

# PANTOMINE AN VAUDEVILLE FAVOURITES

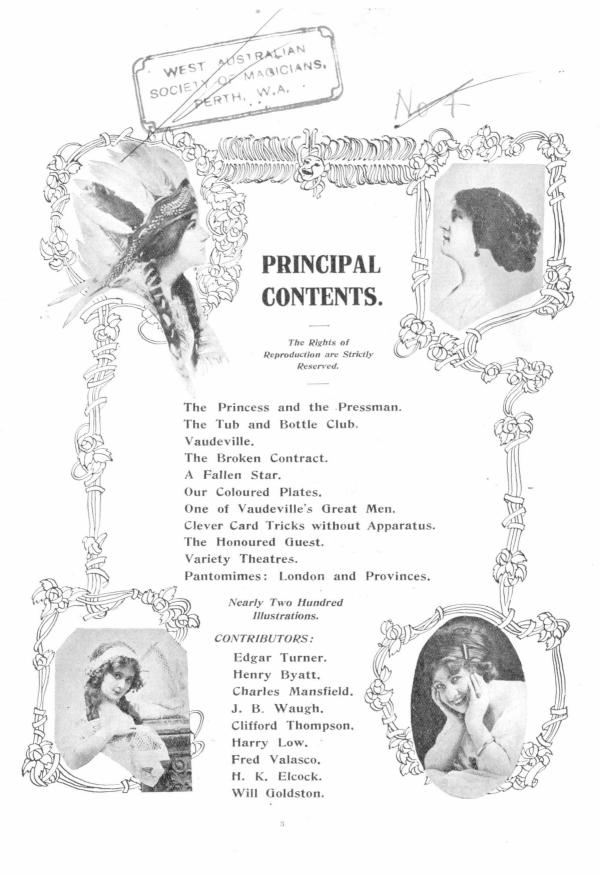
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# PANTOMIME AND VAUDEVILLE FAVOURITES

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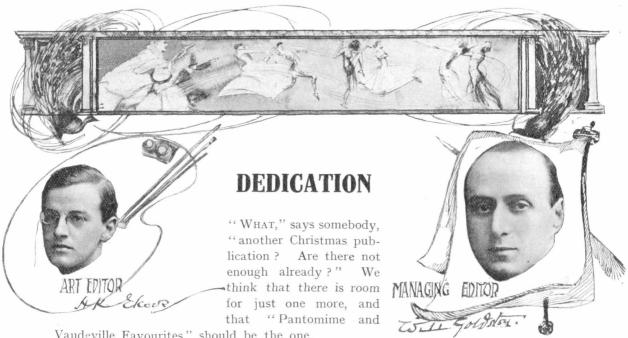
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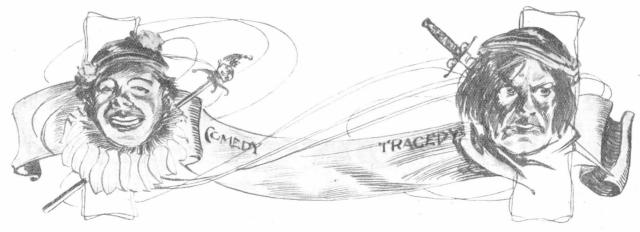
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I.

From the Neva to the Thames is a long cry, and there is much difference between the City of St. Petersburg and the City of London, but the ramifications of political intrigue find their way across the Baltic to the shores of England, and, by an unalterable law, where there is sensation afloat the Press is sure to secure it.

Thus much by mere preface and to introduce the spectator to the opening scene of the drama.

That scene is the news-room of the most enterprising of halfpenny journals, *The Rapid Recorder*, and the actors consist entirely of journalists.

One, Charles Farleigh, the dramatic critic, had just come in, resplendent in evening dress and the glory of a satin-winged Inverness cape.

"Boys!" he shouted to the others, who were just finishing their work. "Boys, I've had an adventure!"

"Ah! What's she like, old man?"

"A perfect goddess—a Juno—tall, dark, imperious, flashing eyes, ruby lips, pearly teeth, and—"

"Steady, old chap."

"I'm safe enough," said Farleigh, from the revolving American chair, where he had thrown himself. With a gesture of the born orator he tilted it back, until he was in danger of an unrehearsed acrobatic performance. "Safe as houses," he repeated. "I was not referring to your equilibrium, but to your high-flown language, Charlie, my lad. You'll fall over yourself in a minute."

"No words can do her justice," continued Farleigh. "She's a dream! Her figure made for evening dress, she looked superb, and gave me this." And he held up his right hand, upon the forefinger of which flashed a magnificent ring, a real pigeon blood ruby, surrounded by a circle of diamonds.

"The deuce she did," said Jakes, as he dashed the sub-editorial blue through half a page of what he described as "drivelling piffle."

"What for?"

"Well, you see-"

"Now, look here, Farleigh," broke in another, "wait a couple of minutes until the last batch of stuff's gone up to Mac, or he'll swear like a trooper, and then you can tell us the whole yarn, that you're dying to let go."

"Upon my word," said Farleigh, disregarding the request for silence, "I might write a sensational Special on this

and get an extra fiver."

"Fiver be hanged—shut up for a minute."

The last lot of copy was despatched up the tube to the clicking linotypes, and those of the staff of *The Rapid Recorder* who were still left in the office took their favourite attitudes in their favourite chairs, and offered up their favourite burnt-offerings to the shrine of the

9

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"Goddess of Nicotine," from the dainty cigarette to the seasoned briar, and Charles Farleigh, whose choice was an expensive Havana, began his yarn.

"I've been to the Countess Theatre again to-night," he said, "and, by George! I've struck a ripping adventure. You know Manley, he's the Manager, and as I'd the night off, I thought I'd stroll in and see the 'Belles of Bayswater' again. I'm rather smitten with one of the girls in it. Well, I got pretty tired of it after the first act, and started a chow with Manley. He told me a most extraordinary thing. Night after night, he says, almost since the piece started its run-a fortnight ago-two stalls at the end of Row C have been taken by the same person, and only one of them used. They are CI and C2, and only C2 has been occupied."

"Who takes them?"

"He doesn't know. Sometimes they are booked by telephone and paid for at the box office; sometimes they are sent for by a boy messenger. The one is always occupied by a lovely girl."

"She must be dead sick of the show by now," muttered Jakes.

"And the other," continued Farleigh, "remains empty the whole evening."

"Perhaps she buys it for her hat!"

"Don't be a fool, Jakes. She was in evening dress, and looked superb in it."

"You said that before. And she gave you the ring."

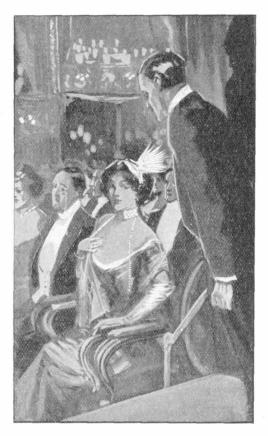
Charlie Farleigh twisted the gleaming circle on his finger.

"Yes," he said, "but it's jolly curious. I reckon she meant to give it to someone else, and I got it by mistake."

"Ah! Ah! On with the adventure, on with the escapade! Why keep us waiting? Out with it all."

"Well, when Manley told me that that stall was never occupied, the very mischief got into my head to occupy it myself." "Oh! I suppose you'd seen the Princess before you decided on that prank," broke in a voice, bursting with suppressed merriment.

"Just a glimpse. Well, Manley didn't like the idea much, but he was really as curious as I was to fathom the mystery, and when the curtain went up on the first



scene of the second act—semi-light, you know, where the Belles—"

"Yes, yes! We know. Get on."

"When it went up on that scene, I strolled quietly down the carpeted aisle of the stalls and dropped into the vacant seat."

"Oh!" came an interested chorus.

"The girl turned her beautiful head ever so slightly"—there was a whistle



POPULAR VAUDEVILLE MANAGERS.

from the listeners, which he disregarded, and continued: "and then her hand went to the little silk vanity-bag she carried, selected something from within, and, in the subdued light, I felt her soft, delicate fingers close upon mine, and a second later I was in possession of this ring."

"Didn't she say anything?"

"Yes; something in French."

Again they whistled, and the air was the "Marseillaise."

"What was it?" asked the Foreign editor.

"'A tous les cœurs bien nés que la patrie est chère.'"

"Which," he said, "being translated, means, 'How dear is their country to all noble hearts.' A pass-word, or rather pass-phrase, I suppose."

"What did you say to that, Farleigh?"

"Upon my soul, I don't quite remember. The incident was so sudden that it knocked me rather of a heap. Then the next thing she whispered was: 'Go now, swiftly'—she spoke such pretty broken English-'Go, and to-morrow at three you will be at the Albert Memorial at Kensington. Au Revoir.' Her fingers soft and warm and delicate—again closed over my hand in farewell for a moment; the tuneful music lilted from the orchestra. the melodious voices floated from the stage, and the next minute I was making my way back to the foyer to tell Manley. He wouldn't believe me until I showed him the ring, and then he had the cheek to want me to give it to him. Said it ought to be a perquisite of the theatre."

"'Look here, Manley,' I said, 'the man who keeps the girl's ring has got to keep her appointment and see the thing through, whatever it means. Are you ready to take it on?'"

"'Hum, ah!' he hesitated. 'You see, Mrs. Manley's rather inclined to the 'green-eyed monster,' as they say in Othello, and if anything—hem—unconventional—hem—should happen. No, you'd better see it through yourself, Farleigh.'"

"I agreed, and we passed back into the theatre, as the men of the audience came out into the refreshment bar to seek the inevitable dog, but Stall No. C 2 was vacant; the lady had departed."

"This is a spoof," said Takes.

"It's not. It's fact. I hurriedly said 'Good-night' to Manley and darted down to the vestibule—she might not yet have gone. I'm not married, and need have no qualms as to the upsetting of domestic peace like Manley, but she had disappeared—vanished."

"The tring of the electric bell announced the rise of the curtain on the third act, and I glanced into the house again in case she might, after all, have resumed her seat, but the two stalls were vacant, and so I came over here to tell you boys all about it."

"Well," said Jakes, "except for the fact that you're such an extravagant young demon that you couldn't possibly afford to buy such a bauble as that—for I can see it's the real thing—I'd believe you were spoofing us. What do you mean to do?"

"Betake myself to the wilds of Kensington to admire the sculpture on the Memorial."

"What do you expect to happen?"

"'Blessed is he who expecteth nothing'; you know the rest. I might get a sensation for the *Recorder*; I might get—a wife!"

The whole of those in the office roared in one huge chorus of merriment.

What! Charlie Farleigh, the confirmed bachelor, the heartless philanderer, marry? A Juno—a Goddess—a Princess! It was too funny.

"Good-night, boys."

"Good-night, Charlie. Hope you won't

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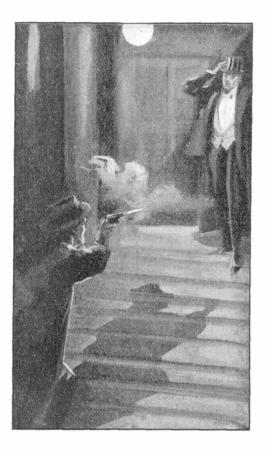
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## THE PRINCESS AND THE PRESSMAN.

be deprived of your rest, dreaming of the Fairy Princess."

Charles Farleigh left the news-room and made his way downstairs towards the street.

He had not descended half-a-dozen steps before, from the semi-gloom below, there came a sudden spit of flame, the



sharp crack of a revolver shot, and a bullet missed him by a couple of inches and splintered the woodwork into which it plunged and imbedded itself.

"My God!" he gasped. "What's up?"

The man who had fired at him, and missed, turned and dashed down towards the street, but on the landing below several of the staff; attracted by the shot, sprang out and tripped him up.

15

As he lay upon the ground, he blazed away with the revolver at them, but happily without serious damage; a couple were hit—one in the leg and one in the arm—but the wounds were not dangerous.

The assailant, however, when he saw one man fall, evidently feared that he had killed him, and, to escape the penalty of the law, turned the weapon to his own head and shot himself dead with the last cartridge.

The Rapid Recorder office, from its ordinary business of calmly going to press, was suddenly converted into a scene of uproar and pandemonium, as men dashed from all directions to the spot.

The wounded were attended to, the body of the suicide was taken into one of the rooms, and then Charles Farleigh and the others, all excitement, retraced their steps to the news-room above.

"You've had a deucedly narrow shave, my boy," said Jakes, as they crowded round and congratulated their popular colleague upon his escape from a sudden and violent death.

"I wonder," said the dramatic critic himself, who had gone rather white, as he gazed at the flaming red eye of the ruby on his finger, "I wonder if this ring had anything to do with my being attacked."

"I wonder," said Jakes. "I don't think, if I were you, I'd keep that appointment to-morrow. I'd catch the morning mail from King's Cross and go up to Edinburgh for a day or two. We'll explain to the Chief."

"Not much! If there's going to be some more sport, I'm in it."

And presently, after they had fortified themselves with some whiskies and sodas, obtained from the canteen, they parted for the night, and while a paragraph in the next day's issue told the general

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public of the affair, and that an unknown man had committed suicide upon the stairs of that building, nothing was said about the ruby ring and the adventure of the dramatic critic at the Countess Theatre.

II.

It wanted five minutes to three on the next afternoon when, standing in the golden glow of the sunlight and looking across the verdant expanse of Kensington Gardens, Charlie Farleigh waited on the steps of the Albert Memorial to keep the appointment that his Princess had made.

Three o'clock struck, but there was no sign of her.

He pulled the tan glove off his right hand, and the ruby, encircled with brilliants, sparkled in the sunshine.

If she were watching from some window or vehicle—one of the hansoms or taxicabs standing by—that would prove a signal; but she came not.

The quarter after three chimed, and he had already twice circled the overornate Memorial and gazed again and again at the sculpture, spoilt by the smoky atmosphere of London, when he was joined by a distinguished-looking foreigner, who, with a red-covered "Baedeker's Guide to London" in his hand, began reading the description of the Memorial and apparently admiring the work itself. He came level with Charlie Farleigh, and with a slight start, so slight that it was almost imperceptible, he noted the ring upon the other's finger.

His attention seemed absorbed in the statuary, but, when he was quite close to the journalist, he spoke softly and in cultured tones, although with a pronounced foreign accent.

"The Monsieur is the emissary of the Princess. Is it not so?" he asked.

For a moment it seemed to Farleigh that the tall spire of the Memorial rocked as though it would fall upon him.

"The Princess!" His Goddess—his Juno—a Princess in very, actual truth! What the boys in their chaff had called her the previous night, before the grim tragedy happened, was then a reality! A Princess!

His heart throbbed and then sickened. Had she been but an ordinary mortal, he might have hoped to have performed some knightly service for her and to perhaps win her for his own, for Cupid had shot his arrow well. But a Princess—she was far removed from the sphere of a mere critic's existence, no matter how clever he might be.

At last he found his tongue.

"I have that honour," he said.

"I thought I could not be mistaken in the ring," said the foreigner, with a significant gesture. "The Princess desires that I shall place the documents in your possession, and you will carry out the instructions she herself has given you."

"The instructions!" muttered Farleigh to himself. "The instructions! She never gave me any. What shall I do? I dare not betray myself. I dare not tell this man that it was in mere bravado that I took that stall last night, that it was by pure accident that the ring was given to me, and that I am utterly ignorant of the wishes of the Princess or what she desires I should do, and that I'm falsely taking another's place now, who does know."

And while the journalist pondered, the man took from his breast pocket a small packet of green silk, tied with ribbon and sealed with many imposing seals of red wax, and gave it to him.

"I have the honour," he said, "to present the papers and to wish you good afternoon."

"But how did you know I should be



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here at this hour, this afternoon?" asked Farleigh, unwisely.

Happily for him, the other did not notice the indiscretion.

"I did not know," he said. "I have waited from three o'clock until half-past each day for the last two weeks, but to-day you have come. All is, therefore, well. Au Revoir." And with a gracious bow he departed, leaving one of the most nonplussed journalists in London on the marble steps of the Albert Memorial.

Charles Farleigh, the green silk packetbelonging to the Princess in his pocket, strode across the grass towards Hyde Park, pondering on what he should do.

Truly he had found an exciting adventure from the little escapade of the previous night. He looked at the ruby ring on his finger—a ring given him as a gage of honour by a Princess; but he neither knew her name nor nationality. Here was a gorgeous sensation for the *Recorder*—a real romance; but was it fair, he asked himself, to "give away" a lady's secret to the scandal-loving public.

He was, he told his conscience, a journalist first and a man afterwards; but a little voice, flute-like as that of a bird, seemed to whisper—"A man of honour first and then a journalist."

Cupid's arrow had not only been well aimed, but the shaft had gone home deeply, and could not be easily withdrawn.

And while he pondered, Fate decided for him.

Coming along through the park was an open carriage drawn by a couple of magnificent bays, in which sat a vision of radiant beauty, gowned in the palest shade of heliotrope silk, with a feather toque to match, and a dainty lace sunshade to protect her delicate complexion from the hot afternoon sun.

Suddenly something startled the horses. They took mad fright, and dashed at a breakneck speed towards him; a pace



that meant certain disaster—perhaps death. Courageously he sprung out to meet them; he seized the reins, and with a mighty effort arrested the wild, impetuous rush, and then, while he panted for breath, his heart almost stood still, as he gazed at the occupant of the carriage and saw—his Princess!

## III.

Five hours later, in the cosy sitting-room of her hotel, the Princess Olga Pretronez received Mr. Charles Farleigh, and the story that she told him won, for the second time, the heart that her beauty had already captured.

Cupid's dart had double barbs; it could never be withdrawn now.

