

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Wise Men of the Square and their Crooked Lays.

Some New Cranks and Features of the Nasty Male and Female Coterie Who Rule the Drama.

EVERY noodle who has a few dollars to spare now needs no injunction to "keep his patience." But the trouble is that almost every *Patience* on the stage is already "kept."

THE London papers say Sarah Bernhardt will never have a moral reputation until she has played in the Mallory's sanctified Madison Square Theatre. Judging from the ancient daisies clustered there, we don't think the sanctification process works very well. It's bred in the bone.

FRED. ZIMMERMAN had better go back to Philadelphia at once. He can't teach our Dutchmen how to run a hot garden. His place, tough as it is, is too slow, and its immorality is the toned-down Philadelphia style that doesn't count in the metropolis at all.

Let us make a suggestion. They couldn't have a worse orchestra than they have in the Fourteenth Street Theatre at present. Why not fire it out and have something typical in its stead? Say an orchestra of Jew-harpers. That out of deference to the management and a majority of the dead-end patrons.

MALLORY is trying to get Laura Don into his convent theatre with her new play. No use, Doctor—Laura is too young to resign the wicked world yet; she has many years of jolly wickedness and many a snup before her yet. She will join the semple choir when she becomes old, wrinkled and played out, like the rest of the daisies in your old ladies' and gentlemen's bonie, Doctor.

HENRY IRVING will bring his mistress with him on his American tour, and will parade her on the stage. Is there any other profession where a man would have so little pride as this? And yet we must not say that there is immorality on the stage lest a lot of larks of Union Square, who are all tarred with the same stick only with a grosser sort of tar, may feel shocked at the "give away" of the "perfish!"

THE only genuine and reliable modern work treating of the drama is the book lately published by Richard K. Fox, entitled "Great Artists of the American Stage." This book has the merit of treating the matter fairly in its critical vein, while the peritils are not only truthful but are executed in a high style of art that is calculated to make even the photographers turn green with envy. For sale by all newdealers. Price 50c.

JIMMY of the Kiss doesn't seem to be such a great man as he was a season or two ago. Kisses don't count as "ads" any more—it's flyin' alippers have the boom now. If Jimmy could only persuade some of his stars to sling some part of their underclothes into a private box at the young bloods, then he would have the bulge on all the comic opera managers and their peal primadonnas. That will doubtless be his next move. You must keep moving with the times, Jimmy—since your prize kisses have changed their corporate locality.

SALVINI is going to have a tough time with the rival leading ladies who have been engaged to entitle him alternately. Miss Adele Belgrade is studying Italian, but Miss Marie Prescott is already up in French—language and manners—and will probably make herself understood to the doubly great Italian. We'll bet he cannot please two American actresses in one season, no matter how evenly he shares the business between them. He may be a great actor, but we have great actresses on our stage—great in all ways, however you may take them—and don't you forget it, Mr. Salvini.

It is a very fine stand-off these Hebrew sharks of Haverly's are giving us. They have formed a dramatic stock company, have they? Oh, yes! To be sure! And Mr. Charles Frohman has gone across the ocean to buy out the Methodist Ministers. Of course! Everything in this country is to be in the hands of the Jews. The creditors who put in their claims on Haverly, therefore, will find the Jews in possession. That is the racket, don't you see—the Frohman, the Heymanns and the Manns and their look-nosed cotiele scoupt all in. Haverly's and his stock company are only advertising fellows.

THE Eighth Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, has closed in arrears to its actors. The "artists" allege that Wallis, that snide programme runner who calls himself a journalist, got into the management and twisted the actors off on salary days by giving them a keg of beer and a free lunch route—probably the same trick he used to work a couple of years ago when he used to hang on the heels of genuine newspaper men in order that he might by his familiarity bamboozle the members of the dramatic "perfish" on whom he fattened to prey. We can find no pity, however, for any human being who is ass enough to be deceived by such a thing as this clipped ticket scalper Wallis. Scves the "distinguished artists" right if Wallis put them in a hole.

THERE is a decided "offness" in the "perfish" when they are asked to come forward with assistance for Maud Granger, who is said to be dying. Surely they don't pretend to say she is not a member of the profession? Who gave her a start and standing but A. M. Palmer? And haven't the best actors in the profession taken her up successively and played her part as she was worth? Said a dirty man they are to go back on her now when she is worn out, and refuse her a few dollars from the alleged actor's fund. Just let them, though! We mean the whole mob, with special reference to A. M. Palmer and John McCall. Who, for special reasons that they know of very well, should not abandon her now. Haven't they been saying all along that it was a disgusting set-off at the actor's fund was a humbug and a "skin"? Well, haven't we been borne out in our strictures?

The theatregoers of the dramatic circuits in New York! Don't believe the lying pulchery of the "Wallis" now play. It is not as represented. It is a low-down composition of low shopkeepers in a cheap street who attend on bill board tickets and managers in town for a summer "frank." The only scene is made to go by local New

York gals in reference to daily scenes among the folk on the Square, and there is no human or general interest in it. It is worth your money. You know us, and can have confidence in our advice. It is a cheap-penny affair, not worth your money. If we were not so earnest in our service of our hundred thousand readers out of town we might make ourself solid with "the great Dutch comedian" by lying as gracefully about him as the easy going and perfidious "critics" do; but having started out to tell the truth and to give good advice to the public, we are going to in spite of everything and everybody. The truth we have promised and the truth you shall have.

