

Dramatic



The libretto has also been commended as a bright and witty affair. As for the staging of the opera, the mere fact that it has scored a success in the large cities is in itself sufficient guaranty that it is richly and picturesquely mounted.

Then it possesses that potential attraction, that elongated comedian with the rich bass voice, De Wolf Hopper, who plays the title role. Local theatergoers are unacquainted with the "title role," but they all know and like Mr. Hopper. The people who say that Hopper is not a funny man are few and far between, and they cannot prove their assertion in the presence of a "whole theaterful of others" whose laughter is convincing testimony of the comedian's mirth-provoking abilities. The character of El Capitan is that of a blustering, cowardly insurgent general, a role that the comedian ought to portray with irresistible effect from a comic opera standpoint.

Mr. Hopper is surrounded, so the management assures the public, with

"El Capitan," John Philip Sousa's comic opera, with De Wolf Hopper in the title role, will play a brief engagement at the Metropolitan opera house this week. Only three performances will be given—Tuesday night and Wednesday afternoon and night.

In the line of comic opera the engagement should prove one of the events of the season. Of all the works of this kind produced in the metropolis



DE WOLF HOPPER IN "EL CAPITAN."

this season, "El Capitan." Judging from the press reports, seems to have enjoyed the greatest popularity, its chief competitors have been "Half a King," with Francis Wilson as the shining light; "The Wizard of the Nile," with Frank Daniels as the "wizard," and "The Mandarin." These last three operatic extravaganzas have all been given here since the first of the year, and each was received with approbation. Now comes Sousa's contribution, which is reported to surpass them all.

"El Capitan" is the joint production of Sousa and Charles Klein, who furnishes the libretto. The opera is said to be replete with sparkling melodies and inspiring marches, which the very name of the composer suggests

the entire original cast that appeared in the New York production. The company includes Edna Wallace Hopper, Nellie Bergen, Alice Hosmer, Edmund Stanley, the well known tenor, Alfred Klein, the diminutive, roly-poly comedian, Thomas S. Guise and others.

The Lenten season has had no apparent effect upon the business of Mrs. Flske in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" at the Fifth Avenue theater. This artist is now in her second month, and interest in her acting and the drama made from Hardy's famous story is increasing. She has played and is still playing to a succession of the largest audiences seen in New York at any season in years. A remarkable thing about the production is the fact



W. H. CRANE IN "A POOL OF FORTUNE."

that persons go again and again to witness it, and apparently enjoy it as thoroughly after several visits as they did at first. Interest abroad is shown in the play, and Mrs. Flske's work in it is severally commended in London papers, noting the success, patriotically regrets that the presentation was made in New York instead of London. Mrs. Scott's wife, a noted Italian art critic and a personal friend of Duse, after seeing the play declared that it was admirably fitted to the Italian stage, and has asked permission to translate it for her "Tess," in short, appears to be the reigning sensation.

Farce comedy will have an inning at the Grand the present week. A good entertainment of this order is promised in the visit here of "The Prodigal Father," the engagement will open tonight and will include the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

"The Prodigal Father" is from the pen of Glen MacDonough, who has met with considerable success as a writer of farce comedies. The farce is in three acts, and turns on the story of the life of an unsophisticated old scientist, who has lived an innocent existence. He is about to make a trip to Africa for the purpose of exploring the wilds of that country in the interest of a geographical society, of which he is a member. Just as he is embarking on the steamer he is engaged by a glib sermo-comic actress. He starts in pursuit of her and follows her for two months, endeavoring to make an impression, but finding that he has made no progress, he finally gives up the chase. In his pursuit of the fair charmer, he has taken no thought of the light time he has wasted, and he is compelled to return home. Upon arriving there, he uses his powers of imagination to describe his trip, or supposed trip, to Africa. His Munchausenian productions much amusement. His prospective son-in-law leads him on to tell the story of his wondrous escape until the old man becomes involved that he cannot extricate himself.

The company is said to be well adapted to the piece. Miss Rose Melville will impress as a simple country girl; Dave J. Haipin will be seen in the character of the tramp and the other roles will be assumed by Charles Boyle, Carrie Graham, Ann Welcher, William Logan and others.

"The Serenade," at the Knickerbocker, continues to please large audiences, and the Bostonians could apparently go on singing it indefinitely, says a New York exchange. The catchy music and the really good libretto furnish much that is pleasant to hear, and the scenery and costumes still more that is good to see. The comic opera is a great success.

