

EDNA MAY AS A STAR

A FEW years ago, and not so very many years either, there was in the front line of the chorus at the Casino in this city a young woman named Edna May, the wife of Fred Titus, the bicycle rider, through the influence of whose sister, it is said, she first obtained a start upon the stage. One night the prima donna, as a result of some misunderstanding with the manager, left the company, and Miss May

Up There" is really a notable one will be seen at a glance:

King of the West Polaris.....Harry Kelly
King of the East Polaris.....Otis Harlan
Bertie Tappett, captain of the Royal Guards.....Harry Davenport
J. Angostura Pickles, a disagreeable man.....Harry Conor

is as a theatrical purveyor, he, like all managers, is apt to be led away by a false estimate of the esteem in which an individual is held by the general public. Miss May as the Salvation Army lassie in "The Belle of New York" was simply inimitable. Her physique, her face and, as it now turns out, her lack of ability as an actress all tended to make her an ideal representative of the role. In "The Girl From Up There," where it is necessary to act in order to make a hit, she falls flat. In one part of this musical comedy Miss May is given the opportunity to do the demure act, and she avails herself of it to the fullest extent possible. But even then, as the innocence is known by the audience to be merely assumed and the vivacity is allowed to crop out at frequent intervals, she is nothing like so good as she was in "The Belle of New York."

Miss May may or may not be a peculiar success as a star; that has nothing to do with the case. The main

FRONT RANK PUGILISTS SELDOM GET RATTLED.

Other day that glove fights are brutal because the pugilists do not engage in "friendly" fistuffs. In other words, he meant to say that fighters lose their heads and bang away with the demoralization of boys in the street and open lots. As a matter of fact, pugilists who know their business do not become hot-headed in the ring. It doesn't pay to lose one's temper when under a hot fire of jabs and swings. The pugilist who cannot keep cool and good natured under the most trying circumstances seldom reaches the top of the heap. Nine pugilists out of ten make boxing a business in which personal feelings do not enter into bouts, and there is no animosity between the men. Many of the most important fights, no matter how sensational and grueling, have bristled with friendly remarks. It was in the

GOSSIP OF THE SPORTS

SOME years ago, when instructors in gymnastics were anxious to vary the monotony of the indoor period of work by some change from the dreary routine of exercise with the various well known forms of apparatus, a gentleman in New England named Naismith came forward with the game of basket ball. The new pastime achieved instant recognition and has grown more and more popular yearly, especially in the western part of the country. The game has been steadily improved both in regard to methods and apparatus until now it is very fast and exciting.

The craze for novelty and change, however, has struck basket ball in common with most other sports. Some teams have donned roller skates while engaged in playing and as a result have injected so much vim and dash into it that a great many enthusiasts do not care for any other style. Roller polo is one of the fastest and most exciting indoor sports, and yet those who have seen the new basket ball on skates insist that it knocks the spots out of roller polo.

Of course, certain modifications must be made in the existing basket ball rules when it is played on roller skates, but any team that desires to take up the new method can easily adapt the existing regulations to suit the changed conditions until the matter is done officially, as it undoubtedly will be before next season.

The men who have charge of the athletic features of the Pan-American exposition are working along the right lines to achieve success. Besides mak-

ing arrangements to get crack athletes from foreign lands over here next summer, they are also engaged in corraling most of the big outdoor events of the year. The A. A. U. championships, the annual intercollegiate track and field meet, the N. C. A. races and probably one or two football games are a few of the interesting events that are likely to be held in the Bison City next summer.

International athletic events, while interesting and important, are apt to overshadow national affairs of the same character so much at expositions, instead of being abetted, is really hindered and progress retarded, owing to the stagnation and recoil that inevitably follow. By giving the proper attention to games in which others besides the pick of the world are entitled to compete the directors of the show will encourage the "hol polloi" among the athletes of this country to keep on with their health giving exercise.

It appears that in all justice Harry Elkes may be regarded as the middle distance cycle champion. It should be known, however, that it is a difficult

matter to arrive at such a conclusion. Many things have to be taken into consideration. A comparison of records, of victories and defeats will not suffice. Other things, principally mechanical, must be regarded. Most important of these is the matter of pace-making. The fastest man may have poor pace-making and consequently lose his races, or there may be a sufficient number of misfortunes to rob him of the title of champion.

When middle distance racing was introduced into this country and man propelled machines only were used, the difference was not so noticeable, as fast teams would gain the lost ground of slow ones, or by changing pace often the disadvantage was diminished.

In those days Jimmy Michael was unquestionably the champion. His victories were consistent and continuous, but it must be said that his competitors did not compare with his later opponents behind the motor machines. Nowadays he has to fight every inch of a race and is often the victim of poor pace-making. But altogether Harry Elkes seems to be his superior.

