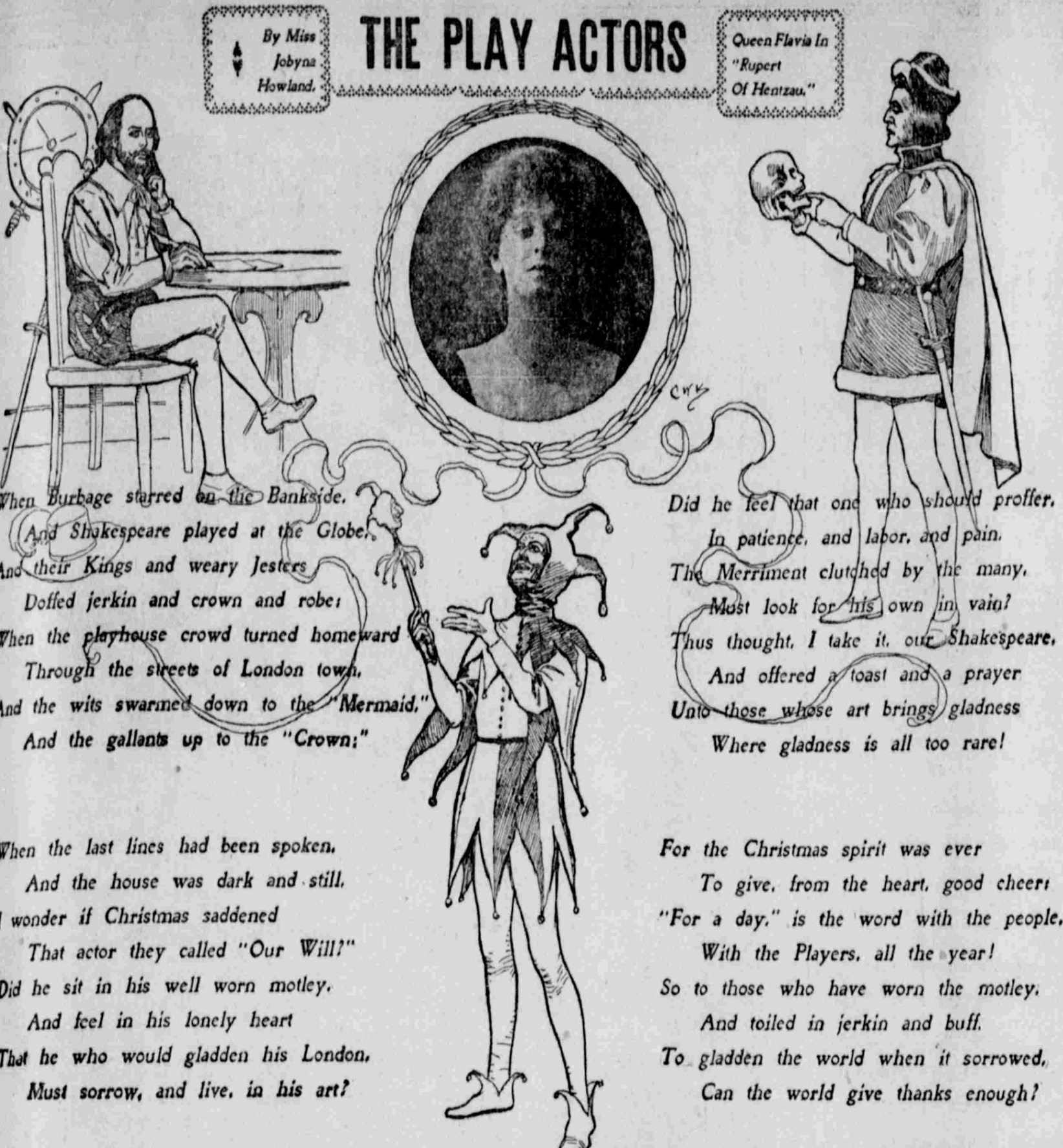


By Miss Jobyna Howland.

THE PLAY ACTORS

Queen Flavia In "Rupert Of Hentzau."



When Burbage started on the Bankside,
And Shakespeare played at the Globe,
And their Kings and weary jesters
Doffed jerkin and crown and robe;
When the playhouse crowd turned homeward
Through the streets of London town,
And the wits swarmed down to the "Mermaid,"
And the gallants up to the "Crown;"

When the last lines had been spoken,
And the house was dark and still,
I wonder if Christmas saddened
That actor they called "Our Will?"
Did he sit in his well worn motley,
And feel in his lonely heart
That he who would gladden his London,
Must sorrow, and live, in his art?

