



# STAGE

madness, for they are conducting one of the largest free advertising schemes ever produced. If Fitzsimmons believes that Corbett does not mean business, why does he not come down and in person challenge the public to heap epithets upon the gentleman Jim? Corbett undoubtedly is satisfied in appearing in the role of the "wronged" hero and in manufacturing and shipping out sensational challenges to his alleged foe.

Dear old John L. Sullivan, who can always be depended upon for an editorial expression on any known subject of the day, has been seen in the waters under the earth, has this much to say in order not to be entirely shut out of it:

"What do I think of these fellows? Well, I don't think of them. They make me tired. I don't know why the people stand it. Two fighters who put up such an old-woman scrap as they did at Carson ought not to be so forward in their remarks about doing the jimdandy act, but his head is full of feathers, and he don't mean what he says; or, if he does, the man is a chump. There is no doubt that Fitz could fight Corbett and come out the victor, but the nonsense, Corbett has no call to fight against or glory and give all the gate receipts to Fitz. Let them get together on a sensible basis and arrange a fight and quit this grand-stand talk. It makes people sick."

Seattle annually contributes something to the professional stage, and I doubt if there is a town in the country that shelters a larger number of theatrical people. Some of those who have engaged in the theatrical business have already made places for themselves, and others who have the stage in mind will undoubtedly succeed, but the majority here, as elsewhere, are simply fascinated by the glare of the footlights and know nothing of the life that is on the other side of them. They will hardly venture it, and the burning desire to act will consume itself with its own fire. The latest acquisitions by the professional stage of local talent are those by "The Gay Matinee Girls" company, which took away with Misses Geneva and Ella Koch, sisters of Mrs. Grace Koch-Baer. Both of these young ladies are well known in amateur dramatic circles in this city, as clever singers and dancers, and their future in the theatre is bright. They are well equipped for farce-comedy work, which is the line they have adopted. Their stage names are Bertha La France and Ella De Wolf.

The Potter play, "The Conquerors," has roused the warmest kind of a discussion. The critics have assailed it from the standpoint of morality, while at the same time it has afforded Viola Allen an excellent opportunity for acting. The personal hit Miss Allen made in the one act about which there has arisen no controversy.

A year or so ago Mr. Potter told Mr. Frohman an idea to produce a play of wine in a man's ego for insulating. In the first act the heroine throws a glass of wine in a man's face for insulting her. At the end of the third act she loves him. Mr. Frohman accepted the unwritten suggestion, and the play, "The Conquerors," is now being produced in New York. The dramatist has been obliged to come to his own defense, which he has done in the columns of the press. Mr. Potter says that the middle of the week for London, having returned to New York for the express purpose of superintending this play, but remained over a few days to rewrite the fourth act.

Mr. Potter says he wrote the play for women. "It is a tart story, but the whole tendency of the stage is towards realism. In 'The Conquerors' I've tried to do the best I can for realism and brutality between the theatre and the theatre librer." The play created such a storm that Sidney Rosenfeld, who has written a few weird things himself, says it is the best that there is need of an American censor.

This play seems to have capped the climax of all that has gone before. The winter has not been without its sensational plays, and "The Conquerors" is no exception. It is a play of a kind of play women are supposed to write, why is it that Martha Morton and Madeleine Lucette Ryley wrote "A Bachelor's Romance," "An American Citizen," "A Case of Many Names" and "The Conquerors"? They should have written something worse. They should have written, yet who will deny that the very kernel of the success of these three plays is that women have accepted and enjoyed them.

Western people are not quite keyed up to an acceptance of things as are those of "an older civilization, represented by New York theater-goers, and Potter's play is a study in the psychology of what has been said of it, passed all previous attempts at realism. In a note on this page will be found the information that the principal card at a New York party, and the party was being given as though retiring for the night, in full view of the audience. This suggestion should be satisfying to the most exacting, but the Potter play exhibits an attempt on the part of a French officer to ravish a girl. One Eastern critic in trying to review the performance and at the same time conceal its actual brutality, says: "The Frenchman in and around an old chateau in Brittany during the night of the day of the crowning disaster at Sedan. During the first act a troupe of ballet girls from Paris are brought to the place, and the scene begins. The winds up by one of the ladies in the house throwing a glass of champagne into the face of one of the officers, who vows to be revenged. In the next act the Frenchman begins the scene being laid in an inn. After dances by the ballet girls and other Parisian diversions, everybody leaves the stage except Viola Allen, the wine-thrasher. William Faversham, the victim, and the drunken inn-keeper. The realism is simply brutal. The curtain falls on the murder of the inn-keeper. The next act leads from bad to worse. The leading lady, Madame, the wine-thrasher, who has stabbed the leading man but doesn't kill him. Then she falls more and more in love with him, in spite of the fact that she holds him responsible for all her trouble. The last act is a comedy, but it is understood that Mr. Faversham re-