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MISS DAISY DORMER

First, Farleigh made confession of the part he had played—for, as he told her, mere foolish bravado—the previous night, and was fully absolved, and then the Princess told her story.

"Pity me," she said, "for all the wrong that I have suffered, all the horrors I have endured. I am a Princess now only in name, for the cruel conspiracies of Russia have robbed me of my rights and of much of my fortune."

Farleigh murmured a few sympathetic words...

"Ah'! Mr. Farleigh, my husband, the Prince Ivan, became entangled through a woman—the story is too long to tell, and would not interest you—in a political organization, but I"-and her eyes blazed and her cheeks flushed-"I was true as steel to my country and loyal to the Czar. But they of the Third Section would not believe me. They swore that I was also in the vile plots and conspiracies, and while they sent Ivan to the dungeons of St. Peter and St. Paul for five long years, to be followed by exile, they banished me to any land I chose to take as an asylum outside the borders of Russia. For those five years I have lived in hospitable England, striving and hoping to one day prove, by documentary evidence to the Little Father-the Czarthat I am not an unworthy daughter. These papers which you received only to-day"-and she laid her hand on the green silk packet he had brought her-"were to be taken to St. Petersburg to prove my faith, my truth, my honour, and re-establish my right to enter Russia if I choose."

"The right is yours," he answered.

"The right is mine, and an Englishman will prove it instead of the promised friend whose place you took—and I am so proud now that you did so—last night."

She extended her hand, and he kissed it. "Homage! My Princess!" he cried. And then something prompted him to tell her of the attack upon him at the Recorder office.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried, "Mon Dieu!" and clasped her hands to her throbbing heart. "Tell me, what sort of a man was this? What was he like? Tell me! Tell me!"

Swiftly Farleigh described his assailant, who now lay a corpse in the mortuary.

"Had he a long blue scar over the left eye, and a joint short on the right-hand little finger?" she gasped.

" Yes."

"Mon Dicu! It is the Prince—Ivan, my husband!"

" Princess-my condolences."

She rose to her full height of imperious splendour.

"Weep not for him," she cried. "Better far by his own hand than from the knout in the frozen wastes of Siberia, or by the noose of the Russian hangman. He has come, unknown, to London, and must have seen me at the theatre, watched you take the ring and leave me, and then followed you to kill you in mad jealousy. My God! I nearly caused your death. Peace to his ashes—Olga Petronez is free."

"Princess Olga is free and honoured," said Farleigh, dazzled with her glorious beauty.

"Free! Free!" she cried, "but no longer a Princess—only a woman—a free woman, at least."

"A free woman—therefore a woman to be won," cried Farleigh. "Oh, Princess—my Princess—in the time to comewhen years—perhaps—Princess—"

In answer she held her hands impulsively towards him, and he took his courage into both his own.

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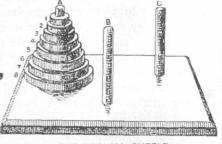
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FIVE men were in the habit of meeting at a restaurant, which was formerly the green-room of the Strawmarket Theatre, on the first of every month. This little coterie of inveterate "Bohemians" called themselves the "Tub and Bottle Club." Their five chairs were arranged symmetrically around an empty barrel—that was the "Tub." The refreshment provided was two or more magnums of fine old port—which accounted for the "Bottle."

The senior member was Dr. McCormack. Then there was Trenchard, the whitehaired scene-painter to the "Imperial," the "Mirthful," and all George Albert's enterprises. Pickett, the A.R.A., somewhat of a genius—a figure-painter—could paint a horse that seemed to leap out of the canvas, or a runner whose feet seemed to be spurning the ground as he sped along! In fact, Pickett was eminent as a figure-painter, besides being an adept at all other branches of his beautiful art. There was Bowdell too, an old actor, who had long given up mumming for the more comfortable pastime of drinking at somebody else's expense. The total of numbership was made up by Simpson and Fairbrother—journalists both.

At eight o'clock punctually on the first of the month, these worthies solemnly took their places round the tub. The doctor, who came in a brougham, invariably took the chair, and wine and talk, gradually warming into stories more or less humorous and jokes more or less rich and fruity, were the order of the night. And so these old cronies spent their evening, surely not unprofitably, and certainly not unpleasantly for many long or short-seeming years.

The evening of which I am telling was the 1st of January, 18—. For once in a way the weather was hard and wintry, the ground white and the sky star-strewn and clear—that was without. But within the fire roared comfortably amongst oaken logs, and all in the old room was peace—Christmassy—and redolent of kindliness and cheerful behaviour.

The doctor was in the chair, as usual. The two journalists were chattering like angry sparrows, as was their habit. Bowdell, ever a *little* late, had taken his seat, and after a silent, sweeping salutation, had thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets, and with white beard resting upon his chest, waited inert for the club circle to be filled and the appearance of the magnum before he would deign to further address his comrades.



Thus the time passed for some six or ten minutes, until the journalists ceased to chatter, and Bowdell raised his reverend grey head and regarded the doctor with an enquiring scrutiny. A sudden gust of wind struck the swing doors of the café, rudely bursting them apart, and for LET YOUR NEXT CIGARETTE BE A

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an instant the cold, snow-chilled blast poured through the long room unchecked. When the doors were secured, and the equanimity of the club assembled somewhat restored, the doctor—though no word had apparently been spoken—addressed the others thus—

"As you say, Fairbrother, Trenchard will be delayed an hour. We will at once have up the wine."

"But, Brother McCormack, I made no such observation."

" Indeed you did," exclaimed Simpson.

"Of course you did, varlet," cried the actor.

Fairbrother flushed, half annoyed at these contradictions.

"I assure you, my brethren of the 'Tub and Bottle,' that I made no such observation, though I fancy I heard the doctor make such a remark."

The doctor, being chairman, ruled Fairbrother out of order, and the point was waived out of consideration for the festive season of the year and the admitted general inaccuracy of all journalists, and of the worthy member in particular. This gentleman, while inclined to be wrathful, in view of the occasion dissembled his anger until the club should be fully assembled, when he vowed he would again bring up the matter and take a vote upon it. Why should he be singled out by his brother-members in this way? For him to have made such an assertion, which would be an unnecessary invention, as he knew nothing of the movements of Brother Trenchard.

Slowly, and somewhat sadly, always considering the occasion, the bottle dwindled to the lees.

"It is snowing," observed one.

"The snow would not keep back a hardened sinner like our brother Trenchard nor our beloved Pickett," said another.

"Lo! he comes," ejaculated the actor

in his deepest tones, as the door opened, inviting a shower of snowflakes, and in the midst of them stood Trenchard, rosy and smiling, enveloped in the woolliest and roomiest of great-coats.

"Punctual to the minute," said Trenchard, "as I am a sinner."

"An hour late," ejaculated Bowdell, "as I am a saint."

"Stop!" cried the chairman. "Stop!" with a half-angry glance at Fairbrother. "Do you mark him, my brothers. How comes it that you say you are punctual when the hour is nine?"

"I sent you a message."

"That you would be an hour late?"



"Exactly."

"Who brought your message? Has Mr. Fairbrother lost his memory?"

"Why, Tom Pickett, of course! By the way, where is Tom Pickett?" for Trenchard observed his vacant chair for the first time.

"Absent?" said Fairbrother.

"Absent," assented McCormack.

"And no one brought your message," asseverated Fairbrother, determinedly.

"I love not liars," persisted the

A diversion was caused by the arrival of the second magnum. Fresh glasses were filled in interested silence, but when





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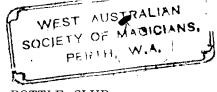
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Trenchard had sipped at his glass reflectively, and replaced it on the tub before him, he said—

"There is something peculiar here. An hour ago I was recalled on my way to this place. At the corner of the Strawmarket I turned my head in response to Tom Pickett's hail. Tom stood under the gas-lamp, pointing towards this—our clubhouse—and I called to him, 'All right; shall be with you at the "Tub and Bottle" in an hour. I am wanted at the Mirthful Theatre.' But, lo, you don't seem to have seen Tom Pickett."

"We certainly had your message," said McCormack, solemnly.

"I heard the message," said Bowdell.

"Be with you in an hour," murmured Fairbrother. "I did not speak a word, but I heard something of the sort."

There was an awed silence of some moments; no one quite knew why.

"Has anyone noticed before the strange resemblance friend Fairbrother's voice has to that of Tom Pickett?" asked the scene-painter at length.

"I—I—I've often been told of it," stammered Fairbrother; and he was livid to the lips.

"¡Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Bowdell. "What story are you trying to make out of nothing? Drink your port, brothers; drink your port and be merry! Fairbrother looks as if he had seen a ghost!"

"A ghost!" repeated the doctor, in a whisper; and the lips of Trenchard formed the same word, "ghost."

The actor pounded the table with his fist.

"Have done with it, all of you! Where was Pickett to-day—does anyone know that?"

"Of course I know," said Trenchard, "where he was this afternoon. You all remember I have been painting a new act-drop at my studio at Hendon for the 'Imperial'?"

"Yeş, yes, yes."

"The act-drop represents a huge curtain of crimson and gold—a conventional curtain—but a corner of it appears to be pulled on one side, and in that space I had designed a figure—a dancing figure—which is being painted by Pickett. The figure of a woman, dancing the wildest of dances—you know the kind of thing—arms and legs and eyes and hair, all movement and life—just such as Pickett can paint."

"Ay," said one, "Pickett is devilish good at that sort of game."

"No one to touch him," was Bowdell's verdict, smacking his lips after a lengthy draught of wine.

"Tom," continued Trenchard, "promised me that this figure should be finished last night, but he sent me a message this morning that he had not been feeling up to the mark for that sort of work, but it would be ready to-day without fail. J don't know when he began the figure; he has had the key of my Hendon studio for a week past. I," he added explanatorily, "have been working at the paint-room at Charing Cross"

"It is nine-thirty, and there is no sign of Brother Tom—no message from him. What is to be done?"

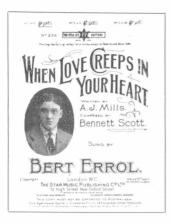
"The snow has stopped," said Bowdell.

"I think I see the lights of my brougham," said McCormack. "I don't like to leave this point unsettled, because——"

"Because?" interrogated Fairbrother, almost passionately.

"Because I heard a voice like Fairbrother's or Pickett's say, 'Brother Trenchard won't be here for an hour."

"See here," cried Fairbrother, "we know now where Pickett ought to have been this afternoon, and he never broke his word to his pal—such a pal as Trenchard. Your carriage is at the door—drive



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us to Hendon. The snow has stopped, and we can get there in the same time that it would take to finish the third bottle."

The chairman rose to his feet and said solemnly, but simply—

"My brethren, shall we go in search of our brother Pickett? Is it agreed?" "Agreed! Agreed!"

\* \* \* \* \* \*

The little crowd stood under the sheltering eaves of the studio, while Trenchard produced a key and opened the door.

"Has anyone a match?" said one.

" No."

"I have got one somewhere, but my fingers are too cold to find it," said another.

"Get the lamp from the brougham," exclaimed Simpson.

"Don't be silly," said Trenchard. "I will find the switch. Come in, come in; there is plenty of light on tap in here."

They entered the big, bare barn of a place, and at the end was the frame, and in it a picture as black as the Gulf of Erebus.

"Come along, Trenchard. Where's that light?"

"Wait a moment, you idiot. I can't find the switch."

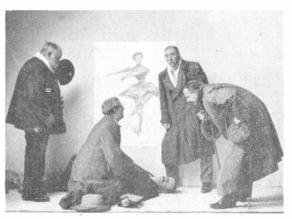
"Pickett — Tom Pickett — are you there?" called Fairbrother, excitedly.

"Shut up, Fairbrother, shut up!"

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed the actor. "What are you all scared at?"

Trenchard pressed the switch, and flooded the room with pale white light from the arc burner, and there they saw—that club of four—that the membership

of the "Tub and Bottle Club" was as complete once more as it would ever be again. There hung the curtains, parted on one side, and in the aperture of dazzling light danced the life-sized figure of a woman. Dark and beautiful—with flashing eyes and limbs—dancing madly, her red lips parted, and her face raised with a smile at once wicked and merry—diabolical—and at her very feet, towards which she seemed to gaze with wide-opened eyes, prone upon his back, lay all that was mortal of Tom Pickett. Palette



on thumb and brush in hand, his work done, lay the dead painter, and the woman seemed to laugh in wild glee as she danced—laughed in derision of the dead man who had created her with the last vestige of his will, his skill, his life.

"He weaves, but is clothed with derision, He sows, but he may not reap, His life is a watch or a vision, Betwixt a sleep and a sleep,"

quoted the actor with the reverent face—and for once his voice had no tone of mockery!

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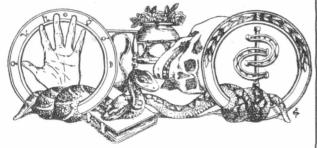
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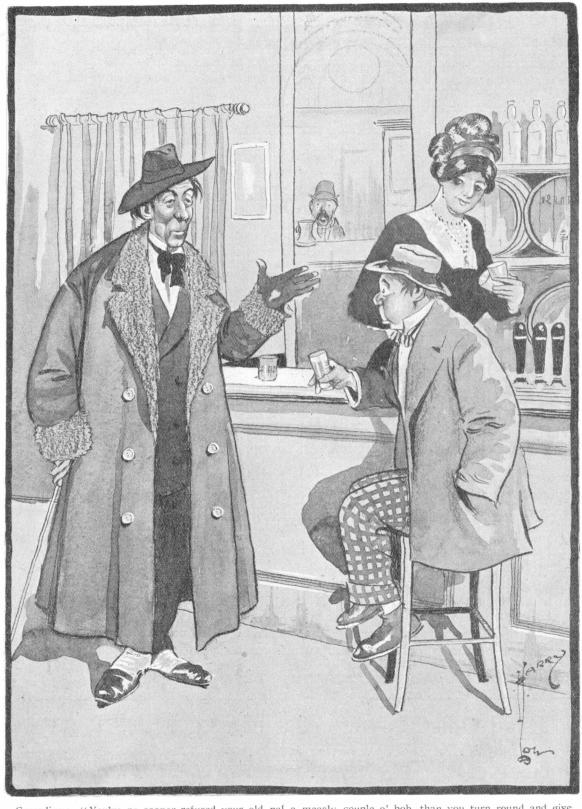
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#### VAUDEVILLE

Who was the first vaudeville artiste? His name is not recorded, but he was some singer of the fifteenth century who lived in the valleys of Vaux de Vire, in Normandy, and who knew the poet Oliver Basselin, and sang his songs. Basselin had a fine gift of satire, and in that vein composed many songs about love, drinking, and topical events. These became popular throughout France as "Lais des Vaux de Vire." As years passed, "Vaux de Vire" became "Vaudeville," and that became the term for all entertainments that included songs of the sort that were composed by Basselin.

The vaudeville stage of to-day is true to the Basselin traditions. Are not all, or nearly all, its songs concerned with love, drinking, and topical events? And are they not all, or nearly all, in satirical vein? But the vaudeville stage of to-day is a bigger and more varied thing than ever Basselin dreamed of. All is grist that comes to its mill, provided only that it is grist that will make good bread of laughter and entertainment.

The name of the first vaudeville artiste is not recorded, but in the following pages will be found the names and the portraits of the greatest of the present-day ones, and also the names and the portraits of the present-day Basselins—vaudeville favourites, all of them! Their gifts are varied, but all of them are distinctive and valuable, and all of them are appreciated by us English people. Froissart said we take our pleasures sadly. Perhaps we did in his day, but now we take them bravely and merrily.

It is a far cry from the fifteenth century to the twentieth. A full history of vaudeville during that period would be most interesting, but would rival the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in size. Here it is only possible to deal with the last few years. No, not to deal with—only to touch upon! Many readers of "Pantomime and Vaudeville Favourites" have doubtless been interested in vaudeville during these last few years. What impressions have they formed? It is safe to say that the word "progress" sums up all of them.

Thirty or more years ago vaudeville was in a bad way. It was, with some notable exceptions, housed most villainously. Stages were small and imperfectly fitted; dressing rooms were active agents for pneumonia; the audiences sat on bare boards and craned their necks round corners; the fronts of the buildings were little better lighted and little more cheerfullooking than those of undertakers' shops or mortuaries. And the artistes? Well, again with some notable exceptions, they were housed just as well as they deserved to be!

Then vaudeville appealed only to the man about town, and to the youth who, although about town, ought to have been tucked up in bed long before the orchestra played "God save the Queen." Now it appeals to the whole people—men, women, and children. It has become part of the life of the nation. And, in becoming so, it has suited itself to that life, and has assimilated its decent, well-ordered qualities. Vaudeville to-day is "respectable," in the best sense of the word.

How has the change taken place? The big syndicates have had much to do with it. The men behind them have, as a rule, been men with honourable aims. They wanted to make money; but they wanted also to improve the public taste in the matter of amusements. They have succeeded in both directions. Possibly they would not have succeeded in either had they not aimed at both! But the fact remains that they have given us stately variety theatres instead of the old "free-and-easies," and brainy programmes instead of the old stodgy fare.

All honour to these syndicates! And all honour to the artistes who have so well supported them! Vaudeville to-day is quite well, thank you. Oliver Basselin might well look down on it from his abode in bliss (of course he is there; where else could be the creator of vaudeville?) and give it his blessing. And how he might laugh at the present revue craze! For he himself wrote such revues, or at any rate the songs for them. Topical events treated satirically! The motive of Basselin in the fifteenth century; the motive of so many vaudeville artistes at the present day.













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Application for membership should be sent, together with the amount of subscription, to the Hon. Secretary, The Magicians' Club,

2, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.