Did he feel that one who should proffer,
In patience, and labor, and pain,
The Merriment clutched by the many,
Most look for his own in vain?
Thus thought, I take it, our Shakespeare,
And offered a toast and a prayer
Unto those whose art brings gladness
Where gladness is all too rare!

For the Christmas spirit was ever
To give, from the heart, good cheer;
"For a day," is the word with the people,
With the Players, all the year!
So to those who have worn the motley,
And toiled in jerkin and buff,
To gladden the world when it sorrowed,
Can the world give thanks enough?

GOODWIN'S TIT FOR TAT.

It seems that the little laughmaker, Marshall P. Wilder, made a big English hit by telling a story that ran like this:

"Oh, yes, that reminds me: the night before I left New York I went to my 'phone and rang up central. Ting-a-ling. 'What number?' 'Gimme the Hoffman House bar.' Ting-a-ling. 'Hello!' Is that the Hoffman bar?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Nat Goodwin there?"

"Yes."

"That's very strange. Goodbye."

This little tale excited the British risibilities to the point of hysterical hilarity, and Marshall never failed to score with it, especially if Nat Goodwin were one of the party.

The humor of the thing rather palled upon Nat, however, for one evening Nat's turn as a raconteur preceded Marshall's, and our flamboyant haired comedian told a little story himself.

"Ah, yes, that reminds me. The night before I left New York I called up central on the telephone and asked for the Hoffman House bar. Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Is that the Hoffman House bar?"

"Yes."

"Is Marshall P. Wilder there?"

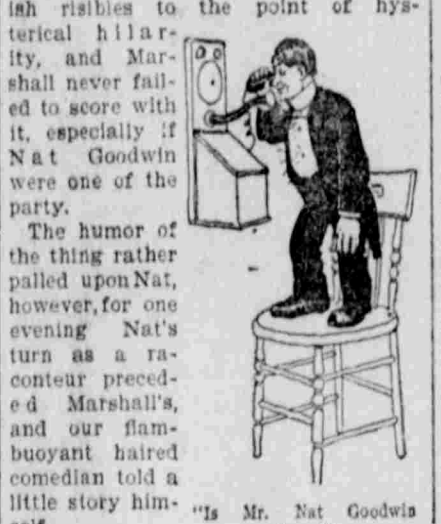
"Yes."

"Is he buying anything?"

"Yes."

"That's very strange! Goodbye."

And the boys say that Marshall rang off that telephone story so quickly it would make your head snap.



THE GENTLE ART OF WRESTLING

By ERNEST ROEBER,
World's Greco-Roman Champion.

THE main art of wrestling is going to regain its old time popularity in the near future. I am convinced that during the coming year much of the enthusiasm over wrestling bouts that used to be witnessed in days gone by will be seen again.

I have several reasons for this opinion, one being the much larger crowds of people that have paid to see wrestling contests and exhibitions during the past few months than for several years previous to that time. Only a short time ago I was challenged by Professor Atlas of New York, and the affair was arranged to take place in a hall in a rather out of the way part of that city. I thought possibly a couple of hundred dollars would be taken at the door, but to my great amazement we cleared over \$1,100 that night.

Little straws like this show which way the wind is blowing, and I am perfectly convinced that it is at last veering round in favor of wrestling, and I hope it is, for it is a great science. Such contests are not only intensely interesting to watch, but it will be a good thing for the youth of this great country if they will go in for wrestling more generally. It is one of the best possible exercises a man can take up, as it not only serves to develop every muscle of the body, but also induces quick thought and rapid action, besides making one able to grasp a sudden opportunity without fatal delay.

Still another reason for my opinion that wrestling is coming to the fore is the number of challenges that I have been inundated with, directly and indirectly, during the past few weeks. Some of these have been from men who have issued défis simply for the sake of a little possible notoriety. To them, of course, I shall pay not the slightest attention, as they have no intention of ever facing me on the mat. Others, again, have come to me from ambitious amateurs who think that because they have downed a few local celebrities they must of necessity be world beaters. I cannot afford to pay any attention to this class until they have done some work that necessitates my meeting them, not only because the matches would draw no crowd, but the result would be so farcical that the old cry of fake, that has already done so much to hurt the game, would inevitably be raised again. I have never been guilty of trying to hoax the public and will not be a party to any scheme that, even if perfectly legitimate, looks like a skin game.

