

THE STAGE

"TEN years ago the law would have stepped in and prevented the giving of many of the plays which are accepted to-day." So says actor Crane, and without doubt he is right. The only consolation we have in the premises is the fact that the

fad—for it is nothing more, fortunately—is passing away. The success of Mr. Crane's new comedy, Martha Morton's "His Wife's Father," would prove this, were there no other straws stirred by the breeze of purification.



Anne O'Neill.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



Sarah Bernhardt as "Gismonda."

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

We present a portrait of Anne O'Neill, Mr. Crane's leading woman, who does so much to infuse a delightful sprightliness into *Nell Billings*, a part that in less competent hands might easily border on the lachrymose. Miss O'Neill, who is a Brooklyn girl, looked forward to a teacher's career; but some six years ago, while she was still going to school, Richard Mansfield offered her an opportunity to go on as a "lay figure" in the supper scene of "A Parisian Romance." She accepted, and finding the stage preferable to the school room, decided to stick to it. But there was no opening for her in Mr. Mansfield's

company, so when an offer came from a manager in quite another field, Miss O'Neill felt that it would not be wise to refuse it, and joined Mr. Harrigan's forces, with whom she gained a wide experience, if not any great measure of fame.

It would seem that there must be many stepping stones between Harrigan and the elder Salvini, but Miss O'Neill passed directly from one to the other. We next find her with young Sothorn, from whom she came to Crane. With the latter she has played *Mabel Denman* in "The Senator," and has originated parts in all the comedies he has brought out since. She

was the *Anne Page* in the luckless revival of "The Merry Wives." In "His Wife's Father" she appears for the first time as leading woman of the company.

* * * *

WE are to have Sarah Bernhardt with us again next season. It is to be hoped she

was made for the benefit of a British reporter, but then Mme. Bernhardt would presumably have had the courtesy to evade a reply if the question had been asked her in any other country. She continued thus:

"They always told me that you English were cold, but it is absolutely false. I can



Edna Wallace Hopper.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

will not tell the newspaper reporters that she loves American audiences above all others, because we should like to believe her too great an artist to descend to insincerity. She is in print as asserting that she prefers to play before an English house, next in her order of choice being an American assemblage. This statement, to be sure,

draw more tears from an English audience than from any other. The French, Italians, and other Latin races generally look upon me as an artist and when I act they are critically examining my technique. The English, on the contrary, open their hearts to the spirit of the play. Once moved, they think no longer of me except as the



Madge Lessing.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1894, by J. Schloss, New York.

person uttering words which are moving them strongly. They drink in, as it were, the very essence of the piece, and are driven to tears like children. Oh, I love to play before an English audience; once they have opened their hearts to you and shown a little emotion, they are your friends forever after."

Mme. Bernhardt opens at Daly's London theater, May 27, for a four weeks' engagement in "Gismonda."

* * * *

ONE must go far afield to find a more effective couple for comedy purposes than big De Wolf Hopper and his tiny wife,

Edna Wallace. Unlike so many small people, who endeavor to make up in deportment what they lack in inches, Mrs. Hopper does not strive to be dignified. Her impersonation of the school girl in "Dr. Syntax" is as natural as the real article could possibly be. When one has met her personally, there is no longer wonder over this, for off the stage she is much the same light hearted, happy tempered little woman as when she treads the comic opera boards.

Mrs. Hopper is a California girl, and before she married into her present engagement she played with Roland Reed and as

a member of the Empire Theater stock company.

* * * *

BLANCHE WALSH is now in her twenty first year. She has certainly accomplished much in her short experience. But she was

she began her stage career, going on the road with the "Siberia" company.

* * * *

NEW YORK has indorsed Boston's verdict on "Trilby." Wondering exclamations of amazement at the reverent touch with



Blanche Walsh.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

ambitious from the first, having told her father—who was then warden of the Tombs—that she would be a second Charlotte Cushman. Her *Diana Stockton* in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy" was a finished impersonation of a difficult rôle. Since then she has played the principal part in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and is now leading woman with Nat Goodwin.

She was but little more than sixteen when

which the story has been handled are heard on every side. The Garden Theater is thronged as even burlesque and extravaganza failed to crowd it, and the metropolis, so far as its taste in the dramatic line goes, is redeeming itself.

