

IN AMUSEMENT LINES

Charles Dickson, one of the cleverest comedians in the country, played to small houses at the Lansing last Saturday. Jennie Yeaman as *Jane* in the comedy of that name, was much enjoyed Monday evening. There was a strong supporting company. Elmer Vance's "Patent Applied For," a strong play, was witnessed by large audiences Tuesday and Wednesday. Last night "A Texas Steer" was presented.

The Pauline Hall company is busy preparing for the production of "The Honey-mooners," the new opera by Messrs. C. M. S. McLellan and William Furst.

The scene of the first act of the opera is laid in Alsace; the last two acts are supposed to take place in Paris. Miss Hall appears in the first act as an Alsatian peasant boy and in the second act, in which there is a great bal masque scene, which Mr. David Belasco is staging, she will wear the costume of Pierrot.

The company required to produce the opera will number over seventy people, and besides Miss Hall will include Richard Golden, Alf C. Wheelan, Caroline Hamilton and Fannie Duval. Rehearsals are now being held daily at Harrigan's theatre, New York, and the first presentation of the opera on any stage will be at Rochester, N. Y., in the Lyceum theatre, on the 16th. From Rochester the company will go to Syracuse and thence to Boston, where on October 23 a three weeks' engagement will be begun at the Columbia theatre.

Edward Harrigan has a new play ready for production. "It has been named 'The Woolen Stocking,'" said Manager M. W. Hanlay. "The Woolen Stocking" is the name of a coal mine in Pennsylvania, and stock in this mine is an important factor in the plot of the play. Mr. Harrigan will play the part of a boss New York stevedore. It is just in the line of the roles in which New Yorkers like best to see him. The scenes are all in New York and the play is thoroughly local in color and full of typical New York characters. The cast is an unusually large one—over fifty people will be on the stage. Entirely new scenery has been painted for the production by the artist, Mr. D. Frank Dodge, and the mounting will be handsome and appropriate. There are five new songs by Mr. Dave Braham, and they will command the attention of the lovers of catchy music, and are fully equal to Mr. Braham's most popular melodies. It is not a one part piece, for as usual, Mr. Harrigan has given a strong comedy part to Mrs. Yeaman; that of the typical New York "coon" to Johnnie Wild, and a sprightly soubrette part to Miss Emma Pollock. Joe Sparks will appear as an eccentric Dutchman, while Miss Hattie Moore has a part that fits her. Ed Mack and Harry Wright will be seen in prominent characters. It will be Mr. Wright's debut. The play will be produced in about a month, possibly a little sooner.

Fay Templeton has been a failure in "Mme. Favart," as every one but herself and her manager foresaw she would be. In the old days, when she was young and shapely, and with a vivacity that almost amounted to talent, she was very good in burlesque and a style of comic opera. But with her beauty too widely distributed in the way of adipose, and with the little voice she had "un-keyed and out of tune," it was absurd of her to undertake a part that demands cleverness, grace and voice. Fay is reaping the harvest of her follies, and there is no special sympathy to be wasted upon her.

The New York *Herald's* musical critique on the revival of "Erminie" by Francis Wilson at the Academy is a jewel worthy of preservation: Act I—The chorus and the supernumeraries, in action and repose, departed themselves not like automatons but like intelligent beings, the costumes were appropriate and grateful to the eye, and all concerned made the most strenuous efforts to convince the public of the fact that they were having—oh! such an awfully jolly time. The lady soldiers were greeted by the supes with acclamations of loyalty and enthusiasm. The demonstration seemed both odd and puzzling, the amazons, one and all, having seen many a battle, and their bearing clearly denoting that of a warrior's life is not a happy one. Javotte, a maid with many diamonds, then gave us a couplet, the gist and climax of which was a rustic dance. Strange rustic dance that, but pretty, graceful, and deserving of diamonds. Miss Fabris, too, plainly demonstrated that Erminie had not been forgotten by the composers. She sang like an artist capable of much better things. Then, entrance of Ravennes and Cadeaux. An audience of bedlamites! It seemed as if the plaudits would never cease. Why is the play called "Erminie" and not "Cadeaux," considering that Mr. Wilson dominates the stage to the exclusion of everybody else? He was, as usual, a splendid low comedian, a tramp and a thief to the very life. Never before, too, was vulgarity painted in such bold,

audacious colors. A wonderful acrobatic comedian who can positively project half masticated apples into his surroundings' eyes. Act II—The grand hall of the chateau of the Marquis de Pontvert was a scenic dream. Of course the figures which support the incandescent chandeliers appeared too highly polished. Ivory statues do not come in such sizes, and celluloid as a consequence was shockingly in evidence. Miss Fabris (Ermine), as chic and exquisite as Judie herself, endeared herself with the public with the best delivery of the lullaby song that was ever heard. Mr. Wilson, like the celluloid, was very much in evidence. The clowning had become a trifle trying and monotonous by this time. Nevertheless, the massing of colors and the harmony of movement were voted delightful. Act III—In the final act Mr. Wilson, as usual, demonstrates the dramatic possibilities of a scenic staircase. He slides and he stumbles and he precipitates himself with an agility that would have caused Darwin to gloat. The acapella chorus "Good Night" was really beautifully sung, and the act wound up a performance that the audience enjoyed as if it were a brand new novelty.

Maggie Cline, who has been christened "The Irish Linnet" has added a new song to her repertoire, of which the following forms the first two verses: They are placing silver statues On the buildings way out west, And they're asking New York actresses Their money to invest; They have been to Ada Rehan, Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, But they haven't asked the question Of Maggie Cline at all. Don't you think I'd make a statue Big enough for any home? Shouldn't I have been selected To decorate a dome? Now, I wasn't even measured; Or wasn't ever coaxed, To pose upon the building Out in Chi-ca-go.

