

THE STAGE

MUSICAL FARCE COMIC OPERA PLAIN FARCE

MARIE DRESSLER is the attraction at the Victoria Music hall in George V. "Dinkelpiel" Hobart's musical absurdity, "Miss Printt." Unless all signs fall, she will remain there for some time, for, while the piece is not an especially dignified

himself upon having secured a work which fits him like a glove. De Angelis dances, of course. Nobody else dances precisely as he does, and he is one of the few men on the American stage who are able to get hearty laughs from an audience with

to be very funny if one were to tell its story in some detail. The scheme of the piece is excellent, but the working out is almost painful. In other words, there is nothing in "The House That Jack Built" to grip one's interest, and even in a farce that is a necessity. Besides, it is a play in which one man is practically the whole thing, and, while Mr. Thomas A. Wise, the gentleman who is supposed to furnish all of the fun, does his work very well, he is handicapped by the role, its offensive coarseness and its objectionable irony. Whether or not "The House That Jack Built" can be whipped into shape remains to be seen. I very much doubt it. If, however, Mr. Broadhurst would take the same outline, with a few unimportant modifications, and write an entirely new play upon it, it ought to prove a winner. It has been alleged that "The House That Jack Built" is a practical rewrite of "The New Wing." If that is true, which it

HOW MAURICE DALY STARTED IN LIFE. Maurice Daly, the famous billiard expert, was telling a reporter how he started in life as a player of the great indoor game. This is what he said: "My father was a hotel keeper in the western part of New York state, and one of his boarders was an old man we called 'Uncle Jerry' who was proprietor of the billiard hall in the town. In those days it was almost a crime to be seen in a public billiard room. It may have been the boyish inclination in me to do something other folks thought I ought not to do that led me to get into 'Uncle Jerry's' room whenever the opportunity offered. I was fascinated with the game, but the old man would not allow a boy like me to indulge in it. By a strategic move I at last won his consent, and he became my first teacher. Jerry was getting feeble, and I was

JEFFRIES Versus RUHLIN

THE COMING BATTLE FOR THE PREMIERSHIP OF PUGILISM

THE prospects of a heavyweight contest for the world's championship to take place next month have naturally stirred up the followers of boxing. While patrons of the ring would have preferred that the battle should be between Jim Jeffries and Bob

tege into condition early in the year. Several bouts in which he was to take part were unavoidably postponed or delayed, so that when Ruhlman faced Fitz last August he had been in training continuously for about six months. If during all that time he had simply been getting into trim for the go with the Cornishman, all might have been well; but, as a matter of fact, he had on several occasions during that period been trained to the hour for fights which did or did not take place, which was a very different matter, as any athlete will easily understand. It is consequently easy to comprehend that when he faced the Cornishman he was in no condition to undergo the strain of a bruising encounter.

Thus it will be seen that, whereas at first sight there may appear to be a good deal of data by which to compare the relative merits of Jeffries and Ruhlman, their previous battles afford very little useful information.

When the two men fought a draw several years ago at San Francisco, neither displayed much more science than would be exhibited in a bout between a couple of longshoremen. Since then both have improved wonderfully. Jeffries has shown that he can withstand almost any amount of punishment, and when it becomes necessary to polish off an antagonist in a short space of time he displays aggressive power and punching ability of a high order.

Ruhlman has had better facilities for learning the art of boxing than almost any other living pugilist. For several years he has been under the management of Billy Madden, who brought out John L. Sullivan and other well known heavyweights. Madden has taught Ruhlman to use the straight arm blow, which is so much more effective than the wild swings indulged in by all novices. Ruhlman was also for several months last year in Corbett's training camp when that past master of the science of self defense with the fists was training for his go with Jeffries. From the Californian Ruhlman picked up a great deal of useful information, especially learning how to use his feet to save himself from many a dangerous blow.

Ruhlman and Jeffries have now had a long rest, as Ruhlman's recent six round bout with Peter Maher and the necessary training were only in the nature of preliminary preparation for the battle next month. They ought both to step into the ring ready to fight for their lives, and if the betting odds point to Jeffries as the favorite it will only be because he is the present champion.