There are others who have challenged me, however, whom I shall be only too glad to meet. These are men who are champions in their own countries and who are coming to America to try to wrest the title of champion of the world from me.

Among the foreigners who have signified their intention to come over and wrestle me this winter are two men who are likely to give me a good tussle before I down them. They are fellows with splendid reputations abroad and there are few tricks in connection with the game which they do not know.

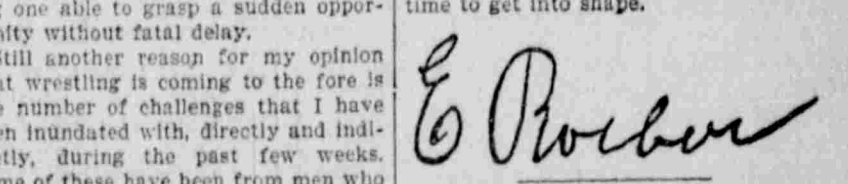
One of these men is Paul Pons, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler of France. He is about 6 feet 5 inches in height and built in proportion, with a tremendous muscular development. He has defeated all aspirants in Gaul so handsily that now everybody over there is afraid to meet him.

A similar complaint as regards a lack of opponents is said to be the reason that Beck Olsen, the champion of Germany, has decided to come over here to get on a match with me. He is

During the past two or three years there has been an invasion of this country by several alleged Turkish wrestlers, each of whom has claimed to be the champion of the Ottoman empire, and each of whom has in turn declared that he has defeated all comers, including the ones who were here before him. Now, as a matter of fact, none of these men was a wrestler according to our standards. They were simply very strong men who endeavored to win by first hurting or crippling their opponents by breaking their bones.

Now that is all wrong and does the sport no good. I want to win by square out and out wrestling, and not the foul means such as they employed. The first time I met one of these Turks he tried to fire me bodily over the ropes and did throw me out of the ring. The second time I met him I was on to his little game, and so he couldn't repeat the trick. Instead he tried to hurt me by throwing me against a post, and I consequently won on a foul.

In conclusion let me state that I am willing to defend my title of champion Greco-Roman wrestler of the world against any reputable opponent provided he puts up the proper forfeits and stake money and gives me six weeks to get into condition. I wrestle at 150 pounds weight and require at least that time to get into shape.



THE PLAYERS' CHRISTMAS.

YULETIDE SENTIMENTS FROM PROMINENT PEOPLE OF THE STAGE

In the new century a new unfolding of the spirit of peace and good will.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

Christmas is always to me the season most suggestive of home. Our wandering lives lead us artists about the world, so that there is no little home beyond that we make ten times over for ourselves in strange lands. But Christmas is likely to carry all of us back to the thought of that real home we see so little, I have been in Russia, snowy and frozen, and on the Mediterranean, with the flowers blooming on the sunbaked hillsides. Twice I have seen the holiday in this country, but my heart and my thoughts have been always with those in the home I love.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

If at any moment I have felt that acting as an art is regarded by some simply as a luxury, I think Christmas day, above all others, would serve to impress a higher and more exalted view than this of the player's labors.

So many people look forward to a visit to the theater, Christmas, as an added pleasure to this greatest of all holidays. It is then that the player, denied the day for his own enjoyment, exerts all his powers for the happiness and edification of others, assisting in making merry this beautiful anniversary and thus fulfilling in his own way the precept particularly applicable at this season, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

VIOLA ALLEN.

Great Britain and the United States are so united in blood and sentiment that I pay God the friendship and the closer bonds that bind them together this Christmas. It would break my heart to think it were possible for the horrors of such a war as is now raging in South Africa to be transferred to my own dear country or to this equally dear land that has adopted me. God bless them with his best and most earnest Christmas prayer, for their unity would indeed give "peace on earth, good will to men."

CORA URQUHART POTTER.

The Christmas spirit is the spirit of unselfishness. At this time our best thoughts find expression in deeds for others, and our own happiness is gained through the happiness we give.

MRS. LESLIE CAUTER.