HARRY LAUDER.

At last the old contracts are finished, and Harry Lauder is his own master. Up and up will climb the weekly salary. What will he do with it all? Build another wall to keep the Scots out of England? Not much! Rather a new tube railway to get them there quickly. They say—the people who ought not to be allowed to say anything—that Harry Lauder gives away his old kilts and sporrans but not much else. Don't you believe it! Very likely he is the "Anonymous" who gives thousands of pounds to so many deserving objects.

Here is a vaudeville favourite about whose gifts there is no secrecy. Many old soldiers have cause to bless the name of George Leyton. The War Office may not have been mindful of them and their services for the country, but George Leyton has. Pounds—yes, thousands of pounds—he has collected for their benefit; and while doing so he has provided sterling entertainment for the variety theatre audiences all over the country. George Leyton is a personality. His trim military figure, his fine voice, his speed and vigour of action, distinguish him from all his competitors.



GEORGE LEYTON.

#### I lead—follow who can

THE ONE AND ONLY

# Dr. Walford BODIE

• The Famous Electric Wizard • The World's Greatest Entertainer

Assisted by the Beautiful and Gifted

# LA BELLE ELECTRA

in his soul-stirring demonstrations with the deadly electric current. Screams and yells of laughter—funnier than half-a-dozen pantomimes. Two of the biggest acts in Vaudeville. Over 6 tons of apparatus carried. Gorgeous and costly fit. Also his great

VENTRILOQUIAL SKETCH

# "The Laird's Highland Party"

Fourteen different and distinct voices. The last word in Ventriloquism. . .

#### "THE MONEY MAGNET." "THE RECORD BREAKER."

Bookings and re-bookings include "Moss Empires," London Syndicate Halls, Broadhead Tour, and all the leading halls in the kingdom.

Business Manager, MR. HARRY DAY.

PERMANENT ADDRESS:

# The Manor House, Macduff, N.B.

Telegrams: "BODIE, MACDUFF."

Telephone No. 5 Macduff.



WILKIE BARD.

As a stage name "Wilkie Bard" was an absolute inspiration. It fits the artist who wears it like the proverbial glove. The note of ec centricity in it is characteristic of the man. In olden times there were many bards; nowadays there is only one—the "Wilkie" one. In both pantomime and vaudeville he is supremely successful. He scores alike as a singer and as a most ingenious "patterer." His character studies, as witness "The Night Watchman," and his widow parts in pantomime are admirably conceived and as admirably executed. A Bard who well deserves to be made a Bart.

Fred Kitchen has been termed the people's comedian. Certainly there is no one on the vaudeville stage who is more popular with the gallery crowd, or, for the matter of that, with the pit one. They invariably greet his appearance with a roar of welcome. His humour is of the robust type, with much of the knockabout element. The cartoonist indicates his customary energy by depicting him in his shirt sleeves. But Fred Kitchen's humour is real and individual. He has many imitators, but none of them has yet succeeded in catching his sparkling style.



FRED KITCHEN.





#### All the most popular



:: :: Pantomime and Vaudeville :: ::
Songs are now published

by the

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Limited.

(Managing Director - BENNETT SCOTT.)

Write or call for particulars of our latest sensational,

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The Star Music Publishing Co., Ltd. 51, High Street, New Oxford Street, (Opposite Tottenham Court Road.) LONDON, W.C. Telephone: 8446 Gerrard. Wires: "SONGONIA, LONDON."



BENNETT SCOTT.

Bennett Scott is the favourite composer of many pantomime and vaudeville favourites. His wonderful gift of melody, and his sure and sympathetic perception of every change in public taste, enable him to provide them with their greatest vocal successes. His songs have made reputations both for himself and for his singers all over the world. Not simply by the side of the Zuyder Zee, but by the side of every other sea Bennett Scott is known and honoured. Long may he continue to add to the charm and gaiety of the pantomime and vaudeville stage.

Sullivan found a perfect lyric writer in Gilbert, and Stephen Adams one in Weatherley. Bennett Scott has been equally fortunate in his partnership with A. J. Mills. Mr. Mills excels in every department of verse writing. The song of irresistible humorous appeal, the sentimental song that brings tears to the eyes, the song that is a joyous rhythmical jingle of words—he produces them all in triumphant perfection. "Fall in and follow me," "Ship Ahoy," "Popsy Wopsy" and many more successes testify to his versatility. The Mills-Scott collaboration is undoubtedly an ideal one.



A. J. MILLS.

# CHARLES MORRITT EXCLUSIVELY ENGAGED BY MASKELYNE & DEVANT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LONDON.



R. A. ROBERTS.

If R. A. Roberts had thrown in his lot with the "legitimate" he might by now have been one of London's leading actor-managers. But what the regular theatre has lost variety has gained. The original English Protean Actor is held in the highest esteem by vaudeville audiences everywhere. And deservedly so. The sketches he presents are fine drama, finely produced, and finely acted. "Dick Turpin," the best known of them, bids fair to beat all records for long runs on the variety stage—just as its hero beat all those on the road from London to York.

These two talented artistes are of English birth, but nearly all their professional work has been done in the United States. There they rank among the established vaudeville favourites. They specialise in personations of characters from Dickens, and combine quick-change work with admirable acting and elocution. Their work may well be compared with that of Bransby Williams. He has given English audiences a fuller appreciation of the genius of Dickens, and has enabled them to realise his characters as living people. Ralph and Adeline Rickus have done the same for American audiences.



RALPH AND ADELINE RICKUS.



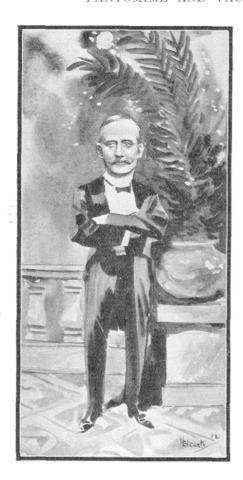
The Immaculate

# Winifred Ward

**Principal Boy** 

1913-14

**Borough Theatre Stratford, London** 



FRANK ALLEN.

Cook's tours are world famous. But there is another tour equally famous that is not organised by Cook's. What is that? The Moss Tour, organised by Managing-Director Frank Allen. And remarkably well organised too. Frank Allen knows all there is to know about vaudeville business. No abler successor to the late Sir Edward Moss could have been appointed. Frank Allen knows just where a variety theatre is wanted, just what sort of a programme its patrons will require, and just who are the artistes who can supply that programme. He is "the goods."

Frank Allen is the right man in the right place in connection with the Moss Tour. And so is Ernest Wighton. He is the booking manager for the tour, and has proved remarkably successful in that capacity. He can judge a turn from the commercial and also from the artistic point of view. And when he finds one that appeals to him from both points of view he books it joyfully, and, without exception, the audiences before whom it is subsequently presented receive it as joyfully. No "duds" pass Ernest Wighton-The Moss Tour gathers no rolling stones.



ERNEST WIGHTON.



"WHEN the cat's away
The mice will play,"
So the proverb says.

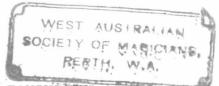
If mice may play,
Well I should say
I may, and so
I plays.



# Rosa Loader

The Musical Slavey

ON TOUR



#### PANTOMIME AND VAUDEVILLE FAVOURITES



HORACE GOLDIN.



The Royal Illusionist! And well he has earned the title. He has performed before royalty in many countries, and has received many valuable tokens of royal approval. It has always been held that a king is not properly qualified until he has been crowned. Presently he will not be considered so until he has seen a performance by Horace Goldin! Well, he could not see a finer spectacular magical performance. The cartoonist has depicted Goldin's tiger as well as Goldin himself. Advisedly so. For the greatest of Goldin's mysteries is Goldin's tiger.

Another great illusionist is Charles Morritt. He has been a vaudeville favourite for a good many years, and is doing as fine work now as ever before. "The Pillar Box Mystery," "The Disappearing Donkey," and other notable illusions, are associated with his name. But Charles Morritt does not rely on his past successes. They are simply stepping-stones to better things. What new illusions is he preparing? Only he himself can say. But this is certain—they will be worth seeing. Morritt might well spell his name Merit, as indicating his work as a magician.



CHARLES MORRITT.



# JACK PLEASANTS



ON HIS 21st BIRTHDAY

The New Star Magician.

# Albert Edward BODIE

The Society Illusionist.

(Son of the famous Dr. Walford Bodie.)

- In his refined and - sensational Illusionary Act

#### MYSTIC MODERN MIRACLES

Introducing
Goblinical Changes,
Curious
Metamorphoses,
Wonders of
Necromancy, and
Mysteries of Science.

Among, from all others, introducing dexterous Sleight of Hand.

The coming Magical Master.



Apply for Vacant Time to

Mr. HARRY DAY or Dr. WALFORD BODIE,

The Manor House, Macduff, N.B.



BILLY HAWTHORNE.

The nigger minstrel act has become somewhat of a back number in this country, although there is now good promise of a revival, But in the States no revival is needed, for the act has remained consistently popular. One of the best troupes there is the Hawthorne Minstrels. Billy Hawthorne, the subject of this cartoon, is an ideal "burnt cork artiste." He can do everything that doth become a stage nigger, and he can do the stump speech turn to absolute perfection.

There are many good singers on the vaudeville stage, but few so good as Edward Crosland. Nature gave him a splendid baritone voice, and art has developed it perfectly. In connection with "The Burglar's Dream," "The Welsh Miners," and other musical acts he has won great popularity throughout the country. His companies are always composed of first-class singers, and are always well rehearsed in stage business. Variety theatre managers know they can rely on the quality of the goods supplied by Crosland and Co., and they order them again and again.



EDWARD CROSLAND.



The first

English Girl

who

introduced

Ragtime Songs

into this

country



# IDA BARR

All Communications
HARRY DAY'S AGENCY

Moss Empires until 1921



DAVID DEVANT.

Here he is, with the world in his hand. It is a bold, picturesque representation of the great success he has won as a magician. After years of hard work and ever-growing popularity at St. George's Hall, he stepped on to the variety theatre stage. Since then his career has been one long triumph. Was he not the only magician selected to appear at the Royal Command Music Hall Performance? Had he not the like honour at Knowsley Hall more recently? Has he not broken the boxoffice records of several flourishing theatres?

The Yettmahs present one of the most charming magical acts imaginable. The setting is Japanese, and is carried out in every detail with true artistry. To see the Yettmahs' show is to understand something of the quaintness and colour of Japan. More than that, it is to realise that a magical act can not only be something startling and entertaining, but can also be a thing of beauty, and it is to recognise that the Yettmahs are vaudeville artistes who are in love with their work, and who labour at it lovingly.



THE YETTMAHS.

THE
MOST
POPULAR
OF ALL
PRINCIPAL
GIRLS



# Daisy Dormer

"THE DAINTY"

GRAND THEATRE
LEEDS



GUS HARRIS.

"Whoops, let's do it again!" He's always doing it, this Gus Harris. Doing what? Making the gallery boys, the pit boys, and even the stall girls join in the choruses of his songs. There is something infectious about his voice, his appearance, and his manner. "Let's all go round to Maudie's." Right! The whole house goes round with him, and stops with Maudie till he chooses to bring it back. Truly a vaudeville favourite! He not only makes the public happy in listening to his songs, he also makes the public happy in helping him to sing them.

The other day a newspaper referred to George Robey as "It." He is much more! He is "He, She, It and They," and everybody and everything else you can think of. And he is at his very best in his latest song, "The K.C." To hear him sing that, and to study the accompanying patter, is a liberal education in the law. All successful K.C.'s hope some day to wear the judge's robes. What about George? All that is permitted to us to say is, that if ever he does become a judge he will be the robeyist robester of them all.





GEORGE ROBEY.

The Compliments of the Season to all from

# George W. Kenway

# The Absolute Master

### MIMICRY

The Original Vocal Mimic, introducing all the leading celebrities without the adventitious aid of wigs, costumes, or make-up.

# GEORGE W. KENWAY

Copied by all others

Equalled by none

Ask Herbert Blackmore, Esq., who presented me to the British Public in May, 1889, at the Oxford Music Hall, London.

# GEORGE W. KENWAY

Still the leader of the legion of mimics now before the public.

Running 24 years—and better than ever.

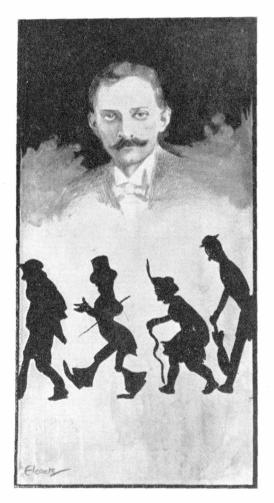
Address: c/o THE ERA.



S. W. WYNDHAM.

Dan Leno started his stage career as a clog dancer; so did S. W. Wyndham. Dan Leno reached the very front rank of the profession; so will S. W. Wyndham. Mr. Wyndham is a man of versatile talents. As witness his clog dancing, his "corner man" successes, his humorous music hall sketch, "The Professor and the Pupil," the songs he has written, and —last but not least—his rendering of his own and other people's songs. Mr. Wyndham has a remarkable voice, reaching F sharp in alt. quite naturally. With the aid of this, and of a born instinct for comedy, he is starring everywhere. His latest success is Harry Carlton's "Oh! To-morrow Night."

G. W. Kenway is an American by birth, but his successes as a vaudeville artiste have been won in this country. It is now well over twenty years since long engagements at the London Oxford (the two words link together strangely, but everybody knows what they mean) and the London Pavilion brought him into prominence. Then, as now, he specialised as a mimic. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he was the forerunner of all the present vaudeville stage mimics. And, similarly, it is not too much to say that he has never been quite overtaken by any of them.



G. W. KENWAY.

Mr. & Mrs.

# HARRY HOUDINI

send all friends and acquaintances the old, old greetings for happiness and prosperity throughout the festive season and the ensuing year.

**3**34

Xmas, 1913.



#### GEORGE ARTHURS.

George Arthurs has many claims to vaudeville and pantomime fame. He is responsible for "I Want to Sing in Opera," "All Change for Llanfairfechan," "You've Got to Sing in Ragtime," ard many more of Wilkie Bard's successes. "Harnessing the Horse" and "Building the Chicken House," with which Will Evans enriched the last two Drury Lane pantomimes, were created by him. But vaudeville and pantomime do not set limits to his activities. Some of the best numbers in "The Girl in the Train," "Havana," and other musical comedy successes are from his pen.

Maurice Scott is one of the most successful composers of the day. Many of the stars that shine in the vaudeville firmament have borrowed some of their brightness from him. Among these may be mentioned Vesta Tilley, Vesta Victoria, George Robey, and Mark Sheridan. All of them have scored heavily with Maurice Scott's songs. It used to be said of Worth, the great French costumier, that he could fit a dress to any figure. It can be said with equal truth of Maurice Scott that he can write a song for any vaudeville artiste. Countless successes prove this.



MAURICE SCOTT.



NOW PLAYING
THE
CONTINENT.



# HARRY HOUDINI

E-MONTH NOVEMBER: ALHAMBRA THEATRE, PARIS.

.. DECEMBER: TOURING SOUTHERN FRANCE.



OPENING ENGLAND JANUARY,

.: 1914 *.*:





CHIRGWIN.

There is nothing shy about Chirgwin. "Here I am, boys, lively and saucy," might well be his entrance speech. Saucy? Yes, in the best sense of the word—the ready tongue and the witty, piquant sally. Many years have passed since the famous "white eye" first beamed across the footlights, and practically a new generation, of audiences has since sprang up. But Chirgwin is as great a favourite with it as he was with the old one. The "White-Eyed Kaffir" can still top the best bills and still charm a crowded house with his brilliant versatile show.

Mark Sheridan is "One of the b'hoys," whether regarded from the pantomime or the vaudeville point of view. There is a rollicking humour about him that is positively exhilarating. "Is he a descendant of the great Sheridan?" somebody asked the other day. "He is the great Sheridan," was the quick reply. Read this, Mark; learn it, Mark; inwardly digest it, Mark. It is up to you to rival Brinsley Sheridan who wrote "The Rivals," Well, you have played to bigger audiences than ever that comedy has!





MARK SHERIDAN.

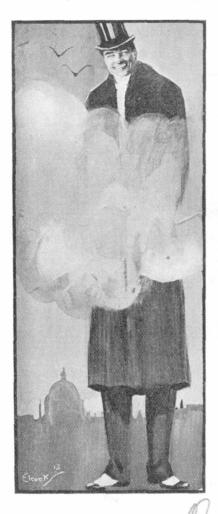
# S. W. Wyndham

The Unique Comedian with :: the Freak Voice ::



In his two latest successes:

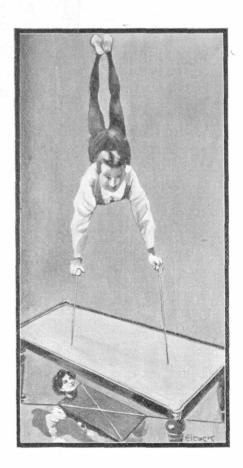
"DON'T FORGET YOUR LITTLE DICKY BIRD" and
"OH, TO=MORROW NIGHT"





The London Hippodrome has introduced many quaint variety turns to this country, but none more quaint than Willard's. It is startling, but very amusing, to watch him develop in a few moments from a slight man of average height into a burly giant. How does he do it? Plantoids? Concentrated Oxo? Or can he pump himself up like a collapsible india-rubber doll? Watch him very carefully at his next performance. You may possibly find out his secret; but the odds against you doing so are great.

