The Stage
The Actors and the Plays before the Public Eye

ATTRACTIONS THIS WEEK.

Salt Lake Theater—Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

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It will be six years next October since Charles Frohman advanced Maude Adams to a stellar position. During these six years Miss Adams has reached an eminence in dramatic circles that has scarcely been equaled by any of her illustrious predecessors in the same space of time. The people of Salt Lake City take a personal interest in this talented young woman. It was here that she was born, and her early girlhood days were spent here. Salt Lake has reason to be proud of Miss Adams. While her rise has been exceedingly rapid, the position she has achieved is secure. For one of her age she has accomplished much, and it is her ambition to strive for new honors, and that they will came to her there is not the least doubt.

The delightful personality of Miss Adams is a strong factor in her success. She is the happy possessor of that indefinable quality, commonly known as magnetism. She is unconscious of it, yet it is there. All persons in public life have their followers. It has often been said of Miss Adams that a person has to sit in a theater but a short time until she becomes a subject of genuine affection—in other words, she has the faculty of drawing people toward her, and leaves behind the impression of her personality in so forcible a degree that to have seen her once is always to remember her with a feeling of more than mere admiration for the deftness of her art—for herself, as she is, dainty, charming—Maude Adams.

This is the first time that Charles Frohman, her manager, has been able to send Miss Adams here since he placed her at the head of her own organization. She is not only visiting Salt Lake for the first time as a star, but she is likewise making her initial journey as such to the Pacific coast. Miss Adams's regular tour was to have closed about the 1st of May, but the supplementary one was arranged for her in a section of the country where she had not been seen since reaching her present high position. For her Pacific coast tour it was thought advisable to comply with a large number of requests from managers throughout the West to have her appear in the play in which she began her starring career, and with which her name has been so prominently associated.

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The part of Jeannette Vaubernier, in which Mrs. Leslie Carter appears in "Du Barry" early in June at the Grand, enables her to portray a great variety of emotions. The piece was originally produced in the Belasco theater in New York, where it ran for two seasons, and then was successfully given in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and Baltimore. This will be Mrs. Carter's last tour in "Du Barry," as she is to create a role in a new play David Belasco has written for her. The grace, charm, and power of Mrs. Carter's art in this play are seldom equaled on the stage.

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"The Proud Prince," which E. H. Sothern will present at the Salt Lake Theater the first week in June, is called a miracle play, because it pictures the miracle which befell Robert of Sicily, of whom Longfellow tells in his sublime verse and Leigh Hunt in his charming prose. The story of the downfall of the haughty monarch has long been a favorite with the clergy and poets. McCarthy has conceived its value as a dramatic presentation and in his play has introduced the religious, supernatural and ethical teachings that are found in the legend. He has made it a poetic drama, with scenes laid in romantic and mediaeval surroundings, enveloping an intense love story.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

At Pittsburg the Bostonians are claiming that the performance of "The Queen of Laughter," given there last Monday night, was the first one. A Pittsburg dispatch says of it: "A large and fashionable audience greeted the Bostonians to hear the initial performance of the romantic comic opera, 'The Queen of Laughter.' Miss Ysabel Kaplan, who wrote the book, and S. William Brady, the composer of the music, were called before the curtain and applauded. The time of the story is set in the sixteenth century, the place Lugubria, and, while there are several airs that may become popular, the opera in its entirety can hardly be classed as up to the Bostonians' standard." Eastern people are no better able to enjoy than were the Western audiences it was tried on.

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Wagenhals & Kemper have secured for Frederick Warde and Katherine Kidder for next season Stanislaus Stange's play, "The Daughter of Hamilcar." The play will be given an elaborate production.

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S. William Brady, who is responsible for the score of "The Queen of Laughter," is the youngest of American composers. He is 26 years of age and an American.

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Mark Gray Lyon was buried in Keokuk, Ia., recently. On April 23, 1879, he caused excitement by firing two shots at Edwin Booth in McVicker's theater, Chicago. He wrongfully claimed that Mr. Booth was his father. Whisky and vanity prompted the act.

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William Faversham's new play next

lin Garland's "Hesper." The work of dramatizing the novel is being done by Channing Pollock.

