THE WEEK'S PLAY PROGRAMME AND SOME COMMENT.

JESSIE MACKAYE OF ST. LOUIS, AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF "A ROYAL ROGUE" COMPANY.

There is promise of theatrical goodness this week. The Century will be open again with the grinning and always amusing Mr. De Angelis. He will have two St. Louis actresses in his company—Miss Jessie Mackaye and Miss Odine Bouvier. Miss Mackaye was somewhat of a protegee of the late John W. Norton, as recited in Friday's Republic. She went to London and achieved a real success as one of DeWolf Hopper's funny folk. Miss Bouvier was also a member of the Hopper company. She was in the "El Capitan" cast at the Century Theater not so long ago.

• • • •

Mr. Marcus Mayer is in town, explaining the greatness of Mary Mannering and "Janice Meredith." Mr. Mayer also says that his suit against Miss Nethersole is in all respects founded upon a just claim. Miss Nethersole, by the way, has come back to America and will at once resume her "Sapho" tour, flanking the famous drama of immorality by the Sudermann study of "Magda."

• • • •

I was talking to Herbert Kelcey one night last week. "It takes a book these days," he said, to make a great money-maker of a play. Look at the 'Carvels,' the 'Merediths,' the 'Harums' and so on. Of course I would not say that the day of the original play has gone, but just now it is book—book—book!"

• • • •

Mr. Kelcey ought to be proud of the position he holds among his acquaintances. Never have I heard a man who knows him make anything but the most gracious speech concerning his personality. In the profession and out of it, the Kelcey repute is the same. His good manners, his geniality, his approachableness, are all of the kind that come under the head of extraordinary. He wears his clothes better than 990 men in 1,000. He has mannerisms—so has Mansfield. The advance in his business shows a growth in the public esteem that promises much for the seasons to come.

• • • •

Miss Shannon, who is accompanied by Mrs. Shannon and the dark-eyed and winsome Winona—a sister—has improved wonderfully in the qualities that mean broadened comedy ability. She was really quite funny in "My Daughter in Law," and there was promise of something even better.

• • • •

Folks who saw Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon eat such quantities of "chicken" in the second act of their comedy wondered how they managed to do it.

"I suppose," said a man to the lady beside him, the other night, "that they go without their supper in order to eat the stage meal."

Nothing like it. The chicken is angel food, for the white meat, and spongy graham wafers for the dark.

"And even with all of its lightness," laughed Miss Shannon the other night, "I find it awfully tiresome. Yet, if the audience continues to be amused, there is nothing for us to do save continue."

• • • •

This year, we are told, it is to be plain Leslie Carter, without the "Mrs."

It seems that Mr. Leslie Carter is a lawyer of prominence, who continues to reside in Chicago. Imagine his delight, therefore, when he reads on the dead walls that "Leslie Carter, as Zaza, will appear at the opera-house!"

Mrs. Carter's name is Heloise or Helen or something like that.

• • • •

Up at Music Hall, Resident Manager Charles M. Southwell, Stage Manager Maurice Hagerman and Musical Director Adolph Lasagang of the Castle Square forces are busily engaged in getting things ready for the inauguration of the second season in this city of the Castle Square Opera Company on Monday night, November 19.

"Everything points to an auspicious opening," said Mr. Southwell, "and with one of the grandest of grand operas, staged even more sumptuously than 'Aida' was staged last year, and a cast of St. Louis favorites, we expect the commencement of our season to be an event among the opera-lovers of the city. The opening opera will be one that will tax the full strength of the company and the orchestra and will be one that was not heard here last year.

"Now, I'm not going to tell you what opera will be sung first," said Mr. Southwell. "That's going to be a surprise and, like the little folks, I want to keep the best for the last. The production will be grander than 'Aida,' and the management expects to score the greatest success yet during the opening week."

The season of the Castle Square company was to have been inaugurated November 12, but the opening was postponed a week in order that the musical festival, which will be held in the Coliseum during the week of November 12, would not be interfered with.