Messrs. Potter and Palmer deserve to be congratulated. Each arrived at the "Trilby" test with a failure scored against him—Mr. Potter with his "Victoria Cross," pro-



Nellie Campbell.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

duced by Mr. Sothern, and Mr. Palmer with Augustus Thomas' "New Blood." The former has stooped to not a single theatrical trick in turning the novel into a play, while the latter selected, to create the well known characters, a company so neatly fitted to their tasks that there has been scarcely a dissonant note in all the critics' comment.

Where every one is so excellent it seems almost unfair to single out individuals, but, as it happens, one can group the five who would be nearest Du Maurier's heart, just as they come, one after the other, on the

program : *The Laird*, John Glendinning ; *Little Billee*, Alfred Hickman ; *Svengali*, Wilton Lackaye ; *Gecko*, Robert Paton Gibbs ; *Zou Zou*, Leo Dietrichstein. This order is in no wise indicative of the respective abilities of the actors. Mr. Lackaye, with his great character part, really dominates the piece. The most difficult of the five rôles is that of *Little Billee*, as it is perfectly "straight," in the player's parlance. But Mr. Hickman exercises a due amount of repression in leading up to his one strong scene in the third act, which he carries out marvelously well.



Isabel Irving.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

The *Trilby* of Virginia Harned is a fine conception, although differing considerably from the ideal readers of the book have in mind. Her rendering of the hypnotic condition is done with admirable skill.

* * * *

PALMER and Rice have parted company, but Mr. Palmer retains "Little Christopher," which appears to possess just about the requisite quantity of brightness to carry it to an unlimited number of performances. Whether "The Mimic World" will prove a

formidable rival it is at the present writing too early to predict. This is Canary & Lederer's successor to "The Passing Show," which has gone especially well in Chicago. We give a portrait of Madge Lessing, who has been playing in this theatrical review during the past season.

Miss Lessing came from London six years ago to be a chorus girl at Koster & Bial's. She remained in that humble position only a week, being promoted at one step to the title rôle in the burlesque "Belle



Maxine Elliott.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

Helène." Her next engagement was with the Solomon Opera Company. Then came her appearance in "The Passing Show."

* * * *

DANIEL FROHMAN closed his season at the Lyceum unusually early this year, on the 27th of April, the last play being Fred Horner's "Fortune," which did not

bring to the box office the commodity whose name it bore. The company will rest until the middle of June, when they start for the Pacific coast, opening in Spokane about the first of July, in repertoire. En route they will be treated to a tour through the Yellowstone Park.

"We anticipate a delightful trip," said

Miss Irving, the leading woman, in the course of a chat for MUNSEY'S. "I do not know of any association of players who have a better time together. You want me to tell you how I came to go on the stage? No, it was not through any influence with manager or actor that I secured an opening. I had always been fond of the theater, and when Rosina Vokes was playing at the Standard, which was then under the management of John Duff, I did a singular thing.

"Glancing over the papers, one morning, I looked at the advertisements of Daly's, Palmer's, and the Standard. I determined to write to one of the three, asking if there was an opportunity for me to act with the company. Why my choice fell on Mr. Duff I cannot say, but it did, and in due course I received a reply, asking me to call at the theater. Mr. Duff received me very kindly, but appeared rather surprised to find that I supposed the company playing at his house was his own.

"'Besides,' he added, 'I think you are rather young,'

"'Well,' I answered, nothing daunted, 'if you don't give me an opportunity, I shall go on applying to every manager in the country, and when I have exhausted the list, I shall be quite old enough.'

"Mr. Duff seemed struck by this reply and suggested that I should see Miss Vokes. I called and had a brief interview, only to learn that there was no opening with her company just then. But one day I received a telegram asking me to come to the theater that evening to see a play in which she wished me to appear the very next night. I followed instructions, and made my debut as *Gwendolin Hawkins* in 'The School-mistress.' Luckily I am a quick study, so I got through without a mistake. Miss Vokes engaged me for the road, and thus I obtained my first footing on the stage."

Later, Miss Irving joined Daly's forces and remained with them for six years, playing a wide range of important parts. She lives in New York with her mother and sister. She has no fads, unless a great fondness for reading be one, and the stage still possesses for her today the charm that first attracted her to it. Her favorite rôle is *Dorothea March* in "A Woman's Silence."

* * * *

MAXINE ELLIOTT is another artist whose career has surely little in it to discourage stage struck maidens. Brought up in a Maine family, as thoroughly imbued with all New England prejudices as their neighbors, Miss Elliott, about four years ago,

conceived the idea of becoming an actress. In much the same way as did Miss Irving with Mr. Duff, she went to Mr. Palmer. He looked her over, saw that she would be able to wear to advantage the clothes of a rôle he had in mind, and gave her a small part in Mr. Willard's company. She had had no previous experience whatever; she was to gain it all now.

