

THE THEATRE

A Few Futures

Even though spring comes at the end of the theatrical year, it is still a time of beginnings. "Try-outs" are in order, and the desire for managerial inspection during the birth of many a piece that may or may not make its reappearance the next fall. And spring means a shake-up in the ranks as weekly plays close a little ahead of time. The sudden financial collapse of '99 in the Shade' finds the Foran temporarily deprived of an enterprising agent, while the withdrawal of "Out of the Underline" at the Broad Street also from its Boston engagement means the play's continuance in New York. "The Phantom Rival," by the late George W. Peck, has gone under, despite its Broadway prosperity and its very evident

Other Prospects

It is a good while to wait, but "Seven Keys to Baldpate" at the Garrick next week when it arrives at the Garrick next week. The piece has been played far and wide with much more warm praise than any present agent could furnish. All this in spite of the fact that no dramatic surprise of Mr. Cohan's play before it reached town. So in the present case the story which the reader and playgoer must suffice the reader and playgoer. The original and highly interesting program of European dramas outlined by the management of the Little Theatre seems to go by the board. "The Piper" and "The Servant in the House"—one of which is announced and the other rumored—are both worthy pieces, but have already been seen here. For society we must depend on a play by John Galsworthy, the director who has replaced Iden Payne. It is called "Monsieur Pottet," and it is a play for the women and the so-called temperaments of artists. Ralph Herz, the clever, if by no means subtle, comedian of "A Pair of Sixes," is to come to the Little Theatre for a long time. The third of the recitals by Edith Wynne Matfield and her husband, Charles Rann Kennedy, will come on Saturday, March 6, at the Little Theatre. "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Necessary Evil," by Mr. Kennedy, on Good Friday, Mr. Kennedy

TWO RUNAWAY BOYS FOUND IN BOX CAR

One is an Habitual Devotee of Wanderlust—The Other Liked Cigarettes.

A few days ago, 15-year-old Frank Hayden, of 278 North Orkney street, smoked a cigarette. Frank's youngest brother, Coleman, 11 years old, saw him and, knowing his brother was forbidden to smoke, told their father, James Hayden. Frank was rebuked. This, the police believe, is why Frank joined Alfred Verbecken, 15 years old, of 301 North Front street, an habitual runaway, and hopped a freight car to Reading last night. Both boys were found in the car, this morning, by the Reading police, hungry, tired and half-frozen.

The police of the 3th and York streets station have notified the parents that the boys have been found. They will be brought back to this city.

AL JOLSON

The comedian at the Lyric as de Zayas sees him in "Vaudeville," by Caroline Caffin (Mitchell Kennerly, N. Y.).

Will read "The Terrible Meek," with the proceeds dedicated to the Emergency Aid Fund.

Al Jolson in Black and White

The other night a bad cold laid Al Jolson low, and for one performance an understudy tried to put it over. It is for members of the audience, however, a matter of course, for the Lyric management offered to return the admission fee that was spent for "Vaudeville," that vastly acute book by Caroline Caffin, which Mitchell Kennerly publishes, the caricature by de Zayas, which heads this column, and the following succinct description of the comedian:

"He has a vigorous, swarming energy that keeps things busy all around him. He is not the Negro comedy, but a more colorful humor, full of a vitality which overflows and can diffuse itself into a whole stageful of people and make the air full of the hum of fun and merriment."

Resurrecting Anthony Hope

One of the efficiency experts of the "show business," for some wholly blind and unguessable reason, appears to have taken a notion that romance is coming back this year. To cup the climax, he imagined that Anthony Hope's "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" (written 1897) is the proper sort of thing to resurrect for our impatient playgoers. And, then, he put milk-and-water Phyllis Neilson-Terry into the part that Virginia Harned once adorned.

News Notes

Next month Boston is to inspect "The National Law," by Charles Sumner, a man—so we hear from Chicago—"engaged in commercial pursuits." Whether he catches up with the almighty dollar in the case of his play is a matter for time and fortune to settle.

Life on the Hot Stove Circuit

The musical comedy show which was to appear at the Aldred last night for the first show of a two-night stand failed to be given on account of the nonappearance of the entire company. Three of the gents and three girls were here to go ahead with a comedy skit, but Manager Dwyer would not book them unless they had the entire company. So as not to disappoint the patrons entirely, Manager Dwyer prevailed on the two comedians to do a little vaudeville sketch for the evening's show. They did and their wit and nonsense took well as did "Please Pull Down the Curtain" and "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." Two songs hit tonight the entire company will be here, four gents and six chorus ladies with a musical comedy that is bound to please. The theatre is comfortable heated, three large stoves in various parts of the theatre giving the required amount of warmth.—From the Dunkirk, Ind., News.