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During Mrs. Fiske's engagement in San Francisco two of the three books most in demand at the public library were "Hedda Gabler" and "A Doll's House," the Ibsen dramas Mrs. Fiske played there.

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In a recent interview Wilton Lackaye gave an interesting account of how he achieved his grotesque make-up for Svengali in "Trilby."

"I have paid a great deal of attention to make-up," said Mr. Lackaye. "Many actors think little about it. Some don't use it at all. Joseph Jefferson doesn't. He never makes up. But, in my opinion, 'make-up' plays a large part in an actor's success. When he comes on properly made up, he has played his prologue. I ascribe much of my success as Svengali to my make-up. Probably the best known of the formulae of acting is, 'Curves are the lines of beauty; angles are the lines of strength.' A character like Svengali, strong, unscrupulous, determined, has no curves. Nature has been overkind to me in the matter of curves, so I needs must eliminate them. I made up my eyebrows to form peaks. There were two angles. I made up deep, pointed shadows under the eyes. Two more angles! I selected a long, pointed beard. Another facial angle. My hair I combed to form a pointed crest, giving me still another angle. To reduce my figure to Machiavellian lines was a harder task. I ordered a coat that fit me as snugly as a corset.

"The coat-tails had a decided slant, and there I had more angles. The sleeves were made short to give length to my hands. I drew long, purple lines on the back of my hands between the fingers to make them look longer. My trousers were so tight that had the seams been a quarter of an ich deeper I could not have walked. My shoes were long and pointed, my collar high. There was quite enough angle when we had finished."

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Daniel Frawley has done so well in South Africa that he has extended his season, and says that he will remain away from America all of next season, playing return engagements at Cape Town and Johannesburg, following with a visit to Ceylon, then a tour through China, Japan, returning by the way of Hawaii, reaching San Francisco in June, 1905. After a short engagement in 'Frisco and Los Angeles, Mr. Frawley will proceed to New York.

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To mark what will prove the record run of the season among the strictly dramatic productions, David Belasco and Maurice Campbell signalized the one hundred and seventy-fifth performance of Henrietta Crosman in the Belasco play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," by a special matinee on Thursday, May 12. At this performance and at the one hundred and seventy-sixth, the same evening, appropriate souvenirs were presented to each woman patron, consisting of handsome copies of "The Bath Comedy," from which the play was taken. Thus, for the third successive time, Mr. Belasco will carry off first honors of the season, as the play will be given more than 200 times.

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Paul Tietjens, the composer of the musical play, "The Wizard of Oz," is engaged to Miss Eunice Hammond, daughter of the late vice-president of the National Bank of Illinois. The young couple met in Paris, where Miss Hammond is studying art and Mr. Tietjens is building a European reputation as a musician. The wedding is fixed for May 24, in the chapel of St. Sulpice, Paris.

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De Wolf Hopper was strolling down Broadway, New York, with his head high in the air, when he walked into an open coal hole on the east side of the thoroughfare, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets. Only his right leg went down. When he pulled it forth he was shy half a yard of trousers and skin. Striking a thinking attitude, while several curious pedestrians gazed at him, Hopper sprang this original joke:

"The lid is off."

Then he limped away.

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Joe Jefferson has decided to cut his season next year to six weeks. He played thirteen this season.

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The new iron curtain which has been hung at the Memorial theater, Stratford, bears the happy legend: "For the especial safety.—Hamlet."

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Rose Coghlan tells this story: "I can recall only one experience of an adventurous order. It occurred one season when Frederic de Belleville, Charles Walcot and A. S. Lipman were members of our company. We had taken a special train at Kansas City on our way to St. Louis. Owing to a heavy snowstorm we were sidetracked for twelve hours in a mountainous section of the country that had been infested with an organized gang of bandits. We were sitting down to while away the time with a game of cards, when to our horror a ruffianly gang of individuals were seen approaching the car. De Belleville rushed for his trusty rapier, Walcot brandished a pistol, while Lipman seized a top-heavy cane. They were all prepared to die game, and vowed the bandits should only reach me over their dead bodies. When the bandits caught sight of the murderous weapons and noticed the look of deadly determination in the eyes of my chivalrous protectors, they seemed completely unnerved and began a precipitous retreat. De Belleville jumped from the car, and, seizing one of the bandits by the collar, struck mortal terror to his soul by demanding an immediate confession of their intentions. 'We ain't agoin' to steal nothin,' said the fellow. 'We jest came down to see if yez wouldn't play The Lady of Lyons for us while yez is snowed up.'"