But nature had been very kind to her. Endowed with rare beauty, she is also of commanding height, and has a voice peculiarly rich and full in its intonations. From Willard she went for a brief stay with the disastrous "Voyage of Suzette," and later we find her again at the American Theater as *Kate Malcolm* in "Sister Mary," as shown in our illustration. Last fall came a step higher—an engagement with Rose Coghlan to play ingenue rôles. Then it was that she fell under the notice of Mr. Daly, who secured her in January to create the title part in "Heart of Ruby."

Miss Elliott emerged triumphant from the direful failure of that Japanese idyl, and with her *Sylvia* in "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and her *Hermia* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" she has firmly established herself in the affections of the Daly clientele. In the road company she is to play Miss Rehan's parts, and she is looking forward with all the ingenuousness of a girl to her first London season.

* * * *

THE Kendals have given their second series of farewell performances in America, and it will not be rash to predict that there will be no third one, however many be the precedents for such an apparently paradoxical proceeding. The United States eagle no longer lays golden eggs for this "happy pair." It may be some consolation for them to reflect that it was their own policy in regard to one unfortunate play in their repertory, and not any diminution of the public's appreciation of their high standing as players, that has led to this result.

Our portrait of Nellie Campbell shows the ingenue of the Kendal company. She is twenty two, and has been with the Kendals since she was seventeen.

"Mrs. Kendal has practically taught me all I know," she says gratefully.

One of Miss Campbell's happiest rôles is that of *Betty Noel*, in "Lady Clancarty."

* * * *

IN Richard Mansfield's Garrick Theater New Yorkers possess a playhouse that appeals to the fashionable element among them without debasing the art that administers to it. What was formerly Harrigan's

home of Hibernian farce has been remodeled into an exquisite temple of the romantic drama. From the neatly framed engravings that adorn the lobby walls, to the women's drawing room, down stairs, with the fountain, rockery, and ices, the environment of the place is at once unique and exquisitely tasteful. A line on the program announces that "the Garrick Theater is dedicated to the young people of New York." MUNSEY'S will feel it a matter of deep regret if they fail to rally to the support of an enterprise so thoroughly worthy of it.

The house was auspiciously opened on April 23, Shakspeare's birthday, with Bernard Shaw's capital comedy, "Arms and the Man." Mr. Mansfield has often referred to what he would like to do if he had a theater of his own. One thing he has done already in the Garrick which may be accepted as a carrying out of a portion, at least, of these good intentions. When a candle is blown out on the stage, the scene is darkened at once, and a like promptness is observed in every case where the lighting is changed. The delay or anticipation of a second or two in a matter of this sort may seem a small affair, but the absence of any delay or anticipation whatever is the guarantee Mr. Mansfield has given that he will tolerate nothing but the best possible management of stage business down to the smallest detail.

The policy of the Garrick, so far as the works to be presented are concerned, is outlined in a statement announcing that "plays which are more poetic than realistic, stories of romance and of heroism, of valor and of true love, will be most welcome here." A noble aim, surely, and Mr. Mansfield has the company and the house just suited for such a repertoire. New York now possesses the opportunity to show that she is capable of holding up the hands of the man who will dare to devote his stage solely to those productions that embody the good, the true, and the beautiful in Shakspeare's art.

* * * *

Roof gardens have developed into New York's summer theaters. Originally started as a cool lounging spot for midsummer evenings, where one could sit at one's ease and drink and smoke and chat with friends while listening to a band of not too intrusive instruments, the roof garden of today is nothing more nor less than an open air playhouse devoted to variety.

Rudolph Aronson, of the Casino, was the first to inaugurate the hot weather roof concert, and for several years he enjoyed a

monopoly of the field. He might have enjoyed that monopoly still, had he only found out in time that it was possible to have his idea patented. As it was, he ascertained this fact just four months too late, as the law requires such patent to be taken out within the first two years after the inauguration of a novel enterprise.

This year the Casino roof will open about the first of June, with the bronze statues and snow ballet as special attractions on an enlarged stage.

The Madison Square was the second roof garden in the metropolis, and the first to enter the vaudeville field. Its opening night for the present season is June 3. For the past two months it has been used as a bicycle riding school.