If the immense amount of interest that is being taken in cycling contests this winter be any indication of the enthusiasm that will be manifested in the sport next summer, then it is very evident that the game will not only regain all its lost popularity, but will become one of the leading athletic attractions of the year.

To a great many people indoor cycle races are far more interesting than those held on outdoor tracks. The covered coliseum rings are so small that the spectators, being at no time far from the riders, can see their every movement. The fascination that an element of danger has for most people is always in evidence at these indoor meets, and this, together with the electric lights, the brightness of the women's apparel and the peculiar sensation always caused by seeing the riders whirling at top speed around the bowl-like circle of boards, brings out many people who would not find any interest in an outdoor meet.

There is another point that has made these indoor meets very popular, especially those held in New York, and that is the promptness with which the various events have been run off. There have been few tedious delays, and the audiences have been let out in good time. This is a feature of which the managers of outdoor tracks would do well to make a note.

Motor paced races promise to be an important factor in cycling affairs in the future. These events are generally

exciting and always interesting. There is one difficulty in connection with them that has troubled the riders ever since the introduction of the racing jacket, the inequality of the racing factor. This inequality was very noticeable during the recent 15 mile race between Harry Elkes and Jimmy Michael. Both followed pace without a hitch or break, and the Welshman displayed on two or three occasions his wonderful ability to change from one machine to another without losing a second. Michael's machine, however, were not as fast as the one used by the Glens Falls lad, though nominally of the same horsepower, and he lost. I do not say that Elkes would not have won out anyhow, for Elkes could have taken faster pace had it been necessary, but the real ability of the riders was not shown.

That race, by the way, proved Elkes to be a marvel as regards cycling. To be before he had, with a partner, won a six day team race which was as gruelling that such well known experts at that game as Charley Miller and "Dutch" Waller were forced to quit. In this event Elkes displayed his staying qualities and sprinting ability of the highest order. Then, but a week later, he went in and in phenomenal last time won a 15 mile race from one of the best men in the business.

For those who are fond of analyzing such matters Elkes and Michael form an interesting study. These two riders are probably the fastest cyclists being paces in the world. Whereas Elkes is tall and thin, the Welshman has a shade over 5 feet in height and is set put together for his size. Where do they get their wonderful pedaling ability?

A close examination of their muscles should prove an interesting study for a scientist.

CHARLES E. EDWARDS.

HOW MACK SETTLED IT. Joe Buckley, who is the manager of Otis Skinner, was telling a party of friends of a dispute in which was a participant that ended well owing to the wit of Andrew Mack, the hero of Irish dramas. It happened in New York last summer during the month of August. A party of friends, the guests of Inspector McLaughlin of the New York police force, were enjoying a little dinner when the conversation turned to theatrical topics, as it so often does. Several young ladies of the party got into a spirited argument as to the acting abilities of James K. Hackett and William Faversham. It developed that the feminine portion of the gathering was equally divided on the score, three of the ladies being ready to stake their lives that Mr. Hackett was the onliest actor in the business. The other three held the same

high opinion of Mr. Faversham's personal beauty and histrionic abilities. At this juncture, being unable to reach a conclusion, they referred the matter to Manager Buckley, who was thought to be in a position to decide. Mr. Buckley ruled that they were all out of order as he couldn't see any actor with a loggnette as long as Otis Skinner was in the running. Recognizing that he was a prejudiced jurist, they turned in desperation to Andrew Mack. Looking wise, Mack decided to take the appeal under advisement and finally said he was willing to hand down a decision. The girls were delighted.

"I know it's Hackett!" cried the devotees of the gallant young star who killed him in his latest play without ruffling his shirt bosom.

"It's Faversham!" cried the other party.

"Just do tell us, Mr. Mack!" cried the chorus.

"Well, you all want to know now," he answered, still looking the learned judge, "and you won't be angry?"

"None."

"Then, to tell you the truth, I think Hackett is the best."

He was backing out of the door, however, when he said it.

OF GOOD THEATRICAL STOCK.

Bruce McRae, who plays Charles Brandon, in Julia Marlowe's production of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," is a nephew of Bronson Howard, the playwright, and of Charles Wyndham, the English actor.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT ACT I PHOTO BY GLASSTYPE PHOTO CO. N.Y.



