

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

AS A STAR

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM has made his debut as a star, and it would be unkind to him as well as unjust to those persons whose achievements entitle them to recognition as stellar lights to say that his venture is an artistic success. The vehicle selected for Mr. Faversham's exploitation is "A Royal Rival," an adaptation by Gerald du Maurier of the time worn "Don Cesar de Bazan." In spite of the fact that neither Mr. Faversham nor the play in which he is appearing can be truthfully said to be more than inoffensively acceptable, the combination is drawing enormous audiences to the Criterion theater. That, however, demonstrates nothing more than that the manufacture of stars has been reduced to an exact science by Charles Frohman and that a term in his Empire stock company is certain to win for a leading man or leading woman of reasonable capabilities a strong personal following in this city. The more especially is this true when the fortunate individual is "presented" by that manager whose "open sesame" to the best theaters of New York and the country at large is more than half the battle. Mr. Faversham,

company of this city Mr. Faversham has done some really good work, but from a star something more than "really good work" is expected. As a leading man the public pays to see the play and only asks that he acceptably perform the rôle assigned him. As a star the public pays to see the individual and but asks that the play shall be worthy of his efforts. In one case "the play's the thing;" in the other "the player's the thing."

Mr. Faversham is afflicted with certain irritating peculiarities of speech and gesture which make it necessary that he shall have a rôle which fits him to a "T" if he is to make a great impression. This he has not in Don Cesar de Bazan in "A Royal Rival." While Mr. Faversham swaggers frightfully in everything he undertakes and for that reason might be supposed to be peculiarly suited to the rôle of Don Cesar, the result indicates that he is not. Don Cesar was a swaggerer. It is true, but through his mask of blustering and roistering and deviltry the polish of the born nobleman shines steadily. Mr. Faversham's Don Cesar is rather a good hearted and usually good natured bully of the shuns. Naturally this is not the Don Cesar of



Photo by Cole & Springstein, New York.

H. K. DEVEREUX OF CLEVELAND DRIVING IRENE WILTON.

the present play is less good than its predecessors, but the fact remains that it leaves a less vivid impression upon the auditor than the other "Don Cesar" vehicles. The story has always been laughed at for its glaring inconsistencies and wild improbabilities, but it at least has been admittedly interesting, which "A Royal Rival" is not.

The supporting company is in its main satisfactory. Edwin Stevens as the villain, Don Jose, and Jessie Eustice as Irene, the girl, made the hits of the piece. Julie Opp, brought over from England by Mr. Frohman especially to play the rôle of Marita, scarcely warrants the trouble taken to secure her services. She was not bad, though she really did little more than indicate that

CHANGES NOTICEABLE IN THE GAME OF BASEBALL.

"Baseball is not like it used to be 20 or 25 years ago," said an old "rooter" as he stood in the grand stand of the Polo grounds in New York the other day, sadly watching the crowd of several thousand people silently wait its way toward the elevated station. There was a deal of truth in what he said, and to any one who has given the matter a little thought it must be apparent that there is a wide difference in baseball today as compared with a generation ago.

Those were the days when sentiment cut a big figure in a sport which could then be fittingly termed the national game. Star players were regarded scarcely less than idols in the eyes of the devout crank worshiper, and it used to be a common occurrence after a close game resulting favorably to the home team to see the spectators vault the railing and rush out to the field, by the hand or carry him on their shoulders to the clubhouse. Those were experiences which "Smiling" Mickey Welsh and Tim Keefe had to go through more than once in the days of the old Polo grounds.

In the good old American association days, when the St. Louis Browns were in their glory, now towns were named after some of the favorite stars. Records of well known pitchers used to be carefully kept by the most ardent of the cranks. Star batters were also lionized, and after the pitchers, the heavy hitters came in for the most attention.

The time was when "kicking" by the players was looked upon very differently by the average spectator than it is today. The umpire's decision was received with more respect, and the spectators were not nearly so prone to doubt his judgment as is now the case.