William H. Crane will take possession of the boards of the Metropolitan opera house on Thursday night, when he begins his engagement of three nights and a matinee. The play selected for the opening performance is entitled "A Fool of Fortune." A comedy by Miss Martha Morton. All of its scenes are laid in New York and the story that unfolds is one embodying the main features of the life of a man who won and lost millions of dollars in speculation. This man is called Elisian Cunningham, and the opening act introduces him and the members of his family. Cunningham came from the country when a boy with little or no education, but with a quantity of that commodity called by the world "horse sense." He drifted into Wall street and every thing that he touched turned to money. Having all of this world's goods that he thinks he needs, he is about to retire from business when his partner draws him into a scheme to corner the stock of a small railroad. A plan is on foot to consolidate the road with a more powerful one, which consolidation would make the stock of the smaller concern rise in value. As the brokers would control the stock, they could boost its price, and thereby make a fortune. Cunningham does not like the scheme at first, but he is to take part in it. There is a third party interested, and at the critical moment, he plays Cunningham false with the result that the broker is shorn of every dollar he has in the world, while the third party is an awful one to the broker and he quickly begins rolling down hill, growing aged in appearance, his clothes becoming shabby and his general condition in moments of despondency, he takes to drink and at the end of a year the change in him is so great that his friends are unable to recognize him. His one aim in life is to get on his feet again and is revenged on the false friend who ruined him. This he finally succeeds in doing, but the fight has weakened him that in the hour of his triumph, death steps in and carries him away. Mr. Crane will be seen as the broker and the portrayal is said to be a memorable one. The cast and settings will be seen in the presentation.

The play to follow on Friday night is "His Wife's Story," which has run the greater portion of a season at the Fifth Avenue theater in New York. The play deals with a phase of human nature that is very common, the selfish love of so many parents for their children. Bushanan Billings, a wealthy middle-aged man, has an only daughter who is betrothed to a young man, and he thinks that then more than ever he must look after her welfare, it never occurring to him that the duty of making her happy has fallen to another. He is in his house and having nothing to do, he begins meddling, after the fashion ascribed by the humorists to the parent of the "deserted." In his new home the young people are not left alone long. The old man puts in his appearance and unwittingly causes a quarrel between the husband and wife, the result being that the young man rushes off to Europe leaving his wife prostrated and broken hearted. A burlesque widow opens Billings' eyes to the part he played in the separation, and he thereupon sets about effecting a reconciliation. This done, he marries the widow and withdraws a better and wiser man. The play is said to be exceedingly bright and in its presentation Mr. Crane will be seen as the fussy, meddling old man. It will be repeated on Saturday afternoon, and on Saturday night "A Fool of Fortune" will again be the bill.

The announcement of a summer season of vaudeville at the Grand opera house ought to meet with the approval of local theatergoers. Several attempts have been made in the past to present this style of entertainment, but they have not been of the order that would warrant any great support, or of the character which has made this class of entertainment so decidedly popular in the cities of the East. Manager Litt is disposed to give the project the best kind of trial, and will present for the approbation of his patrons a list of vaudeville performers which he assures the public will surpass any previous aggregation of that character exploited in the Twin Cities.

In keeping with the usual summer season departure, Manager Litt announces the city as stars at the head of their own organizations. The management promises that care will be taken to select only the best class of specialties.

The lack of good plays is getting to

be serious, and yet the army of the "great unacted," which is frequently recruited, continues its war against the hostile managers with no stronger chance of ultimate victory than it has had in the past. In a recent issue of the New York Times, some plays must have been written that never receive other recognition than perfunctory reading by unimaginative persons employed to reject manuscripts that perhaps not even that. Surely pieces better worth a hearing than some of those upon which managers have lately expended money lavishly must have been put together by zealous students of the playwright's craft in 1896.

If Edwin Booth were alive today, would he be doing an act of tragedy on the vaudeville stage, sandwiched on the programme between a pair of clog dancers and a group of trained seals? Inquires the New York Mail and Express. Possibly, not. Probably not. And yet—one can but scan the Theatre's horizon and wonder. He might have lost his greatest triumphs in a period of un-Shakespearean interest, and turned a listening ear to the special blandishments of the contemporary. And Barrett and McCullough, Davenport and Bangs, Wallack and John Gilbert, Billy Florence and John T. Poynton—what opportunities for big pay and little work have they not missed by quitting all too soon their vaudeville stage, where they might have resisted, it is true, for a time, but they are today resisting. But for how long?