MISS PRINTT ACT II PHOTO BY BYRON, N.Y.

literary effort, it suits Miss Dressler exceedingly well, and, what is more, it suits the people whom Miss Dressler suits. Mr. Hammerstein, the proprietor of the Victoria, ought also to be suited, inasmuch as he is accused of having written some of the music.

Along the Hailto, where one may hear anything he cares to hear, it is said that Marie Dressler is awfully jealous of May Irwin, and that May Irwin, in turn, is awfully jealous of Marie Dressler. This is probably not true. Indeed, it is too absurd to be true. May Irwin has a little niche which no one seems anxious to occupy and in which she is supreme, but when one considers the two women as comedienne it is nothing less than laughable to compare her to Marie Dressler, who is, taken all in all, the funniest low comedy woman on the American stage. May Irwin's con songs are all right, but there are those who think that even in that specialty she is not so good as Miss Dressler. Certainly she is not so graceful or as good a dancer or as good an actress.

There is no reason why Marie Dressler should not become a paying star. The conditions which make for that consummation have existed for a number of years, but it is not the simplest thing in the world to get a vehicle suitable for the exploitation of the abilities of a female funmaker. That Miss Dressler's friends have fully realized, and that they think they have discovered in "Miss Printt," I cannot unqualifiedly endorse that view of the matter, although there is little doubt that Hobart's effort will serve Miss Dressler's purpose until something which may prove a more exact fit can be secured.

In "Miss Printt" Miss Dressler is assigned the role of a somewhat peculiar young woman who has bought a newspaper in a rather sleepy town with the commendable purpose of waking the place up. The sporting editor is left temporarily in charge, and he stirs things up to the queen's taste. Then the trouble begins, but it is funny trouble, as it always is in these impossible musical farces. The newspaper men manage to find sweethearts and the newspaper woman manages to capture the lawyer whom she knocks out with a boxing glove in the first act. It is only necessary to tell that much of the "plot" of "Miss Printt" to demonstrate that the man who would attempt to follow it out logically would be certain to become a speedy victim of paresis.

Aside from Miss Dressler, the greatest personal hit of "Miss Printt" was made by Thomas Evans as the sporting editor. Miss Zella Frank was exceedingly cute, and Miss Jobyna Howland was surprisingly good as the social upstart. This is all the more surprising in view of the fact that this young lady has for years been associated with the "legitimate," her last engagement being with "Rupert of Hentzau," in which she was Queen Flavia.

Jeff De Angelis may or may not be the greatest operatic comedian in this country, but it is certain that there is no other man in his chosen field of effort who is able to get so many laughs out of an audience in a given time. De Angelis, too, is an exceedingly shrewd fellow, for, while some of the funny men are looking for successors to "The Bohemian Girl" and "Robin Hood," De Angelis goes about with his little dark lantern in search of something containing unlimited opportunities for his peculiar style of funmaking. He has found such a work in "A Royal Rogue," in which he is now appearing at the Broadway theater, and the people who pay to see him in the hope that they will be forced temporarily into forgetfulness of their troubles are not disappointed. Indeed, the first act of "A Royal Rogue" is about the most continuously laughable thing in comic opera, or musical comedy, or whatever you may care to call it, that has struck Broadway in many a year. The second act is not so good in that respect, for, while its moving idea is just as funny, it is worked and reworked to such an extent that it becomes tedious. Still even the second act is more funny than the best act of many a comic opera, and De Angelis may congratulate

a few eccentric steps. De Angelis is noted for his topical songs, and he has several excellent ones in "A Royal Rogue." It goes without saying that he sings them exceedingly well.