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Robert Edeson, who has concluded his season in "Ranson's Folly," is to present a new play of American life next season. Its first performance will occur in January.

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A London dispatch to the Chicago Tribune says: "One of the most fashionable audiences of the season gathered at Wyndam's theater tonight when Charles Frohman presented H. H. Davies's three-act comedy, 'Cynthia,' with Miss Ethel Barrymore in the title role. It was a double event in the sense that both play and actress were on trial in London, and while both

passed the test with success it was the actress who chiefly scored. When the curtain fell on the third act there was warm applause, which continued until Miss Barrymore appeared alone before the footlights. Miss Barrymore showed signs of extreme nervousness, but with the growing sympathy of the audience as the play progressed this became less apparent, and by the middle of the second act she appeared to be in full possession of her powers. When the curtain fell on the charming scene in which Cynthia's husband discovers that his momentary suspicions were baseless Miss Barrymore had entirely won the good will of the house."

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Notwithstanding the highly flattering reception of "The Prince of Pilsen" in London by the first night audience, the London papers, from the Times downward, are practically unanimous in condemnation of the production. The Daily News remarks that "as a comic opera it proves that New York is about ten years behind London in music, dialogue, characterization and scenic setting."

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Eddie Foy tells a story of the period during which, he admits, he thought himself a bit of "a winner" among the

been booked for her company has been canceled.

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Last week one of the army of chorus girls entered the office of Frank Perley in New York with a dazzling smile and an air of extreme prosperity. Mr. Perley received her, although he did not remember her name.

"How dee do?" said the blonde, with a smile, her diamonds aflash.

"I came in to thank you." The visitor was effusive. "I'm doing very well now, but I never forget a friend. I've often though how good you were to me. Do you remember how I met you on Broadway six years ago, and told you old —— had discharged me, and you lent me a twenty?"

"I do remember now."

"Yes, it was so good of you. I wanted you to know I appreciated your kindness. So glad to have seen you again. Good-by!"

She gave him the high handshake and an effulgent smile and departed. When she had gone Mr. Perley looked at his hand, still poised aloft. It was empty. He examined the rug. She had not dropped the bill there, nor on his desk. But he had the woman's word that she appreciated his kindness.

* * *

Miss Amy Ricard, the girl from Butte, Mont., in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," retired from the cast of "Babes in Toyland" at the beginning of the Boston run. She was succeeded in the role of Contrary Mary by Miss Margarite Clarke, who is remembered here for her work in De Wolf Hopper's production of "Mr. Pickwick."

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Millie James, in private life Mrs. Edgar Stachelberg, says she has given up the stage for good and all, and as a consequence Charles B. Dillingham, her former manager, is left with a lot of plans on hand. The success made by Miss James in "The Little Princess" induced Mr. Dillingham to have Paul

from Paris just to show Denverites that she could wear several garments other than fleshings, and her stage jewels were in the dressing-room. She wouldst have them. So she hied herself to the chief and told him that she must risk her sweet little existence to recover those treasures.

"I will help you," gallantly declared the chief. "But there is only one way in which human beings can reach that dressing-room under the stage," he said, "and that is for you to hang on my back while I wade through the water that is rushing into the basement like a flood." May was equal to the occasion. She only weighs 170 pounds in her street clothes, and she was game. In a jiffy she had pounced upon the man's back and the perilous journey was begun. Through smoke and water they trudged while the crackling of timbers being swept by the fiery demon, the burning embers falling all about them and the awful flashes of fire were about them. They ne'er faltered. At last—it seemed like hours—they reached the door, and in a few moments they were within.

Another moment and they were without, but the fair burlesquer clutched in her pretty hands the costly gown, her wardrobe of stage costumes, and between her pearly teath there clung those priceless jewels, which, in the intense light almost dazzled the eyes of the firemen. All were saved, e'en though the theater did burn.