A REPORTER for a daily paper gives away among his intimates the following sample of cheek. He was taking the names of the killed and wounded at the scene of the accident to the Long Branch train, when he was approached by a dapper, snarling little fellow in yellow trousers and vest, blue coat of the extreme abbreviated "cooler" cut.

"A reporter—eh?" said this scarecrow.

"Yes."

"Taking names for publication?"

"Yes."

"Well, just put down Mr. Brooks, of the firm of Brooks & Dickson, dramatic agents, of New York, who have the greatest number of shows in their hands of any firm in the world. Say he's had both legs cut off."

"Where is he?"

"He isn't here—it's only a gag—don't you see? I'm the agent for one of the shows and I want to get them a good send off. I don't mind putting up the beers."

The agent got a good send off—on his car.

THE airs of Sammy of the Entrails in booming his play make many sensible people wish that it had been instead of the drama that had been "Taken From Life." This fellow always had a "gut" in theatrical business. He always found some one or some thing to support him without effort to himself from the time fifteen or twenty years ago when he was the husband of May Provost and sat his laxy fat corpus at the front door of Wallack's abandoned theatre in Broadway, just below Broome street, and did all the puffing and blowing and eating and drinking while she did all the work on the stage that soon killed her. Then he took in hand her daughter Violetta, by a previous marriage, and attempted to put her forward as an opera singer with the design of making her the draught horse to the triumphal car of old Entrails; but Violetta was too fly. She ran away and got married, and Sammy and his chariot were left stalled and helpless in the mud. Lydia Thompson and her naked blondes hauled him out at last, and he rolled on magnificently again for several years until she lost drawing power and he was left again. Now he has hit a new racket—booming blood and thunder English plays which are made to contribute to his support by the most outrageous puff for puff. This trash is of no real merit, and it is a shame to let this fraud get up a fictitious boom in New York to enable him to go over the country during the winter taking the money of people who are deceived by metropolitan "runs." This old fraud has never done anything for a living, and yet has managed to get along on the efforts of others. We propose to warn the people of the theatrical routes out of New York that this English drama dodge is unworthy of their confidence and their dollars. If they are willing to sacrifice their money after all, and support such old humbugs as Sammy of the entrails, then we have nothing to say. Having warned them to save their money we feel that we have done our whole duty.

WE are often asked the ages of actresses. Some of the alleged dramatic critics are in the habit of concealing their ignorance by pretending to be offended at the question, and it has been established as a fact that it is nobody's business what the age of an actress is. We disagree. We see so many old crows on the stage masquerading arrogantly as young girls and keeping the young women from earning a living that we think the public is justified in its curiosity and its "klick." To tell the truth, as we always do, we have not the data of the ages of most of our actresses. But what we know is sufficient to give them away, and with our habitual "cussedness" we are going to tell it.

Margie Mitchell must be near sixty. But whether she is or not, she played soubrette parts as a full grown woman in Chas. Fox's St. Charles Theatre, a little upstairs comedy house in the Bowery, near Haverly street, in 1854. Say she was twenty then, and figure it up for yourself.

Charlotte Thompson was a full grown woman in the company of Laura Keane in New York in 1855.

Charlotte Crabtree played in a negro minstrel troupe in San Francisco in 1860, and she was no "chickens" then.

Clara Morris was a full grown adult ballet girl in '70 and '80, in Cleveland, as John Elder knows.

Rose Coghlan was a mature woman in '90 when she played a brief engagement at Wallack's without "catching on." She came back three or four seasons after and has been here ever since. She wants us to forget the first visit and count only from the last, which we decline to do.

Little Glover played the leading roles in support of Forrest in 1858, being billed as "Miss Little."

Agnes Booth was a ballet dancer in Boston in 1854.

Fannie Davenport played as a woman on the stage in Hooley's Theatre, in Brooklyn, in 1862. She was evidently 21 then, or seemed knowing enough to have attained her majority.

Emily Rice was a dancer of mature development in the "Black Crook" in 1845.

Jefferys Lewis was a blushing womanly little body decidedly out of her "teens" when she first came from England to play *Emmeline* in the ill-fated Fourteenth Street Theatre before it fell into the hands of the Jews, who now run it as an old clo' shop.

Fanny Morant played "Irrepressible Business" in 1852. *The Duchess of Berriemore*, in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," was her favorite role then. This will give an idea of her maturity at that time.

Alce Gates was a full grown woman, as several living male witnesses can testify on their own knowledge, when, in 1861, Alce Gates, a sort of shill-banzon of the Norfolk, Va. Opera House during the war, claimed to go west and found her. He handed her out of her married obligery, put her as the standard made her believe she could sing, and the public had had no peace since. He died shortly after, presumably from the effects of the singing, and so escaped a rather late justice from the hands of an increased people.

Selma Delano was more than thirty when she came here a couple of years ago. She was 21 when she came here, but now says she is 21. A 21-year-old girl who comes backward, having begun with 21, is 17. Probably, she looks it.

Almce, who is coming over to us again this season, was surely forty, if a nay, when Jim Fisk imported her with Willie Mon and that queer Parisian crowd he brought over to do opera buffa in the Grand Opera House. That was in 1870-71. Now she wants to masquerade as a gushing young thing of thirty. What do these women take us for?