



THEATRICAL NEWS

derfoot" and everywhere else as impossible as one could well imagine. On Friday night, the sidewalks on Broadway were covered with three inches of snowy, watery slush and it was impossible to cross a street without getting soaked to the ankles. In spite of these adverse conditions, the round, jocund Mr. Daniels had the satisfaction of seeing, not only a fair-sized, but a big audience in front of him every night during the week.

All the theatrical companies which have been traveling through Iowa the past 90 days have been more or less agitated by reason of the wild-eyed stories about a smallpox epidemic at Des Moines, sent out by the enterprising space rate correspondents of the Chicago newspapers located at the Iowa capital. Augustus Thomas' "Arizona," which is making its first tour to the Pacific coast, was headed through Iowa en route to Denver and San Francisco. Harry Fulton, the business manager, was in Cedar Rapids when he received a hectic wire from Joseph McKeever, the new acting manager with the company, who has recently succeeded Mr. J. H. Peiser. McKeever was in Chicago with the company and was very naturally excited over the stories that the states of Nebraska and Colorado were about to enforce a quarantine against pilgrims entering their territory by way of Des Moines. He did not know that the members of the "Arizona" company had all been vaccinated during the recent smallpox excitement in Boston, and were immune of the contagion as well as of the quarantine by virtue of a pink certificate issued by Dr. Mara, of the Boston Board of Health. Fulton answered McKeever's excited telegram briefly: "We were all fire-proofed in Boston; also carry the pink paper; don't worry."

In Des Moines Mr. Fulton found Horace MacVicker of the "David Harum" company, and George Baker, business manager of "The White Slave" company in a state of indignation by reason of telegrams similar to the one he had received from managers of their respective companies. The trio, with Manager Foster of the Des Moines opera house, visited the health authorities of Des Moines and came back with the following official reassurance which they at once put on the wires: "Only 20 cases of smallpox in Des Moines; schools, churches, legislature, Mothers' Association convention and theaters all operating as usual; no excitement of panic here; only quarantine will be enforced against Chicago reporters if they attempt to enter the city limits."

President H. H. Vreeland of the Metropolitan Street railway of New York, entertained the officials of the Brooklyn rapid transit system with a box party at Frank Daniels' performance as the former trolley car conductor in "Miss Simplicity," at the Casino one evening last week; and, after the performance, a supper was served for the party at one of the exclusive up-town restaurants. Mr. Daniels was invited to attend the banquet, but he did not go. His remarks were characteristic and show a remarkable degree of modesty and level-headedness.

"I can make those people laugh when I am on the stage," he said. "But drop me down in the midst of a gathering of capitalists and business men like that and I am lost. I fully appreciate the honor conferred upon me by the invitation and my regrets are sincere. But I cannot mingle with a party of this kind."

"Our professions are entirely different and I would be at a loss to keep up with their conversation. They might expect me to be funny and would be disappointed if I failed. On the stage my foot is on my native heath, but in a party of this kind I have no place."

An interviewer tried to get some material from Richard Mansfield. "You have had a long and remarkable experience, Mr. Mansfield," he said; "can you 'reminisce' a little and give me a few anecdotes?" "Yes, I've had some experience," admitted the distinguished actor, "but I hope that I have not yet reached my anecdote-age."

There is no one other feature of a play which so makes for success as an enthralling love scene. It is as important to a drama as a good whistleable tune is to musical comedy, or a thrilling, soul-stirring climax to melodrama. A play without a love scene in which more or less "cooling" was indulged in by the hero or heroine, and by the ingenue and her best young man, would be an anomaly, stale, flat and unprofitable, and not to be tolerated.

There was once a book published entitled "How Men Propose," but what the public is more concerned with is, how to make love! None are too old, and none too young, too poor or too rich, not to be warmed and interested by the gentle passion.

The play with a love-sick pair, first separated and then brought happily together in the last act, is sure to delight and attract, while a lugubrious and unhappy ending of a love story repels and will not be endured. Theater-goers will sit through five acts of harrowing discomforts to a hero and heroine, if in the last act all ends as in the story book, happily. All go away delighted and with the feeling that it was worth while. So it is when a famous French dramatist said that the secret of writing a successful play was first to present a love-sick couple; separate them by misunderstanding or mischief, and then bring them together at the final curtain, and you have a drama which will never fail to attract crowded audiences.

