

In and About New York Theaters

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—At Wallack's theater on Monday evening there was presented for the first time in this city "The Right of Way," the dramatic version of Sir Gilbert Parker's story, which originally has been prepared for Kyrle Bellew. Incidentally, in the two principal roles, Guy Standing and Theodore Roberts were promoted to the eminence of stars. It is hardly necessary to go deeply into the details of the story, which has been followed faithfully until near the finish by its adapter, Mr. Eugene Presbrey. Perhaps there are a few who have not read "The Right of Way," but not many among those who delve between the covers of books for amusement and diversion. For the benefit of such it may be said the scenes are laid in Canada, and that the action begins in Montreal, where Charley Steele, a drunken dilettante lawyer, looks upon life as a bauble of existence, and the hereafter as something not worth worrying about. He has become addicted to drink, but when intoxicated he is still mentally brilliant. While inebriated he defends and obtains an acquittal of murder for Joe Portugais, an ignorant riverman, who becomes a slave in gratitude, and the lives of the lawyer and the riverman are linked as though they were brothers. Guy Standing plays the role of Charley Steele, while Theodore Roberts enacts the part of Joe Portugais. May Buckley, without performing any wonders, fitted neatly into the tenderly feminine part of Rosalie. A touch of effective acting was that of Paula Gloy as Suzon. The play was beautifully staged. In fact, every essential was there for a successful performance, but notwithstanding all this the audience was cool and indifferent.

Enthusiasm that showed itself in tumultuous applause marked the reception of Harry Lauder, Scottish comedian, at his American debut in the New York theater. Although Lauder, has long been called the foremost of London's laugh inciters and portrayers of eccentric character, the unqualified hit he scored here as one of many "Stars of All Nations," established him as a performer of international pre-eminence. He is one of the most magnetic players known to the vaudeville stage in any country. Although Lauder is known as an actor who is extremely indulgent with his audiences at home, where his "turn" is scheduled to last anywhere from fifteen to thirty minutes, he has frequently been known to extend his comicalities far beyond that. The presence in the New York theater of large delegations from Scottish societies in the appreciative audience compelled him to extend his offering until he had sung at least eight songs and the time allowance of the manager had been violated to the heretofore unheard of limit of forty-eight minutes. The enthusiasm was not all due to Lauder's fellow countrymen, for there were enough appreciative Americans present to have kept up the calls for encores without any aid from the Scots. In addition to being a comedian of exceptional magnetism, Lauder possesses a baritone voice of richness and power. Whatever his characterization, whether of the kilted Highlander, the rakish sailor lad or the half-witted boy, his remarkable mimicry, singing ability and unctuous personality make themselves manifest.

The Manhattan opera-house threw open its doors Monday night to one of the largest and most brilliant audiences in its brief and busy career. Madame Nordica and Zenatello, the tenor, reigned for a time upon the stage, and Her Grace, the Duchess of Marlborough, pretty and girlish in appearance, reigned among the boxes. This is the second season of Mr. Hammerstein's now world-famous venture, and it must be said that it has opened with a promise of large social and general patronage and of lively artistic activity. The stream of carriages began depositing the well-dressed occupants at the doors of the theater at 7:30 o'clock, and long before the curtain rose the opera-house was crowded to the doors. The performance was late in beginning, and it

was not until 8:15 p. m. that Cleofonte Campanini, eager in demeanor and decisive in attitude, took up the baton to start Ponchielli's melodious opera. He was greeted with an outburst of cheering, such as few conductors have been welcomed with in this city. He bowed his acknowledgements again and again, and it was not only the approval of his compatriots that he was receiving, but the praise of a representative audience, which knew well how hard he had worked and how high were his aims. With his arrival the house warmed up into that state of enthusiasm and somewhat noisy appreciation that is characteristic of Manhattan audiences. The opera-house, as is well known, with a demonstrative chorus of Venetians, who are joyful about many things, chiefly a regatta. Soon after Madame Nordica entered, and would have received a demonstration, but for the Italian contingent, who, on the pretext of wishing to hear the music, suppressed all applause that was not bestowed upon their countrymen. Mlle. Gerville-Reache, the contralto—and she is a real contralto, without ambition to be a dramatic soprano—was the next arrival. Zenatello, the tenor, was vouchsafed another tumultuous welcome, and in his singing made what will be one of the hits of the season. He came very near to being a rival to Caruso. M. Didur was the last stranger, and with his advent the audience had made the acquaintance of the three new singers and Madame Nordica, and had revived friendship with Mlle. Eleonora de Cisneros and M. Aucon. Society shared public attention with Miss Mary Garden, who, tastefully attired in black, with an aigrette in her hair, followed the whole performance with concentrated interest, frequently leading the applause for Zenatello and her other colleagues. The opening was a great success from every point of view.

