

The Stage Gossip Of Gotham.

NEW YORK has two new and uniquely antithetical plays. One is "Brother Officers," which is exploited by the Empire theater stock company, and the other is "The Degenerates," which is serving as the vehicle for Mrs. Langtry's reappearance before the American public at the Garden theater in this city. Never during the

It has been often said, and doubtless with some truth, that a statement of this sort is all that is necessary to attract large audiences to a theater, but those persons who delight in what is generally known as stage vulgarity and

time acceptably to fill any role not making great demands upon her emotional powers. It was the expectation when she came over this time that she would be found to have developed in an artistic sense, especially since she had been noticed to believe by the laudatory London notices that such a consummation had already been attained. But we were doomed to disappointment, for no matter whether or not the word "limit" fitly described Mrs. Langtry a few years ago, it certainly applies with peculiar force to her acting at the present time. She never was a particularly graceful woman on the stage; her gestures, her walk and her reading were all painfully like those of an amateur. When, therefore, it is stated that in every one of those respects her shortcomings are now more noticeable than they were before, it will be understood how the Jersey Lily has gone backward in her effort to be an actress.

Her stage walk, by the way, is the most remarkable thing ever seen in a young man has discovered that it was from the income of Lady Royden that he was educated. He would undoubtedly have proposed to her. He has, however, become deeply involved in gambling debts to Robert Hutton, an ostensible Australian millionaire. Hinds does not suspect the condition of affairs between Pleydell and Lady Royden and falls in love with the lady himself. At first he appears to realize that the social barrier separating them is too great to be bridged, but afterward, and despite an overheard conversation in which his original views are borne out, he determines to test the young woman. Meanwhile Hinds has learned that Hutton is the ex-assistant of Hinds' father, who was a disreputable bookmaker, and, knowing that the indictment found against Hutton when he decamped with the wife and money of Hinds' father to Australia is still in effect, Hinds has a hold upon the card sharper which enables him to rescue his friend from his clutches. Ere this Pleydell has confessed everything to Lady Royden. She is naturally horrified and does not hesitate to tell him so. The young lieutenant is in despair, but when he begs the privilege of having Lady Royden give him her hand in a farewell clasp she consents, and then adds, "And my heart goes with it."

In the ordinary comedy of manners it is a simple matter to tell who will "marry the girl," but this denouement is a genuine surprise, and, while it is unconventional, there was no straining after effect. Hinds leaves every one happy, and as the final curtain descends he is moving from the room to the hushed strains of "The Absent Minded Beggar."

Mr. Faversham as Lieutenant Hinds was capital. At each new production by the Empire company, it has been said with truth, Mr. Faversham is better than he has been before. This is once more the fact in the case of Lieutenant Hinds, and it is simply evidence of the rapidity with which this young actor is rising in an artistic sense. Mr. Edwin Stevens, a newcomer in the Empire company, could not well have been improved upon as Robert Hutton, and the rest of the cast was satisfactory.

Miss Margaret Anglin, who has also recently joined the Empire company, while giving a performance that was fairly good in most respects, again demonstrates that she is not possessed of the power necessary in a play in which

The World Of Sport.

Harry Vardon's Visit—The U. S. G. A. Meeting—Other Topics of Interest.
By Leo Etherington.

FOR a long time the golfers of the United States have been endeavoring to get Harry Vardon, the open champion of the world and recognized as the best living exponent of golf, to play in this country. That they have at last succeeded in getting a definite promise only makes their joy the greater. Every student of the game who can possibly manage it will hasten to Florida to see this remarkable player and learn something, if possible, by watching his method of making the various strokes.

To the uninitiated it seems the easiest thing in the world, while watching an expert, to grab a club, swing it lightly and send the gutta percha sphere flying through space for a distance of 200 yards or more, but the difficulty of the operation will be speedily realized after a few efforts with a driver.

It is only the golfer, therefore, who can appreciate at its true worth the wonderful skill attained by Vardon. A man of ordinary ability may possibly, by means of a wonderful stroke of luck, combined with unusually good play, win from players far above him as a rule, and thus gain an isolated victory now and again. But it is the man who can do this feat day in and day out, year after year, who is the great golfer. And, truly, Harry Vardon's reputation hangs by no slender thread of a freak victory! Instead, his triple triumph at the open championships in 1896, 1898 and 1899 proves him to be a golfer of wonderful caliber. Not only is he able to overcome his brother pros in the medal game, but is a grade above them in doing exceptionally well in practice, and as a result some record breaking performances are looked for.

The new \$1,000 trophy will be competed for by the players, while the second and third men also will get handsome prizes. There is also offered a jeweled medal for the player who makes the highest run and average of the tournament.

The announcement that the British university athletes will come over next summer to give Yale and Harvard a return set of games on track and field has been received with a good deal of satisfaction. The fact that numbers of our athletes, representing many kinds of sports, will compete abroad this year had induced the feeling that in the matter of international competition the home stayers would have little to encourage them this year. The fact that the Cambridge and Oxford teams will make the trip is therefore likely to excite a great deal of interest in track and field games during the months preceding the contest.