MAUDE ADAMS

ladies, says the New York Times. According to Mr. Foy's account, he was much smitten with a young woman whose father was quite partial to pets. Among the old man's collection was a parrot, which was a particularly fine conversationalist. One evening Mr. Foy remarked that a friend of his possessed a bird almost as clever as this one, and he added, somewhat facetiously, that his friend's parrot could imitate to perfection the sound of a kiss.

"Is that among the accomplishments of our feathered treasure in the corner?" asked he.

Whereupon the young woman, with some show of indignation, responded: "It is not. I'll have you understand, sir, that our parrot does not attempt an imitation of a sound he is not accustomed to hear."

"Just as the words were out of her mouth," concluded Mr. Foy, "the parrot chimed in with:

"'Wait, John, dear, till I take this horrid bird out of the room!'"

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William A. Brady finds some solace in the news that "The Wheat King" has failed in London. When word came that Frank Norris's novel had been dramatized, Mr. Brady thought his plan for the presentation of the Pollock version in London had been upset, and his wrath was so explosive as to cause much worry to his friends. Mr. Brady's inclination was to take passage to England and teach the pirates a lesson with his fists. But now he has sobered down and sees hope ahead. It seems as if Mr. Brady's production may actually profit from "The Wheat King," as out of the angry discussion about the play has come great talk in England about the successful production in America.

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Nance O'Neil is still holding Boston captive by the worth the citizens of the Hub find in her performances. She has recently scored a great success in "Macbeth," and is now presenting the play in a version that demands the raising of the first curtain at 7:45 o'clock.

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The recent death of Kate Claxton's son has brought about the final retirement of the famous actress. She was proud of the lad and entertained great hopes of his future, and the death was a severe blow. Recently while playing in Anderson, Ind., the actress was overcome by emotion and wept for more than half an hour. She says she is weary of life in the theater, and will not play again. All the time that had

Kester write a play for the little star. Haddon Chambers was also ordered to construct a play for Miss James. The authors were paid $1000 in advance royalties. Then Mr. Dillingham paid Clyde Fitch $2500 in advance on "Little Nell," which Mr. Fitch was writing to fit the actress.

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At a recent banquet in London one of the speakers was W. S. Gilbert. In the course of his remarks he referred to the compliments which had been paid him by Sir Arthur Sullivan for producing clean plays. He told how both he and the composer had depended on a supposed Japanese authority to supply them with an air appropriate to the entrance of the Mikado in the opera of that name. The authority recommended what he said was the Japanese national anthem, and they adopted it. The air had been performed many thousands of times since. It was only long after the opera had been produced that an undoubted authority, while praising the work generally, expressed his amazement that the authors had woven in the air one of the risklest songs ever sung in Japan. When, therefore, he was applauded for the cleanliness of his efforts, he remembered how he and his late colleague had been induced to take up one of the most disgraceful songs imaginable.

SAVED HER CLOTHES.

Actress Rides Through a Burning Theater on Back of Fire Chief.

May Howard, the burlesquer, has become famous in Denver through the theater fire there. Miss Howard had engaged a company for a summer season at the Curtis Theater and had already begun the engagement when the house caught fire at 3 o'clock in the morning. Miss Howard was residing near the scene and the moment she heard the sound of fire she—Sherlock-Holmes-like—made a deduction which convinced her that it was the Curtis Theater that was blazing away. She hurriedly donned some street clothes, rushed to the scene and found the building a mass of flames. But May is a daring woman and refuses to let anything go unnoticed that is worth sitting up and observing. Her stage clothes, which, of course, did not take up much room, a $1200 costume—this was not her regulation burlesque costume—which she has brought all the way

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UNDERSTUDY IS CALLED GAMBLER OF THE STAGE

Tomes have been written on the struggles and triumphs of the theatrical star, on the conquests of the matinee idol, on the joys and sorrows of the chorus girl, but those shooting stars in the dramatic firmament, the understudies, have been sorely neglected, says the New York Press.

The understudy is the born gambler of the theatrical profession. If she wins at all, she soars far above the heads of those who toil patiently and slowly toward stellar heights. If she loses, she is the under-dog, the yellow dog, in this same erratic profession.

The manager regards her as a regretable necessity. Her very presence reminds him of the fact that all stars are liable to physical ills and may disappoint him to the depletion of the box office receipts.

The star regards her understudy with patronage not unmixed with fear. There is no telling how a fickle public may take to a new face and a new personality.