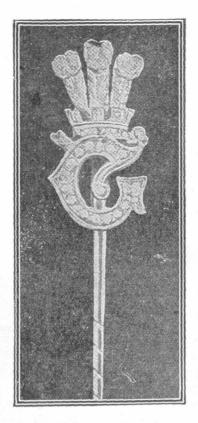
One of the feats of these artistes is depicted in the cartoon. Oretta balances a billiard table. With the aid of two balls and two cues, or rather in spite of their aid, Mastro balances himself on the table. Startling? Yes; but not more so than others of the feats performed nightly by Mastro and Oretta. Their act is one of the most sensational on the road. Both of them possess rare skill in juggling and balancing, and both of them are perfect types of graceful strength.



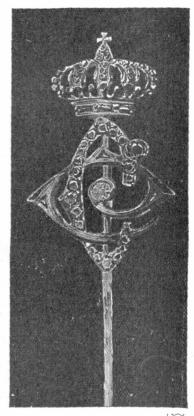
MASTRO AND ORETTA.



Presented to Borace Goldin by the late King Edward.



Presented to Borace Goldin by 1 16.10. Tking George, when Prince of Wales.



Presented by ber Majesty The Queen of Sarony.

# A Royal Christmas to all

is the wish of

# HORACE GOLDIN

The Royal Illusionist.



#### DR. WALFORD BODIE.

Dr. Bodie is a man of wonderful versatility. He has a fine singing voice, he plays several musical instruments with considerable skill, he is an expert at conjuring and ventriloquism, he can present a very clever lightning cartoon act, and as a showman he is second to none. Besides all this, he is the author of "Harley the Hypnotist," "Stage Stories," and other notable books. Dr. Bodie has topped many bills in London and the provinces, and will top them again. His qualities as an entertainer are known from Land's End to John o' Groats, and his visits are welcome everywhere.

Albert E. Bodie is the clever son of a clever father. He was trained for the law, but the call of the foot-lights proved too strong for him, and a year or two ago he joined Dr. Bodie's company. Like his father, he is a versatile entertainer. But at present he is specialising as a conjurer and illusionist. He is billed as "The Wizard of the Glens." This recalls Professor Anderson's "The Wizard of the North." Albert E. Bodie is still quite young; it is possible that some day he may be as famous as Professor Anderson was.



ALBERT E. BODIE.

📵 DODOO DO BRANCO DO DO BRANCO DO DO BRANCO DO BRANCO DE BRANCO D 

# DAVID DEVANT MASKELYNE & DEVANT'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, Langham Place, LONDON, W.

# Edward Crosland's = Melody Makers

## ALWAYS WORKING

And Please Note this -

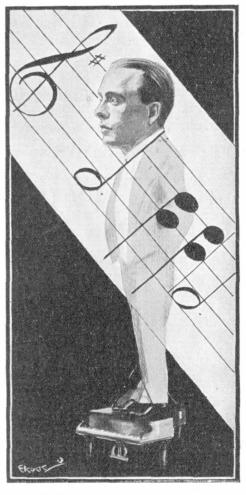
THE ORIGINAL PIANO ACT



#### BERT FELDMAN.

It is a great firm—Messrs. B. Feldman & Co.; and it has been created by a great man—Bert Feldman. He is still on the right side of forty, but he has already achieved success in no common measure. His brain is keen; his sense of business as keen. He has concentrated both on music-publishing, and has achieved wonders for that and for himself. Milestones in his career are "The Chocolate Soldier," "Beautiful Garden of Roses," and an absolute rush of ragtime successes that have earned for him the title of "Ragtime King."

Another milestone in the career of Bert Feldman was his recent arrangement with Lawrence Wright. With the name of Lawrence Wright are associated "Some Day," "Anything to take me Home," "I'm Coming Back to Bonnie, Bonnie Scotland," and many more tiptop numbers. He has the gift of being able to judge a song at first hearing, and of prophesying success or failure unerringly. There is no limit to what he and Bert Feldman may do in collaboration. They will make money—much money; and they will also make history in music-publishing.



LAWRENCE WRIGHT.

# RAYMOND PHILIPS

AND HIS

# WIRELESS CONTROLLED AIRSHIP

Electrical Testing Laboratory
15, Nicander Road
Liverpool

#### PANTOMIME AND VAUDEVILLE RAVOURITES





#### VAN-BERN.

Many magicians are not humorists, just as many humorists are not magicians. But Van-Bern brings off the double event every time. From the first occasion he faced the foot-lights he consistently set himself to amuse as well as to mystify his audiences, and he has consistently succeeded. He has appeared again and again at all the leading variety theatres, and always with good results to himself, to the management, and to the audiences. Van-Bern (as even the cartoon shows) has a highly developed brain. May he long continue to use it for the entertainment of his fellows!

The Chocolate Coloured Coon! Inspired alliteration of title; inspired originality of performance. G. H. Elliott "knocks 'em" in vaudeville and "knocks 'em" with equal vigour in pantomime. His songs are world famous. "Ise awaiting for yer, Josie," "Sue, Sue, Sue," "I want to go to Idaho," "I used to sigh for the Silvery Moon," "Hello! Susie Green," and the rest of them, have travelled as far and almost as fast as the Marconi wireless messages. The very latest of them is "My Southern Maid." Competent judges declare that it is also the very best.



G. H. ELLIOTT.

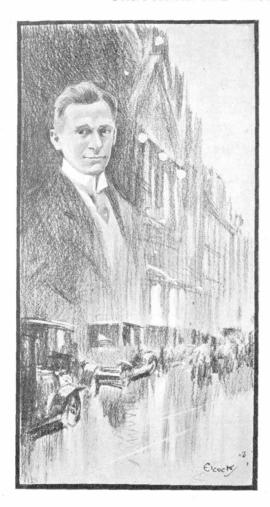
# GUS HARRIS

London's Latest Chorus Comedian

The Chorus Songs of the Year:

- "Whoops, let's do it again."
- "Let's all go round to Maudie's."

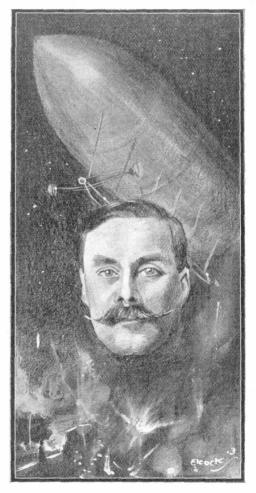
Also in Dramatic Scenas. The only Act of its kind.



#### CHARLES GULLIVER.

The imaginary Gulliver invented by Dean Swift has entertained many generations. But he is quite eclipsed in the matter of entertaining the present generation by the very real Gulliver who controls the circuit known as the London Theatres of Variety. Charles Gulliver is young in years but old in experience. His appointment to his present position was somewhat of a surprise to the vaudeville world. But he has amply justified it by years of brainy work and brilliant achievement. The Palladium and the other theatres for which he is responsible are in every respect model places of entertainment.

There are two great wireless men. One is Marconi, the "telegraph man"; the other is Raymond Phillips, the "airship man." This cartoon depicts the latter. At St. George's Hall, London, and in all parts of the provinces, he has exhibited his airship. A thing of magic if ever there was one! Almost we might believe that it possesses a soul! Perhaps it does. But, if so, the soul is Raymond Phillips's. Is this his secret? Does he remain on the stage, and yet in spirit ascend and descend with his airship? If you asked him these questions, he would smile and hint at mechanical inventions that were not dreamed of in your philosophy.



RAYMOND PHILLIPS.



MISS

# Emilie Hayes

(Mrs. G. H. ELLIOTT)

Principal Girl
"Puss in Boots"
Pantomime Season
Prince of Wales Theatre
BIRMINGHAM

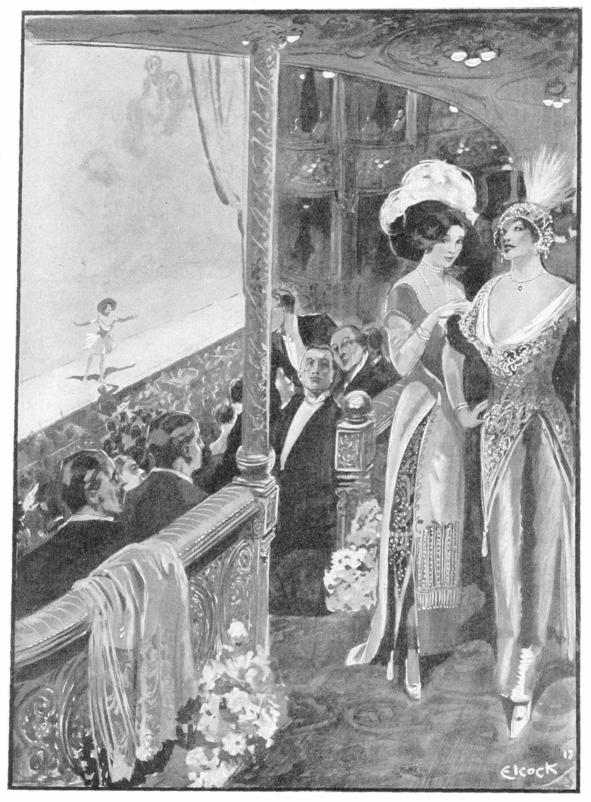
"The Compliments of the Season"

# G. H. Elliott

"The Old, Old Wlish"

Panto Season
Prince of Wales Theatre
BIRMINGHAM





DIVIDED INTERESTS!

# DAISY WOOD



Principal Boy

GRAND THEATRE LEEDS

A FAVOURITE OF THE FAVOURITES

VAUDEVILLE FAVOURITES visit many Halls in the course of their professional work; but if they are wise, they always wist one and the same Hall when they want new clothes. Which!? Say, rather, wash when they want new clothes, which!? Say, rather, wash when they want new clothes, which!? Say, rather, wash when they want new clothes. Which!? Say, rather, wash when they want new clothes. Which!? Say, rather, wash when they want new clothes. Which!? Say, rather, wash the note everywhere. But was the note everywhere. But they want to business addresses in London. One is in the City—31, Eldon Street. Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419). The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419). The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419). The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the West Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the west Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the west Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the west Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the west Fad—207, Osted Street, Ed. Cl. Cl. Clelphone, London Walt, 2419. The other is in the west with the provision of the work of the i



MR. AND MRS.

# WILL GOLDSTON

AND DOROTHY

Wish you all

# A Merry Christmas

and

A Healthy New Year

58, LORAINE MANSIONS, HOLLOWAY, N.
Tel. North 418.





Author of "Conroy of Camford," "The Real Man," "Land o' Gold," etc.

I.

CHRISTOPHER RYALL sat at his breakfasttable opposite his beautiful and greatlygifted wife, Helen Ryall, the actress. He had a pile of letters before him, as well as his eggs and bacon and the other breakfast delicacies that his ample means afforded him, such as fruit and flowers, and a cheerful view from his dining-room windows—all luxuries beyond the purse of the average second or third-rate actor. He, Christopher Ryall, was more than that—he was a remarkably successful coach, and his services were in general request; also his most successful pupil, successful even beyond the dreams of her master, was his wife Helen, and her salary and her reputation were growing by leaps and bounds.

One letter seemed to interest the master more than commonly. Helen's quick eyes noted the signs, and she ejaculated the soft enquiry, "Hullo?"

"Hullo, indeed!" echoed the deep voice of the man. "Hullo, indeed!" He pitched the letter deftly over the round table so that it lodged upon her hand. "The chance of your life, dearest. From Marchant asking our terms—a joint engagement—"

Helen had snatched up the letter and was reading it rapidly.

"All the leading heroines and Rosalind for my — Oh, Chris!" And her sweet classical face broke into bewildering smiles. Lips, eyes, and dimples all laughed one against the other.

"And 'heavies' for me!"

" Yes."

"Our own terms, 'within reasonable bounds.' Those are the words."

Then somehow both became thoughtful. A pensive cloud seemed to fall upon each of them. The breakfast delicacies were quite neglected and grew cold upon their plates, and the milk in the coffee skinned over its surface. At length they were



aroused by the gong of the clock striking. Both started. The wife pointed her finger with gaiety only half simulated.

"'A happy man never hears the clock strike," she quoted.

"What a witch you are, Nell. For the moment I felt a queer sort of spasm pass

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over me. And the natural pride at your success—of course it is yours—seemed to die out and leave me cold—almost afraid."

"That's strange," she said. "I felt the same—a goose walked over my grave—and the clock woke me, too, from unpleasant dreams."

The couple rose simultaneously. There was no more thought of breakfast. With quick glances each eyed the other almost furtively.

"We'll take a day to think of this, dear one," he said, as he picked up the letter. "Not a word on the subject until to-morrow after breakfast when the clock strikes again," with a little laugh. "There are three things you have to consider. One is—I won't pretend to put them in order of importance—that if you miss this opportunity it may put you back five years. The second is, that we love one another deeply, faithfully, disinterestedly. That's truth, isn't it?" He spoke earnestly, but not too earnestly.

"Gospel truth!" she said, and she raised her fine eyes until they rested upon his, where they dwelt a second or two in peaceful understanding. The man sighed a deep, satisfied sigh.

"Now comes the last consideration. Laurence Marchant has the successful man's creed of honour. He pays his debts, he keeps his word between man and man; but to women he is unscrupulous—a scoundrel."

"I know"—she breathed more than spoke. "I have heard of poor Amy Foster and the de Courcy woman and the rest. Amy Foster died of drink and drugs; the de Courcy woman threw up her career in crazy, hysterical jealousy and went out 'into the wilderness,' but it was his doing; and the last, poor little red-haired Lena Morris, is playing Ophelia to an imaginary Hamlet in a private lunatic asylum. It is of these that you would remind me?"

"Yes. It's supposed to be the women's fault; they won't let the man alone. But I know better, and you know better."

"Yes, I know," she said simply. "In our profession a woman is very prone to lose her head; to lull herself into a dream, and before she wakes up—er——"She hesitated, and he added the words—

"'A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And there comes a mist and a driving pain,
And the world is never the same again."

"Let's think it out," she said. "Until to-morrow—to-morrow."

\* \* \* \* \* \*

as a merry breakfast table

It was a merry breakfast table the next morning, but when the clock struck ten their eyes met.

"Well?" he questioned, with a reassuring smile.

"I accept," she answered. "You will take care of me, you will see that I do not lose my head."

He gave a little laugh of satisfaction and relief.

"I am glad you have taken that view. It is courageous of you, and I will stand by you. Of course, there is a risk—I am twenty years older than you——"

"You will stand by me?"

"Yes, of course I will. Whatever happens, I will never run away."

"Then I accept with a light heart," she said.

#### II.

"Well, Johnny," said the leading juvenile, "the Ryalls have made all the difference, haven't they? The best season Marchant's had as yet. Next autumn will see us in London, playing to full houses."

"I am never cocksure," replied the comedian. "Where women are concerned you never can tell what's going to happen next."

"You are always croaking, Johnny—never satisfied."

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"You are not as old as I am, my little fellow."

"Jolly glad I'm not! Here's Mrs. Murdock. Mother!" He called to an elderly lady of stately presence, the "old woman" of the company, who had entered the green-room of the Redchester Theatre.

"What is it, my little one?" said the stately person, cheerfully.

"Johnny wants to know whether you will take another shop for the autumn."

"It depends how I am tempted," was the reply. "There are," she added significantly, "probabilities that I may find myself without an engagement next autumn."

"There," said the low comedian, triumphantly, "she's seen it coming—she knows."

"What do you know—either of you?" demanded Claude.

The three "pros" stood regarding one another with narrowed eyes.

"The walls have ears," said the woman.

"At my initiation I was taught to be cautious," quoted the comedian.

The juvenile man hesitated a moment, but the prompter, with a radiant face, announced through the open door—

"Good day, all of you! There's no rehearsal. The Missis is seriously indisposed."

"What you ask is impossible, not to be thought of, to be dreamt of; we are both of us out of our senses. I wish to God I had never seen you, never heard your name."

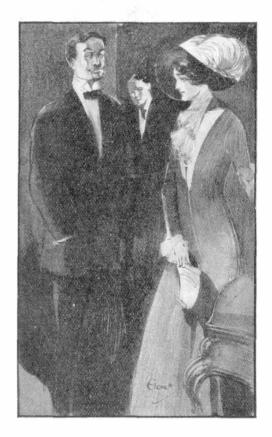
"We cannot govern our own destinies," said Laurence Marchant, grimly. "There are three wicked sisters always at work, planning out our lives, cutting our days into lengths with a pair of shears."

"I shall end it all to-day. I cannot bear any more of it. It is a double life, all 'duplicity' and 'deceit, shiles on one's

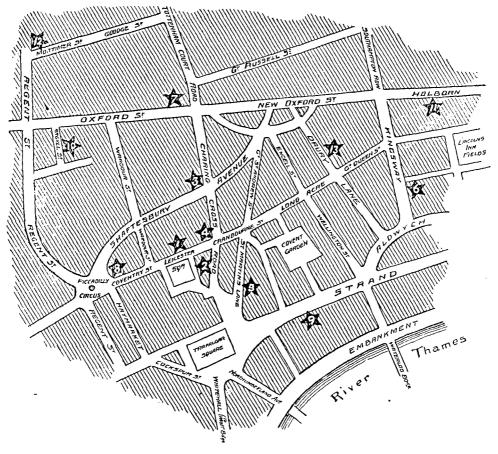
face and tears in one's heart, full-eyed, and his presence at the table chokes me, and he thinks I am ill. I am as strong as a horse and as wicked as a monkey. It's all through you."

"We have had some good times, Nell. There is no getting away from it, we have had some good times. Nothing can rob us of those while memory holds its seat."