NEWS NUGGETS

WASHINGTON.—Removal over his arrest on drunkenness charge, William Hayes, 25, strangled himself with his necktie.

WASHINGTON.—Dying as he lived—name—Gaines' 10-year-old child, Earl, here, committed suicide before he expired: "It's all right now."

MUSIC

GLoucester Jungle Deadline for Hoboes ON Jersey Journeys

Those Who Cross It Do So Under Pain of Hard Labor at Water Works, by the Stern Edict of Mayor Anderson.

Town Now One of the Most American of American Cities, With No Foreign Population to Speak of, Tramps Go Elsewhere.

The Gloucester Jungle lies just north of the town in a little hollow screened by the stalks of dead weeds and underbrush, within easy reach of the slow-moving freights, and accessible also, for those who know the path, to the highway leading into the town. It is a good jungle, as jungles go, but the trouble is it is known to the Gloucester "bolls," who have made it the hobo dead line of South Jersey.

Pauline Frederick's "Mash" Note

Pauline Frederick, who is in "The Eternal City" at the Chestnut Street Opera House, is pleased—she has received a "mash" note. Not that "mash" notes have been unusual events in Miss Frederick's career, but although she never was more radiant than at present, they were more numerous in her musical comedy days.

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MUSIC

Mad, melodious Lucy Ashton warbled her coloratura sentiments and efforescent wows last night at the Garrick, where Gaetano Donizetti's opera, drawn from Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," took its tragic course as the second offering in the San Carlo Company's repertory week of the good old Irish standstills. It has been several seasons since the baritone duet with the flute has been heard south of Market street in the once sacred terrain of grand opera; and it is not caring to say that its tricky trills and exfoliated emotions lacked the facile skill and crystalline quality, with which they were delivered by Semblich in her farewell in the time-honored Academy and the coruscating brilliancy in the upper range conferred on the mere notes by Tetrazzini on the memorable afternoon in 1907 when Oscar Hammerstein, the stormy petrel of grand opera, fetched his troupe 90 miles across Jersey to show Philadelphia opera that was opera (as he said) and there to lay the foundation for a permanent opera.

Justice, however, requires the statement that Edwige Vaccari and the flautist got along very well indeed in pitch and rhythm, and if the foetid soprano of the traveling company lacked the supreme qualities of her predecessors here in the role of Lucia, she displayed a vocal freshness unknown to Semblich in her post-meridional period and no whit of the distressing infantile tones of Tetrazzini's lower register. And even if Angelo Antola as Enrico failed to extinguish memories of Polesse and Salvatore Scialtelli, those of Zenatello, not to mention notables of Abbey, Grau and Conradi days at the Academy, these singers did rise superior, vocally and historically, to others endured in in those self-same "golden days," revered by the older generation for the past were always halcyon days, if the veteran is to be credited.

Miss Vaccari, comely of face, buxom of figure and brunette of complexion, hardly approaches the visual reality of a Highland heroine, and her acting was a matter of very elementary drill; but she sang in a voice both sweet and strong, albeit not an evocative voice that colored the tone duly and emotionally in the love scenes or in the mad scene, dextrous and easy as her singing was there from the technical standpoint. Mr. Antola projected some action into Enrico's role, and sang in a manner of moderate compass and suavely, while Mr. Scialtelli proved a robust tenor, with a clangorous quality to his vocalism that belittled the big ensemble, but that was not invariably agreeable in other passages.

Yet, all in all, the performance gave pleasure to a fair-sized and very enthusiastic audience, extremely free with its cries of "bravo" and its calls of "bis"; for the regulars are disappointed according to the police. The bluecoats tell of it with voices in which there is a trace of mournfulness, for the tales of these tramps who had been coming back year after year were interesting, full of the flavor of the open road stretching into the everywhere, full of the lure of the wanderlust. Now that they are not coming back, the Gloucester "cops" are missing them.

David M. Anderson is Mayor of Gloucester. He decided four weeks ago that there were too many tramps in the town. Thirty-six of them happened to be in the 90-year-old dungeon-like cells of the Gloucester jail at the time, getting a free flop, so, perhaps, he had reason for his decision. At any rate, he made the Gloucester jail the deadline, and ordered the police to put all tramps who ventured below it to work at the water works.