The perennial delight that theater-goers appear to take in "Romeo and Juliet" would seem to disprove this theory; yet, Shakespeare's tragedy is the exception, and had he presented the apothecary in the last act of his beautiful drama and administered an antidote and in good season, he would have been considered a gentle and wise creature. It should not be forgotten, however, that the "romantic drama" had not been discovered up to Shakespeare's time—a drama was then either a tragedy, a comedy or a history play. Such a thing as putting a happy ending to a tragedy and turning it into a "love romance" had not been thought of.—Denver Times.

Henry Miller can wear a smile of satisfaction in having two of his, I might say pupils, advanced to the positions of leading women. He "discovered" Margaret Anglin. She is leading woman at the Empire. He took up Margaret Dale, and now she is destined to be John Drew's leading woman next season, succeeding Ida Conquest. Truly many an ambitious young actress should cherish the hope to be in Mr. Miller's organization. Miss Dale has been playing minor roles of late, yet Charles Frohman considers her sufficiently talented to take up such an important post as John Drew's leading woman from which Maude Adams advanced into the stellar ranks. Isabel Irving became famous, and Ida Conquest also benefited. Miss Dale is young. She is pretty. That's half the battle.—Dramatic News.

Old age creeps on apace, with measured tread—that is, in every place except the drama. The pace to which poor old Father Time is forced to adopt his careworn and aged feet is enough to make the old gentleman lay aside his scythe forever and retire permanently from the garnering business to the blissful tune "When the Harvest Days Are Over."

The age problem on the stage is one that would take a master mathematician to reduce to a logical working basis. In the first place, the fair exponents of Thespian art are most inconsistent. Every female who shines before the footlights has numerous standards of measurements—one for herself, one for her friend and one for her enemy. Then there is the pure dramatic age—a state which is exclusively reserved for the profession.

Did you ever notice the way different characters grow old on the stage? Take a drama that shows the development of the plot after a period of 20 years. The sweet girl who poses as the ingenue in the first part shows the ravages of time in a manner peculiar to the role. Did you ever see a heroine look unattractive through the relentless blows of those years? Never! The inevitable sign of advancing years is a luxuriant wig of silver hair which, surmounting a countenance strangely like that one in the first act, speaks well for the cold cream or Madame Hale's wrinkle preventer which the fair daughter of the boards has been consuming during those fruitful 20 years. The ingenue after a period of time that would otherwise place her in an old lady's rest, invariably appears as placid and charming in the denouement of a time-killing drama as she does in the first act.

Another characteristic of Thespian art which casts small credit upon audiences' sense of the eternal fitness of things is the manner in which the dispensing of roles shows a ruthless disregard for the age limits of the interpreters. It is a pitiful thing to see a young girl distorted into a decrepit old woman while the gay soubrette or gushing ingenue heedless of the burden of years she is carrying through all of those brightly moving moments. The aged lady who invariably speaks of herself as an innocent young girl—gay and carefree—and who blushing Thespian pronunciation—and who blushing lack of experience, often so shocks your sensibilities by her audacity that the only thing which saves her from open ridicule is your inborn reverence for mature years.

It's quite bad enough to sit through a performance where an old-lady's rest candidate is deporting herself through the role of a gullible maiden, but when she persists in telling you all about her unsophisticated state, her inability to cope with the bad experiences of life without "mama," your sense of justice comes near causing a riot.

Julia Arthur is trying fencing with a view of curing an injured knee. Many stars and ex-stars of the stage have taken up this pastime. Julia Marlowe, Bernhardt, Modjeska, Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson and Duse are all experts at quarte and tierce, and practice it as an exercise outside of all needs for play purposes.

James K. Hackett announces that in order to secure his interests in Mr. Churchill's dramatization of his novel, "The Crisis," he, Mr. Hackett, will give the play its first production on March 5 next in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Fiske's father, Thomas Davey, or "Tom" Davey, as he was more generally known in the theatrical profession, was a manager of consequence in the later years of his life, but his career began in the humble capacity of prompter. Mrs. Fiske tells the following anecdote about him:

Davey was "holding the book" one night when most of the company were very imperfect in their line, and the leading man knew less about what he was doing and saying than any of the others. He would sidle down to the first entrance where Davey stood with the promptbook and say, sotto voce: "The word, my dear boy, the word." This happened so often that Davey's patience was taxed beyond endurance. "The word, the word," he suddenly yelled back "you want the book, the book, and there it is," and he threw it at the actor's head. "And there's the prompter," yelled the

manager, who had come back to find out the cause of the trouble, and, planting a kick at Davey, landed him in the center of the stage. The curtain had to be rung down and the performance discontinued.

