

"A Busy Actor In the Play."

—"As You Like It."

WHEN E. H. Sothern produced Leo Dittichstein's "The Song of the Sword" early in the season at Daly's theater, many persons asserted that it was a melodrama, and not a romantic play at all. They were right, too, although it was possible for the management to make some unsophisticated folk believe that the piece was really a work of high grade. In other words, there was some doubt in certain minds as to the precise classification applicable to "The Song of the Sword." But Mr. James K. Hackett has just produced at the Criterion theater in

bled to do this because the two really good bits of the role require comparatively little subtlety. Of course, the episode with the nurse calls for a certain degree of this same quality, but it makes very little difference upon the effect with the audience whether the subtlety is furnished or not. In the quarrel with Tybalt everything is wide open, so to speak, and an actor has only to let himself go and appear to be as earnest and vehement as possible. This Hackett did to the queen's taste and he was in consequence wildly applauded. I realize that this is no more than a

by a long chalk, and her name is reasonably familiar to every critic who keeps well posted on the doings of the stock and traveling organizations of the country outside this city, a thing, incidentally, which the average New York critic scarcely makes a pretense of doing.

The supporting company is not notable in any respect. Miss Grace Reals as a vindictive gypsy with a penchant for ramming her dagger into persons whom she does not like was as melodramatic as the play, and while her work was effective in a certain way, it was about as inartistic as it could well be. Mr. Arthur Hoops, as Jennico's friend, was fine to look upon, but that let him out. Booth's mantle will never fall within a mile of this gentleman. Brigham Royce as the Prince of Lusitania was as multifarious and indefatigable a plotter as has ever been seen on the stage of a first class New York theater, and even allowing for the absurdity of his role and the ridiculous costume he was obliged to wear, it

Automobile Racing.

An Expert Tells How the Sport Is Carried on in Europe.

A Very Exciting Pastime.

AS AN Englishman interested in the automobile sport and industry from its inception and commencement in England, having also had the opportunity to watch its growth on the European continent, the marvel to me on this my first visit to America is that

move fallen trees from the road to enable them to proceed on their way. A regrettable accident happened to M. Levasseur while driving his carriage in this race, as, in trying to avoid running over a dog, he swerved, upset the carriage, was thrown out and killed. (By the way, I have brought over with me to America this identical carriage fitted with a more powerful motor, and it is running magnificently, although constructed nearly four years ago.) I have been giving these events as they may prove interesting in showing what led up to the great enthusiasm now shown in France in connection with automobile racing.

The excitement engendered in connection with this last race knew no bounds. Other races were organized, and the new sport was in fact accomplished. To the manufacturers these races were invaluable, as they were enabled to test their carriages in a manner otherwise impossible, and weaknesses were discovered and remedied immediately in consequence. These races were and are countenanced by the authorities and everything is done to aid them, even to the extent of posting troops at various parts of the road to prevent accidents or obstructions to the competitors.

In England in 1896 the necessary act was passed by parliament to permit the running of automobiles on the road, which a previous law prohibited. The new act only allowed a speed to be attained of 12 miles an hour, and as this law is still in force, road racing is an impossibility in England; and the only contests possible there have to be confined to the track.

The first automobile race in England took place in connection with the second annual run of the Motor Car club to Rheon House, where there is a private cement track, and was won by myself. Besides winning this race, I established a motor cycle record for one mile, doing the distance in 2 minutes and 8 seconds.

The second race took place in November, 1898, and in this I finished second to Mr. S. F. Edge, who had brought over a new French racing machine for the occasion.

In 1898 the great French race—Paris to Amsterdam and back—was won by M. Charron. Of course, a number of smaller races were run in various parts of France during the season with great success.

At the beginning of last year the Motor Car club of England set itself to deal with the question of motor racing and promoted during the year a large number of races in London and various provincial towns of England with a marvelous amount of success. These races were practically confined to motor tricycles, and the sport was of sufficiently exciting a character to appeal to the public taste in a marked manner. Some most exciting races took place; for instance, one in the earlier part of the year, when Mr. C. G. Wridgway rode a match against Rigal of France at the Crystal Palace, London, and beat him. Another exciting race was between Mr. Wridgway and myself, when I defeated him in one of the most exciting races on record by a margin of length in five miles in the then record time of 8 minutes and 22 seconds.