Coming Attractions. At the Lansing next Wednesday evening October 18 that favorite romantic actor, Robert Mantell, will appear, when he will produce his New York success, "The Face in the Moonlight." The large number of people who admire Mr. Mantell in light comedy will be glad to learn that this play contains many opportunities for him in that particular line. Mr. Mantell is the happy possessor of a handsome face and figure; his stage presence is always distinguished, and his work noticeable for the thorough attention he gives to every detail. He plays a dual role in this piece, but it is unlike "The Corsican Brothers," in which he made a pro-



nounced hit, and where he did not have to depend upon quick changes of costume, to produce the effect desired. The double part of the ruffian and the French officer demand upon quick changes of costume, but of entire make-up as well. Mantell has persevered in his devotion to the romantic drama in the face of many obstacles, and in his latest success has certainly shown that his choice was a wise one. The piece was first produced at Proctor's Twenty third street theatre, New York, and the run was played to overflowing houses. The cast consists of well known and capable people. The action of "The Face in the Moonlight" takes place in France at the time of the revolution.

John L. Sullivan will present his new play "The Man From Boston" at the Lansing next week. The ex-champion has been very successful in this play. He has just finished a most profitable engagement in Chicago. Sullivan is said to have a good supporting company this season.

A Cure For Stammering. A gentleman who stammered from childhood almost up to manhood gives a very simple remedy for the misfortune. He says: "Go into a room where you will be quiet and alone, get some book that will interest but not excite you and sit down and read two hours aloud to yourself, keeping your teeth together. Do this every two or three days—or once a week if very tiresome—always taking care to read slowly and distinctly, moving the lips, but not the teeth. Then, when conversing with others, try to speak as slowly and distinctly as possible and make up your mind that you will not stammer. "The first result was to make my jaws ache—that is, while I was reading—and the next to make me feel as if something had loosened my talking apparatus, for I could speak with less difficulty immediately. The change was so great that every one who knew me remarked it. I repeated this remedy every five or six days for a month, and then at longer intervals until cured."

UNLUCKY PLAYHOUSES.

Disaster Has Followed Churches Which Were Turned Into Theaters. (Special Correspondence.)

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 12.—I was discussing things theatrical with a well known and popular manager a few days since when the conversation drifted to the relations of the church and the playhouses and finally to the construction of the theaters and temples of worship. From the rambling talk I gleaned some peculiar and interesting facts. "Do you know," said he, "that I would never start a theater in a building that had once been used as a church? It would be just like throwing money away. There is no luck in a theater which has once been a church, and I have records to prove the assertion. You can hunt the country over, and you cannot find an instance where a theater or amusement enterprise has prospered if established in an abandoned church. Church people are often quite willing to sell off an old church to a showman for a good price when they are about to build a new one, but they could not induce me to start a theater in such a place if they gave me the church. I can relate many instances of disaster and loss in theaters through being, it seems to me, located on church sites.

"The old Brooklyn theater, destroyed by fire a few years ago, in which over 100 lives were lost, was built over from a Congregational church. The old Globe theater on Broadway, New York, was originally built for a church. It has been on fire several times, but was never completely destroyed. It has a long record, however, and has proved a graveyard for everything in the amusement line from Nixon's circus down to the 'Streets of London.' Aberly's theater on Eighth street, New York, was first St. Ann's Catholic church, and it was a very unlucky playhouse. It had a precarious existence for many years and finally collapsed in flames. The American theater in this city, at one time St. Mary's Catholic church, was burned out twice. Its business experiences were something exciting, and a fortune was lost in it. The Baptist church in Bridgeport was abandoned and sold to P. T. Barnum, who would not allow it to be used for amusement purposes during his life. The heirs of the great showman leased it as a museum after he died, and a short time ago it went up in smoke with considerable valuable property.

"The New Haven Opera House, burned but a few months ago, is remembered as the First Baptist church by the older citizens of this city. St. James hall in Buffalo, used by cheap museums and third class shows and burned to the ground in 1880, was originally a Methodist church. Shakespeare hall, Syracuse, the headquarters of the high class amateur dramatic companies, also burned in 1889, was built from a house of worship. The Grand Opera House, Wilmington, Del., was built for a church and was filled with worshippers every Sunday for many years. It was destroyed by fire in the winter of 1887. The old Twenty-ninth Street theater in New York was originally erected for church purposes, and every one remembers the disastrous termination of Salmon Morse's famous Pasaion play when he attempted to produce it there, as well as the misfortunes of other enterprises started in the unlucky place. And so it is everywhere. The record would seem to prove that a building, once dedicated to the worship of God can never prosper as an amusement house."

And the record indeed bears him out. If you look it up, you will find it so. J. H. FAHEY.

A Chill For Reggie. She—You know, Reggie, that girls are being called by the names of flowers now, and my sister suggested that I should be called Thistle. Reggie—Oh, yes, I see, because you are so sharp. She—Oh, no, she said it was because a donkey loved me.—Boston Globe.

Not Her Fault. Jennie—Hasn't Gus Clamwhooper proposed yet? Fannie—Not yet. He hasn't even kissed me, and I have accidentally met him six different times in the dark hallway. I can't do any more than that, can I?—Texas Sittings.

One Good Sign of It. Winkle—My fiancée's trousseau is about completed. Nodd—Did she tell you so? Winkle—No. But yesterday her father borrowed \$5 of me.—Clook Review.

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