THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENTS

Academy.

Monday Night—"On Parole."
Tuesday Night—"Playing the Game."
Wednesday Night—"Playing the Game."
Thursday Night—(Dark).
Friday Night—"Julius Caesar."
Saturday Matinee—"Julius Caesar."
Saturday Night—"Cymbeline."

BIJOU.

"Not Now But Soon" all the week.

"On Parole."

Louis Evan Shipman, who is the author of the war play "On Parole," which will receive its first presentation in this city tomorrow night at the Academy, claims the rather unique distinction of being the first playwright who has had the courage to construct a play in which the Civil War is treated from the Southern viewpoint. Mr. Shipman is the author of the two successful plays, the "Crisis," written for James K. Hackett, and "D'Arcy of the Guards," in which Henry Miller appeared. "On Parole" is distinctly a play of the late war. It is in four acts and the scenes are laid in Virginia, in the Valley of the Rappahannock Valley. Miss Charlotte Walker, who, by the way, is a Southern girl, born and bred in Galveston, will be seen as Consuelo Pinckney, the Southern spy, and Vincent Serrano, an actor of distinction and quality, as Major Dale, the Federal intelligence officer. The cast otherwise includes Frank E. Aiken, Morgan Coman, Scott Cooper, Thomas P. Jackson, Frederick Forrester, Francis Conlon, Fay Wheeler, Helen Graham and Alethea Luce.

A Washington critic writing of the first production of the play says:

Picture of Past.

Careless judgment will rate "On Parole" a war play. But it is much more than that.

It is, first, a delightful study in wartime atmosphere. Were there nothing else to recommend it, the white-paneled walls of old Pinckney House on the Rappahannock, the feminine costumes of delicate lawn and rich grosgrain silk, the ample hoop-skirts, the fragrant, lilac-hedged garden, and the personalities to which this background belongs would give the drama an almost irresistible charm. Now and then, last night, the dialect wavered, and here and there even Mr. Bennington, who designed the costumes, crossed the recollection of ladies of the old South who speak as these having authority in matters of the crinoline and poke bonnet. But Miss Walker and an admirable actor of old manor role, Frank E. Aiken, secured the interest with an urgent to delight the ear and keep the pulse time in stirring its central figures and their age of Virginia's gentle breeding.

Study of Emotions.

Fundamentally, the composition is a study of emotions, which, weighed with other plays of the same period, "Shenandoah" with which it is liable to be most compared, is quite without and the other themes of this time are not only more virulent, but less interesting. The floating Blade appears, of course; there are the inevitable deserters, and one of the prime consists of the threat of Confederate troops. But no one who ever other has a dramatic conception will regard those elements as the chief strength of "On Parole." On the contrary, the play is distinctly a study of emotions, of very beautiful episodes.

The plot is of little interest. With the exposition of the plot clearly in view, it was curious to note that not a single person left his seat last night until the curtain was down. But if it can be done without seeming to disparage the other three special attention should be directed to the first act. It shines. Apart from all the rest of the play, it is an admirable dramatic study crisp, virile, tense, and revealing of personalities beyond many four-act plays. Admirable acting by Mr. Aiken and the most pleasing assumption of two characters by Miss Walker contributed no doubt to give it much of its effect—but it is noteworthy for its authorship as well.

"Playing the Game."

It has been claimed for "Playing the Game," the newest of comedy prodigies, made this season, that it contains more uplift to the square than any now extant. Cleveland Moffett and Hartley Davis have written a comedy that is bound to last. Joseph and William W. Jefferson, who still remembered for their performances in "The Rivals," a part each for parts especially written for them, have had the [illegible] and public wherever they appeared. It is said it is a big, more ambitious production than any in which the Jeffersons have been seen, and they have been [illegible] this season. Mr. Jefferson [illegible] Rip Van Winkle, and the other [illegible] of a well-known artist in the Lambs' Club studio [illegible] dictions of the studio [illegible] but as to [illegible] Will [illegible] claimed that [illegible] expended on [illegible] before the [illegible]

The manager Jefferson is backed up by a past master in comedy, and did he not become sufficiently high in his art, and age, to be a [illegible] the father of fame from [illegible] Jefferson and [illegible] of the delicious comedy all over the civilized world. "Playing the Game" will be the attraction at the Academy on Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

"Julius Caesar."