The race between Mr. S. F. Edge and myself for the championship was also of a very exciting character, and the enormous crowd of people present was worked up to a very high pitch of enthusiasm. This race I also won, but only with a few inches to spare, in the new record time of 8 minutes and 11 seconds. The races held at Liverpool, when Mr. S. F. Edge and myself went down to meet a team of French racing crabs and met with signal success, were also very exciting.

I am quite sure that the public in

America will take very kindly to contests of this description, as they are very much more exciting than ordinary cycle racing, as a very much higher rate of speed is attained. The sight of four or five men traveling at 40 miles an hour around a very highly banked track provides as much excitement as the ordinary man requires.

So far as France is concerned, of course, the roads there lend themselves particularly to the purpose, and special racing machines are constructed to obtain the highest possible speed. It is interesting to note here what tremendous jumps have been made in this respect within the last two or three years. From four horsepower in 1895 the horsepower of the competing machines has increased to 20 horsepower in 1899, and in this year's races on the continent there is every probability of carriages fitted with 25 to 30 horsepower taking part; and when the word "finis" will be written I do not know. In some of the recent races an average speed of over 40 miles an hour has been maintained over a long distance, which means that on certain portions of the journey a speed of nearer 50 miles an hour must have been accomplished to make up for the necessary loss of speed in hill climbing at other parts of the journey.

As a competitor myself on a motor cycle in the last race—Paris to Bordeaux—I had a good opportunity of judging the amount of nerve, endurance and coolness required in these road races. Traveling at from 35 to 40 miles an hour, smothered with dust and tired beyond all endurance, passing or being passed by the highly powered racing carriages, with over 100 competitors taking part, it was brought home to my mind that a 400 mile race was not child's play, and that the winner had something to be proud about.

And what a sight the start of a great French automobile race is! The competitors, arriving on the low built, powerful racing carriages, clad in leather for protection against the cold, goggles and masks for protection against the dust and possible rain, the roar of the motors, the excitement of the crowd, the daring and expert handling of their machines by the competitors on motor cycles endeavoring to get to their respective starting stations, the starting signal being given and the mad scramble to get to the front by a hundred keen competitors—all go to make up as exciting a scene as can possibly be imagined.

The drivers on the carriages have, as a rule, only a small seat for themselves, and the accompanying attendant has to lie down on the floor, so as to offer as little resistance as possible to the air. The motor cyclists crouch down on their machines until the body lies parallel with the top tube, also with the same idea of offering no resistance to the wind, and on and on they go, mile after mile, 100, 200, 300, 400 miles, toward their goal.

Personally I have experienced and can imagine no keener sport than automobile racing.

It is an impossibility to carry out automobile road races in America on the same lines and in the same manner as on the continent owing to the roads. In France and Germany, where the best roads have been built for military purposes, where the surface is as smooth as a billiard table and where the gradients are so even, very high speeds are obtainable.

Regarding track racing, however, there is no possible reason why the sport should not be taken up right away. You have the tracks, and surely you must have the machines. As for the people, my experience in England makes me answer for the American public that no one would be more enthusiastic than they after having had an opportunity of witnessing a good race between good men mounted on powerful racing tricycles in keen competition.

Reverting to the continental racing, this year will lend additional interest in this direction from an American point of view. The cup presented by Mr. James Gordon Bennett to the Automobile Club de France for competition between the various national automobile clubs will be competed for in June. The race will be from Paris to Lyons, 341 miles, and a great contest is expected. Mr. Winton and Mr. Riker are representing the Automobile Club of America and will make an attempt to win the cup for America on machines of their own construction; but France does not intend to be beaten, and the well known French chauffeurs, Chevalier

Rene de Knyff, M. Charron and M. Girardot, have been selected to uphold the honor of their country. Special enormous horsepower, and, personally, I believe they stand every chance of winning the cup for France this year. All the other automobile clubs are competing, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, etc., except England, as I believe the latter country has appreciated the difficulty of beating the Frenchmen on their own ground and prefers waiting a year to enable the English manufacturers to even matters up by building as powerful machines as those used by the Frenchmen.