Virginia Harned used to disconcert her lord, E. H. Sothorn, who should have been her master, by silently gazing him through their love scenes, so that he cultivated the habit of making passionate declarations to his heroine without looking at her or any thing in particular, but directing his luminous gaze at a plant over her shoulder, giving Virginia no chance to catch his eye and throw him into suppressed laughter by some unexpected glance of ludicrous intent. One of her tricks was to look at him cross-eyed, which annoyed him and amused him at the same time, and completely knocked the tender, impassionate Southern tone of his voice and twitched the corners of his sensitive mouth into comical droop.

Virginia in time grew to expect the fierce gaze athwart her clavicle region instead of a loverlike melt into her own mischievous eyes, but when Miss Loftus came to inherit Virginia's dramatic shoes she was much cast down by the sudden sight of two blazing balls of eyes passionately staring over the nature of which filled her with vague terrors and surmises. So she asked Mr. Sothorn why, and wondered did his art lead him to making love to a luminous beyond or anything, for Missie was learning. "After I had gladly shaken off my husbandly habit with my new heroine," says Mr. Sothorn, "what do you think the ungracious Miss Loftus said to me. One evening I asked her did she like my stage love-making better. She said: 'Oh, yes, your eyes are all right now; you look at me like a nice, happy cow!'"

At the anniversary celebration of the Cleveland Empire last Wednesday an address on "The Theater and the Public" was delivered by Hon. J. J. Sullivan, United States district attorney, who said in part: "Clean, pure vaudeville is the brilliant spark that flashes light into the shadows of the soul and sings sweet songs to the soul that needs rest. Like the sheet lightning of balmy summer, ever it plays on the heart strings of the pure, without the discord of a single thundersbolt. Its variety and spice, life and light quell the soft and gentle hand of a mother, the worrying elements within, and make us all sign treaties of peace with ourselves. It dispels sorrow and enthrones joy. The good theater is a good physician, that works wondrous cures, without the taste of bad medicine."

Joseph Jefferson says that by far the funniest experience of his road life was furnished by the late W. J. Florence, with whom he was starring on the New England circuit of one-night stands. Mr. Florence loved to be called out to make a speech before the curtain. One night in a Connecticut city he was called out and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen—it is to you that I owe all the success I have attained in my profession. It was the early encouragement that I received here that prompted me to go on with my professional work. I was here a boy; I know you all; I recognize you all; we knew each other, and I can never forget the kindness that has been showered upon me by the people of Hartford." A man in the audience shouted, "This is New Haven, Mr. Florence." "It thus behooves an actor," said Mr. Jefferson, in telling the story, "not only to be prepared in his speech, but pretty well satisfied in what place he is acting."

As a rule revolutionary plays have been of a gloomy character. A notable exception is "Molly Pitcher," the new drama specially written for Kathryn Klidder by Glen McDonough. In this production the predominant elements are comedy and sunshine. Miss Klidder is said to fill a most congenial role in Molly Pitcher, the rollicking country girl, who came into national prominence through her bravery at the battle of Monmouth, where Gen. George Washington personally complimented her for her heroic services. It is said that the scenery used in the production is the most elaborate that has been seen on the road this season. Especial praise is given to the last act, which is laid on the battlefield of Monmouth. The action takes place on a hill overlooking the village and the scenic and cycloramic effects are said to be so realistic that the spectators at the play can apparently look for miles into the distant country.

The dissembling which is done behind the footlights in the matter of age may possibly explain those trivial mistakes actresses make when they have left the shadow of the green room. The age of an actress is conceded to be an affaire de convenance, but when you consider the time-disregarding atmosphere in which they spend the greater part of their lives, these discrepancies may be accounted for. The actress lives in such a queer state of inconsistency, she is so trained in this utter disregard of time, that it is not surprising that the matter of a few years dropped from her score should be a question of small ethical importance.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, with the possible exception of one other—Miss Henrietta Crossman—deserves the unstinted approbation of the theater-going public. They are two little women fighting the great theatrical syndicate. Mrs. Fiske is historically the more worthy woman. She is an American actress, and her creed is "art for art's sake." It was in the cause of art that she first threw down the gauntlet. She insists there will never be a truce.