Who among us would marvel to learn that some vaudeville manager, more ambitious and more daring than his fellows, had mailed by this week's steamer a flattering offer to Sir Henry Irving, together with a contract, for him to fill in his own terms, stipulating only that he should not object to preceding or following a high-kecker or burlesque artist?

Truly we live in an age of vaudeville. Its rapacity respects neither age, sex, color nor previous condition. It seizes upon our Thespian idols, and, impetuous, it will not be deterred by hysteric and lyric art. It knows a good thing when it sees one, and pushes it along. It recognizes a condition, and meets it not with a theory, but with a bulging bank account. It throws out the right kind of bait, and lands a big fish with startling regularity. It is audacious, enterprising, impetuous, and it will not be deterred. And who except the severest moralist quarrels with success?

The season of 1896-7 will go down in history as the year of the vaudeville. Nothing like it was ever known. Such drafts as have been made upon the legitimate stage within six months we would have deemed impossible two years ago. Actors and actresses of distinction, who twelve months ago would have scorned the suggestion, now enter with equanimity the stage door of continuance performance, and extract from the treasury each week more generous tribute than they had enjoyed before in many moons.

At last a New York dramatic critic has had the courage to do Julia Marlowe a wrong. He has done it in the New York World upon Miss Marlowe's portrayal of Mary, the beggar maid in "For Bonnie Prince Charlie." John Dennis Jr. pays the actress this tribute:

What is acting? We see this young woman come upon the stage, put into life and action before us the pathetic story of the sufferings and death of a young beggar maid. Now, from the moment she appears until the curtain falls, her death there is no flaw in the illusion she creates. She is not at any time Julia Marlowe reciting lines; she is not a person taking a part in a pageant, and a necessary part in a pageant. In every phase of expression or sentiment she is in action; look, voice and bearing are all so adjusted to the exigencies of the plot. From the smallest details of her dress and the smallest movement of her hands to the height of her most passionate outburst she has responded accurately and completely to every infinite shade of every passing thought, idealizing it with that charm and poetry with which the great and idealism uplift and illumine reality.

Do to that is to be a great artist. Some things about Julia Marlowe's acting would be of great interest to actors and actresses might imitate. She never talks to the audience or looks at it. Never plays tricks with her eyes or her eyebrows. Never makes a gesture when there is no thought to be conveyed by it. Never declaims. Never monopolizes the center of the stage when the picture demands that she should be elsewhere. Never makes herself unduly conspicuous. Never utters a word without understanding its full meaning and relative importance. Never struts nor stalks. Never is artificial, superficial or lacking in feeling or reverence. Never allows her eyes to wander carelessly in all the plays I have seen her do in New York without discovering any of these crying and common faults of our actors.

Besides which, as nearly as I can judge from her work, she is a person of extraordinary intelligence and resources. Never makes herself unduly conspicuous. Never utters a word without understanding its full meaning and relative importance. Never struts nor stalks. Never is artificial, superficial or lacking in feeling or reverence. Never allows her eyes to wander carelessly in all the plays I have seen her do in New York without discovering any of these crying and common faults of our actors.

Manager Scott, of the Metropolitan opera house, has just completed arrangements with R. L. Giffen, manager of the Giffen & Neff company, for a summer season at this theater, beginning May 1 with the Giffen & Neff Stock company. This company played a brief engagement in this city two years ago, and created a delightful impression. The company was welcomed cordially by all theatergoers of this city.

The popular comedian, Nat C. Goodwin, will play an engagement for the first time in three years in this city, at the Metropolitan opera house, April 22 and 24, presenting the best and greatest success, "An American Citizen."

Exact Information Required. "Oh, Mr. Squid!" exclaimed Mrs. Home-wood to a friend at her reception at her home here at last. "I have been dying to introduce you to Miss Gimp, of Chicago. She is a beauty." "Paints, does she, Mrs. Home-wood?" "Yes, or canvas!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

YE LAUGHING GIRLS. Ye laughing girls, what rapture fill, Through ferny dells its raptures fill. Makes dullest hearts his raptures fill. What do we get that this bee immature, Or eat moonlit lily, daffodil, Or on the rose, what sweets distill? When sunshine slants on some June hill, Has half the tempting of your lures fill. Ye laughing girls, what rapture fill, And so, through life, despite the ill, Great gods grandiose from mill to mill, Heaped high with woes each year mature. One memory widely dear endures— And this your virgin-voiced thrill. Ye laughing girls, what rapture fill, Ye laughing girls, what rapture fill.