And every woman in the company who is not an understudy is jealous of the girl who is.

Yet in the face of all this, the demand for a chance to understudy a leading role, good, bad or indifferent, never fails. This is particularly true in musical comedy, where new faces always are welcome, where a kick with personality back of it, an original way of turning a jest, will establish a girl in Broadway's finical favor. For though stage manager and prompt book may do their best to turn the understudy into a slavish imitation of the star, originality and personality will crop up at the critical moment and lift their owner from the front row of the chorus to a position on the programme close to the big type.

As soon as the future of a musical comedy is reasonably assured and all the new business which follows on the heels of a first night has been introduced and properly rehearsed, the question of understudies arises, and the managerial soul is vexed. The understudy for each speaking role must be selected, rehearsed—and dressed. And after that the most likely girls in the chorus must be drilled to step into the shoes of those most uncertain of theatrical quantities, the show girls. The understudy for the prima donna must have a voice. The understudy for the comedian must have some ability as a laugh-maker. The understudy for the leading woman must be statuesque and know how to wear gowns. And so on down the line of roles, masculine or feminine. The star may have something to say in the matter. Her chief anxiety seems to be that the understudy may not be her superior in physical attractions. If the understudy's voice is promising, it may fail her at the crucial moment. If she is something of an actress, she may be struck dumb with stage fright, but if she is beautiful, comparisons to the detriment of the star are bound to be made. And no star in musical comedy is so successful as to be jeaousy-proof.

Meantime the manager is besieged with applicants. Nine chances out of ten he promises every girl to give her application attention, and not until the precious contracts are handed out does a girl really know that she has obtained the understudy work. For be it known that the chance to understudy a speaking part includes not only the opportunity to "make good" before manager and audience, but it includes an increase in the salary, of which the average chorus girl is more appreciative than common report would suggest. This increase depends entirely upon the importance of the role to be played, and may be anywhere from $3 to $10 per week. But it is not easily earned, for armed with her precious contract, the understudy reports at once to the stage manager for extra rehearsals, and understudy rehearsals are held as often as three times a week. The understudy is expected to stand in the wings at each performance and to watch her principal with observant gaze, as a good understudy catches and reproduces as many of the gestures and stage tricks of the principal as she can absorb. Understudy rehearsals do not exempt the girl from the regular rehearsals in which she steps back to her position in the ranks.

Now, with the rehearsals under way, the question of costuming arises. If the star or any member of the company has supplied her own dresses it is her privilege to withhold their use from an understudy, in which case the management must supply costumes for the understudy's use. As a rule, however, the principal makes at least a show of being gracious in this matter, provided the understudy is the same size or a trifle smaller. If the understudy is a larger woman there is bound to be trouble, as the principal does not want to see her carefully fitted gowns stretched.

When a girl finds herself established as understudy in a fat part she wakes to a realization that she is less popular with the other members of the chorus. Jealousy, the hydra-headed monster who presides back of the scenes in every theater, gets in his work, and for many nights there is extreme coolness among members of the chorus. Sometimes it amounts to more than coolness; there are hot words, echoes of which reach the stage managers ears, and he is obliged to take a hand in the fray.

The understudy has a phraseology quite her own. For instance, a pretty chorus girl recently was asked why she had given over her mornings to understudy a small part in a current musical attraction.

"Why, you see, Miss C—— is such a reliable woman to understudy. I've a better chance to play her roles than one of the bigger ones, because she is glad to lay off on the slightest excuse. She takes cold easy, and she misses matinees on big racing days. Oh, yes, she is the most reliable woman to understudy I ever played for."

That may not be the managerial idea of reliability, but it suits the understudy.

Hard, indeed, is the lot of the girl selected to understudy Lillian Russell. If Miss Russell is ill and so informs the management, the house is dark at night, notices being posted to that effect in front of the theater. The only chance for the understudy comes when Miss Russell is taken ill during the performance, too late to dismiss the audience.

On the road Fay Templeton is regarded as a most "reliable" personage to understudy. She seldom disappoints a Broadway house, but the road gets on her nerves, and hotel life disturbs her digestion, all of which works together for the satisfaction of her understudy, who obtains from one to three appearances in a week. Miss Templeton is most gracious to her understudies, and Miss Lottie Medley, who played Mlle. May in "The Runaways" for the Broadway favorites has many mementoes of Miss Templeton's kindness.

