

# GOSSIP OF THE DRAMA FROM MANY POINTS OF VIEW

(Continued from Third Page.)

who won considerable fame in the French capital as the leading artist of the Theatre Marigny.

## A Brave Story.

One of the Romances of the Stage Which Outdo Fiction.

Grace Van Studdiford, the prima donna of "The Red Feather," has shown to the world what a wife can do when the needful time comes toward making back for a husband the fortune which events have compelled him to relinquish. She has gone from comparative poverty to affluence, has seen that wealth disappear in a night, has found dire necessity confronting her, and has taken up bravely again the life she thought she had left behind forever. Stepping from the stage to the front rank of the finest society in St. Louis, when the time came, she turned her back upon all the glitter, once more brought her talents to the rescue, and is now again on the high road to prosperity.

It was some time ago, when the Bostonians were singing "Robin Hood," that Grace Quive attracted the attention in St. Louis of wealthy Charlie Van Studdiford. She sang the part of Maid Marian, and she sang it so well that she was almost the star of the opera. Charlie "Van," as he was called—a genial man about town, son of one of the oldest and wealthiest families—heard her one night and tossed his heart over the footlights to her. There was a meeting, a courtship, he followed the company from place to place, and finally a wedding and resignation.

The former Grace Quive went to St. Louis to reside over the magnificent home and household of one of its millionaires. She was received by society without question, and was installed at once as a reigning favorite.

Charlie "Van" loved a good horse, and he had a string of them. He recked them for generous stakes, but he knew little about the game. The consequence was that he woke up one morning to find himself penniless. His estate was involved in its debts, and when a settlement with his creditors was made he had not enough to live on. Then he told his wife.

This was the fading of a golden dream to the one-time singer. She had hoped the new career might last forever. But she did not complain. Neither did she, as would have so many, leave him to fight it out alone. On the contrary she took up the old life where it had been left off. She went back once more to her first success, and soon after the fortune had flown she was once more behind the footlights. Her engagement was temporary, it was at a summer garden in St. Louis, and her friends turned out in throngs to do her honor.

Soon better things came to her. Her reputation had not been forgotten, and the next season she was out with Jeff De Angella. When she reached St. Louis all society packed the Olympic to greet her and tons of flowers were packed in the lobby against her appearance.

Again it seemed that fortune turned her fickle face away. De Angella refused to allow the flowers to reach her over the footlights and insisted upon monopolizing the stage. There was a row and much bitterness, and Mrs. "Van" resigned on the advice of her friends.

But at last she went to her own, and her own loved her with open arms. The Bostonians were putting on "Maid Marian," a sequel to "Robin Hood." They sent for her to sing the name role.

And she accepted. After that all went well, and now there is no cloud in her sky. She is now a full operative star under the management of F. Ziegfeld, Jr. Next summer she will make a tour through Germany, for which she is also under contract now.

## Capable Conductors.

Messrs. Emanuel and Schenck of the Savage Company.

One of the features of the coming English grand opera season of a week at the Columbia, beginning February 1, will be Henry W. Savage's complete grand opera orchestra, which he carries with the organization. This will be under the alternate direction of the Chevalier V. Emanuel, conductor of the best-known European conductors who has visited America in recent years. The chevalier joined Mr. Savage's forces two seasons ago, after thirty years' experience in Germany studying the works of the German master's tone dramas, and is well known to American musicians on account of his lectures and recitals. He has many musical and society friends in Washington, where his wife, a former Baltimore belle, is well known.

## Marie Tempest's Costumes.

"Dresden China" Prima Donna a Model in Comedy.

Marie Tempest always made a dainty, delicate, and most attractive figure in her light opera days, but since she has developed into a comedienne she has shown a taste and art in costuming that have caused her to be considered "the best dressed actress on the London stage." In "The Marriage of Kitty" she has ample scope after the first act to indulge her fancy for pretty things, and compensate for the fact that in the opening scene she has to appear in a plain traveling dress. When she marries a baronet, so that he may evade the conditions of his uncle's will, and go honeymooning with the lady of whom the canny old uncle did not approve, she evidently thinks that a series of smart and becoming gowns are necessary for a wedding, even if a husband is not.