Opera in English was not entirely overshadowed by other attractions, for a good house greeted the Aborn company's presentation of "Faust" at Blaney's Lincoln Square theater, and accorded a warm and generous reception to Miss Estelle Wentworth as Marguerite, and Frederic M. Davidson as Faust. Next week "The Bohemian Girl" will be presented.

The Madison Square theater was opened Wednesday evening, and Mr. Lawrence produced a new play by Rachel Crothers called "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick." The principal part was acted by Miss Laura Nelson Hall.

Miss Blanche Bates comes to the Belasco theater on Monday evening, acting in "The Girl of the Golden West." On the same night Miss Henrietta Crossman comes to the Liberty theater, acting in "The Christian Pilgrim"; Mrs. Patrick Campbell will emerge at the Lyric theater, acting in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; "Tom Jones" will be produced at the Astor theater, and "Eight Bells" will be performed at the West End theater.

Miss May Robson, well known here as an actress of talent and worth, will appear at the Garden theater on Tuesday evening, November 12, in a new play entitled "Aunt Mary," written by Anne Warner.

Mr. John Mason, one of the most accomplished light comedians of the period, will appear at the Hackett theater, succeeding Francis Wilson, on November 18, in a new play by Augustus Thomas, called "The Witching Hour."

Henry W. Savage has another "Merry Widow" company under way. Twelve auburn-haired beauties have been selected for the Maxim scene, and began rehearsals last week.

David Belasco's latest production, "The Women of Virginia," a comedy drama by William De Mille, will receive its first production on any stage at the Lyric theater, Philadelphia, on November 18. This will be the first time that a production of Mr. Belasco's has ever had its first performance in Philadelphia.

RALPH STUART'S BIG HEART

The success attained by Ralph Stuart, the talented star of "Strongheart," announced for the Salt Lake theater the first half of the week, is due to his persistent efforts and artistic methods. His gentleness and consideration to the members of his company has endeared him to everyone and they relate many instances of his good nature and gentle disposition. Among his strongest characteristics is his uncompromising intolerance of intemperance and he would not submit to the least evidence of it on the part of anyone in his employ. In passing it may be said that he has not had occasion to declare his position during the present season and rejoices in the fact that the "Strongheart" company is in all respects the most congenial as well as the most capable he has ever had.

An amusing instance of his lack of resentment is related by one of the

gentlemen of the "Strongheart" company who has been with Mr. Stuart since he made his first venture as a star. Last season a young man of the company had the misfortune to imbibe a little too freely during the afternoon and reported at night considerably under the influence. Mr. Stuart was very angry, justly regarding the condition of the young man as an insult to himself and company. He would not permit him to appear and ordered him out of the theater, saying: "I don't want you to come near me again; that settles you."

The chagrin and remorse of the young fellow were apparent to all and some of the more sympathetic appealed to the star, but Stuart was inflexible, declaring that he could not afford to take chances on a man who had no more control than this man evinced over a vulgar appetite.

The following morning at rehearsal

arrangements were made to "cut out" the part of the young man had been playing, when, much to the surprise of the star and company, out stepped the culprit at his cue and began speaking his lines.

"I thought I told you I didn't want you here anymore," roared the indignant manager-star.

"You did, Mr. Stuart, but I'm not going to take that as final, for I'll never repeat my offense, I promise you."