"Good times! Good times!" She was not weeping, her eyes were hard and bright, but there were tears somewhere in her soul hidden too deep for shedding. "Mad ones! All false, cheating, more empty than a drunkard's mirth or an opium-eater's dreams. I am waking! Ah, Laurence Marchant, I am waking! As yet, I am only half awake, but when I am fully aroused, what will the end be?



## Plan of West End Vaudeville Theatres



- 1. Empire
- 2. Alhambra
- 3. Palace
- 4. Hippodrome
- 5. Coliseum
- 6. London Opera House
- 7. Oxford

- 8. Pavilion
- 9. Tivoli
- 10. Palladium
- 11. Holborn Empire
- 12. Maskelyne & Devant's
- 13. The New Middlesex

What shall I do? Your words are now no longer music and poetry combined, as they used to be; soon they will be—just lies! Your face is no longer the face of an angel—only a man—soon to be that of a bad man, a devil! Your step no longer makes my heart leap or my feet turn of themselves to meet you—soon my impulse will be to get away. 'Profane love' they call it—it is turning into hate"—

"Ah, Ryall, my dear fellow, here you are! Your wife has been ready for some time. The rehearsal was a failure this morning. We cannot make up our minds about the opening piece for the autumn season in London. We shall have to call you in at last to decide."

"Do you want me to decide, Helen?" asked her husband. He had aged somewhat during the three or four months of the Marchant engagement.

"No-Yes-No."

The two men regarded one another cynically for an instant and laughed, but without mirth.

"Truly a woman's answer," said Laurence Marchant. "No—Yes—No."

#### III.

"Christopher! Christopher!"

It was night, or rather early morning, and "Old Ryall," as his comrades called him, sat up in his narrow bed and regarded his wife with astonishment. The voice was not like hers; it was hoarse and raucous.

"What's the matter?" he whispered.

"You beast!" she said, "you horrid beast! Why didn't you wake up when I called you? I have been shaking you for ever so long."

"I am sorry," he said simply. "I have had no sleep for the last week, so I took a drug. I wouldn't have had it happen for anything, Helen. It's a long

time since you have troubled my room. What is it you want now?"

"It's awful!" she ejaculated, the words tumbling over one another. "Awful, terrible! Sunk in a drunken sleep when your poor wife needed you."

"Not drunk, I tell you."

"Oh, it is the same thing! It's worse when a man takes to those habits."

"Habits!—the first time in my life!"

"First! It is only the first step that costs—it is only the first step that matters. I know it! I know it!"

"Hush! Hush, little one! You will rouse the house."

"What do I care about rousing the house? I don't care! I don't care for anything!"

"Go back to your bed."

"Oh, I won't—I won't. You leave me alone, or I'll scream the house down. I'll say you are beating me. Why don't you beat me instead of looking at me as if you could read my heart with those eyes that I hate? Why don't you beat me? I deserve it. I wish you would. Strangle me, only do something. For God's sake don't lie there and stare."

"Go back to your bed." He was just in time to stifle a scream with his hand over her mouth. She struggled fiercely, but he held her.

"All right," she said at length, faintly. "All right, I won't scream; only why don't you treat me kindly and do as I wish?"

"What do you wish?"

"Take me away. Take me away somewhere up in the North, amongst my own people—no, no, I won't go there—somewhere where I am not known. Break this engagement. Break it! Do you hear?"

"But Marchant—the company!"

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!" She laughed long and loudly, and he was constrained to cover her mouth again, for



sounds of movement came to them from the house below.

"Compose yourself, Helen. Of course you shall break your engagement."

"And—and—I'll have no more of this acting business. My father was right—he did all he could to dissuade me. I will never act again. I was a governess when you found me—a children's governess—and had never been inside the doors of a theatre. You taught me to act. I am too quick at learning evil lessons; I must go back and teach good ones. Will you do it? Will you put me back where I was when you found me? Will you swear it—promise it?"

The man saw all his dreams shattered, all his years of teaching and scheming, all his love wasted; and he knew, he saw, how blind he had been. He knew—knew, and hope left him, and when hope leaves, the devils of despair and hate enter and rule the man, as they did Christopher Ryall.

"Will you play to-morrow night if I swear to you that I will break your contract after?"

"No," sullenly. "No—when I act with that man he is my master—my will is his—I have no independent being."

"Will you play to-morrow night if I promise, if I swear to you that before you go on the stage I will take you in my arms, kiss you, and forgive you?"

"Chris," she said, "Chris!" And her face softened—from marble it softened; it was puckered and piteous even, with all the pathos of a weeping child. "Chris, you won't do that—you can't!"

"I will."

"And you will forgive me really—you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it."

"God! Yes, yes. I will do anything for forgiveness! I will act with him once more to earn your kiss and your forgiveness."

#### IV.

"Curious," said John, "our Macduff has left his sword in the corner. Run along, my lad, and find him in the wings. Macduff without a sword won't do at all."

"Julius Cæsar!" cried Claude, entering the dressing-room, "I never thought old Ryall had it in him!"

"What is the matter?" said the comedian.

"Acting! Old Ryall's acting at last! You should have heard:—'Murder and treason! Shake off this drowsy sleep—death's counterfeit—and look on death itself. Up, up! and see the Great Doom's image."

"It was not old Ryall—it was the voice of Michael the Archangel!"

"I have never heard those lines spoken as he spoke them—never!" agreed the general-utility man.

"There's something up," said the comedian.

"I'm afraid there is," said the juvenile lead. "Mrs. Ryall, too, is acting veritably in a dream. I'm going down to see the finish. Come on."

As they hurried on to the stage they saw a little crowd of actors and supernumeraries watching.

"What's the matter with Ryall?" one of them said lightly. "He doesn't seem to be himself, but Edmund Kean redivivus."

John the comedian and Claude the juvenile had entered just as Marchant, in the character of Macbeth, was speaking the lines: "They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly."

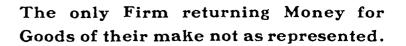
Young Seward was fighting for his life, but as he fought the tyrant had whispered—

"What ails Ryall to-night?"

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"Nothing, he is playing splendidly."
But Marchant muttered back—

"The man's possessed—I'm half afraid of him. Put a sharp spear in the prompt entrance. . . ."

"At swords I smile, at weapons laugh to scorn,

Brandished by man, but of a woman born."

exulted the triumphant usurper.

Amid the noise and fury of the mimic fight, the actor of Seward passed the word to the prompter, and just as Macduff appeared upon the scene, and called his challenge, "Turn, hell-hound, turn!" the prompter stood obediently in the promptentrance holding an eight-feet halberd in readiness for his chief, and all around were grouped the actors and supernumeraries, with eyes widened and faces paling under the grease-paint and powder, wondering, and yet mute, their looks and their lips forming the words, "What's up? What, in God's name, is the matter?"

It seemed as though Marchant had resolved to brave all, even to face this transfigured mummer, who bore himself more like an avenging angel than a "heavy lead."

"Of all men else, I have avoided thee. But get thee back; my soul is too much charged with blood of thine already," he trumpeted rather than spoke to the wronged man in the figure of Macduff. "I have no words; my voice is in my sword."

And Marchant saw impending over him, not the mere stage blade, but a keen claymore—a war sword—that in olden days had ended many a fight and found a warm bed in the heart of many a soldier—perchance of bloody Cumberland—or saved a Scotsman of the Young Pretender on the field of Killiecrankie.

The force of habit was too strong for the tragedian Marchant; the old fire was fanned to a white heat, and he held his own, and answered the challenge in the flaming eyes of his rival with one of defiance. The audience hung, spellbound, upon each word, each movement of the two.

Marchant had forgotten the deep, deep wrong he had inflicted upon the actor, through his love of the woman Ryall adored, and whom he had trained to take her place amongst the great heroines of the stage-world in which they lived. There were the mass of eager faces intent, as if their very lives depended upon it, on what they thought was a mimic battle in a mimic scene, and Marchant clenched his claymore in a strong, nerved hand, reckless, regardless—and thrusting aside his craven doubts and fears, he bellowed forth the final, the immortal, defiance of the kingly regicide—

"Before my body I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

She was changing into her street attire when they called her down to the stage.

"There has been an accident," said the white, trembling women; "a sad accident."

"Chris!" she cried. "Christopher!"
"He—he is all right," was the answer,
"but they are taking him away. It is
Mr.—Mr. Marchant who is—hurt."

Then in an instant she realised what had happened. The temptation of the scene—her husband's calmness, his awful self-restraint, and his almost unmanly forgiveness. For he had kept his word, he had taken her in his arms as they stood for a moment in their stage finery before the curtain rose, and he had kissed her as a lover kisses his mistress, many times upon the lips—hungrily, feverishly—and he had said more than once, as he embraced her—

"I forgive you, little one, I forgive

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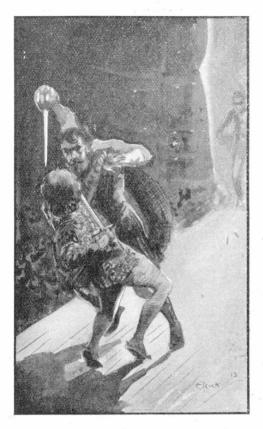


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you. The fault was mine. I should have foreseen. May God take you into His keeping."

She knew what she would see upon that stage! She only shuddered as she gathered up her trailing garments as she passed "something" that was covered with gaily-coloured plaids and was guarded by several grim-looking policemen.

"Good-bye, little one," said Christopher Ryall—he stood between two plain-clothes men and was handcuffed. "You need never act again. Go back to your teaching, and forget. Your contract is broken!"



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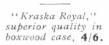
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### A Fallen Star.

BY EDGAR TURNER,
Author of "The Submarine Girl," "The Girl
with Feet of Clay," etc.

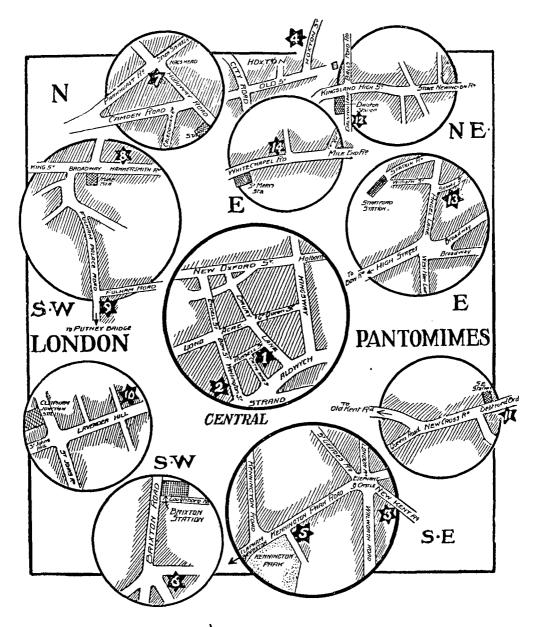
The workhouse is one of the best of the London workhouses, and the old lady had much to be thankful for. The days of toil were done, and to them had succeeded a time of rest. Without effort and with hands folded in her lap, she drifted slowly along a warmed and lighted way to the yet greater rest that was whispered to be beyond. Yes, the way was warmed and lighted, and it seemed that the traveller was content; and sometimes one saw her eyes uplifted and her lips moving as if in expression of gratitude. Sometimes so; but sometimes one saw the eyes in sorrowful downward gaze, and the lips in trembling movement that was not of words; and, seeing, knew the measure of the content.

The old lady was happy enough. The rooms were warm and the food was good; papers and books lay here and there for her and the others to read; at times she was taken to the country, and for a few hours saw the trees and the fields; once a fortnight she was free to pass through the iron gate, and to walk in the streets and parks or visit what friends might still be left to her. The old lady was happy enough; but God help all old ladies whose happiness is as was hers.

She had a past that to her was history. Long ago she was an opera star, and her name was one of the great names. Forty years since, and in years yet longer dead, she bowed to the applause of thousands of listening men and women, and was flushed and beautiful at the triumph and the praise. Evil days followed; perhaps brighter stars arose and paled her light; perhaps the stars were not more bright,

but the public were eager for change. Be the cause what it may, the evil days surely followed, and the woman commenced a bitter struggle for the right to live and to become old. For a while there were both friends and enemies, and the fight moved backward and forward. But there came a time when there were no helping hands and when the strikers were many. Then, with weeping and with beating of bosom, the struggler gave up the struggle and died into the workhouse, where now in memory she lived.

One day in late autumn the old lady sat with a newspaper in her hands. A special season of opera was being given at the Covent Garden Theatre, and the newspaper contained a list of the perweek. formances for that Bohemian Girl" was to be played on the Saturday. The old lady read through the other names-"Valkyrie," "Tannhauser," "Cavalleria Rusticana"—and they were strange to her and awoke no memory echo. But at "The Bohemian Girl" she leaned back, and in fancy saw a sea of faces watching her while she moved about the Covent Garden stage, and in fancy again sang and acted the part of the lost child grown to a beautiful and passionate woman. Forty years ago! There was a tear on her cheek at the thought of the then and the now. The women will remember, and fancy, and then weep at the fancy. Flowers had been thrown on to the stage for her at the end of each scene; and after the performance crowds had waited about the stage door, and had left only when she had passed through them to her carriage. The days of the present were dull and broken by no emotion; the flowers and the people and the carriage were but a vivid dream. Other tears fell. But presently the facts of the present began to mingle with the thoughts of the past, and the eyes of the old lady brightened.



- 1. Drury Lane
- 2. Lyceum
- 3. Elephant and Castle
- 4. Britannia, Hoxton
- 5. Kennington
- 6. Brixton
- 7. Marlborough, Holloway

- 8. King's, Hammersmith
- 9. Grand, Fulham
- 10. Shakespeare, Clapham
- 11. Broadway, New Cross
- 12. Dalston
- 13. Borough, Stratford
- 14. Pavilion, Mile End

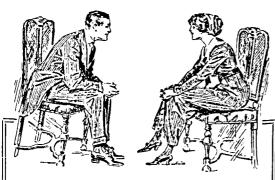
Saturday was the day on which for a few hours one was permitted to go into the world beyond the workhouse; and it was the day on which "The Bohemian Girl" was to be played. Might not she who had sung and acted now listen and watch? Might not she who had looked upon the thousands now look with the thousands? Quickly questioned the thought, and quickly the wish made answer. The old lady would see this performance of "The Bohemian Girl."

On the afternoon of the Saturday she passed through the workhouse gate and walked slowly along the street. A study in grey. The oval-fronted bonnet was grey; the hair beneath was grey; the thin cheeks were grey; the short skirt was grey; maybe the heart itself was grey. Slowly along the street, and along other streets, she went on her way to the home of one who had been worsted but not utterly beaten in the struggle, and who, of the many, was still her friend. The facts and the thoughts moved together and became plans. The workhouse regulations bade that at seven she should be within the walls again; but if of a little her friend would give a little, at seven she would be at the Covent Garden Theatre awaiting the opening of the doors. There was only the doubt of the gift, and that doubt was soon to go; for the poor are always good to the poor, and the friend was a friend of years. Late that afternoon two old ladies drank tea together, and talked of the days gone by; later yet, one, with a shilling in her hand, walked towards the theatre.

She was one of the first to arrive; and on the step before the gallery door she stood, a weak little woman between two tall, strong men. The minutes passed, and with good-humoured pushing and crowding, more people, many more, gathered about the door. A faintness was upon the old lady, and she was

breathing quickly, and silently praying that the way might soon be opened. A little longer, and there came help to her. One of the two men looked down and saw the worn face and the grev setting, and in pity whispered to his friend. At once there was an outward movement which gave her more space. So now, fairly comfortably, she waited until at the noise of sliding bolts the crowds pressed close. Again in pity the two men whispered, and then one took the arm beneath the grey shawl while the other pushed towards the ticket-box. It was a long, quick climb, and, despite the helping hand, the old lady was tired and breathless when they reached the gallery floor and, still quickly, moved between the seats. But presently, in the front row and very near the middle, they found room. With something of colour in her face, and with hands crossed and trembling, she sat and looked away to the empty orchestra and the painted curtains. Then she leaned back with closed eyes, and the fancies of the darkness came and went.

The hurrying to and fro among the seats behind was over, and the gallery was filled. The body of the house, and the windows of the boxes were no longer dull and empty, but were bright with the dresses of women; the musicians had filed into the orchestra, and the sounds of the tuning of strings were in the air. The moment of commencement was near. and the old lady moved a little and looked again towards the stage. Her hands were still trembling, and the colour had faded from her cheeks; the hurrying and crowding had been beyond her strength, and the faintness was slow to lift. There was the noise of clapping, and she saw the conductor step to his place, and bow, and turn to his book. Then high to where she sat came the soft beginning of the overture. Like a voice of old days was the music; and as she



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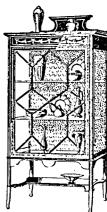


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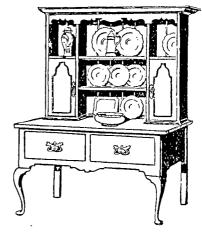
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heard she knew that again she was present at the playing of "The Bohemian Girl."