The recent defeat of Jimmy Michael by Elkes at Madison Square Garden was one only in a technical sense. The story is told in the brief statement that Elkes' motor pacing machine was faster than Michael's. Either man could follow his motor at any speed that could be got out of it on the comparatively small track in the Garden.

The race brought out the old difficulty in cycle racing—that of equalizing the pacing factor. It has been repeatedly tried, but no satisfactory solution of the problem has been reached. The motor machines come nearer to doing so, perhaps, than any other form. But during the past two years, the term of their trial, more than one rider has lost a race simply because his motor was not fast enough to carry him to victory.

The rules on this subject have been drawn with a view to equalizing the conditions, and they are as good as can be drawn at present. Still they fall of their purpose. They restrict the motors to certain horsepower, estimated according to standard authorities, to certain widths and to particular construction. No more can be done. It is a well known fact that two engines built side by side from the same patterns and the same materials and with the parts interchangeable will often develop widely different capacity. The reason is not known, yet it is a fact, and it is because of this that motor pacing machines are never exactly equal in speed.

It was Michael's motor that caused his defeat. He followed it without a hitch and could have gone faster. Elkes likewise followed perfectly, but Elkes' motor traveled faster, and so he won. That does not indicate that Elkes could not have won under equal conditions. But that factor cannot be taken into consideration, as it was not developed. However, both are popular riders, and the little Welshman took his defeat with his accustomed good grace. This modesty of Michael's is responsible for much of his popularity, and it is certainly commendable in any sportsman. Michael has shown this characteristic ever since he came to this country, and I was one of the first witnesses of it.

Jimmy was brought over by the veteran Tom Eck, and the latter came into my office shortly after arriving. After chatting for some time on his experiences abroad he went to the door and called to some one in the hallway, "Come in, Jimmy, and bring the grips with you." There entered a diminutive youth attired in a pancake cap, sweater and other habiliments in keeping, all of a disordered and rather "rusty" appearing kind.

Naturally I thought it was some urchin whom Eck had picked up at the pier to carry his grips. Judge then of my surprise on being introduced to Jimmy Michael, the unconquered middle distance rider of the world!

He would have staid in that hallway an indefinite time had Eck not called him. Another instance of his docility was shown in a laughable occurrence at the hotel in which he was stopping in New York city.

He had registered and had been assigned to his room when he decided to accede to the request of his friends and purchase some much needed "toggerly." Returning from his shopping tour, he essayed to step into the hotel elevator with his arms full of bundles. The operator sized him up in a jiffy and unceremoniously informed the little fellow that "messenger boys" had to use the

stairs. Without a remonstrance on the slightest attempt to introduce himself, he turned away and climbed the flights of stairs to his room. The story would never have been known had not some one pointed out to the elevator man a few days later, and that worthy nearly choked with laughter before he could tell how he had made the cycling idol of New York walk up stairs with his bundles.

JOHN HARE'S STORY.
Mr. John Hare, the present Lord Quex, is a merry hearted, affable, old English gentleman upon whom the light of the drama as a whole shines in the field of the drama as actor and manager. He tells a story and has quite a number at his command. He unveiled recently at the opening of American actors and told the following, which was voted not bad:

Several years ago England was visited by a spiritualistic craze that swept all circles from the nobility to the gutter.

Every body was an interested party in the affair. The folk had passed over and were in the other world and the spiritualists reaped a harvest of money. Among the temples were the squandered money on the medium then present. A story was told in which the spirit whose burial had been hurried by a short time before, "Arriet" had been told of the wonders of the medium.

The séance conducted by one medium particular, and he held out coin ready from a late Saturday night to purchase a five minutes' conversation with his late wife.

The matter was put through the usual formalities and was finally told the wife stood before him. "Arriet" saw only a dim, misty looking figure before him, but he took the medium's word for the ghost's identity.

"Is that you, 'Arriet'?" asked the seer.
"Yes, it's me, 'Arriet,'" said the spirit.
"Are you 'appy, 'Arriet'?" he queried.
"Quite 'appy, 'Arriet,'" came the answer in a feeble voice from the visitor from the other world.

"'Applier than you was when you was livin with me, 'Arriet'?" asked "Arriet," almost in tears at meeting his late helpmeet.

"Much 'applier, 'Arriet,'" answered the apparition.
"Then where be ye, 'Arriet'?"
"In 'ades, 'Arriet.'"

WHAT PINERO WOULD DO.
Pinero, it is certain, would promptly withdraw a play of his by cablegram if he heard that any one, no matter how great and authoritative, had changed line or a situation or even a word. When "The Profligate" was first produced, it ended with the man who had a Janet Priest in his past taking poison. The end was too gloomy, but only after long consideration and many entreaties Pinero consented to write a new ending where the wife comes in time to drink the vial from his lips.