## A Dainty Setting.

Kitty lives in a charming villa on the Lake of Geneva. The room in which she entertains her husband at a dinner is a very feminine, odd and dainty apartment. The walls are green, above a dado of white, and the doors and woodwork, too, are white. The windows are high, wide, French affairs, with many panes, and white curtains, with borders of pink roses and green foliage, are drawn aside to show a view of the lake and the opposite shore. The furniture is white enameled wood, decorated delicately with gilt and roses. There is a marqueterie desk and a gilded cane couch. The piano is a miniature grand, in a white case. The lampshades are of fluted silk, patterned with roses, and on



ELISE DE VERE AND EIGHT OF THE CHORUS GIRLS IN "THE RED FEATHER."

the piano is a unique electric lamp in the form of a cluster of hydrangeas, in pale pink and mauve. On the walls hang a few colored prints in gold frames.

Into this room is brought the table with its shaded lights and prim little vases of flowers when the dinner is served. The dinner is very simple, Kitty explains—just crouté au pot, salmon trout, a filet, and a fruit salad. After dinner Kitty smokes a cigarette. Her frock on this festive occasion is of lace, creamy and soft and simply made, without a scrap or suggestion of trimming except three beautiful diamond buttons at the waist in the back. With this frock she wears a hat with a wreath of roses and carries a scarlet frilled parasol when she comes in from the garden.

Later in the evening she dons a frock of white lace with a loose overdress of creamy, lustrous tissue, edged with quillings of rose color and embroidered with bowknots of silver. The bodice is low and there is a bow with long ends of pearl and gold at the left side.

## Gowns to Weep In.

When "The Marriage of Kitty" threatens to become a very sad affair for that sprightly little person, she weeps in an adorable skirt and bodice of blue liberty silk with three little frounces of white lace at the foot of the skirt, and an impermanent little skirt on the bodice. The bodice is made of white lace with mere strips of blue liberty silk, and the skirt is accordion plaited. This dainty frock is cut a bit low, also.

When the artful heroine pretends to run away, she wears a cloak of sun-pleated white cloth, with a big capelet of cloth lined with chiffon, as is the whole cloak, and a stole arrangement around the shoulders of gold embroidery. Her hat is a triumph of simplicity. It is flat, and the only vestige of trimming is a soft brown spray that reaches across the crown and covers the brim. Under this cloak the little lady wears a tea gown of pink under white lace, with a row of pink satin bows cascading down the left side.

offer at the Columbia Theater a week from tomorrow night, have a rather interesting history. It seems that, in producing this merry play, Mr. La Shelle broke all records in the matter of time. The day that he accepted the play from Mr. Thomas he found that he could book it at the Madison Square Theater in New York, but the engagement must open in exactly sixteen days from date.

The scenery was still to be made and painted, and the company to be engaged and rehearsed. But Mr. La Shelle accepted the time and went ahead to do in two weeks what ordinarily he or any other manager would have wanted two months for. And he succeeded in ringing the curtain up on time on the date first fixed. When it came to getting pictures of the scenes for advertising the play in advance, however he was "stalled." How could he take photographs of scenery that was still unpainted. Fortunately, all of the scenes in the play are laid in various rooms of the famous Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Mr. La Shelle telephoned the manager of the hotel, "Might he be allowed to send the actors to the Waldorf and have them photographed in the various rooms to be depicted in the play?" "Yes, the manager would

## "Realistic" Flashlights.

A Curious Solution of a Curious Problem in Photography.

The flash-light photographs showing the various scenes of "The Earl of Pawtucket," the Augustus Thomas comedy which Manager Kirke La Shelle is to

be very glad to accommodate." And so it happens that the flashlights being used by the company in frames and for newspaper illustrations are pictures, not of scenery, but of the thing itself. It is said that, in making the settings for the play, the original furnishings and decorations of the Waldorf-Astoria had been copied so closely that no difference can be detected in the photos. Seats and boxes for Lawrence D'Orap's engagement in "The Earl of Pawtucket" will be ready Thursday morning.