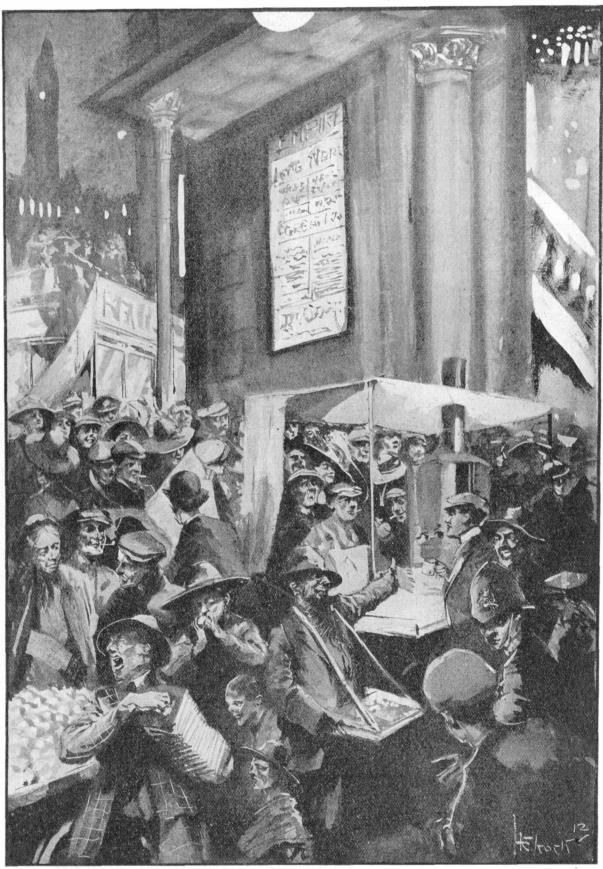
The women will remember, and fancy, and then weep at the fancy. There was the wet of tears on the thin face that looked from the gallery as the last bars of the overture sounded and the curtain rolled up and showed the chorusing gipsies. But as yet there seemed no cause for tears. She who was to sing her love for Thaddeus sat silent in the room to the right of the stage and awaited her call; the woman who watched was vet to see the rival Arline and to listen to the breathing of the passion she herself had breathed. There seemed no cause, save that the woman was a woman, and that there are tears of the eye as well as tears of the heart. One by one the minutes passed, and with them the movements of the play. The child was found and lost, the health of the Emperor was drunk, the villagers were grouped in half-circle around their Count, and the prayers were chanted. The curtain rose and fell, and the years, which in the mimic life are but as moments, went swiftly by. Now followed the time of the first love duet of Thaddeus and Arline, the time of holding of hands and touching of lips. Again the musicians played, and the music was familiar to all, and all leaned forward to hear. From her place above the old lady looked and saw the coming of the girl who was to sing the song she had sung, and saw the greeting and the long caress. The opera star that shone that night and the opera star that had shone in the same theatre forty years ago were face to face.

"I will tell my dream," said Arline, and the people hushed and listened as she began the telling, and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" rose in the air, rose full yet softly. Now well might the tears have passed quickly from heart

to eye—lifting of veil of years, mockery of fact and dream, changing pictures of palace and workhouse—well might the old lady have wept. But in her eyes was no sign of the playing on the strings of her heart. Quietly she sat, with face white and set and hands crossed in lap. The nervous tapping of finger upon finger alone spoke of the stress within. Perchance the call was beyond the answering of tears; perchance there is a bewilderment of sorrow that knows no expression.

"But I also dreamt, which pleased me most, that you loved me still the same," sang Arline, and took the hand of Thaddeus, and gazed into his face. New mockery of pictures passing through the mind; new playing upon heart-strings that were near to breaking. Now well might the old lady have wept, well might the relief have come. But, as before, she sat with dry eyes in white, set face, and with fingers gently beating together. There had been a love in her life—maybe a love that was strong in the days of triumph, weak and dying in the after days; maybe a love that was richer and had lasted into the time of struggling and made the struggling easier. Maybe the one, maybe the other, even so a love that had left the life, a love that was dead and cold. Very tired seemed the thin, white face, and very gentle was the movement of the hands.

Again there was the music, and the dream, and the happiness of the dream. "That you loved me, you loved me still the same," passionately sang Arline, and bowed to the applause that followed quickly. The dream was told. And it was now, while the dreamer bowed and waited for the quiet, that one in the gallery looked and saw a strange thing. The man who had before been pitiful now remembered his pity and turned towards the old lady by his side,



BETWEEN THE HOUSES.

and, turning, wondered at what he saw. Her eyes were bright, and her cheeks were faintly flushed, and her hands were held close to her bosom; and in a voice not louder than a whisper she was singing the song that had just been sung.

A strange thing, truly a strange thing; and the man wondered, and placed a hand on the woman's arm to stay her madness. The arm trembled at the touch, and then dropped loosely down; and suddenly the brightness left the eyes and they were dully staring; and the colour faded from the cheeks, and they were white with a growing whiteness. The madness was stayed. "The little woman has fainted," said the man to his friend; and as the applause was answered, and Arline began another telling of her dream, they bent to try to rouse the sleeping life. Once more the passionate ending, and once more the quick applause. But now the two men did not join in it. Whisperingly one spoke, and his words seemed weak and insufficient for the thing they told. "It is no faint: the woman is dead." The hand of his friend went near to the still heart. "My God! yes," he said; and then again, "My God! yes. We must carry her out." The other nodded and stood up. Together they raised the body from the seat and carried it towards the door, and it was light and easy to carry. As they came, the people made way for them, and whispered to each other how hot it was in the gallery and how little was the wonder that so old a woman had fainted; as they went, the people sat as before and forgot and ceased to whisper.

Arline lifted the flowers that had been thrown to her, and carried them from the stage, and for a moment held them to her face to cool the hot triumph. Outside the gallery door, awaiting the useless coming of a doctor, lay the old lady, her face cold and growing colder, her hands still and crossed lightly on her breast. Again the music sounded, and the playing of "The Bohemian Girl" went on.

The child artiste in pantomime or vaudeville has to be very good to secure success. Little Elsie Prince is very good indeed. She has a charming appearance; she has a very pleasant voice and has been taught how to use it: she dances skilfully, and she has a born instinct for the stage. The management of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, have secured her for the 1913-14 Pantomime at that theatre. She is to have a special scene, introducing her own act. Dublin audiences are proverbially exacting, but it may safely be anticipated that they will take Little Elsie Prince to their hearts.



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#### OUR COLOURED PLATES

#### DAISY DORMER.

One of the coloured plates presented with this number depicts dainty Miss Daisy Dormer, a vaudeville and pantomime favourite, with rare qualities of artistic and personal charm, always fittingly billed and truthfully described as "an artiste to her finger tips."

Futile would it be to attempt to paint the lily, or gild refined gold; in like measure, 'twere a work of supererogation to endeavour to describe in detail the manifold charms wherewith Miss Daisy Dormer 'witches her multitudinous admirers in the temples dedicated both to song and the revels of Thespis.

Grace personified is the distinguishing note of Miss Dormer's every performance. Daintily demure, tastefully arrayed, her bright eyes gleaming in a flower-like face, aglow with mirth and magnetism, she holds her auditors in the hollow of her tiny hand, and all hearts bow alike to the witchery of her tuneful voice and the magic of her twinkling feet.

Her individuality and charm are essentially her own. "None like herself can be her parallel." Youth perennial pervades her entire personality. When little more than a child she made her debût, coming to the top of Fame's ladder at a bound, and the years only lift her higher—never backward.

Miss Daisy Dormer has played the part of principal girl at first-class theatres in many of our most important cities, including Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, not forgetting Drury Lane, with unvarying success. This season she returns to the Grand Theatre, Leeds, to play "Goody Two-shoes," for Mr. John Hart, and she may confidently be relied upon to well uphold the reputation she has so worthily won—that of our most popular principal girl.

#### HARRY HOUDINI.

The other of the coloured plates depicts a vaudeville favourite. Harry Houdini is in many respects the most remarkable public entertainer of the day. He has created an entirely new act of enthralling interest, and has made it the talk of two continents. When he first appeared as an escape artiste, his business was practically confined to handcuffs (although he himself was never confined by them for long!), and some critics expressed the opinion that there was not enough variety in it to last.

But they did not know Houdini. He was not the man to be fettered by hand-cuffs, either literally or figuratively. He mastered all their secrets, and proved to the world that he had mastered them. Then he proceeded to fresh conquests. From what has not Houdini escaped? From what could he not escape? He himself has invented many contrivances to test his powers; other people have invented as many more! He has triumphed over them all.

Houdini has of late years specialised in his escape act, and many of his most ardent admirers in that do not know of his achievements in other directions. He is, for instance, a magician second to none in originality and skill. He was one of the founders of the Magicians' Club, and has been its President since it was formed. Again and again he has given before its members private magical performances which have absolutely astounded them, in spite of the fact that they themselves are all magicians.

Besides all this, Houdini excels as a platform speaker and as a writer. His "Robert Houdin Unmasked" is a book that will live in magical literature. There is nothing that Harry Houdini could not succeed in if he set himself to. Seldom does one see a face and head so eloquent of high intellect as his.















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#### ONE OF VAUDEVILLE'S GREAT MEN.

THE variety theatre of the present day owes very much to Oswald Stoll. During the last few years he has been "the man behind the gun" on many important occasions. Now he controls a whole park of artillery.

What countryman is Mr. Stoll? It is difficult to say. His parents were both Irish; he was born in Australia; from early infancy he has lived partly in England and partly in Wales. Let us call him a citizen of the world—the variety world.

The writer of these notes has always had a keen personal interest in the career of the subject of them. Both he and Mr. Stoll obtained their first experience in vaudeville matters at the Parthenon Music Hall, Liverpool. In those days, the house was owned and managed by Mr. Stoll's mother. It was a typical old-fashioned music hall, neither better nor worse than the rest of them.

But even in those days Mr. Stoll dreamed of stately "Palaces" and "Empires" that would afterwards be built, and of variety entertainments that would quite eclipse the old music hall ones. Very soon he began to realise these dreams. While still quite a young man, he became the leading variety theatre proprietor in Wales. Indeed, so far as that principality is concerned, it may almost be said that there were no variety theatres there, in the modern sense of the term, until he created them.

The rest of the career of Oswald Stoll is told in bricks and stone. In London, and in many other cities, are stately pleasure houses built under his auspices. The one of which he is proudest is, of course, the London Coliseum. Its early

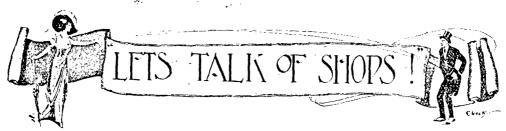


OSWALD STOLL.

days were not very successful; but he has steered it to a splendid prosperity.

Mr. Stoll is a man whose heart, as well as his head, is in his business. "One of the best and most inspiring scenes," he said recently, "I ever look upon is a packed house, with the audience holding its sides, here and there laughter loosening the tear-springs or showering applause upon a clever performance. It goes to strengthen my belief, long cherished, that the entertainer plays just as important a part in the world as the physician." A sound belief, that! But, Mr. Stoll, we decline to call you "Dr." Oswald Stoll. Presently, however, we hope to be among the first to greet you joyfully as "Sir" Oswald Stoll.





#### THE Toilet Preparation.

One would naturally take it for granted that, in selecting a toilet preparation suitable for the complexion and skin generally, the utmost care would be exercised to ensure that the preparation chosen combined the essential qualities purity and fragrance. Yet such is not always the case, and it sometimes happens that ladies will accept practically the first thing offered without a thought as to the disastrous effects that may follow the use of a powder that is composed of ingredients the purity of which are not above question. Personally we are in a position to recommend "Air Float" preparations, which are made entirely from the finest particles of crushed talc. So airy and light are these particles that they float in the air-hence the name "Air Float." They contain no animal or vegetable matter whatsoever—a common fault with toilet preparations, causing the skin pores to become "clogged up," and thus giving rise to blackheads, enlarged pores, and other unsightly skin blemishes: "Air Float" toilet preparations stand in a class by themselves, and as their action on the skin is highly beneficial, they are certain to give thorough, genuine satisfaction.

#### Books worth Reading.

Most lovers of fiction will agree that the name "Mills & Boon" on the titlepage of a book is in itself a sufficient guarantee that the book in question is well worth reading, even if the author is one whom the reader has never before had the good fortune to meet in print. The "Shilling" and "Sixpenny" series of novels, of which they make a special feature, have already reached a circulation running into many thousands, and the list of authors who have contributed to this series comprises what might almost be claimed to be a veritable directory of the most prominent and widely-read writers of present-day fiction.

#### The Printed Word, .

Within the last few years the standard of printing in this country has risen very considerably, and among the prominent firms to whom much of the credit for this advance is due, Messrs. Bemrose & Sons Ltd., of Midland Place, Derby; 4, Snow Hill, London, E.C.; and Post-Office House, Leeds, have a just claim to be considered right among the foremost. Their work, which ranges from printing a wedding invitation to turning out a weekly paper or a monthly magazine, is always noteworthy for clear, artistic type display, combined with general excellence in "make-up" and in turning out the completed job. They specialise in the printing of high-class work, such as elaborate brochures and booklets, and have special facilities for dealing with half-tone colour-printing. They are always pleased to forward specimens and prices to anyone really interested in high-grade work with a distinct personality behind it.

#### Puffs of Pleasure.

The discriminating cigarette smoker hardly needs to be introduced to "Marcovitch" cigarettes. In all probability he has already made their acquaintance;



but if not, it is safe to say that the first two or three "puffs" of a "Marcovitch" cigarette will make it clear to him that here, at last, is the cigarette he has been looking for—the cigarette without bitterness or bite, the cigarette that soothes and satisfies. To those who have not yet had the good fortune to encounter "Marcovitch" cigarettes we have only this advice to offer—Get a packet to-day—at once.

#### Perfect Pictures.

In the production of really satisfactory printed matter, the question of illustration is an all-important one. To-day is the age of pictures, as the thousands of picture palaces up and down the country and the remarkable success achieved by the daily picture paper fully testify. But no matter how brilliant may be an artist's original drawing, the reproduction is certain to be ineffective and faulty unless the engraving blocks used are produced with a sound practical knowledge of the purpose for which they are intended and the quality of paper on which it is proposed to carry out the printing. For careful attention to these and similar technical details, there is no firm with a higher reputation than that which the Direct Photo Engraving Co., Ltd., of 38, Farringdon Street, E.C., have earned for themselves. Their work is always of the highest possible classwork that does credit to the artist's original and at the same time enables the printer to turn out a thoroughly satisfactory job.

#### Music Notes.

Now that winter and the entertaining 'season is here—and, for most of us, every week has its round of concerts, private parties, etc.—the name of "Feldman," the well-known music publisher, is one

which we are quite accustomed to hear mentioned in association with songs that are creating a good deal of comment, and giving rise to a perfect chorus of unstinted praise and appreciation. Those on the look-out for a chance to add to their repertoire should send to Messrs. Feldman for a complete list of their numerous song successes, or ask their local music dealer to obtain same for them.

#### Sing YOUR Songs.

There are many entertainers who prefer to work their own material, but the difficulty of obtaining songs, sketches, etc., to "fit" them has not infrequently proved a stumbling-block in their way. In such cases we should certainly advise writing the Henson-Cayley Co., 23, Denmark Street, Charing Cross Road, and explaining exactly what they require, and we have no hesitation in prophesying that the outcome will prove highly satisfactory.

#### Be a Conjurer.

Of all possible forms of entertainment, whether in the drawing-room, or on a more elaborate scale in the Town Hall or on the music-hall stage, there is none more highly appreciated or more sought after than conjuring. Some folk have the impression that conjurers are born and not made, but while, of course, some people possess more natural antitude for the "mystic art" than do others, it is nevertheless a fact that in a very short time practically anyone can acquire sufficient knowledge to fix up quite an acceptable performance. Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., of 17 & 18, Henrietta Street, publish a most interesting and instructive series of books on the subject, written, for the most part, for "the starter," and showing him how in a few simple lessons he can become quite an adept at the art of mystification.

#### Telling Fortunes-Spontaneously.

Telling fortunes by cards has always been a popular form of amusement, and, whether taken seriously or otherwise, has invariably proved sufficiently interesting to justify its inclusion as an integral part of an evening's entertainment. The International Card Co. has published a special set of fortune-telling cards that enables fortunes to be forecasted without the need for beforehand study or memorising. The rules are included with each pack, which can be obtained by writing to 96 & 98, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

#### As an Illustration-

The Dean Engraving Co., of 66, Hatton Garden, E.C., specialise in half-tone and line blocks for printing of first-grade quality at exceptionally moderate prices. They are particularly attentive to "rush" work, and can deliver blocks completed within three hours if required. Having a great deal of experience in newspaper, magazine, and press work generally, they are specially competent to advise as to the class of block it would be best to use for any particular purpose, and are always willing to assist clients and intending clients in this direction.

#### Magician, Author-both.

When the subject of "Conjuring" crops up in a conversation, one almost instinctively thinks of the name of "Will Goldston"—probably the most prolific author on the subject in this or any other country. As a writer on "Conjuring," Mr. Goldston has earned a very big reputation for himself, because of the fact that every one of his books is a text-book, written clearly and concisely and in such a manner that it is the simplest matter in the world to follow out the instructions given to their successful conclusion. Most of Mr. Goldston's works

are obtainable from A. W. Gamage, Ltd., of Holborn, to whose announcement on another page we particularly invite attention.

#### Songs by the Thousand-for the Million.

When you take the children to the pantomime this Christmas, it's just about nine chances out of ten that if you desire to purchase a particularly catchy and clever song you hear sung, you will find that the publishers are the Star Music Publishing Co., Ltd., of 51, High Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. The Star Co. appear to be possessed of an almost infallible judgment in selecting numbers for publication that are destined to set the whole nation whistling and keep the barrel organs busy. Theatrical proprietors and pantomime producers have not been slow to grasp this, and it is a significant fact that on the eve of a new production, those interested in and responsible for its success literally besiege the Star Co.'s premises to see what they have to offer. In return for a post-card the Star Co. will be pleased to forward a complete list of their latest sensational song successes to any address in the United Kingdom.