The case of the play "Lady Bonafant" is even more in point. It occurred these lines:
"What is his name?"
"His name is Dennis."
Daniel Frohman knew that this name would absolutely kill the serious interest of the play, but it was only after three months of animated correspondence that he finally received a cable from Pinero which read:

"Make Dennis read 'Donald.'"
Such is the power of the established dramatist. The poor devil of a playwright sees an ignorant manager put his foot through his manuscript without redress.

RODE 38,889 MILES.
Walter L. Stannard of Springfield, Mass., believes he has broken a world's record. In the year 1900 he rode a bicycle not less than 100 miles every day and some days more. He finished his three hundred and sixty-fifth ride in the year just before 12 o'clock on the 31 and at once retired to a Turkish bath. His total mileage was 38,889 miles, an average of 106 miles a day, Sundays and holidays included. His last ride of the year was 200 miles over roads covered with mud and slush. Stannard is 27 years old and weighs 210 pounds. He wore out and broke beyond repair a pair of bicycles in the year. In 1898 Stannard rode 24,000 miles, and in 1899 he rode 20,000 miles, and in 1900 he rode 38,889 miles. He says that century riding is a business is a little monotonous.



MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE. ACT 4. PHOTO BY BYRON N.Y.



EDNA MAY AS OLGA IN "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE" PHOTO BY BYRON N.Y.

point is that her stellar pretensions are nothing less than laughable.

One of the greatest personal successes made in New York this season has been scored by William Norris, who enacts the role of the king's fool in Lorimer Stoddard's dramatization of F. Marion Crawford's novel, "In the Palace of the King," in which Viola Allen is starring in the Republic theater. Mr. Norris is by no means an accident, however, inasmuch as the wide diversity of roles in which he has appeared supplies ample warrant for his present success. He became a member of the "profession" about nine years ago, when he appeared at the old Standard theater (now the Manhattan) in this city in "A Girl From Mexico," which was a practical lift, by the way, of the time worn farce, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" During the following season he did character work with George W. Lederer's stock comedians. He then joined the "Glorious" company, playing the light comedy part. His next engagement was with Marie Jansen in Glen MacDonough's "Delmonico's at Six" and "Miss Dynamite." In both these plays he introduced a specialty on the piano. In 1895 Mr. Norris was a member of the E. M. & Joseph Holland company in "The Social Highwayman" and "A Man With a Past." He then was engaged for the role of Bertie Nizril, the fop, in "Thoroughbred," after which he went into burlesque, appearing as the original possessor of the "Belle of New York" at the Casino in this city. Returning after a road tour in that play, he enacted the role of Muscadin in "A Normandy Wedding" with Thomas Q. Seabrooke. Succeeding a brief experience in the ill fated "The Chorus Girl" in Boston, Mr. Norris made his first incursion into vaudeville in a sketch written by himself. During the seasons of 1898-9 he was a member of the "Little Miss Nobody" company, appearing later in "A Dangerous Maid" and "His Excellency the Governor," the latter at the Empire theater. Mr. Norris has since then severed his relations with Mr. Charles Frohman and joined Liebler & Co.'s forces, playing Melchisedek Pinch in "Children of the Ghetto," and later Adonis, the king's jester, in "In the Palace of the King." Besides these creations, he also originated during the summer the role of Peter Stuyvesant in "The Burgomaster," in which Henry E. Dixey is now appearing.

There are those who are of the opinion that it will be but a short time before some shrewd manager will send Mr. Norris over as a star in some good character part like that which he is at present enacting in "In the Palace of the King." He certainly is more worthy of stardom than many players, male and female, whose names I might mention, but will not.

"Mrs. Dane's Defence," a flashlight photograph of which is reproduced in the accompanying illustration, seems destined to fill out as much of the remainder of the season at the Empire theater as the contracts of the manager, Mr. Charles Frohman, will permit him to allot to it.

Mr. Jones' comedy is said to be consistently drawing the largest audiences in the history of the Empire, and its bright lines and witty rejoinder afford convincing proof to carping critics that it is not always necessary that a play shall contain a great deal of action in order to be successful. Mrs. Dane's Defence" has a story of absorbing interest. It is, well told, and there may be attributed the great success of the piece. ARTHUR CRISPIN. New York.



WILLIAM NORRIS AS ADONIS IN "THE PALACE OF THE KING" PHOTO BY CHAPMAN & CO. DETROIT.

