

WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Next Week's New Bills and the Latest Gossip of the New York Theatres.

Kate Carew's Caricatures of Ethel Barrymore and Edna Wallace Hopper



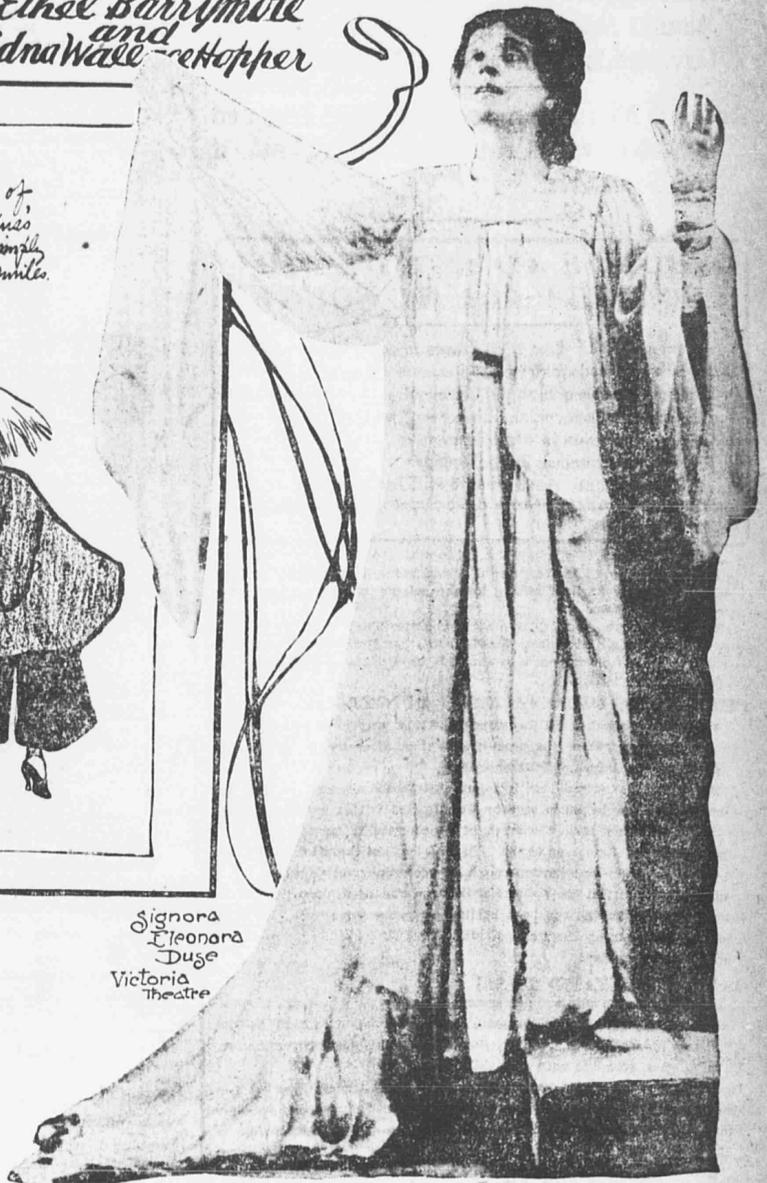
THREE LADIES IN JEANS.

It takes nine tailors to make a man, how many suits of Edna Wallace Hopper's would be needed to make the blouse in which Fay Templeton will burlesque Ethel Barrymore at Weber & Fields's next Thursday night? That's a little mixed, to be sure, but the point is that two gifted ladies are wearing very baggy pantaloons on two popular play-houses, and that the only Templeton is deep in preparations to transfix one of them with the hatpin of her art.

It won't be the first time that La Barrymore has been sacrificed on the Weberfieldian altar, whose high priestess is La Templeton; but carrots, the boy with the hoe, is so peculiarly suited for the victim's part that one's curiosity to make the acquaintance of Onions becomes quite feverish.

