



# THEATRICAL

## NEWS

Appearing in the leading part in "Winchester," will be starred in Edward McWade's newest play, "The Land of Mystery," which will be given a costly production in September at one of the New York theaters.

Edward McWade is arranging to give his successful war play, "Winchester," a "greater" production in New York City next fall. Two hundred men and 25 horses will be used in the performance. Mr. McWade's newest play, "The Land of Mystery," will be made known next season, with Margaret May as the star.

David Higgins and Georgia Waldron closed their engagement in "Up York State" at the Fourteenth Street theater in New York Saturday night, January 25, and on January 27 began a tour of the important New England and up New York states cities. Manager Rosenquest has booked them for a return engagement next fall.

Miss Georgia Wells, of the New York American Theater Stock company, has recently declined a good offer to star next season. She prefers, for the next two years at least, to appear in important New York productions. Miss Wells says: "I am young yet, and at present am not ambitious to shine as a star."

Edward McWade, the author of "Winchester," tells the following story of what he calls "ligger laziness": "Two color-tinted newboys in Washington, one leaning against a lamp-post, and the other leaning against him. The boy against the lamp-post calling 'Star paper! Star paper!' The other one, too lazy to move, occasionally said in a languid way, 'Hyar, too; hyar, too.'"

Some one recommended horseback riding to Charles Hawtrey, the English actor, and with some misgivings he started out the other morning on a livery hack guaranteed to be sound and kind. Hawtrey is no adept at riding, but his friends were surprised to see him return alone on foot, walking slowly from the L station nearest to the Lamb's club. "I didn't thoroughly enjoy myself," he admitted, "but the horse evidently did. If I had stayed on his back much longer the beast would have died laughing at me."

Manager Eugene Sweetland of the Carnegie lyceum, New York, announces that the children's theater will give a series of performances beginning early in February. The dramatic versions of child's stories by famous authors will be presented. There will be prominent child's parts throughout the entire series of plays, and a number of talented children have already been engaged. However, the parts for grown persons will predominate, as the object of the theater is to entertain mothers and the lovers of stories for children quite as much as the children themselves.

After 100 performances of "Up York State" in New York, David Higgins and Georgia Waldron have started on a road tour that is expected to continue until May. These clever young people have every reason to be proud of their success in this play, of which they are the authors. "Up York State" is a natural play. The scenes are American scenes and the characters depict the people in a little Adirondack village just as they live and talk. In every act there are strong scenes which hold the close attention of the audience. It is a fine play capably acted by Mr. Higgins, Miss Waldron and their supporting company.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyné's tour in "The First Duchess of Marlborough" closed last week. Mrs. LeMoyné scored an artistic success, but the play was not a winner financially. At the same time the business relations between Mrs. LeMoyné and her managers, Liederer & company, has ceased. As a star Mrs. LeMoyné has been a rather costly luxury for that firm, according to reliable reports. She will, as has been announced, be a member of a tri-star organization which Wagenhallis & Kemper are forming. Modjeska will be another member of the company, and Odette Tillet's name has also been mentioned in the same connection.

All accounts agree that Emma Lucy Gates of Salt Lake City has scored a decided hit in New York and Boston. On her first appearance at Carnegie hall in the metropolis last week, she was recalled four times during the concert and the audience is described as large, fashionable and critical. In Boston, where the critics, as a matter of habit, usually overthrow New York's opinion, her success was quite as brilliant. She acknowledged not less than a quartet of encores and was highly praised. At both concerts, one of Miss Gates' favorite numbers was Ganz's "Sing, Sweet Bird." With that selection she completely captivated her houses.

Florizel, the boy violinist touring with the Utah girl, has created a fury of indorsement.

