ACTON DAVIES ON VAUDEVILLE

VARIETY

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CHICOT AND SIME'S
REVIEWS OF THE WEEK

FYNES QUITS PROCTOR
[THE FIRST "REAL" STORY]
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"Vaudeville—a place where a great many bad actors go before they die" I don't know that this definition of this word has found its way into any of the dictionaries as yet, but it certainly ought to. In the first place, I should never have been asked to write about vaudeville because, for one thing, I know very little about it nowadays; and, for another, I have got a grudge against it. Vaudeville has robbed me of many happy hours in the variety theatres to ever expect a boom from me. I feel quite sure that I am not the only dramatic critic who is free to confess that that there was once a time a good variety show was the spice of his life. And why not? What could be holier and soothing to a man tired out by reviewing a long series of "new and original American plays," from more or less foreign sources, than to find a quiet afternoon's intellectual fun in watching the performance of first-class acrobats, Egypt dogs, or listening to the dulcet strains of a first-class serenade. Nowadays if a dramatic critic goes to a vaudeville performance he finds the greater part of the headlines are made up of dramatic extract vortazes, names which in many instances are cut from the usefulness and cleverness on the legitimate boards and now distended out of all proportion to their worth are starred at the head of the performance. Some of them have been fortunate enough to secure these short plays; in that case they may be pardoned, but even then it's altogether too much like work for a critic to sit down and enjoy their performance. I don't think I exaggerate the case at all when I say that there are hundreds of true lovers of variety, who are kept away from the legitimate performances by the number of plays which are now infected into the bill. Again, it takes a highly clever actor to adapt himself to the new environment of a vaudeville. Between him and the legitimate variety performers there is a wide gap fixed—one of those gulf which no suspension bridge can ever span. The actor in variety seems to regard others as similarly distended and separated by a gulf in the average width of the human being of a distinctly crude grade. The variety man meanwhile de-testas the interloping actor with all his soul. The fact that the star of the moment draws just about three times as big a salary as he does is enough to madden him, but there are usually abundant other reasons as well. I have yet to meet an actor even among those few who have really scored big hits in vaudeville who have a good word to say for it. Of course, they ne'er always preface their denunciations with a request that their human nature is not offended, but why are they always quoted—probably because they might want to return to vaudeville some day—but that doesn't lessen the force of the charge. I once asked a variety actor who he had in mind. He declared that he had a vaudeville star as Miss Lilian Russell looked at an old child just out of school when I met her in the foyer of the theatre where she had three playhouses on Monday night. It was astonishing to see how she had the gift of talking to the audience. She thought she was still drawing in three thousand dollars a week for singing four songs twice a day, but when I asked her, "What do you mean are you no longer a Proctores?" she replied: "Thank heavens, no. Lilian Russell has packed her little dinner sail away in lavendar and is going to be a lady again until next March." From which remark I gathered that even in Miss Russell's exceptional case all that vaudevilles is not Valencianas.

The vaudeville stage is so different to the regular boards that I cannot see why the average actor should ever expect that he could score in it. Tabloid drama or comedy may be all very well in its way for those who like it, but it needs an exceptionaly strong and magnetic actor to hold a variety audience for eighteen or twenty minutes. In the long run, the average turn. In a legitimate play this same actor would have secured important scenes through three or four acts. In vaudeville if he doesn't hit out straight from the shoulder at once he is lost. The variety performer has been brought to this line of work and scores accordingly. It is his business to do and to do quickly almost everything which an actor on the regular stage is taught and schooled to avoid. To my mind there is infintely more charm and originality in the large scene that various actresses to-day than there is among the actors. I could name at least a score of variety performers who have gone into legitimate musical work in the last few years, but if I were asked at a moment's notice to name the actors and actresses who have established themselves as permanent successes in vaudeville I am afraid I would be unable to draw fifty names on the fingers of one hand. And here's another thing against vaudeville from my point of view. Variety actors may transfer to the regular stage and then return to vaudeville and prove just as clever an artist as when he left it. Almost invariably the vaudeville rapid-fire methods of accentuation and playing for points tells against him when he reappears in a legitimate drama. That actors and actresses by their wholesale rushing into vaudeville have hurt their financial standing with the legitimate public is undoubtedly true. One of the biggest managers in this country, who usually had from one hundred and fifty to two hundred actors on his salary list, said that they were playing low, and not to said me: "The actors are simply cutting their own throats by rushing into this vaudeville business. It's true that they draw a very large salary for a few weeks, but how does it last? And then thrown down and out in most cases. Take your own experience, for instance. This year outside of the few really important artists I have no actors under contract. I merely engage them for the run of a play, and thereby save myself a great deal of money. If the actors don't stand by the manager why should I stand by them? They don't hesitate to rush into vaudeville for a few extra hundred dollars and cheapen their market value to me, and I don't have any following at all everywhere the vaudeville offices until after they find themselves in the regular theatres hard during the past two or three years, because it has. It's cheap prices and the big attractions it free entertainment. If you take the box-office receipts, particularly in the upper portions of the house, so for the future I am going to make it a rule not to employ actors who have figured in vaudeville unless I discover that I can not possibly get along without them. Talk with any of the theatrical managers and you will find that their views of the subject are very much along these lines.

A good variety show is one of the finest toncs in the world, but vaudeville when for the most part it consists of material suited merely as wards is undoubtedly true. One of the finest producers of mental dyspepsia that I know of is on its voyage, while Mr. Beck, his right bow, takes infinite comfort, when his day's or rather night's work is done, in "roasting" the actors. There is nothing, from their ancestors to their acts, that escapes his rapid-fire, vivid criticism. Then in the morning he goes down to the office and books them all over again.

HOBBIES OF VAUDEVILLE MANAGERS.

While the average vaudeville manager never stray very far from one of the other of the houses under his direction, it invariably has some hobby or pastime in which he seeks recreation and escape from worry. Oscar Hammerstein steals away from the cares of the Victoria Theatre to write orchestral scores which are really played by real orchestras other than his own. F. F. Proctor spends his brief periods of rest in his automobile. He belongs to the Larchmont Yacht Club, but goes "yacht racing" to his son, F. F. Proctor, Jr. B. F. Keith quietly drains neries by using the long distance telephone. This acts like soothing soup. At the head of certain is a long time phone number. He once called the office of a correspondent when he feels insomnia hovering in the vicinity of his couch, he calls up Philadelphia and gets the statement of re-
The Supreme Court is popularly supposed to dispense good law, so that decision may be accepted as final in so far as the strict interpretation of the law is concerned. But the wording of the contract which the court had before it must also be considered.

If the contract mentioning Sunday by name or date read in the usual form, as it was supposed to, there was no distinction made as to what kind of a performance the artist was to participate in. On the theory that if a performance is allowed by the law or policy on Sunday, it is a legal performance, and therefore the artist is not committing an illegal act in taking part, the agreement to take part in that performance would be legal provided the artist insisted that "Sacred Concert" be inserted in his contract.

Another and more plausible way of getting around the question, however, and one which would protect both the artist and manager, would be for the contract to read the full agreed price for the week (6 days), with a memorandum or separate agreement wherein the artist agreed in consideration of the payment of the price contracted for, he would give his services, without charge, to the manager, after each certain Sunday in such manner as the manager may direct.

Under such an agreement, the manager would not be obliged to pay the artist the contract price until he fulfilled the Sunday date. The two agreements could not be classed as one, and the validity of either would not be affected.

Dave Robinson, the bustling manager of the Alhambra, did good work this week for his home and in behalf of Smaum Bung Hippo, "the Little Black Hooper," who is playing at the theatre. After each performance, Mr. Robinson caused the little fellow to be placed in the window of the box office, which he hardly fitted. The theatre emptying at the time caused a congestion in the lobby and street, well advertising the bill for the week.

The Sunday night vaudeville performance at the Casino may be seen for $1 person. This offer, commenced to-morrow night, instead of the regular theatre price as herefore charged for these performances. B. A. Myers, the booking agent, was insistent upon that point, and finally induced the Schuberts to see the advantage of a popular scale.

Paul Durand, formerly in the office of the Mariettell agency, is no longer connected there. Mr. Durand left an arched void, always having had the details of the business at his finger tips.

Nicholas E. Kaufmann, who was appointed executive for the Artiste Line for the season, has just returned from a tour on the Missouri River, his contract to run for eight weeks; he has now taken up residence in this city and is devoting his time to the promotion of the line at the Lick Building.

A report has it that James H. Moore cleared $185,000 net (not "nill") at his Temple Theatre in Detroit last season. It seems too much to be true.

B. A. Myers expects soon to have in full blast a Connecticut circuit. On Monday night the first of the plays at Hartford (Hartford Opera House) will open under his management in opposition to Poll's in that city.

Thompson & Dundie supply each foreign act brought over with return tickets on the understanding they will work no other place while here. The majority do not have occasion for the return part of the transportation.

Richard Pitot, who has made a very long stay on the other side, is expected back in a couple of months or less. Charles Bornhaupt, who is also over there, will sail for home about Jan. 4.

Nanone Jacques, a vocalist who has made infrequent appearances in the vaudeville, announces that she will head a new act around February that she plans to tour through the country. Henry W. Savage made an extremely advantageous offer to Miss Jacques for a three years' contract. Nanone's father insisting upon accompanying his daughter during her travels spelled her prospects in that direction.

A story goes about James T. Powers that while booked to play the Amphion. Without charge, to the manager, after each performance, Powers replied "No, sir. I have given my word and I wouldn't break it for $10,000."

Notwithstanding previous reports, William Morris will not book exclusive for W. T. Grover's houses after Janua-ry 1. Mr. Grover running three acts at his New Imperial (old Montauk) in Brooklyn before the stock company commences work caused the sparks to fly off the edge of the negotiations.

One of the burning questions of the minute is: "Did Martin Beck stop in Texas on his way from New Orleans to San Francisco." There has recently been established in Texas the Majestic Circuit, controlled by the Interstate Amusement Company. These ten-cent houses would give the performer a number of additional weeks down South if his salary was small enough to enable him to take the headline salary of the lesser places and terms might be arranged with any manager. The probabilities are, however, that the Orpheum people will not bother with the lesser fry, though the ten-cent house is becoming more and more a feature in the West and Southwest, and, as Melntry and Heath have it, he "did not even hesitate."

The Chicago managers like to travel. Martin Beck is probably back in Chicago after a visit to the Orpheum Circuit, and, Mr. Middleton has just returned from a ten-day trip to French Lick Springs. Early in January George Castile will start on a three-weeks' trip to California, and John Murdoch will go somewhere sometime when he is a little busy with office affairs than he is at present. His current trips are as far as Schlesinger & Mayer's for plated whitehead.

Alfred Moore, the English wire walk-er, met up with a new word the other day in a letter to a line manager. He used it in an advertisement and then casually mentioned the expression to a friend. "What does 'mot' mean?" he asked in a broad accent. It was explained that it meant a mother saying: "That can't be the word then," he declared. "It's one that means a silly fellow. It's spelled m-o-t." When it was broken to him that a mott was slang for a small yellow dog or a scandal in his family, Moore changed his advertisement to read "a chump in vaudeville," and he got the change in just in time to save himself from being classed with the other dog acts.
Fynes and Proctor Part.

The important item of the week's gossip has been the probable plans of J. D. Fynes, who, having resigned his position as general manager for F. F. Proctor two weeks ago. Mr. Fynes said at that time that he would shortly announce his future plans, but he did not yet ready to make any statement.

This much may be definitely stated. His new connection will include both dramatic and variety performances. Mr. Fynes wide knowledge of plays and players will doubtless be turned to good advantage in the formation of stock companies. It is a fact that the stock companies of the Proctor houses were never better administered than when Mr. Fynes gave the matter his personal attention, and it is to be anticipated that the new announcement will be along the lines of a stock company with a variety bill preceding the performance, in accordance with what is generally known as the "Chicago plan." Of course, Mr. Fynes will be contenting himself with the statement to intimates that he will shortly have interesting announcements to make.

Mr. Fynes' departure from Proctor's was not a much of a surprise to his intimate friends, for it has been to them no secret that for more than a year past the relations between Mr. Proctor and the Fynes over the matter of policy were somewhat strained.

Mr. Proctor, upon his return from his Western trip, something more than a year ago, decided that bigger bills and a more important stock company would work to his advantage. Mr. Fynes was not in harmony with the idea of $1,000 leading men and women, and $500 variety bills, and as his arrangement with Mr. Proctor called for a percentage of the net yearly profits, he apparently considered that he had some reason to demand consideration in the matter.

Matters seemed to have culminated recently, for Mr. Fynes has amicably retired. As his contract had not actually expired, it is to be presumed that he gave up the position which the project appealed to him more strongly, and it is not unlikely that by next week an announcement of importance will be made.

Mr. Fynes, through his long newspaper career as a dramatic writer, is one of the best posted men in the theatrical business, and this knowledge will be put to good use.

As to the much discussed question: "Who will be his successor?" this newspaper is in a position to state with absolute accuracy that there will be none. Mr. Proctor himself made that statement early last week to several of his acquaintances, and strengthened his declaration by officially repealing it to all his staff members of an ultimatum given at the first "council meeting" held by them after Mr. Fynes' retirement. The resident managers were told by their employer that each of them would hereafter be held solely responsible for the good or failure of his position; that the position of general manager had been abolished, and that the duties and responsibilities for the future would be more or less "up to the G. O. M. himself."

This announcement was received with somewhat, almost more dismay by at least two of the resident managers who may be said to have "had hopes." It is no secret that Mr. George Edward Graham, late of Albany, has been making some time for some time doubtless be turned to good advantage in the formation of stock companies. It is a fact that the stock companies of the Proctor houses were never better administered than when Mr. Fynes gave the matter his personal attention, and it is to be anticipated that the new announcement will be along the lines of a stock company with a variety bill preceding the performance, in accordance with what is generally known as the "Chicago plan." Of course, Mr. Fynes will be contenting himself with the statement to intimates that he will shortly have interesting announcements to make.

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"Skigle," the Youngest Critic in the World, Expresses His Opinion of the Bill at Hurtig & Seaman's. Likes Everything but the Ginger Ale.

"Skigle" is a boy, seven years old. Having been a constant attendant at vaudeville theatres since the age of three, he has a decided opinion. "Skigle"s views are not printed to be taken seriously, but rather to entice the artist to determine the likelihood he or his work leans on the infantile mind. To quote "Skigle" to the effect, "I had some ginger ale during intermission and it was rotten."

If you don't like something and want to tell about it, send it here if you think it will interest others. Variety does not assume responsibility for any opinions expressed in this column. Items will be printed (if not libellous) whether or not we agree with the statements or not. It is desired to make this the artists' forum.

Sir—Permit me in congratulating you upon the idea of Variety, and while wishing you the greatest of success, to use your Journal for advancing a proposition to the variety actors of America. British theatre forms itself into an order similar to the International Actors' Association of Europe, a body that has done more than anything else to give us a reputable standing in society and mutual protection for the good performer and the good manager, in short it ensures that President Roosevelt terms "a square deal."

This society shall admit only performers of recognized merit and good character. There shall be regular assessments and initiation fee to insure a fair one, and the committee of guardians shall be elected to the executive office.

Its operation will be manifold. For instance, if a performer has grievance against a manager, or vice versa, the matter is brought before the executive board. If they cannot bring about an agreement, it shall then go to a committee of managers and directors, equal in number, whose decision shall be final.

You can see, how this method would settle many cases amicably that, if brought to court, would cost greatly and arouse animosities that might never be settled.

Furthermore, with a benefit fund, performers could be aided at times when a little help means a great deal. Survivors of deceased performers could be assisted—indeed, there is no end to the efficacy of such an order.

With its benefits the order must also have a penalizing plan to expel or punish members who would act otherwise or act in a manner unbecoming to a society of ladies and gentlemen. These ideas are not experimental. They have been developed in the European society and the same can be done here.

Yours truly,
WILLY ZIMMERMANN.

Editor Variety.

Sir—Why is it that the managers always howl for new acts and new faces and novelty, when it is right at hand if they would take the time to investigate? After being away from New York a year it would seem likely that upon returning with an entire change of act the manager would at least give consideration instead of that old gag. Why is it? Do you know? J. ROYER WEST.

In the Olden Days

Reminiscences of the Early Days of Variety by the Veteran Manager and Professor Nick Norton.

NOTE: This is the only one now engaged in the vaudeville business that has the experience of the variety business than Nick Norton, who gave himself and his company and his own and the other managers to the art. Nick Norton has his knowledge of the history of the whole of the variety business in this article. His columns are consequently a picture of Mr. Norton appears in the upper left hand corner of the title page.

"I guess all of us boys were attracted to the theatre," said Mr. Norton in his office. "They were all in Hyde & Behman's Adams Street Theatre in Brooklyn. I was about five years old."

"I used to go with a printer named and had been apprenticed to the Detroit Tribune. That was in 1859, and among the other 'devils' three of the MacConnell boys, including Will MacConnell, were the other boys. Charles and Joseph. Joe died shortly after the war from a disease contracted in the army, but Charles is still alive and in the drug business. He was with Haverly in the days of the latter's starting success, but is practically out of theatricals now."

"As there were but four months a year in the year of the end of the Civil War, the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving, it was easy enough to fill a job in the theatre as assistant farmer, and after a day in the office I would go over to the Metropolitan Theatre and put in an evening pulling on the ropes."

"It was not a variety house but a stock, playing all of the stock stars who played in the country. After a while I got so that they would let me come downstairs and fill in the farces used as afterpieces, and it was a natural result that I decided to become a special comic and dance act."

"The banjo was my first love, and for six months I strummed away under a local teacher. Then I decided that singing should be added to my accomplishments, and for three years my teacher labored with me. At the end of that time he gave up in disgust and advised me to try something in which I should not be called upon to sing."

"The first thing I saw was a trapeze act, and I decided that Fate had placed me on earth to become a trapeze performer. As soon as I could, I purchased a trapeze, and after some practice I was ready to perform."

"I rigged up the swings in the flies over the paint frame and put in every minute I could on the bars. I was getting so that I could make the leaps very well when one morning in the I slipped out of the theatre unperceived and so escaped the scene painter's wrath, but this made my aspiration toward aerial flight."

"Then came Silas D. Baldwin, who in the summer traveled with Robinson & Lake's Circus (the original of the famous John Q. Hargrave show) and from the wings I watched his juggling."

"That is what I want, I told myself. I do not have to sing and I stay on the floor."

"I began to practice, and from Henri August (father of the famous August family) I learned other tricks. The foreman of the printing office objected to my practicing with the types and of the things for that shop, and before my time was out I informed him that I thought I would make a good printer and that he had doubts about the juggling, but I thought I had better take chances with the latter."

"My chance came in '83 at a benefit to Tom Vance, a popular comedian, and brought a traveling engagement. A theatrical manager of the name of McMurtry came along with a band of Indians for the old Barnum Museum. He was ahead of his engagement and he and the proprietor offered me a scheme of taking the troupe through Michigan playing the fairs."

"In addition to McMurtry and his Indians there was a man to act as doorkeeper and manager. We played an engagement a week through the day and in the evening at whatever corresponded to the town hall."

"I was a long time being one, being opened and the Indians in our dance. My juggling was the second number, and for the third feature there was another dance. I came on after this in light and heavy balancing, and after that there was a third dance."

"This gave me time to change to a Dutch costume, and in spite of what my teacher had told me I came out and sang "Fightin' M'l Siege," then a popular comic song. A dance followed this, and then I came on in cork and sang. There was more dancing and I came on to do the E."

"During the next dance McMurtry (who sold tickets) relieved the doorkeeper, who blacked up and went on with me in a banjo specialty, and another dancer and one of the Indians did an afterpiece, "Stocks Up and Stocks Down," which is still in use; being the one in which a chair turned down affords a safe or risky support, according to which end you sit upon."

"The tour of the troupe came to an abrupt close at Pontiac, Mich. The day performance had been concluded, and the evening performance at the railroad station. The Indians were to give another performance in the evening, however, in the Opera House."

"After supper, the Indians secured a supply of liquor somewhere, and, possibly with a view to preventing the performance, threw the benches out of the Opera House and wrecked the stage."

"I carried my box of traps down to the train, checked that and as it was a week to Detroit, so ended my first theatrical tour."

"For this I drew $15 a week and my board, and that was not such a small salary for those days that I could not afford the few dollars for paying John T. Kelly $50, in a later day, though I paid him $600 lately."

(To be continued.)
Variety gossip the past few weeks has been busy with the rumor that the secret of the quick changes made by R. A. Roberts, who opened at the Colonial weeks before last, and who is now playing at the Orpheum in Brooklyn, was a double. It was outlined that Mr. Roberts not only masked the entire stage with black cloth, but was masked in his dressing room, so that not even the stage hands were permitted to look on.

Mr. Roberts' changes are so remarkably complete that there was some ground for the suggestion, so far as those who were on the stage was concerned, but while Mr. Roberts changes are far more elaborate than those done by Pregoli and other grotesque artists, there is no need of a dummy, nor would the employment of such a device serve, since the act is virtually a succession of monologues broken by changes of another sort of an old bag which serves to save time.

The play recites the story of the events preceding Dick Turpin's ride to York and the attempt to capture him in a London tavern frequented by the highwayman. There is an entirely useless Yorkshire type brought in to show Mr. Roberts' proficiency in dialect, work, and to provide him with an opportunity for an eloquentoratory effort, a woman supposed to be in love with be highwayman, a Bow street "runner" act which has already made the rounds.

This latter is the medium for some of the most nauseating business ever done in variety. Mr. Roberts argues that it is all a part of the character; wherein he eres. Unalloyed vulgarity is not essential to the depiction of a character. If Mr. Roberts believes the opposite to be the case he should cut the character out. Some of his performances left the audiences stunned and gasping.

The various monologues which go to make up the thirty-five minutes' offering are all too long and the speeches of the highwayman and the refused suitor, which is to be characteristic, are quite effective. Mr. Roberts has a good voice and could be cut with decided profit.

Mr. Roberts gives a performance remarkable alike for the rapidity and completeness of the characters and the nauseating qualities of his comedy. The elimination of the latter would leave him a great artist. He should get sense and realize that he is not now appealing to the type of English Music Hall audience to whom easterical comedy does not appeal. In cutting he should also cut about ten minutes of talk.

RE: ROBERTS.

Minstrels are the long suit at the Orpheum Theatre this week, where WEyburn's Minstrel Mises and the Crane Brothers in their "Madtown Minstrels" are two of the attractions after R. A. Roberts, whose performance is recorded elsewhere. The Weyburn act is almost a parody of the well drilled performance whereby a countless number of changes are made on the New York roof. Some of the girls still require to be personally conducted by the more experienced members, and there is a lack of the smart uniformity which usually marks the Weyburn acts. Also there is entirely too much of Bertie Herron. Having learned that she was funny, she has ceased to possess humor and becomes merely tiresome. The act is rounding into shape and perhaps in a few more weeks will be right. It appears to have been put together with a certain deftness. Car- ranes need a little more new material to freshen the performance, but their funny idea of a minstrel show is something a man may be proud of. There was little sense of shame. It is clean and real fun lacking only novelty. The Three Meers offer some capital wire walking, much of which is lost to sight in the comedy act in which it is enveloped. Alfred Meers offers some really novel "catches" and proves himself a comedian. Both the comedy and wire acts are entirely different from what they were the last time they were here. The Dalton Brothers, a trio of head and hand balancers, spoil many good tricks by a very inferior comedy parade. They would do better did they drop their comedy and offered their act as a straight performance. Alcide Capitanie showed some splendid tricks on the trapeze, but spoiled the effect by appearing to talk when the audience did not show proper appreciation. The De Witts are out of place here. There is nothing going to the act which makes them popular. The De Witts' diminutive stature, and his repetition of the few eccentric triv- elations (they cannot be called by any other name) become tiresome and almost offensive. Binns and Binns have one new saltet siphon trick that is good. They have some other new work, but when the comedian sought to waken his foot with an alarm clock, the clock went on strike through sheer shame on Monday. It makes a good laughing act and their selections of musical number are well made, even though they do hold to the "Millerites." The Binns are serious, and their little and classical selections very well and head off further encorees with one of those Italian comic songs that suggest an opaline expression of plenteous applause before that, and scores success well down on the bill. The moving pictures held a large share of the audience.

Variety.

Hammerstein's.

From the opening of the Roof Garden season for the places occupied by Louis Webra, of the New York and New Jersey, and he will remain abroad for some time.

At the request of Pilrot and Giraud, Director Steiner, of the Berlin Wintergarten, has set back the time of Paul Forget's contract and will accept new contracts offered him in this country.

SHOWS OF THE WEEK.

ALHAMBRA.

Posibly a political pull is exerted to keep the Alhambra open this week. Anyway, one may bet on the red or the black, the same as at Monte Carlo. Le Domino Rouge is red and odd and Williams and Walker are black and even. Those sitting down front can appreciate the thoughtfulness of Le Domino Rouge. A near view of the lower part of her face makes one joyed that the upper half is shut from view. She is a clever dancer, but the impression is created that she is no raving beauty. She is said to be La Belle Dazie, better known abroad than here, though she is the pupil of a New York dancing master and was taken abroad with one of the older shows. She is a capital toe dancer, and for those who like that sort of torture dance, she is very satisfactory. The mirrors she uses are an old trick, and does some shown at Kelly's theatre some eight years ago by Arnold Grazer, a California artist. They do not contribute to the effect of the dance, and neither does the himi. The entire film and ballet add much to the value of the act. The feature is really the mask. Williams and Walker—with more Walker than Williams—held the stage some forty minutes to do about ten minutes of real work—which is Williams' clever rendition of Nobody. The rest is a tire- some copy of the sort of act that was seen here a few years ago and Walker and Williams are much better than the average run of monolog people. Cecilia Weston does foup murder to Nora Bays' nonsene song, and does some other stunts in the same song line. She is tiresome in the extreme because wholly lacking in cleverness. Stanley and Wilson replace Kelly and Zeller. Don't. Wilson is replaced by an amateur who is a little funny, but is not a singer, and no actress. She should make up her hands better. They look like a washwoman's. The Eight Shetlands did three stunts. In their first song, something about a "band, band, band," they are a little less than it sounds like a succession of dams. Smaan Sing Hppo attracted much attention to the little he does and there was the Viagran.
TONY PASTOR'S

Plenty of good acts are to be found at Pastor's this week, the top line attraction being De Witt Burns and Torrance in a pretty little act suggestive of "Babes in Toyland," but scarcely to be called a steal. It pleased much and deserved success. The extra attraction, Nan Enelton, will be found recorded in the list of full promise. Miss Dupree, who has ent long from burlesque companies, offers a singing specialty. Her choice of songs could be improved upon, for she takes water at the bottom and sings the praises of beer, lauds the more plebeian fluid— principally for cooking purposes. In between she sings "Jusqua la" from ancient days. It gives her a good song; much better than the others she sings, but with better songs and a trifle more refinement of method Miss Dupree could make a hit of size and length. A sketch in a magical specialty. Cally M. is prove effective if she can forget the Australian Burlesque and similar off-senes. Kine and Gotthold sadly need a new sketch. The Miller and Prevost are quite well worked out. It still seems to please, but a Pastor audience is famous for its loyalty to favorites. Reddy and Currier are in good voice and have a splendid selection of songs. The act is a good one and they profit by not trying to make a sketch out of a singing act. Newell and Niblo do good work on the Popular Merman and better Baldwin, saxaphones, specializing these two instruments. Incidentally they do not play an overture on the xylophones, preferring to make up a medley of various bits. In truth they are friends of humanity. Harry B. Lester fared well with some imitations and winds up the first section of the programme. The interior acts are between Miss Dunbairne and Birdo show a skit which is a hash of dialect. Mr. Nibbe would do better to stick to one character instead of showing how many types he could play. It is about the same as if a man opera without a change of costume. The Paragon Trio offer some dancing of a sort and some talk that might as well be forgotten. La Clair and West are an accident rather than an act. Frank Elmo narrowly escapes having a good act. He is a trite too fond of mechanical magic, and there is a lack of cohesion. No matter how much the young woman who assists him desires to sing, she should not be permitted to. Even were she a better singer, a solo is out of place in this sort of entertainment. Miss Tipton is notable rather for her enunciation than her singing. You can actually tell what she is singing about. There are pictures at both ends of the bill. Mike Ber- man should be promoted. He is not only a good actor but there is quite a fame of permanents. It is related of B. F. Keith that, at one time, objecting to the booking of an act, he gave the reason "that I had him call me names once in a while." Well, Mr. Keith," remarked the person seeking the booking, "if you decline to book everyone for that reason, you will have to close your houses."

