown to Shakespeare, but in order to show the righteousness of the character, he plays by a young seaman.

Miss Isabel Irving will continue as John Drew's leading lady next season.

Theophile Gautier, the famous French writer, pointed out that the stage is always the last to adopt an idea and usually after that idea has been worn almost threadbare in literature. This fact is easily explained. Audiences, as a whole, are made up of people of only average intelligence. New ideas and new methods cannot at first sink to the enthusiasm of the two or three hundred thousand people who are interested in the game, and the fresh ideas speedily through the masses. Carefully pondering the situation are possible to Jeffries, but not to the shifter in a theater, who has scarcely time to grasp the sense of one phrase before another assails his ears. A new taste is