Manager Southwell and his assistants say they will try to improve on the productions of last year. Besides the old favorites, quite a number of new operas are to be produced. There will be plenty of heavy grand opera and a good proportion of lighter works, for sandwiched between the grand operas will be such tuneful favorites as "Gypsy Baron," "Princess Bonnie," "El Capitan," "Little Tycoon" and "The Mikado," with the same cast that presented it the first time last season. The presentation of "The Mikado" last year was so thoroughly enjoyed that the management decided to present it this year with the same cast, so that the "hit" will be sure to be duplicated.

Among the grand operas there will be plenty to tickle the fancy of the lover of the highest-class music. There will be "Aida," "Lohengrin," "Lucia," "Trovatore," "Martha," "Die Meistersinger" and several that have not been sung by the company in St. Louis. The novelties will be "Queen of Sheba," "La Juive" ("The Jewess"), "The Prophet" and "Gioconda." "The Star of the North" will probably be produced during the season.

The season will close Easter week. The Music Hall will not be dark this year during Christmas week. For that week one of the heavy operas that will afford the management an opportunity for pretentious stage setting will be selected.

Perhaps the greatest interest centers in the company selected to produce the operas during the season. St. Louis is to have nearly all the favorites of last year and in addition several new to St. Louis audiences. They all come well recommended, however, and they are expected to be fully as acceptable as their predecessors. The principals will not alternate quite as much this year as last, although they will be changed about enough to afford St. Louisans an opportunity to become acquainted with the full strength of the organization.

We are to have with us the greater part of the season Maud Lillian Berri, Adelaide Norwood, Blanche Chapman, Gertrude Rennyson, a soprano new to St. Louis, and Josephine Ludwig, a St. Louis singer, who will make her debut in opera. Miss Ludwig is said to have a magnificent voice. She has sung in concert here and abroad. Mary Linck will not sing here very frequently this season. Her place will be filled by Maud Lambert. Another contralto will be Frances Graham, who has not been heard in St. Louis. In the first production of the season we are to hear Marie Maurer, who will be borrowed from New York for the occasion. The tenors will be Miro Delamotti, Barron Berthald and William Wegener. Joseph Sheehan will sing at Music Hall several times in the course of the season.

William Pruette, William Mertens, Homer Lind, Harry Luckstone and Winfred Goff will sing the barytone roles. Mr. Goff will be new to many opera goers, although he sang here a few years ago at Uhrig's Cave. Frank Moulan, who made a success of Koko in "The Mikado" last year, will be with the company. The bass singers will be W. H. Clark, Rodgers and W. H. Boyle. Stage Manager Temple is in New York, but Manager Southwell says that the stage groupings and settings under the direction of Maurice Hagerman will merit praise. The musical director, Adolph Lasagang, has been with the Castle Square company since 1896 in New York and Chicago.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S Newest Speech—Marshall Wilder on the Vanderbilt Generosity—Jefferson Gossip—Current Bills.

Joseph Jefferson made a speech in Chicago the other night. It was delivered in the course of an evening of "Rip Van Winkle." Part of the speech ran as follows:

"It is thirty years since I first acted this character in Chicago, and it is sixty years since I first came as an actor to this city. It is quite likely I acted the character of Rip not only before the fathers and mothers of many of you who face me to-night, but before the grandfathers and grandmothers of some of you. It is, therefore, my privilege to be here in health, acting before the descendants of your ancestors, and I assure you I am grateful.

"It may not be interesting to you, but it is to me, to know that those sixty years have passed since the day I arrived by boat on the lake shore opposite the city. The year was 1839, and Chicago was a village of 2,000 inhabitants. To think of that time and of the changes which have taken place since is almost enough to make one think he is Rip Van Winkle indeed.

"In the time that followed, my father opened a theater here. He was also an itinerant manager, and I recall that in touring about the State we went to Springfield, taking there the first theatrical company ever to enter its limits. In those days the theater was considered an abomination (as it is considered now sometimes), and the fathers of Springfield placed our license so high it was prohibitive, and we were stranded there. In our trouble a young lawyer came to us and said he would go before the City Council and have the license lowered. He did; he succeeded, and he charged us nothing. That young lawyer lies to-day under a tombstone not far from Springfield, and it bears the name of Abraham Lincoln.

"So you see I have recollections which bind me to both city and State. Returning to Chicago after an absence of three years to be greeted by this generous audience and to have this applause bestowed upon me makes me think that Rip was mistaken after all when he said, 'We are so soon forgotten when we are gone.'"