The production of "Julius Caesar" by Charles B. Hanford, the [illegible] actor, will be awaited memories which are cherished with recurrent interest by every student of the American stage. When Booth and Barrett formed their famous partnership and produced "Julius Caesar" on a scale of magnificence which astonished both the theatrical profession and the public, there was some curiosity as to who would play the part of Marc Antony. It was immediately decided that Mr. Booth would play Brutus, and that Mr. Barrett would play Cassius. These two distinguished players were prompt in fixing on Charles B. Hanford for the [illegible]

HAP WARD AND LUCY DALY IN "NOT YET BUT SOON" AT BIJOU

other prominent role. It was a brilliant part for the young actor and he embraced it with bedizing artistic enthusiasm. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that it was a performance in a broad farce that paved the way for Mr. Hanford's appearance as a tragedian. When Robson and Crane were playing the "Comedy of Errors," Hanford was engaged in the supporting company with the part of Aegeon. Despite its merry surroundings, there is a strain of pathos and dignity in this character which Mr. Hanford brought out in a manner that attracted the notice of Lawrence Barrett and led to the subsequent distinguished association which paved the way for the career Hanford has since enjoyed. Mr. Barrett occupied a box and the effect produced by Mr. Hanford's work was noted by one of the Chicago critics as follows:

"Cymbeline."

"Even Aegeon, a very minor part, was presented by Charles B. Hanford in such a manner as to thrill Lawrence Barrett and evoke his unbounded applause." After that Mr Hanford played with Booth and Barrett, and Booth and Modjeska and other distinguished stars of that day. But his loyalty to the play in which he

Vokes. The plot of "Not Yet But Soon" is slight; the humor is of the rapid-fire variety, and comic situations and jests follow one another with kaleidoscopic swiftness. Hap Ward will be seen as "Bill Nerve," an eccentric individual, loving ease so well that, as the last resort, his family places him under the care of Professor Nutt, hoping to cure him of his laziness. Act first takes place at the Sanitarium of the Professor, "Buzzhouse-on-the-Hudson," and the fun waxes fast and furious when Bill discovers that the queer inmates of the place have mistaken him for a celebrated nerve specialist then expected from Europe. A fantastic burlesque entitled "Uncle Tom's Residence," in which Mr. Ward will be seen as "Little Eva," is introduced in the second act.

Musical Numbers.

Among the fourteen musical numbers rendered during the performance of "Not Yet But Soon," the following will be whistled by all who can "coax a lip"—"Mary Wise," Mam'selle," "Wonderland," "My Irish Girl," "Playmates," "When Dreams Come True," "Harry," "The Wedding of the Blue and the Gray," and "Campmeeting Time." Mr. Ward is a

[illegible] never waver [illegible] Barrett died. [illegible] purchased from the estate [illegible] Julius Caesar production. This [illegible] Hanford production is of course, [illegible] of the past, yet it serves as a [illegible] which is constructed. The elaborate scenic setting, which Mr. Hanford will present at the Academy [illegible] when he appears as Marc Antony, when he will play [illegible] Saturday night "Cymbeline" [illegible]

The company will open in Julius Miss Mary Anderson, who will have the role of Portia, and the remainder of the company has been selected with a view to [illegible] parts [illegible] Sixty [illegible] Pop at 9 o'clock.

Hap Ward.

Hap Ward and a company [illegible] Fifty [illegible] week, in a brand-new musical performance entitled "Not Yet But Soon." In this offering Mr. Ward celebrates a happy return to the style of play which first established his vogue as a comedian during his long association with Harry [illegible] stage-producer of ability and originality, and has personally supervised all dances, musical numbers and choral work.

A company of fifty, including a bevy of pretty girls and a host of comedians, and singers will assist Mr. Ward in the performance of "Not Yet But Soon" during the week will be found the well-known names of Lucy Daly, Fred Wykoff, Robert Evans, Matt Woodward, Dick Barry, John C. Hart, Fred Parrent, Charles Sandy Chapman, Carrie Merrilees, Jennie Palmer, Marian Merrill and Helen Clark.

Visitors—"Who do you make some of your play [illegible] some of them [illegible] Mrs. Grundy, no husband [illegible] the book complaining of the scarcity of the dull lately."—Detroit Tribune.

"Just kiss you" is the old-fashioned summing-up of sincere affection, with not the least smirk of studied civility.—George Eliot.