Club owners and managers in the old days looked upon "kicking" as entirely wrong, and not infrequently a player would be fined. How different now! Magnates, at least some of them, instruct their players to kick and kick hard at every close decision rendered against their team.

Then, again, the existence of two big governing bodies, such as the National and American leagues, has done much toward hurrying the game. In some sections at least, take Boston, for instance, where both organizations are represented, and it will be noticed that neither club is doing a good business, whereas when left alone in seasons past the Boston National league team has invariably finished a big winner financially.

Various other reasons have been given for the changes in public sentiment with regard to baseball during the past 20 years. To begin with, there are tenfold more counter attractions now than formerly. The hundreds of golf clubs, which were not in existence then, have engaged the attention of thousands of young men who might otherwise have devoted all their spare time to the green diamond. In addition to this, there are tennis, rowing, yachting, cycling and cricket, all of which are classed among the popular outdoor sports of the country.

A fairly well dressed youth walked into the office of a certain theatrical manager the other day and in a confident manner said he wished to see the manager on some important business.

"You will have to send in your card," said the boy in charge.

"I haven't got no card, but you can tell the manager that his friend Mr. X. (giving a name known to the manager) told me to call, and I'd be well received."

After a short delay the young man was ushered into the sanctum sanctorum of the busy manager, who was known among his friends to be of a somewhat irascible temperament.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" was his greeting as he took his visitor at a glance.

"You can give me a playin' job, sir—I want to act," was the answer.

"What sort of an act have you?" was the next question, quickly put, and in a tone which might suggest to the hearer that he would best hurry up and get out.

"I haven't got none yet, but I can do anything that has been done or ever will be done. I'm a great perseverer," answered the confident youth.

"Where have you been playing?" was the next short query, for the manager wished, if possible, to favor any one sent by his friend.

"Hain't been playin' anywhere yet, but here's a letter of recommendation from my last boss, who said it ought to get me a pretty good place anywhere at anything I wanted to do. I kinder thought I'd like to act out in the theater, so I thought I'd use that letter to get me a job at actin'."

The arbitrator of many theatrical fates took the offered letter, opened it and read:

To Whom It May Concern:

This will serve to introduce Abel Simpson, who has been in my employ for more than two years. He is a good man to look after horses, stands raising vegetables, milking cows and feeding chickens.

C. FRANCIS.

It is not known how the young man got out of the office.

POINTS ON BOWLING

CRICKET

VIEWS OF THE ENGLISH CHAMPION

(Cricket is obtaining a firm hold in America, and the admirers of the great English game are of the opinion that it will not be long before the pastime becomes as familiar as baseball and football in this country. An English cricket team is preparing to invade the United States next season. The players will be the best of the British Isles, and a good opportunity for comparison of our own experts with those hailing from the home of the game will be afforded. Arthur Mould of Lancashire, the best bowler among the transatlantic cricketers. His peculiar and effective method of delivering the ball has given him a unique position among his rivals, and just at present holds the leading spot in the English cricket world. His views, which follow, will therefore be read with interest.)

It is not everybody who can do fast bowling, and a cricketer who aspires to this position must find out whether he has any natural inclination to be medium, slow or fast, and, having settled this matter for himself, must stick to his choice. I have noticed that young fellows show a marked preference for fast bowling, and those who are in charge of boys who play the best of all our games should exercise a very shrewd supervision upon promising youngsters, lest they overwork and do an immense amount of harm.

In these early days youngsters depend on pace to get wickets, and they do not in the least bow with their heads. It is later on the experience comes, and it is far better to take things very carefully at first.

Looking at the bowlers of England today one is bound to confess that the fast ones are not very numerous, and there are very few who bowl as fast as C. J. Kortright, W. Lockwood, Tom Richardson and W. Bradley of Kent, whose reputations are known on every cricket field.