## On Being With Mansfield.

A Service Which Many Men Find Pleasant.

An impression prevails that Richard Mansfield's associates find life with the distinguished actor too strenuous for continued service. A glance at the long cast of "Old Heidelberg" and comparison with other Mansfield casts goes some way to refute this. At least, Richard Mansfield, manager, always succeeds in retaining the services of Richard Mansfield, actor, and Richard Mansfield, producer.

When it became known in New York that Managers Broadhurst & Currie were to bring out a stage version of R. F. Outcall's cartoons, "Buster Brown," Mr. Currie's office was besieged daily by "abbreviated" comedians who wished to attempt the role of Buster. Mr. Currie is a very busy man and in order to keep out the horde of fakirs, book agents and other time destroyers who infest the office buildings of New York, he has the upper portion of his office door made of glass, in order that he may size up a prospective caller before he allows him to enter.

## An Abbreviated F. g. h. e. r.

A Big Spirit in a Little Body Earns a Contract.

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# A VALUABLE ACQUISITION?

By Arthur F. (Old Pard) Bloomer

THE "Mittentown Ocholeocrat" was without an editor. For nine years the late Nathaniel Barlow had worked and labored, and had finally turned his back to the wall, and was peacefully resting to his fathers.

The widow Barlow resolved to conduct the paper herself, depending on skilled labor on the sixteen-year-old "cub" whom six months before her husband had transplanted from a near-by cornfield.

After four weeks devoted to the education and enlightenment of mankind, Mrs. Barlow, assisted by the advice of friends, arrived at the conclusion that she was not entirely satisfactory to herself as an editor, and she wrote to a friend in the city, a former graduate of the "Ocholeocrat" office, asking him to send her a competent man.

Mr. Tracy—John Warburton Tracy—arrived at his destination on Saturday morning, and as his coming had been duly advertised by Mrs. Barlow—from "mouth to ear," almost as effectual publicity as the "Ocholeocrat" was capable of giving—the greater number of the prominent men of the town called on him on the day of his arrival, to pay their respects and gratify their curiosity.

After spending the day in informal receptions and "getting the lay" of the office, Mr. Tracy went to the village hotel, to remain until he secured permanent quarters.

The next morning, after breakfasting, he heard the church bells calling sinners to repentance and worship.

"I'll make a better impression, I guess," said he to himself, "if I go to church," and he went.

On arriving, a little late, he found the congregation in an expectant attitude, and after waiting some time he discovered that the delay was caused by the absence of the minister.

Finally, a good old deacon climbed up to the pulpit, gave out a hymn, which the choir sang, and then prayed long and fervently, as good deacons should. At the conclusion of the prayer a little boy handed the deacon a note, which he read aloud. It was to the effect that the minister had been suddenly taken ill and would be unable to preach.

After this announcement, the deacon ran his eye over the congregation, and it rested on Mr. Tracy.

"My friends," said the deacon, "we have with us in our devotions this morning the new editor of the 'Ocho-

leocrat," Mr. Tracy. In the unfortunate absence of our beloved pastor, will not brother Tracy talk to us a little while? I am sure we will be edified."

"Without a word of dissent or protest, Mr. Tracy ascended the pulpit and faced the congregation.

"My brethren," said he, "this is, of course, entirely unexpected on my part. But I hold that it is every man's duty to do whatever it is meet and proper for him to do whenever and wherever called upon. I will make faith the theme of my remarks, taking as my text the words of our Lord and Master, 'O, ye of little faith.'"

For nearly an hour he held the attention of his hearers as he spoke of the sublimity of faith under trying circumstances, under persecution, in distress, by the aged and decrepit, the middle-aged and strong, by the buoyant youth and by the little leaping child, and as he closed with a fervent appeal to heaven for the strengthening of the faith of his people, the congregation listened with a feeling that perhaps they were gaining rather than losing by the illness of their pastor.

The next day he was busy with his office duties when he noticed a commotion in the street. His "nose for news" led him to do coat and hat and go forth to investigate.