The understudy's opportunity to rise and shine usually comes like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. A few pencilled lines from the star to the stage manager half an hour before the curtain rises starts the excitement. Then there is a nervous tap on the chorus girl's door, and she finds herself being shoved into a dressing room by herself, with a dresser nervously tossing clothes about, an assistant stage director giving a few final suggestions to her and the musical director taking musical cues at her. She wishes she could let her friends know, but there is no time for it.

The news has spread to the tier of dressing rooms occupied by the chorus and ill-will is forgotten; everybody wants to lend her something, from real silk stockings to a pearl pendant. Her deadliest enemy even offers her corsage bouquet of real orchids, and then enter the manager, bad tempered at the absence of a popular actress, but diplomatic enough to remind the understudy that this is her chance, and she is bound to make good.

Then her entrance—with eyes friendly and unfriendly, watching her from the wings. As she comes off emotional girls tell her she "was fine," other principals patronize her and admit that she did very well indeed, and the manager pats her on the back and calls her "a good girl."

The next morning she buys all the papers, rushes through them, finds nothing but a line or two about her debut—and weeps.

There are occasional instances of promotion following quickly on the heel of a clever bit of understudy work. Julia Sanderson, one of the principals in "Wang," was in the "Winsome Winnie" chorus at the Casino last year and won recognition by the good work she did in Paula Edwardes's role.

It is seldom that an understudy for a prominent actor can be palmed off on a New York audience, but on the road, particularly in one night stands or when business is dull, the understudy gets the coveted chance to play the role and the public is none the wiser.

The most remarkable instance of this came to light at the time of Charles Coghlan's death, which occurred in Galveston, Tex. A Texas newspaper man telegraphed the news of the actor's death to Northern papers for which he was correspondent. The next morning the report of the actor's death was denied officially by Coghlan's manager, who was in Omaha, Neb., where the Coghlan company was playing "A Royal Box." The manager insisted Coghlan was with his company; the Galveston newspaper man insisted Coghlan was dead. It was not until late in the day that the manager acknowledged the correctness of the news from Galveston. It then came out that Mr. Coghlan had not been with the company for several weeks. An understudy had been playing his part all this time and the public was none the wiser. In fact, some of the men who saw the understudy in the play at Omaha joined the manager in declaring the report from Galveston to be untrue.

All cases of dramatic mistaken iden-

tity are not tragedies, as witness the tale: All light comedians look more less alike to the unobservant public and Harry Corson Clarke, a popular comedian through the West and Northwest, often takes advantage of the fact when playing one-night stands. His understudy was a young chap of much patience, but this virtue was taxed heavily during the season. One Mr. Clarke did not like a long jump and didn't make it—just took the short one and met them at the next stand. So the understudy played the role on the intervening night. In the course of time the company struck a town where the principal hotel was run by a boniface with a memory for names and faces of his guests, if not for faces. The understudy walked up to the desk and boldly wrote "Harry Corson Clarke" on the register. The hotel man beamed.

"Ah, I've been expecting you, Mr. Clarke. Your meals will be served in your room as usual."

The understudy said, "Thank you." In a bewildered fashion, as he was not accustomed to being served in his room. When the first meal arrived he sent something that did not sound like "Thank you."

The meal consisted of breakfast food and milk. Mr. Clarke had indigestion of the most aggravated sort and the boniface had remembered. Everybody around the hotel seemed to have remembered, and the understudy was compelled to play his role both on and off the stage. The engagement was for two nights, and when the company left last boarded a train the understudy made for the dining car and ordered the biggest steak on the menu.

THEATER CAT IS SKEPTICAL

Animal Annoyed Actors During Performance of "Othello."

The theater cat is always obtrusive in presence on the stage when it is not wanted, but the feline which frisked at Chase's theater free of rats has a peculiarly erroneous idea of the eternalness of things. It was when the company was playing "Othello" that the cat rendered itself conspicuous. It was, therefore, greatly disliked by its fellow the actors.

Desdemona was dead and all the other characters were dead that could conveniently die, and were stretched on the stage in various post-mortem attitudes when the theater cat suddenly made its way daintily upon the stage.