It is useful to have on your side a trusty and fast underhand bowler. Now, the earlier in your career you begin to watch the ball the better, and the first thing I would say to the young batsman is use your eyes and keep them well on the ball from the moment the bowler begins to run. Then you will find that your power of judgment rapidly increases.

All cricketers should be careful of stimulants and tobacco. If they are to do well at cricket, they must keep themselves in condition, and as one who has played for some years and knows the strain of the first class season I may say that much of my power of endurance is due to the fact that I keep myself in condition throughout the winter.

In rural matches many a front rank batsman is rapidly bowled out when he has to face fast lobs. It is very rarely now that one has to play that variety of underhand bowling known among schoolboys as "the sneak," which comes right along the ground and often twists a great deal. They must be met by the batsman playing forward and bringing his bat hard upon them. The bat should be close to the ground, but no liberties must be taken with them if they are straight, though if they are crooked you can do what you like with them. Some fast underhand deliveries are about half the height of the stumps, and the batsman can easily dispose of them. For those which bound a great deal forward play will always meet the case, and the only possible danger is that arising from a ball that has not been hit hard enough or by a brilliant field like George Hirst or W. G. Grace at mid on and mid off. One other thing must be remembered, and that is good all round batting and perfect wickets have caused the bowling to be very much improved.

To one who wishes to become a fast bowler I would suggest, first, that there should be long seasons of training, and there are other things in addition to that. One must be very healthy, have a great deal of stamina and be able to stand a lot of strain, for the work called on to do is very difficult indeed. Beware, too, against bowling too long. Many who do remarkably well in their school days are never heard of again. One expects them to make a great reputation, but the fact is they have overstrained before their bodies were fully developed and have made the fatal mistake of bowling hour after hour at the nets. This means that long before their teens are over many promising players are destroyed. It is a pity, especially when in the amateur ranks there is such a deficiency of this class of trundlers.

A bowler may have a natural gift, but whether he has it or not he must seek to make himself master of a delivery that will make the ball rise quickly and straight from the pitch. The action should be very free, and all kinds of jerky movements and an ungainly style should be avoided. It is an excellent thing to watch first class bowlers, but many of them have their own peculiarities of delivery, and the aspirant for fame should not seek to imitate these, for they will not do him any good.

What the pace should be for a fast bowler or what distance a ball must be pitched from the wicket none can quite say, but if you are about 5 feet 6 inches or 5 feet 8 inches in height and are bowling to a batsman of the same height the pitch will be about four yards from the popping crease. If the wicket be soaked, however, then the ball may be pitched some foot and a half nearer, and it will rise from the ground in a very awkward way.

What I would like a young player to remember is that pace alone is valueless.



JIMMY MICHAEL, THE "WELSH RAREBIT."

less. Pace will come with experience and knowledge. First of all, ball after ball must be dead upon the wicket, and it is an excellent thing to place a piece of paper near where you want the ball to pitch and to see how many times during the over you can hit it. Twenty minutes' methodical work will produce far better results than an hour's pounding away.

A youth of 16 should not bowl more than 25 minutes at a time and not more than an hour a day. If he is very speedy and is bowling the full distance, he may find encouragement in the fact that if he is careful every season will find him able to bowl more rapidly and to make himself much more feared by the batsman opposed to him. Of course, the fast bowler likes a dry, hard wicket better than anything else, and must use his head as well as his eyes nowadays.

If a right hand bowler is sending down a ball, it may turn in from the off stump to the leg stump. This is

what is called a break back. The left hand bowler will make the same sort of delivery for the ordinary right handed batsman curve from the leg side to the off stump, and it is by no means necessary that the ball should pitch on the line from wicket to wicket. It will very likely upset the batsman if it is delivered round the wicket, and there are some who can make it hit the middle stump from this position.

To make the ball break back is certainly the aspiration of every fast bowler. But I cannot give any rule by which this can be done. It is my impression that every one has his own knack of this. It is not easy to make the ball break from leg, but the ball must be held in the palm of the hand and must rotate from right to left. The third and little fingers produce the rotation, and the hand turns over the ball, the back of the hand being upward. Accuracy with the leg break is very hard to acquire.

