

HOW THEATRICAL FOLK LIVE

In contradistinction to the prevailing thought that all theatrical people, including managers, are minus the bump of domesticity are these facts concerning the off-duty hours and the social side in the lives of some of our well-known professionals.

Actors may travel ten months out of the year and during that time hotels will be their abiding-place, but as surely as the months between seasons come around you will find them in their own homes enjoying the delights of amateur gardening, farming, prospecting—in fact, almost anything that is in direct contrast to their life work, for it is the country air, the new occupations and the exercise that give them strength and vigor to cope mentally and physically with the demands of the public for the following season.

Many a stage heroine or a matinee hero develops the taste for ranching, and all over California one can find cozy little haciendas belonging to various members of the profession. Foreign artists are not exempt from this love of country life and domesticity.

Jean de Reszke has a country home a few miles from St. Petersburg, where his friends can find him sunburned and happy and in all probability if one should call in the morning they would catch this artist with a broad-brimmed sombrero shading his eyes and a garden rake in his hands. There is nothing really more delightful than playing at work.

Albert Saleza spends his off hours on his farm near Burges in the lower Pyrenees, where he is enthusiastic to a degree over his chickens, pigs and cows. I am told that the keenest pleasure and the most beneficial exercise is taken in these seriocomic attempts at ranching.

Imagine the handsome Ernest Hastings varying his morning calisthenics by pulling the weeds from the lettuce bed, or the dainty little Edna Wallace Hopper taking care to the chickens and every afternoon going the rounds gathering the eggs in her gingham sunbonnet—well, that is what you are very apt to find her doing should you happen to visit her in her little ranch home near Alameda during vacation.

Moffjeska delights in entertaining her friends in her country place near San Diego. Florence Roberts takes her vacations in an artistic home in San Francisco, where every room is furnished with an eye to solid comfort, and as Lewis Morrison, her husband, has a passion for horses San Franciscans are familiar with the sight of these two spinning along the boulevard in the face of an exhilarating sea breeze.

White Whittlesey has a hobby, think of it, matinee girls, your hero has a hobby, and it is—home. But that home is in Connecticut, and in it his mother holds everswing sway. Odd artistic bits and embroidered draperies are now and then picked up along the route of travel and all find their way back to the Eastern villa, where between seasons you can find Mr. Whittlesey busy transplanting pansies, and sometimes when the gardener is not looking he will run the lawn mower along in uneven amateurish fashion, thinking all the time, no doubt, that had not fate made him an actor he would have been a capital farmer. Midsummer illusions, to be sure!

Henry Miller is absolutely devoid of hobbies at the present time; work, work is his every-day programme, and his home is where the hour finds him. His vacations are spent abroad, where he still keeps in touch with theatricals and study, but fifteen years hence he is going to pursue a fad. I have his word for it. Now, what do you suppose it is? No more nor less than doing just exactly as he pleases. Sleep when and as long as he wishes, eat what he likes regardless of the fattening qualities, let his beard grow long, don his most comfortable clothes for all occasions, and last, but not least, occasionally enjoy seeing a show from the front of the house in place of getting a profile view from the wings.

Can any one conjure a more ideal picture of comfort for an overworked actor? Lillian Burkhardt has a flat in New York.

Margaret Anglin, the recently "discovered," also lives in a cozy flat, which is shared by our talented San Francisco playwright, Charlotte Thompson. When one is not acting and the other not writing they hie to the kitchen, where the scandalized cook watches them concoct the most delicious salads, and it is said by those of their friends who know that all of their chafing-dish specialties are not failures.

Nat Goodwin and his beautiful wife, Maxine Elliott, make their headquarters in their English home abroad.

Now to some of our local managers and their homes. Perhaps there is more speculation as to the duties and pleasures of theatrical people than of any other profession. Some will insist that a manager's life is all beer and skittles, others that it is all worry; neither, however, is correct, but from general observation the former theory has a big of the best of it, I fancy.

Walter and Harry Morosco of the Grand Opera-house have quarters that would tempt almost any one to become a manager. Rich tapestry, quaint artistic bits of bric-a-brac, easy chairs and soft rugs in abundance.

Mr. Leahy of the Tivoli has perhaps the most interesting den in San Francisco. One where he can shut himself off from civilization and find surcease of sorrow in the contemplation of his handsome theatrical photograph gallery. Here can be found the most valuable collection of old-time followers of the stage in this city. Perhaps the most marked of all is the group photograph, showing all of the great American actors and actresses that from time to time have figured in the famous old stock company of the California Theater—Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Adelaide Nielson, old Mrs. Julia, Mme. Januschek, James O'Neill, Clara Morris, Emily Melville and many others.