Misrepresentations by theatrical managers are not so prevalent as they were in the immediate past, when a "superb" presentation in scenery and costume was promised for every production, it mattered not how meager or inconsequential. In Mexico a manager who fails to live up to his promise is ruthlessly thrown into jail as a common felon; he is not even permitted to picture on his lithographs what is not actually represented on the stage. We have no such law, but we have what is equally efficacious, and what mad Bernard Shaw calls "the esthetic policeman of the drama," the critic, whose stern censure is more

terrible than ball and chain and prison bars. The impresario nowadays who had the effrontery to advertise "a chorus of 40," which, by the way, consisted of that many bewitching sirens painted on a drop, would be likely to receive a shock which would cause the electric chair to seem a toy galvanic battery in comparison. In Mexico the critic must be a most ineffectual person. With us the public gets footed once in a while, when it is that it punishes with withering condemnation.

James K. Hackett is about to appear in a dramatization of "The Crisis."

Viola Allen has taken San Francisco by storm in "In the Palace of the King."

Bronson Howard, the dramatist, who has been ill of an affection of the nerves, is trying the rest cure at Nice.

William Gillette and the entire "Sherlock Holmes" company in London were handsomely entertained by Dr. Conan Doyle at his home Christmas day.

Maxine Elliott may go starring at the head of her own company next season. It is said that she and her husband, Nat C. Goodwin, have difficulty in finding plays with equally strong characters for both.

Mrs. Campbell made only half in jest the following observation: "It took London 10 years to discover me. It took Chicago 10 days. I thought that it ought to take New York about 10 minutes, and I have been mistaken."

Mrs. Pat Campbell has been the talk of New York lately and has made a most unquestionable personal success. But the man will be a great guesser who can find out after reading all the criticisms what kind of an actress she is.

"Jim the Penman" is the bill at the Grand Opera house, San Francisco, this week with Laura Nelson Hall in the part of Mrs. Ralston, Edwin Arden, the visiting star, plays Holland's old role of Captain Redwood, the Detective.

Mrs. Fiske was surprised last week by the receipt of news that one of the latest oil "gushers" in the Beaumont, Tex., district had been named "Becky Sharp" in her honor. A firm of Houston capitalists interested in the enterprise sent Mrs. Fiske a block of the stock with a laudatory letter.

Blanche Walsh has made a hit of her career in "La Madeline." H. J. W. Dam's new play. The story of the drama is said to bear a marked resemblance to a tragic scandal of three years ago in Paris, in which the white-lilies and wedding bells of the Church of St. Roch and the cypresses and dirges of Pere La Chasse cemetery were brought side by side in a way that was made much of by the romantically inclined journalists of Paris. Aside from this "La Madeline" is a play of much dramatic strength and interest. The title part is said to fit the methods and personality of Miss Walsh better than any role in which she has ever before appeared. It also permits her to display the famous Panny Davenport jewels, which she purchased from the estate after the death of that actress. These jewels include a diamond necklace, a diamond tiara, several gemmed bracelets and a number of diamond, ruby and emerald rings, the total value of which is said to reach the sum of \$60,000. For the benefit of the ladies it may also be said that Miss Walsh wears several gowns by Felix of Paris, that are positively stunning in style and gorgeously beautiful in materials and trimmings.

While Ezra Kendall, the monologist, was doing his turn at the Avenue theater last night, says the New York Journal, he surprised the large audience



JOHN RAHN.

A Pioneer German, Well Known in Montana.

AMONG the rapidly dwindling number of Montana's trail blazers, one who has the unique distinction of having built the first steam mill in Virginia City. He is John Rahn, or "Papa Rahn," as he is more familiarly known, a prominent German-American of Butte.