Vine of the Sussex team has this season done wonders with medium pace leg break bowling. Against Nottingham he took in all 15 wickets, and he occupies a novel position in the sphere of cricket. No one else possesses the same power of getting a pronounced leg break on a quick ball. Braund bowls leg breaks very well, but he is so much slower than Vine that the two men cannot well be compared. To find a parallel to Vine's peculiar gift one must perhaps go back to the days of George Palmer. But the leg break was only one of that great bowler's many resources, and he spoiled himself by using it too much, gradually losing the accuracy that, in conjunction with his spin and variety of pace, made him so formidable during his first three visits to this country.

Prince Ranji says that "fast bowlers cannot expect to make a ball break more than a few inches, inasmuch as the pace they put on the ball prevents the operation of finger work. If their actions only cause the ball to break, so much the better. But only few are gifted with full action break."

A fast bowler may vary his pace without necessarily becoming slow or medium pace, for there are a good many paces between these and very quick bowling. The great aim should be to keep a good length, with plenty of pace. The faster he can make the ball come from the pitch the more deadly will it be. Pace from the pitch does not always result from extra exertion in the delivering of the ball. It comes from spin, imparted with wrist flick and from freedom of swing.

What is the most likely delivery to get a batsman out who has mastered the bowling?

One that pitches on the off stump and breaks away. A good many fast bowlers do this without altering their delivery, though they may be unconscious of it. Long hops are not good, but a yorker hung on the leg stump is a likely delivery when the batsman has become set and is hitting. Here it is that the medium pace bowler has his chance. The yorker is more successful because it is mistaken for another sort of delivery. But do not make the mistake of bowling yorker after yorker to anybody but a fresh batsman, who may be treated to at least one in each over.

The amateur who plays at the nets should see that he has an opportunity of improving his bowling and should only bat upon that consideration. Again and again one has seen good natured young fellows who could bowl well after their style of delivery to suit the idiosyncrasies of each batsman who came in for ten minutes' hitting, and one would say that they had nothing to do except to coach these men.

Fast bowlers should set their faces against it and should not bowl too long before they take a short rest.

To any one who wants to become a fast bowler let me say: "Find out if you have length, break, spin and perseverance. If not, get them as soon as you can and then be very sparing of yourself. Be in earnest as to the cultivation of your talent, and there is a future before you if you will be careful, for the great need of the day is bowlers."

Such a one may be spoiled at the practice nets, for too much pounding away aimlessly and too little bowling with head and hand seem to be the practice of the hour.

ARTHUR MOULD.

GILFOIL'S NEXT PART.

Harry Gilfoil, whose latest hit was the part of the Prince de Homy in "The Erioles," will have an excellent opportunity in Klaw & Erlanger's production of Harry B. Smith's "The Liberty Bells." He will play an eccentric old inventor whose marvelous contrivances will serve to introduce very curious and comic mechanical effects. The denials of Cyril Scott's engagement for this production are without foundation in fact.

THE TWELVE CLUB CIRCUIT.

Mr. Soden of Boston and Mr. Abell of Brooklyn are strong advocates of a return to the 12 club circuit next season.



Photo by Byron, New York.

WM. FAVERSHAM AND JULIE OPP IN "A ROYAL RIVAL."

for instance, "presented" in the same play and supported by the same company, would, strictly on his merits, stand little chance of success. It would probably take him years to get a hearing in a prominent Broadway theater, whereas, nurtured by the great resources of the most prominent member of the theatrical syndicate, he finds the first class theaters waiting to receive him.