And then, the cartoon—surely it will take more than nine tailors to drape the adorable Fay with a blouse and other things of a beguine commensurate with her superior proportions.

Meanwhile Mlle. E. W. Hopper has nothing to do with the case, except that she, too, is elevating the local stage with a pair of nimble nether limbs endraged in the garments of masculinity. Long and severe discipline has enabled Mlle. Hopper to wear such things without embarrassment. Of La Barrymore one is not quite so sure, and there is ground for suspicion that her happiest moment each evening is when she puts off the bifurcations of the forlorn Carrots and puts on the demure draperies of the "Country Mouse."



Eleanor Duse, Mary Mannering and Martin Harvey Will Be Seen in New Plays—Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse and Its Flirtations.

WHAT'S the use discussing anything or anybody else so long as Mrs. Osborn and her professionally adopted daughters remain life subjects? Compared to them things that are happening in Broadway and the theatrical side-streets are trivial and unimportant. Mr. Fisher's "Silver Slipper" is a slipshod show of insignificance set in the white kid slippers of the fair "Tommy Rotters," and the nervous collapse of Mrs. Campbell is but a Pinky Panky Poo in relative public interest.

This week the "spot light" at Mrs. Osborn's has shifted to the millionaire patrons of the cerise-and-gold bandbox, and the edict has gone forth that the "Freddies" and "Stannies" and "Johnnies" must be good little boys in future, else they will not be permitted to bring their blocks to the playhouse.

The mind's eye sees Mrs. "Bob" standing at the door with warning finger and the admonition: "Now, remember, boys!"

It would not be surprising to see posted in the playhouse a placard reading, "No Flirting," just as Carrie Nation might put up a sign, "No Smoking" at Weber & Fields's. The fact seems pretty well established that the frolicsome behavior of mischievous men-about-town is responsible for the complaints of "atmosphere" made by deserters from the ranks of Mrs. "Bob's" entertainers.

Perhaps if these sensitive sisters had been the objects of similar faith they would have found the "atmosphere" entirely suited to their tastes.

Blanche Ring (to conceited composer)—Your music makes me feel like saying: "Now, really, your face is very familiar, but I can't recall your name."
—Tommy Rot!

of which so much is being said. Like that little incident, for instance, of the two chorus girls who are told by the fresh doorman they are to be fined for being late.

The first is a plainly-dressed and plainly-visaged female, who remonstrates at the fine and makes excuse for her tardiness by saying: "There was such a crush on the bridge!" The other delinquent, radiant in finery and carrying a dog in her arms, treats the fine airily. Tossing a ten-dollar bill to the doorman she says: "Pay the two-dollar fine out of that and keep the change!"

A "Johnnie" in the show who has invaded the green-room remarks: "There's quite a difference between those two girls."

"Yis," responds the doorman, "it's just wan saves her salary."

The question naturally arises, "How does a fifteen-dollar-a-week chorus girl manage to save her salary and give away ten-dollar bills and wear costly clothes?"

Such a query of necessity creates "atmosphere."

Cyril Scott—I'd love to kiss you!
Edna Wallace Hopper—Why don't you? I'm only a weak little woman.
Scott—I haven't the cheek.
Entertaining Edna—Try mine!
—The Silver Slipper.

WHY STOP THE FLIRTING?

Why should an embargo be placed upon flirting in your playhouse, Mrs. Osborn? Is it because the Hengler sisters said it interfered with their art, or that others of your girls are pettish over the fact that they don't get a chance to flirt? Is flirting a heinous offense? And at any rate isn't your playhouse supposed to defy traditions? So far as we have been able to notice people who turn shakels into your box-office seem to enjoy the entente cordiale between your actor ladies and the outside Johnnies who know them by their first names.

If you essay to Frohmanize your playhouse, Mrs. Osborn, it's sure to lose its amateurish charm. Penit present conditions to exist and men and women will go to your playhouse simply because it is different from any other in town.

Novelty is what New York cries for, and you have the spoon and the bottle in your hands, Mrs. Osborn.