Another great race will take place from Paris to Bordeaux on May 21. This race is considered the automobile Derby of France and will be very hotly fought out, as the result will forestall in a degree the probable winner of



TRICYCLE MOTOR FOR RACING.

the Gordon Bennett cup race. I am hoping to compete again this year in this race on a special racing carriage now being constructed for me in America. This novel carriage will carry a 35 horsepower gasoline motor and be constructed in the shape of a torpedo to assist in overcoming wind resistance, and the speed I hope will be something better than has yet been accomplished either in France or anywhere else. Time and opportunity will prove. Mr. C. Wridgway will drive a similar machine in this race.

Of course, there will be a large number of other races held in France this year over various courses and for various types of machines. The 26th to the 30th of March will see the automobile meeting at Nice for speed, tourist and other classes. After the Gordon Bennett competition, from the 2d of July to the 7th of July, will take place the five days' trefull race in and out of Paris. On the 23d to the 28th of July the Ettoile race will be held. Then come the races of the Belgian club at Spa, and so on. The whole year will see competitions of various descriptions in connection with the new sport.

Ch. Jarrott

WOULD BE PLAYWRIGHTS.

Some idea of the vast number of persons engaged in the attempt at playwrighting may be obtained from a glance at the list of new copyrights published each week in the dramatic papers. Not one in a thousand of these copyrighted dramatic efforts is ever heard of after the publication of the titles.



CHARLES JARROTT.



CHARLES JARROTT AND HIS RACING AUTOMOBILE.

this city a drama about the designation of which there cannot be the slightest difference of opinion. The piece is "The Pride of Jennico," and it is a dramatization, by Abby Sage Richardson and Grace Livingston Furness, of the novel of the same name. The exploiters did not have the temerity to call "The Pride of Jennico" a romantic drama, and so on the programme it is referred to as a "melodramatic play." In reality it is melodrama of the wildest, most noisy and most improbable type. The old Bovey theater, by all accounts, never harbored in its palmy days any more melodramatic melodrama than "The Pride of Jennico." There is scarcely a moment in the play when there is not a stabbing or a duel or a shooting or at least a plotting to bring about one of these events. And not only is "The Pride of Jennico" the rawest sort of melodrama, but it also contains every one of the old familiar characters which have done gallant duty in this type of play from time immemorial. They walk on and off the stage in precisely the same way as they have done for the last century, and there is probably not a situation in the piece which a person of reasonable familiarity with the theater could not foresee for some time before it occurred.

From the foregoing the casual reader might gather the impression that "The Pride of Jennico" is doomed to an early demise, and the star, Mr. Hackett, to a serious setback in his stellar project. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. "The Pride of Jennico" is a great big hit. It is, in fact, certain to run out the season at the Criterion, providing the management of that house is able to permit it to remain there. As for Mr. Hackett, so far from having received a setback, he is now ten rounds further up the ladder of fame—or shall we say prosperity—than prior to the production of this remarkable conglomeration in which he is now appearing.

In a little speech the other night Mr. Hackett observed to his applauding friends in the audience that their demonstrations of approval were an encouragement to him to strive toward the higher and better things in his art. Like all actors, he doubtless is sincerely of the opinion that he is fitted by temperament and ability to go much higher, but to a disinterested observer it would seem to be the part of wisdom for Mr. Hackett to remain just where he is. In costume he is all right, especially in a play in which he is given the opportunity to do a little fencing and incidentally to kill a dozen or two of his antagonists. But put Mr. Hackett into a delicate classic and give him a role in which it is necessary for him to differentiate with nicely the various emotions, and it is more than probable that he will be practically lost. His Mercutio in the Maude Adams production of "Romeo and Juliet" afforded an illustration of this weakness. Mercutio is generally conceded to be the least subtle role in "Romeo and Juliet." In his opening scenes, however, it is necessary for him to paint his own character, as it were, by his words and manner. Mr. Hackett did that in the production referred to, but he painted it all in one color. Later on, in the scene with the nurse, he was much better, and still later, when he is killed by Tybalt, he was really excellent. In fact, he furnished in that scene the best acting in the play. He was ena-

superficial statement of the popular conception of the requirements of the role of Mercutio, but it will serve to illustrate the strong points as well as the limitations of Mr. Hackett's work.