Taken at the Flood.

Henry E. Dixie on the Ups and Downs of Dramatic Life.

Special Correspondence of the Globe. NEW YORK, April 8.—The greatest of philosophers and the keenest judge of human nature the world ever knew, William Shakespeare, hit the mark happily when he said there is a "tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." With members of the dramatic profession the aphorism applies with peculiar force. I never knew an actor of talent, man or woman, who did not at some period of his or her career mount the crest of the financial wave. If they afterward sank beneath the billows of poverty and despair, it was because they failed to realize and seize the opportunity the board of Avon speaks of. Indeed Dame Fortune seems to be rather partial to the Thespians. She frequently comes knocking twice at their door, something people in other walks of life seldom experience.

Forrest, Booth, Davenport, McCullough, Barrett and general Billy Florence detected the tide when it came and they quickly sailed with it. Others were not so fortunate. Charles R. Thorne, John Drew, the elder, George S. Knight and poor Sam

with an indifferent drama, called "Our Joan." It offered the lady no opportunity to display to country people who had not yet seen her the scope of her splendid abilities, and—well, she did not achieve the success her friends and admirers ardently hoped for. She tried other new plays, but they were not suited to her and did not catch on.

Now mark Fanny Davenport's keen perception of the flood tide. When at the very acme of her popularity at Daly's New York theater and in the zenith of her glorious beauty, she set up in business on her own account and, selecting a fairly good company, started out starring, first in the metropolis Shakespearean and standard dramas. She achieved a substantial success, but the golden epoch of her career set in when she acquired the sole American rights of "Victorien Sardou's" great drama "Fedora," and enacted the title role to the intense enjoyment of the American public. She had seen Sarah Bernhardt in the part in Paris and was shrewd enough to perceive that this powerful drama would make a great hit in Yankee-land and immediately purchased the American privileges. In quick succession she also bought the



JEANETTE ARDELE, IN "THE PRODIGAL FATHER."

Rickey, all great artists in their respective lines, were not acute enough to perceive the flood tide and failed to reach prosperity's haven. It is so today with artists before the public. Rose Coghlan, for instance, is conceded to be a highly gifted actress as well as a magnificent woman, yet today she is comparatively dolerous, while Fanny Davenport, another artist of about the same measure of ability and of physical charms, is easily worth half a million of Uncle Sam's good hard dollars. The explanation is simple. The tide came running by Rose when she was at the height of her popularity at Wallack's old theater in New York, and she didn't see it. She made tremendous hits in "Boswell," "The Gay Scoundrel," "Diplomacy," "School for Scandal" and plays of that character. She should have broken loose then and started starring for herself in plays of that kind. The times were propitious. Everybody had money. But no! She waited until the times became somewhat stringent and then started out

American rights of "La Tosca," "Glamondia," "Cleopatra" and other strong plays of the great French playwright. Although the amounts paid for the tide in the metropolis, Miss Davenport reaped a golden harvest from the presentation of these plays. It was like having a corner on a gilded Wall street stock. I could thus go on indefinitely, but some of my professional associates would not like to have me tip off either their poverty or prosperity. As for Miss Coghlan and Miss Davenport, they are both good natured as well as good hearted, and I know won't care a jot. This I will say—fine actors like Richard Mansfield, Frederick Ward, Maurice Barrymore and others of their standing have not the competence their talents entitle them to. They missed the tide. They did not perceive that it was running at full force before it became fashionable to import foreign artists and whole companies of foreign actors. I mean no disrespect to artists like Salvini, Bernhardt, Irving, Terry, Duse, John Hare, Beerboom Tree, the Kendalls, Albert Chevalier and their compatriots. They are privileged to enter any field they find profitable, but some of the high salaried



MARJORIE FAIR IN "THE PRODIGAL FATHER."

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN
L. N. SCOTT, MANAGER.
Monday Evening, April 12,
DANZ 40—Musical Opera.
In a superb concert under the direction of Mr. Frank Danz Jr. The Talented Child Phenomenon will appear at this concert. Seats now on sale.