The cast of "A Royal Rogue" is not startlingly strong, although it is fairly acceptable, as will be seen by a glance at the following names:

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| Haptime Bailou..... | Jefferson De Angelis |
| Members of the | Henry Norman |
| Pilot..... | Charles Dugan |
| Ristar..... | John Dudley |
| Cadoux..... | Leonard Savoy |
| Cadet Georges Girodet..... | Newton Lind |
| Supplac..... | Harold Vizard |
| Captain Bullets of the war office..... | George Holland |
| Lieutenant Chamblaud..... | J. Condit |
| Prefect of Police..... | Frederic K. Logan |
| First Gentleman..... | George Schofield |
| Servant..... | Supplac |
| Supplac..... | Josephine Hall |
| Mme. Girodet..... | Eva Davenport |
| Mme. Ducloux..... | Hilda Hollis |
| Belajaine..... | Adine Bouvier |
| Of the..... | Maud Poole |
| Coralle..... | Theatre Varieties |
| Mme. Hilaire..... | Emily Francis |

The book of "A Royal Rogue" was written by Charles Klein, the lyrics were furnished by Grant Stewart and the score was composed by W. T. Francis. I had never heard of Mr. Francis in connection with comic opera, but he ought to be a success in that line, for he evidently goes in to make "jingly" melodies without any regard for what the critics may say of his shortcomings. In other words, he has endeavored to please the public which pays its money to see the show, and not the critics, who do not pay. At any rate, he has evolved a number of "patent" numbers which are certain to become popular with the millions of persons who are willing to admit that classical music is beyond their comprehension. The lyrics by Mr. Stewart will do on a pinch, although they are not "in it" with those of a dozen American versifiers who have done similar work in recent years. The book by Mr. Klein is, like the music, intended solely to please, and, as the "real comic opera" bugaboo has been ignored, it does please. Altogether, De Angelis was in great luck when he struck "A Royal Rogue."

"The House That Jack Built," a farce in three acts by George H. Broadhurst, the author of "What Happened to Jones," "Why Smith Left Home" and other successful plays of equally light caliber, has left the Madison Square theater in this city. Its stay for even two weeks must have depended solely upon the willingness of the managers to fly in the face of fate and the wishes of the public, for all the hopelessly entertainments I have seen in New York during the past two seasons "The House That Jack Built" is about the worst. The remarkable thing about this farce is that it would be thought



JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS IN "A ROYAL ROGUE" PHOTO BY PACH BROS. COPYRIGHT BY JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS 1900

probably isn't, it does no credit to Mr. Broadhurst's judgment.

The following excellent people are wasted on "The House That Jack Built":

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| Willie Slab, who paped the house..... | Mr. Thomas A. Wise |
| Sir Edward Singleton, an authority on mural decorations..... | Mr. Charles Cherry |
| Dr. Jack, who built the house..... | Mr. John Findlay |
| Percy Huntington, short of stature, but long on romance..... | Mr. George Henry Trader |
| Bedford Madison, a young father..... | Mr. Fred W. Peters |
| Bedford Madison, Jr., an old son..... | Mr. Roy Burdick |
| General Hito, an American officer in the Japanese army..... | Mr. Harrison Armstrong |
| Japanese, valet to Bedford Madison..... | Mr. Alexis Lane Gaskie |
| Seth Trouly, an architect..... | Mr. Frank Scott |
| Glasier, a servant..... | Mr. Albert Amburg |
| Mrs. Dooley, a widow with regrets and hopes..... | Mrs. Annie Yeomans |
| Hoster, Dr. Jack's daughter..... | Miss Brandon Douglas |
| Japanica, General Hito's ward..... | Miss Anita Bridger |
| Florence, Mrs. Dooley's daughter..... | Miss Grace Dudley |
| Lily Linton, a vaudeville artist..... | Miss Jennie Yeomans |

Arthur Crispin
New York.

A PITCHER'S TRICK.

In a talk on baseball matters in general recently Jimmy Callahan said to a reporter: "Sometimes crowds think a pitcher is foolish in throwing so often to first base to hold a man close to the sack. Sometimes they are right, but more often they are wrong. I was hooted at several times in Boston for throwing five times to first to catch Hamlin. That was during the year he was having trouble with his knee. You see, Hamlin, because of his speed, used to take one step more off first base than any other runner. I noticed this and figured that if I could get him sliding back to first a few times I would have his knee in trouble. Rather inhuman, perhaps, but all's fair in baseball inside of the rules. I threw over to first five times, and Hamlin slid back every time. After that there was nothing to fear from him, for his knee could not stand the pressure, and he stuck closer to the base."

STUART ROBSON'S HAND ORGAN.