Captain Alexander Sampson, of the American Liner Merwaldo, has just completed his twenty first voyage, having traversed 4,000,000 miles without a mishap. He is supposed to be unparalleled in Atlantic boiling circles.

ANNIE RUSSELL TO WEAR TIGHTS

The Prim and Proper Prude to Discard Feminine Drapery.

RACE-HORSE ACT WITH TREADMILLS

Ancient Patent of Neill Burgess Brings Actor in Large Annual Income—Bryan and Roosevelt Both Impersonated on the New York Stage.

NEW YORK, September 19—The manner of the thing changes, but the soul of it remains the same. The faithful Adam of "As You Like It" reappears on the stage, but he no longer offers to his suddenly impoverished master the hoarded wages of a lifetime, with such eloquent words as:

"The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame."

The Adamly faithful Lucinda in "The Girl and the Gambler" says nothing like that when she comes to the aid of the beggared heroine who has been her gentle mistress. She comes to the point straight and quick. Hal Reid gives us action where Will Shakespeare gave us language. Lucinda is the devoted old negro servant in a family that a pair of villains, assorted male and female, disrupt by making the head of it throw his wife and daughters out of doors. The younger daughter is beloved of her audiences because she is their pet Florence Girl-with-the-diamond-dress Bradley, besides possessing in the fiction all the virtue and vivacity of the soubrette heroine, who comes to her father's door to beg food for her starving mother, and helps to keep her fallen sister from death by black-cloakitis. Her father would soften, but the adventuress conceals him with a siren gaze, so that he gives a bunch of mine shares to her and nothing but inedible scorn to his child. Thereupon the bad one peals a single bill off the most insultingly big green roll that ever I saw on the stage.

Hot Melodrama.

"Here, my girl," she cries, "you used to try to sing. Amuse me and you may have that for your starving mother."

And how she did sneer. Amuse her? She would have been harder to entertain than the Sphinx, or a Broadway first-nighter. You may think that the virtuous maiden refused the sinner's tainted money; but bear in mind that she was a singing soubrette also, and mustn't let a song remain overdue to the audience. So Florence Bradley sang "Annie Laurie" in a way that made the siren's two dollars seem too low a price and the audience's quarter and half dollars positive insults. That was the ballad with which her mother had won her father's heart, and now the adventuress was put to her trumps to keep him from falling to it again. But she was wise to the enchantment racket, and able to double-cross the tender memory kibosh. Those are phrases of criticism which may puzzle you, but would be full of meaning to that audience.

Just here the Afric-faced but Adam-hearted Lucinda got into action. "Do you see that lump?" she asked, pulling up her skirts to show two stockings, one of which had a big lump. "Dat's ma honest money, an' it ain yourah's, honey; all yourah's."

Annie in Tights.

Annie Russell expected to be in New York's theatrical spotlight last Monday evening, and all the other actresses on stage to be dim in her shadow, for sweet Annie, gentle Annie, of the nun face, who had never as much as switched her skirts on the stage, was ready to throw them off and play Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Nothing else competed for dramatic interest in Broadway. Other disclosures were put over till later in the week. Not a seat in the new theatre named after the Astors had been bayable within a fortnight. The performance had been timed for 8 o'clock promptly, but it didn't, and half an hour later a man with the scared face of an apologist came before the curtain. Had Annie been unable after all to screw her courage to the sticking point? No. There was a pump backing in the outfit of the stage, and the fire commissioner insisted that the audience be dismissed.

It was too late for the turned-out peasantry to shift to any of the many full-length plays that were under way in the vicinity. But the front of a vaudeville theatre on the next block was paraded "The Futurity Winner," which looked pretty to the rounders, and one or two hundred went in to see a horse-race drama that was small in duration but big in realism. Why does nobody ever write a turf play without a crooked jockey impeding a true and a straight jockey seeing it? Perhaps it would be futile. What other plot would give interest to the action. Certainly, Edward Dey hadn't tried to put any other motive into "The Futurity Winner." But he had made an honest experiment which was a bold dash to fame in vaudeville. Two jockeys are the important characters. One has been ruled off the course for foul riding, but the stewards have forgiven him, and he is striving in vain to get a mount. The other has been fair, but now he yields to a rich lady, and agrees that the horse able to win shall lose.