"Do you know," said Marshall P. Wilder recently, "that I have never heard the name of Vanderbilt used thoughtlessly in a stage joke without a feeling of deep regret? If those who do it had known Cornelius Vanderbilt as I did they would never be guilty of it. There was a side of his nature of which few people knew anything, and that was his great big heart, which impelled him to expend more than a million dollars every year in genuine philanthropy and charity. I knew of it personally because for twelve years I was in receipt of a regular yearly salary—perhaps you might more properly term it a retainer—of $2,400, to give entertainments in various charitable institutions, hospitals, and the like. And that was only one very little incident of his generous character."

Paul Potter, the dramatist, after a two years' absence abroad, says: "The old themes of romance are almost dead abroad. The relations of the sexes are now furnishing the most startling subjects for dramatic treatment. It is almost safe to say that France and Germany will listen to nothing else, and this movement is extending even to England. These plays fascinate the women and interest the men. I do not mean plays in which an improper relationship of the sexes plays the only or chief part. I mean plays in which women are more and more seen as asserting their rights as individual members of society. There is a new drama, but it has not yet reached America."

Joseph Jefferson, accompanied by his son, attended James O'Neill's performance of "Monte Cristo" at the Boston Theater, one night last week. During the progress of the play, Rip Van Winkle went behind the scenes to shake hands with Mr. O'Neill, who was once a member of his company. "I thank you for the greatest performance I have ever seen in my life," said Rip Van Winkle to Edmond Dantes, "and I want to state that I have never seen a more artistic or elaborate production during my entire career on the stage. The last time I saw this play was many, many years ago, and I played Caderousse to E. S. Davenport's performance of Dantes. Davenport's Dantes was good, James, but yours is better."

As is generally known, Joseph Jefferson, the inimitable Rip Van Winkle of the stage, does not confine his activities to the drama. He is a genius in more ways than one, and as he is not compelled to follow the profession for a livelihood, being rated a millionaire, he indulges his penchant for other fields of activity. He is an enthusiastic fisherman, and every year devotes more or less time to angling for trout and some larger denizens of the waters. He is likewise a good shot, and manages to bag a goodly number of ducks each fall when he goes shooting in company with ex-President Cleveland. But the recreation in which Mr. Jefferson takes the keenest delight is painting, and some of his artistic work has won for him the highest commendation of the best art critics of the country. Landscapes are his favorite subjects, but he has executed some excellent animal studies and interiors. Mr. Jefferson's infatuation for painting and acting were contemporaneous. In his daily life both are simply different expressions of the same truths. He could no better live without one than the other. Passion for the theater is but part of his heritage. His certificate of admission to the great guild of the world's famous actors and artists is engrossed with many vouchers, for it is a long flight from the Joseph Jefferson of to-day to the Yorkshire farmer Thomas Jefferson, who appeared at Drury Lane in 1756, and to Joseph, one of his two sons, who came to Boston in 1797 and was engaged by Charles Stuart Powell, the first manager of the Boston Theater, and to his second son, Joseph, an actor, too, who inherited his father's talents for drawing, painting and architecture, and who was born in 1804 and the father of our well-known "Joe" Jefferson. Four generations—the line unbroken—of actors, and all were draughtsmen and painters.

Manager Smith evidently believes in realism on the stage, as he employs for William Collier's company this season a gentleman from London to play an English lord, a fresh importation from Denmark to play an old Swedish boatman, a man from Tokio as a Japanese valet, and a colored member from Eighth avenue in New York for a "coon" waiter. He says he is not trying to rival Buffalo Bill, but this aggregation of all nations is appearing in Augustus Thomas's new comedy, "On the Quiet."