I do not know what is customary with other nationalities, but for me, as a German, there is no more sacred festival than Christmas, and wherever I happen to be I celebrate it under the pine tree, radiant with the lights of the many candles, filled with beautiful remembrances of the past and buoyed by cheering hopes for the coming year.

ANDREAS DIPPEL.

The fault we have to find with Christmas in England is that it always brings with it a quantity of bills. But I am hoping to enjoy the festive season immensely over here because I shall be out of reach of the atrocious bills. I suppose both countries keep the festival in much the same way, and whatever differences there may be will be very interesting to note. And these my reflections on Christmas must end. Excuse my trifles.

LAURENCE IRVING.

While Christmas brings to the world tidings of joy and peace two classes of beings suffer—actors and actresses. The virtues sacrifice their time, the actors their vital energies in an ordeal of doubled work at the extra studios. Of the first the lot of the turkey is preferable, because after a painful but short operation they slumber, if not in joy, at least in "peace."

HELENA MODJESKA.

In this joyful Christmas season, when all the world is so merry that it scarcely needs to look for solace from "bunns and socks," the patient play actor seems, alas, but one of life's superfluities. Yet, though it is a busy day for this same play actor, from he

hind the scenes of happiness and merriment he or she cannot but wish to all the world a light heart and much good will.

BLANCHE BATES.

Speaking of Christmas gifts, in stage life as in social life we notice the same amusing fact, viz., that the most valuable presents are invariably given to and received by those who can best afford to buy expensive articles for themselves. Now, instead of giving presents of gold or silver to Miss Prima Donna (who probably possesses more of the same sort than she knows what to do with) or a box of fat Perfumers to Mr. Comedian (who doubtless prefers his own brand), how would it do to quietly insinuate a \$2 bill into the hand of Mr. Property Man, for instance, who is a hard-working, accommodating fellow, with a small salary and a large family? This is just a little, modest Christmas thought. It doesn't even pretend to be a suggestion.

ETHEL COWLES.

"Tis only in youth that the joy of Christmas is felt supremely. When we are older, we remember yesterday and think of tomorrow, but then the holly has a rosy blush and the mistletoe an alluring taint, and under the overween there is no false leaf to make us sigh.

JAMES YOUNG.

As one of the wandering children of Thespis, Christmas to me is usually the saddest festival of the year, since I am seldom able to spend it in my own home. This year it finds me in London, where, in spite of traditional English cheer—roast beef, boar's head and plum pudding—we American exiles look longingly back to the land of turkey and cranberry sauce.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

London.

As the mimic father of the "Children of the Ghetto," the fact which appeals to me most on this festival of the Christian Messiah is the Christlike toleration which has become the rule of civilization. Every honest Christian heart beats in sympathy with Dreyfus, the Jew, in the persecution to which he was subjected.

Will spend this Christmas in England, where people make more of the holiday than anywhere in the world, though I fear my heart will be in America.

WILTON LACKAYE.

London.

A Christmas sentiment? There is only one, and every normal creature feels it just about Dec. 25. And to that sentiment we may strive to give fresh novelty by clothing it in new words. But let the wording be simple or ornate, let it cover seven pages or let it embrace only the original seven words, it will still be the same—two thousand years old and yet never old, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

ANDREW MACK.

Christmas and all its time honored customs have always been very dear to me. I certainly believe one's heart is kept young by a belief in its sentiments and poetry, and in reply to your request may I quote Dickens and say, with Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one!"

KATHERINE FLORENCE.
(Mrs. Fritz Williams.)

In Paris on national holidays the theaters are thrown open to the common people, and to them is offered up the greatest artists of the day. What great and successful American manager will next year make an Xmas present of his theater and its attraction to the poor drama lovers of our great metropolis?

MARY SHAW.

My best wish for the human race is that it may continue to successfully deceive itself.

WILLIAM GILLETTE.

Christmas day, though to the actor a day of increased toil, I look forward to with keen delight. The all pervading holiday spirit be

ing infectious, I am surrounded with the magnetic influence and regard what is sometimes hard work as genuine pleasure. Sincerely,

HARRY CORSON CLARKE.

Shakespeare says somewhere (in "Love's Labor Lost," I think):

"At Christmas time I no more desire a rose Than wish a snow in May's newfangled show."