deems himself and there is to be a marriage. The above gives but a mere hint of the various situations, which harrow the feelings on account of the author's defiance of ordinary proprieties. The metropolitan theater-goers are liberal-minded, but it remains to be seen whether they are ready to swallow the vilest play Broadway has ever housed."

Up at the Third Avenue theater, during the past week, there has been an original bit of work introduced by Miss St. George Hussey, that is the result of her long professional observation. Miss St. George Hussey has been identified with many of the leading farce-comedy companies of the country, and a number of years ago (which is no reflection upon her age), she created the part of Violet in Hoyt's "A Tin Soldier." She is one of the best young character women who have come to Seattle, and her work during the "Ole Olson" engagement has been quite equal to that of Ben Hendricks in the stellar part. Miss Hussey has a knack of "talking back" to her audiences that a lawyer could not do, and she imposes upon people by making her specialty too long. She leaves people asking for more. THE GALLERY GOD.

George's University Minstrels. The most satisfactory evidence of progressive minstrelsy is shown in the unique, novel and attractive programme to be given by the George's Operatic Colored Minstrels at the Third Avenue theater this week commencing tonight.

This season this popular company combines two distinct organizations, forming one of the largest and best equipped companies of the country, and a considerable idea that would lend amusement to an evening's entertainment that finds favor with all classes of theater-goers has been cleverly crystallized and put into such a shape that it stamps on every feature of a lengthy, enjoyable programme.

From the "hot members" in the fun-bubbling, frolics and delightful ballets at its close there is a running fire of merit that keeps an audience in a roar from start to finish.

The first part, which serves as a curtain raiser, fairly bristles with delightful ballets of the higher order, selections from the popular operas and the humorous, give and take repartee of six originally funny end men and a fund of other features that thoroughly amuse and interest.

The whole performance breathes a refreshing refinement and shows to pleasing advantage the effect of culture upon the children of the sunny South—for it is remembered, that this company is composed solely of colored men and women, who have been engaged by Manager George on account of their high merit as amusement caterers to the public.

The first part, introducing a variety of good strong features and an olio of a dozen or more attractive acts will make up the programme of the George's Operatic Colored Minstrels Company.

"In Gay Paris" Tonight. Tonight and tomorrow night the Clifford Gately Company will present at the Seattle theater the sparkling farce-comedy extravaganza, "In Gay Paris," a two-act, and a book dedicated to her.

The Harlem (N. Y.) Republican Club performers, including the "Whirl of the Town" ballet, and a number of other features, will be presented by the company.

A New York music hall's chief card is a woman. She dances exactly as she would were she in her bedchamber and she stuns her every article of feminine apparel generally worn by women.

Gladys Wallis, after a somewhat variegated career as a star and as an ingenue in the vaudeville business, is appearing in "The Circus Girl," a musical comedy of the latest London brand.

Bellevue's new play deals with a phase of the late civil war. It will be a love story, seasoned with gunpowder, the clash of arms and more or less gore, but these latter elements are to be subjected to the main theme of the piece—the triumph of love over sectional hatreds.

William Williams has signed as leading man of "Oh, Suzannah," which will begin a run at Hoyt's in four weeks. It is in this play that Miss Louise Freese, who has been a great London hit as a lodging-house "valley of the 'Little Marchioness' type, Josephine Hall will play that role in this country.

The cast for "The Tree of Knowledge," presented at the Lyceum theater, New York, last Monday, included Mary McWhorter, Julie Opp, Mrs. Whiffen, Miss Skipworth, Charles Walcott, Felix Morris, Edw. Freeman, William Cunningham, Frank Mills and John Findlay. The play is a drama in five acts.