Stuart paused a moment, evidently embarrassed, then in an almost appealing tone said to the assemblage: "What do you think of that; I've given this man his discharge and he won't accept it. What can I do?"

"Let him stay!" they all replied.

"All right," said Stuart, "but no more whisky, young man—and that settles it."

While playing in Chicago Ralph Stuart was aroused from an after-dinner snooze by a bell boy who handed him a card on which was written in a very excellent hand, "Red Blanket, Jr." There being a decidedly Indian suggestion in the name Stuart interrogated the bell boy and was informed that while his suspicion as to the nationality of the caller was correct, he

need have no fear, as the Indian was dressed like a white man, talked good English and seemed quite peaceable. Stuart asked that the young man be shown up and within a few minutes learned that he was a graduate of Carlisle college and son of the famous Red Blanket, chief of the Pillager tribe with which the government had much trouble ten years in northern Minnesota. At the time of the uprising, due to the attempt of the government to arrest a half dozen of the principal Indians of the tribe on account of failure to heed a summons to appear in the United States courts at St. Paul to testify in some timber stealing cases, Major Wilkinson, one of the most popular officers at Fort Snelling, Minn., and eight of his men were slain. A few years later "Red Blanket, Jr." was sent to Carlisle and his class record proves him to be an exceptionally bright scholar. Mr. Stuart was so favorably impressed with the young man that he, being in need of valet, offered the position to the Indian. It was accepted on the instant and commencing that week "Red Blanket, Jr." whom Mr. Stuart re-christened, Ralph Ramsy, began to look after the actor's personal comfort and, at his personal request, was given a place on the stage in the big football game.

HORSE EDITOR SEES "THE CHORUS LADY"

Beat it down to the Century with your best doll some night this week if you want to level your peepers on the liveliest thing of the show season, writes Bingle Towne in the St. Louis Times. You're the happy boy with the bright future if you buy your duckats in advance. Otherwise you and your Gladys will be squatting closer to the street than the stage the night you swing in line with the crush. "The Chorus Lady" is the label of the happy hit and Rose Stahl is the dame what's in the center of the spotlight. James Forbes is the name of the joker what trotted out "The Chorus Lady." Rose Stahl didn't get a place in the dope-book until she hit the vaudeville stage with "The Chorus Lady." As a yearling the skit was in one spasm. "But just as babies cry for a certain brand of soothing syrup, the public sighed for a whole evening of Rose Stahl. They got it and we're getting it this week.

"The Chorus Lady," Patricia O'Brien—that's Miss Stahl—is the eldest daughter of poor but honest country folks. She's a whole lot shy of being good looking, and her shape is on a par with a fountain pen, but looks and shapes can be doctored up in the dressing-room and Patricia goes on the job with the merry, merry. They first give you a look at the trainers' house in the Mallory racing stable. The first exchange, after a couple of stable hands get through dallying with the food, and Mrs. O'Brien—that's Alice Leigh, a dear, sweet old soul—and Mr. O'Brien—that's Giles Shine—have a squabble or two, is a scene between Nora O'Brien, Patricia's kid sister—that's Eva Denison, one nifty queen—and Dick Crawford—that's Francis Byrne.

Crawford is a New York gent with a bank roll and a big bunch of swell scenery. Nora looks good to him at first glance. She's the innocent kid who pines to get in the merry, merry with Patricia and who likes her home about as well as Lord Barrington likes his. She's just got through betting a five-case marker on a good thing that was running swell for awhile, but which mistook an alley for the home stretch and ducked up it. Crawford has Nora by the hands, making goo-goo eyes at her, as quick as you can bat an eye. She tells him how sick she is of the simple life and puts him hep to the fact that there's a five-buck deficiency in her betting operations. Crawford tells her he'll lend her the candy. The old folks break in just as he's digging down in his kick and he vamooses.