The "Janice Meredith" cast for the Olympic Theater to-morrow evening will be as follows:

Charles Fownes (afterwards John Brereton)	Robert Drouet
Philemon Hennion	Burr McIntosh
Lord Clowes	A. S. Lipman
Lieutenant Mowbray	George Backus
Squire Meredith	Charles H. Collins
Squire Hennion	Martin J. Cody
Colonel Rahl	Carl Ahrendt
Joe Bagley	Aubrey Beattie
Mrs. Meredith	Miss Louise Rial
Tabitha Drinkwater	Miss Amy Ricard
Sukey	Miss Vivian Bernard
Janice Meredith	Mary Mannering

"The Girl in the Moon" is the title of George Totten Smith's spectacular sketch, to be presented by Patrice and company at the Columbia Theater to-morrow. The dainty comedienne appears as Miss Luna, a heavenly body. Charles M. Seay plays the part of a worldly young man. The scene is a nook in the Catskills, and the time a summer night. Patrice carries an entire stage equipment, from scenery to ground cloth. Carroll Johnson, who has tried his new vaudeville act in Cincinnati and Kansas City, sends on word that it is a success. Songs, stories and dances make up the specialty.

In her operas, "The Fortune Teller" and "The Singing Girl," Alice Nielsen will play an engagement here at the Olympic Theater, beginning Monday, October 29. Miss Nielsen really is the prettiest, youngest and daintiest of our light-opera singers, and her hit with "The Fortune Teller" two seasons ago formed for her a local following that guarantees excellent business. Besides Miss Nielsen, the presenting cast includes Eugene Cowles, the premier basso; Viola Gillette, contralto; Richie Ling and George Tennery, tenors, and those cleverest of fun-makers, Joseph Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn and John Slavin. The entire company is said to number over 100 people. During this engagement St. Louis will have its first opportunity to hear Miss Nielsen's operatic success of last year, "The Singing Girl."

The Odeon popular concert programme for to-night will be as follows:

Organ—Offertoire in A ..... Robyn
Mr. Alfred G. Robyn.
Aria—Celeste Aida ..... Verdi
Mr. James J. Rohan.
Song—May Morning ..... Denza
Miss Eugenia Getner.
Organ—
(a) Berceuse ..... Stefani
(b) Lenore ..... Raff
Mr. Alfred G. Robyn.
Aria—La Donna Mobile ..... Verdi
Mr. James J. Rohan.
Violin—Fantasie de Concert ..... Musin
Mr. Paul Berge of New Orleans.
Song—To Winds and Waves ..... Handel
Miss Eugenia Getner.
Overture—Poet and Peasant ..... Suppe
Mr. Alfred G. Robyn.

Current Bills.

Mary Mannering, in "Janice Meredith," will come to the Olympic to-morrow evening. She will bring the Janice Meredith curl, and all the good folks and bad in Mr. Ford's story, who contributed to the misery and happiness of this favorite heroine. Their parts will be taken by Robert Drouet, C. M. Collins, Miss Louise Rial, M. J. Cody and Burr McIntosh, A. S. Lipman, Mr. George Backus, Miss Amy Ricard, Aubrey Beattie and Miss Vivian Bernard.

"A Royal Rogue" is the title of Jefferson De Angelis's operatic novelty which will be presented at the Century to-night. The story is laid in Paris in the establishment of the first Napoleonic Empire, and has to do with an alleged assassination, some politics and a great deal of love. Miss Jessie Mackaye of St. Louis, who has made a London success, has the leading female role, and there are other good names in the cast.

At the Imperial this week an excellent stock company will have opportunities in "The Dancing Girl." This play was written by Mr. H. Arthur Jones. Miss Odell will have the title role, and Mr. Ratcliffe will be Valentine Dancourt, Duke of Guisebury. Sybil Crake, the lame girl, the role second in importance to the above mentioned, will be played by Miss Grayce Scott.

Instead of the familiar words of "The Man in the Moon," a sketch called "The Girl in the Moon" will be presented at the Columbia's change of bill to-morrow. Louise Willis Hepner, burlesquer; the Meeker-Baker trio, Donahue and Nichols, Ruby DeYong, the Tanakas, Japanese entertainers, Yeager, Kelly and Yeager, Lou Wells, Mr. and Mrs. O'Dell, Sam and Ida Kelly and the kinodrome, will be among the other attractions.