#### The Encyclopædia Theatrical.

It is probable that the prices asked in various parts of the country for theatrical requisites vary more than those asked for any other article in general demand. In Gamage's Theatrical Department, however, the rule "lowest possible price" holds good as in all other departments. The special catalogue they issue is without doubt the most complete and comprehensive of its kind ever published, and those interested in the subject, whether as amateurs or professionally, should certainly write for a copy. No matter in what part of the country they may be resident, they will find Gamage's

Theatrical Catalogue an ever-handy work of reference, and, as all goods can be forwarded by post at the prices quoted, they are on an equal footing with those who are able to call at Holborn personally for anything they may require.

#### Nearly Quarter of a Century.

The Commercial Process Co., Ltd., of 8, Wine Office Court, have been in business for over twenty years, and during that period—bordering on a quarter of a century—they have built up a business and reputation as makers of high-class printing blocks that is second to none in the trade. Among professionals—both theatrical and variety artistes—they are particularly well known for excellence of work, promptitude in delivery, and rock-bottom prices.

#### Simple—yet Puzzling.

When dinner is all but over, and host and guests, overflowing with conviviality and good-fellowship, look around for something to interest or amuse them, the man who can immediately attract their attention and arouse their curiosity with a puzzle or trick accomplished with some common object, such as a knife or a box of matches, at once gains the gratitude of all present. In addition to works of a more ambitious nature, A. W. Gamage. Ltd., have a very wide selection of books dealing with such simple yet puzzling feats. Full particulars of these books will be found included in Gamage's Special Magical Catalogue, which can be had post free on application to Gamage's, Holborn, London, E.C.

#### The Cigarette for Me-and You.

Have you tried "Vasso"—the new Turkish cigarette that is so rapidly becoming popular among the members of the West End clubs? The quality is "West End," but the price is wonderfully moderate, as a reference to Messrs. Litsica, Marx & Co.'s advertisement on another page will show. The aroma of a "Vasso" Turkish cigarette is exquisite, and tempting enough to almost induce the non-smoker to become a worshipper at the shrine of "My Lady Nicotine." They are of full, abundant flavour, but soft and smooth on the throat, without a trace of "harshness" or "bite,"

#### "I didn't want to do it.''

The outstanding pantomime song hit this year is undoubtedly "You Made Me Love You," published by Francis, Day & Hunter, Charing Cross Road. Once you hear the chorus, you simply can't keep your lips still-they must either be trying to hum or whistle it. Whether or not you really want to have a "go" at it doesn't matter in the very slightest—it is the most infectious thing that has happened for years, perhaps ever. The pantomimes are all going to have it—when the leading ladies have agreed among themselves who is to have the privilege in each production, of course, for they ALL want it. The Gallery Boys, the Pittites, the whole theatreful are going to whistle, to hum, and, voice permitting, to sing it. Then there's the gramophone and the barrel organ-but, enough. Take warning, all ye wise ones, seek protection—sing it yourself FIRST, or, if your friends petition otherwise, whistle it.

#### Hints on Stage Production and Effects.

The most practical and comprehensive book we have ever seen on the subject of stage-craft is "Secrets of Scene Painting and Stage Effects," by Van Dyke Browne, published by Messrs. Routledge. The whole subject is treated thoroughly and exhaustively, and the letterpress, clear and explanatory as it is, is aided by a great number of very workmanlike sketches and plans. A most interesting portion of the book deals with stage effects, and explains how these are "worked." To amateur producers and to picture palace proprietors we can advise the purchase of "Scene Painting" at the earliest possible moment. It will save them endless worry and expense, and by using the essentially practical knowledge it contains, they will add immeasurably to the success of every production they take in hand. The book is published at 2s. 6d. net.

### Where Magicians Foregather.

Magicians now have, and have had for the past twelve months, a club of their very own. The club premises are situated at 2, Gray's Inn Road, close to Holborn, and consist of a suite of rooms handsomely and tastefully furnished. There is a private room for those members who desire to commune with one another without third-party intervention, reading and writing rooms, and a library that is probably unique, forming, as it does, one of the most complete collections of books on magical topics to be found anywhere in this country. Here it is that all interested in magic meet and discourse on the subject that lies so near to their hearts. The club subscription is  $f \mathbf{I}$  is. per annum for London members, and ros. 6d. for country members. Application for membership should be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary. Such world-famous magicians as Houdini, Chung Ling Soo, Servais Le Roy, David Devant, Horace Goldin, Chris Van-Bern, and Oswald Williams are members and office-bearers.

#### "Be Fair to Your Face."

"Be fair to your face, and your face will be fair to others," is an axiom that

ladies would be well advised to take to heart—especially professional ladies, who. owing to the necessity of using grease paint, run great danger of permanently ruining their complexions. Regent Carnation Skin Food can be highly recommended as a skin food, and it is particularly valuable for use after grease paint has been removed. It soothes and nourishes the skin, prevents roughness in cold weather, and creates the natural velvetty complexion so much admired and envied. Regent Carnation Skin Food is made by the Regent Perfumery Co.

#### The Home Beautiful.

Furniture is a very heavy item in the average household budget, and it very often happens that because of the inconvenience of paying cash, many people have to remain content without many articles of furniture which they quite realise would add immeasurably to the appearance and comfort of their home. People placed in this position should most certainly write to The Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., at 15 to 23, Southampton Row, W.C., and explain their difficulty in full. This company have built up an enormous business because of the all-round excellence of their goods and the equitable easy payments that can be arranged. Furniture to the value of £50 can be paid for at the rate of £1 8s. per month, and the many glowing testimonials which the company have received from thoroughly satisfied customers resident in every part of the country make it evident that the company's first and only aim is to satisfy their customers in every particular. They publish a beautiful book on furniture, containing over 1,000 photographs, which they will be pleased to forward to any address in the country on receipt of a post-card.

#### "The Pen that Talks."

"The pen is mightier than the sword," and penmanship is a certain index to thoroughly character. if only one appreciates and understands the laws underlying handwriting. Mr. Charles Platt, of 60, Stapleton Road, London, S.W., has made a lifelong study of these principles. As a result, his work as a delineator of character by handwriting has been consistently successful. Those who are sceptical on the subject should certainly give Mr. Platt an opportunity to show how near he can arrive to actual truth, with nothing to guide but a specimen of their own handwriting. If the result does not cure them of their scepticism for all time, we shall be very, very much surprised.

### High-grade Illustration Work.

There is probably no better known man in Fleet Street—the hub of the newspaper world—than Carl Henschel, and no better known firm in the engraving world than that which bears his name. Carl Henschel might almost claim to be the pioneer of the half-tone printing block in this country, and certain it is no firm in the trade turns out better work or work at more reasonable charges. They are responsible for a very large percentage of the printing blocks used in the high-class weeklies and monthlies, periodicals which insist on having the very best quality it is possible to obtain. Messrs. Henschel's premises are situated in Fleet Street, and they are particularly prompt in turning out work that is wanted against time.

### "How to Make Up."

Many an otherwise successful amateur theatrical performance has been marred by the "sickly" or "patchy" appearance of the performers, due to an insufficient knowledge of the art of "making up." The instructive little book on the subject published by The Star Co., at 51, High Street, New Oxford Street, W.C., will be found particularly helpful on such occasions, and give the amateur all the "tips" and "pointers" necessary to enable him or her to "make up" so as to present the desired appearance when viewed from the other side of the footlights. "Secrets of Making Up" is by J. Ainsley Brough, and can be obtained from the publishers at the above address for 1s., or by post 1s. 2d.

### Get "Patterlogues."

"Patterlogues" is the smartest, the wittiest, the all-round funniest little book we have read for many a long day. There is no padding in "Patterlogues"—it is concise, "bovrilised" humour from the opening paragraph to the hilarious end. As a stand-by for entertainers it is probably the most valuable "gag book" that has ever been published, and as a companion for a quiet hour, or to accompany you on a railway journey, it is about the best shillingsworth on the bookstalls to-day. The author of "Patterlogues" is Mr. George Arthurs, a gentleman who has been, and is, responsible for a great deal of the laughter-creating material with which comedians nightly delight audiences in the variety houses up and down the country.

### Why not write a Popular Song?

There must be hundreds of people who possess the ideas and sufficient ability to write the words of a popular song, similar to those sung in the variety theatres, if only they would set their minds to the task. Of course, the melody is almost more important than the words,

but the would-be lyric writer need not worry over that side of the question. Immediately he has licked the words into shape, he should get in touch with Maurice Scott, at 51, High Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C., who will fix him up with a catchy, ear-haunting melody right away. Mr. Scott is one of the most brilliant composers of bright, tuneful music in this country, and among the many song successes standing to his credit may be mentioned such world-famous melodies as "Oh, Bediah" and "Rings on my Fingers."

### "A Concert Hall on your Hearth Rug"

It's not so many years since the talking machine was a luxurious novelty within the reach of the privileged few only, but so quickly do things move nowadays, that to-day a mechanical entertainment provider has become a home necessity, and that such is the case is hardly to be wondered at when one considers the wonderful fireside entertainment that can be provided at any moment by the fortunate possessors of a really satisfactory talking machine, such as the Columbia Graph-o-phone. Dulness and boredom fly out of the window when the Columbia Graph-o-phone comes in at the door. Here you have the means to a first-class all-star concert—a high-grade variety entertainment always to hand, ready waiting to be "staged" the very moment you feel the need for amusement and entertainment.

#### -- "And the Ideal Programme."

We often read in the Press of all-star variety programmes presented at some of the big West End music halls from time to time, and those who are unable, owing to distance or from some other cause, to participate in these record entertainments, thust often feel a certain amount of

annoyance that they are debarred from so doing. But with a Columbia Graph-ophone in their possession, and a selection of Columbia Rena Records, there is no reason why they should not have exactly the same entertainment in comfort, at their own fireside, without having to go out-of-doors and brave the wind and rain. They can have selections from all the most world-famous operas, the works of the master composers, or the lighter ditties of the music hall sung for them by such popular artistes as Billy Williams, Jack Lorimer, Mark Sheridan, etc.

#### Care of the Nails.

Care of the nails is a most important item in the toilet, and those who are distressed at the dull, lack-lustre appearance of their finger nails will be glad to make the acquaintance of "Kraska," the new preparation which creates a beautiful gloss in a few minutes. "Kraska." is easily applied, and the results of its use are as immediate as they are highly satisfactory. "Kraska" can be obtained from most Chemists, or direct from A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, E.C.

### Puzzles that DO Puzzle.

Is it possible that there can be anything more tantalisingly fascinating than these clever little puzzles, apparently so simple and yet requiring so much patience and ingenuity to accomplish? Two of the very latest are called "Peek-a-boo" and "See-saw," and they are every bit as ingenious and fascinating as their predecessors. Both of these puzzles can be obtained from almost any store or warehouse, or direct from the manufacturer: R. Journet, 489, Harrow Road, London, W.

#### The Pro.'s Paper.

It is probable that no one connected with the stage—no matter how remote

#### LET'S TALK OF SHOPS!

or indirect the connection may be—fails to see "The Era" every week. It is the organ of the profession, and faithfully chronicles, week by week, every movement of interest to the huge army of men and women who are employed in or around the thousands of theatres, music and concert halls that are scattered throughout the country. Within the last few months the price of "The Era" has been reduced from sixpence to a penny, and this revolutionary change has naturally resulted in an enormous increase in the weekly circulation. The size of the paper has not been reduced in any way-indeed, it is probable that under the new order of things "The Era" is bigger, better, and brighter than it has ever been in all the years of its existence.

### The "Marcel" Curl.

The day of the old-fashioned curling tongs is over, and there are few ladies who will regret the fact. The "Athene" hair waver, which requires no heating and no particular skill to manipulate, has taken its place. Most ladies will appreciate the many advantages of this clever little device. In a few minutes, and in the privacy of one's own home, the beautiful "Marcel" waves can be created, and the hair converted into a beautiful billowy coiffure. As no heat is required, the growth or natural silkiness of the hair is in no way interfered with, as was the case with the out-of-date troublesome hair curler. Professional ladies, in particular. will find the "Athene" hair waver a desirable acquisition to their dressing table. It can be used with highly successful results without the assistance of a maid, and will save them endless trouble and worry when alone in their dressing rooms, preparing to make their appearance on the stage. The "Athene" can be obtained of A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Drug Department, Holborn.

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### The Honoured Guest.



BY HENRY BYATT.

(Permission to perform this sketch must be obtained from Will Goldston in writing.)

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR PHILIP MARCHANT, P.R.A.
ANTOINE LODI (a sculptor).
ROBIN McDUFF, R.A. (a landscape painter).
LEWIS LEWIS (an impressionist painter).
ROSLYN PARATT (an author and art-critic).
HAYDN CARADOC (a composer).
CLIVE RAYNE (a sculptor).
A Statue of the Madonna.

#### SCENE I.

The dining-room of Sir Philip Marchant's house in Melbury Road. All the characters are discovered seated round the dining-table, with the exception of Clive Rayne. In a prominent position at the table is a vacant chair. The dinner is at the last stage. At the rise of the curtain a letter is handed to Sir Philip. Roslyn is talking loudly, and a roar of laughter follows his voice.

Sir Ph. Silence, you men! Silence! Roslyn, keep that tongue of yours quiet for one second.

Roslyn. Philip, old friend, I'm as mum as a periwinkle on a hatpin.

Sir Ph. Then, my dear friend, I swear you are about as uncomfortable. Impalement would be preferable to enforced silence to you.

Roslyn. For the Lord's sake let me finish this excellent dinner before you impale me.

Lodi. And for the love of the high gods do not silence the merry tongue of Mons. Roslyn Paratt without good reason.

Caradoc. 'Tis but a parrot tongue!

Roslyn. Bah! thou scraper of dried entrails—thou creator of mere noises! No one but a banal fiddler would have said that! Every possible pun was made upon my name before I left Eton.

McDuff. Chair! Chair! Chair! Silence, man alive! Do you no see that the president has a wurrd to say to ye?

Sir Ph. Thank you, McDuff. This is not an occasion for speeches, unless indeed our truant who should have been occupying the chair yonder makes good and gives us one. (Changes his tone.) Brothers, this message is serious. We agreed to dine here to-night to do honour to our friend—our brother, Clive Rayne—(Cheers)—that incomparable artist in stone and bronze, Clive Rayne. But our comedy is shorn of its principal comedian; our feast of its object! 'Tis Hamlet bereft of the Prince of Denmark; Cassius having no Brutus to chide him!

Omnes. Why? Why? WHY?

Sir Ph. Why! There is no reason! I hold in my hand a message just received from Clive Rayne, and upon my soul, friends, I can't understand it! (Pause.) Frankly, I don't know how to read the message! It seems so lame—so inexplicable!

Roslyn (rising and moving round as he speaks). I'm not lame—I'm not inexplicable, and I'm damned if I'm dumb either! What's wrong with old Clive Rayne, that's what I want to know?

Sir Ph. Here, read it, if you will—something puzzling over this. What can induce Rayne to serve us this trick?

Roslyn (having snatched the paper, reads). "Tell my brothers that I—" (laughs loudly)—Oh! ho! ho! This is too thin for me! I feel inclined to test the veracity of Master Clive Rayne.

Sir Ph. Clive never told a lie in his life.

Roslyn. Gentlemen, when is a lie not a lie? You give it up. When it's about a woman. This is about a woman. I will not read you our beloved Clive's message, as the president was about to do, because I am a man of the world

and not a mug. I will read between the lines thus (pretends to read). "My dear brothers—Lodi, McDuff, Caradoc, Lewis, and dear old Philip—I know that you have planned to give me a banquet out of brotherly love and honest admiration, because I have wrought a statue which you have been told surpasses anything I have done before—"

Lodi. Or any other individual in this Devil-ruled world!

Roslyn (breaks off from his pretended reading). It is a great pity, to my way of thinking, that the creation of human beings was not left to artists like Lodi and Clive Rayne. Lord, what men they would have made! Every man-jack of us would have had a Helen of Troy to greet him to-night with "How did you enjoy your dinner, darling," instead of-well-instead of what we've got! Well, my dear friends, this delectable message continues: "I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have had an unexpected visit from the most delightful woman in the world, and I must ask you to excuse me; if I can drag myself away from my charmer, I will come in with the dessert. (A chorus of laughter, half angry.)

Lewis. I won't believe that. I know Rayne better than you, Roslyn, or any of you here, and I vouch for his truth! Rayne would never leave his friends for any woman.

Sir Ph. This is beyond a joke. I will give you the message as it was received. I wish I could feel as happy over it as our friend Roslyn does.

Roslyn. Ho! ho! I know my Clive! Did I ever tell you the story of Clive and La Belle Marguerite at Ostend? It's fifteen years ago, when the Dreyfus case was on, and Clive was in pawn for three days—in pawn for a few hundred francs with an emerald intaglio on his little finger that was of the pawnable value of a dozen libidinous sculptors.

Sir Ph. Hush! hush!

*Omnes.* The story, the story. Go on, Roslyn.

Sir Ph. Roslyn, you're half drunk.

Roslyn. Well, what do you expect? If Clive doesn't turn up soon, I'm going to fetch him.

Lewis. Meanwhile, may we not have the real message—those of us who are not half drunk?

Roslyn. Oh, don't mind me! I've translated it for you, but you can hear it in the vernacular if you like.

Sir Ph. My dear Lewis, I am grateful to you. I do wish to acquaint you all with what Clive Rayne really says. (Reads.) "Tell my brothers that I am moored by invisible chains to my studio. Three times I have essayed to get into my overcoat and depart—the car is waiting at the door—but some unknown force compels me to remain where I am. It is not a case of Pygmalion enamoured of his Galatea, but I feel a conviction that my presence here is, or will be, imperative! Liar, you will say; but I tell you, Philip, that I am sure something is going to happen, and it is necessary that I must disappoint you, my dear friends. Don't laught at me! Don't doubt me! I shall remain here until this spell is removed and I can leave this place and my work, the work into which I have put my soul, as you know, with a light heart."