Jeffries-Fitzsimmons battle that there were frequent displays of good nature. When the men shook hands, Jeffries said:

"Bob, I'm going to win, but I know I'll have a hard time."
"If you can win, old man," was Fitz's reply, "you are entitled to all the glory the public will shower upon you."
When Fitzsimmons was floored in the second round, he remarked as he staggered to his feet, "Jeff, that was a beauty!"

It was in the Corbett-Jeffries game that the crowd began to laugh at the champion because of his inability to reach the pompadour boxer. Jeffries looked chagrined, but laughingly said:

"I can't get you now, Jim, but maybe I will later."
"When you do, Jeff, I'll know it," was Corbett's response.

Probably no two fighters ever entered a ring better friends than McGovern and Dixon. Terry was always an admirer of the little featherweight, and as they came to the center of the ring for the referee's instructions Dixon said:

"Terry, no hard feelings."
"Not a bit, George. May the best boy win!"
As Dixon's mentor, Tom O'Rourke, threw up the sponge the new featherweight champion was the first to console the fallen boxer.

"George," said McGovern, "you did the best you could, and I love you. I hope I didn't hurt much, but it was a stiff go, wasn't it?"
Dixon's eyes filled with tears as he mumbled a reply and shook Terry's hand with a grip that meant more than words.

Fitzsimmons is one of the best natured fighters in the ring. He may feel bitter at times, but he seldom shows his feelings. When he tackled Corbett at Carson many onlookers expected to see Fitz lose his temper because of the known existence of bad blood between the men, but Robert was cool and good natured even when he was down in the sixth round. Fitz apparently enjoys a hot go in which he is a factor, and the more his opponent fights the better he likes it. The Cornishman said after his mix up with Rublin in Madison Square Garden last August:

"There's the kind of a man I'd prefer to meet all the time. He's strong, game and withal a good fellow. He took no mean advantages and fought fair. He took a hard beating too."



WILLIAM NORRIS AS ADONIS IN "THE PALACE OF THE KING" PHOTO BY CHAPMAN & CO. DETROIT.

Among the output of new plays copyrighted recently one is entitled "In Crazy Asylum Is Worse Than Solace," which certainly suggests a lurid theme for a melodrama.

her with a chaste kiss on either cheek, and at the close of the day's work, when they separate, this salute is repeated.

Clyde Fitch's new play, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," recalls by its odd title the memory of an almost forgotten celebrity of the sixties and seventies. William Horace Lingard, who was responsible for that ridiculous coster song which has furnished Mr. Fitch with a striking captain for his latest comedy, was born in John Bull's

country and was originally christened as William Thomas. Achieving some success in London as a comic vocalist, he came to America as a wider field for his peculiar talents and made his debut on April 6, 1885, at the old Theater Comique, New York, as a mimic. In August of the following year he opened a similarly named theater in Boston and entered on his larger career as manager and actor.

Daniel Handman, a tragedian in retirement on a ranch, has returned to the stage in a condensed version of "The Merchant of Venice," in which he is appearing in the vaudeville.

Nat Goodwin has announced that he proposes to play Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," and not Barnabas Elliott. The information is important. Barnabas Elliott, of course, will appear as Portia with an all star cast, with Stuart Robson and William Faversham already in his mind's eye for leading roles.

AN INTERESTING MOMENT DURING A GAME OF BASKET BALL.

Photo by Ruggles, New York.

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"Our Cinderella" is the name of a new extravaganza by the author of "The Gunner's Mate."

Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, it is said, are to have a new play from the pen of Paul M. Potter and are to act it in the spring in New York city.

E. H. Sothern will close his American dates as soon as possible and go to London to produce his "Hamlet" there. He has a new play for next season,

written by Laurence Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving. The chief figure in it is Lord Lovelace, a poet and court gallant of the time of Charles II.

Daniel Frohman has secured a permanent injunction against the Chicago stock company from playing "The Middleman." This company has been touring the west with a number of unauthorized plays, so Mr. Frohman started in to stop it. He has succeeded.

When Coquelin and Bernhardt meet on the stage for rehearsal, he salutes her with a chaste kiss on either cheek, and at the close of the day's work, when they separate, this salute is repeated.

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TOPICS OF THE STAGE.

Sothern is to have a play written by Laurence Irving in which Lord Lovelace shall be the principal character.

"The Battle of the Strong" is the latest play to be taken off the road. D. V. Arthur asserts, however, that Marie Burroughs and her play are booked for a production on Broadway, New York, early in February.

cut glass lenses, illuminated by hundreds of electric lights. Such a vehicle ought to be brilliant enough to excite the jealousy of Titania herself.

Now poor Omar Khayyam, who never did any harm, is to be dramatized. Poor Omar! It is a pity he never became a fad.

Chauncy Closs has another charming character in "Garrett O'Magh," his new play. It is full of bright lines, and

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