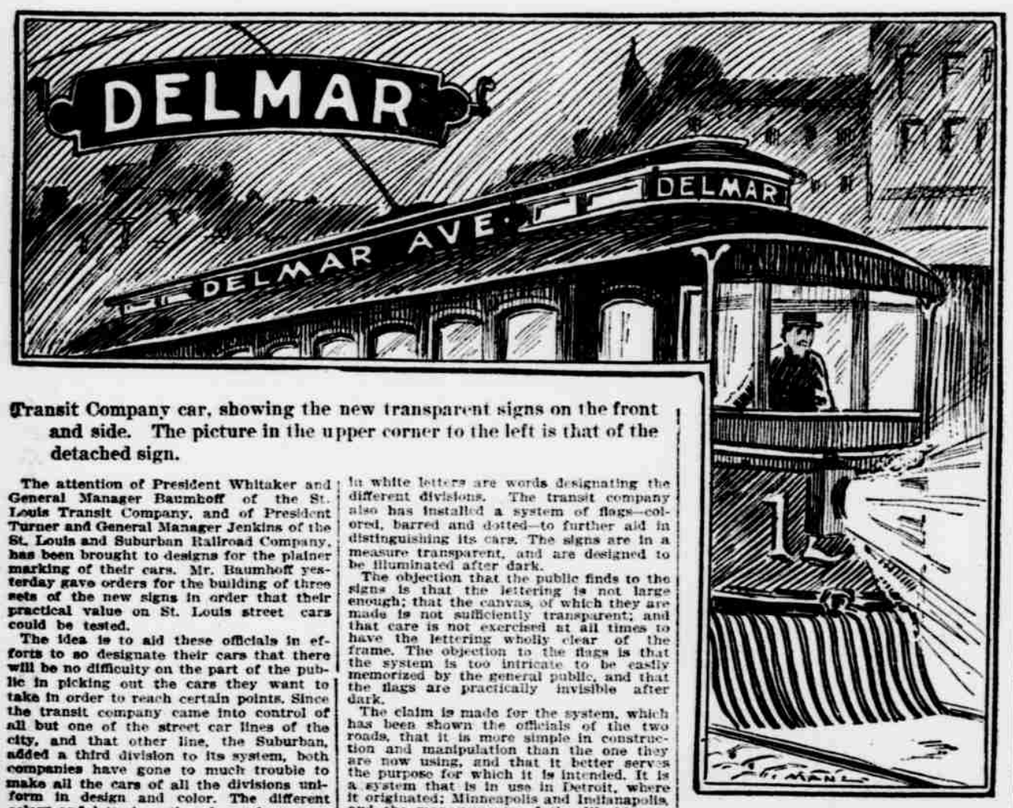
To the Grand this week, following Alice Roseland in "A Midnight Bell," "A Female Drummer" will come to town with her sample cases and accoutrements of business. The idea of a woman drummer is something of an innovation, and doubtless the play will be built along lines of the unusual. Patrons of the Grand will have opportunities for making up their minds about the departure.

Terry McGovern, in a play with the suggestive title "The Bowery After Dark," will make his appearance at Havlin's this week. St. Louis has no Bowery, but it has been introduced to its like in the past, and now that this thoroughfare and its denizens are to be illuminated by gas light, or electric light, whichever it may be, a closer acquaintance may be made.

In the booking at the Standard Manager Butler has arranged for Harry Bryant's "Australian Burlesquers" for this week, beginning with the matinee to-day. Vaudeville has its place on the bill, and Bryant Saville, Perry and Burns, Tom Nolan and Cora White, Lee and Champion and their trick donkey, Misses Perry and Hyland and Kennedy and Quatielli, burlesquers, are named on the programme.

NEW STREET CAR SIGNS TO BE TRIED IN ST. LOUIS.

Device of an Indianapolis Man May Take the Place of the Transparencies and Flags Now in Use on Transit and Suburban Lines—Officials Anxious to Distinguish Cars as Plainly as Possible.



Transit Company car, showing the new transparent signs on the front and side. The picture in the upper corner to the left is that of the detached sign.

The attention of President Whitaker and General Manager Baumhoff of the St. Louis Transit Company, and of President Turner and General Manager Jenkins of the St. Louis and Suburban Railroad Company, has been brought to designs for the plainer marking of their cars. Mr. Baumhoff yesterday gave orders for the building of three sets of the new signs in order that their practical value on St. Louis street cars could be tested.