DEWEY

Changes have come on the burlesque stage in the past few years. A couple of years ago a show played without obscenity and with very little vulgarity would be considered a success. But now the acts are pretty fairly decent, and the Tiger Lilies at the Dewey this week offer a crude brand of farce and split skirts in a spart of full promise and sophistication. The first part, "The Disputed Check," is a condensation of a farce called "Two Jolly Rovers" (though Dan Gracey says he wrote it) and the after part "A Hot Old Time" and numerous other offerings. The humor of the latter—such as it is—lies in the pranks of a young male person who in turn makes up as his own father and the parent of his fiancée. It is a somewhat crude effort but please. The chorus is not smart working, though both the stage manager and the members of the same sort are hard at work upon the troupe. The costuming is very poorly done. In the ollo the three La Maze Brothers calmly steal the show with their "Maze and Provost" act. They come as close to "Bumpy Bumps" as the limited ability of the comedians will permit. They should cut it out. They could make appeal with their double table work and a more honest bid would be to their credit. There is some small proportion of acrobatic work that is good. Ada Burnett was well liked in the variety section. She is a natural and virile figure and were she and Dan Gracey did a sketch. Gracey confines himself to playing comedy leads in the farces, and he, too, profits by the change. The Musical Bells fall just short of being a big act. If they will work on their act they will be able to get important money. The raptile plays the usual・silly Parisian gait and makes a nice act. The Edward Clarence Secret was a saucy and a nice act, but the mountains of food they used makes it a worse thing. The Salvation Army is a nice act, but the mountains of food they used makes it a worse thing. They should work along this line to the exclusion of the hand bells which they use for an opener. This set of bells is in poor tune. Their concert work was the whole thing they did. The Clarence Sisters waste valuable time with a song. There is some skipping rope and step dances which serve better, but they are some really imported from Australia, as the programme would lead us to believe, it was a waste of steamer tickets. We have equally poor artists here. Zara and Strauss are really better. South's "Virginia" is a nice act, but all the old act can go yell all he wants to.

CORKS REDIVISUS

He was a thriftable third and as he stood in the doorway peering into the cafe, one might have supposed him to be some beggar debating the expediency of trying to "work" the room. Then his eye lit up and he advanced to a table with the air of one assured of a welcome. It was not the same old table, and Fritz, the fat, but human, waiter, had gone to earthy rock steady in the shape of an uptown all-night restaurant, but there was still some of the gang left and there were little, beaded with hearty perspiration, on the table.

"Yes," explained the Human Corkscrew, "it's me over the home plate at last. I never did have no luck—and now," he added as he new waiter hove into the offer with a fresh-cut tabletop of crystal. "It was me to the land where they fly the red, white and green flag, and it was me for the green.

He had a den where the manufactur-geisers and call them Mexitrians, they make you deliver the goods. If you have a three sheet with an earthquake and don't deliver a real earthquake, it's no use. The job is not with them. Until they get tired of your table and turn you out and shoot you, I had a three sheet of my garden of Eden act where I do a contortion act to an Eve. Just because Eve wore a picture suit they pinched me. If she had 'be real things they'd have pinched me my way. It was me in a 'dobe jail for two weeks. I just told the man the town—it was like a seidl in Sahara. It was me for the real papas and the first thing to hit the eye is the color line. After that toonjor with the pulque gulpers I never want to see a bruamet again—never again, even if it does mean a lost week. It's not a color line for me—just a horrible memory of a land where the military uniform is a pair of pants and a sword. They all of 'em have the sword; even the low privates. All the same it must gai to see some chap who might be a waiter if i wasn't for the variety stage copying the money that ought to go to us if it wasn't for the brass and the comic headlines. It must hinder through the black type goin' to the black man and the white man getting the yellow or mulatto end, but they seem to hit the bank roll for about all they need for crap money, while the chap with the white skin and the old act can go yell all he wants to.

"Williams and Walker pulled down $1,750 from Willie Hammerstein and $2,500 from Proctor. That's the answer. What's the question?" and Corks buried his face in the seidl of beer.

A peculiar happening of the opening night at the Hippodrome was the vicious attack made upon the songs of a bulldog at one of Miss Marquis' ponies during her performance. The pony struck the dog with his hoof, and then trotted around the ring with the dog after it, snapping and snarling. The attendants appeared completely confused, and it broke up the act for a few seconds until the pony and dog, still fighting, were led from the stage.
**SHOWS OF THE WEEK**

**HYDE & BEHMAN'S.**

"Old Times" were the feature of the bill. While this is a figure of speech only in so far as it relates to Maggie Cline, still Maggie was there. As she remarked to the drummer, pointing to a chauffeur acting as if he was drunk, "Do you know why I'm working this week? To save that!"

"The Evergreen" will never grow old in the hearts of the "regulars" or in the singing of Ireland's songs. No woman here, but no intense admiration, and is really more to be accounted for in the success of the Hippodromes than the performance itself.

No place of amusement has a more
expensive operation on its hands in
tempting something new than the Hippodrome. It was closed for several performances prior to the first night, which meant a large financial loss, in itself, to the management, but the means were justified in the result. Sidney Rosin has written the book of "A Society Circus," which is intelligible.

Manuel Klein wrote the music, having one particularly pretty number, and the scenery was by Arthur Voegtlin, but Edward P. Temple managed the stage—this was the real factor of success.

The variety part of the entertainment is founded in a stranded circus being helped on to prosperity by the "tainted money of a doubtful Duchess, who engages the performers to amuse her friends at a house party."

There are nine acts and although the programme makes bold to state that they "may be seen nowhere else," five of the numbers have played about town before—the Augustus Family, Marguerite and Hanley, Cieca, Albert Clandall and the O'Meers Sisters.

Miss Marquis and her ponies have been showing in some time. The Howells sisters in posings on horses while slowly moving is not sensational in any degree, and a poor act of its kind. The Herias Family, ground acrobats, is no more new than the ground acrobatic act of the four Marnos, another ground acrobatic quartet, depend upon a see-saw board to make the throws. This was first done over here by the Jowurrays Incidentally, but the Marnos depend altogether upon it. Claire Hellot and her lions have the stage to themselves. The act resembles Agie's, with a few more animals. Whereas Agie must punch the brutes to have them growl, Miss Hellot must punch very hard to induce the opening of their eyes so the meat dangling in front of them.

A funny burlesque of this is given in the jungle scene, together with a good-looking lot of monkeys, led by the four Rianos, who are lost among the crowd.

Marcelline and Frank Slivers Oakley, the clowns, have little opportunity and do not take advantage of that little. Slivers makes an entrance in a boat, and the idea is so obviously taken from "Fantana" that it declines to be humorous.

Those having the "Hippitis" fever will go so many times, no doubt, but to the others who consider once sufficient, that will do.

John and Bertha Gesen, with Fred Houlihan on the piano, have an act that would go better if the Gesenas could discover how to go through it without singing. Neither has a voice. Each must know it. Houlihan is not a star performer on the piano. He happily fills in, however, and if the applause of the audience is appreciated each time given. Ar. Houlihan should acknowledge by rising, not retaining his seat on the stool as though it were his due.

Ray Cox is a young lady of considerable height, with an erroneous idea that the time wasted in giving invitations of souffreting singing corn songs is well spent. It is a mistake. Miss Cox is too clever in her delusions of the darkey to allow this to prevail, and should devote all her time to the main subject. Although badly placed on the bill, she succeeds largely.

The three Rio Brothers appeared in ring acrobatics, but whether the "original" or no is undecided. There have been so many "original Risas."

Charles and Edna Harris were the first to appear. Harris is of the old team and it is judged that Edna, his present partner, must be the daughter. She is a very young girl who sings one song. Even that one is to be regretted. Miss Harris is absolutely without a suspicion of a voice. Her father, if he is that, should try other make-up and change, just for novelty. If nothing else, and also be prevented from parading the fact that the girl is not his wife. His remark that "I am no robber of crinolines" is entirely uncalled for.

The orchestra at this house, led by Joe All, is repeatedly drowning out the music or singing of acts on the stage. Known as one of the best vaudeville orchestras in the city, more care should be exercised before that reputation is lost.

Wilfred Clarke is in "No More Trouble" and Metcalfe, Paddock and Edwards in a musical act will be found reviewed in the Department of New Acts.
KEITH'S UNION SQUARE.

Wednesday afternoon the stereopticon did not open the show. Always go Wed-

nesday afternoon. But To-To did, which is almost as cruel. How the act ever

reached vaudeville is a larger mystery than the one advertised regarding the

“gold brick.”

Josephine Cohan was the headliner in her latest sketch, “Friday, the 14th,”

which four well known persons of varied talents assisted in making up. All fell
down together.

Fred Niblo had a monologue which the audience liked. Niblo’s method is to be

commended, for you get over the old ones quickly through his rapid delivery.

Paul Barnes is another monologist. With a good voice and rather pleasant

managing, it is to be devoutly wished that he never takes a partner again. All

his stuff is good.—so good that he should cut the songs.

Cook and Sylvis are a singing and dancing team, who turn out well, while Cook parts his hair in the middle. Mullen and Corelli have some

acrobatic work which is not equal to the some of the acts.

Edward Mollenhauer is 80 years old and founded the first conservatory of music in this country, according to the programme. There is a conservatory

wearing that name in Harlem. Perhaps that’s it. And perhaps the manage-

ment here had the idea that by engaging

him all the acquaintances he has fostered in the past eight years would pack

the house ten hours a day to hear Mr. Mollenhauer play his own composi-

tions on the violin. Perhaps they have. But if they did not get in early.

Harry Flicer is a young man who

sings and dances without much appar-

ent experience. He has a good enough

voice to take a girl partner, and could

up in the singing department for his

style of act. His imitation of Geo.

Nelson gives an imitation of Geo. Cohan is an awful reflection upon Mr.

Nelson.

The three Maccaps and the Imperial

Japanese troupe were among the many,

while McKissack and Shadney, a colored

team, made a hit to those in front by the

woman wearing a wig. She also

wore forty-three different colors in her

dress. A change displayed a costume costing possibly $43.50.

Will Rogers placed the large end of a lasso wherever he liked and Parros

Brothers did some hand balancing.

Mayme Remington and her pickanin-

nies are there. Whenever you go to

the opening of a new vaudeville the-

atre you always find Mayme. The man-

agers believe a mascot, and she is

always trying. May fail now and then, but continually getting out something new—excepting the “picks.”

It is reported that Joe Hart, Carrie De Mar, Fred Hallen and Molly Fuller

will soon join hands in a specially pre-

pared sketch. Whether he name will

again be Hallen and Hart, Hart and

Hallen or something to be decided upon

is not known.

COLONIAL.

Wherever Clayton White and Marie

Stuart are located there you will find

laughs, and in “Paris” this week there

is no exception. Mr. White played the
dual role in his best vein on Monday

afternoon. Exclamations of “he’s good”

were frequent.

Miss Stuart gave her usual excellent

performance, and Nellie D’Arcy as the

wife interpreted the part in an intelli-

gent manner.

Panny Rice, her cabinet and a drop,

monogrammed “P. R.,” were among the

fortunate ones. The miniature figures

pleased. An imitation of Albert Cheva-

lier has been added, both the “baby” bit

still remains the best. Miss Rice should

nurse her voice. It sounds strained.

Geo. W. Day as a monologist does not

seem to realize the difference between

Oshkosh, Wis., and New York City. It

is still talking of Rockefeller and

“tainted money.” His “family” talk does

not send the audience into convulsions

either. If Mr. Day will attempt to con-

vey the idea he has there is some humor,
at least, in the patter, those in front

may be induced to share it.

Watson, Hutchings and Edwards in

“The Vaudeville Exchange” manage to

have their names printed on the pro-
gram twice. “And Company” is added to

the title, but as the “Co.” seems to be

only a monkey, that invites invidious

comparison. A new act or sketch is due,

and it cannot be accepted that Harry

Watson is a real furry man until that

has been accomplished. Ed. Edwards

plays a critic in an almost human man-

ner.

Chas. Guyer and Nellie O’Neill are
doing their “rough-house” dancing to

the unmistakable delight of the public.

The violent exercise is having a pecu-
lilar result on the couple. While Miss

O’Neill is recovering, Chas. Guyer is los-
ing. But Nellie’s added avoidopus does not appear at the

torces.

Louise Gunning is back again singing

Scottish songs in a similar dress. Miss

Gunning presents a very pretty picture

on the stage.

The Onlaw Trio are on the bill, while

Lawson and Namon in trick bicycle rid-
ing and bag punching opened it.

A review of the Military Octette will

be found in the Department of New

Acts.

Nella Bergen, having been thoroughly

initiated into the mysteries of vaude-

ville, is enjoying it immensely, she says.

The first week, she played in the con-

tinuous she was at a complete loss to

understand just why the usual agent’s

commission should be deducted from her

weekly stipend—insanely as Manager

H. B. Harris signed all her contracts for

the first few weeks Miss Bergen was

completely innocent of the aforesaid

clause, and refused to accept the money

until Manager Harris came to her res-

cue. The singer is full-fed now in all

the intricate details of vaudeville con-

tracts.
KEENEYS.

Sadie Martinot heads the procession at Keeneys Theatre, Brooklyn, this week. She is party of the first act in a pale and wobbly twenty minute farce called "Wedded by Wire," which is assisted in one of the most dramatic entertainment usually written by young high school students and produced at benefits for the basketball team. The trouble is that all the action of the skit has happened before the audience is introduced to the principals. The result is that Miss Martinot and George D. Parker, in the persons of ex-lovers, are engaged most of the time in telling each other they are, what led to the present situation and other items of extraneous interest. This is designed as a delicate and artistic method of letting the audience know what the proceedings are all about. This end is accomplished, but only at the expense of a great deal of crude and tiresome dialogue. Charles F. Gotthold and George D. Parker are jointly responsible for the skit.

Miss Martinot deserves better things. As the young widow in her present vehicle she makes a decidedly attractive figure, and were not the handicap so hopelessly heavy she might pull the act through.

Frank Bush was among those present with a batch of stories, most of them new, but a few, alas, lamentably old. In the latter class that hapless tale about the restaurant stew in which the oyster ate the crackers was heartlessly parodied. The funny thing about this last mentioned is that the audience laughed uproariously at it.

The Dixie Senoritas were an even half dozen negro singers whose voices blended well.

The novelty act of Rawson and June, consisting of boomerang throwing and archery stunts, caught the house. Miss June aforetime was something of an acrobat, and if her calculative figure approaches the voluptruous, and spear throwing at a mark is about the only exercise it permits. She wore a black and white costume however, and a very nice one. Rawson end of the combination did some remarkable manipulation of the Australian weapon, making it skim about the balcony railings and return to the stage.

Smirl and Kessner presented "The Bell Boy and the Maid," as the programme had it. The act is a combination of dancing and gymnastics, and was acceptably done.

Singer's Monkeys and Dogs had some new tricks, the novelties being a Chinese monkey which can service two machines at once and a bicycle stunt by a third. Toscati, billed as the "Champion Coon Shouter," and Wood and Hay completed the bill.

BESSIE McCoy COMING IN.

Bessie McCoy, formerly of the McCoy sisters, and more latterly prominent at the Hippodrome, is having an elaborate farewell engagement of herself and her comedians and putting together. About $2,500 spent on costumes is expected to create the best dressed group in the business. Six weeks will be booked through M. & M. Management, which work on the show, and then Bessie will return to the cast of the Hippodrome show, when it opens in Chicago some time during February.
NEW ACTS.

Variety will have each week a department called "New Acts," covering, as the case may be, acts presented for the first time.

Every such act presented for the first time in New York will be reviewed in this department. If produced out of town, and if its success is a sufficient asset, it will be reviewed. It is not intended that every act will be reviewed, but only those whose success is of sufficient asset to warrant the expense of a review. The object is not to publicize the act but to give the producer the benefit of the criticism, so that he may know where he is going wrong and what he can do to improve his act.

Out of town correspondents will report specifically on any new act presented for the first time anywhere in their territory.

An act will be reviewed only once in this department. If produced out of town and if its success is a sufficient asset, it will be reviewed. It is not intended that every act will be reviewed, but only those whose success is of sufficient asset to warrant the expense of a review. The object is not to publicize the act but to give the producer the benefit of the criticism, so that he may know where he is going wrong and what he can do to improve his act.

TOD SLOAN, MONOLOGUE.
HAMMERSMITH.

It is as well that the racing has left this part of the country, else even the best of the jockeys would be required to attend to Hammerstein's on Monday, where Tod Sloan made his initial bow as a monologuist. As it was, the racing crowd left about the Metropole and the Orpheum, leaving Tod Sloan to work both the audience and the race track without the advantage of a racing crowd. He made his initial appearance at the Metropole, and the audience was at its best.

TOD SLOAN.

Variety will endeavor to give managers, agents and others interested a fair and safe line on all new acts.

TO ARTISTS.

And by artists it is not necessarily intended that only vaudeville players be included.

As VARIETY is to be an artists' paper, we want you to take an interest in it and its columns.

You are traveling around the country. If not the world. Why not be a THAVING-CORRESPONDENT FOR VARIETY?

If you hear what you think is news (and "news" is something that will interest many), write it to us in as condensed a form as possible, and if of value we will print it, and if important enough will sign your name to the article or item, unless specifically requested to the contrary.

Always sign your own name, however, to establish authenticity, and write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER ONLY.

It need not be news especially. Any occurrence of the slightest significance that you may consider to be of general interest to the professional world will be available.

As an incentive to all, the story, article or item up to 25 words or 100 words will be received each week, judged on all points, will be printed with the full name of writer, who will receive from us FIVE DOLLARS for theプリズストリート.

LEW DOWSTOCKER ATTACHED.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 15—The box receipts and scenery of Lew Dowstocker's show, which is playing at the Grand Opera House this week, were attached on Wednesday evening on a writ brought by Florian Pinscus to satisfy a claim of $980 on an alleged breach of contract. A compromise was made, the terms of which were not made public, and the performance was given. In explaining the case a representative of the company stated that Pinscus was acting manager for a Boys' Band which was engaged for the minstrel company, but upon inspection it was found that the band was inopportunity and six weeks' notice was given prior to the opening of the season. Pinscus claimed a breach of contract, although no contract was signed. It is claimed that Dowstocker will institute a counter claim against Pinscus for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Mr. Winslow in the dialogue has not made it just what the plot is, but Rose Tracey (Molly Fuller) is evidently stopping at Young's Hotel, in the famous watering place, without a change.

Feeling the necessity or the desire for a bath, she invents an invalid fasting in the figure of a rubber "dummy" placed in a chair to be wheeled to the beach for the amusement of the onlookers by Mr. Brookey (Fred Halen) who "made eyes" at her the evening before in his hotel parlor.

Reddy, who is an immensely popular author traveling under an incognito, follows to the beach, and converses with the dummy, which he readily discovers to be such while Rose does a lightning change into a bathing suit. Molly Fuller in tight pants. It is a sight, and a pleasant one.

Rose learns during the absence of her admirer that he is the author she has raved over, and orders the figure of her father returned to the hotel. Reddy replaces the "dummy" in the chair and returns to the beach, where Rose confesses to the supposed figure that he loves the book, which he declares himself in the midst of a fast descending curve as the couple are seen ending after a thirty minutes' acquaintance.

The indirectness of the play is too long without a sufficient action. Two songs are sung by Mr. Halen, but the lyric writer has caused "Roses" to rhyme with "Towels."

When it becomes necessary in a Winslow sketch to require Mr. Halen to slap Miss Fuller twice upon her bare back to obtain laughs, need more be said?

SIME.

MILITARY OCTETTE.

LASKY & ROFE.

COLONIAL.

This is one of the most pretentious musical acts ever presented in vaudeville. The performance is so evidently correct in the setting, the venerate is not so thin as that generally used.

The attention is devoted to the musical part, and while this is not the first time it has been presented, it is by far the most important enough by reason of the novelty to receive attention in this column.

The scenes respectively show camps of the Russian Hussars, English Fusiliers and Union soldiers, laid in Siberia, India and the United States, and appropriately uniformed.

A feature of the act is called "The Girls of Nantucket," which is sung a cappella by Stevens. She walks spectacularly down the front aisle, costumed as an English "Tommie," followed by the spotlight in a darkened house, taking her seat in the orchestra leader's chair.

The other members of the company, of which there are nine men and two girls (and the best "prop" elephants) got up play musical selections on cornets and trombones. There is the inevitable quartet, and "England's Foremost Corsetist," John B. Leck, but the programme is a notorious press agent.

The Misses Simmons and Vale play prominent parts and have an exaggerated idea of their own importance. When "marking time" it resembles a contortion movement, and they should also be coached how to walk properly.
The act is a great hit, and sufficiently strong by itself to stand without forcing the applause at the close by the playing of the national anthem, which leads some persons to stand up.

WILFRED CLARKE AND COMPANY.  
"NO MORE TROUBLE."  
HURTIG & SEAMON'S.  

A fardel sketch, adapted from the French, is offered for favor at the programme. Rather slow at the beginning, but soon moves with a rush which is kept up to the finale. A real comedy playlet, with the farce of a clown to the laughter, is clearly adapted and a substantial success. Several threads of plot are interlaced and entangled, involving too much space for a detailed description.

Clarke is the mainspring, and with his legitimate acting keeps the piece continually on the go. Theo, Carew ably assists, doing a fine piece of work as an inanimate person under the influence of a narcotic. Rather large of size, Miss Carew maintained a rigid attitude under what seemed extreme difficulty.

Archibald Gilliss and Miss E. McDo Mott contributed their share. The farce is superior to Clarke's former offering, "In the Biograph."

METCALF, PADDOCK AND AL. EDW.  
MUSICAL ACT.  
HURTIG & SEAMON'S.  

Called "High Class Musical Novelty," but a copy act of Waterbury Brothers and Tenney. Inferior in music and comedy to the originals. Edward in black face is a more cultured musician than comedian, and the other members of the act appear very amateurish. Customary instruments used with the addition of a "cello, on which is played "Sweetest Story Ever Told," the "sure thing" of all cellists. The "Palms" is also a feature of Edwards' current company, and flat and not in harmony. Fairly applauded.

NAN ENGLETON AND COMPANY.  
HOW THE WIDOW WAS WON.  
TONY PASTOR'S.  

Nan Enleton, who used to be the junior half of the team of Anderson and Enleton, made offerings of a sketch by an unknown author at Pastor's this week. The author is wise only in that he conceals his identity. A young widow, who has been deserted, finally sends her a note that unless she receives him within a half hour he will force his way into her apartments. She has an admirer in the person of a youthful army Colonel. He brings in a pair of riding boots because the widow objects to the rum blossom at the end of his nose and riding has been advised as a cure. He is also wearing a pair of red flannel flappers inside of his shoes for the same reason. The widow seeks to keep him in the house to ward off the descent of her unknown admirer, while he seeks escape from the plaisters. His withings over the plaisters lead her to believe that he is intoxicated, but in an interval she leaves the stage and he removes the flappers and hides them in the boots. He sees his opportunity, and he announces to the puzzled and, she believing that the unknown has come to fulfill his threat, because she sees his notes, tells the Colonel of her perpetrator, and he follows the valiant military man pretend to say the intruder and so wins the widow. The sketch is utterly lacking in balance and facility, and is a musical absurdity at every verting at any time. Miss Engleton played with a sad lack of restraint, apparently imagining that the more noise she made the funnier it would be. She was without any of her earlier experiences to the contrary. William L. Sheridan, her support, might have been a good actor, but the author did not permit him to exploit this fact. Miss Engleton will have to have a new act if she wishes to get ahead. This offering will never do.

STRAWBERRY.  

ARTISTS.  
Mail your personal notices or such items as you desire to see in print. If it resembles "news" in any form it will be printed. Write on one side of paper only, and try to have matter reach us not later than Thursday.

GORRESPONDENCE

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—KEITHS.  
Valerie Bergere is reviving "Carmen," a short version of Prosper Morimet's story, and of episodes from the opera and play of the same name. Miss Bergere is a favorite here and while her latest effort proved interesting, it hardly deserves the comparisons Miss Bergere makes. Miss Bergere was good here in "Billy's Experiment" and "His Japanese Wife," which followed in vaudeville after her triumph in "Madam Butterfly," which was seen in the high-priced houses. In the new sketch Miss Bergere proved effective and gave the requisite light and shade to the stormy, passionate, winsome and forceful pas sagework in the text, which was better liked in her lighter characters.

Of the others, but one or two are new. Harry Le Clair presented a specialty founded on the same lines as his old one. His latest in the guise of "a bag of the streets" was bad. Taylor Holmes got through with a monologue and some imitations, but failed miserably in his attempt to imitate George M. Cohan. There was an extra offering of blackface specialties, of which the Nichols Sisters carried off the honors. Clifford and Burke used a lot of Williams and Walker's stuff and mainly through the singing and dancing of Clifford, managed to do well. The Norcross Minstrel Troupe gave their idea of an old-time "first part" act. There were several other acts on the bill, all of which have been seen here before.

CASINO.—The Tocadaro Burlesques are at the Casino, with the European weight juggler, Brissi, featured. Many of the tricks have been seen here before, but he is claiming originality and was well received. The show is up to the average and opened to the best business of the season.

TROCADERO.—At the Tocadaro Joe Ophelnheimer has his "Fay Foster" company, with a big company and a number of entertaining specialties. Business has been big at this house all season and the Foster show has been getting its share.