Heien Royton (the girl from Venus)—Are all the soldiers and sailors men?
Cyril Scott—Oh, no. We have several old ladies in both branches of the service.
—The Silver Slipper.

ONLY THREE IMMUNE.

Gossip has it that the other evening a bevy of "Mrs. Bob's" beauties got together and figured out just how many of their number hadn't been flirted with over the footlights.

They counted up on their fingers, in "this-little-pig-went-to-market" fashion, and finally reached the conclusion there were only three of the girls.

Who the flirtless maidens are is not divulged, but it is safe to say it wouldn't require a Sherlock Holmes to pick them out.

If the press agent were enterprising he would get their photographs and send them to the papers with a story captioned, "The Rare Avis Trio, in Their Lonely Act, 'Playing It Alone.'"

In "The Judgment of King Solomon" the King is represented as a veritable Don Juan, who goes about leaving hapless maidens in his amorous wake.

Not only this, but the King has a minion who feeds unsuspecting females knockout drops, and they wake up to find that something has happened which will cause them to be banished from their tribes and bring up children without Mellin's food and other comforts of civilization.

The play casts serious reflection on Solomon's moral ethics. The convenient marriage form of Biblical days is ignored, and as a consequence the play is filled with weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Chauncey Olcott—Hello, Captain; I didn't see you. An Irishman has no eyes for a man when a woman is present.
—Old Limerick Town.

CHAMPAGNE AT CLEEVEES.

An incongruity in stage setting is found in the scene of the little railroad station of Cleevees in the "Ninety and Nine," at the Academy of Music.

On two cases standing on the platform is the inscription:

EXTRA DRY.

It would strike the average observer that hard cider rather than champagne would be the popular beverage in an

grouped themselves into a council of war and decided they would carry their wrongs into the camp of Mrs. Osborn. They stoutly declared to each other they would not submit to the unheard-of proposition of paying for their own clothes.

Just what arrangement has been made with them is not known, but they are still wearing the clothes, and their appearance doesn't betray signs of slow starvation.

Edna Wallace Hopper—What have I done?
Cyril Scott—I don't know. I haven't been watching you lately.
—The Silver Slipper.

KING SOLOMON SLANDERED.

If King Solomon should happen to meet Dore Davidson in the Great Hereafter he's apt to give him a piece of his mind, for what the playwright has been doing to his character at the American Theatre this week.

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It would strike the average observer that hard cider rather than champagne would be the popular beverage in an

Indiana village which isn't much more than a wife place in the road.

The only defense the stage manager can make is that Cleevees is a junction and that the champagne is billed through to Booth Tarkington or James Whitcomb Riley.

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THE MAMMOTH CAKE-WALK AT 11 P. M.

GREATEST PARADE OF FAVORITES EVER SEEN.

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23d St. EVERY ART. AND EVE. FULL ORCHESTRA. (Continuously Vaudeville, Circus, etc.) (Sawdust, etc.) (Sawdust, etc.) (Sawdust, etc.)

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126th St. (The Power of the Press, by the Stock; Miss Reim & Mr. Fowler. Vaudeville.)

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. Even 8:15. Mat. To-day at 2:15. MARTIN HARVEY—THE ONLY WAY. NOV. 30—CHILDREN OF KING. Grand Vaudeville Concert Sunday Night.

PRINCESS, 14th St. Theatre. Near 6th Ave. Max. Wed. & Sat. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY. "Olcott's New Songs a Great Success." MR. CHANCEY IN HIS NEW PLAY "OLCOTT" Old Limerick Town. "The best part Olcott ever had."—Journal.

NEW WEST END THEATRE (12th St. one block West of 8th Ave.) BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN. Inaugural Performance Next Monday, Nov. 24. Matinee, Election Day, Wed. & Sat. ALICE FISCHER IN "MRS. JACK." Prices always same. 25, 50, 75, 1.00. No higher. Wed. & Family Mat., entire house, 25 and 50c.

BEASCO THEATRE. 11th St. & 12th St. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY. David Hinkley presents for a limited season LESLIE CARTER DU BARRY.