The idea is to aid these officials in efforts to so designate their cars that there will be no difficulty on the part of the public in picking out the cars they want to take in order to reach certain points. Since the transit company came into control of all but one of the street car lines of the city, and that other line, the Suburban, added a third division to its system, both companies have gone to much trouble to make all the cars of all the divisions uniform in design and color. The different colors and letterings that formerly were a guide to one in taking a street car have been generally covered up by a uniform coat of yellow paint.

Both companies have made efforts to distinguish the cars of one division from those of all the others, but in the opinion of a large proportion of their patrons, they have only partially succeeded in doing so. Both use a canvas "roll" sign, on which in white letters are words designating the different divisions. The transit company also has installed a system of flags—colored, barred and dotted—to further aid in distinguishing its cars. The signs are in a measure transparent, and are designed to be illuminated after dark.

The objection that the public finds to the signs is that the lettering is not large enough; that the canvas, of which they are made is not sufficiently transparent; and that care is not exercised at all times to have the lettering wholly clear of the frame. The objection to the flags is that the system is too intricate to be easily memorized by the general public, and that the flags are practically invisible after dark.

The claim is made for the system, which has been shown the officials of the two roads, that it is more simple in construction and manipulation than the one they are now using, and that it better serves the purpose for which it is intended. It is a system that is in use in Detroit, where it originated; Minneapolis and Indianapolis, and the managements of the Washington and Pittsburg street car systems are now seriously considering its adoption. The interest which Messrs. Whitaker, Turner, Baumhoff and Jenkins have shown gives promise that soon St. Louis, too, will have it or something that is evolved from it.

The signs are the invention of Charles Remelius, master mechanic of the Indianapolis Street Railway Company. Mr. Remelius introduced them in Detroit six years ago, and when he went to Indianapolis a year ago, put the idea into practice there. Mr. Remelius thus explained his invention to a member of The Republic staff at Indianapolis:

"There are four signs to a car—one at each end and one at each side. They are placed on the roof, being hung immediately in front of the transoms. The foundation of them is a thin, well-seasoned poplar board. In this the letters that are to be used in designating the line over which the car runs are sawed. Over these letters, on one side, strips of celluloid are fastened. The signs are hung from the top of the transom room by cast-iron hangers, which are fitted with pockets into which cast-iron tongues attached to the ends of the signboards fit closely.

"And that is all there is to the sign. It is not patented, for the reason that it is only an application of the 'transparent sign' idea, and is therefore not patentable. Any street-car line in the country is at liberty to use it, and welcome, so far as I am concerned.

"These signs are clearly visible for a long distance, either in the daytime or after dark. The natural color of the letters—in the case of the Indianapolis cars it is white—is sufficient to bring them out plainly in the daytime; at night the light from the interior of the car, showing through the transoms, clearly illuminates the transparent celluloid and makes the words almost as prominent as they are in the daytime. There is no intricate mechanism that can get out of order; there is little necessity for repairs, and the first cost is not in excess of $2.50 a car—four signs. If the wood of which they are made is thoroughly seasoned there is no danger of warping or splitting, but to further guard against such an occurrence it is only necessary to fasten a small strip of iron or steel across the ends of the signboards.

"There is no practical difference between the side and the end signs. The end signs are as long as the transoms are wide—about four feet—and are curved to follow the lines of the roof. The side signs are about eight feet long, and are straight. Both are made and hung in the same manner. Of course, the signs and letters can be of any color desired, but I have found plain black and white the most satisfactory. It is altogether practicable, however, to further designate the cars by colors, both in the painting of the signs and in the selection of the celluloid. I have found it advisable to paint the edges of the letters in the same color as the celluloid. This gives a larger letter for the daytime, although it does not affect the letters at night."

Mr. Remelius entered further into the mechanical details of construction, and this information has been given to the St. Louis street car managers.

President Whitaker showed great interest in the sign when it was shown to him, and asked numerous questions about its construction and its legibility when in actual use, but would not commit himself to an opinion as to the advisability of employing it in St. Louis. He did not consider the side signs necessary, saying they had been tried in St. Louis and had not proven popular. His attention was called to the fact that no transparent side signs had ever been used here, but did not admit a conversion to the side-sign idea.

General Manager Baumhoff was more enthusiastic. He discussed the construction, the method of using it, suggested various improvements in detail, and finally asked permission to submit the sample to his master mechanic. After a night of consideration, he announced yesterday that he had given orders for the construction of three experimental sets, which he will put into practical use as soon as possible.