Mr. Rahn was born in Griesemmen, Germany, 75 years ago, whence he emigrated, to America in 1854, settling first in Wisconsin. In 1860 he participated in the rush to Pike's Peak and came to Montana in 1863. A few years later he engaged in business in Helena where he opened a contractor's office and erected many of the largest buildings in the city, among which were the Broadwater hotel and natatorium and the Denver block.

present by suddenly stopping. He was singing his popular parody entitled, "Marching Thro' Georgia," and got as far as "Hurrah, hurrah!" said the mosquito to the man, "You bite her on the ankle and I'll bite her on the knee." When he exclaimed: "I've caught you with the goods! I work hard to gather my stage material and I use it to make a living, therefore I do not intend to allow anyone to steal it," after which he made his exit.



EDWARD PFLUGI.

President of William Tell Society.

AN odd little organization is the William Tell Benevolent Society of Butte, whose members constitute the prominent citizens of the Swiss colony in the city.

"The object of the society," says the constitution, "shall be purely benevolent and social, and all business shall be conducted in the English language, and at any time there should not be seven members in good standing, all money and other property of said society shall go in trust to the officers of the North American Gravelbund.

The society, which has been organized in Butte for a number of years, has paid out a considerable part of its fund for death benefits and relief of sick members.

happy, too. You shall hear him, you shall know that he is the grand artist." And she, cooed with a joy that was beautiful to behold.

Later in the evening this chronicler came upon another pleasing evidence of operatic happiness in the discovery of a prima donna's husband adjusting a wrap on the shoulders of his gifted spouse. No gallant could have done it better, more solicitously, more politely. He even pinched her ear affectionately, whereat she blushed and cried, "You see, we have been married 10 years, yet he still plays the courtier. Ah! if everybody had such a husband! But the impossibility of such a thing! There was only one." And away they went to their carriage-sweetheart.

Everybody is happily mated in grand opera, or means to be, and the intention keeps the single in double felicity.

Among the prima donnas Emma Calve and Milka Ternina are still in maiden meditation, fancy free. Like as not they receive sealed proposals by every mail, for one is sweet and both are beautiful.

Mlle. Bauermeister also is a spinster, but as much around as anybody, and bound to get a husband some day.

The other are monuments of matrimony. Here is Mme. Scobelich, who in private life is Mrs. Stengel and although her spouse has attained his grand climacteric, their honeymoon is not on the wane, but rather in the second quarter.

Mme. Eames is Mrs. Story, the devoted wife of Julian, the portrait painter. So sympathetic is their affection that when she was ill he could not paint, and when he was ill she could not sing, but both took a holiday together, as if it were a bridal trip to the Italian lakes.

The Prussian fire eater must be a hard man to live with, for he goes around with a chip on his shoulder and is ready to run anybody through the middle before breakfast. Yet the fiercest of duellists has a tender side, and Mme. Gaiski and Lieut. Tauscher are two love birds. The gallant warrior presented a \$10,000 necklace to his lovely spouse this winter and he will kill anybody for whose life she intercedes.

Rather than remain away from his bride, M. Jean abandoned a prince's income this winter and allowed his rivals to fight out the matter of precedence among themselves. His successor, M. Alvarez, although not so eminent in song, is no less distinguished in matrimonial felicity.

Thus, by these and many other instances it may be known that grand opera has all the comforts of a home. In both private and public life our singers respect themselves and give example to the drama which would well be followed by actor folk who marry early and often.

Wanted to Wrestle Dan Daly. Pardo, the Italian wrestler, declared to George W. Lederer the other day that he would not wrestle on a percentage basis, as the remuneration was often too small. A New York manager, who occasionally dabbles in sporting events was present.

## WILL USE MONKEYS

KUNTZ HAS SOME ORIGINAL IDEAS ABOUT SIMIANS.

MAKES THEM PICK COTTON

Party of Ohio Valley Capitalists Now on a Tour of Inspection in Arkansas Will Buy a Cotton Plantation.

(By Associated Press.)

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 15.—Peter Kuntz of Chicago, accompanied by a party of capitalists and lumbermen from the North, is touring the state of Arkansas in search of a spot where he proposes to launch a scheme, which, if successful, will revolutionize the cotton-picking industry of the South.