315 Hyde street is the home address Fred Belasco of the Alcazar gives his friends. It is presided over by his charming wife, and many there are who can bear testimony to the true hospitality that is dispensed within its doors. Mr. Belasco has a penchant for color, so the various rooms are furnished to carry out the color scheme, his own being in the richest of dark reds, and all the cushions upon which he so comfortably reclines, seemingly in happy speculation of how many presents he is going to receive on his next birthday, are of the same rich hue.

Mr. Ellinghouse of the California Theater drowns his business sorrows in the most comfortable bachelor quarters imaginable—325 Ellis street is his home, and there one can generally find him when off dark reds, and all the cushions upon which he so comfortably reclines, seemingly in happy speculation of how many presents he is going to receive on his next birthday, are of the same rich hue.

ACTORS DREAD THE STAGE KISS.

AMY (wildly)—I love you! I love you!
Sir Athol (crossing to her quickly)—I know it! My own!
They embrace passionately.
So runs the manuscript, and "Sir Athol" presses his lips to hers for several seconds, and Edwin and Angelina in the pit—for it is early closing day in Brixton—squeeze each other's hands and look into each other's eyes and yearn.

"You bet he's pretty sweet on her in real life," observes the sapient Edwin on the way home, "or he'd never kiss her like that!"

"Oh, do 'ush!" replies his divinity coyly.

"Not but what I thought so, too."

And the ardent young stockbroker's clerk, who has a great reputation in his home circle as a "regular flirt," feels that he is being wasted in mere business; that, loving the stage, he would make a splendid "stage lover"; and, with no other qualification than that of suburban Don Juanism, he forthwith joins Mr. Squeezer's X Company—"fit-up" towns—and starts on his theatrical career at Salisbury Town Hall.

In reality a stage kiss is a thing of little ecstasy to the parties concerned. It is, as a rule, dreaded by both. Where the artists are of a nervous temperament the thought of the stage kiss keeps them awake at nights. Never since the days of Judas has anything in kisses been invented so completely giving the lie to the real article. In the first place, however it may seem from the front, it is not easy to put much "soul" into the affair under the eyes of several hundred spectators. It would not be easy, I imagine, in actual

life; it is doubly difficult when all these hundreds of people—many of them experienced in the art of osculation—have nothing else to attract their attention, and, having paid their money mean to see the thing properly done. The audience forgets that, which is probably the case, these ardent lovers are the merest acquaintances, possibly even not on speaking terms outside the theater, especially if there be a great discrepancy in their respective salaries. No, the dress circle sees nothing but a sweet, pretty girl clinging to her lover, her blue eyes wet with tears, her sunny ringlets falling on his manly bosom.

But what does he see, poor fellow? He is the earnest lover. He has exchanged vows with her, three inches from her nose, bawling into her face in order that the "kods" may hear and understand. She has assured him, in the same beloved, that his love is not in vain; she has loved him, oh! ever since before she saw him. He "thrills"—a stage thrill is comparatively easy—and starts on the kiss. He looks her full in the face (for now he is bound to), and what does he see?

Glaring into his, two unearthly looking eyes, the lids painted dark blue, with a touch of red color in each of the inside corners. The lashes are thickly coated with a black substance not unlike burnt cork. On her brow he can discern the line of the wig with the sunny ringlets attached. He knows the sickly taste of the ultra-sanguine, rosebud lips. But, loyal to his author, he plays the man. He strains the yielding form to his heart; he "kisses" her; the curtain falls on a picture of unexampled love, and as the lights in the

audience are switched on Edwin and Angelina yearn again. And lo! Angelina's soft eyes are filled with tears, she is that happy!

Who, who can question the stage lover's right to a bottle of stout, or any other refreshment he may require, after this? And surely the ghastly business is no less disagreeable to the poor feminine victim, fresh, very likely, from all the comforts of a refined home, with flowers and things. If only in a stage kiss each wasn't so near to the other! If only each could not see the other! But, by love, he can, and that is where the trouble of stage kisses comes in.