As a cantatrice I naturally cannot subscribe to this quite natural sentiment (the only lines indeed in the master which do not wholly appeal to me), for I love roses, and especially in December, the height of the musical season, when they come to me as a fragrant tribute to the art in which I strive to excel. But when your poet observes, "So hallowed and so sacred is the time," I feel I understand—I, who am of the race of him who inspired the words.

ROSA OLITZKA.

Christmas! What magic in the word! How it speaks of home and friends! Our dearest sorrow is for the time forgotten. We breathe the holiday spirit, looking forward hopefully to the new year soon to be born. At this joyous time "let us not burden our remembrances with a heaviness that's gone."

ADELAIDE PRINCE.

Christmas! What a lovely word For those who stay at home, And not like we poor actors Forced to roam from house to house, and to roam. Its sorrow and its pain, But Christmas, that sweet, lovely word, Means we play twice today.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

Christ first showed mercy to women. Christmas, the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour of mankind, should be held doubly sacred by them. What were the women of Greece and Rome? What were the women of China, of India, of the Mohammedan nations? Christmas—"Jest ye forget!"

GRACE GOLDEN.

Christmas, on account of the glorious and saintly event it commemorates, calls forth from every heart sentiments of joy, happiness and love. Whether we be old or young, rich or poor, the desire to do and to make life merry for some one is the same.

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

If it is a Christmas sentiment that you want, this I would say to you and all, "Tis mine own wish with I thee in every place."

KATHARINE GREY.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes, Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, The bird of dawn singing at night long; And then, they say, no spirit darts a-sid abroad; The nights are wholesome then; no planets strike; No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm; So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

—Shakespeare.

In the above matchless Shakespearean lines the sage has just claim to the highest honors for beauty and sublimity of Christmas sentiment.

JON TEMPLETON.
Actor, Author and Manager.

IN A WORD.

When a woman is asked to say something in "less than 50 words" and to "breathe" a sentiment worthy of a holiday occasion, while doing it comes to an indignant halt and ejaculates, "C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S!"

In that way, in one word, she writes a complete history, understood in all civilized countries.

PAY TEMPLETON.

Probably the actor is in a better position than most people to appreciate the grave significance of the Christmas celebration, because it is seldom given to him to enjoy it as others do. Lack of opportunity to express what he

feels does not take from him the poetry and the joy. Rather it is stored up to be given full vent at some other time.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE ACTRESS'S CHRISTMAS.

Christmas for me, I thought, Peace and contentment sought; Thus, alas, was I taught In years gone by.

Rehearsal now at ten, Matinee at two again, Performance at eight. Ah, then, "Come spring!" I cry.

MABEL GILLMAN.

Bearing in mind the kind reception accorded me on my first visit to America, I cannot let the approaching Xmas pass without wishing your people all the good things I wish my old folks at home.

HARRY B. STANFORD.
Sir Henry Irving Company.

None of us is too poor or too busy to help others to enjoy a merry Christmas. If we bear this thought in mind and act upon it, our holiday will be brighter.

YVONNE DE TREVILLE.

The actor out of an engagement generally loses his Xmas dinner. The actor in an engagement has no time to enjoy it.

W. S. HART.

My best wish at this hallowed season of the year is that the divine influence may reach out into all the dark corners of the universe and bestow some blessing on each of its unfortunate.

PIERRE DAVIES.

We people of the stage do not enjoy Christmas as do other people, but by that very fact are brought to an appreciation of its beautiful meaning that, he it said in all modesty, one does not believe is common. Christmas away from home is much more cheerful than many people believe, especially in view of the fact that one knows one contributes to the entertainment and enjoyment of others. Such a feeling is a Christmas sentiment, is it not?

FLORENCE ROCKWELL.

My greatest pleasure on Christmas is in contributing to the happiness of others by making at least one lovely home cheerful and merry. Christmas is surely a dreary day for the poor, and I think it the duty of the more fortunate to gladden the hearts of as many as possible.

MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI.

Christmas is the one day of the year in which the selfish nature of the average man goes into total eclipse. The happiness of the other fellow is then, and then only, the most pleasing. A day that does this should be cherished of men, aside from its reverent associations, for it starts thoughts and feelings that do not die away with the season.

JEROME SYKES.

An actor's Christmas! A sorry exchange for the old delicious expectancy and good cheer it used to hold for us! A hasty, lonely dinner, and we borrow somewhere from our inner consciousness a cheery expression, pin a sprig of holly to our coats and rally forth to—"another matinee."