She paused at the first prostrate form she came to and apparently said to herself, "Ha! how is this?" Then she looked at the body hard and went up and sniffed delicately at its face to see if she could render any assistance.

The body opened one eye and emitted something very like a giggle, so the cat went on. No first aid to the wounded was needed there, at any rate. The cat's body was also suspiciously warm and smiling.

It did seem to this theatrical cat as if grown humans ought to be able to find something better to do than to lie stiffly on a draughty floor while a man held the center of the stage and talked. The cat moved on to another body, and was just about to nibble the ear of Othello in a spirit of sportiveness—for it was breathing too—when some one said something in a hoarse whisper, and the curtain went down amid a chorus of laughs.

It was then that the innocent and would-be helpful theater cat was chased all over the stage—the bodies helping in the chasing—was caught and held in more too fond an embrace, and was finally taken and locked up in a dark place where it had space to meditate on the ingratitude of man. And upstairs the play went merrily on, if a tragedy may be said to go merrily.—Baltimore News.

TRICKS OF MANAGERS.

Probably not more than one person in ten thousand takes the trouble to verify the extravagant assertions of theatrical managers with regard to the long runs enjoyed by certain plays. A writer on a New York paper has gone into the detective business on his own hook and has discovered some very amusing as well as startling discrepancies between the advertised number of performances and the actual presentations of some of the plays heralded as having enjoyed long runs. He tells of one attraction on Broadway which kept the other managers figuring when it opened and when it would close. The show opened on October 31 and on December 31 it was advertised that it was "now in its third month." The piece had been playing at the theater for exactly thirty-two days or a trifle over one month, yet the managers could scarcely be called jugglers of truth for saying that it was in its third month, inasmuch as it had been played in October, November and December.

Another attraction which opened on December 24 was advertised on January 2 as being in its second month, which was really true. But the boldest attempt to deceive the public was the announcement on January 2 of an attraction that opened on December 24, to the effect that it was "in its second year in New York."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Bernhardt Was First in Milk Bath.

Mme. Bernhardt tells us—the present installment deals with her childhood—that she was very impulsive, affectionate, sensitive, and we may believe (this) hard to manage. Her mother was but 16 when the great actress was born and did not give to the child the sedulous care one would expect. Possibly she did not realize the genius—or recognizing it thought it best that it should flourish untrammelled. At any rate, the young mother put her child out to nurse in Brittany at Quimperle with a worthy family of peasants, while she traveled up and down Europe to her heart's content. She would visit her every now and then, always bringing her lots of presents, but the responsibilities of motherhood did not weigh heavily on her. So it happened that Sarah spoke Breton before she spoke French.

It was due directly to this that the great actress anticipated another great actress by—we hate to say how many years—in taking a milk bath. It seems that the husband of her nurse was bedridden with lumbago, and as the potatoes were rotting in the field, it became necessary for the nurse to dig them herself. She left Sarah in the care of her husband. Let the actress speak for herself about this incident, which almost robbed the stage of one of its great ornaments:

"The good old woman had placed me in my high chair, and had been careful to put in the wooden peg which supported the narrow tablet for my toys. She threw a fagot in the grate and said to me in Breton language (until the age of 4 I only used Breton): 'Be a good girl, Milk Blossom.' That was my only name at the time. When she had gone I tried to withdraw the wooden peg which she had taken so much trouble to put in place. Finally I succeeded in pushing aside the little rampart. I wanted to reach the ground, but—poor little me!—I fell into the fire, which was burning joyfully.

"The screams of my foster-father, who could not move, brought in some neighbors. I was thrown, all smoking, into a large pail of fresh milk. My aunts were informed of what had happened; they communicated the news to my mother, and for the next four days that quiet part of the country was ploughed by stage coaches, which arrived in rapid succession. My aunts came from all parts of the world, and my mother, in the greatest alarm, hastened from Brussels with Baron Larrey, one of her friends, who was a celebrated doctor, and a surgeon whom Baron Larrey had brought with him. I have been told since that nothing was more painful to witness and yet so charming, as my mother's despair. The doctor approved of the 'mask of butter,' which was changed every two hours."

That milk bath and butter mask did their work well. Not a scar remained to tell the story of the fire, and the incident was closed.