The crowning torture of a stage kiss may be—and, where possible, is—avoided by the "kiss implied" method. Here the author's victims shoot their heads over each other's shoulder, and by their ecstatic thrills give the audience to understand that a kiss is going on somewhere in the region of the ear. But the "kiss implied" must be done very adroitly or the implication will be missing; and he must carefully guard the lapel of his dress coat from contact with her cheek, for both their sakes. But it is a cowardly subterfuge at best. Or it may be that a mere planting of the lips on her brow, just near the wig, will suffice; but this "kiss paternal" denotes a flabby, degenerate sort of lover. Again, if matters have not gone to extremes, the young man may get off with kissing the lady's hand; the "kiss reverential" is a good way out of the difficulty when practicable. But the best way of all, from the actor's point of view, is to cut out the objectionable lines and episode or to rewrite the play.



SEBASTIAN OPPENHEIMER AT HOME



JOHN MORRISSEY THINKING IT OVER



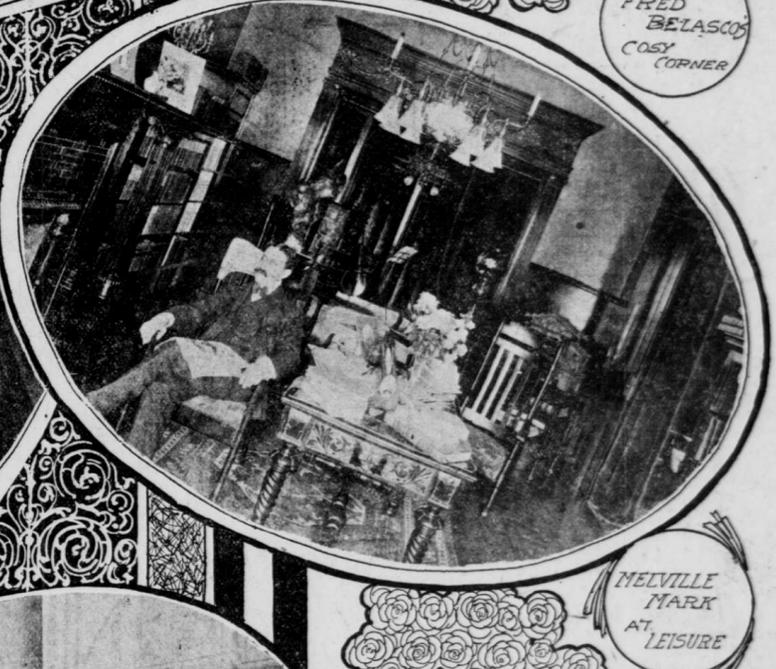
MARK THALL'S IDEA OF HOME



FRED BELASCO'S COSY CORNER



W. H. LEAHY'S DEN



MELVILLE MARK AT LEISURE



J. J. GOTTLLOB'S SITTING ROOM



MORRIS MEYERFELD AT TALKING ORPHEUM

lonely bachelor state he finds life not quite a failure.

One of the finest libraries in San Francisco can be found in the home of Mr. Marks of the Columbia Theater. Next to books Mr. Marks likes flowers, and many an hour is whittled away in the floral wilderness surrounding his home out on the heights of Broadway.

Mr. Morrisey of the Orpheum occupies the coziest apartments that the Palace Hotel can furnish; there he has home without the worry of occasionally discharging the cook. If Mr. Morrisey has a hobby, it is perhaps that of making happy his beautiful and talented life companion, Mrs. Morrisey.

Mr. Oppenheimer, the youngest of Frisco managers, resides with his mother, 311 Spruce street, and a very pretty place it is, for Mr. Oppenheimer has a fondness for Oriental draperies and a fad for collecting rugs, both of which add greatly to the comfort and beauty of his home.

Mr. Meyerfeld, president of the Orpheum, resides at 1012 Van Ness avenue. In the photograph on this page he is busy talking over a business matter with Martin Beck, the Eastern representative of the Orpheum. Mr. Beck was somewhat shy of the camera, but the photographer caught him just as he was saying "syndicate," and here he is.

There is an erroneous idea that he is not acting the part of dignified manager say he knows how to use those articles and that when he does the result would tempt an epicure.

In business as well as in the social side

one will find it difficult to pick out a profession possessing a keener spirit of good fellowship, a more fraternal feeling, where each member is always ready to lend a hand, or to be the first to speak a word of praise for a fellow artist, than in the theatrical profession, and as the stage is most prolific of reminiscences and productive of the best entertainers it would be equally difficult to find a more thoroughly jolly, well informed and companionable lot of citizens than managers and actors.

H. H. QUIMBY.