Naturally it serves the purpose of the syndicate to multiply the number of its own stars, for then it is less dependent upon the independents and the semi-independents. But the conditions under which such things are possible are a monument to the stupidity or cowardice, or worse, of the average manager and actor. I can name ten stars who could smash the present system into smithereens if they had the courage to do so. But, no; these people are pleased to assert that they are now making as much money as they ever made and therefore have no fault to find. They are so shortsighted that they fail to see that this is because they are now indispensable, but that the moment the multiplication of half cooked stars rendered the "promoters" somewhat independent of the worthy stars the latter will be brought down to the level of the machine-made crowd.

But this is not a criticism of "A Royal Rival" and Mr. Faversham.

During his experience of several years with the Empire theater stock

Dumanoir and Denney, and equally naturally in losing his undercurrent of refinement Don Cesar also loses his charm.

In addition to his honest failure to show us what most persons conceive to be the true Don Cesar, Mr. Faversham permits himself to be betrayed by the applause of a few cackling gosses in the audience into indulging in some low—very low—comedy which is neither well done nor "in the picture." All that can be said in favor of it is that it is less bad than that contributed by Snitz Edwards and Maggie Hedloway Fisher in the rôles, respectively, of the Marquis and Marchioness of Montefiore.

The most unfortunate fact in connection with Faversham's initial essay as a star is that he is apt to make money in "A Royal Rival." He will therefore doubtless be continued in it indefinitely. If he were given a new piece, it is possible that he would be better fitted and would also better please those persons who have the ability to peer beneath the surface. But in theatrical management today the box office is the "pulsometer," and so long as the returns from that locality are satisfactory the matter of art is not given a second thought.

As to the play, "A Royal Rival," it may be said that better versions of "Don Cesar de Bazan" have been seen on the American stage. It would be difficult to say in just what respects

the part of Marita in the hands of a thoroughly competent actress might be made a little less colorless than it is at present.

Arthur Crispin
New York.

"THE RED KLOOF."

Louis Mann and Clara Lipman's new Boer play by Paul Potter is to be called "The Red Kloof." I'm a great perseverer, answered the confident youth.

"JANICE MEREDITH" CAST.

Mary Manning's support in "Janice Meredith" this coming season is Walter Hale, Charles Cherry, Theodore Marston, W. S. Northrup, Carl Ahrendt, Martin J. Cody, John D. O'Hara, W. D. Chaffin, Aubrey Beattie, Charles Haskins, Sydney Mansfield, R. R. Neill, Louise Glosser Hale, Alice Neal and Kate Lester.

Quinn, Edwin Meyers, J. H. Hazleton, Calvin Kavanaugh, George H. Mitchell, George Leonard, John J. Collins and Marlborough Hardy.

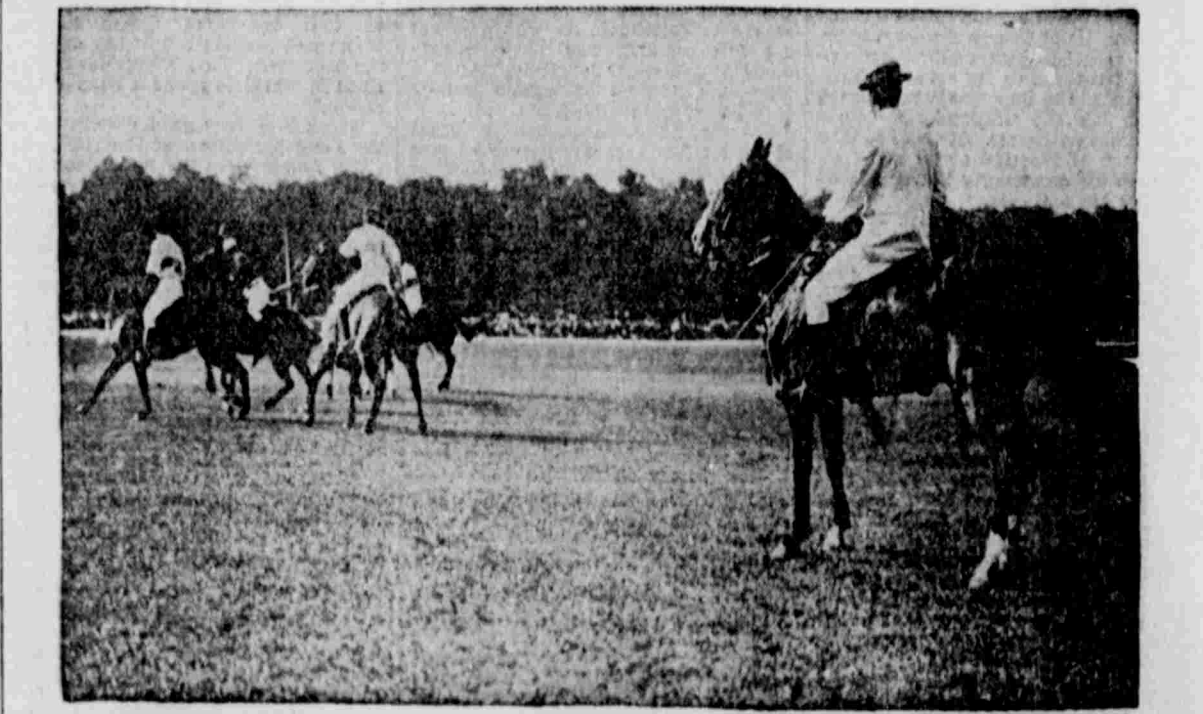
William Parry says he is going to reorganize his opera company with Kate Condon as the star and send it on tour.