Kuntz and his companions are traveling in three vestibuled sleeping cars. From Pine Bluff the party will proceed to other points in the state.

Kuntz, who is chaperoning the crowd, is a cousin of Oom Paul Kruger, and has been with the former president of the Transvaal in South Africa.

Proposes a Colony.

Mr. Kuntz proposes to colonize a large number of African and South American monkeys, which, he says, make excellent cotton pickers after a series of years of inbreeding.

He has given the matter much study and attention, and has visited the two countries in search of development of the idea.

His first inspiration in the matter, he says, was deductions which came to him as the result of the study of the story of Laban and Jacob.

His scheme in Arkansas contemplates the securing of a large tract of land, the formation of a stock company, the stock of which is to be taken by the capitalists and lumbermen now with him, and the securing of two ship loads of monkeys.

Talks Their Language.

Kuntz is a trifle extreme in his ideas and claims that after the monkeys have interbred for about 20 years they will have attained a wonderful degree of intelligence and will be in a position to exercise the right of franchise as readily as some of the South's colored population.

He has spent many days in the South American jungle and made an exhaustive study of the monkey language.

He claims that he can converse as readily with a simian as with an uncivilized Fiji islander.

Success with "Judah," a new play by the author of "The Middleman," about which there had been considerable controversy, "Judah" Llewellyn, the hero, a young Welsh minister, was made to take a false oath under peculiar (and some maintained justifiable) circumstances, and so much was written and said on the subject that it occurred to Mr. Willard to send out invitations to ministers of every denomination—limited, of course, to the seating capacity of the better portions of the theater—to witness a private performance of Mr. Jones' much-talked-of play.

The afternoon arrived, and with it some seven hundred clerics assembled at the Shaftesbury theater, including many bishops and other leading dignitaries. They presented an incongruous appearance in their gaiters, broad-brimmed hats and sable attire, as they alighted from their cabs and carriages, or perchance arrived on foot, streaming into the vestibule all eager and alert.

Some there were who had never set foot inside a theater, but who had taken advantage of the occasion as proof against scandal. On the other hand, there were many veteran playgoers among the throng, who were glad of the opportunity of witnessing the much-talked-of play once more.

Behind the scenes keen interest was felt by Mr. Willard and his colleagues as to how such an audience, which now filled the circles, stalls and boxes, would receive not only the great situations of the play, but also the various points which, under ordinary circumstances, provoked laughter or applause.

As a matter of fact, never was "Judah" played to a better audience. Every point told. Hearty and frequent was the applause; and when the trying moment came—the end of the second act—where the young Welsh minister tells three deliberate falsehoods to shield the fair fame of the woman he loves—there was a hushed and breathless silence for a moment, followed by a spontaneous burst of applause that spoke for itself. The last act, dealing with "Judah's" repentance and confession, brought the afternoon's program to a brilliant finish, and after repeated calls and congratulations, Mr. Willard was summoned alone before the curtain. Contrary to the existing order of things, the layman addressed the clergy; and after an expression of his pleasure at the manner in which the play had been received, he made a graceful reference to the relative positions of church and stage.

It is an interesting fact, as showing the alteration of the intolerant attitude once adopted by all clerics toward the dramatic art, that out of all the replies received from those invited by Mr. Willard, only eight were condemnatory of the theater as an institution.

Love Sonnet of an Office Boy.

(Chicago Herald.) Yesterday I stood behind your chair When you was kind of bendin' down to write, And I could see your neck so soft and white, And notice where the poker singled your hair, And then you looked around and seen me there, And kind of smile, and I could seem to feel A sudden empty, smilish feelin' where I'm all filled up when I've just e't a meal.

Dear Frankie, where your soft, sweet finger tips Hit on the keys I often touch with my lips, And wunst I kissed your little over-shave, And I have got a hairpin that you wore— One day I found it on the office floor— I'd throw my job up if they fired you.