Mme. Modjeska, who has arranged for her appearance at the Fifth Avenue theater, New York, the early part of February, will be seen in a new play which has been written for her by a French dramatist, and is headed by the beautiful premier danseuse, Mlle. Beatrice Langford. The performance throughout is chaste and refined and must not be classed with so-called burlesque organizations. Costumes and scenery are said to be rich and elegant.

Pike Street Theater. Week commencing Monday, January 21, grand production of the scenic Southern drama, "A Kentucky Belle," introducing a realistic race track scene.

People's Theater. When Clyde Miller, speaking for himself and partners on the opening night of the New People's theater, said that, while they had no apologies to make for the entertainment offered then, he would promise that from week to week new attractions would be added until the best show in the West was presented at their house, he was making the best. That the faithful fulfillment of this promise has been appreciated by the Seattle public is evidenced by the crowds that nightly throng this popular place of amusement. Of course the management has been lucky in being able to engage the leading Eastern vaudeville stars, many of whom have become infected with the Klondike fever and were anxious to get to Seattle during the winter so that they could at least be in touch with Alaska. Under no other circumstances would many of these performers have visited the Pacific coast at all. The three Alton, stroboscopic acrobats from Paris head the bill for the coming week and Mose Goldsmith makes his first appearance in a new comedy "Farmer Schmidt," with a strong supporting company.

Bella Union. The Frank Readick dramatic company and the Harry Leavitt vaudeville company drew a crowded house last night at the Bella Union. "The Danites" is produced by a strong cast, and new scenery was used.

Today's Band Concert. 1. "Invitation to a Ball" (from "The Merry Widow")—B. Wagner. 2. Overture—"Rosamunde" (first time)—Schubert.

## This Week's Attractions.

SEATTLE THEATER—Tonight and Monday night, OMFORD'S Gaiety Co. "In Gay Paris."

THIRD AVENUE THEATER—George's University Minstrels. Week.

PIKE STREET THEATER—Stock Company in "A Kentucky Belle."

PEOPLE'S THEATER—Vaudeville.

BELLE UNION THEATER—Vaudeville.

Good theatrical business all up and down the town is the record of the past week, and Seattle people and "the strangers within our gates" have found plenty of diversion, if that is what they have been looking for. The attraction at the Seattle theater for Monday and Tuesday night was Black Patti's Troubadours, a company composed entirely of colored people of all shades, from the black, whose lineage starts somewhere back in the Congo country and is brought in as straight a line as a ship can be steered direct to the cotton fields of the South, to the very lightest and most aesthetic tints that show the birth to be that of Chicago or New York, with an intermediate mixture of post-bellum influences that brings the product up to a condition in which the white predominates to such an extent that speculation is kept busy locating the small portion of pure Africanism that remains. Black Patti's Troubadours is the most pretentious affair of the kind that has ever been sent across the country, and it is entirely meritorious and equal in many respects to the big farce comedies that have been headed by the best known white farces on the South. Black Patti, herself, is an unusual woman with an unusual voice, and the quality that is generally associated with the voices of colored people is only distinguishable in her extremely high notes. In all other respects Madame Jones' voice shows the result of the liberal education that has been given it. The entertainment is one that is best in its musical features, and the chorus singing, particularly in relation to the work that does not essay opera, is good, although the higher class lyric efforts were in a considerable degree satisfactory. Ernest Hogan is the best colored singer in the country today, and he is worth more money than Douglas ever was. That goes to show that the returns for frivolity are usually larger than those for serious effort. Hogan gets a salary of \$150 a week and he is allowed to expense of a secretary or valet—probably a combination of both. He told me the other night that he made \$2,000 in three months out of the sales of his song, "All Coons Look Alike to Me," and that he is having a tremendous sale for all of his later songs. He could get big money if he would sing other people's songs, to introduce them, but he is sensibly confining himself to his own compositions, and thereby enriching himself and his publishers. I do not maintain that there is any merit in Hogan's songs, unless he sings them, although there is a useful jingle in "All Coons" that goes almost anywhere. This year he is booming his latest work, "Honey, You Make a Hit With Me," and it promises to have quite as much of a run as his first success. He gave me a copy of this year's song, and the words of it are as follows:

I got a valler gal, and her name is Sal,  
And I know her heart is mine,  
Case the other day I heard her say,  
"Honey, you make a hit with me."  
But we had a fight, last Tuesday night,  
And then I went away—  
She thought I was evine with another gal,  
So these words she did say:

Chorus—  
"Honey, you made a hit with me—  
You're the only nic I care to see,  
You're the only thing with me,  
I'd be as happy as could be  
If you and I could only agree  
Case, honey, you make a hit with me."