"Nothing but a sick horse, Mr. Editor," said a lounge, as he approached. Pushing his way in, he examined the horse almost with the scrutiny of a professional.

"Colic, eh?" said he. "Get me half a pint of whisky. No—wait and take this to the drug store," and he hastily penciled off a prescription, "and tell 'em to hurry."

In a few minutes the medicine came, and he administered it to the unwilling beast in a way that showed he had done it before.

"Now take him to the stable and let him rest today," he said, as the horse showed signs of relief, and disappeared into his office.

"That's a handy fellow to have around," said the lounge.

After the evening meal he repaired to the schoolhouse to witness the debate between chosen sides of the Mitten-town Debating Society, and incidentally make a report of it for the week's issue. The question of debate was "Resolved, That trials are a greater menace to society than the yellow peril," and Mr. Tracy, being called upon to speak for the affirmative, his sledge-hammer arguments left no ground for his adversaries to stand upon, and his side easily got the decision.

"I used to go to the debating society a good deal when I was a boy," said he. "Evidently," said the chairman.

On Tuesday, as he was rolling up the columns of solid and leaded type with which he hoped to make the "Ocholeocrat's" influence felt far and wide, a youth came into the office with a swathed

and swelled jaw, asking where the dentist's office was.

"Across the hallway," said Mr. Tracy.

"Reckon he won't be there today," said the "cub." "I seen him start out riding with his girl this morning."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Tracy. "Toothache?"

"Yah, yah! Yes!" groaned the victim. "Come over into the dentist's office and let me look at it," said Mr. Tracy. "I guess it's not locked."

No, it wasn't locked. Placing the suffering youth in the chair, he hunted through a drawer, found the proper instrument, located the offending tooth, and snatched it out.

"Ah, that is better," said the sufferer, "between bloody expectations. 'But I haven't got any money, mister. I know the dentist and he'd trust me.'"

"So will I," said Mr. Tracy. "Pay the dentist when you get able. It is his job, anyway."

And he returned to his work.

"Or, Mr. Tracy," gurgled the charming soprano of the church choir, "we're in so much trouble. We were to sing 'Pinafore' tomorrow night for the benefit of the church, and now Mr. Guckian, the tenor, has a sore throat and can't sing. We must get out some handbills announcing the postponement."

"Too bad! What part is he down for?" "Ralph Rakestraw! Isn't it dreadful?" "Ralph Rakestraw, eh? Nice part! I used to sing it myself. About how many bills do you want, Miss Edith?"

"Oh, do you know the part of Ralph Rakestraw? Maybe you'd take his place! We're so disappointed at having to give it up! I'm cast for Josephine, you know. Won't you please sing it for us, Mr. Tracy?"

So that was arranged. Mr. Guckian be, really really disabled and a little more angelic than tenors usually are, especially choir tenors.

That evening, while sitting on the piazza of the hotel, smoking a cigar, a new-made friend came along.

"Come, Tracy," said he, with easy familiarity. "Let's go down to Bill Rogers' dance. It's your duty as an editor to see everything that is going on, even if you are religious," for he had been one of Tracy's listeners the Sunday before.

Arrived at Rogers', Tracy watched a dance or two, entered into the spirit of the occasion, and whiffled a pretty party for a waltz, a cotillon, and a country dance or so, when he noticed that the music was getting wabbly.

"The boys are getting old Jake drunk," said one, jerking his thumb toward the fiddler.

Soon the music stopped entirely. Old Jake was asleep, beyond human power of awakening. Tracy looked him over, then took the fiddle and bow out of his loosening fingers, struck a few notes, and asked:

"What were you going to dance?" "Money Musk," said one. "O, darn old Jake! Why couldn't he keep sober?"

"Take your places," said Tracy. "I hate to see people disappointed," and in a moment merry feet were keeping time to better music than old Jake ever made in his soberest moments, and for the rest of the evening Tracy and not Jake was the orchestra.