Frank Ratfer, the scenic artist, is in Boston painting the scenery for E. E. Rice's "Evangeline" company, which is scheduled to open at the Columbia the-

ter in that city. Ratfer is the man who painted the first set for the original "Evangeline" company twenty years ago.

Joe Natus has signed with Matthews & Buizer's "The Night Before the Fourth" company to play one of the principal parts and do his singing specialty.

J. H. Stoddart is the star in Kirke La Shelle's production of "The Bonnie Briar Bush," which opened recently in



POLO CRACKS AT PLAY.

The Myopia (Mass.) and Meadowbrook (N. Y.) teams are seen in a scrimmage. Referee Eustis, the famous polo expert, is in the foreground. The Myopia and the Meadowbrook teams played in the recent national championship tourney at Brookline, Mass.

Boston. It will play four weeks at the Tremont theater previous to its production at the Theatrical Republic, New York city.

It is now known to be a fact that the original of the character of Champagne Charley in Augustus Thomas' New York comedy is Harry Lehr, the New York society man. This circumstance has been hinted at several times because the leading character in this comedy is a society man who acts as a wine

agent. The character of the Matinee Girl, played by Ada Lewis, also has its prototype in a well known society woman who is a conspicuous figure at afternoon performances in New York theaters during the season. Indeed, it is said, most of Mr. Thomas' characters in this comedy are "taken from life," and several will be readily recognized.

Gladya Churchill, a soprano who recently made her vaudeville debut as a singer at Proctor's Fifth Avenue thea-

ter, New York, will produce a comedy sketch soon, entitled, "Ma's Trouble." It was written by herself.

The Grand theater, Brooklyn, opened for the regular season, with Charles McCarthy as the star in his drama, "One of the Bravest." This was its first production in this country in five years.

Edward Thomas and his wife, Lina Wallace, have signed with the James O'Neill company.

ON AND OFF THE BOARDS.

Isadore Rush will play Lady Holgrood with the "Florodora" company. Managers Fisher & Hixley will send to the Pacific coast and the large cities of the middle west.

Sadie Martinot already has received the manuscript and costume plates for the second play she will produce. It is "The Queen's Necklace," the play which Mrs. Langtry gave such an

elaborate production at her own theater in London last season.

The regular season of the Third Avenue theater, New York, opened recently with a revival of "The Limited Mail."

William T. Keogh has engaged the following for his production of "Barbara Fritchley": Frances Cleveland, Jessie Charron, Richard M. Williams, T. J.