

**Music and
The Drama**

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

Rehearsals for Nell Gwynne, which is to be given next month under the auspices of the Neptune Rowing Club, go merrily along, and a magnificent production is anticipated. The cast is as follows:
Nell Gwynne... Mrs. Shephard Grigaby.
Clare (ward of King Charles II.)...
Miss Constance Vail.
Jessamine (niece of Weasel)...
Miss Margaret Patten.
Majorie (parish wait—servant to Weasel)...
Miss Frances Rainnie.
Buckingham... M. D. B. Pigeon.
Rochester... Mr. J. A. Kelly.
The Beadle... Mr. J. G. Rainnie.
Weasel (village pawnbroker)...
Mr. A. H. Lindsay.
Talbot (cousin to Clare)...
Mr. Gilbert Jordan.
Falcon (a strolling player)...
Mr. Charles D. Shaw.
Hodge (a villager)... Mr. A. C. Ritchie.
Peregrin (Buckingham's foot-boy)...
Miss Daisy Sears.
King Charles... Mr. F. W. Fraser.
Villagers, huntsmen, pages, court ladies, waiters, falconers, etc.
The chorus number about 50.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, the well known contralto will resume her tour next week after a brief rest.

Frank Daniels is about to try his luck in the South where he has not been since he left farce comedy six years ago. He has just returned from the Pacific coast. He is meeting with success in "The Amcer."

Mr. Robert Lorraine, an Englishman, is on his way to America to play the leading role in "To Have and to Hold" which will be produced in Baltimore next month. Mr. Lorraine is said to be a very clever and talented man. A few weeks ago he returned from South Africa. He married Julie Opp a few years ago but later separated from her.

"Duke Madcap," Herr Siegfried Wagner's new opera is for the present known only to some intimate friends of the Wagner circle, says the Berlin correspondent of the London News. The libretto, although it has appeared in print is also kept strictly from the public, but has nevertheless become known to a newspaper man who has made the plot public.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

Jim, The Penman, was the attraction at the Opera House in the earlier part of the week and on Monday evening drew a very large audience. The piece was beautifully staged and costumed, and was well received by those present.

A pathetic incident occurred at the close of the performance when a bulletin was read announcing the fact that the Queen, whose death was hourly expected, was resting more easily. The orchestra played God Save the Queen and the words were taken up by the Company and audience and sang with a right good will. Tuesday night there was no performance, owing to the Queen's death. There was a matinee and evening performance of Jim, The Penman on Wednesday. At both performances today Rip Van Winkle will be played.

W. S. Harkins opened an engagement in St. John's Hall this week, the bill being Mme. Sans Gene.

The Valentine Stock company intends to produce Nell Gwynne (shortly). There are as many Nell Gwynne plays this season as there were versions of Quo Vadis last year or Cyrano three years ago and all are making great hits everywhere. It is pleasing to anticipate a production here.

A new and original military drama with the stirring title "The Defence of the Flag" is to be produced in London shortly.

Messrs Arthur Patterson and Charles Cartwright, the authors of Colonel Cromwell, are engaged upon a new play which will be produced in London next fall.

William Faversham the actor who has been seriously ill as the result of appendicitis is able now to sit up a part of each day and receive his intimate friends.

There are to be no more speeches before the curtain in Berlin Theatres. These theatres are, as is well known, under the strict supervision of the authorities, and the new regulation is certainly an example of the beneficence of government.

Mr. Lewis Waller of London has commissioned Mr. H. V. Emond to write a romantic, much larger in scope than anything he has hitherto attempted. It is very unlikely that Mr. Emond will ever act again, he having indefinitely abandoned playing for the never profitable employment of the dramatist.

Owen Davis has about ready for production a new melodrama "The Gathering Storm" and has finished "The Lucky Stroke" in which Joe Welsh the comedian is to star next season. He is now at work



H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

on a dramatization of "A Puppet Crown" by Harold McGrath. It is somewhat on the lines of The Prisoner of Zenda.