President Turner examined the sign and listened to the description of it with evident interest, and asked a number of questions. He made the objection that it was not so quickly interchangeable as the signs his company now uses. He said that on the Suburban it was frequently the case that a car was switched to another line before it had completed the run it started out on. It was pointed out to him, however, that as the Suburban has only three divisions, it might be found practicable for those cars which were likely to be switched to another run to carry extra sets of signs, if, in fact, it would be necessary for them to carry any signs at all for the part of a trip they would make before reaching the powerhouse.

MR. SPRAGUE SAYS

Delicatessen Lunch Rooms serve whole wheat bread, strictly pure—no mixed flour used.

STAGE KINGS AND QUEENS ACQUIRE NEW DOMAINS.

Footlightville To-Day Must Be Peopled With Sires and Dames of the Most Royal Blood and Ancient Lineage.

BY ALAN DALE.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, Oct. 20.—They are playing at kings and queens and royalties this season. It is the period when the lordly actor, stepping from his luxurious boarding-house at six per, dons the purple and ermine of majesty with superb aplomb. It is the moment when the admirable artist, whose salary is two hundred, but who will take twenty, arises from his dreams of corned beef hash and waves his imperial scepter over a vision of pate de foie gras.

It is always surprising and delightful to me to realize the splendid facility with which the man or woman of the stage squelches the stern and sordid realities of daily life and usurps the golden prestige of those who rule. It is as natural to the actor to play the king and trail a velvet robe all over the stage in haughty disdain as it is to him to fling thousands of "property" dollars to the four winds of heaven and hope for the worst.

A real monarch is a fool compared to the blue-chinned actor. Queen Victoria, driving through Hyde Park, huddled up in a dingy heap of frowsy black clothes, would open her eyes in amazement at the pictorial royalties of Footlightville.

How they sweep over everything! With what exquisite majesty they crush the imperial diadem upon their regal brows! And how easily they take to the throne that towers above everything and everybody.

They are playing at kings and queen and royalties this season. The playwright who evolves the easiest, yet most resplendent monarch is the playwright most in vogue to-day. History oftimes knoweth not these kings and queens, but it matters little.

The European royalties, for which every good American feels bound to confess a blithe contempt, are discarded for the spangled fascination of pure imagination. They even invent realms over which these ladies and gentlemen can loftily preside and the supers are courtiers and the extra ladies are maids of honor, and the whole paraphernalia of the playhouse is devoted to a jeweled exposition of courtly etiquette.

Stars Play at Royalties.

They are playing at kings and queens and royalties this season. There is Mansfield, imposing, yet sinister, giving New York his valued conception of dead-and-gone Henry V. There is Sothern, as the hallucinatory Prince of Denmark, casting eyes of scorn upon the simple modern roles in which he achieved his first success. There is Otis Skinner giving his attention to the foibles of an imaginary Prince Otto. There is the lovely, piquante little Maude Adams, the gentle Lady Babbie of a bewitching Barrie story, casting her lot with that of the Napoleonic eaglet, with an ingenue eye on the fortunes of France. There is Miss Blanche Walsh, who they say clamors for the dignities of historic Josephine, and there is Grace George, reveling in the supreme luxury of the fictitious Kingdom of Nordenmark and struggling to ameliorate the lot of a super crowd of hungry and unfed. And Modjeska is Constance and MacLean is King John and Miss Tyler is Prince Arthur—and so on through the interminable list.

Toy kings, bric-a-brac queens, eggshell royalties—all seem to give the lie to the notion that the ancient regime is effete.

The historical royalties of Footlightville in the "legitimate" seem almost to be converting our stage into songless comic opera and extravaganza, without music.

We Clamored for a Change.