MABEL STRICKLAND.

Christmas! Holiday. Time of moral inventories and renewed aims, resolutions, frail maybe, to live the virtues we assume, to be just and fair. Perpetuity to this recurring season of benevolence! "Spirits are not finely touched, but to fine issues."

HOWARD KYLE.

Christmas! The glorious star of Bethlehem Gives birth to morning joys through gloom of night; It is the holy symbolized diadem That crowns man's thorned brow with blessed light. Loved star of hope, of joys divine to come, That lifts man's chains from earthly martyrdom!

SHERIDAN BLOCK.

Christmas belongs to the children. It is theirs by tradition. The celebration is in honor of a child. From Christmas greens to roast turkey, dear old Santa Claus to over-drawing stockings, let the little ones enjoy it all. God bless them!

GRACE HOPKINS.

THREE FAMOUS WRESTLERS.

riders are frequent from the improper adjustment of the handle bars and sudden shifts of the seat. It is a matter of careful inspection of a wheel at frequent intervals.

HAD TO HURRY.

A couple of summers ago Chauncey Olcott spent several weeks in a small village near Dublin, Ireland. During a walk one morning he came across a "get an ax" Irishman painting a fence. It was a warm, lazy day, but the son of speed, Mr. Olcott, with true American curiosity as to why this particular fence should be painted in such a hurry, stopped and asked the reason. Scarcely looking up, the Irishman replied, "Sure, an don't Oi have to be in a hurry when me paint is afther givin out an O'fm half true?"

another giant in stature, being considerably over 6 feet in height, while I am but 5 feet 7½ inches. Olsen is commonly known in Europe as the Great Dane, because Denmark is his native land. He is said to have defeated all adversaries with such amazing ease that his countrymen believe him invincible. Naturally, I am confident of defeating him and shall do my best to keep the championship of the world in this country a few years longer.

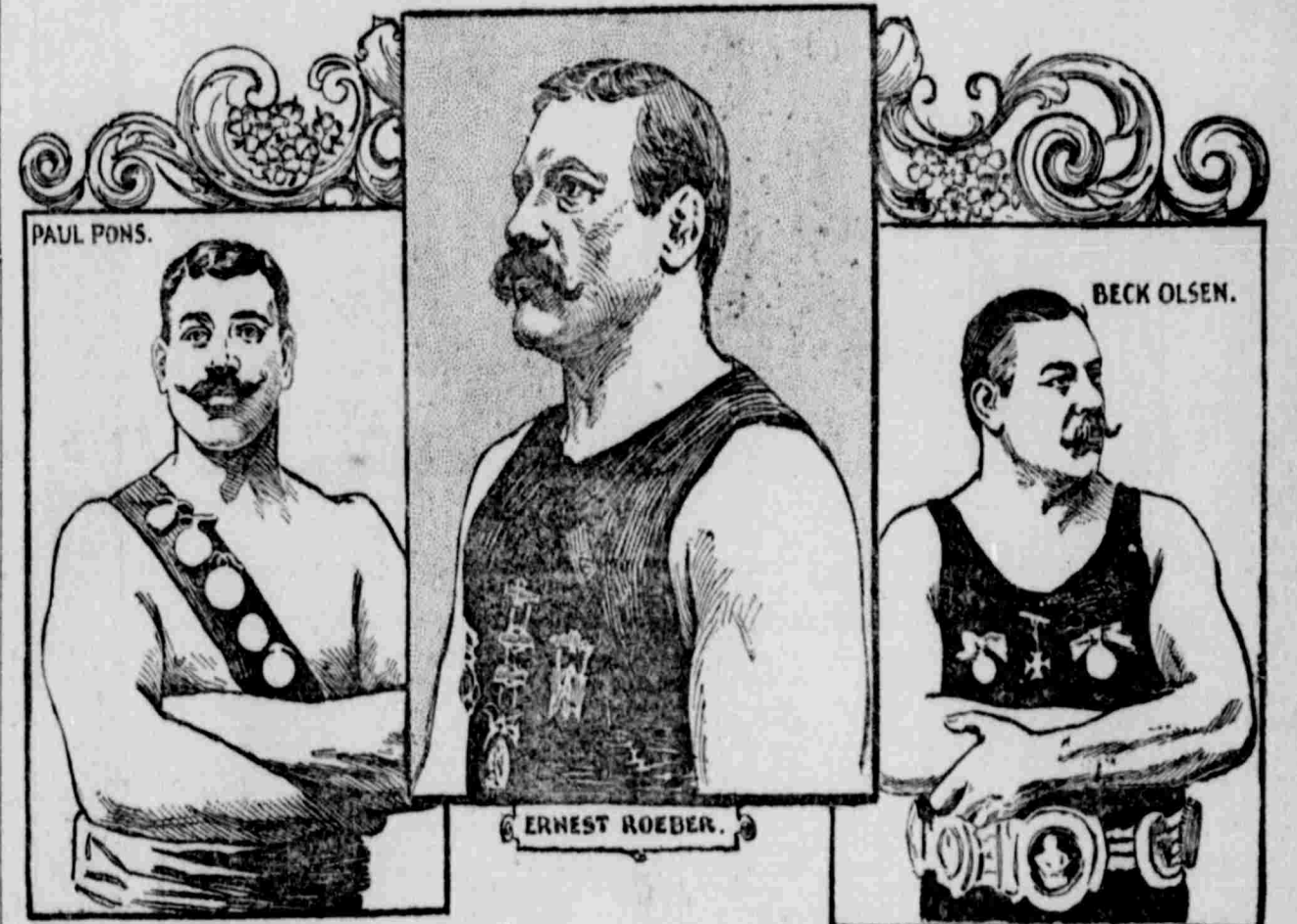
I have twice made tours of Europe, wrestling any one who would meet me, and in 1885 I brought home with me a sheepskin emblematic of the championship of Europe. While there I met and defeated 100 men in 11 months, often meeting four and five men in one evening. The wrestlers over there are not to be sneezed at, for they are good men, but we have better over here.