Besides Mr. Mansfield, Otis Skinner will appear next season in an "Ivan the Terrible" play. Mr. Skinner's version made by A. Foxen Warner is called "Alexander Sloboda." Mr. Skinner has not, however, given up his idea of playing the role of Lazarre in the dramatization of the novel of that title by Mrs. Catherwood.

Robert Edson may shortly take his dramatization of "Soldiers of Fortune" into New York. In the Eastern cities where the piece has been presented only words in praise have been written for it.

Together with "The Singing Girl," "The Fortune Teller," Alice Neilson's second success will be revived next season and sent out with what Mr. Perly says is the best company ever toured in light opera. Maude Fealey, who is now with William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes" at the Lyceum theater in London, has ar-

ANACONDA'S VAGRANT INDIAN TRIBE

ANACONDA, March 8.—"Rocky Boy" is the name of a Chippewa Indian chief who has made application to the United States government for a parcel of land for each member of his tribe. Rocky Boy and his followers have no reservation to go to, and for years have been obliged to roam about from place to place. They are a homeless lot; often it is a

"He is progressive and wants to see his tribe prosper. He wants the government to give them land where they can settle down and follow agricultural pursuits. There are altogether 400 in his tribe, but it is seldom that they are concentrated at one point. At the present time a part of the band is near Great Falls, another part is camped near Butte and still another near Havre. This is a con-



W. A. Cameron, Hait Breed Interpreter

difficult matter for them to find a spot to pitch their tepees and rest assured that they will not be driven off by the white man.

dition of things that Rocky Boy very much dislikes. Favours Education.

Burdens Increasing. Every year it is more difficult for these Indians to get along. Their ponies are getting scarce, they do not have the fine blankets they used to have; and they are gradually becoming more and more poverty stricken. "Rocky Boy," who is

"This is one of his reasons for wanting land. He realizes the advantages of education and wherever the government should locate them it is his wish that schools may be established so that the young Indians may become more Americanized than their forefathers." The attention of the government was



Group of Indians.

quite an intelligent Indian, believes that the condition of his tribe will not improve unless Uncle Sam comes to its relief and gives each member land in some place where they can settle down.

called, not long ago, to Rocky Boy and his band by Attorney John W. James of this city, and the lawyer has since received favorable response.

Employs an Interpreter. Rocky Boy cannot speak English, but he has secured the services of W. A. Cameron, a well educated half-breed, who talks English just as well as he does the language of the Chippewas.

The only question that stood in the way was whether these Indians were born in Canada or the United States. This point Interpreter Cameron says can easily be settled, as it can be proved that nearly all of those who make up the tribe are natives of Wisconsin.

Mr. Cameron was born in Wisconsin; his father was a white man and his

Waiting for News. Chief Rocky Boy will remain camped



Rocky Boy, Chief of the Chippewa Band.

mother a full blooded Chippewa squaw. He came to Montana a number of years ago and followed ranching in the Yellowstone valley.

near Anaconda until further news favorable to granting his request is received, then he will summon the scattered bands together at this point preparatory to moving to any place the government may select.

An Ambitious Chief. "Rocky Boy is a fine man," said Cameron a few days ago, "and he is getting tired of roaming about.

The group shown in the accompanying illustrations shows Interpreter Cameron, Chief Rocky Boy, with his headgear of coyote skins, Shining Star, his son-in-law, and his son and two daughters.

ranged to have a stock company of her own at the Grand opera house in San Francisco will toward the summer. The young lady, said to be the youngest leading woman upon the stage, will therefore be the youngest to exploit a company of her own.

Browning revival, this time "A Blot on the Scutcheon," used by Lawrence Barrett.

Otis Skinner announced in Washington last week that he would appear next season in a dramatization of Mary Hartwell Catherwood's novel, "Lazarre." The central figure of the play is Eleazar Williams, the supposed lost daughter of France.

Next year Joseph Hart and his clever wife, Carrie De Marr, will figure in a musical piece entitled "The Country Club."

Joseph Jefferson will begin a spring tour March 31. The tour will last five weeks, and Mr. Jefferson will be seen in "Rip Van Winkle," "The Rivals," "Crocket on the Hearth," and "Lend Me Five Shillings."

William Collier will produce a new piece written for him by Martha Morton in about three weeks. The comedy is now in rehearsal.

Mrs. Le Moyne, seen last year in "In a Balcony," purposes making another

Lewis Morrison says that next season will positively be his last as Mephisto in "Faust."

Martha Morton's play for William Collier is called "The Diplomat."