In "The Pride of Jennico" we have the equivalent of the two good Mercutio scenes over and over and over again, and in addition we also have the triumph instead of the death of the hero and a love affair which endears him to us the more. It is therefore not surprising that Mr. Hackett should have scored a success with his new play, but it is decidedly surprising that at this moment, when he has gained his firm foothold as a star, he should begin to think of abandoning the only class of work for which he is exceptionally well equipped.

Miss Bertha Galland is the new leading woman of the James K. Hackett company. She may be destined to disappoint everybody, herself included, but if she should succeed in living up to the expectations warrantably aroused by the present quality of her work, she promises eventually to leave Mr. Hackett far, far behind in the race for artistic supremacy. She is not a veteran actress, and she is afflicted with some mannerisms which are artificial in the extreme, but most of her work has the real, true ring, and in a scene or two requiring the exhibition of intense emotion without violent outburst she was nothing less than superb. In another scene, however, in which there was a violent outburst immediately preceding her exit—a scene, by the way, which could not have been better arranged with a view to winning applause—she failed to "get a hand." It is probable that in time Miss Galland will have better control of herself and will then be able to produce stronger effects than she is now able to show us, but at the moment she is simply a marvel in embryo. Since Blanche Bates' memorable appearance as the adventuress in "The Great Ruby" at Daly's theater no newcomer has created so much of a sensation as Miss Galland, and I heard several persons at the theater say in an overplus of enthusiasm that Miss Galland is better now than Miss Bates was at the time of her first great success.

This statement is so inaccurate as to be almost absurd. There is not a single respect in which the Blanche Bates of then was not the superior of the Bertha Galland of now. Her method was at least as delicate, her beauty certainly as great, and in the matter of power she was as an Edwin Forrest compared with a John Drew. But notwithstanding all that, Miss Galland is certain almost to become one of the leading lights of the American stage. That there is much room for improvement no one can deny, but then she also appears to be possessed of the ability to improve herself.

The effort has assiduously been made to create the impression that Miss Galland is a practical stranger to the stage. This is not correct. I cannot at the moment name the companies with which she has played, but she is no amateur,

would still seem as though he might have been a little less unconvincing.

The cast of "The Pride of Jennico" was as follows:
 Basil Jennico, the heir of Tollandham..... James K. Hackett
 Eugen von Rothenburg, prince of Lusitania..... Brigham Royce
 Sir John Beddoes..... Arthur Hoops
 Baron von Kruppis..... Thomas A. Hall
 James, major domo of Jennico..... Carl Ahrendt
 Markham, Jennico's valet..... Longley Taylor
 Fabula..... Stephen Wright
 Timur..... Mac Greenleaf
 Landlord of the Silver Work..... Edward Kennedy
 Karl, guardman at Tollandham..... George Allison
 Gottlieb..... Frank Anderson
 Hugo..... G. Allen
 Hildebrand, a pirate..... M. Greenleaf
 Guttried..... George Trimble
 Master Klinge, a jeweler..... M. Greenleaf
 Master Buchle, an antiquary..... Edward Donnelly
 Ismail, a gypsy..... Sidney Price
 Marie Otille, the princess of Damelin..... Bertha Galland
 Marie Otille Pahlen, her foster sister..... Bertha Galland
 Gertrude Rivers
 Michel, a gypsy girl..... Grace Reals
 Rosel, a maid..... Miss Head
 Labeth, a peasant..... Virginia Buchanan
 Bertha, her daughter..... Amy Rice

The success of this loose joint, inconsequential and indeterminate effort of Mrs. Richardson and Miss Furness demonstrates that, while many confirmed theatergoers pretend to despise melodrama, they really like it. What is more, they are willing apparently to surrender the right to criticism in favor of this form of entertainment and go to the theater disarmed and prepared to applaud upon the slightest pretext. "The Pride of Jennico" might easily be converted into a comic opera, so absurd are the situations, and yet I saw middle aged men and women of intelligence applaud those same situations vociferously. Other styles of entertainment have their little vogue, but melodrama, pure and simple, like the brook, which is also pure and simple, goes on forever.