Koster & Bial will close their music hall and open their roof garden June 10. This is the largest garden of the sort in the city, and is to be entirely remodeled for the present season, by the addition of thirty two boxes and the enlargement of the stage, so that a complete variety performance may be given. The management announces that there will be no Sunday performances.

At the present writing the roof of the American Theater hangs fire, so to speak. Mr. French does not care for the trouble of managing it himself, as the theater will close June 6, and a lessee has not yet been found. Last summer Carmencita danced here before great crowds, and without doubt this fourth in the list of New York's aerial gardens will again be in the field.

Overtopping all the roof gardens of the metropolis is the one that crowns the towering Masonic Temple, in Chicago. Here there is given a vaudeville entertainment on the coöperative plan, the performers alternating between the Masonic Temple, the Schlitz Park in Milwaukee, and the garden on the Union Trust building, St. Louis. It is stated that only by this combination of management could the star "artists" of the variety stage be tempted away from New York, where there is always the chance of their being engaged for the long winter season by some one of the agencies whose headquarters are here.

The opening attraction at Rice's Manhattan Theater, Coney Island, is "1492," with a good portion of the original cast. Managers will watch with interest the outcome of this experiment of a summer playhouse by the sea. The wisdom of closing the city music halls during the heated term has already been made plain to them. The theater at Manhattan Beach is in the nature of a compromise.

A compromise of the same sort in the city itself is found in Terrace Garden, with its auditorium open on one side to the outer air. The Ferenczy company, from Hamburg, already famous here for their spirited rendering of comic opera, are booked for the summer season with two new and successful works, one by the author of the ever popular "Vogelhaendler."

* * * *

By the time this number is in the hands of the reader, the verdict on De Koven and Smith's new comic opera will have been registered, as it is scheduled for production at Abbey's Theater by Lillian Russell in the middle of May. It is not so happily named as their two previous successes. The pronunciation of "Tzigane" will be a stumbling block to a good many people, but in this case simplicity of nomenclature has been sacrificed to a picturesque locale. The scene is laid in Russia in the year 1812, which affords an opportunity for the introduction of Napoleonic matter. There is a resplendent ice palace in the second act, with a torchlight dance, and the third includes a ballet and brings a military band upon the stage. Lillian Russell is *Vera*, a gipsy girl (the Tzigane), and De Angelis and Joseph Herbert are the comedians.

"The Tzigane" is the last production of the present season at Abbey's, which will reopen in the fall with Francis Wilson and his new opera, "The Chieftain." This is by Arthur Sullivan and F. C. Burnand, and an interesting coincidence will lie in the fact that there will be playing at the same time, at the Broadway Theater, W. S. Gilbert's "His Excellency," written in conjunction with F. Osmond Carr.

The present season at the Broadway will end with the engagement of Camille d'Arville, who came to the Bijou Theater in February for a three weeks' stay, and has not been able to get away from New York since. Her new opera, "The Daughter of the Revolution," is by Goodwin and Englander. Cheever Goodwin and Harry B. Smith appear to have cornered the American libretto market. Mr. Smith, in addition to his collaboration with Reginald de Koven, has written the book for "The Wizard," the new opera with which Victor Herbert, composer of "Prince Ananias," has supplied Frank Daniels.

* * * *

THE third season of the Empire Theater, the home of Charles Frohman's stock company, is scheduled to close May 18. The last new production was Oscar Wilde's farce, "The Importance of Being Earnest," a biz-

arre and rollicking satire on society, capital-ly acted by the clever people who have been seen all winter in far different environment. Revivals were given in the three closing weeks, a notable feature in the list being R. C. Carton's "Liberty Hall," one of the most truly charming dramas ever written.

The Empire will reopen in August with "The City of Pleasure," a melodrama from the French. This will be followed by John Drew, and later will come Olga Nethersole, who will remain till the beginning of the regular stock season, early in December. Then the first production will be Bronson Howard's new comedy. Next fall Charles Frohman will have half a dozen attractions playing simultaneously at as many New York theaters, and in Boston he will manage a regular stock company at the Museum. All this in addition to his dozen or more organizations on the road.

At first thought it seems stupendous that one man should control so much talent, but the nature of the business almost necessitates the retention of several irons in the fire. Nowadays the manager of a single attraction is the exception. The risk is too tremendous to permit a sagacious man to embark all his treasures in one argosy. The failure of a play means an immense loss; if this cannot be counterbalanced by a success achieved elsewhere, the play producer must go to the wall, unless he has unusually strong backing.