There is the time-honored aversion of the tramp to water. As a matter of fact, the hoboes are not compelled to touch any of the water at the water works, but the name is a potent one to keep them away from the town. The water here was found in New Jersey who do not heed the tales of their fellows they meet on the road and venture as far as the Gloucester Jungle are halting there, sometimes they stay in the jungle a few days, grumbling, and tell of the good old days when South Jersey was a haven, replete with warm places to sleep and full of kind folk who gave freely of "hand-outs" to all comers. Sometimes a rash tramp sneaks stealthily into town at night to visit the German minister, famous for the sake with which he may be separated from two bits, which is a quarter, for a night's lodging.

A number of tramps have secured the quarter and have now been sent to the water works in the morning for an hour of labor behind a wheelbarrow laden with coal.

In the old days no tramp forced out of the north by the weather thought of going south of New Jersey before spending a week or two in the glass towns of the State. But New Jersey passed a liability law, and flops suddenly were at a premium. Prior to that law the tramps walked into the big glass works without hindrance and slept comfortably 12 hours at a time near one of the blazing kilns. Today they are "dagged" at the doors.

THE INFAMY OF GLoucester.

To hoboes throughout the East today the name of Gloucester is anathema. Its fame—or infamy, from the viewpoint of the tramp—has spread along the entire Atlantic seaboard. In the jungles and the box cars, in the free flop houses and on the head end of the limited, the story of what Gloucester has done is spreading all over the country by word of mouth.

Even the regulars are disgruntled, according to the police. The bluecoats tell of it with voices in which there is a trace of mournfulness, for the tales of these tramps who had been coming back year after year were interesting, full of the flavor of the open road stretching into the everywhere, full of the lure of the wanderlust. Now that they are not coming back, the Gloucester "cops" are missing them.

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Democrats Appeal for Funds

Federal office holders are being asked to make "voluntary contributions" to the State Democratic Committee headquarters, 147 South Broad street, in order to replenish the treasury fund of the organization, which is said to be at low ebb. Notices to this effect were sent out yesterday to Government employes residing in the city, and the communications bear the signature of the Chairman Roland S. Morris. According to Mr. Morris upwards of 10,000 copies of the request have been issued.

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Questions and Answers

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Sarah Bernhardt will go into moving pictures immediately on her recovery. This was made known yesterday by Lewis J. Selznick, vice president and general manager of the World Film Corporation. The date for the taking of the picture is contingent upon Madame Bernhardt's strength, and the stipulations she makes are that the pictures shall be taken in Paris and that she select the play. Mr. Selznick has obtained a studio in Paris and is making preparations for the taking of this film.

Madame Bernhardt is to receive a salary of \$500 a week, and it is expected that she will pose daily for two or three hours, and that she will take from four to five weeks to complete the picture. This basis of computation Mrs. Bernhardt will receive about \$30,000.

On behalf of her corporation, Mr. Selznick has deposited, according to French theatrical practice, a forfeit of \$25,000, and is now anxiously awaiting word from Madame Bernhardt as to when she will be able to start work.

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"Dear Girl," it began, "I write to you love-making letters, you so beautiful, so grace, such carriage, so a voice. When I see you in that pink nothingness of a nightgown standing in the glow of fireplace light, I see you in Philadelphia when you play there and I love him again. I am Hungarian, I see you play in Budapest. I come to see you tonight in Boston. I shall wear black tie. I shall present me at Artiles doorway after the finish. I must see you. Will you refuse, O no. I shall kiss your loving lips. O I look forward."

The writer did not get his kiss. Miss Frederick left the stage door that night accompanied by her business manager and two white hopes drafted from the stage crew.

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THEATRICAL BAEDAKER

DELPHIC—"Peg o' My Heart," with an excellent cast. "The Little Theatre" presents a comedy of the impetuous young man who falls in love with the girl of his English family. 8:15

BROAD—"The Mischief Lady," a "social comedy" farce of a gentleman from the South who kidnaps and takes a flirtatious young woman to his home. 8:15

HARRICK—"The San Carlo Opera Company in Philadelphia," with the following program: "The Little Theatre" presents a comedy of the impetuous young man who falls in love with the girl of his English family. 8:15

LITTLE—"Rich Man, Poor Man," with the following cast: "The Little Theatre" presents a comedy of the impetuous young man who falls in love with the girl of his English family. 8:15

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NO. 56—ASTHMA SIMPSON, THE VILLAGE QUEEN—LUKE WARM DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO OPEN HIS MOUTH!!!

