

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

WHAT PLAYERS, PLAYWRIGHTS AND MANAGERS ARE DOING.

"Ivanhoe"—Severe Discipline—Revenge on Jefferson—Theatrical Popularity Recipe—Dismounted the Bishop—Theatrical Notes.

Severe Discipline. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (angrily). What does this mean, sir? The paper will be the laughing stock of the town. Here we print an elaborate criticism of a new play which we state was presented last night, but which everybody knows was not produced at all. The star met with an accident and the theater had to be closed.

Managing Editor—Our dramatic critic had attended the rehearsals, and his criticism was prepared in advance. Instead of coming to the office to notify us not to publish it, he sent a messenger. Our critic is much to blame for trusting such an important matter to a chance messenger, and I intend to make an example of him.

"Good! Order him to attend all the amateur performances."—New York Weekly.

"Ivanhoe." The London critics continue very enthusiastic over the success of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," and the fortunate composer has had all kinds of distinctions showered upon him since the first performance.

Sir Arthur was somewhat criticized for having no regular overture to his opera. Twenty-nine bars of orchestral introduction lead without break to the



rising of the curtain upon the evening meal in the Saxon stronghold of Rothwood. Another innovation was the banishing of the opening chorus, which Sir Arthur thinks antiquated in form.

Ivanhoe, Rowena, and Friar Tuck are fresh and vital figures in the splendid romance of Sir Walter Scott, and now Sir Arthur Sullivan has given them a renewed lease of life by placing them in an attractive and popular opera.

It has recently transpired that Sir Walter Scott took his character of Rebecca mainly from Washington Irving's enthusiastic description of a beautiful girl whom he had recently seen and about whom he was never weary of writing to the great wizard of the North.

Revenge on Jefferson. Joseph Jefferson does not like to be spoken of as "Joe." He believes that his age and position entitle him to the respect shown by the use of his full christian name, and cites in his argument that Edwin Booth is rarely, if ever, referred to as "Ned."

Once, while on a western tour, the comedian carried with the company a property man whose fondness for strong water was as large as his bump of veneration was small. The latter failing led him into speaking of the star as "His Jigsters" and "His Riplets."

One morning the property man turned up at rehearsal in a highly inebriated condition. Meeting Mr. Jefferson in the wings it occurred to him that it would be a graceful thing to tender him an off-hand apology. So leaning gently upon the comedian he remarked: "Jeffy, old boy, when one feller comes to another feller—"

"Jeffy, old boy," shocked the comedian beyond expression. "Go, sir!" he exclaimed, "go, sir, at once." The offender went. That night "Rip Van Winkle" was the bill, and the house was packed from pit to dome. In a corner of the gallery sat the property man, looking rather frayed around the edges.

The play progressed. Rip is turned out into the storm and, standing upon the threshold of his home, utters the most pathetic line in the piece: "You say that I have no share in this house?"

The comedian collapsed. The property man was avenged.—Kansas City Journal.

Theatrical Popularity Recipe. William H. Thompson, the actor, is probably one of the most popular members of a profession noted for its intense jealousies. A most excellent fellow socially he is. But there are many such who can claim no such popularity like Thompson's. The subject was mentioned during a conversation between a number of actors a few evenings ago, and Thompson was asked to explain it.

"For," said he who put the question, "I'll be hanged if I see why you should be so popular. You are successful, and yet I have never heard any one in any company you have played in speak ill of you." "The reason," said Thompson, "is probably due to the fact that I most generally play old-man parts. Now, if any other part in the piece is made a hit, the chances are that the little jealousy will be caused. If the leading man makes a hit, for instance, the leading juvenile gets sour, and vice versa. But if the one who plays the old man makes a hit nobody cares. Nobody seems to think it much more due to merit they do not think it detracts in the slightest from them. The playing of old-man parts is not sought for by the other parts. And when an old man takes a hit, its effect is much the same as when in real life an old man scores a point. He seldom, you know, strikes a sore spot on any of his young competitors. I have always stood well with my fellows, I am happy to say, and I can attribute it to nothing else so much as the old-man parts. When those having the leading or juvenile parts make hits they not infrequently see ungracious looks in the faces of the others. But I have yet to see aught but congratulation in the face of any fellow actor upon my making a pronounced hit in an old-man part."

Dismounted the Bishop. There is a story told of Bishop Potter and Mrs. James Brown Potter which has not yet got into print. I believe, yet which is true. Bishop Potter is the son of the late bishop of Pennsylvania, Alonzo Potter, who was one of the most eminent men in the Episcopal Church, and the nephew of the late bishop of New York, whose assistant bishop he was for a long time. The adoption of the stage by Mrs. James Brown Potter was extremely distasteful to all the Potter family, and the present bishop was asked to see his influence. He saw the would-be actress and talked with her in vain. At last he hinted that, if she must go on the stage, she might take some other name.

"What!" she exclaimed, "abandon the name I have made famous!" The bishop was dumb.—The Continent.

Theatrical Notes. VICTOR HERBERT has nearly completed a romantic cantata for chorus, orchestra, soprano and baritone solos, which will be performed for the first time at the Worcester musical festival next September. The libretto is from Rudolf Baumbach's poem, "The Captive," and the music is said to be the best Mr. Herbert has yet written.