The momentous Wednesday evening came, a crude stage and cruder settings had been erected in the schoolhouse, the auditorium was well filled, for it had been noticed about without posters that the new editor would take Mr. Guckian's place. Never had Mitten-town heard such singing as Tracy gave them in rendering Ralph Rakestraw.

He had to sing every number twice, and often if he would have stood for it, all the town was happy, and the clamor for the opera's repetition was immediate and loud.

"I believe I'll eventually be popular in this town," said Tracy to himself.

The Thespian Club had been advertised to produce "Romeo and Juliet," on Thursday night. But alas! again there was trouble. Tom Martin, who was cast for Romeo, was engaged to Miss Mary Baldwin, and had insisted that she should be the Juliet, while the rest of the company was for Miss Ida Ross, who was fairly well up in the part, whereas it was alleged that Miss Baldwin knew neither the lines nor the "business" sufficiently well to undertake it.

Being of an amiable disposition, she was perfectly willing to step aside in favor of Miss Ross.

"It's Miss Baldwin or I don't play," said Martin.

The house was filled and the management was in despair.

"There's Mr. Tracy in the audience," said the stage manager. "Ask him to come on the stage. Maybe he can do something with Tom."

"What's the row?" he asked. "The people are getting impatient."

The situation was explained to him. He remonstrated with Tom, but to no purpose, and then Tracy began to look dangerous.

"Where are the Romeo duds?" he asked; then turned to Tom and said: "You go down and take my seat in the audience. All Mitten-town is not to be disappointed because of your whims. I'll play."

And play Romeo he did. Fair Juliet never had more ardent lover, nor Tybalt fiercer antagonist. The Romeo of Martin as seen before was so insipid, compared to the fiery rendition of Tracy, that there was danger of the benches being torn up by the audience.

On Friday Tracy and the "cub" rattled up lead with a will, for Saturday was publication day. About noon the "cub" said:

"Mr. Tracy, there's going to be a horse race down on old man Edwells track this afternoon, and maybe you'd like to see it."

"What time will it be, son?" asked Tracy.

"'O, 'bout 3 o'clock, I reckon," was the reply.

"All right," said Tracy. "Sling up all the type you can till then and we'll go and see it. I ought to have a report of it, any way."

They arrived at the track—a straight half-mile one-on-time. There were five entries, but the jockey for one of the horses did not appear.

"Can't you get another?" said Tracy. "Don't see none around," said the horseman.

"Why don't you ride him yourself?" asked Tracy.

"With my 180 pounds? No, I want him to have a show. If I didn't weigh no more'n you do I'd ride him. What do you pull down—bout one and a quarter?"

"About that. I used to ride, but I haven't ridden a race since I was about sixteen," said Tracy.

"Tell you what I'll do," said the horseman. "If you ride him and win I'll give you half the stakes, and they're worth havin'."

"I guess I'll have to go you," said Tracy, and in five minutes he was up, and the horses were lined up, and the word given, and the race was on.

For the first quarter Black Bill was a little behind, but quite close up. Then Tracy began to ride, and as they came "down the stretch" his horse gradually forged ahead, leading a winner by nearly a length.

The entrance money being \$100, Tracy left the grounds with \$20 in his pocket—a greater sum than he had seen in many a day.

"I don't like to see a man done up by rascality," he murmured to himself as he returned to his hotel. At least, Richard Mansfield, the "Ocholeocrat" was put to press, issued and the "cub" sent to deliver their copies to the village subscribers, as has been the custom with country papers since the days when Benjamin Franklin delivered the "New England Courant" for his brother. It was duly read, favorably commented on and laid away for further reading.

In the afternoon Deacon Parker and one or two other pillars of the church called at the office to see Mr. Tracy. The minister was still too ill to officiate and they hoped that Mr. Tracy would again consent to talk to the congregation.

"Mr. Tracy is out," said the "cub."

"Have you any idea where he is?" asked the deacon.

"I seed him go into Tim Murphy's saloon," said the boy.

"Ah! Doubtless to receive some poor soul," said the deacon. "Let us go and help him. Ah, what an acquisition he is!" They found Tracy at Tim's hung over a chair, asleep—Typographical Journal.

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