I mustered up pluck to try my luck,  
To the race track I did go,  
I bet all my tin that my horse would win,  
As I knew he was not slow.  
He was ten to one shot when he went to the post,  
And on him I did play—  
He won with ease and my babe was pleased,  
For these words she did say:

Chorus—  
"Honey, you made a hit with me," etc.

Last night it would seem she had a dream,  
About four weeks from now,  
And said, "Play these and play no more."  
I took the hunch and bet my bunch,  
When I came back I found a sealiskin sack—  
And these words she did say:

Chorus—  
"Honey, you made a hit with me," etc.

I had an invite the other night  
In her costume bet my babe was dressed,  
The finest in the hall,  
I picked my chance to do the coochee dance.  
And thought my babe was out—  
In the midst of the twirl I spied my girl,  
When she commenced to shout:

Chorus—  
"Honey, you made a hit with me," etc.

I am told that next season Hogan is to star in a three-act farce comedy that has been written expressly for him, and in which he expects to find a vehicle for his peculiar talents. It will certainly be a novel thing to see a colored performer in a new field for colored performers of ability.

I forgot to mention last week that the appearance of the Grau company in "Ship Ahoy" marked the re-entrance upon a professional career of "Smoke" White, a well-known character of the Tendonola district, who was employed to walk across the stage as a "tough con," while Miss Mortimer sang a song that told of a con bully. "Smoke" was particularly anxious that his performance should be given due credit, so it is only fair to him to say that no tougher or more shiftless black man could have been found in the district south of Yesler way had been shaken by the heels to find out how to walk across the stage.

Octave Mirabeau's socialistic drama, "The Bad Shepherds," just produced by Bernardin in Paris, has made a sensation, enthralling some and disgusting others. Bernardin plays a factory girl, who marries a labor agitator and participates in the scenes of anarchy resulting in both their deaths. Here is a description of the closing scene: "In the fifth and final act the battle is over and the factory is a mass of smoldering ruins. Widows and orphans shrieking in despair throng upon the stage, searching among the slabs for the bodies of husbands and fathers. Stretchers with human bodies blackened by fire and smoke are one after another placed side by side in long rows, amid the heart-rending sobs of women and children. The audience becomes intensely excited by this development of realism never before attempted on the French stage. Voices exclaimed: 'This is not a play; it is the Charity Bazar catastrophe over again.' 'Enough, enough! This is the morgue! It is the morgue!' The emotion reaches a climax when a woman rushed forward saying: 'Madeline is not dead. She still breathes!' Madeline, lifted by the arms of two men, begrimed with ashes and dirt, is drawn from a heap of bodies. She is apparently a corpse. There is a dark red bullet hole in her forehead. Clots of blood have matted together the locks of her blonde hair. Blood trickles over her glazed eyes and waxen face. For a moment she regains consciousness. She places her left hand upon the terrible places left wound in her temple. She withdraws it dampened with blood, and, gazing in horror at her stained fingers, rises slowly to her feet, asking for her husband. This resurrection, as it were, is appalling. 'Jean, Jean! Bring me Jean!' she exclaims. Hargand is kneeling beside the body of his son Robert, who was among the first killed. 'Go away, go away! Robert's body belongs to us!' she cries. More victims are brought in on stretchers. At last the body of Jean Rouille, fearfully mangled, appears. Madeline, dripping with blood, presses her hands to her sides with nervous clutches, and then falls dead upon the corpse of her husband. Applause and hisses, exclamations of disgust and of eager approval, resound in about equal proportions from every part of the theater."

Jim J. Corbett is headed this way, and the long-distance fight that he and Fitzsimmons are keeping up is one of the interesting features of the tour of each. Now Kid McCoy is to be featured as a part of the "Pacific Mail" show, and that makes a three-cornered affair between these acrobats that adds to the excitement.

The latest offer to Fitzsimmons is virtually tender of \$25,000 for another chance to ascertain whether that alleged knockout blow was a chance one or the real thing. Fitz and Julian say that Corbett does not mean business. It is a question whether either of the pair mean business in the way the Australian means. There is, to be sure, some method in their

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**DANITES.**  
With all New Scenery and

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