BIJOU.—There has been but little change at the Bijou, where the "Cherry Blossoms" are holding forth, and the bill has not changed any since the opening of the Tocadaro earlier in the season.

LYCEUM.—The "Bowery Burlesquers," who are entertaining at the Lyceum, are also making their second appearance at the Tocadaro, with the John Hickmans, in the musical specialty, carried off the house.

BON-TON.—Dick and Miss McAvoy, in their sketch, "A Wife's Christmas," are about the most amusing item on the bill in the Bon-Ton.

BOSTON, MASS.—KEITHS. (B. F. Keith, Manager).—Foremost among the fimmakers on this week's bill are the clever Elinore Sisters, "Evelyn and May," of "Mrs. Delany of Newport" company, whose absence of about four years inspired a rousing reception, and kept the audience convulsed with laughter. That inimitable monologist, James J. Morton, who, by the way, returns to the legitimate soon, with his ridiculous talk, song and routine is still a marvel for the "blues." Ed. F. Reynard, the world famous ventriloquist comedian, with his wonderful mechanical figures, and Sam Watson, with his farm yard, a decided novelty in the way of an animal act, contribute pleasing entertainments. The surrounding show includes such favorites as O'Brien and Havel, in an airplane comedy skit, "Tees and Clinks," with specialties. Tom and Clara are just as funny as ever. The three musical Johnsons, expert xylophone players; M. Alphonse Sylva, an European equilibrist; Mr. and Mrs. Cal Stewart, in a laughable conversational sketch, "Uncle John on the Bowery," Les Durands, Parisian street singers; John F. Clark, monologue; Louis Guerin, skilful novelty jumper; Morton Temple and Morton, knockout vocalists and dancers, all have fine specialties and established themselves anew. This was a comic and musical act. The Andrews, the chorus, made a sensation with their dance, the Auberts, European whirlwind dancers; McMahon and Chappelle, in "Twenty Minutes Before the Train Leaves," La Vine Cimaron Trio and the Kitograph, in new moving pictures.

Next week: Gardner and Vincent, the Piccolo Midgets, Clifford and Burke, Taylor Holmes, Harry Heward's Ponies. O. K. Sato and Brothers Durant, Chevalier Albert L. Guille, late tenor of the Heilmandr Grand Opera company and the Hollywood Mandolin Orchestra, entertainers.

GEORGE L. HUTCHINSON.
Baltimore, Md.—Maryland (F. C. Schanberger, Manager).—Week Dec. 11-16. A splendid bill to large houses. McMahon's Minstrel Mails and Watermelon Girls is a very attractive act. Also are seen the Chamberlains, lasso throwers and rope jugglers; Tyce and Jermon, in songs and stories; Waterbury Brothers and Troupe, in a comic and musical act; the Auberts, European whirlwind dancers; McMahon and Chappelle, in "Twenty Minutes Before the Train Leaves," La Vine Cimaron Trio and the Kitograph, in moving pictures.

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MONUMENTAL (Joseph L. Kernan, Res. Manager), week Dec. 11-16. Probably if not quite the best bill of the season is offered by Harry Martell's Brigadier Burlesque, featuring "Dick and Mary Hayes in "The Wise Guy," supported by a excellent company, to crowded houses. The oilo consisted of the Three Knees, sluggers and musical artists; Fred Nichols and Joe Whitehead, in an old-time minstrel act; Lester and Moore, as the soubrette and the trapm; the Prence, in comic and mechanical acrobate, Beruf Welt's Sisters, singers and dancers, and the Mie, Blanchie Murphy, vocalist. Next week: Whalen and Martell's Kentucky Extravaganza company.
NOTES—Manager Kernan now has a monopoly of the vaudeville business in this city, but the new Gaity Theatre is still giving competing premiums. Messrs. Weber & Scribner, of New York, will open on schedule time Feb. 6, 1906, playing the Columbia Amusement Company’s attractions exclusively in this city. The real manager is the kind, busy man of Baltimore, whose name is to be kept secret until after the completion of the building. Mr. Eddie Edwards, the successful treasurer of the old Holliday Street Theatre, will be the treasurer and Mr. Tobey Jacobs the advertiser. The builders are now two weeks ahead of time, but that only original date for the opening will hold good in order to change all plans, bookings, etc.

MILTON.

Fleur, character and manager of “The Wizard and Irene Stone do some sensational and nerve racking stunts, at M. Marcus House.” Edward S. Kines and company presented an abbreviated drama. This form of play has become exceedingly popular with Chase’s patrons. The sketch is entitled, “Tainted Finance,” with Freuzied Finance, winding up with logical moral. Mr. Kines is assisted by Jas. D. Walsh and Wm. Slater. Their Sisters Rappo, very cleverly dachet at this time is the rough and needs a great deal of polishing. The action drags in several places and the actors should pay more attention to minor details in their work. They were received three curtain calls, which demonstrate that he is an old favorite here. J. Warren Reane, a magician, offered good work. He exhibited his Necravo, eccentric acrobats, were excellent. Cakkey and McBride, black face song and dance artists, gave a very acceptable performance Signor Luigi dell’Orco played on a great accordion and “armonopea” very cleverly.

MAJESTIC (T. P. Sargent, Manager)—The Fays opened a two week’s engagement in a mixed exhibition of alleged spiritual phenomena, telepathy, mediumship and vaudeville. Fay answers many questions pertaining to past, present and future events. The vaudeville features were presented by the lady and Mr. Rappo. A house in its vaudeville infancy should have the best, whether the worst has been seen before in town or not. Lee Harrison told some stories which Syracusans thought funny, and made up the songs Delmore and Lee, best actor ever here. Macart’s animals well did. Dixon, Bowers and Dixon fair. Delmar Sisters neatly dressed and good dancers. Anni, the Lithuanian, is good. French dog-play horse-play. Barr and Evans made no impression. Next week: Girard and Gardner, Keefer’s wonderful Jap-Troupe, Peace Quartet, Grattan and White, Reef Bros.

NOTE—Julie Delmar, the Keith representative at the Grand is becoming very popular.

F. E. WHEELER.

LONDON, CANADA.—BENNETT’S (J. H. Allen, Manager.)—This cosy vaudeville theatre is now well in its second year and meeting with well-merited success. Dec. 11—Mme. De Serris in “Mr. Blayne of Coldwater.” Dec. 12—Mrs. Ainsley and Xmas afternoon. A. H. Wood’s “A Wife’s Confession.”

KERNAN’S (Eugene Kernan, Manager)—Whalum and Martell’s clever burlesque company, “The Kentucky Belle.” The acts are presented by Messrs. Whalum, Martell and Hattie. They have broken away from the old-time style of burlesque companies, and are offering the patrons a two week’s holiday time, entitled “Murphy’s Mistake,” written by Reid and Gilbert. During the performance several excellent specialties are introduced. They are surrounded with a bevy of chorus girls that outline the chorus of many a first-class musical production. Miss Bello took the house by storm with “The Windings of the Yard,” at the popular Metropolitan Hotel. Miss Bello’s performances are of the purest and dance; Gray and Grakan, musical team; The Century Comedy Four, and the Four Melvin Bros. completed one of the best bills ever seen in this house.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—ORPHEUM (Thomas Winston, Mgr.,) — Martin Beck’s premier attraction, the Orpheum Show, is holding forth at this popular playhouse for week of December 11. The bill includes Ye Colonial Repete, Merian’s dogs, Jules and Ella Garrison, Sisters and Brothers Ford, Edgar Bixley, Winsome Winter and Campbell and Mack. The Colonial Repete have a very neat and cleverly conceived act. Merian’s dogs, by far the best canine act in the business, were generously applauded. Jules and Ella Garrison in their burlesca entitled “Ancient Times.” Edgar Bixley was a hit as well as were Winona Winter, the Sisters and Brothers Ford and Campbell and Mack, who are still using their act to good advantage. The “Animated Scenes” closed the bill. The Orpheum Show will pack them in this week. Julian Ittign is the herald of week for December 18.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—CHASE (J. W. De Witt, Mgr.)—“The Hazardous Globe,” in which Wizard and Irene Stone do some sensational and nerve racking stunts, at M. Marcus House. Edward S. Kines and company, presented an abbreviated drama. This form of play has become exceedingly popular with Chase’s patrons. Little sketches of the un-known, formerly alliterative talk teller talked twenty thoughtless stories successfully. Dan House, the amusing and burlesque music is a welcome feature. Mr. Kines, but his voice's effort relegates the act to the ordinary order.

The Carson Brothers, billed as acrobats, did not believe the profession, and Joe Reesches’s dogs were exhibited as well-trained balancing animals. Tyce and Jermon told some jests of ancient vintage and sang songs. Francis Wood played the piano. Why? Reesches’s Dogs, Burkes and Grace La Rue, with the assistance of a few colored comedians (1), presented what once was their comic “Silver Moon” sketch, and would you believe it they introduced a few new old jokes.

M. M. Thiele’s Casino Girls gave a featureless performance at Waldman’s, the local wheel representative. The material handed out to the company by the managers of the show will never place the authors in any competition with any good burlesque company. The aggregate cost of this week’s addition to Columbia Theatre will not open its doors this week on account of the poor business that usually troubles managers previous to Christmas. Xmas afternoon A. H. Wood’s “A Wife’s Confession,” the Russian equivalent.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Flummer, Mgr.)—This company is now touring the State, and is vaudeville wise through intermittent doses. The patronage at the Grand since the change of policy to vaudeville has been steady through the irregularity of the quality of the weekly bills. Syracuse demands good acts all the time, and will support them upon receipt.

NOTE—Hal Davis and Ines Macaulay in “The Unexpected.” Well liked, but why was not their latest offering “Fais” given instead? It is a much better stronger sketch. A house in its vaudeville infancy should have the best, whether the worst has been seen before in town or not. Lee Harrison told some stories which Syracusans thought funny, and made up the songs Delmore and Lee, best actor ever here. Macart’s animals well did. Dixon, Bowers and Dixon fair. Delmar Sisters neatly dressed and good dancers. Anni, the Lithuanian, is good. French dog-play horse-play. Barr and Evans made no impression. Next week: Girard and Gardner, Keefer’s wonderful Jap-Troupe, Peace Quartet, Grattan and White, Reef Bros.

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SOLD WHERE THEY SELL MUSIC


P. DAVID CHASE.

PITTSBURG, Pa. — GAITLY—Fred Irwin again does himself proud in his "Big Show" at the Gaitly. The burlesques are up to the Irwin standard of freshness. The Only Pebbles on the Beach and "Wives of the Sultan" are both gorgeously equipped in the way of scenic settings and costumes, and both provide with some catchy songs and effective ensembles. Willard Terre, Frank Carlton, Will H. Cohen, Charles P. Basley, Harry Devine, W. S. Harvey, and Joe Sharp laugh after the leading comedy roles, while Madge Anderson, Belle Williams and Marie O'Byrne did well in the leading female parts. In the first skit, Miss Anderson and several of the chorus, including Louise Lessner and the three Do Faye sisters, had songs that caught the fancy of the audience, while the second sketch included several clever bits, most of them by the chorus. In the olio feature, however, lies the greatest attraction. The Red Roses—twelve handsome young women, headed by Madame Hilda Carle, do a dazzling series of marches and tableaux, nearly raising the roof with volleys of rifle fire and conclude by scaling a high wall in true army style. W. S. Harvey, who juggles everything in a bedroom and winds up by balancing a big double- oak bed on his chin, made a hit. Divine and Williams did good work in songs, dances and character impersonations, and the pretty Do Faye sisters had one of the daintiest musical acts seen here in a good while. Among other vaudeville features are Miss Edle Behm the phenomenal baritone; the Six Hutzenbaker Girls in "Austrian Military Tactics," and the singing comedians Leon and Terre, all the acts being above the average.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—The Merrymakers' Extravaganza company (Whalen Bros. and Martell) at the Academy, is a new organization in the Empire circuit, and it certainly makes good. The opening burlesque, "Running for Mayor," is one of the brightest attractions I have seen at the Academy for months. M. J. Kelly showed himself a comedian of the first water, and was ably assisted by Tom Robinson, Dick Brownie, the three Alexander Brothers, James Brady, the Bowery boy; Jeanette Young, Grace Patton and Alma Kelly, N. and R. Alexander and Horace Strowe carry off the honors in the second place in their portrayal of rustic characters. The chorus was pretty, handsomely-organized and did clever work in the songs and dances. The olio was good, though and Rob- ton in "Off and On," an odd comedy turn in Irish and Dutch, made a hit. The Exposition Four, the Three Alexander and James Brady presented a unique musical act; Strowe and Young sang their own compositions well and Sherman and Fuller, comedy acrobats, amused the audience in "Dums and Dangs." Grace Patton, a dainty sou- bootee, was pleasing, and Mlle, Bartoleti, the ballet dancer of local Christmas pantomime fame, executed her great promise dance during the initial farce. MADAME PITT.

Mabel McKinley, who attempted fate in a legitimate production for a short time this season, has concluded that her destiny in the professional world lies in the field of vaudeville, to which she will shortly return with the astute guidance of her always ever manager, B. A. Myers.

Charles E. Taylor, manager of the Alcazar Beauties Company, married Gladys Sears, of the same company, in Chicago, November 23. He will star her this season in a "Female Reporter," in which she plays a part similar to that in which she has made a success this season.

AN ALL STAR CAST

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Jan. 1, Hyde & Behman’s, Brooklyn; 8, Imperial, Brooklyn; 15, Keith’s, Boston; 22.
Feb. 9, Howard’s, Boston; 6, Park, Wooster, Mass.; 12, Keith’s, Providence; 19, Keith’s, Phila.; 26, Grand Opera House, Pittsburgh; March 5, Keith’s, Cleveland; 12, Arcade, Idaho; 19, Syracuse; 26, Shea’s, Buffalo; April 2, Shea’s,

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Two Dainty Songs

"WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES TURN TO GOLD"
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"NAPOLI"
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Planche always at your service to teach you our numbers.

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REVIEWS OF THE WEEK

A REAL MUSIC HALL FOR NEW YORK
THE EX-HEADLINER "PALS" AND "HUMANITY"
THE OFFICE BOY ON DRAMATIC CRITICS
NEW ACTS
SKIGIE "CORKS"

CHICOT  SIME
THE CIRCLE'S FUTURE.

Percy G. Williams' Circle Theatre, now devoted to burlesque, is likely to again change its policy, according to current rumors.

It is not likely that the theatre will have been successful as a vaudeville house, it was abandoned as such upon Mr. Williams acquiring the Colonial. At the commencement of this season it opened for the first time as a burlesque house.

Business was bad from the start, and an "amateur" night each week had to be installed to boost it. Now the house is paying expenses, but Mr. Williams is not altogether satisfied.

He has under consideration the feasibility of installing next season a musical and comedy stock company there at popular prices, something after the La Scala in Chicago and the Tivoli in San Francisco.

"BOB" GRAU'S LATEST.

Robert is himself again for the framing up of schemes, and the "only Bob" last one is stupendous. He is going to assist the artists to establish an agency of their own, thus "doing away with the managerial agencies," as he terms it.

Ninety-nine headliners have already been entered in his mind, and only one more is needed to open operations. When all is in readiness Robert will deign to start the new enterprise to success, and may possibly—just possibly, though—allow a few agents to help him out.

After the full swing has been started, the remainder of the artists will be taken in. Perhaps a few more agents, too—but just "perhaps." "Bob" holds the destinies of the vaudeville world in the hollow of his little finger, to do with as he likes.

Robert willrun off a few Christmas "bills."

EDWARD PREVOST ILL.

"Eddie" Prevost, of Prevost and Prevost, returned to this country this week. He was met at the station by his brother, Howard Prevost, of Rice and Prevost, and taken to his home. He is suffering from enlargement of the heart, brought on by his hard work on the stage, and will not be able to work again.

He was one of the first, if not the first, to develop the double somersault without the sporting board and was one of the finest aerialists in American vaudeville. His loss to the stage will be felt.

GILLETTE A PUP PROMOTER.

Not content with handling his own act, Edward Gillette will shortly come to the assistance of the vaudevillians in some musicals and comedies. He is putting forward several plans under his management, employing others to work the tents and training the animals himself.

Mr. Gillette has been remarkably successful with his own offering and feels that there is room for more good acts of a somewhat similar sort.

He has permanent quarters near Boston, where he can care for a large family of animals and will use this as his training school.

HAD STAGE FRIGHT.

There was trouble at Dockstader's Garrick Theatre in Wilmington on Monday, where Rhoda Royal was to have exhibited her white stallion Chesterfield. At the matinee performance the horse, which was on stage for the first time, became frightened at the footlights and in spite of the endeavors of his rider, walked into the piano which serves as an orchestra.

There was no disturbance in the gallery and Manager Dockstader came on the stage and reproved the crowd for the demonstration. The horse was a feature of the Ringling show last Summer and will be schooled to the footlights before opening in Trenton next week.

MORRIS WILL HUSTLE.

No one will be appointed to the place in the Morris office left vacant by the resignation of Edward S. Keller. Instead William Morris will give more of his personal attention to the vaudeville business and will handle most of the places formerly booked by Keller.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

The rumor that Robert Grau has arranged with Charles Frohman to give Sunday concerts at the Empire Theatre is absolutely without foundation.

George M. Young, of the Philadelphia Ledger, was in New York Friday looking over the Casino Girls at the Gotham.
tory through a strike. It was shown at the time of the White Rat strike that victory could be gained without resort to extreme measures. What is needed now is an organization of the solidly conservative members of the membership who can act as a board of arbitration and settle disputes between managers and performers without recourse to the use of a second hand. A few favorable decisions gained in the higher courts to serve as precedents would make future disputes easy of settlement, and while such litigation would be expensive this pleasant good would be worth the cost.

When an artist seeks the law court he is compelled to waste valuable time in attending the trial, and only after vexations does the matter ever come to issue. If a case could be assigned to a representative of the society, the deposition of the artist could be taken and trial held in New York while the artist was playing in San Francisco. After it was shown that any case not susceptible of an amicable settlement could be brought to trial and pushed to a conclusion, managers would feel less secure in trusting to the inability of the artist to be present at the trial and would be more cautious in canceling contracts at the eleventh hour. The two weeks’ cancellation clause would have a new and more honest meaning, and several trick clauses would be abolished after they were shown to be illegal.

A new contract, in itself, would be necessary and the elaborate system of rules and regulations would be done away with in favor of some simpler form, easily understandable and fair alike to the artist and the employer. At present the artist is compelled to sign whatever contract it pleases the manager to put forward, and while the average contract has absolutely no status in law, it is of no avail for the artist to know that, since the law is not for the nonad who spends but one or two weeks in a place, the manager, with the benefit of residence and establishment, can blind him a contract and enforce its provisions. Until the contract is shown to be illegal the artist has no recourse but suit.

Such a society would have to be offered by persons whose own motives would be above suspicion and whose business capacity would lend them authority. The huckstered enthusiasm, allitory and socialistic ideas, armons only momentary enthusiasm. What would be needed would be men whose views are based on sound business principles and whose positions are guarantors of their honesty and whose administration would inspire confidence. Richly started, a society of this sort could work a revolution in vaudeville affairs and advantage the business in a permanency that does not, at present, exist.

Lloyd Del Oro, whose converting play is a revelation at Hyde and Helman’s this week, possesses a marvellous memory for music. Monday he asked William E. Slaver, the leader, at the house, to throw him one of his compositions. Just before he went on Slaver gave him a piece of music he had written. Del Oro thanked him, glanced it over and put it in his pocket. Slaver supposed that he would play it later in the week, but to his surprise Del’ Oro came out and played it through without a break, though he had memorized it after glancing over it only a couple of times.

More than one old timer echoes Aeton Davies’ plaint that there are no more artists of the period who are sold for nothing. He must get something for it, and yet Hurig & Seamon are paying him to entertain their audiences; not to persuade them to use a certain remedy. It is an odd thing that this was called it a growing evil. It is out of place in the theatre.

DEPARTMENT STORE SHOWS

The attention of the Police Department is called to the fact that unlicensed performances are being given at several of the department stores as a bid for Christmas business.

Throughout the year the piano-playing devices are kept going as an added inducement to patronage and in the sheet music department one may hear the newest songs by simply standing around and listening, but the shows now referred to are stage performances in which several players of the museum grade are employed to keep things going.

Some years ago one Sixth avenue firm had shows going for several weeks before a complaint was made. The manager caused an investigation and the abrupt termination of the unlicensed show, but from time to time since then the scheme has been renewed. This year half a dozen of the big shops are cultivating a free vaudeville with picks of all flavors.

It is not fair to the managers who are compelled to make heavy payments to the city for the privilege of conducting public places of amusement that these stores should be permitted to give free performances. The companies noted by the examinations of the Police and Building department, especially when the Christmas shopping makes business bad at the regular houses.

Many persons who go shopping might drop into Proctor’s or Keith’s on the way home did not find free entertainment at the places where they spend the rest of their money.

NEW ILLUSION COMING

The Mascot Moth is to be brought to this country by the Marcellini Agency, opening at the Colonial on January 15.

The illusion is one of the latest creations of Draculine and Cook and comes straight from Egyptian Hall, London. It is said to be far ahead of anything of the sort ever shown here, and from the amount given of the work that claim would appear to be correct.

The Moth is a girl who stands on a chair on a clear stage close to the footlights. By means of the color red or black backings, the stage is set with ordinary scenery unprovided with traps, and yet at the word of command the girl vanishes from view instantly.

All previous disappearing acts have required that a cloth be held before the performer for an instant, but in this act nothing of the sort is done.

The method by which the trick is accomplished is said to be so puzzling that even the expert sharps are unable to predict the outcome, and the principle of this being absolutely new there is no chance of discovering just how the trick is worked by comparing it to other acts.
IN THE OLDEN DAYS


NOTE—There is probably no one now extant who can speak of the vaudeville with the exception of Tony Pastor, who possesses as well the knowledge of the business as Nick Norton, who gave up professional life to associate with the managerial end and who for several years has been a valued member of the Hyde & Harter firm, referred to in this article. Most kindly consented to give some of his recollections for the benefit of Variety. The series will be continued in subsequent issues.

NUMBER TWO.

"After my experience with the Indians, when they got drunk and broke up the show and the opera house in Pontiac at the same time (I was looking for that $15 per, by the way), I played my next engagement at Saginaw, where we put in a few weeks at the large Bird Hall there, the opera house was on the outskirts of the town, and as the Winter was a severe one, it frequently happened that, in spite of our small company, there were more persons on the stage than had paid admission to the auditorium.

"In Saginaw I met John Morrisey, now with the Orpheum, in San Francisco. He was one of those who made his start in Detroit, and was stranded in the town waiting for a remittance to enable him to get on his way. He is not strapped for stage fares nowadays.

"In those days a variety show invariably opened with a minstrel first part, in which the entire company took part. After this came the specialties, and then there was a small farce or condensed play in which all hands were called upon. This talk of two shows and three shows that is one of the veriest anachronisms in the theater about its performance, was not known then. Everybody worked from eight until twelve, and none ever said 'no' when a manager asked for it. And yet, unless he was quick enough to save himself the trouble of resigning. Whether it was Dutch farce, black face afterpieces, or a tragedy, we all played parts, and no matter how good a performer might be in his specialty, if he was not a useful man in parts he was not wanted."

"We did the best we could in Saginaw, but there seemed small chance of getting out of a bad hole, and I had my first experience at trying to skip, a hotel bill. I had my trunk on the sidetrack when the proprietor came along, and it was taken indoors again. Eventually I got away in a more dignified fashion, and my next engagement was in Grand Rapids.

"This was worse than Saginaw, and after a week the show gave up. John Fielding, Albert Davis and myself fell in with a man who was making profit¬able living out of bounty jumping. He had a lot of money and he took me 'On the road' to Chicago, and added the information that he would stand the expense, we jumped at the chance.

"There was no railroad connecting the two places in those days, and it was a cold drive by stage, but at last we arrived in the promised land and Stutty, our bouncy jumping friend, put us all up at the City Hotel.

"Performers used to come from each other even in those days, and we went out one evening shortly after our arrival, to see if we could get a song. Tony Pastor was singing at Chaddock's Variety, and the chorus ran:

"Her name was Isabella
She carried an umbrella,
Her father kept a barber shop
The Milwaukee was a 'local bag' being changed to some town adjacent where the song was sung.

"Mr. Pastor was at that time the largest and most popular minstrel in the country, and a tremendous favorite everywhere. He was doing two turns a night and sang less than five songs at each appearance.

"It was a late show and it was after twelve when we turned up at the hotel.

"The clerk was not cordial, nor did he make any move toward our keys. Instead of beginning to fill the requirements of hotels respecting persons without baggage.

"Stutty was paying, we chortled, knowing expectantly toward the key rack.

"He has paid,' was the unsympathetic retort. 'He said you fellows were good fellows.'"

"We went out into the street and at last found a new lodging house where a trade had not yet been established. After some argument and a conclusive demonstration on our part that we did not have the fifty cents required for two rooms, we were permitted to sleep three in a bed, and we trooped upstairs to turn in.

"The room was bitterly cold, and as the carpet had been laid on the floor to stretch before it was tacked down, we pulled the carpet over the bed and slept comfortably.

"In the morning eight cents worth of crackers and five cents worth of bolonga constituted our breakfast, and we eat it on the skirts of Black Street Bridge. The thermometer was fifteen below zero.

"After breakfast we separated to go to work and by good luck I obtained a $50 a week. I settled at Keller's Concert Hall on King Street. I stayed there for some time and for weeks the entire salary went to support the trio, the others not having found work. But Vickers, father of Mattie Vickers and an old performer himself, cut his rates a dollar a head to help us up.

"In Chicago I met and dwelled with Gopp, a blackface performer, who afterward became one of Harlem's famous clowns.

"After a time we made a deal to go to Toledo. They ran a show at the Opera House there under management of a dozen specialists, and as the minstrel first part and the after piece was changed weekly and even twice a week, a performer could get an engagement for from three to six months in the same place.

"Circus people, when their show had gone into winter quarters, would go to some town and remain there until the season went out again in the spring. All actors, with lodgers, kept the drives, to housekeeping, sending their children to the schools and enjoying much more of a family life than they do today.

"One of the saloons much patronized by the actors was run by a man by the name of Haverly, and when it was announced that Jack Haverly had purchased a half interest in the Opera House there was usually talk of a man foolish with a line of business with which he was unfamiliar.

"It was a quiet, unassuming sort of character, and remittance days dreamed that in a few years he would have a string of theaters extending clear across the continent, nor that forty years later the name of Jus. Hammerstein's Minstrels would still be an asset.

"It was at the Opera House for five months, and then left to go out with the first show ever put on the road by a man named Hammerstein, who had managed all of his enterprises. It was a small traveling show, and it opened in Adrian, twenty miles away. The next morning the manager piled us aboard cars and took us back to Toledo. The first Haverly show was a thing of the past, and I was out of a job again.