* * * *

THERE are critics galore to find fault with the acting behind the footlights, and not a few to quarrel with the management on account of the acoustics or the seating arrangements in front of them, but there appears to be no censor for what goes on just above them. The other night the writer was present at an excellent performance of a fine play in one of the leading stock houses of the metropolis. The climaxes were of that quietly effective nature which goes straight to the spectator's heart, but in three of the acts they were sadly marred by a piece of stage property which proved, on this occasion at least, its right to its name—a "tormentor." The set had been placed too far forward, and each time the curtain descended it pushed this bit of painted hanging aside with a swish that drew all eyes for an instant from the tableau below. Such a jar on the ensemble should have been remedied at once; the fact that it was not shows that no one held himself responsible for this dereliction on what is evidently the debatable ground between stage and auditorium.

ETCHINGS

TO TWO LOVES.

IF I would fain in lighter vein
 Address a rondeau to her,
 Or striving yet in triolet
 Or quatrain deftly woo her,
 She casts her eyes upon the ground,
 And asks me if no thought be found
 But gay conceit the whole year round.

If I discern and willing turn
 To grave refrain or sonnet,
 And strive to ring in solemn swing
 The mighty changes on it,
 She shrugs her shoulders, as to say
 "My mood is much too light today,"
 And laughing flirts my heart away.

Beware, coquette! I'll fathom yet
 Beneath your deep eyes' laughter,
 And plait my woes in sturdy prose,
 Nor think of rhyme hereafter.
 Then love will lead you to confess,
 With your soft eyes (as I impress
 The proper kiss) that longed for "Yes."

OF last year's girls who wandered through
 June's vernal glades beneath the blue,
 Scarce now is one, outside whose pane
 The lover and his lute are fain
 In dainty dalliance to sue.

Now light they trip in gay review;
 I hear their laughter's lilt anew,
 An echo of the old refrain
 Of last year's girls.

Hymen and Cupid leave us few!
 Yet what care I, since one be true?
 Though Stella's honeymoon shall wane
 And Celia wed; if there remain
 Love and my little lady—you!
 Of last year's girls.

Archibald Douglas.

ENTHRALMENT.

A FLASH of crimson, a glimpse of gold,
 Two laughing eyes in a fair young face,
 Only a story centuries old
 Of a heart surrendered to maiden grace.

But never a heart in ages past
 Can know the joy that is mine today,
 Never may dream while centuries last
 Of loving in quite so sweet a way.

Many may sing in lover's fashion
 To golden tresses and eyes of brown,
 But what can they know of depths of passion
 Not knowing Elaine in her crimson gown?
Ethel M. Kelley.

WHILE MANDOLINS TINKLED.

IN her father's box one night we met,
 And I knew as I touched her glove
 That the witching smile I could ne'er forget
 On the lips of my latest love.
 And the mandolin's tender, tinkling trill
 Swept up from the stage below,
 And wooed from my heart the fresh, wild thrill
 That only young love can know.

I watched the light in her sparkling eyes,
 And my heart beat high and fast,
 For I knew with a tremulous, strange surprise
 I had met my love at last.
 But she went her way with a careless word,
 And left me to dream alone,
 With the words I was thinking all unheard,
 And my new born love unknown.

Yet perhaps some night in her little room
 She may happen to read this rhyme,
 And learn in the twilight's brooding gloom
 That I loved her all the time.
 And then I may find with a raptured start
 That I read her eyes aright,
 And that mine was not the only heart
 The mandolins stirred that night!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

NIGHT.

O HEAVENS, light, light ye your candles,
 Keep watch on the infinite deep!
 Ye shadowy mazes of darkness,
 Down, down for earth's coverlet creep!
 And softly, O night winds, blow softly;
 Waft, waft us the angel of sleep!

Catharine Young Glen.

A MINIATURE.

O FACE so fair, set in a rim of pearls,
 The luster of your hair that lightly curls
 Around your forehead, seems more real to-
 night;
 And in your violet eyes the liquid light
 Shines, brimming over with the loves of yore.
 I do recall again the polished floor,
 The stately measure of the minuet;
 And time can never make me quite forget
 How fair you looked at that colonial ball.
 The dim and wax lit vista of the hall
 Shone with a sudden radiance when you came;
 And hearts throbbed quick, and lips breathed
 soft your name.

Why do I seem to see it all again,
 And 'n my heart the passion and the pain
 To feel unbidden rise from out the years?
 Your face grows dim through sudden blur of
 tears;

I lose the scent of roses that you wear,
 And pale seems now the luster of your hair.

Charles Williams Barnes.