Why? Because for the last few years we have had the sinister problems of real life to try and answer. We have been made to grapple with the psychological questions of love and heredity. We have had Ibsen in his fiendishest moods, Henry Arthur Jones at his rudest, and Arthur Pinero in his most pessimistic humors. We grew tired of attacking at the theater the dismal questions that confront us in our daily pilgrimage. We found that we could get all the solemnity we wanted right at our own firesides, without wendering therefrom to a box office in quest of more. We clamored for change, for recreation, for something that would relieve our cerebral muddle, and now we have got it with a vengeance.

ties of Footlightville are almost as hard to ties of footlightville are almost as hard to endure as was the other thing. The stately actor in his ermine robes and comic opera enthusiasm, has begun to pall upon us, and the desire for a something a little more every day has commenced gnawing at our vital. The beautiful queen, who is often the manager's wife, and consequently entitled to "boss" it, gently wearies us. Perhaps we envy these lucky people, who seem to carry everything before them, and mold their lives as the sand-modeler designs his figs. At any rate, the actors and actresses are not reigning over us as satisfactorily as they reign over their trained mob of supers and their sarcastic crowd of extra ladies.

It Is the Actor's Heyday.

They are playing at kings and queens and royalties this season.

It is the actor's heyday. He is "right in it." I have often marvelled at the weirdly sanguine letters that come to me from stage-struck people. As I have answered them I wondered in my flippant moods at the willow-o'-the-wispness of the attraction. This season, thanks to the pictorial royalties of Footlightville, my comprehension seems keener.

It must be gorgeous to be able to step from one's own somber self to the throne of a three-hour kingdom and abandon the dreary verities for the opalescent imaginings of the playwright. Who wouldn't be king, queen or royalty for even a short space of time and earn bread and butter—perhaps cake—by self-forgetfulness? I'd like to go on as a king and wear a crown and a velvet robe and lord it over my bevy of Bowery courtiers. Actors play king better than any other character, and, the grubbiest actress, when she gets to a throne, often causes the critics to write, "she looked every inch a queen."

I presume that the lowlier the actor the more completely regal does he feel when he is behind the footlights. And it is for this reason only that I understand the mania for the stage. The Juliets and the Rosalinds, the Violas and the Katherines all sink into the slough of despond compared with such a role as that of Honoria, Queen of Nordenmark.

Toy Kings and Queens Rule.

They are playing at kings and queens and royalties this season.

We have to sit and watch them having a good time doing the regal—a privilege that is denied to us. They seem a race apart from us in their shimmering silks and glittering buttons. Even their language confounds us blithely.

We never say, "Stand back!" We cry, "Get out!" We rarely remark, "Unhand me, sir!" but subside into a "Don't you dare!" And their poetry and declamation, in which they see roseate sunsets and sky-blue heights, appeal to us as something that might be, and should be, but isn't and can't be.

Toy Kings, bric-a-brac Queens, egg-shell royalties—make hay while your sun shines! Your days are numbered. It is a pleasant game for you to play, but it is a trying one for us to watch. You must hark back to something truer and more real. You must remove the jeweled circlet from your perspiring brow and woo the silken topper and the democratic Derby. Your purple velvet must give place to a "diagonal" frock, and your flowing gown, gayly carried by obsequious pages, must be doffed for the rainy-day skirt. You have had your little junket, oft at our expense, and now it is our turn.

Toy Kings, bric-a-brac Queens, egg-shell royalties, I salute you!

HARRISON ENTERS YALE.

Husband of Mary Crocker Aims to Write History.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 20.—Captain Francis Harrison, who married Miss Mary Crocker a short time ago, one of the prettiest and most charming of the California daughters of Croesus, and wound up his honeymoon with a round turn, has entered Yale for a post-graduate course in English.

Nobody doubts that the influence of the charming bride has had something to do with this unexpected action. Miss Crocker had great admiration for the genius of Mrs. Burton Harrison, the talented mother of the young man, whose books and magazine articles are always bright and readable. She believes that Mrs. Harrison's son has also a good share of the divine fire burning in his veins, and that all he needs is a bit of encouragement, and he, too, will turn out books and articles which the world will long to read.

The best of it is she has money enough to be her husband's publisher, so that he will be independent of those miserable professional readers hired by the publishing houses for no other reason apparently than to bring despair to the souls of young authors.

Mr. Harrison is a lawyer. His clients are not numerous. It is rumored that he will write a history of the Civil War from the point of view of the Confederacy, and the fact that his father was confidential secretary to Jefferson Davis makes it probable that he is in possession of much valuable material. He is pursuing his studies in New York under the direction of the University faculty. He will run up to New Haven only occasionally to attend a lecture here.