"The business was not as easy then as it is now. Most of those who gained the boards were apprenticed to actors, and they had to know how to act before they could get in. The acts are better today and I fancy I should still be getting $15 a week if I did the same specialty I did then.

"The only points in which the old act was superior were its playing and dancing. An apprentice to a rider had to learn how to be graceful as well as to stick on a horse's back, and the result was that an apprentice had grace virtually thrust into him. Now things are very different.

"A dance in those days was a display of grace as well as a skillful training of feet. At this time of day is hardly a poor substitute for the sand jig—which was the original form of the dance. To-day a dancer seeks intricate steps and rests content with that.

"Apart from these two features I think the business vastly improved by specializing, but in the old days when a man had to act in farce and tragedy, taken from the first part and do anything else the manager desired they turned out all round actors.

"The bill in a variety house consisted of comic acts, dancing, some specialties and a farce or condensed play, and everybody worked from eight o'clock until twelve. There was no question as to shows or three then. Everybody worked, father included, and the system built up actors whose development has made the variety stage what it is to¬day.

"I recall that Fred Halen was an apprentice to Ad. Weaver, a famous blackface performer, and John Ray got his training from Bill Ray, who was as famous in his day."

(Two continued.)

Cheridah Simpson will return to vaudeville within a few weeks, having finished from the musical boy part of Robin Hood in "Tales in the Wood."

The Cravers, the champion lariat throwers and twirlers, are negotiating to have their own act for the English music halls. This team issued a challenge a short time ago to Will Rogers for a roping contest, which the latter has accepted, and it is expected the two will come together the first week of January."

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN ON THE FUTURE OF VAUDEVILLE.

Note: The picture of Mr. Hammerstein on the cover page is from a photograph taken in 1912.

Last Monday afternoon, as I walked into the lobby of the Victoria during in¬termission, two young women were talking to Oscar Hammerstein. Mr. Hammerstein beckoned me to come over, and as I walked up, he was saying 'Bee my son, Willie.' The girls, mistaking me for the son, commenced to shower questions.

Explaining the error, they still insisted upon speaking, saying, 'We want to put on a sister act, and we were referred to Mr. Hammerstein. Now he won't listen to us. Don't you think that's mean? Why don't he tell us how to put it on? He could just as well as now.

The idea of the only Oscar putting on a 'sister act' was too ludicrous. The young ladies were informed that the likelihood of Mr. Hammerstein assisting them was quite as small, and they departed on a search for Willie.

Mr. Hammerstein dismissed the incident with a shrug as one of the minor tribulations of a public man's life, and upon being asked as to the future of vaudeville, said: 'It's a puzzler. You can't give the people what they want. Glamor is for today; all yesterday. The agent can't supply the demand; you must invent and furnish it yourself.

'I really don't know what the end will be. Here in the Victoria I can put on a $4,000 or $4,500 bill and it doesn't cause a ripple. It is a mistake to class this house as a vaudeville theatre. It is altogether outside the pale of variety. Why can't you think up a new name for it?'

Mr. Hammerstein suggested that his son be seen for an extended comment as it is a settled fact that William Ham¬merstein (familiarly called 'Willie') is one of the two or three best informed men on technical vaudeville this side of the pond, but Oscar was told that his professional opinion at the time was desired.

'It's the hardest kind of work to get up a bill,' he continued. 'You must under¬stand that this is the Victoria with a glass of the best champagne put on a whisker or any old kind of an act at Keith's and they shout themselves hoarse over it, but here they know what is what. Big acts are a blessing in dis¬ guise in one way, but how are you going to keep it up?

'When I opened the Victoria for vaudeville I had headaches thinking out how to get 'em in; now they are in, it is causing me the same kind of pain thinking of how to continually please. It's a puzzler; I can't answer it yet.'

SIME J. SILVERMAN.

It is expected that the new Majestic Theatre in Chicago will be ready to open Christmas Day. Two floors in the new building will be given over to the Western Vaudeville Managers' Association, and the third floor will be making it a double event. The new offices will be without exception the finest in the country.

A paper announces that Maude White has engaged Stephen Grattan as her support in 'Locked Out at 5 A.M.' Why not? He's her husband.
"Skiglie," the Youngest Critic in the World, Sees the Show at Proctor's. Doesn't Like Arie Dagwell Because She Sang "My Old Kentucky Home."

("Skiglie" is a boy, seven years old. Having been a constant attendant at vaudeville theaters since three, he has a decided opinion. "Skiglie's" views are not printed to be taken seriously, but rather to enable the artist to determine the impression his work leaves on the little mind. What "Skiglie" says is taken down without the change of a word or syllable.)

I liked the first act (The Zarbes; Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street; Sunday afternoon, Dec. 17,) because they went around on those you know things (rings) and I liked that little actor (Charles Rossow) imitating Sousa, and the other one, who came after (The Rossow Brothers) when they were boxing, and the little fat fellow got the worst of it, and I liked the pictures, but I didn't know what they were about. (The Rolling Mill.)

That colored girl (Artie Hall) is all right, but I knew she was blackened up because she wore gloves. That's all I liked. There were a whole lot of things, but I didn't like the others. I forget how many acts there were. It was a short show and I couldn't get any ice cream soda after, and I'm sore.

I didn't like that girl that came out and sang (Arie Dagwell). I hate that Old Kentucky River (Home) song, and it makes me sick and that's why I don't like it.

I liked the last act (Lavine and Leonard), the one they juggled in while the machine (auto) blew up, and it was a real machine too. I think it's better than the other one (Harry Tate "Motorizing"), but that little fellow that says "Yes, Paw-Paw" made me laugh.

I bet I know where they (Lavine and Leonard) got that machine thing from. The Hippodrome where it used to blow up as Marceline left the stage and then Marceline would fall off.

That fellow that doubles all over (Toledo and Price) was all right, and then they had a sketch (Tom Nee, "Pat and the Genii") which was long, but I think they did it funny, and after it is all over the fellow they call "Polls" takes there as though he didn't know what to do and then he says, "Gee, I guess I've been asleep," and he hadn't been asleep at all.

A big fat man (Gus Williams) came out and told something then he takes a wig off his head and put it in his next pocket.

And I bet you five cents I get that ice cream soda after, and I'm sore.

West and Van Siclen are playing a first rate engagement at the Eden Musee. They have other time in and about New York and will stay in the East for the remainder of this and next season.

"Pals" and "Humanity." Again reduced to a one act playlet, "Pals," with Hal Davis and Inez Macau-ney, is one of the features at the Colonial this week. The sketch is a curious com- mentary on the difference between the American and English ideas of what a musical hall is. Before they have ceased laughing the fight is on, and so poorly have the lines been laid out, they keep on laughing because they have not had their deepest interest aroused. One line on the stage is immediately termed "the handsomest woman in vaudeville."

The central idea of "Pals" is taken from an English act known as "Humanity," presented by John Lawson, a propa-gandista. Himself a Hebrew, he seeks in his sketches to uphold his race against the Gentile and his perform- ances always show a Christian villain and a Hebrew hero. He has half a dozen sketches with mechanical features, but he has never found a substitute for "Humanity," which is always a feature cast the lesser bills.

In "Humanity" Lawson plays the part of a banker who has befriended a Christian in hard luck. This latter has taken advantage of his position in the house- hold and has wormed the affections of his benefactor's wife.

The latter loves her husband, but is piqued at the attention he pays to his business, and in the sketch the psycho- logical moment has taken a through burst pride, she is at last willing to leave her home with the tempter.

At the last moment the villain finds that she has not brought with her the handsome jewels which her husband has showered upon her, and he demands that she take them to her. She refuses on the plea that she will not add rob- bery to her other offenses, while they are still arguing the question the hus- band comes in and perceives the situa-

tion.

In silence he conducts his wife to her room and comes down the stairway. The villain throws a jardiniere at him, smashing the newel light, and this starts a fight, which wrecks the apartment and ends with the fall of the hero and vil-
lain from the broken stairway to the glass-strewn floor.

It is a grim, tense combat between moss-faces, and even the audience is absorbed in suspense as now one and then the other appears to be getting the best of it. A huge piler glass is shattered, gas globes fall in fragments from the chandelier, a dinner table is disarranged and brief-

brac is smashed at every development, yet these are merely incidentals to the fight.

In the American version written by Edmund Day, who has written some cap-
tical sketches and some remarkably bad ones (the comedy predominates, with the result that when the fight comes the audience are as apt to laugh as to thrill.

To them it is on a plane with the plate smashing comedy of Bedini and Arthur and the pie smashing of more important than the fight. The breakaway stair is so paljably faked that it ceases to be impressive. The men after coming home from the stairway hold the steps instead of falling them, and the audience are as apt to laugh as to thrill.

The trouble is that in his anxiety to develop who comedy cap and required in America, Mr. Day has not given his audi-

ence an interest in the story. They know that George Redmond is the husband's friend and that he loves the wife, but the sudden development of the situation

just prior to the ciznax does not permit them to change from the state comedy of the stolen dinner to the tragedy of the newly developed. And they have ceased laughing the fight is on, and so poorly have the lines been laid out, they keep on laughing because they have not had their deepest interest aroused.

If you don't like something and want to tell about it, send it here if you think it will interest others. Variety does not assume paterity for any opinions expressed in this column. Items will be printed (if not libellous) whether we agree with the statements or not. It is the function to make this the artists' forum.


Editor of Variety.

Sir,—It is understood that one alleged weak voiced prima donna has been touring the local vaudeville houses as a headline in gorgeous gowns (her talent ends) will find things a little more difficult in the future, so far as securing future is concerned; for outside of one date later in the winter, the managers have decided to hold on to their four figure bills heretofore, and vaudeville is at a distinct end, so far as they are concerned, with the lady who delites to sing four notes off the key twice daily.

If a few more of these gift affairs were thrust from their lofty position it would be a source of unal-

loyed joy to the public and a heap of money to the singer's pocket, every one will concede.

CINQUEVALLI OPENS MONDAY.

Cinquavalli, who styles himself "The Palatial copa of Diz," made his bow before an American audience, after an absence of four years, at Proctor's Twenty-third Street, on Monday night, the opening night of a vaudeville engagement.

Since leaving here, "Chink" has traveled pretty well around the world, and his press agent will have half a dozen big script books to work from. He is an above average good tailor, and a man who does things.

Louis Werba was offered the winning team in the recent six-day cycle race, "We've been somnambulums anyway."
MANAGERS FROM MISSOURI

In spite of the growing demand for new material both from known performers and those who are new to the trade, there is little new to make their vaudeville appearance. The managers and agents appear to give little encouragement to the new talent. They are from Missouri and nowhere else.

It is but natural that the manager should not care to make a contract with an artist with whom he is not familiar, but even those who are familiar with old hands, some effort should be made to encourage those who would offer new wares at least to the extent of being willing to look at it, when, after weeks of effort, the sketch is placed at a Sunday concert or elsewhere. As the matter now stands, the only manager who is actually willing to extend a helping hand to an act new to the business is Tony Pastor.

He has given more new players their start than any dozen other men in the business, yet, even when, through Mr. Pastor's influence, certain new talent is given opportunity to make a showing, agents and other managers do not make an effort to see the act, or at the best send some office underling whose judgment must not be accepted on any style of offering.

Occasionally a man from some out-town theatre gets in to see some new turns at Pastor's because he cannot find them at the agents, and in this way new acts eventually gain a footing, but the agents, who of all persons should be posted on new material, are the last to be informed of the new coming. When the managers get away from the theater and Hartwell have a short but hearty equilibrating act. Their improvement on the arch trick has the merit of a new conception rather than an outworking of an old idea. Col. Gaston Borelevy has a lot of sharpshooting that pleased and astonished. Some of the explanations would astonish still more, for much of the work is not very visible. The trick pianos and the disrobing are the features of the act and the turn is put together throughout in business-like fashion. Trovolo had a pair of new ideas to show, the most successful of which is a feat of concentration. He goes in for the mechanical part more strongly than for humor or straight viroliquial work, and he is developing the best mechanical act outside of Segommer. It is some nine or ten years since the latter was here. Leo Nino was better than the average trick violinist, and in his proper place.baby two did more than was to have been expected of him. Carlin's dogs and ponies get a good hand for the opening. Carlisle is developing his talking dog, but they are funny because he has made the act a diversified offering and he works the animals well. The Vitagraph showed a lengthy film of the night before Christmas, which was appropriate and well done. Next week Arthur Prince and Ida Renoe from foreign lands and a lot of favorites besides.

The Keith circuit is to have a new house between Toledo and Pittsburgh to break the jump. Probably means an earlier week with a 20 per cent cut.

The Zaneggs leave the Eden Music and go to Hyde and Behman's next week. The show at the Eden Music was Mr. Leo's personal feature. He had his fun out of it, anyway.

COLONIAL

At a time when most managers are trimming their shows a little in the attempt to save money, there is more money in a dry goods store than a theatre, Percy Williams is offering a Christmas bill. The Walkovksy troupe of Russian dancers show to poor advantage; not because they lack merit, but because they do real Russian dances instead of following the dictates of showmanship. If the male dancers could sing as well as they dance, their solos would stand the audience on their heads. As it is the stage is filled with people (there are nine in the troupe) and concentration is lost. It is one of the best dancing organizations ever seen here. Scarie and Violet Allen have a sketch advertising a brand of whisky and a cathartic water. They also give a bit of the old buxomanoae tricks which have served so many years. In spite of the advertising and the lack of pacing, Sony and his family are good, the most successful of the new skits of Fiske and McDonough. Mr. Fiske suffers from incipient socialism, and his sketches are too bitty to be really funny. He should air his views in private and give free rein to his comedy on the stage. He could make up a real hit if he confined himself to comedy instead of problems of the reformer. His flings at the rich who would be practically charitable are funny in a fashion, but too grim. He will never gain real headline honors by thanon-the-dessert subterfuge. He was good as the tough, but Miss McDonough was horribly affected as the society woman, her work being entirely off the key. The Meeker-Baker trio have some smart acrobatic work and Mark Sullivan does impersonations. It is to be regretted that he cannot find a stronger piece of resistance than the mattress seller, manager and prop man over Caesar. Much of his work is distinctly good, all of it is entertaining, but he could provide a better finish to his act, did he try. The six Peri sisters do a boyish thing to the most sistery house. They do some Chinese dances that please, but finish with some Hungarian work entirely devoid of the fire and finish, which are the chief charms of this style of dance. Since they are too placid for the goulash style, they would do better to buy new costumes and turn the other side of dance. Lizzie J. Raymond has five songs and a dance, and they are all them all. She saves her life after the third song by going to a jingly English music hall song. She is a memory now, but the others, 'the old thing is dead,' Lugli Dell'Oro plays the concertina with a pedal organ accompaniment. He is a man of musicianly parts, giving to his instrument every expression. His selection of numbers is excellent. Victoria Parker works Harry Parker's dog's to good effect, and there are some moving pictures.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S

Neil Burgess gets blacker type than others on the Hyde and Behman bill. The following is the report of Clarke's Vaudeville Company as they go the sketch honors. "No More Trouble" is funnier than "In the Biograph," and moves with the same rush to a quieter end. There is action to be seen. In the real vaudeville, yet he preserves the legitimate comedy and does not suggest at any time the slapstick. If there were more such as Clarke in vaudeville, they would work upon the other comic and work out against the dramatic sketch. As the jealous husband who suspects that a friend is playing a trick on him by posing as his stepmother, and who commits assault and battery upon the real stepmother under the impression that she is the masquerader, Clarke works with tremendous energy and receives the support from the audience which De Mott and Archie Billie, all of whom are fully competent. Neil Burgess will be found in the New Act department, where he is given the opening act, the almost new sketch of Fiske and McDonough. Mr. Fiske suffers from incipient socialism, and his sketches are too bitty to be really funny. He should air his views in private and give free rein to his comedy on the stage. He could make up a real hit if he confined himself to comedy instead of problems of the reformer. His flings at the rich who would be practically charitable are funny in a fashion, but too grim. He will never gain real headline honors by thanon-the-dessert subterfuge. He was good as the tough, but Miss McDonough was horribly affected as the society woman, her work being entirely off the key. The Meeker-Baker trio have some smart acrobatic work and Mark Sullivan does impersonations. It is to be regretted that he cannot find a stronger piece of resistance than the mattress seller, manager and prop man over Caesar. Much of his work is distinctly good, all of it is entertaining, but he could provide a better finish to his act, did he try. The six Peri sisters do a boyish thing to the most sistery house. They do some Chinese dances that please, but finish with some Hungarian work entirely devoid of the fire and finish, which are the chief charms of this style of dance. Since they are too placid for the goulash style, they would do better to buy new costumes and turn the other side of dance. Lizzie J. Raymond has five songs and a dance, and they are all them all. She saves her life after the third song by going to a jingly English music hall song. She is a memory now, but the others, 'the old thing is dead,' Lugli Dell'Oro plays the concertina with a pedal organ accompaniment. He is a man of musicianly parts, giving to his instrument every expression. His selection of numbers is excellent. Victoria Parker works Harry Parker's dog's to good effect, and there are some moving pictures.

PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD ST.

"Just back from England" is the announcement of the Casino Comedy Four and the Kabuki 

entertainment this week. They would have done better had they stayed abroad, for, in spite of their capital singing, they did not score a strong success. The trouble is largely that their comedy show what they took over with them some seasons ago, and their songs are moldy for American audiences. They will have to permit their vaudeville and comedy to get far ahead. Nick Long and Ida Lane Cotton are doing their "Managerial Troubles." They have the same art and the same opening as that used in the sketch originally produced under this name, but the offering is kept fresh through changes in the imitations. A new finish would help the act some, as the important work is poor. Nick Long in the red mask is still masked and still dances with a rush that suggests that her feet instead of her neck are of rubber. She is made the headline here, and, of course, the Shelton's are with her, doing their own work on the early bill. The young woman who imagines that she can do things like Ellis in the roguish quiet duel. She draws the rest and her work is so badly done that she leaves most of the audience wondering what she had been trying to do. Artie Hall with her time-honored joke about not being as black as she is painted, showed the white skin beneath her gloves to prove her color, though no one appeared to care about the matter save herself. One of her songs was old; the others were better. Hines and Rounding are always good for a laugh and more. They had a good place on the bill, and the audience was listening to them Monday night. The Five Mowatts were in one of their bad hours and dropped things all over the stage. The rapidity with which they work is the most pleasing feature of their performance, but they should not work so fast that they cannot catch things. Sylvano is an equilibrists who dressed his stage to make the important work. He uses a pedestal and the usual tower of chairs, but his chairs are wired for lamps and these show to good advantage as he works. They do the important work at all, but do contribute materially to the regard in which an audience holds a new act. Others could profit by this lesson. A small and a laugh. There were pictures as usual and a loud applause from the audience for a before Christmas matinee.

An entertainment was given at the Kings County Almshouse and Insane Asylum last Wednesday by the people playing at Hyde and Behman's this week. The entire company and orchestra were charmered to the institution by Nick Norton.
HURTG AND SEAMON'S
This has been opera week at Hurtig and Seamon's. For the rising from the curtain to the going down thereof there is nothing but opera. Even Mark Murphy doesn't play any funny one—usually of the operatic end. His sketch is one of the best things on the bill; not that it is a well considered offering or that it is a profound one, but because it is one of those old fashioned things audiences like to laugh at, and because it is briskly and carefully played. Edgar Allen, Emilie La Croix and Lillian May McClure are doing "Dave." The Martin Brothers use xylophones with resonator attachments. They have a poor selection of music, but do not play badly. J. Albrech Libbey and Katherine Trayer have Libbey's idea of an act. Mr. Libbey should have his idea repaired. They sing only one verse of each song so that they may sing four instead of two, and so please a greater number of listeners. They are a good group, and they wind up with an operatic number that is excruciatingly funny through Mr. Libbey's ponderous and exasperating voice. It is very serious, but he is really a musical joker. The pictures show how fatal it is to flirt with a traveling artist. The humors are driven from home three times and in between it is cold and dreary, and a sewing machine taken by the installment collector. She is a much persecuted lady.

TONY PASTOR'S
Harris and Harris top the Pastor bill this week, but there are lots of others whose names are enough to offset the dreaded "week before." Harris and Harris are a entertaining pair. They sing their songs very briskly, and they are still getting away with it. Adamini and Taylor mix Venice and West Twenty-eighth street in a singing specialty. Mr. Adamini should seek to convert some of the local faults which suggest that he has a bare lip, though he hasn't. The singers scored a hit, but if they want to pay for carrying scenery around they should get a good cloth. Venice under a green sky more nearly suggests Ireland. The Pantzer Trio are about the last of the old line contortionists to hold a place on the better class bills. Their 'act' is always neatly dressed and the grotesque posturings fall to the lot of the man. It is a capital act and pleased accordingly. George B. Lincoln, who is wearing an alias, takes fares as well as when he had a partner, but the act has lost in appeal. He is singing a number of English comic songs which are appreciated, though they seem no particular merit. Mills and Morris are pretty much the same and have not yet learned to keep together when they are singing. Dan J. Harrington is not the greatest of chansons, but has an air on the quiet. His duos are positively shabby and his jokes are as worn. The Amphon Four were made the second feature, though there were plenty who were better. They have a mixture which starts out as a skit and winds up as a dancing act. It will be a long time before they have it right. It lacks finish, idea and novelty at present. Gus Leonard has ideas in plenty. He does burlesque magic while pretending to take himself seriously, and it is only occasionally that by that he is doing anything interesting. A little clearer dialect, the avoidance of repetition in his jokes and a trifle better grade of work would land him in the higher ranks in a short time. It fits him and is easy to work on the idea steadily. His best thing is a trombone which gradually fails apart as he plays. The Arber Sisters are a couple of youngster who do some dancing and acrobatic work and do not sing, Heaven bless 'em! They just keep working until they are through and then they go home. Their first dresses are crude, but their second suits are first-class and are worth copying. Kimball and Donovan play the banjo pleasantly, though not brilliantly, and the De Marcos have a good, well-chosen bit that is gay, cheerful and attractive. It is not a big act. Allen and Dalton offer a musical specialty with borrowed jokes. They are not worth borrowing at that. Their selections are not well played, but they get through because they are able to make friends with the house. Pictures, of course, at both ends.

MINER'S BOWERY
Frankly profane is the show at Miner's Bowery this week, the being called the Pay Foster Company. Louise Dacre, George McFarland and Bert Herbert are princely. The two last named do not mean anything to hear a woman swear under any circumstances. Miss Dacre seems to find it necessary. When she and the comedians are not swearing, the two are peddling wall-to-wall corn flats which suggest to her through very plain innuendo. This week they swear only in the afterpiece—because the first part has been cut out to make room for the fight pictures. That seems to be the only reason. The dressing of the chorus in this burlesque is better than the average, though the stage is so poorly lighted with a single center light that all are not visible when the act can hardly be seen. It is foolish to try and light a stage with one small spot light. It would be better to have the lights full on. The dialogue is not at all good; there is little real humor, and the people loath their work with the exception of Tom Welch, who plays a tough part in better form than usually finds in these companies. He patterns largely after Junie McCree. Alma Vivian did well with a soured role, but the opportunity was small. She stays on as a girl and Miss Vivian has some baritone solos at the start of the sadness. She is so busy keeping her voice down in the cellar that she pays little attention to her eminence, and speaks of "Hosannah in the hi-yi-yi!" in painful fashion. Cashman and St. Clair waste some time with some talk and song, and just as you think they are going to get to work, they go off and the curtain falls. Perhaps it is as well, but it is something of a shock. Hébert and Willing do a blackface act that pleases, though not to much. St. Clair and Keno, who are better, and Melrose have an acrobatic work with some splendid tumbling. There is some comedy that is not good, but that is to be expected. The fight pictures of the Nelson-Britt contest hold the audience. They show both the rounds and the walks, and take it right through to the knock out. It filled the house the other night better than most attractions could, and while there is lack of action in the early rounds, the boys warm up after a while and become restless to the delight of the gallery. If the show could be cleaned up it would be a good one. The girls are far more attractive than the average.

CORRECTION
Through an error, the performance at the Dewey Theatre in last week's "VARIETY" was mislaid. The Three Little Lillies. The Jersey Lillies were at the Minstrel Theatre. Be sure to go to the Weyburn Minstrel depicting "Dance Magic." It is as good as any in town.

Alexandra Daagen is at the Empire. Hackney, just as present. It has been a long time since she was here last, but she is as popular as ever abroad.

"CORKS" ON GIRL ACTS.
"Two for me," pleaded the Human Corkscrew as he took his place at the table and reached for the nearest full shilling. "I've been seeing girl acts. There's not that wrong than seeing snakes," asked one of the "push."

"Hub," retorted Corks, "I guess a fellow what does a contortion act in a small town aren't bothered with a real Eve what sings 'Under the Old Apple Tree' in a soprano voice and a picture suit ain't likely to be scared of the sort of snakes you mean. Girl acts are a lot worse and they're 'em."

"Every time the spear carrier on the Telegraph gets stuck for something to write about for Sunday and tells 'em all over again how new acts are needed, some chap gets a half dozen girls and tells 'em all he remembers of what Ned Weyburn remembers of the early days. Then he has their pictures taken and it's a success."

"The trouble with most of 'em is that it's the same old act over again. You can't tell whether you've seen it before or not because you have even though you haven't."

"I don't know where Ned got his ideas in the first place, but they are all about the same, and the rest follow along until you get the idea that some one hired a whole orphan asylum and taught all the girls at once. There's the same stamping, the same hand-clapping and all that, and except for the name and the costumes, one act is the same as the other whether Weyburn or Gertie Hoffman or some one else put 'em on. They can't pay the girls a fair salary and make a profit out of 'em, because a manager won't pay enough, and so they do the best they can, and the best they can is rotten."

After two years in a Mexican jail because my real Eve wore a picture suit and the posters didn't say so, most any girl would look lovely to me, but I've seen a lot of Minstrel Misses and the Ski-tles and lots of the rest, and I'm still waiting to see a good looking girl in any of the bunched. "They've got one girl in the Minstrels that's so thin you can't see her legs when she walks. She may be a good hard worker, but there was a time that they tried to get good lookers for 'big' acts. Now any old thing will do if you've got nerve and a pull with Billy Morris or the Association."

"I'd rather see a good looking sister team than eight homely heans, but sister teams ain't fashionable now—they're too suggestive of the Dowey—that they have to get this sort of thing. Most of the time I think we get it in the neck. Another time please," and Corks devoted himself to the cup which hears.

Abbe Mitchell, who was with Hogan on Hamister's roof last season, appears to have made a hit at the Palace, London, with the same act as was shown here.

Criminals and Gare are making a hit in Australia with their old "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" specialty.
VARIETY.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.
As I walked into the parlor after finishing dinner, there stood the Head of the House, with her hat on and something around her resembling a lap robe.

"Going out, dear?" says I, making the "dear" strong.

"As I haven't anything new on," says she, "that's it."

"Hope you enjoy yourself," says I, trying to find the same time to think what date I could run in for the spare evening.

"Have no hopes of doing so," says she.