METROPOLIS 142d St. & 34 Ave. Even. 8:15. Mat. To-day at 2:30. The Original Company. THE FATAL WEDDING WORLD IN WAX. New Groups CINE-MATOGRAFI. Celebrating King Edward VII. & Evg. MUSEE DE COLORE. The Wizard. To-night at 9.

ATLANTIC GARDEN. Honey, near Canal St. Reed & Shaw. Lloyd & Watson. Prices: 75c. 1st. 50c. 2nd. 25c. 3rd. 10c. 4th. 5c. 5th. 2c. 6th. 1c. 7th. 5c. 8th. 2c. 9th. 1c. 10th. 5c. 11th. 2c. 12th. 1c. 13th. 5c. 14th. 2c. 15th. 1c. 16th. 5c. 17th. 2c. 18th. 1c. 19th. 5c. 20th. 2c. 21st. 1c. 22nd. 5c. 23rd. 2c. 24th. 1c. 25th. 5c. 26th. 2c. 27th. 1c. 28th. 5c. 29th. 2c. 30th. 1c. 31st. 5c. 32nd. 2c. 33rd. 1c. 34th. 5c. 35th. 2c. 36th. 1c. 37th. 5c. 38th. 2c. 39th. 1c. 40th. 5c. 41st. 2c. 42nd. 1c. 43rd. 5c. 44th. 2c. 45th. 1c. 46th. 5c. 47th. 2c. 48th. 1c. 49th. 5c. 50th. 2c. 51st. 1c. 52nd. 5c. 53rd. 2c. 54th. 1c. 55th. 5c. 56th. 2c. 57th. 1c. 58th. 5c. 59th. 2c. 60th. 1c. 61st. 5c. 62nd. 2c. 63rd. 1c. 64th. 5c. 65th. 2c. 66th. 1c. 67th. 5c. 68th. 2c. 69th. 1c. 70th. 5c. 71st. 2c. 72nd. 1c. 73rd. 5c. 74th. 2c. 75th. 1c. 76th. 5c. 77th. 2c. 78th. 1c. 79th. 5c. 80th. 2c. 81st. 1c. 82nd. 5c. 83rd. 2c. 84th. 1c. 85th. 5c. 86th. 2c. 87th. 1c. 88th. 5c. 89th. 2c. 90th. 1c. 91st. 5c. 92nd. 2c. 93rd. 1c. 94th. 5c. 95th. 2c. 96th. 1c. 97th. 5c. 98th. 2c. 99th. 1c. 100th. 5c.

EMPIRE THEATRE. 14th St. & 6th St. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY. Evenings, 8:20. Matinees To-day & Wed., 2:15. JOHN DREW THE HUNTING BIRD. NEW SAVOY THEATRE. 34th St. & W. Way. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY. Evenings at 8:15. Matinees To-day & Wed. 2:15. BARRYMORE A COUNTRY MOUSE. Produced by "CARROTS."

CRITERION THEATRE. Broadway & 4th St. Evenings at 8 sharp. Matinees To-day, 2. VIKINGIA HARNED IN IRIS.

GARDEN THEATRE. 12th St. & Madison Av. No Matinee Today. To-night, 8:15. MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL. LAST 7 EVENINGS. MATINEES TUES. & SAT. THE JOY OF LIVING.

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MADISON SQ. THEATRE. 24th St. & W. Way. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY. Evenings 8:20. 2:15. THE TWO SCHOOLS. SNICKERDOCKER THEATRE. W. Way & 35th St. Last Mat. To-day at 2. Last Time To-night, 8:10. THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN HARVARD. N. W. 43rd—William Gillette in "Soldiers of Fortune."

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BOOK SETS BAD EXAMPLE.

The book of "Tommy Rot" may be partly to blame for the "atmosphere"

Novelty is what New York cries for, and you have the spoon and the bottle in your hands, Mrs. Osborn.

Thereupon the indignant young men

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