METROPOLITAN
L. N. SCOTT, MANAGER.
Two Nights and Wednesday Matinee,
Commencing APRIL 13,
DE WOLF HOPPER

And His Famous Opera Company, presenting on a scale of unprecedented splendor
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA'S
Brilliant Musical Sensation,
"EL CAPITAN"
Book by Charles Klein.
A Succession of Sumptuous Surprises.
Entire Original Cast of Principals.
A Splendid Chorus of Fifty Voices.
Magnificent Costumes.
A Superb Spectacle.
An Augmented Orchestra.
Sousa's Delicately Melodious.
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

METROPOLITAN
L. N. SCOTT, MANAGER.
3 Nights and Saturday Matinee,
Beginning Tuesday, April 15
Wm. H. CRANE
And his admirable company in two Great Successes,
Thursday and Saturday Nights,
A FOOL OF FORTUNE.
"An Honest Play Well Played."
Friday Night and Saturday Matinee,
HIS WIFE'S FATHER.
"Another Crane Triumph."
SEATS ON SALE MONDAY.

GRAND THEATRE
NOW FOR A WEEK
LAUGHTER
The Latest Farce Comedy,
The Prodigal Father.
Next Week—High Class Vaudeville.

freaks and underpaid "actaws," with nothing to recommend them but their "accents," who have been imported from abroad have hurt our actors considerably.

You may ask if the people I have mentioned and other American actors possess real merit, how is it they have not struck the tide and enjoy a competence, while their foreign brethren, who visit this country almost to a man hit both tide and fortune? I will tell you in a very few words. The American actor is precisely in his tastes prodigal in his expenditures. He goes along at such a fast pace that he does not reserve either in his tastes or temperament and believes that everything is bound to come his way. This belief is firmly implanted in him whether he be basking in the sunshine or whether the storm clouds be gathering over him. Your foreign actor is built differently. He is thrifty, cautious, economical. Every dollar he earns he saves, and he applies to our ladies as compared with foreign artists.

regards my humble self I first struck flood tide a dozen years ago in "Adonis." I did not know it, though and spent money as fast as I got it. I remember the "good thing" would last forever. It did not.

There are some men who are unlucky, "born with a copper on" as Nat Goodwin puts it, who would never strike the tide no matter how marked their abilities. Bandmann, the German tragedian, was one of these. Poor George Knight was another, as was also young Alexander Salvini, who died last fall at his father's home in Italy. They were proud men and morbidly sensitive. They believed they were not properly appreciated by the public, and were moody and discontented. Naturally fortune did not come to them. Young Salvini, his wife says, actually died in a fit of pique, after a long illness of consumption and death, by reason of harsh American criticism of his rendition of "Othello." The poet Keats, it will be remembered, died after a long illness and died because of a vituperative critic of one of his works. The couplet of Lord Byron on Keats' demise will bring to your mind the fate of the poet: "To stand the mind, that verify the parable, Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."
—Henry E. Dixie.

A CRAZY MOTHER'S ACT.

An Attempt Made to Drown Her Children.
ST. LOUIS, April 10.—An unknown woman threw her two little children into the river today from the ferry-boat. Dr. Hill then plunged after them. The mother, who was rescued, but the woman was drowned. The only clew to her identity was a note inside her husband: "Send to Mrs. Bertha Jost, 272 North Market street."
The Dr. Hill is a regular ferryboat running between East Carondelet and Davis streets, in South St. Louis. The boat left its East Carondelet landing on its 11:30 trip with a fair load of passengers aboard. Among them was a woman with two little children, one a boy about three and the other a girl, about five years of age. The woman appeared to be between thirty-five and forty years old. She was heavily built, dark skinned and well dressed. The children were neatly clothed and very attractive.

As the boat neared the Missouri shore, the woman, who had edged her way to the rail, picked up one of the children and threw it into the muddy stream and it disappeared with a faint scream. So paralyzed were the other passengers that they simply gazed at the mad woman. They saw her stoop again and seize the other girl. The child struggled, but she was lifted high above the mother's head and waded in the churning water. Then, with a loud cry, the mother sprang through the gate on the boat's side and leaped overboard. Capt. Keller had by this time become aware of the tragedy that was transpiring. He reversed his engines, but before any steps at rescue could be taken, a boat darted out from the landing. In it was Michael Bradley, a fisherman, who pulled to the spot where the children went down. When they appeared he pulled them from the boat. The mother did not rise again. Both the children, who were unconscious, were taken to the dispensary in a critical condition. The mother was evidently crazy.

A call at the house number found in the woman's hat, resulted in the discovery that her name is Mrs. Sophia Vogel. The children are now in the city hospital, where they were revived and their recovery is expected. Before being taken to the hospital, the woman was held for the distance of a mile