"I'm going with you."

"Well, well," says I. "It's a vaudeville show, you know."

"I know," says she. "I can't get away from it. It's vaudeville all the time. At breakfast this morning you said 'Bring on that first act,' meaning fruit. You're bug all right."

"Just clip those knocks," says I, "or you'll get your picture in, too."

"If they'll stand for yours," says she, "I don't worry about mine."

"That picture's not bad," says I, thinking I could get some hot air from her.

"It's all right, maybe," says she, "to one who's never seen you.

"Like to see you get a check cashed on it," she says again.

"Wouldn't it identify me?" says I, feeling foolish.

"It would," says she, "after they hung it up in the Rogues' Gallery."

"Come on," says I. "We'll go out."

"Where to?" says she. "Hubers'."

"Oh, no," says I. "A better place. A ten-cent show."

"I wish I had your job," she says.

"Why?" says I, suspiciously.

"Never mind," says she. "I'll stay home."

"Too bad," I says, thankfully.

"It's all right," says she. "I'm happy enough. Guess I'll take a little carol before going to bed.

"Be sure you take enough," says I.

"Never fear," says she. "If I don't you will before I'm through."

"You're up in the air," says I, kind of sorry.

"Please get out," she says, "before I commence to tell what I really think of you."

"All right," says I. "Goodbye. Don't forget the carol."

ONE GOOD EXAMPLE.
Tony Pastor collects the Actors' Fund tax on the few passes issued by him. A stamp guarantees that the fund receives the money, removing the only objection to the old scheme where there was no guarantee that the treasurer was not profiting instead of the fund.

If even vaudeville manager would follow Mr. Pastor's excellent example the result that the variety houses do almost nothing for the Fund would be removed. The Actor's Fund is one of the real charities and deserves the support of all branches of the profession.

The new stamp scheme does not occasion a delay of five seconds nor does it entail an elaborate system of bookkeeping.
By Sime

THE AMPHITHEATER

For Christmas week the Proctor's house made a big showing on Monday night, and it looks as though the Amphitheater has the "South Side" solid. A good looking show, well balanced, made up the bill.

A feature of it, which seemed to appeal to the audience especially, although second on the program, was "Mille Ričči," which Emill Hoch, Jane Elton and Co. gave. The theme is not new by any means, but it is well played, with a few variations in the threadbare business of secreting a woman behind a screen to escape discovery.

Mr. Hoch is a capital light comedian. He says he wrote the greater part of the sketch himself. If so, he should have some one else write another which would afford greater scope. Miss Elton as a French girl was oppressed by the weight of the playing, but he is at his best, and occasionally throws in a bit of "wize" you are at to make an error in the calculation of the audience's opinion; the uninstructed viewing the performance very differently. De Biere attempts too much complication and mystification in his illusions, obliging those in front to look for the trick and losing the applause. Another mistake is to attempt to keep a girl like his. His palming, with the exception of the egg trick, has always been poor.

Toledo and Price in a contortion turn show a certain amount of dramatics and some misdirection. Toledo one turn never seen before, and if he keeps it up twice a day it is most probable that we won't see him doing it much longer. Foster and Foster, well liked, being applauded uproariously, which is one of the many strange occurrences in a vaudeville theater. Singing two songs to one melody is so very old, but it is a novel progression just putting on their variety clothes.

The Nichols Sisters have fallen off, both in songs and talk. Unless careful, the "female Melntyre and Heath" will disappear. Hill and Sylvany ride the bicycles still in their daredevile style. The ambulance bell hasn't been rung on them so far.

Bureau-Hard Co. in their comedy acrobatics are now obliged to worry along without the assistance of the "excess," George Darling, who was thought to be the strength if not the physical support of the team. One of the members unequivocally said that George became "soused" some weeks ago and almost spoiled the act one night. Hence his departure. The miniature policeman, formerly of Luna Park and dental offices, now has his bald pate decorated instead.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew gave the "Yellow Dragon," a second viewing of which almost tempts one to say that it is too good for vaudeville, for the superior acting of the Drews is properly appreciated. Geo. R. Deane who wrote it should write another and continue if he can keep up to that standard. Murphy and Pangas are stagers and dancers, colored, with the girl highly painted and a pair of slipsper to give her feet a shapely form. Why will a colored girl, very dark, always try to emulate a minuet in looks on the stage and a mulatto try for the white effect?

THE CIRCLE

A burlesque show without a blond among the principals or chorus is almost a novelty in itself. This condition exists in the Al. Reeves Big Beauty Show appearing here this week. There are not or three narrow escapes, though, from the light colored variety of cranium adornment.

The show itself, although missing the presence of Mule, Mureal, the "star," gets along quite well, having a good opening, with the girls well dressed in costumes that have a new appearance. The change to the finale in the first part could be improved by having a designer blend the colors more appropriately, the present combination making some girls look grotesque.

The girls are much better looking at long range than close at hand, and all seem quite youthful from the front. Margie Hilton is the busy young lady of the troupe in this variety. DorisROME handles a violin carelessly and poses as a living picture in the final burlesque, which is called "Whirl-I-Fun," and written by Harry Williams. Reeves takes chorus girls in person, and from this, following immediately his appearance in the ollo with a banjo. He uses no picks and makes good with the parody.

The rest of the ollo is fairly well taken care of by the Destelle Sisters in acrobatic dances, the "New York" Newsboys' Quartet, with one wretched voice, and the Nelson Forecast company of acrobats. One, a girl, turns eleven consecutive handsprings on a table. Thirty years ago there were turned on a circular table sixty of these in as many seconds without stop.

"The Chadwick Trial," which is the title of the opening number, is the most legitimate sketch for the introduction of songs that has yet been noticed in this show of this character. There is a lot of unnecessary horse-play with the bladders, and the "policeman" played by Lou Farron is made so "assified" that it nauseates. It should be cut out.

J. Theodore Murphy, as the funnaker in the opening, is much better in the part of a judge who orders all the girls to do whatever they did at the "dinner," which sounds somewhat of the Story of affair, is much better than as a Hebrew trump at the other end of the bill, James Rowland played "District Attorney Jerome," and did it so seriously that it was really good.

It is the absence of the nonsensical efforts to obtain laughs that are so evident in giving toys at the Saturday matinees which helps the Reeves Company more than is suspected. The girls are, not neglectful in the "business," neither are they continually "kiddering" other while on the stage.

With the exception of the instance cited, the show is clean throughout.

THE OFFICE BOY AND THE CRITICS.

"Oh, hello," said the Office Boy as I walked in the agent's office. "I'm pretty soft for you. Stealing my stuff and getting me under suspicion. You can bet I won't talk any more."

Upon seeing assured anything he said would be treated in the strictest confidence, the Boy replied, "Well, I don't know. I'll think it over,"

"But gee, say," he continued, "youse have got a bunch of crittens on that paper. I expected to read a criticism on the East River before I finished it. Do you know any crittens? The 'real' ones, I mean. The dramatic fellows that when they hear a new show is coming lay awake all night thinking 'Shall I or Shall I not?' and settle the finish of the play in their minds before they see it."

"I do. Some, by sight. I was an usher once. There was a good looking one. I know it's Leander Richardson. Hilary Bell was good looking, too, but he died. Guess he couldn't stand being both. Charles Darnton looks smart, but Aine Davies isn't so bad. He reminds me of a large picture of Puck."

"Say, did you ever see John Corbin look the house over before taking his seat. Don't miss that. Alan Dale looks like children. That's a good sign in any man."

Vaudville critics? Ah, hold up your head and think. What are their names? Why, I'll bet all I got that I can train this typewriting machine to turn out a vaudville criticism inside of a week. All you got to do is to see the show and then ask the questions. An automatic pen will do the rest.

"Say, when I was a usher, me and another feller saw a vaudville critic come in one night, and we threw up a cent to see what we would be, ushers or critics. It came down 'ushers.' Wasn't we lucky?"

"That's right. Make a holler. Youse fellers like to throw the hooks into others, but can't even stand for a kid yourselves.

"You're so modest up there, too. With your nerve I would have been a presiding gent of a bank by this time. Don't be in a hurry. Come in again. We'd stay open all night to see you."

TOYS TO BURN.

Santa Claus, like most everybody else, appears to have gone into vaudville. For several weeks the Proctor variety houses have been giving toys at the Saturday matinees and now the Amphitheater in Brooklyn has swung into line and they are playing to crowded matinees.

Out of town there are half a hundred houses where they throw in a doll or a jumping jack with a seat coupon, and the craze seems to be spreading. As each toy costs nine or ten cents the distribution is not altogether profitable, though the managers claim that the gifts make friends for the house. It must be so, for you often see some houses renew the practice which has in their cases become a custom.
KEYNES'.

Keynes's bill for this week struck a fair average of entertainment; an entertainment, however, from which Maddox and Melvin in the sketch "At the Station" stood out like the Scotland light on a dark night. Their act was the fourth on the bill and furnished the first bright spot of the evening. The audience woke up to their clever funniest and the performer who followed kept them awake to the end.

The Maddox and Melvin skit has all the elements of a successful farce. It has a plenty of good dialogue and the action of the principals is laughable. Miss Melvin is not as good in her comedy work as is her partner, and her attempt at a dignified vocal solo is an example of misguided ambition. Her voice is fairly sweet, but very thin. The number would be greatly improved by a sprightly instrumental dance.

Jeanette Dupre, with the same collection of songs she used at Pastor's last week, was cordially received. The number "I'm Jealous of You" gave opportunity for effective byplay with a hired man in the low key.

George Monroe with his "My Aunt Bridget" act won applause out of all proportion to the merit of his work. The一台e has little to recommend it. It is loud, horsey and at times almost vulgar and devoid of humor.

Will M. Cressy's sketch, "The Sailor and the Horse," was the vehicle for The Harry La Rose Company. The sketch is not quite up to the standard Cressy has set for himself, but contains a well worked up climax of the whoop-hurrah variety. In which Charles H. Cressy describes the progress of aorse race off-stage and by the weight of his own noisy enthusiasm works up a really effective scene. Jennie Oosten, the woman of the organization, gives the impression that she received her stage training through a correspondence school of acting.

Bewick and Frances Namon in a bag punching and boxing specialty were clever enough to be entertaining – without having to resort to noise and horsemanship. Then Namon's bag punching will never arouse any degree of professional jealousy among the pugilists, but she is a strikingly handsome Amazon, wears her clothes gracefully and is altogether a welcome adjunct to the act.

The best thing about Berry and Motzak was the brevity of their turn. They played a duet or two on wind instruments and indulged in a quantity of dialect talk of the most inferior quality.

The Boldens were described on the program as "colored entertainers." This was true to the adjective, but the term "entertainers" was a deliberate misstatement.

During the absence of Nicholas E. Kaufman in Europe, the meetings of the Artists' League of the city will be governed by a chairman elected upon assembling, no executive having been appointed during Kaufman's absence.

Cliff Berzac, who made a big hit at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street this week, has been booked for ninety-eight weeks ahead solid, playing Hammerstein's roof during its coming season.

GOTHAM.

If the men of the Casino Girls Company were half as good as the women members of the organization at the Gotham this week, the combination would be invincible.

Unfortunately there is not a real comedian in the bunch. Consequently the burden of the entertainment falls on the chorus girls and women principals. "An Unwilling King" is a series of remarkably well done ballets and choruses, separated by blank spaces in which the "comedians" devote themselves to noise making and horse play without humor or sense.

But the pain of these boresome moments was promptly forgotten in the clever work of the girls which was arranged immediately to follow each such spasm. There is not a piano mover in the company, and the audience may search in vain for a girl who can't dance a great deal and sing – a little. Another item in which the show furnishes a refreshing variety from the orthodox burlesque organization was the conspicuous absence of anything like a broad gag.

In the burlesque Grace Foster probably carried off the major share of approval. She is a decidedly pretty and sly vaudeville personality, and whatever her voice may lack in quality is made up in the cleverness of her incidental business. A song by her and a splendidly handled chorus was one of the hits. She was ably assisted by the spotlight man.

Tim Healey was the leading comedian. The funniest thing he did was an old-fashioned Irish act. It was well executed, and as a survival from the middle ages of vaudeville, was novel enough to be interesting.

There were four numbers in the olio, beginning with Allen Coogan, billed as "The Dancing Marvyl." He did some clever work with clogs, but was badly dressed. The trousers of his conventional evening clothes were tight with a tightness that recalled the ungraceful mode of '99, but he introduced several new and effective steps.

Miss Morgan, who has several instrumental and mechanical novelties, but need rehearsing. One of their features is a set of electrical chimes.

Sid Fern and Lew Hearn did a good bass and some comedy business. Sid Fern, Lew Hearn, Richard Morse and James Mullen make up the act.

Belle Gordon, looking as young as ever, put in ten minutes or so awaiting the punching bags. The act seems to be popular with burlesque audiences, and Miss Gordy is a graceful figure in short skirts.

CURTAIN'S COPYRIGHT.

James H. Curtin, of the London Theatre, has sent to the Librarian of Congress for copyright protection for a device invented by himself for scheduling the burlesque companies. Through a clever arrangement, a sliding date slip carries with it a list of theatres so ordered that by bringing up any Monday date the whereabouts of every show on the wheel during that week is shown at a glance. Coins will be charged after the copyright has been granted.

The Three Dumonds opened at Keith's, Boston, this week. They play both the Keith and Morris time.

ADELE RITCHIE "THREW 'EM."

If you mention Adele Ritchie's name around the Proctor's executive offices, you will hear deep rumblings of disappointment, culminating in an outburst of firecracking from the psychological moment.

Miss Ritchie played the Fifty-eighth street house last week, and Mindill got an idea. While working it out a boy had to lead him around, he was so dazed. It was to insert a "person" asking "gentleman desiring to meet high salaried prima donna" to address "Mlle. FIB," at an office box number.

About 150 answers were received, to all of which replies were mailed on scented note paper, asking that they be at the theatre at a certain hour on Thursday of that week, when "Mlle. FIB" would identify herself from the stage by wearing a flower. They were told to wear bouquinieres.

Mindill stationed himself in the box office at the appointed time, and distributed the flowery bedecked crowd of "masvers" throughout the orchestra, which resembled a conservatory. One middle aged man, anxious not to be overlooked, held his rose high in the air. The press was fully represented, expecting a good "story."

Miss Ritchie was primed for the event, but before going on took a peek at the house. That settled it for her. She barked, tore the flower off her bodice, leaving a lot of nice old men wondering, and the Proctor forces in a rage for "killing" anything so easy.

FAMILY.

Shunpavipani amused the audience. He showed cleverness in doing his tricks, and his jokes were well received. Jennings and Webb were very poor. Their singing was rank and their jokes was stale.

Ed. Boyd sang two songs. His voice could be very much improved. The vitagraph man seemed to have some trouble with his machine. Singer's dogs and monkeys were very good. One monkey showed almost human intelligence. Their act was long but very good compared to the others.

Ford and Dot West were the features and scored a hit. Their fast talking was excellent, but his upstate accent handicapped him. His dancing was clever.

May Ward's singing amused the audience to the discontent of a few people in front who had the spot light on them throughout the act. She was well received.

Cyclone was on about thirty seconds. But his so-called sensational act did not take.

Then and the Vitagraph.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

(Office Boy).

THE ALBAMBA BALLET.

"L'Entente Cordiaile" has shared the fate of all the Albamba ballets, and now goes on in abbreviated form as a curtain raiser, while the new ballet "Parisiane" takes its place at the important end of the bill.

The new ballet is the invention of Charles Wilson, who made so many friends while he was stage manager of Koster and Bial's in this city. Mr. Wilson has been almost continuously at the London house since leaving these shores, and to his splendid management of the vast forces of the Albamba stage department is due the success of many of the big ballets.

The first scene shows the market place in Paris about 1780, the period permitting some gorgeous dressing. There is a fete scene ending with the inception of the Revolution and the mob exchanges the fleur de lys for the revolutionary rosette. A diversion in a laundry of a somewhat later period is followed by a succession of scenes of the modern day, including a dressmaking shop, the exterior of the Bourse and the fete at Neuilly.

La Sylphide, who is responsible for a number of conortion pictures, is one of the dancers, and Senorita Maria La Bella is credited with a marked success who is a distinct addition to the Alham- bora topnotch.

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NEW YORK CITY.

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IN SLEEPYVILLE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20.—The vaudeville situation is more picturesque and interesting than ever before in the city's theatrical history. There are, in all, six houses devoted to the form of entertainment—highly fashionable in a palace-like and in fashionable vogue, with its "continuous" policy; the Bon-Ton, house of many villas, whose bills of fare of the weekly change, two-a-day "housewife" and all are planned by performers who are trying to break into the "continuous," and the Casino, Trocadero, Bijou and Lyceum, all playing the standard companies of the Eastern and Western burlesque "wheelers.

Keith's, alone in its field and without prospect of early opposition of any formidable kind, may be dismissed from further consideration, after it is said that it is, all things considered, the best paying venture in which B. F. Keith has yet engaged.

The Bon-Ton, in all likelihood, will soon be eliminated from the list. George F. Fish has been making trips here from Cincinnati with a view of putting his Pike Theatre stock company in there. The Bon-Ton is only a few doors from his old Eighth Street stand, Forepaugh's, where the weekly change "stock" is the oldest in the United States, having been there for more than twenty years since Forepaugh's took up the weekly change of day by a resident company. Fish was manager there for four years, in time became part proprietor, sold out to W. W. Miller, and now wants to get back into the neighborhood with a company of the old Forepaugh favorites, in order to give the house a battle. There is no doubt that he will get the Bon-Ton if he wants to pay Frank V. Dunn's idea of rent.

The house has had a varied career. It was opened as a rival to the Bijou, a few doors away, when that house was the Keith stronghold here. It began with its policy of vaudeville mixed with capacious versions of the legitimate operatic. Raymond Hitchcock, now a star in Broadway, began there as the chief booker in these condensed operas. The late Sam T. Jackson's fiddle duet, with burlesque. Then the house was turned into a nondescript resort, with a noisy-gournd as the chief attraction; and a choice Tendertolien clientele for support. Vaudeville was resumed on a go-as-you-please plan; then Carrie Riddle put a stock company in to give Forepaugh's a fight; then there was "house" burlesque, followed by a season in the big "wheel." This did not pay, and its place in the "wheel" was restored to the Trocadero. Then Stair, 4-H Club hooked the house with popular melodramas for a season. Last year John Jerman ran it as a side issue to his Lyceum, with straight vaudeville of a fair kind, and made a little money. One of F. P. Proctor's liaisons took hold of it at the beginning of the present season, called it the Majestic, and tried to make it a go for straight vaudeville, but failed. It was understood that this experiment was with a view of making the house, if successful, a Philadelphia link in the Proctor chain. The building with the house seems to be with the neighborhood. The stretch of Eighth Street in which it lies was until a few years ago the popular shopping thoroughfare of the city. It is

the block with Forepaugh's and the Bijou, both of which made a mint, and just around the corner from the Lyceum, another money-maker ever since burlesque was placed on a business basis. But the big shots in the big business are up and took away the very class of trade to which these popular-price theatres appeal. Even Keith was unable to draw buying business for the Bijou with either a good stock company or first-class vaudeville after he opened his new house in Chestnut Street. Forepaugh's business, also, is not what it was a few years back.

That the fault is with the neighborhood would seem to be proved by the experience of the Bijou this season, as a member of the major league. It is a pretty house—indeed it is doubtful if any other burlesque theatre in the country boasts the Bijou's comfort and the heart of the Tendertolien, not two minutes' walk from the Lyceum nor five from the Trocadero; yet, it has been doing an indifferent night business, while the matinée at panic prices have been given to empty benches. It is well managed, too, by the experienced Colonel Sam Dawson.

The Casino's fate has not been disimilar. It has been playing the Columbian shows on a sharing basis. Like the Bijou, it is a beautiful house. It had been successful for two years as a Stair & Havitin family theatre, with popular price musical shows and melodramas, and last season under its change of name from the Auditorium, as a producing house for extravaganzas, with George W. Iberger and the Director. It was the general expectation that as a burlesque house it would be a whole success from the start. Yet it has been hard pulling, with an occasional very big week to add to the puzzlement of the false prophets.

KINS.

(Te Continued.)

TALL TROUBLE OVER MIDGETS.

Emil Ritter, the original manager of the Pijcoto Midgets, has served his son two invitations in a suit to determine his rights to the troupe.

Some five years ago the troupe was brought over by the elder Ritter, who was presently recalled to Europe by the death of his wife. The last week he had his son, George Ritter, who appears to have regarded the matter as a gift rather than a loan. There was some promise of payments when the elder returned to this country to find his son in possession of the act, but according to his statements these payments have not been made and he brings suit for an accounting.

'Lonny' Curtin, a nephew of James H. Curtin, of the London Theatre, and advance man of the Broadway Belles Burlesque Company, was injured at Duth, Minn., a couple of weeks ago through the accidental discharge of a gun he was loading. The shot entered his right hand and inflicted serious wounds.

"The World's Greatest Soprano" is the way they talk about Sabel Johnson in the announcement on the program of the week's list here. The pretty girl who gets up copy for the Keith program can never hope to go to heaven when he dies unless he quits his kiding.

THE NEW FIRM.

Edward S. Keller, who was popularly supposed to be glued to a seat in William Morris' office, has resigned his position and will form a partnership with Miss A. Myers commencing Christmas. His resignation was sent in Wednesday evening and came as a surprise to everyone with the exception of Keller and his new partner. Mr. Keller has been with the Morris agency ever since that prosperous business was formed from the wreckage of the agency of the late George Linan and has long been a favorite employee of Linan before that. Since the illness of William Morris he has taken principal charge of the office and did the booking for the William's houses and more lately for F. F. Proctor.

He arranged some time ago to handle the vaudeville tour of Clasly Loftus and has been interested in the illusion of Dida since the sale of the rights to William Morris. He has a wide acquaintance with managers and will doubtless contribute considerable strength to the new firm, possibly carrying some of the New England houses with him to the new office. "Barney" Myers started in the agency business with Tom Maguire and was a partner of Maguire's when they ran the famous "benefit" at the terminus of the Sixth Avenue Elevated, taking in something less than three dollars on the week. He has improved since then and in a quiet way has built up big business. The two men should work well together. Myers has already started a chain of theatres in New England and there is a whisper that important developments will follow the new year.

STOP THEFT.

The Program, the organ of the International Artisten Loge, carries in a recent issue a full-page advertisement of Price and Revost, who announce themselves as Americans in their act, "Bump Slop.

The act is a clear steals from Rice and Prevost of name and billing and in all probability act as well. It is odd that the I. A. L. should countenance this sort of thing, which is practically the new own paper.

NOTES FROM LAFAYETTE.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Dec. 21.—Retrospective seems to be in order, a few lines concerning the present season of the Great Lafayette show may prove interesting.

The regular season opened July 31 at Norfolk, Va., with thirty-four people in the cast and two cars of scenery and effects with little or no changes up to the present. Twelve States and fifty cities have been visited, and with the exception of a week in a small section of Illinois, all have turned out in the usual enthusiastic manner.

Mr. Lafayette enjoys the pleasure of having his four handsome horses with him—carrying a private stable car for their accommodation—and as the weather so far has been particularly ideal for outdoor enjoyment, he has gained a vast knowledge of the territory through which we have passed, as he has, as it were, driven during every point of interest in the vicinity of the cities played, gaining material for his book of travels that has been claiming considerable of his attention during the past two years.

The show is now headed East, and after filling a few weeks of New York and Pennsylvania time a tour of the South will follow.

LILLIAN DIDN'T "MAKE GOOD." Lillian Russell, the former favorite prima donna, "has gone" to Europe. Lillian didn't want to go especially, but the disadvantages of "falling through" in vaudeville was too much for the fair one to endure. On the other side, amid balmy lands, a little thing like that may be forgotten.

Miss Russell was engaged for ten weeks by F. F. Proctor, and played that engagement out. About ten weeks further had been arranged for, mostly in this city in the Hammerstein's and Williams' houses, but these managers after receiving reports of her reception, decided on a better investment of their money.

Upon hearing the returns, Lillian engaged passage.

Cora Beach Turner, late of The Sambo Girl, is going into vaudeville, making a start out West.

Ching Ling Foo, the Chinese conjurer, is to play through the holidays at the London Coliseum. Ching is an American performer named Robinson.

J. W. Winton, the ventriloquist, who will be remembered here as having featured an Australian "larrickin" in his act, is touring Australia at the head of his own company.

Mile. Nuola, assisted by Signor F. Sordi and Signor Stepheono, presented her one-act operetta, "Carmela," at the Murray Hill Lyceum last Tuesday afternoon, for the purpose of perfecting the copyright.

Jake Rosenthal, who is running the Bijou Theatre at Dubuque, Iowa, gave two concerts at his house last Sunday in aid of the Jewish relief fund. Rosenthal generally manages to keep things stirred up wherever he may be.

The New Theatre of the Crystal circuit at Trinidad, Col., was opened December 10 with a good bill. The new house is a ground floor theatre with a capacity of 800. W. R. Orrendorf is the manager.

"Mike" Whalen, who is making too big a hit in England to be able to waste time over here, came home for the holidays with his wife (Frances McNulty) for Christmas. He returns to England in February.

Paul Conchias will give his performance at the New York Theatre to-morrow night. This is his second attempt, and Conchias hopes that he will be successful.

When James T. Power finished his engagement at one of the Proctor's houses in this city late he handed the doorkeeper one dollar upon passing out for the last time, saying "Split it up among the boys."
Cliff Berenak, Animals

PROCTOR’S FIFTIETH STREET

A foreign act, presented for the first time in America, a laught at it a scream. Taken from the old idea used in one ring circuses of asking anyone in the audience to ride a horse for a reward if sue- cessful. The act is comprised of a man and woman, and of four “capers” are carried, and one hun- dred dollars is offered to the stage to anyone who can ride it. The confeder- ates employ no hard the thursting, and falls of those attempting to ride. A few straight tricks with ponies are also given. No mistake will be made by any house in booking this act if a great big howling laugh is wanted.

Sime.

Jas. B. Donovan, Rena Arnold and Co.

TWENTY MINUTES FROM BROAD- WAY

It’s the same old Jas. B., minus Fanny and plus a few new jokes. He has given up the small turn used since the establish- ration, bought a new drop, which excuses the title, selected a partner wearing a well on Broadway in the evening, and put into his troupe, and into the orchestra to “kid” him, and that’s a new act. It went very well. Harriem thinks most of his “stuff” is new. It doesn’t know Jamey. Monday afternoon, Miss Russell and Miss Robinson and Miss R. and Miss Robinson were seated in a box when Mister Donovan commenced on the song which introduced him in the business. The two papers on the stage were dressing in the private office, locking themselves in. The new drop showing places of interest on the main thoroughfare is entertaining, and the boy in the orchestra could well work it up if Donovan would make him, anchor his voice, and also sit in the chair until the finish, then exit under the stage, not leaving through the aisle. Miss Donovan is on the stage most of the time. The new act will make a nice filler in “one” anywhere.