All of which is natural and human, but the audience is puzzled to pick the hero or the villain, and when the two jockeys have a desperate fight to decide which shall ride the horse, the applause and the hissing defy harmonious apportionment. The upshot is, though, that both fellows turn loyal to the pretty Kentucky girl who owns the racer, and would be ruined in fortune if he were to be beaten.

Race-Horse Play.

The great barrah over "The Futurity Winner" is gained by paying Neil Burgess a hundred and five dollars a week, not as an actor, but as an inventor. He is the same Neil Burgess, who began as a negro minstrel, changed to the humor of Yankee old maids, and patented the treadmill as a means of making a horse trot without moving out of the audience's sight. It was no more Ahagail Prue than her mare, "Cold Molasses," that brought a fortune to Burgess in "The County Fair." Subsequently, he lost all his money in "The Year One," a play of ancient Rome, with a chariot race for spectacular excitement. He planned an all alive copy on Geronie's famous painting, with two four-horse teams dashing madly head on towards the spectators. The horses had been trained to run on the treadmills, but when the curtain went up, and the beasts found themselves facing a row of footlights, with a crashing orchestra in a pit just beyond, and a yelling mass of people in the dim distance, some of them squatted on their haunches in terror, and "The Year One" ended then and there in a fiasco.

But Burgess retained his patents, and when General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" was staged the treadmills were utilized in the chariot race—three at a royalty of thirty-five dollars apiece per week—yielding an annual income of about five thousand. And before "Ben Hur" ceases "The Futurity Winner" begins to earn money for him.

The modern horse race of the stage at its best has consisted hitherto of the start of the horses, their passing out of sight instantly, an interval of hullaballoo by the actors to arouse enthusiasm over something that is invisible, and finally a dash into view by the racer for a finish. But in this vaudeville drama let three thoroughbreds run madly a distance of half a mile or so on stationary treadmills, while a panorama is moved rapidly behind them, and the illusion of an actual race is created. And Neil Burgess's income continues.

Political Personages.

Theodore Roosevelt was made a personage in a play of trust versus labor lately, and audiences cared so little for the President, as therein brought down to a theatric level, that the piece has been retired for reconstruction, with the political element eliminated. This week we have William Jennings Bryan on the stage, by the proxy of an imitative actor, but in this case it is a sketch in vaudeville.

Right here I offer a reward of a blue

VINCENT SERRANO,
leading man in "On Parole."

ribbon for a false high forehead that won't show its junction with a real low forehead. Our women folk go shopping with a sample of dress stuff, and come home with ribbons of precisely the same color. That actors don't make the tints of flesh and papier mache exactly alike is proof that they can't. Yet John W. Ransome renders himself liable to the accusation of being a malicious enemy of Mr. Bryan, instead of the exploiting friend that he pretends to be, when he makes the Nebraskan pink half-way up his forehead and white above that line. I won't speculate as to the inside condition of the brain in a head thus variegated in tints outside. Any when the color line is further marked by a ridge in the skin, what sinister design of malicious misrepresentation may not fairly be attributed to Mr. Ransome?

In other respects this make-believe Bryan looks like the genuine Bryan, and at the outset acts and talks like him; but soon the manner, voice and diction drop to those of a monologue humorist, who makes Bryan tell old jokes as new from his European tour. However, Bryan's adherents in the audience don't get discouraged, and when Ransome sings "Down with trusts and up with tariff" there is enough cheering to enliven a political meeting.

Man and His Angel.

To some of us who saw Booth's hunchback jester in "The Fool's Revenge," his expression of malice to his royal employer and love to his cherished daughter still seem the same of contrast in a single personation. With younger folk, very likely Mansfield's tricky rather than great performance of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde stands out as the most vivid depiction of duality in discord. Something like Victor Hugo's and Robert Louis Stevenson's creatures of contrariety is attempted by Stanley Dark in a new play called "Man and His Angel," inspired by Tennyson's "Day Dreams." The poet wrote:

"If there be
A devil in a man, there is an angel, too;
And if he did the wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart."

That is to say, as Beecher was fond of preaching, there is an upper and a lower nature fighting in every man for dominance, as set forth in Hugo's play and Stevenson's story, and in poor Beecher's case in real life, we know how destructive was the conflict. Stanley Dark illustrates this theme in "Man and His Angel" with a man who is a deformed cripple and a girl who is an angel of loveliness. The story goes that David Tryne, hideous, has been the servitor and defender since her childhood of Sonia Stepniak, beautiful. She trusts him implicitly, he loves her carnally, and when she would give herself in marriage to a fitting suitor, he plots like a fiend of hell to get possession of an angel of heaven.