A telegram comes for Mrs. O'Brien. It's from Patricia, and tells the sad tale of the Molly Moonshine Moonlight Maids company, No. 2, going on the pazes and that she's beating it back to home and mother. She shows. Talk about your makeups and the new hip-less figure. Rose Stahl is there twelve ways from the ace. She's nutty over the show business because she's getting her 20 per and because it's a heap better than dallying with bed sheets and carpet sweepers. It's one fine, elegant cluster of cracked conversation Patricia hands her folks. Then Crawford, the bad boy, bobs up again. He looks like the original Stage Johnny kid to the knowing Patricia and when she sees him looking mushy like at her little sister she calls him. For a gran blowoff she tells Nora that they will beat it to New York together, and that the little one can string with her in the cutup business. Nora is tickled to death.

The second scream has you in the dressing room of play shop. The merry, merry is there and they make you sit up and take notice. If the manager had handed you the second act the first dash out of the box there would have been a general rustling of skirts and all the fair ones out front would have taken it on the run for Olive street. Incidentally, the men would have scrambled for front seats. The spear carriers have Nora in a bad way

on the ponies, and in order to get out, she raps Crawford for \$300, signing her old man's cognomen to the papers. There's anything but a peaceful time at the blowoff. Nora, when Patricia goes out to get her some "snaps"—she got faintlike—takes it on the run for Crawford's. When Patricia gets back and finds Nora a goner, she makes the right guess where she's hiked to and leaves for the joint herself.

The third scream has you there. Crawford chuckles when the kid shows. She's after the paper, but he stalls. While they're having it out Dan Mallory, Patricia's sweetheart, a fine bit of a man—that's Wilfred Lucas—enters. He comes to talk horse, but Crawford ain't interested in his spiel and gives him the cold storage eye. Just as Mallory is about to blow he pipes the door opening and sees a lily white hand. Then, when the coast is seen to be hazy, the door closes. Dan whistles, nudges Crawford and blows. Then Nora and Crawford chatter some more. Enter Patricia on the run. Disappear Nora in like manner. Patricia asks Crawford where her sister is. He bites his lip, kicks his heels together and says he doesn't know. But Patricia knows he's lying and shows him that his phony talk don't go with her by squatting down in the big armchair and taking off her chapeau and gloves. They jab each other for a while. Then Patricia makes a dash for the other room and finds her Nora. Enter Dan and the O'Briens. The old folks had come down to see the kids, but they weren't on and they learned from a knocker in the chorus that Nora had hiked out to Crawford's. Crawford started in to bull them. It was getting warm. Dan said he knew there was something doing, as he had seen a lily white hand on yonder doorway and there must be some dame on the other side of it. He goes to investigate. Patricia bobs out. Dan goes "nutty." So do the O'Briens. Patricia says she is there with Crawford; that she's stuck on the bankroll boy and that Dan doesn't wear the right sort of clothes to ever win her. Of course, she's stalling. But her crack is believed and the rubes vamoose.

The wind-up is in the O'Brien sisters' home. The knot is untied in a hurry. Patricia shows how it all happened; how she and Nora were there at Crawford's together; that Dan looks mighty good to her, and that the old folks need not worry about anything that happened, because nothing happened.

TO PETER PAN.

Glad Pecos with Youth that makes her dwelling,
And most with you, O Peter Pan,
Since lingering off in laughing land of fairy
Which children know, and sometimes man.
Through you her lure of subtle witchcraft
spelling,
Makes old hearts young and Youth forever tarry.
Is the true Never, Never Land—
O Peter Pan, sweet Peter Pan!

Now you are gone, misgiving I will banish,
And seek for fays, and you too, Pan;
Not even Hook's bad buccaneers can harm me.
While for you, boy, each tree I scan;
Nor from me shall the faery folk all vanish
If I am true and let their magic charm me;
Wendy I'll see, and maybe Tinker Bell,
And other pixy people—who can tell!
Perhaps you too, O Peter Pan!
—Washington Herald.

The second tour to the Antipodes of Andrew Mack and his company, under the direction of W. M. Wilkinson, came to a close at Sydney, N. S. W., the 1st of November. The company sailed from San Francisco the 8th of March, and began a tour of New Zealand at Wellington, the capital of that dominion, on Saturday, March 30, which continued for fourteen weeks. The Australian tour opened at Melbourne the 6th of July at His Majesty's theater.