Sime.

Clifford, Berenak, Animals


The theatre managers have had little room to consider what they have done this season, to the Grand Opera House, and all report good business, the season is just commencing. Therefore, the principal, in a pa- posely the worst week in the year the houses have been pretty well filled and falls of those attempting to ride. A few straight tricks with ponies are also given. No mistake will be made by any house in booking this act if a great big howling laugh is wanted.

Sime.

Cliff Berenak, Animals

AMY RICKARD, MAE M. MONOLOGUE

NEW YORK THEATRE

Last Sunday evening, Amy Rickard, somewhat famed from “The College Widow,” made her début at the Belle- vue as a Babbitt, with this place of amusement. Her offering is termed a “musical monologue” for the lack of something better, though there is nothing in the “musical” or “mono- logue” parts of it to commend. Miss Rickard gave Miss Caroline a careful preparation to her material that was evi- denced in the dressing of her hair, a better report or other was given, one of which was received under the spot light, and imitations of Lillian Russell and Marie Cahill were her main efforts. All were badly done excepting Russell’s. Anyone minus a voice can faithful- ly reproduce Lillian’s vocal sounds. For an encore a foolish little bit in thought and execution was given, wherein Miss Rickard made an appeal for applause. It was doubtful before that if the “gallery gods” would allow her to safely escape. As it was, some “guying” was heard. Amy Rickard in a Babbitt is not a character she must rest on her merits. In the present act Miss Rickard can never hope for suc- cess.

Sime.

VENERABLE GREEK TRIOPE.

SPANISH DANCERS

HURD & SEAMON’S

"First and only appearance in vaude- ville" is the line which carries the billing of the Hurd & Seamon troupe at Hurd & Seamon’s this week. The line is prob- ably absolutely correct. If any other manager takes the act now that it has been seen, he is a very foolish judgment. It is not well to speak ill of the dead, it is sufficient to record that this turn is the star gold brick of the season. Their work is in the White Cafe—which can account for the success of that pantomime. There are eight women and three men. The women are ugly and poorly dressed. The dances are of the commonplace sort performed with little grace or abandon. One of the men is by far the best dancer of the troupe. The act has nothing to commend it.

Chicot.

VARIETY.

Cliff Berenak, Animals

GIRL’S COUNTY FAIR

HYDE AND BEHMANS.

Starting with thirty-seven minutes on Monday, the act is cut to twenty with improvement. The combination of the horse and the trick is unique. The act is performed in a right of the name of the act of the play of the same title. There is no connection story, the incidents not being related to each other. The central theme is the animal of a horse. The audience is holding in the oven. The curtain is dropped without showing what becomes of the boy. The sketch is not good for the name or salary, but the results of that of laughter is con- cerned. Mr. Berenak is the same as ever, his humor being confined in large measure to his old fashioned pantom- ettes. Amy Somers played Taggs without animation, and Frank Norcross as Tim was little better. It is not to be anticipated that Mr. Berenak will enjoy an extended season, though he is scrupulously to be classed as a gold brick.

Chicot.

Cliff Berenak, Animals

AMBASSADOR

Twenty minutes from Broadway.

It’s the same old Jas. B., minus Fanny and plus a few new jokes. He has given up the small turn used since the establish- ration, bought a new drop, which excuses the title, selected a partner wearing a well on Broadway in the evening, and put into his troupe, and into the orchestra to “kid” him, and that’s a new act. It went very well. Harriem thinks most of his “stuff” is new. It doesn’t know Jamey. Monday afternoon, Miss Russell and Miss Robinson and Miss R. and Miss Robinson were seated in a box when Mister Donovan commenced on the song which introduced him in the business. The two papers on the stage were dressing in the private office, locking themselves in. The new drop showing places of interest on the main thoroughfare is entertaining, and the boy in the orchestra could well work it up if Donovan would make him, anchor his voice, and also sit in the chair until the finish, then exit under the stage, not leaving through the aisle. Miss Donovan is on the stage most of the time. The new act will make a nice filler in “one” anywhere.

Sime.

Cliff Berenak, Animals

Girard, Donovan, Arnold and Co.

Twenty Minutes from Broadway.

It’s the same old Jas. B., minus Fanny and plus a few new jokes. He has given up the small turn used since the establish- ration, bought a new drop, which excuses the title, selected a partner wearing a well on Broadway in the evening, and put into his troupe, and into the orchestra to “kid” him, and that’s a new act. It went very well. Harriem thinks most of his “stuff” is new. It doesn’t know Jamey. Monday afternoon, Miss Russell and Miss Robinson and Miss R. and Miss Robinson were seated in a box when Mister Donovan commenced on the song which introduced him in the business. The two papers on the stage were dressing in the private office, locking themselves in. The new drop showing places of interest on the main thoroughfare is entertaining, and the boy in the orchestra could well work it up if Donovan would make him, anchor his voice, and also sit in the chair until the finish, then exit under the stage, not leaving through the aisle. Miss Donovan is on the stage most of the time. The new act will make a nice filler in “one” anywhere.

Sime.

Cliff Berenak, Animals


The theatre managers have had little room to consider what they have done this season, to the Grand Opera House, and all report good business, the season is just commencing. Therefore, the principal, in a pa-
The Val Veno Brothers, athletes and dancers, are also featured, performing dances and routines that are both fast and graceful.

**Howard Graham (gr.),** the producer and manager, is responsible for bringing together such a diverse and talented group of performers. His experience in the entertainment industry is evident in the seamless integration of acts that cater to different preferences.

**Milton Grant,** the managing director, oversees the production and ensures that the show runs smoothly. His efforts are crucial in maintaining the high standards of the show.

**SHEEDY** (Ph.), the head of publicity, is responsible for creating the buzz and drawing a large audience to the show. Her marketing strategies are effective in generating interest in the show.

**MURPHY** (Ph.), the stage manager, ensures that the performance runs on schedule and that all technical aspects are in place. His attention to detail is essential for a smooth performance.

**WILLIAMS** (Ph.), the lighting designer, uses light to create a dramatic effect that enhances the performance. His creativity in lighting design is a key element in the show's success.

**Simpson** (Ph.), the sound engineer, manages the audio aspects of the show. His expertise in sound engineering ensures that the audience can hear the performers clearly.

**BURLINGTON** (L), the projectionist, manages the projection equipment that displays images during the show. His role in the show is often unacknowledged but essential.

**DEAN** (L), the photographer, captures the moments of the show. His role in preserving the memories of the show is crucial.

**ROBERTS** (M), the stagehand, provides support to the performers during the show. His role is often overlooked but essential.

**STEVENS** (M), the stage manager, oversees the stage operations and ensures that the show runs smoothly. His role is similar to that of the stage manager but with a focus on the stage management aspect.
there will be nothing else for them until they have met her exactions.

Twenty minutes later another singer and another song makes fresh trouble, and the small boy comes down from the gallery at the end of the show with a sore throat and that tired feeling, and the heartless soubrette glows over her triumph.

The youth of America is entitled to protection. They should not be coerced into singing a song just because the publisher is generous to the singer. Even they have some rights. Let the S. P. C. G. G. proceed.

Marlon Garson, the clever little singer who made such an enormous success at Weber's Music Hall, New York, this season, is again in vaudeville.

Angela May, dramatic contralto, and J. Louis MacEvoy, author-reraconteur, write from San Francisco that their appearances in artists' concerts over the Pacific Coast, have been uniformly and legitimately successful.

CLARK CELEBRATES.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 21.—William S. Clark entertained the "Gay Maskers" company at dinner last night at the Holland House. Bill Clark had been married twenty years. Mrs. Clark is a sister of magician Imro Fox. Mein Host Rogge displayed his usual culinary ability and the invited guests were treated to a feast. The tables were all prettily decorated with Jersey Lilies.

S. P. C. G. G.

Variety has in mind the formation of a much needed preventing society to be called the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Gallery Gods.

It's a formidable title, but the aims of the new organization are important and worthy the dignity of an extended collection of words.

At various times newcomers and stage children have come in for the sorrowing wails of the preventer, but no one has ever raised voice in plea for the poor little youngster who glibly planks down his ten cents at the box office window.

Perhaps he arrives chilled to the bone and is compelled to wait in the biting wind for an hour before he is admitted to the gallery. Scarcely has he established his right to a front seat by leafing the other fellow, when a soubrette who has received a diamond ring from some song publisher for popularizing her song stalks out upon the stage, her evil designs hidden by a smile and some great paint.

The tired gods are polite and applaud her, and she repays them by insisting upon singing the chorus over and over again, until they join in and whistle the chorus, because they well know that
Who says the Circle Theatre ain't Doing Business?
I got nearly $3,000 there Week before Christmas.

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Seven Big Feature Acts, 21 Beautiful Women and The Clever Comedian.

J. THEODORE MURPHY,
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VARIETY

FIRST YEAR, NO. 3     DECEMBER 30, 1905     PRICE, FIVE CENTS

CHICOT'S AND SIME'S
REVIEW OF THE WEEK

A CARNEGIE
ABORN OUT
NEW ACTS OF THE WEEK
"SKIGIE" SEES ANOTHER SHOW
HODGSON TO LEAVE ORRIN BROS.
The EX-HEADLINER
MAUDE FEALEY IN VAUDEVILLE.

Mauve Fealey, the former leading lady with the late Sir Henry Irving, looked upon the vaudeville cup when it shown brightly, and the inevitable result followed.

Miss Fealey may possibly present a sketch in Boston tomorrow (Sunday) night as a "trial."

On the stage at a very early age, Mauve Fealey steadily worked onward and upward until the distinction of having been the main support of the lamented knight belonged to her, almost alone of all American actresses.

But the tempter appeared in the person of Robert Grau. In grand, quite elegant language, with a word picture of a flowing mint in present day vaudeville, Miss Fealey was sufficiently interested to be tempted.

Urged on by Robert, temptation led to desire, and desire to the actuality.

Over one hundred short plays were read by the lady before a decision was reached. The one selected requires the aid of two persons besides the principal, but Miss Fealey has still another in reserve, which will allow full scope for her emotional abilities.

Whether Robert Grau will continue as booking agent or not is undecided at present. Miss Fealey has been quietly investigating some of Mr. Grau's red marks and finds a decided difference of opinion between managers and agents over the monetary consideration a "star" is entitled to.

THE EX-HANDLIER

Did you help to make things pleasant for the actor's children Sunday night at Pastor's? If not you missed several interesting things. It is the one time in the year when the youthful mummers forget their eye gone, and behave like flesh and blood children.

But to those who have watched this Christmas work for stage children outgrow its aw addling clothes and become a fixture of the holiday season, the real feature of last Sunday evening was Mrs. E. L. Fernandez. To see that portly individual corral all the newspaper men and swing out her little sign "HANDS OFF," was diverting, to say the least. The papers next day told the tale all too eloquently. They said "Mrs. Fernandez this" and "Mrs. Fernandez that," especially dealing with her efforts to establish the work and to nurse it through its incipient infancy.

With the real founder of the good work so recently come to her long and well-earned rest, any co-worker of finesse and feelings and the work are not the last to remember her. Fernanzes would have paid tribute to her memory in talking with the reporters, but there is a certain class of women who in their anxiety for self-aggrandizement will not give credit to either the living or the dead. A lot of us looked at each other and smiled sadly as we listened to her vapourings. We remembered how Aunt Louisa's personal magnetism and convincing womanliness had won the first big subscriptions for the work from men outside the profession. In memory we could walk into her Third avenue sitting room and watch, willing helpers in the days when there were no funds to pay clerk hire. And above all, we could see Aunt Louisa's face at the festivities themselves and feel the grip of her friendly hand. Mrs. Fernandez oozes Christmas charity and good feeling with all the alacrity that a turnip greens is black. Aunt Louisa was the Christmas spirit personified.

And yet with the funeral flowers hardly faded the festival so dear to her heart, the work dropped only when the flesh was weak, only those of us for whom her memory will never die, thought of her that night—and we were not permitted to reach the reporters.

Talking of Christmas, I saw one of Maud Allison's gifts which, while not the showiest present she received, will certainly make her cozy 365 days in the year. Girls, do you recall the button box that you always forget to tie up when you pack your hotel trunk and how long does it take you to play "Button, Button. Where is your Time is that Button?" Do you remember how often, oh, how often, you have gouged your fingers on needles that had slipped out of a bejeweled housewife's trunk? Remember the hotel buren along with the dust of ages? Well, Maud Allison has them beaten to a stand still now. Santa Claus wasn't in the press department, however, sent her a portable sewing machine that is simply great. It is in two sections, covered all over with green denim or canvas, and when it folds together it will just fit into the tray of your trunk.

In New York I dropped into Proctor's Fifty-eighth street house, with the intention of going back to see the Eight Shetlands. I wanted to know what the stage door Johnnies of Vaudeville were like. Since we have truly Sh tintuck and her girls, the Shetlands, the Ponies and other sextettes or octettes of chorus girls in variety, I felt sure we must have Vaudeville Johnnies. But after the Shetlands came on I told kind Mr. Middill of my intention, and she was very friendly and said she did not care to go back. One glance at their make-up convinced me that Johnnies around the Fifty-eighth street stage door would be scarce as hen's teeth on a farm. Your Broadway chorus girl spends hours making up, and the wardrobe mistes sees that she has been needful accessory for her costume. The Shetlands, sit up and take notice! You needickies with these coaching coats in your first entrance. Your little threats may be very pretty and plump, but they hold together five big lapels of those lavender coats, topped by silk hats. You look as if you hadn't taken time to dress. Lance jabot-stocks or even plain white shirtblouses should make you look as if you had come into vaudeville to make a hit. You need not think that just anything will do for vaudeville. We had girdler, a "would give you pointers on dancing long before you organized for business. Do less "guying" and "gagging" and spend more time on your make-up.

Can it be possible that Lillian Burt- hart is working her way toward New York on rubber shoes? Every once in a while you see an announcement of her appearance in the West or Mid-West (she's in New Orleans now), but we get nothing from the fair Lillian's best press agent, her own facile pen. Considerable speculation, complimentary and otherwise, has been raised by Miss Burkhardt's reappearance in vaudeville, but there is no mystery about it. When she became Mrs. Goldsmith, of Los Angeles, some three years ago, it was a part of the marriage contract that she should be permitted to make excursions into vaudeville whenever she felt its call. Perhaps the task of counting the silver showered upon her as wedding gifts, and furnish them to (her Los Angeles pal- lian would rather furnish than eat) has pulled, and so she is playing her old bookings once more.

The last time that Lillian came to New York it was on a sad errand, that of burying her father. Miss Burkhardt never posed as an angel and was never painted thus, but she was a good daughter and her old father's faith in her was a bright and shining light in her often checked career. One night when she was playing at Hurst and Seaman's a young chaperon-Harlem found him seated next to a bowed, gray haired man who nearly split his hands open applauding Lillian. When she had recited the inevitable eulogy, had bowed her last bow and the press department was sending the cards on the stage, the old man turned shining eyes on the young blood. "She is great, yes!" The young chap nodded good humoredly and the old man leaned back, a beautiful expression on his face. "Yes! And she is a good daughter— mine!"

THE EX-HANDLIER.
VARIETY.

A Variety Paper for Variety People.

By the Variety Publishing Company.

Knecht and the Riddle of the Twenty-Third Street Theatre this week.

Our Pictures.

The upper circles on the first page of Variety this week show photographs of Frederick Freeman Proctor, head of the extensive circuit bearing his name, and Keith Pictures. Proctor's portrait will be shown at the Twenty-Third Street Theatre this week.

A peculiarly characteristic story is told by Nick Norton and the Hoist sketches at Hyde and Beheman's this week. In the course of the act Mr. Hoeh breaks a plaster cast. Monday afternoon, he broke it on the carpet, and it took all of a minute to clean up the pieces. At the night performance the desk on which the cast stood was so placed that the broken bits fell in front of the drop in woman's circle. By the time a stage hand finished picking up the plaster the stage was ready for the next act and a stage wait was saved. There never is a stage wait when Mr. Hoeh and Beheman's when they run the show. The program starts exactly at eight and there is no let up until the final curtain falls. Once Norton sent a boy out to rinse the stage for a cycle act. The aid was to wait; it might have been saved; the stage wait was saved. It was something doing and that was all that was needed. Norton likes to refer to this time in Chicago when he ran three quartets, a double, and a single act all in thirty-five minutes.

Several new illusions are announced for the spring season, one of them being the Meskeley and Cook production while another comes with no important name attached. Both promise new ideas and are said to be improvements over existing methods. This will be a chance for the enterprising Scaccio, who is in the wait for all new tricks and is careful to possess himself of anything that gives him a new trick. He is a forceful man, and he puts the others to shame. It is a pity that the public does not have the means of a man, but instead prefers to see the fire-consuming man, who can only copy an act but perform it so clumsily that it no longer is a mystery even to children.

One point that has not made itself apparent in this discussion over the difficulty of getting a start in vaudeville is the fact that the agent is prone to accuse the producer of not having the official patents and book all of his bills from that list. It is a fact that there are agents in responsible positions who could not book eight hundred acts in a single week if provided they had a call for that number without having to look to others for information as to some of the acts unfamiliar to themselves. In the face of this it is not to be wondered at that agents do not see new faces. They have trouble enough in the old. One agent last summer was approached regarding a new act and was astonished by the producer by reporting that George Ade was.

Next week there will be added as a feature of Variety a cartoon by Hal Merritt dealing with some phase of the vaudeville situation. It is not intended to caricature any particular artist, but rather to add here more to the line of the daily paper. Mr. Merritt is a clever draughtsman and will doubtless create comment in his new department. Variety has given up playing dates and outside of concert work will devote his time to newspaper illustrations, a field in which he has already gained such success as may come to one whose work takes him constantly from his avocation.

Charles Serra was booked to appear at the Colonial this week, but owing to the change in the date was pushed ahead one week. The Griff brothers replaced him.

May Edhuise from the Field's show is going into vaudeville, but the agent was so excited over the event that his thoughts would not collect into an intelligent answer as to who May is or what she is doing to.

Nellie Seymour and Josie Allen are going to appear January 15 at Huntington & Seamon's. Miss Seymour says it's a new act because it has never played that house before. Everybody invited.

If Grace Von Stoddiford should leave comic opera for vaudeville, it will not be the first time that the prima donna has "done a turn." Some four or five years ago Miss Grace rode over the Orpheum Circuit, stopping off here and there to have vocal practice.

Cinquevalls, the juggler, will play nine weeks only on this trip, returning immediately upon the expiration of his contract on the Moss & Stoll tour in England.

Joe Welch left town this week to rejoin "The Peddler," of which he is the star. About January 15 Mr. Welch will again resume vaudeville dates. His starring tour has largely increased his value as a Hebrew dialect monologist in the continuous, and his services are in demand at a large figure.

Eddie Leonard's engagement in Brooklyn this week marks the black-faced comedian's fourth appearance over there this season.

Julien Eiltinge, who appears at Keith's next week, is at present negotiating for a tour of the European music halls after the conclusion of his vaudeville time in this country.

Emmeline Lackaye, a cousin of Wilton Lackaye, who has had a oneact farce by Edith Ellis Baker, called "The Green-Eyed Monster," will shortly be seen in a single turn.

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First Year.

No. 2.

VARIETY desires to announce the policy governing the paper.

We want you to read it. It is interesting if for no other reason than that it will be conducted on original lines for a theatrical newspaper.

True, freedom and individuality feature of it is fairness. Whatever is done is to be done well. The professional world will be printed without regard to name; no unmentioned advertising columns.

We will not say "not the news all the time" and "absolutely fair" are the watchwords. VARIETY is the name of the paper to which anyone connected with or interested in the theatrical world may read with the thorough knowledge and belief that what is printed is not dictated by any motive or person other than the policy above outlined.

We want you for a subscriber. If you don't read VARIETY you are missing something.

Do you want to read a paper that's honest enough to print the little page it has itself? That will keep its columns clean. What is written on them may not be influenced by advertising? That's VARIETY.

To become a subscriber, VARIETY regularly, send in your subscription now. You will find it coming to you regularly to any permanent address given, or "as per route."

Writing in the fullness of spirit, a correspondent, in another column, suggests that more attention be given to the matter of scenery and properties in the better class of vaudeville houses. There are some places in town where the acts are so poorly staged as though the setting were to be used by some Frohman attraction for a run, but on the other hand there are other places, and some holding the very top position, wherein the drama is carried on along with the scenic equipment of a one-night stand theatre and is procured with a rather less liberal allotment of properties. There are half a dozen houses where there is no setting made to do service for three and four different acts and the same familiar box set fences in the dancing act and the dramatic sketch week after week. Properties must be furnished by the artist who wishes a respectable setting, for besides the burdens that are attached to these and a well worn sofa there is nothing to be had.

This is not at all as it should be. Managers should realize that scenery is as important as the artist when a hundred dollar sketch is asked to play in some moth eaten box scene, where the lines clearly indicate that the scene is laid in a home of refinement, much of the effort of the act is lost in the presentation. A Corbet would be a Corbet still in an unpainted pine frame, but the lucky owner of a Corbet would spend a few dollars to have his masterpiece properly

framed. Why should a manager hire a highly gifted artist and then belittle it by providing the same thread bare set as was used in the movie immediately before by some cheap musical comedian or a dial artist? It is true for that artist.

Latter spend money in seeing that his auditorium is kept clean and attractive while the moment the curtain rises his cleanliness is shadowed by the board of the ceiling. There is no reason for such a situation. The managers should come down to the theatre and see for themselves what they are presenting.

There was a time when it was the Keith boast that they could put on a bill of eighteen numbers and not require a single setting. They used to keep in stock three and four handsome sets for the better class of acts and no cloth was allowed to get dirty, because there was a scene painter to keep them fresh. There was a time when the scenic equipment of the Sydney and Beheman's was constantly being changed and at the other houses either if not a new set when a new scene in any of the houses was considered worthy of a special notice, and there are few houses where the audience will not act grown sick unto death of the same old drops and flats week after week.

There are hundreds of persons who go to offer individual riders for the same cloth. When these are out the drops out the same old drops and flats week after week.

Some performers have sought to avoid the problem by carrying their own cloths, but these are for the greater part shabby dyes drop as dingy as the house scenery, and these do not get the price of the excess charges out of the money they cost, since the manager argues that it is useless to pay for scenery. There is not a house in town where one may go with the knowledge that he will not be called upon to observe the same old dirty curtains with its cheap gauze advertisement, the same drops with the pattern cracker spread all over the most conspicuous spot front, and the same old drop and flats that do not get the palace set. In Europe houses carry a special drop for circus acts. Here the only drop of that sort is to be found—at the Orpheum in Brooklyn. Audience are not going to stay away from a house because they do not change their scenery, but people do get tire of vaudeville because they believe that an act is going stale when it is merely that the act is so poorly set that the true value does not become apparent.

In the matter of settings the conditions are even worse. There is the same set of gold chairs week after week, and the same old sofa and the familiar table with its rear-tapestry cover, Liftime Burkhart, when she performed in the vicinity of New York, brought stuff from her home in Bensonhurst, but few performers can do this, and the management make no effort to help the artist out. It leaves the act up to the artist to provide his own scenery. Even if it is worth two hundred dollars a week or more, that same act is worth ten dollars worth of trouble in providing the scenery. Nowadays there are in diamonds' worth of trouble, it is because the artist has been able to get in with the property man and promise to pay the ten himself. Bright scenery and elaborate settings are as important as big acts and a pretty house.

The frame, however, is a box scene, the artist, who is prone to change his scenery as often as his clothes, is not likely to be concerned with the matter of scenery and properties.
The road usher at one of the local theatres lost a "phony" diamond in the house—and found it. While congratulating himself, a gentleman walked up stating he had lost a $300 stone—which he hadn't found up to date.

Last Friday night at the Alhambra two young men walked up to Dave Robinson, the manager, and said: "We're friends of Matthews and Ashley. Can't we stand up for half-price?" "It's all right," replied the courteous Dave. "Walk right in." A couple of seconds afterwards an usher came out with a rush saying, "Mr. Robinson, did you tell those fellows to take box seats? They are sitting in one." "See that they don't get the chairs warm," replied Mr. Robinson, adding "What's the use?"

Charles Wayne, who struggled along with "The Incubator Girls," has disposed of rights in the piece to Hurtig & Seaman, who are using it in one of their burlesques. Wayne says it is impossible for him to procure suitable directions necessary to keep the act up to the catchy point. Wayne and Gertrude Alstyne will open soon as a singing and dancing team. Miss Alstyne played with the former act throughout.

Mary Manson, now with "Veronique," will soon enter vaudeville, and expects to remain in it through her dancing ability. The reverse is the exception with Miss Manson. While she heartily detests the stage, the young lady's parents have impressed her with the opinion that it is her destiny.

Edward Mayburn, who is not famous as yet, is about to produce a playlet called "The Love of a Gunner's Mate." Mr. Mayburn does not wish to risk the success of his sketch, so awaits the return of Beatrice Foster from Australia to complete the details.

The Interstate Amusement Company have their headquarters in St. Louis and have houses in Hot Springs, Ark., Dalhart, Tex., Montgomery, Ala., and San Antonio, Texas. They bill eight acts and the motion pictures. Prices run from 15 to 75 cents. They have already firmly established themselves with the people in their various towns.

Virginia Earle opened her vaudeville tour with her "Johnny Boys" at the Orpheum, Reading, Pa., Christmas Day. The report that reached the interested offices was that the act had made a distinct go. Broadway will have an opportunity to do its own thinking on this point later.

MAURICE KRAUS' ANNUAL. The annual ball of the Maurice Kraus' Dewey Theatre Social Circle takes place at Tammany Hall to-morrow evening (New Year's Eve). It is announced as being the real thing.

PLAYED AT THE GRAND DUKES. Mart Williams, of Williams and Padre, is managing the Star Theatre at Chisholm, Mich. Mr. Williams, like many others, made his debut at the famous old boy's theatre, the Grand Duke, in Harris street, near the Five Points. This was in 1879 and in the same bills with them were Tommy O'Brien, of O'Brien and Harel, "Master Duna," Howard and Thompson, Conroy and Daly, and many others well known now. Mr. Williams' old partner, Harry Netter, has been dead some two years. Doubtless some of Mr. Williams' old associates will be glad to relocate him.

STAGE STRUCK VETERAN. Molly Davis, sixty-five years of age, cherishes the idea that the amateur night at the Orpheum Theatre are for the express purpose of gaining her an opening on the stage. She went on two weeks ago and the audience did not throw the dollar bill at her, last night because they were screwed to the floor. Last week Mollie was in the audience, but did not go on. Seven policemen and a roundman were in the audience to see that nothing was started and the proceedings were entirely decorous. Miss Davis' speciality is an imitation of Sara Bernhardt. She is the only one who regards it seriously.

ANNA MARBLE A FEATURE. In the story contest in the theatres programs, Anna Marble, the press representative for Hammerstein's, has won out this week with a story entitled "Child of the Copy." The story appears in all programs published by the Strassman Company, and tells a great deal in the short column allowed it.