The great Fanny Kemble—Mrs. Butler—is still living in London at a very advanced age. She is a niece of Mrs. Siddons. She continues to write most charming letters to her few remaining friends in America, and is still in possession of all her faculties. She has recently published another volume called "Further Records."

BRONSON HOWARD has been spending his time in France and England sketching a new play, but as it is to be an American one he will return to the United States to finish and polish it in the midst of American surroundings and inspiration. He does not intend to have it presented early next season, as was first proposed.

Mrs. ANN O'DELIA DISS DEBAR, of shadowy reputation, but substantial fame, thinks she can elevate the stage, and will forthwith consecrate her ponderous loveliness and surprising abilities to that worthy end. With a delicate sense of humor she has selected "Out of Sight" as the medium of her debut.

Minnie Hauk says that she is the only woman who has officially been appointed an officer of the Academy Française, and this honor was bestowed on her in consequence of the high opinion entertained by distinguished French composers of her representations of Mignon and Carmen.

It is rumored that W. J. Gilmore has bought the entire plant, scenery, costumes, etc., of the English pantomimic spectacle, "The Babes in the Wood," which recently enjoyed a ten weeks' run at the Auditorium and lately closed an engagement at Niblo's Garden, New York.

SARAH BERNHART is quoted in the Dramatic Mirror as saying: "Of course, we all know that Cleopatra was a slim, nervous, constituted woman, hardly the robust, healthy empress Miss Davenport necessarily makes her."

Mrs. LANGTRY, who seems to have acquired a taste for the performance of disagreeable parts, is reported as having made up her mind to appear as Hedda Gabler in Ibsen's latest play.

RICHARD MANSFIELD will be in New York all next summer. He will act at the Garden Theater, beginning May 16, in a new satirical play called "The Mau Without a Shadow."

HOYT and Thomas are to have a new theater in New York, for the production of Mr. Hoyt's pieces, on the northwest corner of Broadway and Forty-first street.

A "Pizenous" House. A negro went into a grocery store and, approaching the proprietor, said that a few moments before, while standing on the sidewalk, he had dropped a silver dollar and that it had fallen through the grating into the cellar. "An," he added, "I doan like to bodder you, but I wash case in deez yer hard times I kaint 'fod ter lose dat much 'ard earned libin'. I wouidenter drapped it, but I turned my pocket wraung side out ter fine ten cents ter gin er po' boy."

"Why, of course you can get it," the grocer answered. "Bill," he added, calling to the porter, "go down in the cellar with this man and help him find a dollar that he dropped through the grating."

"Oh, nebber mine puttin' him to dat trouble, sah," the negro quickly protested. "I kin find it in er minit case I see whar it fell."

He hastened down into the cellar and upon returning, bowed to the grocer and said: "Much obleeged to you, sah."

"Found it, did you?" "Oh, yes, sah; layin' right dar whar I drapped it. Wall, good day."

"Hold on a minute," said the grocer. "What's dat under your arm—that something bulging out from under your coat?"

"Whut, under dis arm?" "Yes, under that arm?" "I 'se got a bile, sah, and dat's whut make me hol' my arm up."

"But did you have it when you went down?" "Cose I did. Dun had it for mo' den er week."

"Take off your coat and let me see it." "I kaint do dat, sah, case de doctor dun tole me dat if I took off my coat I'd take col' in de thing an' hab er powerful bad time. I done dat sorter thing onct when I wuz libin' in Alabama, an' I wuz I may de dead ef it didn't putty nigh turn out my light. I is sorter in de habit o' habin' deez things—sorter runs in our family. Daddy he died wid one way back yander 'fo' de war. Wall, I mus' be gwine."

"Just hold on a minute. What doctor have you got?" "Dr. Spinner, sah, an' er powerful fine man he is, too."

"Oh, I know him very well," said the grocer. "In fact he and I used to practice medicine together before I went into this business."

"You doan say so? Wall, you wuz in powerful good company." "Yes, and by de way I met de doctor this morning and I remember now that he spoke of your ailment and requested me to examine it."

"Did he, sah?" the negro asked, slowly scratching his head. "Yes, and to keep my word with him, I must insist upon an immediate examination."

"Yes, sah. It was about ten er clock dat you met him, was it?" "Yes, I think it was."

"Wall, I seed him 'bout leben er clock an' he tole me dat he had axed you ter look at it. Wouidenter thought o' ef you hadn't called it ter mine. Yas, said dat an' den tole me ter tell you not ter look at it case he might' er ferred dat I gwine take col'."

"Come here to me, you old scoundrel. I'll shoot you if you try to run away." The negro had started toward the door, but the threat stopped him. "What have you got under your coat?" said the grocer, advancing.

"An't got nutthin' but deez yere," he replied, taking out two cans of oysters. "Seed 'em down dar an' jest happened ter pick 'em up. I didn't got'er do it. I doan reckon I 'se right in my mine. Doctor tole me dat I wuz fallin' right fast. Jest went down atter de dollar an' happened ter see deez yere oysters."

"I don't believe you had a dollar," replied the grocer, taking the oysters and showing the negro toward the door. "Yes, I did, an' I foun' it down dar an' I think now dat you oughter give me one can anyhow."

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