Stuart Robson has an unpicturesque hand organ which, though it is the sort that Italians play in the street, cost Mr. Robson nearly \$50,000. It is the only reminiscence he has of an opera called "The Call," in which Thomas Seabrooke was the star and Mr. Robson the angel. And Mr. Robson does not care for hand organ music.

allowed to clean up the room every morning, but on going to the room very early I had a lot of fun and practice all by myself until I saw the old man coming down the street. He was badly crippled with rheumatism, and as soon as I saw him the balls and cues were put away, and on his arrival the work of cleaning the place would be well on to completion. He was a sly old fox, however, and his suspicions were awakened by the balls not being returned to their proper place. So one morning he came by a roundabout way and caught me. He was so angry that he fired me out of the place, and it was a long while before I got back into his good graces again. But finally he yielded and at last gave me work as a marker. From that day to this—and that was nearly 40 years ago—I have played billiards nearly every day. It is a matter of practice, and I play better today than I ever played before in my life."

Although Ruhlman succeeded to "Ruly Robert" after a showing that was disappointing to the admirers of the Ohioan, yet there are several facts which may account for this. During his contest with Fitz Ruhlman showed but little of the aggressiveness and science of which he had a short time before proved himself to be master in his bout with Tom Sharkey. In fact, many witnesses of the Fitz-Ruhlman fight were of the opinion that the latter was badly overtrained.

This might easily have been the case, Billy Madden had begun to get his pro-



A MILE A MINUTE IN AN ICE YACHT.

PEOPLE OF THE STAGE.

W. G. Stewart, the baritone, sings the character of Ned Royce in the new De Koven and Smith opera. Will B. Rising is now co-star with Esther Rujaero in "A Broken Heart." Julia Marlowe has secured the dramatic rights to the successful novel, "The Redemption of David Corson," by the Rev. Charles F. Goss of Cincinnati. Ignace Paderevski's future tours will be directed, it is announced, by Mme.

Paderevski, who will act as his secretary and business manager. A recent cable rumor had it that the great pianist had been killed in a duel, but this report was promptly denied by M. Paderevski, who is with his wife at Lausanne. Gerhardt Hauptmann's new play, "Michael Kramer," was unsuccessfully produced in Berlin recently. A number of letters from Jenny Lind

have been found in Rome, Italy, written to an Italian friend of the famous singer and covering a period from 1845 to 1874.

"The Belle of New York" was produced in German at the Central theater, Berlin, recently.

Julia Marlowe has put in rehearsal her new play, "The Sord of the King," which she will be starred by David Belasco in Paul M. Potter's dramatization of "Under Two Flags." Frankie Clark is playing "Wild Rosy

in "Prince Pro Tem," the role originated by Joste Sadler.

Ethel Barrymore, Estelle Mortimer, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Fanny Addison, Pitt, Sydney Cowell, Kate Ten Eyck, Anita Rothe, H. Reeves-Smith, Edwin Stevens, George W. Howard, Charles Marriott, M. J. Gallagher and William Summer are in the cast of Clyde Fitch's new play, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

Francisco de Souza, second cousin to the king of Portugal and a concert singer of note on the continent, has arrived from Europe to give a series of concerts here.

Jerome Sykes as Foxy Quiller is meeting with greater success on the road in that comic opera than he had during its run in New York.

It is reported that Primrose and Dockstader will part after this season and that the latter will head his own company.

Another version of "Nell Gwynn," made by Mrs. C. A. Doremus, was tried

by the Girard Avenue theater stock company in Philadelphia recently.

One of the best English plays presented in New York this season is "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," now running at Daly's theater.

"Shenandoah" is alleged to have been converted into an English melodrama of the Boer war and renamed "Lady Smith."

Nance O'Neil will play Lady Macbeth in Sydney, Australia.

Augustus Pitou's new romantic comedy for Chauncey Olcott has been named "Garrett O'Magh." Little Ethel Dyffryn and the Dyffryn trio will head their own company in repertory next season. Mme. Sembrich is to make her first appearance in London in song recitals during May. She will give these recitals at Queen's hall, repeating the program recently held at Carnegie hall in New York. Her last appearance was made in opera at Covent Garden five years ago.