MILLY THORN EXTENDS THANKS. Miss Milly Thorp, who was very active in the preliminaries which meant so much for the success of the Children's Festival at Pastor's on Christmas, desires to extend her most sincere thanks to the policemen and firemen of New York city for their assistance.

WHO IS BOOKING ROSS AND FENTON? Charles Ross and Mabel Fenton are to again appear together in their travesties, and are announced for next Sunday night at The New York Theatre Company in "Oliver Twist." M. S. Benton attends the bookings for this house. B. A. Myers, of Myers & Keller, the booking house that would attend to the vaudeville wants of Ross and Fenton. The Casino Theatre Sunday night concerts are taken care of by this firm. Mr. Ross has said in alluding to his vaudeville tour, "See my management Barney Myers." It is not a momentous question, but still, it is diverting under the circumstances.

KARNO'S TROUBLES. The hearing in the action instituted by one Reed Pinaud to prevent Fred KARNO presenting his one-act comedies on this side in vaudeville will come up on Jan. 4. Alv. Reeves, the manager for KARNO, has engaged ex-Judge Ditzen- hofer as counsel, and will set up the defense that Pinaud violated the original agreement by negotiating to pay royalties. In an English suit Pinaud was declared to have forfeited his rights.

Ward and Curran have in preparation a sequel to their present act, "The Terrible Judge Out of Court." It will be done next season and will run about twenty minutes.

REWARDS OF SONG WRITERS. Song writing, if successful, is remunerative, much more so than any one unfamiliar with this art is aware. A big popular "hit" sells from 600,000 to 1,000,000 copies, on each copy of which the lyric writer and composer receives a royalty from one and one-half to five cents. Among the music publishers, who consider songs so much merchandise, there are several who are known as successful composers who have made a name for themselves in the musical world as composers. Not one of these gentlemen will admit of having less than $30,000 yearly credited to his personal account in his own book-keeping on royalty on compositions. Mr. Edwards is worth about $35,000 each twelve months to himself in that they derive from the house of F. A. Mills, equals that amount. The Von Tilzers and Vincent Bryan may run a trifle less. Charles K. Harris, whose specialty is ballads, is in receipt of an amount approximately as large as the largest. Theodore Morse sings his own songs in vaudeville, and has an income of $20,000, besides an interest in the firm of F. B. Havens.

The individual writers without business connections are more numerous than successful. Will D. Cobb, the best known, has in this country annually collects about $20,000 from music publishers, and his compositions have a cash value upon delivery. Ed. J. Maden is another writer of words whose work is in great demand, and has $15,000 flowing into his coffers regularly. George M. Cohen, who writes the words and music of all his songs, receives five cents from F. A. Mills on each copy sold. Mr. Mills has paid George during the year just ended about $90,000. Cole and Johnson, the colored musical gentlemen from New York, writing to be an easy manner of picking up $25,000 yearly, and James O'Dea and Nell Moret, of "Hiawatha" fame, will have no need to worry over royalties for a long time to come.

Jerome and Schwartz, Ren Shields, Paul Dresser and Williams and Van Alstine, not forgetting George Evans, could afford a luxuriant existence on their income from "hits" alone. A host of others, averaging from $500 upward could be mentioned.

To write songs, then, is not worth trying for. Once an opening, and you are in demand. More manuscript has been placed in the waste basket as the result of some tyro attempting fame in one result with a song in any thing less than the other fellow's, and the other fellow wouldn't, and that Frenchman thought he was the whole thing.

The moving pictures (The Miller's Daughter) were good. A girl and a boy runs away to get married, because I saw the minister, and then the father chases the girl away from home, and then she jumps in the river and the fellow jumps in after, and then they have a baby.

I wish I could hang that fat girl (Sabel Johnson) on my Christmas tree.
NEW ACTS OF THE WEEK

FRANK CINQUERVALL.
JUGGLER.
PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

After an absence of about four years, Paul Cinquervall appeared for the first time Christmas afternoon at the above address. Since he left these shores, a new era has developed in vaudeville, and it does not become necessary to speak of his "past performances." New faces will greet him, and while it will be remarked by many that this or that feat by Cinquervall has been seen before, it will be acknowledged at the same time that it has never been executed with the same dexterity, grace and precision that Cinquervall gives to it. He is the juggler par excellence. The juggling with the billiard balls has been used around the vaudeville houses by many since Cinquervall introduced it, while Spadoni and Coschas have utilized the own best effort, but no one approaches Cinquervall. His confidence is sublime, so much so in fact that dropping the billiard cue over the head of the onlooker and catching it with two other cues, and in allowing a cannon ball to apparently slip towards the other players, he takes a chance on over-confidence, with a possible accident resulting. The comedy is well brought out by an assistant, with a face which speaks humor in itself. The slips made are for the purpose of adding the comedy only.

One of the best things Cinquervall does is to hold up with his teeth a chair with his assistant on it, together with a table. Previously this has been done on the chin.

Those who have seen Cinquervall will see him again; those who have not, don't miss him.

FRANK GARDOCK AND LOTTIE VINCENZ.
"BAD MANNERS." Keith's.

Picked before it was ripe, Frank Gardner's new sketch at Keith's is still susceptible of improvement. There is a lack of smoothness in the lines and a decided need of rehearsal in the handling of the effects. At that, as it stands it is a better offering than his earlier attempt and gives a high percentage of novelty. A tramp invades a fort and goes to sleep in one of the big guns. Contrary to military usage they use it for a cannon gun and fire a projectile instead of a blank charge. The tramp is hurled through space and in the motion pictures is seen ascending to the moon. Arrived on that planet he meets the old queen and she comes back to earth with him, having fallen in love with him in the good old fashioned way. They fall through a skylight, landing in the home of a wealthy man, where they have a supper in the course of which they become intoxicated. The pictures become animated and they wind up with a new version of the carriage race from the old act. A smattering of the dialogue and greater smoothness of working will make this act one of the best in spite of the fact that Miss Vincent does not unbend.

LES RENOS.
PANTOMIME.
KENTUCKY.

"The Modern Burglars" is the title of a new pantomime presented by six Frenchmen calling themselves the Renos. It just escapes being one of the best things since the Hanlons. The trouble lies in the fact that the act is stretched out interminably. The smarterness of work is what is needed. The tricks are there. Three of the men pose as burglars, the others as Gens d'Armes. The latter have a change after the first and pretend to be conducting a picture on their side of the stage. There is a plank running from the second story window that affords them opportunity for good work and the tricks are, as a rule, well devised. The trouble comes in the overworking. Perhaps the act will be better when these performers have been here longer.

IDA RENE.
"DIE-HARD." TRAVELER'S.

If, as reported at the time, Martin Beck declined to book Miss Rene while she traveled with her husband, Arthur Prince, over the Orpheum Circuit in the West, the latter under the compunction to "see her" for $750 weekly, Mr. Beck displayed excellent judgment. Miss Rene was especially imported from the other side to bolster up "The Royal Charter" while playing an engine at the Lyric Theatre in this city about one year ago. Since that time she has not publicly appeared and her engagement at the Colonial is her first American vaudeville appearance. While the weekly remuneration now received is consistent with her drawing powers through the publicity received while at the Shubert house, Miss Rene will not remain permanently, or even for a short while, in vaudeville. Her offering consists of three recitations, "Marriage a la Mode," "The Rake's Progress" and "Art." Each, as an oratorical effort, is excellent. Barring Miss Rene's expressive powers, any school girl who has made a study of elocution could do as well. Had Ida Rene been Mary Smith on the Colonial stage, the result would have been disastrous.

MILLIE BUTTERFIELD AND CO.
"PREZENTED FANCIES." TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.

A sketch by Charles Horwitz built around keynotes lines should have a re- sounding feature placed somewhere among the stereotyped dialogue and action, but nothing of the kind appears in this Horwitz playlet. Given as a "heart-throb" on Christmas after Tony Pastor's, the reception it received was so well thought of by the management that it has continued during the week.

A widow and child living next door to a luscious asylum is in dire straits. A letter arrives with the glad information someone will call that afternoon with nothing but money. The widow grasps the opportunity, and after one of Charles Freshman's amusing productions, Mr. Tate has had advice in the matter, and is prepared for a fight to protect his rights and interests.

SOME HIPPODROME BOOKINGS.

The management of the Hippodrome is always seeking foreign acts, and when found, prefer to "spring" them on an anticipating public rather than to show the press bureau to overwork it.

Digging deep down and from rumor, and otherwise, the acts following can safely be depended upon to be playing by the next season.

Jan. 22, Ralph Johnstone, the bicyclist, who has been away from his native land for a long while. Made a big hit on the other side and Greater West Enders are expecting great things. Salary, estimated $400 weekly.

Jan. 22, the Bonhams, a troupe in a "riley act." Capacity house in every city. Salary, estimated, $350 weekly. ("Riley act" is the technical term for pedal acrobatics.)


Feb. 5, Woolward's sea lions. Well known here. Mlle. Lepis and a horse, had been exhibited in Paris since leaving America, name still retained. An amusing act. Salary, estimated, $350 weekly, including food for the animals.

REIS DOESN'T WANT VAUDEVILLE.

The report that M. Reis, who has a large circuit of theatres scattered over several States, contemplated giving four nights a week to vaudeville in cities where "ten-cent" shows were run, is entirely without foundation. Milton Aborn booked several bills for Reis' houses during the past season but the results were not sufficiently satisfactory to warrant Reis engaging extensively in the variety end of theatricals.

The only direct opposition the Reis' Circuit encounters from the cheap show is at Bernton and Pottstown, Pa.

NEW ACTS FOR SUNDAY.

At the Sunday concert at the American Theatre to-morrow evening Ted Marks will offer a new act in "Yuma," who does a turn somewhat on the lines of "Zotka," but declared to be a decided improvement. The performer weighs 190 pounds yet manages to stow himself away in a box 14 by 22 inches and 16 inches high. While in the box he changes from the uniform of a German Hussar to a Mephistopholes dros.

MARKS AND DAMROSC.

Commemorating to-norrow Ted D. Marks will give a series of orchestral concerts at the Hippodrome. The Damascus orchestra and noted solists will provide the entertainment. This will give Marks three houses for Sunday nights.

Mr. Marks declares that commencing about May he will give Sunday concerts at the Shaftesbury Theatre, in London, the first to be given in that town.

HARRY TATE WORRIED.

It is understood that Harry Tate, whose "Motorizing" has met with a large degree of success here, is much worried over the news reaching him that a duplicate of his act is being brought over. The act was presented by James Lederer. But three of the original girls are left.

BLONDELL TO K. & E.

Edward Blondell, who played a part in "The White Cat," is now under engagement to Klaw and Erliner for a new production and has cancelled all his vaudeville dates.
AFTER THIS—WHAT!

One of the best posted men in vaudeville was speaking of the high salary question the other evening and indulged in speculation as to what would be the outcome of the steady increase in salaries.

Already we have the ten cent house, but it is not believed that the ten cent circuit is the solution of the problem. The further necessity of the play-sized stage, leading no one knows whither.

There was a time when the variety business of the country was of the sort shown a-day by Nick Norton in his interesting reminiscences. There were houses of note through the country playing the leading acts and making it possible for a player to stay six months in the house through a weekly change of bill.

Then came the combinations, and in a short time the first of these followed by ten, or more, acts, and it was no wonder that enough combinations to serve the houses.

The direct outcome of this was the museum. The combinations shut out some and added some others for their talents and the addition of a variety bill to a museum hall became general. Persons who would not patronize the variety theatres found it proper to inspect the natural curiosities of the museum and, since a variety bill was a part of the museum they took that as well.

At first the museum bill consisted of five or six short acts played over and over again through the day, but from this was developed the idea of the continuous performance which became almost a craze. The museum annex was dropped and a splendid bill was provided at a small cost.

With prosperity came an increase in the salaries of almost all the performers and the manager found that he would have to raise his prices of admission to meet the new condition. This was followed by the reservation of seats and now most of the variety houses with the exception of those belonging to the Keith circuit proper, are of the two show a-day sort.

Higher prices demanded the best shows and forced out a class of players not considered good enough for the big bills. These now find engagements in the ten cent houses just as their forebears turned to the museums. As the museum idea developed the continuous performance, so will the ten cent show develop some new idea. Just what that idea will be no man may say, but that from the despised "family" theatres will spring the next development of vaudeville. Some man will strike it right and another will follow in his footsteps.

The question is "What will that idea be?"

One of the vaudeville jokers went to the plumbers who keeps the opera artists' vocal pipes in repair, to have his singing voice improved. A fellow artist similarly afflicted, asked if the practitioner was to be commended. "They say he's a great golf player," was the dubious answer.
KEITH'S.

Two new acts at Keith's this week will be found reviewed under "New Acts." They form quite a feature, but there are a number of others who should be helped out—of the stage door. Belle Stone does a spiral ascension inside of a globe, and amazed the audience by her skill of not "balling up." She works quickly and to good effect, but she takes an encore that somewhat detracts from the act because it is not well handled. Elmer Tennis, a circus acrobat, is somewhat of a loquage, largely because he does not sing. He has a mixture of old material and new that is blended in such a fashion that the laughter at the new joke laps over on the chestnut immediately following. Some of his stuff is really good, and some is prehistoric. He deserves credit for not using a tack hammer to drive home his jokes. Fred Correy offers some odd musical instruments and some comedy of a French sort. Several of his ideas are new and all of them are carried through in good taste. Great way does Juggling that is scarcely of merit and wasters speech in ridding himself of what he must imagine to be jokes. Even were he gagged he would not be a clever juggler and some of his act stands he does not deserve a place on a bill of importance. His talk is a marvel in the extreme and hurts his act. The audience laugh a lot but flat out appear to be ashamed of these lapses. Another act severely up to standard is a performer who modestly styles himself Solomon II. This is not because he competes with the ruler of Israel in the plurality of his wives, but because he is supposed to be possessed of great wisdom, which is exemplified in mental calculations of the sort which used to be done in the days of museum prosperity as a side line to candy butchering. He does one mental multiplication of two numbers by two methods and produces the correct answer. The rest of the time he wastes in telling how good he is, except for a few moments devoted to telling the audience that what day of the week a certain date fell upon; a trick possible to almost anyone who is possessed of the formula. Le Roy and Woodford do very nicely after Le Roy gets the boarding house jokes out of his system. He should forget that part and hold to the double act throughout. Sabel Johnson does very well on the lower half of the bill, and the Piscobian Sisters have some good acrobatic work and finish they discard for ruffled bloomers. They would do better did they work in this costume throughout. Smith and Cleaver have songs and old jokes, but they apologize with their dancing, and the La Jesses have a ring act that does very well for the opening. Ed Grey should change his stuff. He is too clever what else for certain of the tricks that his costume does not set well upon him. The motion pictures are those taken for the recent policemen's entertainment. They might have been simplified with a little more color and control. There was of them was of real interest.

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PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET.

Cliffe Berzac holds over for a second week at the Fifty-Eighth Street house, and is probably responsible for a part of the good attendance. He can be only ordinary in a country circus because they are used to trick mules. Here in New York a trick mule is as scarce as a good actor and a small town unmelodious mule is a scream. The act is cleverly faked in the matter of volunteer riders and though one realizes that the riders are rehearsed before the effect of spontaneity is gained and there are a couple of tumblers with the lot who are good enough to have their names on the bill along with Berzac. The girl with the red mask is still in town and this week she is in the Yorkville section. The other evening two of the stage hands took part in her performance by getting too close to the tormentor and being reflected in the opposite mirror. They did not add to the effect. The dance interested this audience because it is a new act to them and the dancer's work is remarkably resilient. The Shelbys (only seven the other evening) have a place earlier on the bill and the young woman who imagines that she can act like Ethel Pay tries to prove her claim with the same old lack of success. She has toned down a little but not enough. Carroll Johnson is taking life easy now and wears a purple suit through his act and a new freckle every time he comes upon the stage. He is making a bit with some of the old time work, notably the tambourine playing, to clights that recitation of the prize fighters as though his chances of salvation depended upon his always reciting this cheerful roll. If he insists upon reciting he should get another ten cent book and find a new offering. Ward and Curran keep changing the Terrible Judge around so that it has a suggestion of freshness, but Ward will soon have to find a new offering in place of telling the audience not to laugh. This has been overworked and no longer possesses the same effect. The Roscow Midgets have some new tricks that are really smart and work them with the finish of performers of greater stature. Charlie Roscow has cut out his sonettine impersonation and in his single act does only his Sousa. That is well done, but the act is short. George W. Monroe has the same old talk and has to work harder than he used to get on the laughs. He would be better with a new song. George B. Norwood, the contortionist, works on the slack wire. He really is conortion work and he does some good things. One drawback is found in the fact that with so padded for certain of the tricks that his costume does not set well upon him. The motion pictures are those taken for the recent policemen's entertainment. They might have been simplified with a little more color and control. There was of them was of real interest.

VARIETY.

PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET.

Proctor’s Fifty-Eighth Street house now has an intermission during the performance, instituted about three weeks ago, and a decided hit.

"CORKS" ON MANAGERIAL MONOLOGISTS.

"I’ll take as many as the Walter brings," announced the Human Cork Screw, as he settled himself in the seat commanding the best view of the entrance through which the Walter made his appearance. "I was a private per- son before.

"I sneaked past Murray, up at Morris’s office, and got in the room where you really get the dates, and Bill Morris was talking to some one up in the Variety office about a picture. They was going to print. He told em he didn’t have anything except tintypes and Willie Hammerstein butted in and said it was because he’d never been cured of anything by a patent medicine. Wouldn’t that make you thirsty for the suits?

"Willie could go on and do an act himself if he ever gets stuck for a turn in one and won’t take my concession specialty as the snake in the Garden of Eden with a real Eve in a living picture suit. He makes as many funny cracks as Ken Alexander and George Thomson, but he’s like Glenroy in that he won’t tell ‘em on the stage. Glenroy keeps the epi- taphs for the audience and the impromptus for his friends.

"Percy Williams is another who could do the Jack Norworth stunt and get away with it. The best joke he’s had lately is letting Roberts use a handkerchief on the stage, but he’s got a lot of good ways that come out just like he didn’t think them over.

"You get him and Hammerstein out to lunch and you laugh so much that you don’t eat, and whoever pays the check has a cinch.

"Martin Beck tells one good one a day —and a lot of others. Beck was down in New Orleans a couple of years ago and he goes out to see the polies scanner around the track like they was really trying to run. After three days of not seeing the race because the horse he bet on is so far back he can’t watch both ends, a paper comes out and says that Beck got in town the night before. Beck looks over the paper and says: ‘Huh, if I got in last night they ought to give me back the money I lost before I got here.’

"The Association was about the only joke the Keith managers ever got off, but it was a good long laugh and it’s a chuckle still. The best laugh Tony Pastor raises is when he tells what he used to pay the headliner twenty years ago. If he will tell you what he paid Lillian Russell that is, he is not far off and you remember that she got the three thousand bunch at her last funeral it makes Tony out a humorist, but the best laugh of all, termed "Corks," is this," and he raised the frothy seidl.

Bobby Matthews, of Matthews and Ashley, says that while at Hammer- sted it was a turn that he was laughing at his act elaborated his jaw and he had to pay the doctor’s bill. There is a suspi- cion that Matthews is what Washing- ton was not.
**THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.**
The peaceful calm hovering around the Head of the House betokened a decorative resolve. The information came kerchunk that we were going to see “Man and Superman” at the Hudson Theatre. It occasioned no surprise. I immediately knew we were going to see it, and we won’t find it.

“Here,” said the Head of the House as we were leaving, “isn’t that a relief after all this vaudeville?”

“Your brains are all in one spot,” says she, “and if your head is ever opened, every spot won’t be found.”

“Off again,” says I. “Suppose I must understand everything I see?”

“You’re a dead one anyway,” says she, “when you are not around a continuous something.”

“You are keeping me too busy trying to avoid a separation,” says I.

“Sixty dollars a week,” says she, “and never mind the legal part.”

“I wish I bad it,” says I. “It would be cheap to buy a tone of the voice, but rather the trick of changing it to perfection. Rapidly and repeatedly, the dummy speaks in an altogether different tone from that used by the manipulator, which together with the deft handling of the head gives to the illusion a natural semblance. An attendant places the head upon the dummy. The prince appears, and Prince himself, to avoid all suspicion of collusion, removes it again before his exit. Applause in plenty was given.

The five Mowat’s in club swinging genius which shows a great deal of improvement, new “stunts” having been added. The aurora-haired and blond boys have no mercy on themselves or the others in throwing the clubs, and several spectacular formations attract the merited approval of the house.

Nick Long and Idalee Cottom in “Managerial Troubles” offer an act full of comedy, and well liked. It allows Miss Cottom to give an impersonation of Mrs. Fiske in “Loch Kieschna,” which to anyone who may not have seen American’s greatest actress, this play will appeal as a life-like study. The voice and mannerisms are absolutely true.

The two Pucks, a young boy and girl, are so self-conscious that the value of their offering is hurt thereby. If the boy is blase, his age does not indicate as much, and they both should attempt to keep within the assumption their appearance creates.

Strong teeth and knotty muscles mark the Griff Brothers on the rings. Medals or badges occupy some space on their breasts. From the front the badges resemble something hung out to the “entertainment committee” at a ball.

The three Dumonds are billed as the “first reappearance in New York.” It is well known they are going to have added “since the last time.” The Dumonds are so well known that those by whom they are liked applauded before they appear, while the others leave with a laugh, in haste. When one gets out from the horizontal bars and some pictures finished off what is probably one of the best bills the Colonial will present this season.

**THE COLONIAL.**
It may have been the intention of Arthur Prince in assuming that stage name not to do justice to “Art of the Prince of Ventriloquists,” but it has been modified to read “The World’s Greatest Ventriloquist,” which may or may not be true, as you view his performance. Mr. Prince uses upon the stage, a British naval officer, using one dummy, a boy dressed as a sailor. The dialogue throughout is in reference to the boy’s duties while on the ship, and is exceedingly bright and mirthful.

Prince is never removed from his dummy more than nine inches, and the impression created on the audience is that it is wonderful ventriloquism, especially if it is impossible to perceive a muscle or twitching of his face while speaking, except through a glass, when the chin may be observed to move ever so slightly, and the cigar held in his mouth almost certainly to tremor.

Mr. Prince has not the knack of “throwing the voice,” but rather the trick of changing it to perfection. Rapidly and repeatedly, thedummy speaks in an altogether different tone from that used by the manipulator, which together with the deft handling of the head gives to the illusion a natural semblance. An attendant places the head upon the dummy. The Prince appears, and Prince himself, to avoid all suspicion of collusion, removes it again before his exit. Applause in plenty was given.

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**PROCTOR’S TWENTY-THIRD ST.**
Christmas presents occupied the attention of everyone at this house on Monday, as the Proctor’s Twenty-third St. (under New Acts) was given an ovation by the audience at the conclusion of his performance and some one sent the juggler an immense floral wreath. Louise Dres-

**Shows of the Week - - -**
**PASTORS.**
It is well enough in its way to go to Pastor’s, and the regular habit of the vaudeville would be greatly enriched in technical knowledge were he to go there often. It is an educator as to what is “good” and “bad” among vaudeville acts.

This week Daly and Devere are the question mark. You can not help but wonder why George W. Munroe with his grotesque horse play, which amuses the audience, really should be a side man, and why not put the likable Rube as a side man at a comparative large salary, while John Daly, who is immensely superior in brogue, comedy and voice, should remain exactly in the same vaudeville position he occupied long years ago. Both are guided along their theatrical existence by the same line of endeavor, and if all that is necessary to success is to be disagreeable gag men, Daly should cultivate one without delay.

Sam and Ida Kelly in “Si and Mandy” are another pair of sketch artists to cause reflection. Kelly is a “rube” and Ida much better. They are not the few who have been seen in the legitimate. He has the right conception of the “hayseed,” and does not depend upon weekly-fun-paper material. Miss Kelly as a “Sis Hopkins” girl does fairly well enough, and there are any number of enjoyable laughs throughout their time upon the stage.

The films, so much a part of the act of Arthur Owen and Kate Flesher in a sketch including a little of almost everything attracts the most attention from Overton’s make-up as a scarecrow. He is also well up that you can not detect the features. The encore is the badly done portion of their entertainment. Artists, and especially the young ones, should give the applause answer more attention. If you create a sufficiently good impression to receive a recall, don’t spoil that impression.

The Alberts, “comic acrobats,” are not comic at all. Neither is any comedy attempted, so the responsibility for the billing is not theirs. Hand balancing is the main interest of the turn, with one back-ward spring from the floor to a chair, which, whether ever done before or not, which Miss Alberts questions, does not matter. It is a fine trick, finely executed.

Gavin and Platt have a sketch called “Hands Up,” and the name is the worst part of it. Why not call it “The Intruder.” It is by Edward Locke, and there’s a dog (called “Peaches”) in it which is featured. They lower the tone of the offering thereby. Gavin should refine the burlgar somewhat. It would be much better to make a gentleman in the middle of the good old fashioned trick, which, whether ever done before or not, which Miss Alberts questions, does not matter. It is a fine trick, finely executed.

Frank Lynne, an English comic singer, opens on the Proctor Circuit February 8.

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KEENEY'S.

The orchestra plays four overtures before the first act makes its appearance at Keeneys, but an intermission is entirely forgotten. The male portion of the audience would be perfectly willing to listen to a few of the orchestral selections for a chance to go out "to see a film" later.

Della Fox is on the bill boards as the draped in gold and green. Whether the society element of the "Bedford Section" waited for "amateur night," or for some unknown reason, they did not attack the theatre in force on Wednesday evening to hear Miss Fox sing three songs and decline to repeat even the chorus of her favorite number. Miss Fox is deserving of a great deal of credit for her enterprise. Casting aside the matter of her name, she has striven to please, and has succeeded. While dressed as a boy she smokes a cigarette gracefully. Also with bolding her she is the same. The "inhalo" on a stage is a novelty to many, and should be stopped.

Harry Thomson, "The Mayor of the Brownstone," has some good lines in his talk which made a hit. After giving it, he surprisingly retired, and persistently refused to do anything more—for three seconds. The audience demanded; Harry obliged. You couldn't stop him after that. His stories and imitations stretched out to such a length that before finishing, he was repeating.

"The Columbus," a family of five on their looks, dance and sing with some piano playing. Claire does the automatic doll, playing "A Hot Time" on the piano, announcing that it is Will H. Fox's. It is Charles Sweet's, as Fox never used it. Some piano dancing after Clara Morton is done by Claire, who is a very young girl with a voice smaller than herself. Ethel, another daughter probably, sings while thinking of something else, and Marilyn fills in a hope of escaping the Gery Society. The act and "A Baby of Dresden China." but which of the five is the old "bit" can not be determined.

Billee Taylor, John L. Kearney, Francis Golden and Grace Naesmith are the cast of "Wanted—A Stenographer." All except Taylor are new in it. Mr. Taylor's voice is not as sweet as when last heard in vaudeville, and he has contracted the comic opera habit.