There you have the scheme of the only purposeful play in New York this week; but its first public performance is too late to be described in this letter, a rehearsal has not developed its qualities, and I must ask you to wait a week to read further about it.

Clothes.

Lack of space kept me from saying as to "Cardinal" last week, that it contained several oddities. It begins with one of those gatherings of gossipers that have been familiar in plays since "The School for Scandal," but there is new amusement in the half dozen lapdogs that the women bring and are silly over. A sidelight is thrown comically on the theme of vanity in dress by having the heroine change a suit of an old maid into coquettishness by fluffing her hair, turning in her gown at the neck, rolling up her sleeves to the elbows, decorating her corsage with flowers and powdering her face.

The showy third act is at a ball, and here the traduced heroine, being insulted by her drunken villifier, throws him down a flight of stairs in a startling manner. Frank Worthing is the insulter, and the stunt equals that of Kyrle Bellew in "A Gentleman of France." But the oddest and boldest thing is a final act which lasts but six minutes.

The story might have ended at the ball. There is nothing left but "Will you marry me?" and "Yes." The girl enters her chamber. Her wooer appears at the window. She is glad, but cautious, and won't let him in.

"Remember Romeo and Juliet at the balcony," says he.

"Ah, but Mrs. Grundy hadn't been born yet," says she.

So she opens the door of her chaperon's bedroom. That lets a light shine on the window, across the sill of which the betrothal is tersely made, and the curtain is lowered while the lovers are prolonging a kiss.

FRANKLIN FYLES.

AMUSEMENTS.

Academy---Monday, Sept. 24
NIGHT ONLY.
EDWARD A. BRADEN
PRESENTS
"On Parole"
By LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN,
Author of "D'Arcy of the Guards," etc.
The First War Play Written from the Confederate View Point, and with the Following Cast:
Charlotte Walker, Vincent Serrano,
Frank E. Aiken, Morgan Coman, Scott Cooper,
Thos. P. Jackson, Frederick Forrester, Francis X. Conlan,
Fay Wheeler, Helen Graham, Alethet Luce.
Artistic Settings! Historically Correct!
Prices: 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50.

ACADEMY---Tuesday and Wednesday, September 25-26,
JOSEPH and WILLIAM W.
JEFFERSON
IN CLEVELAND MOFFETT AND HARTLEY DAVIS' NEW ORIGINAL COMEDY OF TO-DAY,
Playing the Game.
THE HANDSOMEST AND MOST MASSIVE PRODUCTION OF THE SEASON.
BUILT FOR LAUGHTER ONLY!
Prices: 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50.

ACADEMY---FRIDAY and SATURDAY, September 28-29.
MATINEE SATURDAY.
Annual Engagement of the Distinguished Actor,
CHAS. B. HANFORD,
Accompanied by
MISS MARIE DROFNAH
Presenting Two Masterpieces of the Drama,
"Julius Caesar" and "Cymbeline"
Friday Night—JULIUS CAESAR. Mr. Hanford as Marc Antony.
Saturday Matinee—JULIUS CAESAR. Mr. Hanford as Brutus.
Saturday Night—CYMBELINE. Miss Drofnah as Cymbeline; Mr. Hanford as Iachimo.
AN ELABORATE SCENIC PRODUCTION OF EACH PLAY.
40---PEOPLE IN THE CAST---40
PRICES: Night—25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50. Matinee—25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.
Seats on Sale Monday Morning at 9 o'Clock.

Bijou
Week Starting MONDAY NIGHT SEPT. 24
Matinees, Tues., Thurs., Sat.
A REAL BIJOU BARGAIN
NOT YET BUT SOON
The Funniest and Best Dressed Musical Song Show in America.
E. D. STAIR presents
THE RAPID FIRE HUMORIST.
HAP WARD
Everything New Just from the Mint
50 PEOPLE Including a Dandy Chorus
LUCY DALY,
Fred Wykoff, Robert Evans, Matt. Woodward, Dick Barry, John C. Hart, Harry Parrent, Chas. (Sandy) Chapman, Carrie Merrilees, Jennie Palmer, Marian Merrill, Helen Clark.
Twenty New Song Hits.