Arthur Crispin

New York.

the American nation has not, with its usual foresight and perception, appreciated these what vast opportunities this coming craze has, both from a sporting and from an industrial point of view. The average American road may have more to do with it than is at first apparent, but still to follow the lead of Europe on matters pertaining to mechanical traction is surely not American. That the movement is making rapid strides here is apparent, but the general mass of the people have not yet been enthused in the same manner as on the continent—and in a somewhat lesser degree in England—and this brings me to the subject matter of this article: Automobile racing, and its importance in relation to the new industry.

In 1895 the automobile industry in France was just emerging from that stage when the necessary fundamental experimental work in connection with the proper construction and working of a motor carriage had been completed. A few of the leading manufacturers having turned out carriages of a fairly satisfactory character, a great automobile race was arranged from Versailles to Bordeaux, back to Versailles and on to Paris, the distance covered being about 720 miles. This was a very severe test, but the whole scheme met with general approval, and the race was carried out.

The road is a particularly hilly one, but a M. Levasseur succeeded in accomplishing the journey in a four horsepower gasoline carriage of his own construction in just over 48 hours. This first excellent test and the number of carriages successfully accomplishing it demonstrated to the French people the great possibilities in the new form of mechanically propelled road vehicles, and engineers and manufacturers went ahead as fast as possible to meet the great demand which immediately sprang up for motor carriages.

The following year another great race was organized from Paris to Marseilles and back, about 1,100 miles. The winner again was M. Levasseur, with an eight horsepower gasoline carriage, which succeeded in accomplishing the journey in 67½ hours. This race was run in an appalling gale, and the drivers had to get down from their carriages and re-

spondence with several European artists of note who will appear with him next summer.

The seclusion which pervades Ada Rehan's every walk of life is remarkable when one considers the international eminence she has attained and the professional career she has chosen. Strange to relate, Miss Rehan's artistic

temperament is so high strung that she positively refuses notoriety of any nature, and is the only theatrical celebrity who has never been interviewed by the press and whose domestic life is as quiet and seclusive as that of the most innocent home body of a woman.

Sara Bernhardt has been condemned by the first civil chamber of the Paris

court to pay a young dramatic author, M. Kistmaeckers, \$1,200 for having refused to produce his play, entitled "Marthe," after it had been received and put to rehearsal.

The elder Salvini will give two performances of "Othello" at the Imperial theater, St. Petersburg. He will be supported by a Russian company.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth the floor of the retiring room of actors was always covered with green rushes, and it thus acquired the name, which we still use, of the "greenroom."

Princess Chic, began life as a shoe merchant and abandoned a fine trade to go with a minstrel show. Then he went into grand opera.

A "Yiddish" pawnbroker, a negro servant and an Irish hostler are the leading comedy characters in "On the

Stroke of Twelve," the new sensational comedy by Joseph Le Brandt.

A grand summer music festival will be given at Atlantic City during the coming summer. Arrangements have been made by Bandmaster Fred N. Innes to produce grand opera at popular prices. The productions will be given in the magnificent auditorium at the

head of the new steel pier in conjunction with Innes and his celebrated band, which will begin its second summer's engagement in Atlantic City on June 20. Several of the members of Graus's New York grand opera company have been engaged, and the opera will be produced upon an elaborate and artistic scale. Conductor Innes is also in cor-

respondence with several European artists of note who will appear with him next summer.

The seclusion which pervades Ada Rehan's every walk of life is remarkable when one considers the international eminence she has attained and the professional career she has chosen. Strange to relate, Miss Rehan's artistic

court to pay a young dramatic author, M. Kistmaeckers, \$1,200 for having refused to produce his play, entitled "Marthe," after it had been received and put to rehearsal.