Nothing is known definitely as to where the games will take place. If they are not held at either Cambridge or New Haven, they may be pulled off at Manhattan field, New York, which is leased by Columbia. It seems to me, however, that the unusual amount of money that is now being spent in remodeling and fixing up Soldiers' field is an indication that the Harvard men hope to have the events take place at Cambridge. This would be a good place for the games, if for no other reason than that 40,000 spectators can be accommodated there.

Although the Jeffries-Corbett fight when first arranged was regarded with a good deal of suspicion, now that the principals have both gone into strict training and by their actions shown that they mean business, many people are beginning to realize that, after all, they may be treated to an interesting bout next month. Corbett has chosen Tommy Ryan as his chief of staff during his period of preparation, after almost every heavyweight in the country had been mentioned for the job. It is doubtful whether Ryan can teach Jim anything in regard to ring tactics, but

as he was with Jeffries before the fight, fought Sharkey he will probably be able to put Corbett on to many of the boxer's curves.

If Corbett can step into the ring with a good man as he was five years ago, it is the opinion of many experts that he will have a good chance of winning the championship. Jeffries was more in the clinches more than by any action. These tactics so weakened Corbett that during the last few rounds of the fight he had not the strength to ward off or return with any degree of accuracy Jeffries' heavy punches. Now, as Corbett is really active and clever at foot work with Sharkey, it is doubtful if the champion will be able to employ the same tactics with any degree of success in the coming encounter.

A great many people think that Corbett can never get into good trim again and that his chances of winning are nil. It must be remembered, however, that Corbett has had good long time to recover from his meetings with Fitzsimmons and that in daily training and yet is today as good as ever.

If Corbett has the strength to serve power necessary to make a man to be in good shape after eight or ten rounds and is not played out in the first few rounds? This, however, is a question that naturally cannot be answered until after the battle is over.

AND THAT DID JUST AS WELL. At a recent rehearsal of "The Postmaster" Archie Boyd, who is one day during an intermission, while indulging in a little lunch, he slipped into a luncheon where the waiters are employed.

"Bring me a sandwich and a glass of milk," said Archie. The man brought a sandwich and a glass of milk, and quickly returned with the same.

"I'm in a hurry," said Archie. The waiter pulled forth a pen and pencil and began to write on a piece of paper. "I didn't order pie," said Boyd as he looked at the piece of paper.

"I know, boss," replied the waiter, "but pie and sandwich cost the same, and I can't spell sandwich."

BASEBALL PROVERBS. A philosophic baseball enthusiast has recently composed the following list of what he calls baseball proverbs: "He who hesitates is out." "A closed glove catches no flies." "A pitcher is hot." "A pitcher's base are soon parted." "A pitcher's game that has no kicking." "A pitcher's look a pitcher in the mouth." "The making of errors there is no such thing as a free lunch." "Two strikes is a company, three is a crowd." "It's a poor bat that can't hit a ball." "If at first you don't succeed, try the outfield." "There is no good umpire except dead umpires." "If wishes were home runs, batters would root." "Don't catch your catcher before they are caught." "It's a child who knows how to keep a secret." "Money makes the manager and exchange players." "He who is and runs away will live to hit another day." "Make first base while the pitcher's in the pitcher's eyes." "The fielders, like infielders, come home to root on the umpire's neck." "The ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to attract the umpire's attention."

Clara Lipman has just finished dramatization of the popular novel "Lady Barbary." It will in all probability be included in Mr. Mann's Miss Lipman's repertory next year.



MRS. TREVELYAN (MRS. LANGTRY) AND HER DAUGHTER INA.



LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. LANGTRY IN "THE DEGENERATES."



THE LADY JOURNALIST AND LADY SAMAREZ.

past ten years has New York witnessed two simultaneous productions so widely divergent in point of merit, in quality and in propriety. One is pure as snow, with not one suggestion or one innuendo which the most vulgar mind could distort into impropriety; the other's very lifeblood is impropriety. Without it the play could not be. Without it the star would not be accepted for a moment. It is the vilest creation that it has ever been my bad fortune to see on the stage, and the worst phase of it all is the patent effort which is made from the first act to the last to give point to the nasty allusions by appearing to create the impression that they are similar to what the public recognizes as the real episodes in the career of Mrs. Langtry. If this view of the matter is taken by theater goers, Mrs. Langtry has no one to blame but herself, and, while it is not the province of a critic to go into the private life of any one appealing for public favor, it is decidedly within the scope of criticism to call attention to any such barefaced attempt to lend factitious value to a play through the personality of the player, be it good or bad.