Mr. Kearney makes up too young for the part, but plays it with spirit. Francis Golden is satisfactory, but Miss Naesmith gives a lifelike imitation of a lay figure.

Hammond and Forrester are "Comedians from the West." The girl is pretty in a blond wig which doesn't fit, and one song to a tune. Both have a definite monologue which for antiquity has everything stopped. If that monologue is cut way down, and more attention paid to the rest, they will do a great deal better.

Gillette's Musical Dogs made a big hit, and Mr. Gillette has a lot of animals better trained than those any foreign act has yet shown here.

J. Francis Wood opened the show. Mr. Wood rolls hoops.

CIRCLE.

A burlesque show at the Circle must "clean up" before playing this house. Regardless of what is said or done "on the road" there are too many women and children about the matines here for a chance to be taken.

J. Herbert Mack's World Beaters perform the bill this week, and there is not a line or piece of "business" connected with it even remotely successful. The nearest approach is when Major Casper Nowal, a dwarf, told by a girl that he is "too small," replies: "Well, what there is of me I can highly recommend." This same line spoken by Mark Murphy in vaudeville is passed by, but the "Major" secures a laugh out of it because it is said in a burlesque show.

The girls are young, better than the average, and the only missing quality or quality is comedians. The company is decidedly without them. Everyone in the olio doubles up in the songs some sort of a comic, and comedians, Mike McDonald and Phil McFarland, are required to turn to and invent every old sort of an excuse for a laugh that can be thought of.

The "seltzer bottle," the "echo" and the see-saw bench are all made to do service in the final piece, which affords, however, May Gebhardt and May Corey the opportunity of "showing their shapes." The "shapes" take up a great deal of stage space, and evoke whistles and calls of admiration from the younger portion of the audience.

The opening number, "Jolly Old Sports," is given for the purpose of displaying the girls' costumes, which are not expensive. The girls march to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and the discrepancies in the alignment seem to have passed notice. A small girl holds up one end of the row, while at the other end is an amazon. Between, the short and tall ones are mixed.

In the olio the sisters Forrest sing three songs and show three dance steps. McFarland and McDonald also appear with the seltzer bottle, and German and Irish attempted comedy intermingled. About this time you laugh in sheer disgust, but Bohannon and Corey kill all chances of a continued smile with illustrated songs. Either one must close one's eyes or see the pictures. Miss Corey's voice must be listened to. In order that the audience may be aware of woman is singing on a spot on which she stands lighted up. It is darkened immediately after, and you hope, but no, she appears in a soldier's uniform, and sings "The Big Red Coat." Quig, Edwards and Nickerson play "The Palms" on musical instruments, and have several such of which the times carry off the honors for steely tone. Niblo and McDonald in "Artistic Dancing Exercises" may rest on the bill, while the moving pictures are the best of the whole show.

There is no dash, the action just plods along. What is needed is a "bit," a comedian or comedians, and a stage manager with some idea of humor which has not been stored up in his "thinking" since he visited his first burlesque show or saw an afterpiece.

HURST & SEAMON's.

It was eighty-four Monday night when the curtain was raised for the commencement of the evening entertainment, and it fell again at eleven-twenty. The interval between the two was allowed "for refreshments." Deducting the time of two overtures for "waits" and the moving pictures, left two hours for acts to amuse.

The opening number "led up" the billing, and the first was undoubtedly occasioned through an attempt to rearrange the bill after the matinee. Another mistake was the spelling of Stephen Aratta's surname as "Bratron." Mr. Grattan and Maud White appeared in " Locked Out at 3 A. M.," which has been "outed" several times in a morning newspaper as a new sketch. It is old, very old, and since its first appearance about four years ago, both the principals have played in the legitimate, from whence they came. Their return to vaudeville is the answer. The least that can be said is that something new.

Lind, a female impersonator, was the star of the show. There is no other similar impersonator that classes with him. Whether of the audience had an inkling of his identity until at the finale he removed the wig, which, incidentally, is a very poor one. The "buzz" following his final moments, Mr. Lind taking four curtain calls. Almost-lightening changes are made, each perfect in itself, and to properly appreciate this artist he must be seen.

McMahohn and Maud Mead made a solid hit. No one is starred. Each girl has something to do, and the act is far superior to any other like nature. Miss Sully, the interlocutor, has a good line, with its frequent pronunciation. The "Harrett Sisters are the end "men" and have a song and dance. Annie Donaldson sings a ballad in a sweet soprano, while Miriam Carson has a rattling song. In this act, also, Mr. Mosher, dressed and trimmed.

Mobile Quartette" is composed of the balance of the girls, having one song which they would have still been singing had the verses held out. The second scene is well set. This is a return date within a month here.

Gorman and West, in a sketch called "A Special Meeting," spoil the idea of a "sketch" by opening in a song and dance, and have nothing to do with any of the best dressed women on the vaudeville stage, and there is no reason why this team should not advance if they will exercise judgment, and select their material. Something new and better should be procured at once. Miss West should examine her stockings carefully before each performance.

Mickey and Nelson amused a home house greatly, as did Foster and Foster. This last team made an undoubted hit with the songs and piano playing. The better placed they are on a bill the bigger are their salaries.

THE OFFICE BOY AND THE MANAGERS.

"Sh, walk on your toes," said the Office Boy as I opened the door of the agent's office, "there's a Manager inside with the Boos.

"Well, supposing?" I replied, not deeming a Manager the Supreme Idol of the Earth.

"Back," says the Boy. "Excuse me if I talk in a whisper while he's around. I can easily do out you don't know what a real cheese a Manager is.

"You ought to know them the way I do," he continued in a low voice. "In vaudeville it's the Manager. Always the Monday or Tuesday from its appearance up to once in a while, but when the Manager is around everybody shrinks.

"Listen and I'll hand you a few real ones about Managers. Most of them don't know they're alive. They have to keep still while the artists are around or the real workers would find them out. A manager goes to an agent and asks if Mr. So and So, and it's you wouldn't use have been expected was something new.

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The LaVine Cimarron Trio appeared, as did Mosher, Houghton and Men, who were handicapped in bicycle riding by the size of the stage.
DEWEY.

Rose Sydell and her London Belles appear for the second time this season at the Dewey this week, with little or no change in the show.

The opening burlesque is called "Dazzling Nancy," a mere skit, and could not be considered at all in the same line with any other Harmsworth's. Bob Garnella and James W. Mack, try very hard to make the audience laugh, but it is no use.

Of course Rose Sydell was Dazzling Nancy, looking as pretty as ever. As usual she wore a sort of a dress, with a posing apron thrown over her. She sang a song of numbers, ably assisted by the chorus and a male quartet.

"The above songs," the program read, "were written by J. Edward Owen, (who, by the way, is the leader of the show). It did not take him long to write these songs. Just took some of the big song hits on Broadway and changed a few bars. Shepp Campbell, the manager, played I. L. Trimmern, a man with a taking disposition, and it could be seen that he wasn't at home this season without comically."

In the burlesque, Vera Hootie probably carried off the major share of approval in an Indian song with a splendid chorus. There are six numbers in the show, beginning with the McCall Trio, in a comedy singing and dancing act, at least that was what the program read. The female end of this trio does some capital skipping-rope dancing, which is spotted by the man, who tells some gags that were told when I was a boy. He tries to sing a parody, but that is all he does.

The Weston Sisters get a big hand on their clever singing and burlesque boxing, but mar their performance by the use of some suggestive gestures. Garnella and Shirk have a good talking act in one and finish very strong with a burlesque opera. Miss Shirk has a better voice than is usually found in a burlesque show. The Bijou Comedy Trio, billed as "Novelty, Comedy and Harmony," where the novelty and comedy comes in I do not know, neither does the audience, but then the least said about this act the better.

W. S. Campbell and James Mack have a real novelty in a talking act. They show the interior of a police station. Shepp Campbell as a German inspector, Mack as a patrolman. In the act there is shown a series of living pictures. They are very much out of the manner of the pictures were given as a special number in the oyl they would look much better.

The Great Rylea closes the oyl, billed as the perfect man in physical comedy. The scenic effects and the costumes and the working of the chorus help the show a great deal, though there is a great deal of "kidding" done by some of the chorus girls in the entrances and in plain sight by the audience. As I left the theatre I asked Morris Kraus what he thought of the show; he only laughed.

Joe Raymond.

Mr. and Mrs. Vic. Lewitt are the proud possessors of a bouncing baby boy. Mother and son are both well.

GOTHAM.

Charles Dickens ought to be doing Shakespearean or opera, for not that he suggests conspicuous ability by his work, but the degree of indifference with which he strolled through his sketch at the Gotham in Brooklyn this week showed his personal conviction that he was too good for vaudeville. At yesterday's matinee he walked through his part of "A Praising Matter" as though his mind and were occupied with more important matters and he didn't particularly care whether his lines were listened to or not. His attitude was a dire insult to any audience. The sketch is of very fair quality and Dickens could make it an interesting part of the bill if he would inject a little ginger into his work.

By far the best turn of the Gotham bill was William Cahill's monologue. Cahill is endowed with a wealth of native Irish humor. He has rubbed most of the rough places off his talk and now, relieved of the coarseness that used to mar his performance, he more nearly approaches "The Rolling Mill Man" of beloved memory.

Lucy Bennett and Pearles Andrews in George M. Cohan's farce, "The Angel," were funny in a rather loud way. The skit is based on a knocking fest between two jealous people and there were there were no realistic "slap-stick" and although it may be true that it is an unhealthy phase of life and not particularly elevating. On the other hand the two principals are very well dressed and handsome in an Amazonian way. They get all there is out of the humor of Mr. Cahill's work, and their singing is above the ordinary.

The mysterious De Biere is infinitely more mysterious to the gallery than he is to the first half dozen rows of the orchestra. This is a case of distance lending enchantment. Close view De Biere's methods are more or less transparent, although his trick with the trunk suspended in the center of the prosenium arch is mystifying to the uninformed. Some of his mechanical tricks also are effective.

Adams and Drew are newcomers in vaudeville, although they have been doing their Gedantact in burlesque for some time. The lines are bright and considerable thinking has been expended on the dressing of the turn. They have an entertaining line of automobile talk that is new and unacknowledged.

The Gartelle Brothers in a roller skate dancing stunt did a lot of hard work and were rewarded by the delight of the audience. Some of the youngsters did not understand the shrills of the young girls in the audience. The turn closed with a dance which was good. The introduction of some good talk would benefit the performance materially.

Joseph L. Maxwell and his Firemen Quartet was new to East New York, and they got an enthusiastic welcome. The five men sing well together. Meehan's dog was put through the usual tricks and a few that were original and novel. The leaping greyhounds were above the average.

AMPHION.

The Amphion Theatre management treated this week the reward of the daring enterprise in crowded houses. The Williamsburg house is supporting a bill in which there are at least four acts that have served as the features of New York vaudeville theatres within the last few months.

Williams and Walker, of course, lead the procession of head-liners. The act retains practically unchanged from the form in which it was first given at Ham- merstein's, with the exception that the chorus in the upper box, with which the act started, has been cut out, and the only work the rather overdressed company is now called upon to perform is in the choruses of the song. The change works to the advantage of the performance.

Tom Nawn has to thank the instinctive love of a fairy story that is implanted in most grown-ups for the large measure of popularity that has rewarded his performance of "Fat and the Gentle." Charlotte Appelle, the third member of the company, gave an excellent performance. Whether or no Abdul El Kader's "three wives" are his really, truly spousal, Williamsburg accepts the program at its face value, and accordingly granted the act a certain amount of scandalized interest. The women's pictures, however, will never be handed down to future generations as "old masters." Also the veils on the lower half of the women's faces are designed, it would seems, as a kindness to the audience rather than an effort to convey the Oriental atmosphere of the act.

Field and Ward must sit up of nights wresting with their act. Every time one sees it the sketch has been enriched with half a dozen bright new lines or a clever bit of business. Both artists are good, and their act has merit enough to warrant the owners in losing the little horse play and "kidding" they have been using.

Actor Luigi Deloro, together with his musical paraphernalia, were surely made in Europe, judging from the name and the gaudy gold and white of his outfit. He played several classical numbers on a sixteen-pound accordion. The audience gave its interested attention to the music, which closely resembled that of a pipe organ, but when he gave 'em rag time they demanded more, even to the third encore. The sixteen-pounder was assisted by the "armonie-peda," an arrangement of pedals which the Ignor worked with his feet.

The Three Madcaps in contortion stunts and dances came up to a fair average of shapeliness. They started the performance.

Riccroono's Horse did not make good its description on the programme, "Greatest animal act before the public," but it was a well done turn, to which a comedy host contributed a large part.

The Trolley Car Trio frankly announced themselves as being in the slap-stick and rough-house business from the getway. The turn might amuse the youngsters, but for grown-up appreciation the performance of kicking a man in the face is rather too elemental humor.

WHAT REMICK PAID SHAPIRO.

Maurice Shapiro, the former junior partner of the disrupted firm of Shapiro, Remick & Co., has had an inflated chest since the dissolution over the general business. A Remick paid Maurice $100,000 to leave the firm. Every time it is mentioned to Remick here, he leaves for Detroit so people won't laugh him laughing.

Shapiro was paid $31,000 for his interest in the concern. While the terms being discussed by him and the senior partner, the wily Maurice had a series of cold chills before Remick paid the money. Mr. Shapiro had a short talk on the foolishness of Shapiro thinking he was a "mark." At the conclusion, Maurice, in a limp condition, accepted the offer without comment.

Frederick Thompson, of Thompson and Dundy, and Clifford G. Fischer, of Mariniello's Agency, left together on the Oceanic last week. Before Remick paid for the money, request you are asked to note that Mr. Thompson sailed with Mr. Fischer—but the Oceanic is a big boat.

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IN THE OLDEN DAYS

Reminiscences of the Early Days of Variety by the Veteran Manager and Performer, Nick Norton

NOTE—There is probably no one now engaged in the vaudeville business who was as wide a knowledge of the variety world as Nick Norton. He used to work under many managers and was probably the most noted to give some of his recollections to the benefit of the public. The series will be continued in subsequent issues.

NUMBER THREE.

My first stage managing experience came after the Toledo engagement, when Gus Lee and myself went to Cleveland to join the forces of A. Montpellier, who had come up from Cincinnati to open Lee's Hall as a variety house, changing the name to the Athenaeum. Of course the dignified position of stage manager called for a salary and they raised one weekly. For that I was expected to lay out the show, engage the acts and stage manage the afterpieces. It was hard work; twice as hard as merely doing a specialty, but the five dollars paid me for it, and more, and for four months I enjoyed my authority and dignity when I lost the job through a most curious circumstance.

Cleveland was at that time the great oil centre. John D. Rockefeller was there at that time laying the foundation for the Standard Oil Company. Naturally all the oil people turned to Cleveland, and among them was John Steele, better known as "Coal Oil Johnny." Steele was at that time the height of his spectacular career. The discovery of oil in Pennsylvania had raised him suddenly from poverty to affluence, and, like all newly rich, he was a spendthrift. He maintained apartments in the Wedded Man House in Cleveland and in the same as he did in other cities, taking them by the year, but he spent a great deal of his time in Cleveland and he liked to mix with the actors. He was a welcome guest behind the scenes and right royally did he pay for the privilege.

He was an amateur minstrel himself and it was his delight to load the entire company on four-horse sleighs after a performance and drive into the country to Rocky River, where at the road house there would set up a grand elan and dinner with anything we wanted to drink. Out and back we would stop at every road house, giving an impromptu minstrel first, part, in which he would participate, and the tips was invariably twenty dollars to the proprietor in addition to his bill.

These little jaunts would last well on into the night, but there was always home in time for the following evening's performance. On one of these jaunts we got back just in time to dress and ring up the curtain. Steele and his company were then on tour, and during the evening they bought champagne by the basket.

By eleven o'clock we were all mellow,

and as Steele kept urging me to ring down that we might take to the sleighs again, I gave the signal for the "Grand Walk Around," which always closed the show, an hour earlier than usual.

The 1864-65 season was a little slow, but with Mr. Montpellier notable prize, cipally for its brevity and eloquence of expression, and my relations with the Athenaeum terminated at the expiration of my week's notice.

Montpellier explained that it was merely a matter of discipline and that he did not altogether blame me, and later I got a chance with Mr. Elkins under Mr. Bloom's management and the incident was recalled as a joke.

From Cleveland I went to Buffalo, where I got a chance at Car's Melodrama. There I met Billy Emmett and after a time we doubled up. We were undoubtedly the first Dutch rough wooden shoe song and dance team. Emmett being thin and lank, did the girl to my fat Dutchman; a combination afterward followed with such great success by Pete Baker and Tommy Farron.

The East had always been the Promised Land for the minstrel, concluding that the time was ripe for an invasion. I had expected to find work at Robert Fox's, but to my dismay Margaret Hering was signed. A store wire walker, filling an engagement there.

There was no chance for me, so I took an engagement at J. C. ("Patty") Stewart's Apollo Hall, a fine street basement place where the ceiling was so low it was impossible to work on the stage and even from the floor it was hard to find room for me.

My salary was small because Stewart knew that I was stuck, but I did not get even that, for Stewart was an invertebrate faro player and as soon as the receipts were in he would streak off to a gambling room and lose the entire amount. In the hope of gaining back what he already lost. The result was that I was permanently disabled and when at last an opportunity came to go to Baltimore for an engagement at Bob Gardner's Melodeon, I could not raise the fare.

This assumed the shape of being then a younger in the company, and it was to his inventive mind I owe my escape. Our credit was good at the bar and at dinner. I got an addition to the bar to the extent of my salary in bar checks and sold these to the waiters at a discount.

In this way I got enough for my fare and next to none of all my personal effects except the suit I was wearing at the boarding house in lieu of my board money. The Baltimore engagement was a good one and in a couple of weeks money was rushing in, and my chances began to look rosy.

Later on business dropped, and when, on April 14, 1865, John Wilkes Booth assassinated the President, all theatres were closed with a prospect of an early reopening and the management made this the excuse for being on the parks for several weeks of arras of salary.

In order to spend the time without a single place of amusement in the entire country doing business.

Theatres then were not the important venues they are today. A stage at one end and ordinary kitchen chairs strapped to wooden bars constituted the equipment of many of the places, and I have known a place to be opened within forty-eight hours after some one had decided upon such a venture. If the place failed to pay there was small loss, and since there were no invasions the managers were not so anxious to keep the place open as they are now.

There were from four to eight of these piles up on the addition that many homes offer as standard place. I recall only eighteen important places open in the season of 1864-65, to wit:

Howard Athenaeum—Boston, Mass.
Black Box Theatre—New York City.
Bob Gardner's Melodeon—Baltimore, Md.
Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
George Lee's Cantonian—Washington, D. C.
Benjamin F. Pink's Colored, New Orleans.
Tom Cry's Melodeon—Main St., Buffalof N.
Montpellier's Athenaeum—Montpelier, Vt.
Ohio Theatre Comique (Chas. M. Welch) 
Detroit, Mich.
Charles Chadwick's Varieties, New York, N. Y.
Palace Varieties—Chicago, Ill.
George Daggett's Varieties, St. Louis, Mo.
teen Street Varieties (Chas. Johnsmith)
New Orleans, La.
Bloom's Varieties (John Bloom), Bloomington, Ind.
Old Palace, Chicago, Ill.
Palace Theatre, Baltimore, Md.
Spalding and Holdidew's St. Charles, Theatre,
San Francisco, Calif.

It was the first time with the formidable array of houses today, but these were the schools where many of the important legitimate actors of to-day and practically every comic opera companies is said to have been trained to his work. Men like Eddie Foy, Ned Harrigan, Francis Wilson, James T. Powers, Peter Dailey and hundreds of others were grounded in these various houses, and they do credit to their instructors.

(To be concluded.)

AMATEUR NIGHTS.

Kooney's Theatre in Brooklyn installed for the first time last Thursday an "amateur night" with prizes amounting to $200 offered as an inducement for the budding genius to compete.

Most of the burlesque houses around town have one night a week set apart for the edification and amusement of the audience, particularly the gallery, with the antics of the new beginners, but this is the first time a vaudeville house in New York has attempted it as a feature. It is always the most amusing part of the evening's entertainment.

COLE AND JOHNSON AMONG THE LADIES.

A march by Cole and Johnson appears in the January number of the Ladies' Home Journal.

WERE THERE?

Adelle Ritchie denies that she has had trouble with William Lykens over the matter of commissions. In her earlier engagements Miss Ritchie paid ten per cent, to Lykens on all engagements, but finding that there was a demand for her she raised the rate and that she could book directly with the managers who booked for the managers, she dropped Lykens and did most of her business with Morris. She denies that Lykens is after special commissions, but says that the agent is painting his face in streams of red and yellow and will soon begin to make war medicine, alleging a contract for exclusive booking.

It is rumored that Ida Rene receives $500, while playing the Williams house.

THEY DIDN'T EAT.

Truly Shattuck and the "City Girls" from the "Prince of Pilsen" now playing in vaudeville arranged to have their Christmas dinner last Sunday evening at the performance. Invitations were recklessly mailed, and as the girls' dinner was to have been by subscription from the young ladies themselves, the episodes caused a certain amount of high. The girls changed their minds at the last moment but did not recall the invitations, causing those who had intended an excuse at home to escape the theatre. The arrangement was made at mid-night for something substantial.

EMMA FRANCES GETS GERMANY.

Mrs. M. S. Bentham through Charles Born- 
haus for the Wintergarten in Berlin at 5,000 marks a month. From that city she will journey over the Continent.

CIRCUS CONCERTS.

Commencing to-morrow Percy G. William will offer Sunday concerts at the Circle Theatre. They will have no connection with the shows given through the week, but will be made up of high grade acts. Apparently Mr. Williams finds the need of closer competition to rival Majestic owners commanding than he can give with the Colonial show.

MYERS IN HARTFORD.

The Hartford Opera House has entered the roll of Connecticut vaudeville playhouses for keeps.

Manager H. H. Jennings put in a vaude- 
ity bill this week as a sort of stopover to cover a dark street. Hartford seemed to like the idea. and, so 'tis said, the first two days of the Christmas week's business decided Mr. Jen-

nings to establish his home as an opposition to the Poli manage in the same burg on a permanent basis.

The initial bill displayed the names of John C. Rice and Sallie Cohen, Dimm- 
son and Kleinsti Brothers and Nich- 
olson.

DUNBAR TO PATERSON.

George F. Dunbar, formerly of Fall River, Mass, has assumed the management of the Family Theatre in Paterson, N. J., taking the place of C. W. Mor- ris. Mr. Morris, it is understood, has been forced to give up the manage-
ment of the Paterson house by ill health. He will continue, however, to be the active executive factor in his other house in Gloversville.

Albert Sutliff, will do the exclusive booking for the Paterson house under the new arrangement.

HAPPY HARRISON.

Lee Harrison is carrying a smile now which may almost be heard. He is going to shake the weekly jumps, where if you don't like a town you must stand it for 21 weeks, and that she could book directly with the managers who booked for the managers, she dropped Lykens and did most of her business with Morris. She denies that Lykens is after special commissions, but says that the agent is painting his face in streams of red and yellow and will soon begin to make war medicine, alleging a contract for exclusive booking.

It is rumored that Ida Rene receives $500, while playing the Williams house.
VARIETY.

ARTISTS' FORUM.


The Bon Tres has changed hands again, Frank Voky, former manager, has taken over. The new owner is Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tymon. The latter is the wife of John Q. Mclntosh, the present owner, and is the sister of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Tymon, who is the former manager of the Bon Tres. The new owners are planning to make some changes in the interior of the theater, and will be opening it in a few weeks.

Editor Variety.

New York, Dec. 27.


EDITOR VARIETY.

Enclosed find money order for subscription. Kindly mail paper as per enclosed route. We consider your paper fills a long felt want and see no reason why it should not prove a decided success for both artists and publishers. We have hereof put paid to seventy-five cents weekly for dramatic papers that did not contain the news to the profession that does.

There are several papers in England that are devoted to the interests of the vaudeville artists exclusively and we have often wondered why they did not have one here. Let us know when our subscription is again due. Wishing you every success,

Burton and Brooks.

MONTGOMERY AND CANTOR.

NOTE.

Variety may be obtained from the following dealers throughout the country: Graft & Co., 267 East Fourth St., New York; Stearns, 824 S. Broadway, Los Angeles; Byrncrore, N. Y.; Vanderbilt, Globe Hotel, Rochester, N. Y.; Montgomery & CANTOR, Philadelphia, Pa.; Belle Vue Strath Ho
tel, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Bingham House, Chicago, Ill.; Post Office News Co., 179 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; Trenton, N. J.; Greene, 4 South Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Meriden, Conn.—The Aug. Schmelter Co., R. H. Barr, Manager, has moved their现. The new location is 154 Bond Street, New York. The company is under the management of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barron. The company is well known for its fine productions and has been very successful.

Newark, N. J.—R. O. Mier, 137 Market St., Newark, N. J., has moved their present location to 154 Bond Street, New York. The company is under the management of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barron. The company is well known for its fine productions and has been very successful.

Winston-Salem, N. C.—The A. W. Bickford Co., R. H. Barr, Manager, has moved their present location to 154 Bond Street, New York. The company is under the management of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barron. The company is well known for its fine productions and has been very successful.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Claypool Hotel, 154 Bond Street, New York. The company is under the management of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barron. The company is well known for its fine productions and has been very successful.

Washington, D. C.—The A. W. Bickford Co., R. H. Barr, Manager, has moved their present location to 154 Bond Street, New York. The company is under the management of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barron. The company is well known for its fine productions and has been very successful.

London—Red Star News Co.
A C T R I E S.

VARIETY.

ACADEMY (H. W. Williams, Jr.—Sam Deodar's Own Company is crowing the theatre to smart capacity for the gala premiere of "The Verdict," "The Confession," and "The Mystery," at the "The Health Resort" and the "Mystic," respectively. The production is being given in the presence of some of the most popular and accomplished artists of the screen, including Miss Deodar, the versatile and talented actress, who has been very much in demand in the past few weeks. In addition to Miss Deodar, the company includes Misses Mary, Misses Teresa, and Misses Helen, all of whom are well known for their ability to command the attention of the audience. The performances are being given in the presence of the distinguished audience, who are expected to be present in large numbers. The programme is designed to be as diverse and interesting as possible, with a variety of acts ranging from music and dance to comedy and dramatic performances. The tickets, which are being sold at a moderate price, are expected to sell out quickly. The audience is eagerly anticipating the event, and the anticipation is sure to reach its peak on the night of the premiere.
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Providence; 19, Keith's, Philadelphia; 26, Grand Opera House, Pittsburgh; March 5, Keith's,
Cleveland; 12, Arcade, Toledo; 19, Syracuse; 26, Shea's, Buffalo; April 2, Shea's,
Toronto; 9, Temple, Detroit; 16, Cook's, Rochester; 23, Pastor's, N. Y.; 30, Castro's,
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