Samuel Eberly Gross, the Chicago real estate dealer and author of 'The Merchant Prince of Carnville,' says he will ask the United States Circuit Court to restrain M. Coquelin from playing Cyrano de Bergerac on Chicago. Mr. Gross says:

Both Mr. Martin Harvey and Mr. Freeman Willis deny that the latter is writing a play on the subject of "Rienzi." Mr. Willis is in treaty with Mr. Harvey for a play with an entirely different theme, and apparently the latter gentleman may still use Mr. Berton's drama. The late Mr. W. G. Willis, Mr. Freeman Willis's brother, wrote a "Rienzi" play for Sir Henry Irving some years ago.

"I don't propose to allow M. Coquelin to go about boasting and bragging about 'Cyrano' and the achievements of his friend Rostand. I have secured depositions from people in France, from copyists, and others, which prove that Rostand wrote 'Cyrano' in 1897. Now, that was twenty years after I produced my book, and twenty years is a long time. I believe my case is stronger now than ever."

Eben Plympton who plays Philip II in Viola Allen's production of "In the Palace of the King," has had a leading role in all of the important Shakespearean productions during the past quarter of a century. With Edwin Booth, Mr. Plympton assumed all the important characters next to the "star." He was Adelaide Neilsen's leading man and also filled the same position with Modjeska and Julia Marlowe.

Clyde Fitch is now in his thirty sixth year. Judging him by the general run of play wrights, says a critic, he has probably reached his brightest point as a writer. There are few Sardons' and Boucaults who write plays in their old age. Fitch's modern plays are apt to be the fantastical, but "The Clumbers" is not the kind of piece to be sneered out of existence by silly and prejudiced reviewers.

It has enough vitality to last until the general public has made up its mind about it.

Says the Boston Transcript editorially: Some time ago it occurred to an enterprising stage manager that it would be a novel and startling, and therefore eminently desirable thing, to turn out all the lights when he wanted to make a swift change of scene, and thus avoid the trouble of lowering and raising the drop curtain. When the experiment was first tried in this city, the nervousness of the audience was extreme, in spite of a printed warning on the programme and the playing of music during the period of eclipse. Nothing serious happened, however, and the practice—managers being as imitative as monkeys—is growing more and more common, especially in the representation of melodrama. As a rule, however, a glimmer of light is permitted to remain in the orchestra, as a concession to feminine nerves. Even when this precaution is adopted, there are always unmistakable symptoms of uneasiness in the audience, excited whisperings, a general restlessness, and, sometimes, half-suppressed exclamations. At any moment an untoward incident might precipitate a panic, likely to result in frightful consequences. It was inevitable that playwrights should avail themselves of this trick, sooner or later, and it has done great service in recent pieces of a more or less violently sensational character. But the darkness has rarely, if ever, been total or prolonged. This week, however, a well known dramatist ventured to throw a crowded assemblage, unexpectedly, into a darkness as of pitch, unrelieved by so much as a ray, and to keep them immersed in gloom for several almost interminable minutes. Theoretically he secured a good theatrical effect by the device, but actually his scene lost more than it gained on account of the apprehen-

sion excited. Mutterings of feminine impatience and alarm were audible all over the theatre. It is said that since the first night, owing to protests from many quarters, the management has arranged for some slight illumination during this scene, which is satisfactory, so far as it goes, but it is quite plain that matters of this kind ought not to be left to managerial discretion. If there is no authority to interfere in a case where the safety of the public is so vitally concerned, there ought to be. To wait for a calamity to occur before taking reasonable precautions against it is an idiotic policy.

It Reminded Him.

When "the two trains came together with an awful crash," the Chicago Times-Herald reporter was at hand, and he did not miss the most picturesque and characteristic incident.

After long, hard work the rescuers reached the bottom of the mass, where the legs and body of a man protruded from

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GRIP

beneath a twisted platform Beside him lay a cane, decorated with colored ribbons, and a long tin horn.

Fearfully and anxiously a score of strong men lifted the weight from the head and shoulders of the prostrate one and carried him up the embankment. As they reached the higher level, he opened his eyes, passed a hand in front of them, as if brushing away a film or screen of some kind, and shouted:

"'Rab, 'rab, 'rab! Sizz, boom, ah! Ki-yi, hip-hip, heo-gah yah! Come on, fellows! Which side has the ball?"

Her Consistency.

A woman was taken before a French magistrate and asked her age. She said twenty-eight. The judge looked up and said: "Madam, you were before me ten years ago, and you gave the same age," said the woman: "I do not doubt it, I am not a woman that will say one thing today and another tomorrow."

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