It is a difficult matter to tell the story of "The Degenerates" in language which will not shock readers of ordinary decency. Mrs. Trevelyan is a lady with a varied assortment of pasts. Her life has evidently been so mottled that the playwright does not even attempt to go into details with reference to it. He does, however, show how she is regarded by her neighbors, and he also makes a casual defense by means of casual intimation that it is foolish to believe all one hears of a woman's character. The half hearted scheme of making the woman appear less bad than she really is to those whose sensibilities would be shocked by appreciating her at her full worth, or, rather, her lack of worth, is as transparent as the play itself is uninteresting. Although Mrs. Trevelyan does at times act in a manner to justify the theory that she is merely unconventional and perhaps a trifle eccentric, the artifice deceives no one. The play is intended to be filthy, and every effort and every scene bristles with some bald scheme on the part of either playwright or star to impress that fact upon our minds. In reality their trouble is unnecessary, for even a child would realize that "The Degenerates" is really about the most

who go to see Mrs. Langtry in "The Degenerates" will be disappointed, for there is not enough pendency in the piece to make it interesting to such persons, and it is the scheme, the groundwork, the cornerstones of the play, and not the lines themselves, which supply the element of prurency with which "The Degenerates" abounds. In the play Mrs. Trevelyan is getting along in years precisely as Mrs. Langtry is in real life. Mrs. Trevelyan has a daughter just budding into womanhood; so has Mrs. Langtry. Mrs. Trevelyan owned race horses which won important races; so does Mrs. Langtry. People have talked disparagingly of Mrs. Trevelyan; they have also at times spoken in not unduly complimentary terms of Mrs. Langtry. There is the play and there are the facts. In addition to these, however, the effort has been assiduously made to create the impression that "The Degenerates" is a story of the Jersey Lily's life, with just sufficient drifting from the truth to permit the dramatist to make an interesting play; something, by the way, which he has not succeeded in doing.

If Mrs. Langtry's tour should be successful, as some persons assert, it will be a reflection on the sense of decency and the common sense as well of the American theater going public.

With reference to Mrs. Langtry's acting it may be said that she has retrograded woefully. When she was here several years ago, she was not by any means a good actress; in fact, some irreverent persons declared in the vernacular of the day that she was "the limit." That, however, was a libel, for, while Mrs. Langtry had at the time much to learn of the art of acting, she gave evidence of the possession of qualities which would enable her in

any but the very lightest emotions are touched upon. Her marvelous impersonation of Roxane in Richard Mansfield's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" led every one to suppose that another historic wonder had been brought to light, but the pleasant things then said of Miss Anglin by practically all the critics of this city have woefully failed of fulfillment.

HOYT'S LITTLE JOKE. Here is a Hoyt story which Billy Devere of "The Black Sheep" company takes great pleasure in telling:

"When 'The Black Sheep' was first produced, five years ago, it was brought out at the Boston theater. It had run for five weeks and was a big success before Hoyt ever saw it. One night the word leaked back of the scenes that Hoyt was out in front watching the play. 'I put up all on our mettle, and we played our hardest to please him. Before the curtain fell Hoyt sent word back for all the members of the company to wait after the show was over, as he wished to see us. We expected, of course, a fine compliment for our acting. After the curtain fell he came back. We were all gathered on the stage. Hoyt, who is a wonderfully droll man, struck an attitude and began, in great seriousness: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to thank you for your good performance. Your work was excellent. It was good. In fact, it was too good. I am proud of you. I am glad that when you know I am in the house you worked so hard to please me. In fact, you worked too hard. Your work lacks that air of easy carelessness that makes it go with the audience. In this connection you remind me of that beautiful flower, the chrysanthemum. The home of this delightful flower is in Japan, and there they prize it most when it is in its first bloom. Then its color is a beautiful pink. Later it turns to a grayish blue, and in that period it is less prized. At last it turns yellow, and in that stage it is wholly neglected. Now, I don't mean to tell you folks that you are yellow, but you are fast approaching that grayish blue tint. Good night.' 'Life to Hoyt is a huge joke.'"

A FAMOUS ACTRESS' GRAVE. A little mild excitement has been caused in London by the revelation through a letter in one of the newspapers of the neglected condition of the tomb of Mrs. Inchbold in an obscure part of Kensington churchyard. She died in 1821, aged 65 years. She wrote a number of famous plays and was an actress of distinction.

In 1874. Her father was a Danish musician, who died when little Alice was 3 years old.

Ten of the plays in Mr. Mansfield's repertory were written by American authors and nine by foreign authors, including two of the Shakespeare group.

The next London Gaiety burlesque is called "The Messenger of God." Richard Mansfield is not so occupied by his stage duties that he cannot find

VARDON AT THE TOP OF HIS SWING



VARDON PUTTING



SNAPSHOTS OF GOLF CHAMPION VARDON.

time to make an occasional contribution to literature. He has just completed a volume of essays, the result of his studies in dramatic literature and his observations of life.

John J. Ransome, the well known impersonator of public men, has selected a play entitled "The Politician," in which he may shortly make his star debut.

Harry Conner, who has been playing

this season in Australia, has made such a success that he may remain there.

Rose Coghlan says that next season she will produce a new play by her brother, the late Charles Coghlan, and will also revive "Madame" by him.

Frank McKee is doing London with a view of placing Hoyt's plays in the English metropolis.

Frederick Ranken, who, with Kirke La Shelle, wrote the libretto of "The

Armer," Frank Daniels' new comic opera success, is the author of "The Smugglers," which the Bostonian, upon inspecting his work in "The Armer," commissioned him to write for them.

Ibsen's new play has the rather funny real title of "When We Dead Awaken." Sol Smith Russell expects to return to the stage next fall and will study a new part during the summer.