athies. King Henry III could not remain alone in a room with a cat. The Duke of Epworth fainted at the sight of a leveret. Tycho Brahe was all in a tremor at the sight of a leveret or a fox. The young marshal of Albrecht was made ill if a young wild boar or a sucking pig was served at the table where he sat. The famous scholar Schelling shook all over at the sight of water cress. Lord Bacon swooned away at an eclipse of the moon. Bayle went into convulsions at the sound of water running out of a faucet. Lamotte le Vayer had nervous convulsions at hearing any musical instrument.

But the most extraordinary of all was King Ladislaw of Poland, who fled precipitately at the sight of an apple. Had he only been in the place of Adam the temptation of Eve would have been of no avail.

of Betty Washington, is a pupil of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic school and will soon appear at her first public performance in Madison Square theater, New York.

It took General Lord Wallace seven years to write "Ben-Hur," which is being produced on the stage in New York city. The general says that these seven years were the best years of his life.



AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Seven companies are playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in various parts of the country. It is possible to even kill time, but this play seems to be immortal.

Actors are frequently engaged by illustrators as models for pictures for novels.

So well is Della Fox on the road to recovery that she is having a new opera written for her which will be called "The Little Tomboy."

Isa Bowman, the original Alice in the stage arrangement of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," will soon publish her reminiscences of the late Mr. Carroll.

Willie Collier's next production will be from the pen of Augustus Thomas. The piece was written originally for Nat Goodwin.

Major Tot, a midget who is well known all over the country, having formed the leading attraction in many an exhibition, died recently at his home in Morrisstown, N. J. He was 56 years old. His real name was Ulrich Portraits.

Loie Fuller, the dancer, it is said, is to receive \$60,000 for six months' work in Paris next year.

Mrs. Jennie Fisher, the veteran actress, living in Plainfield, is recovering from the severe accident which she sustained recently. She will be obliged, however, to keep her arm in splints for a month.

Midred Howard De Grey, who used to be known as the "Barefoot Passion Dancer," has separated from her husband, Sydney De Grey of "The Girl From Paris."

A play has been written dealing with the Boer war. An attack on an armored train is the principal sensation.

Esra Kendall is going on the road next season in a farce comedy written by himself.

The stock company at Daly's theater, New York, may now be regarded as a permanent institution. It appeals to the old time Daly audiences, and that is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. "The Maneuvers of Jane" is a most pleasing performance.

He-That-man got a nerve to come into the theater beastly drunk and go to sleep in his chair. She-Well, he got all he wanted before he came in, and he's not annoying any one by going out between the acts.

Ellen Lewis Lee, a lineal descendant