(A roll of thunder.)

Lewis. Hark! there's a storm coming up.

Roslyn. That's it. Clive has been working too hard; he's neurotic, and the electricity is affecting him.

Sir Ph. That is the message. I leave you to judge between Clive Rayne and Roslyn Paratt.

Roslyn. And Roslyn Paratt avers that no man of flesh and blood, and bone and sinew, all hot and in going order, would sit at home with a cold statue while his friends were waiting to feast him. No, sir!

Caradoc. But he might with the statue's model.

Roslyn. Bravo! Bully for you, my worthy Orpheus! You have guessed it at once! Venus has been at work. The statue of which Clive Rayne has become so enslaved and enamoured is one of flesh and blood.

(The dinner is proceeding.)

Sir Ph. Perhaps you're right. I wish I could think so; to me his absence seems uncanny. I fear a nervous breakdown for Clive.

(Thunder nearer. The principal door of the chamber swings back with a crash.)

Lodi. And what a marvellous statue is that work of my friend, Mr. Clive Rayne.

Lewis. You are the only one of us who has been privileged to see the work since its completion.

Lodi. Yes, I and Mons. the President. The secret has been well kept.

Caradoc. Secret!

Roslyn. Yes, there is a secret—and from me. Think of it!

Sir Ph. By reason of you. You are publicity.

Roslyn. I am flattered. It is my métier.

Lodi. As we are all to see this statue to-night, there is no reason to keep the secret longer. It is like life, and it is—what do you say—chrisele-phantine?

Sir Ph. No, no! It is not. Gold and bronze have been used, but there is no ivory.

Lodi. I will not contend with you, president. You know I did not examine this great work of art. I saw and was conquered. Whether the statue is treated after the manner of the ancients, or whether coloured marbles have been

employed to give the effect of a living, breathing woman—

(A tremendous crash of thunder interrupts.)

Omnes. Great Scot! Good Lord!! What do you think of that?

Sir Ph. Well, I don't think I ever heard a more fearful crash of thunder. I thought the house was coming down.

Caradoc. What is the subject? Surely it isn't our old friend Galatea? A tinted Galatea would be very good goods!

Sir Ph. (sharply). No, it is nothing of that sort; but as you will all see it in a very little while, why discuss it further, and really I am getting anxious about Clive. Roslyn, you and I don't often agree, but I'm inclined to think that one of us ought to go to his studio and find out what is wrong with him.

(Thunder as deafening as can possibly be contrived—all lights blacked out—green limes upon Sir Philip and the vacant chair, which is no longer vacant, but seated thereon is the apparition of Clive Rayne in his sculptor's smock, and there is a stain of blood upon his forehead.)

Sir Ph. Clive! Clive! My God! You fellows, don't you see him? Clive! Clive! Speak to me! What are you doing here? Why don't you speak to me? What has happened, Clive? That blood upon your face—are you dead—dead? Clive, I can't bear it! Clive, for God's sake, tell me how you came here. Silent—can't you speak? Speak, or I shall go mad! Lights! Lights! Lights! (Falls on knees, and a burst of hysterical sobbing. Lights up. The seventh chair is empty, and all the men are round Sir Philip, speaking soothing words.)

- "What is the matter?"
- "Pull yourself together, old man."
- "Clive's trick has got on his nerves; they're like brothers."
  - "Pull yourself together, Sir Philip."

"Here, drink this." (He is assisted to a seat, the seventh chair being moved towards him.)

Sir Ph. No, no! Not that! Didn't you see him—him—him?

Roslyn. Who?

Sir Ph. Why, Clive!

Roslyn (soothing him). No, we saw all there was to be seen.

Sir Ph. Then you didn't see him sitting on that chair?

Roslyn. No; there was nothing to see. Sir Ph. Nothing to see. Then you—saw—nothing?

Roslyn. Nothing!

Sir Ph. (to Caradoc). And you?

Caradoc. Nothing.

Sir Ph. (to Lewis). No one?

Lewis (shaking head, pitying him). No one, because no one was there; this chair here stood empty all the evening.

Sir Ph. Then I've imagined it—dreamt it!

Several. Yes, yes!

Roslyn (to servant). Assist Sir Philip to his room.

Sir Ph. Of course! Take me to my room, give me bromide of potassium, and tell me I saw nothing because there was nothing to see—while my friend is calling to me! Stand away—let me go! I am sane and well—sane and well! Let me go! I have seen the dead! (They seek to hold him.) Let me go, I say!

Lewis. Where are you going?

Caradoc. Where?

Roslyn. Where?

Sir Ph. I go where? Why, to bury my beloved dead! (Black out.)

#### SCENE II.

Sculptor's Studio. There is a wide gap in the root, and the floor of the Studio is strewn with the debris. Centre is the seated statue of a Madonna, which is tinted just as life. At first these things are seen dimly by the light which streams through the broken window and roof. Hammer and chisel heard as the door is forced. Enter OMNES, SIR PHILIP at their head.

Sir Ph. (pointing to roof). You see— (to Roslyn, who bows his head. Sir Philip turns, switch lights up. All crowd round the statue in wonder and admiration.)

Sir Ph. The statue is unharmed.

(At the foot of the statue a screen has fallen, upon which there is some débris.)

Sir Ph. Help me to lift this!

Caradoc and Lewis. No, no; let us do it.

(SIR PHILIP gives way and stands watching. As they move the screen the body of CLIVE RAYNE is discovered.)

Sir Ph. Clive!

Roslyn. Dead!

(All stand round the body, SIR PHILIP knceling beside it.)

Sir Ph. Yes—but the dead has spoken. He called me here—now he has told me what to do. In half an hour or less this place will collapse; the Madonna must be moved, or the roof will fall upon it. Come, will you help me to move this statue? We are all masters here, and remember this is his Masterpiece—his life's work! There is no time to send for labourers. Rayne called me. I call to you. Will you help me to move this statue from under the falling roof?

Omnes. Ay! Yes! All of us! Quick! To a man! Get to work!

Sir Ph. Ay, get to work!

(OMNES strip off their coats as the curtain falls.)













### WINIFRED WARD

AN IDEAL PRINCIPAL BOY



HERE is depicted a pantomime favourite with rare qualities of artistic and personal charm. Some people say that the ideal is unattainable; but, so far as principal boys are concerned, it has been attained in Winifred Ward.

What are the gifts that an ideal principal boy should possess? Beauty; grace; a voice that pleases both in speaking and singing; a sense of dramatic effect; an understanding of, and a full sympathy with, honest human sentiment; an imagination that can appreciate and interpret the most fanciful of fairy-tales; the distinction of individuality. Winifred Ward possesses all these gifts in no common degree.

Principal boys are notoriously of a roving disposition. That is to say, they flit from theatre to theatre instead of remaining faithful to one. This is perhaps just as well. It means variety for them, and it means variety for their audiences. On the other hand, it, of course, often means disappointment at not seeing again last year's pantomime favourite. But the loss of one audience is the gain of another.

Winifred Ward is one of those who flit from theatre to theatre. This year she is to be at the Borough, Stratford: last year she was at the Prince's, Bristol. Whatever town she goes to, whatever pantomime she plays in, two things are certain. The first is, that the town will have a most charming visitor; the second is, that the pantomime will be supremely successful so far as its principal boy is concerned. Congratulations to Stratford! Its people are sure of a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in one respect. Winifred Ward will be entertaining them with her rich store of gifts. Lucky people!







### ARIETY THEATRES LONDON AND SUBURBS

DES SUBURBS are Pavilion, the Tivoli, the Oxford, and

Where do the London variety theatres end and the suburban ones begin? It is difficult to say. The old four-mile radius from Charing Cross will not do. Suppose we start from one of the indisputably London variety theatres—say the Hippodrome. Will a radius of half-a-mile do? Within it we find the Coliseum, the Palace, the Empire, the Alhambra,

the Pavilion, the Tivoli, the Oxford, and the New Middlesex. But immediately outside it are three others of the indisputably London variety theatres—the Palladium, the Holborn, and the London Opera House. Will a mile radius do? Unfortunately, that just excludes the Victoria, the Metropolitan, and the Euston. Extend it outside them, and we may



CLARA BECK.



CLAIRE ROMAINE.





fairly say that we have the line of division between the London and the suburban variety theatres.

Some of the houses we have just named are survivors from the old music-hall days. Others are the creations of one or other of the modern variety syndicates. But all are fine houses, admirably conducted, and deservedly popular. Is there much competition between them? Of course there is, and a good thing too. This competition keeps them on a high level, and makes for constant change



MILLIE PAYNE.

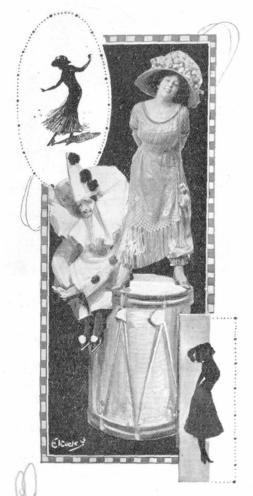
and improvement in programmes. It causes, however, a certain amount of imitation—as witness the recent *revue* and *escalade* crazes. But pardon! Our pen is running away with us. There were no imitators in those matters. All concerned—all—were pioneers!

It is interesting to note that the Palace and the London Opera House have succeeded with variety after failing with grand opera. Shall we some day see the Covent Garden Theatre converted into a temple of vaudeville? Stranger things have happened. It is also interesting to note that in the race for popular favour the London variety theatres are beating the London "play" theatres. The former are all making money; some of the latter are dropping it fast.

And now a few words as to the suburban variety theatre. With some exceptions, such as the Granville at Walham Green, they are all of recent origin. In every populous suburb—north, south, east, and west—they flourish. Nearly all have been built and are owned by the different

syndicates. Oswald Stoll, the late Sir Edward Moss, Walter Gibbons, and Charles Gulliver, are among the chief names associated with this wonderful growth of pleasure houses. All credit to them! For the suburban variety theatres are doing admirable work. Every week they entertain many thousands of people. Gloomy faces are made cheerful by them, and heavy hearts are lightened. It is no longer "all work and no play" in the suburbs.

How have all these new houses in the



ROSIE LLOYD.



NELLIE WIGLEY.





suburbs affected the variety theatres in the West End? Hardly at all. It almost seems as if each new house creates its own public. At any rate, to a large extent it does. Many people who have consistently ignored variety entertainment when it entailed a long journey there and back, gladly patronise it when it is brought almost to their very doors.

Has every suburb got its variety theatre? Are there any left to be conquered by the speculative syndicate?



OLGA, ELGAR, & ELI HUDSON.

Not many. For is it not written that Oswald Stoll has triumphed, or is about to triumph, at Fulham, and that Mrs. Walter Gibbons is gilding Golder's Green and gladdening the Garden Suburb?

The fun will begin when, as some authorities prophesy, the bulk of the suburban people either move back into London or else right out into the country. Will they take their variety theatres with them? Or will they leave them to perish of lack of dividends?





By "the provinces" we mean, for the purposes of this article, the whole of the British Isles, except London and its suburbs. At the same time, we apologise to Edinburgh, Dublin, and any other city that regards itself as metropolitan and not provincial!

In the matter of the modern variety theatre it must be admitted that the provinces have given the lead to London, and not London to the provinces. The principal syndicates all commenced operations in the provinces, and only advanced on London when they had thoroughly tested their methods. For instance, the Moss Tour and the Stoll Tour began in Scotland and Wales respectively. Now the headquarters of



JEN LATONA.



MOLLIE MCCARTHY.



MAY MOORE-DUPREZ.

both are in London; but the methods of business are on the same sound lines, both commercially and artistically, as in the old days.

The variety theatres in the provinces play a more important part than those in London. Indeed, it is not too much to say that in many towns the social life is largely centred in them. Often the variety theatre is by far the finest building in the neighbourhood. The residents are proud of it, even when, as is frequently



DOROTHY WARD.

the case, it makes their town hall look small and shabby by comparison. Then, too, it is sometimes the only high-class place of amusement, and therefore the only one which the personages of the town—and their wives and children—visit. In London, the manager of a variety theatre is unknown personally to the vast variety of his patrons. Not so in the provinces. There the manager is acquainted with everybody, and makes himself pleasant to everybody. One result

of this is that in many cases the success of a variety theatre is due almost as much to the popularity of its manager as to the quality of the artistes engaged.

Provincial audiences differ enormously in their requirements in the way of variety entertainment. An artiste may be an immense success in one town and an utter failure in another. Similarly, some towns like two or three sketches in every bill, and others object to even one, unless

it is something exceptionally good. It is in these respects that the big syndicates score. Long experience has enabled them to judge to a nicety the taste of every audience included in their tours. The right artistes, and the right items of variety, are sent to each town.

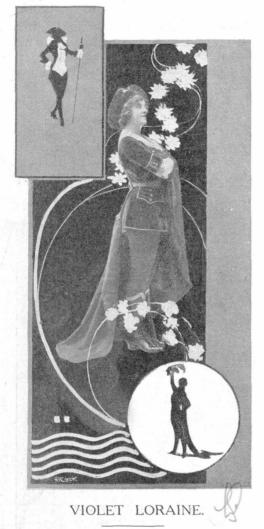
A variety artiste working in the provinces in the old days had, unless he were a star, a decidedly rough time. Bookings were not continuous, and long



DAISY STATTON.



DAISY WOOD.



journeys were frequent. Nowadays, thanks to the organised tours, a capable artiste, even if not a star, can be sure of constant engagements and of journeys managed in easy stages. Salaries, too, are larger; and there are never any awkward incidents on "Treasury Day." Veterans in the profession know how many such incidents there were in the old days, and how very awkward they were sometimes!

There is a good deal in this article about the syndicates. But this could hardly be avoided. The variety theatres



CLARICE MAYNE.

in the provinces are what they are because of the syndicates. Some people say that business and art never work well together. Nonsense! The history of vaudeville in the provinces during the last few years proves the contrary. Business men have helped artistes to perform under better conditions, to improve their work, and to obtain an adequate financial return for it. Incidentally, these business men have made a good deal of money for themselves. Why not? Here's luck to them and to the artistes who work with them!

### PANTOMIME.

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer." And the best of the cheer is pantomime! Many thousands of children are now remembering happily their visits to last year's pantomimes, and anticipating as happily their visits to this year's ones. And as many more thousands of "grownups," are cherishing similar remembrances and anticipations. For pantomime opens the gates of fairy-land for us mortals. We forget this dull, matter-of-fact world,

and for a few hours enjoy life in one that is all gaiety and fancy.

Originally, pantomime was a dumb show, the performer playing many parts and expressing himself by gesture only. When and where was dialogue first introduced? The exact date and place are on record. On the 12th August, 1814, there was produced at the old Haymarket Theatre, London, a pantomime entitled "Dr. Hocus-Pocus, or Harlequin Washed White," The author was not named on



BEATRICE ALLEN.



LILY MORRIS.





FLORRIE FORDE.



the bills, but was generally understood to be the well-known playwright Colman. This was the first pantomime with dialogue. The novelty attracted much attention, and was favourably commented on by the press of the day, and greatly appreciated by the Haymarket audiences.

A few years after, this pantomime assumed a common form in London and throughout the country. There were



VICTORIA MONKS.



always two parts. The first was a burlesque, more or less restrained, of some popular fairy-tale. The second was the harlequinade, made up of the comic acting of the clown and the pantaloon and the dancing of the columbine and the harlequin. Between the two parts was the transformation scene. Nowadays, we usually get the fairy-tale only. But some managements still maintain the old

traditions. Would that more did! For the gorgeous transformation scene and the merry harlequinade are among memory's delights.

But the spirit of pantomime remains the same. And the pantomime audience of to-day enjoys itself in just the same way as the one of fifty years ago did. In proof of this, read the following paragraph. It is taken from an article entitled "Boxing Night at Drury Lane," which was published just fifty years ago :-

"There is a burst of acclamation at the appearance of Mr. Tulby in the orchestra, and another when he makes his annual bow as a propitiatory sacrifice to the gods. Three smart taps on the conductor's desk, and the overture begins. Full is it of all those street tunes in which the Londoners delight, and readily is every suggestive melody caught up by the approving listeners, and fitted with appropriate words. At last the curtain rises on the pantomime, and the true glory of Boxing Night reveals itself before the strained eyes of the multitude, who have for this undergone all the moil and turmoil of the day."

Substitute "Mr. Glover" for "Mr. Tulby," and it might pass for a description of what will happen at Drury Lane this coming Boxing Night. And not only at Drury Lane, but at many other Temples of Pantomime. What will be this year's "street tunes"? Will they be as melodious and catching as those invoked by Mr. Tulby half a century ago? Probably more so. For Bennett Scott and our other popular composers can set us all singing or whistling at their will. And rumour has it that this year they have surpassed all their previous triumphs. Get ready for the pantomimes! Book early and book often!



CICELY LAURI.

MAY BEATTY.

KITTY COLYER.



The London pantomimes are not many in number. But there is no doubt that they will make up for this in quality. The cast of the Drury Lane one follows. The others were not complete at the date we went to press. The reputation of the Drury Lane pantomime is world-wide. For months before the opening night the brains and hands of experts are labouring to make the production novel and brilliant. On no other pantomime is so much time and money expended. A fresh record is aimed at every year. May one be achieved in 1913-14! The Drury Lane cast includes some old favourites and some performers who will appear at the "National Theatre" for the first time. All are good artistes, and all will work loyally for the management and the public. Old favourites are also to be found in the casts of the other London pantomimes. Success to them and to the productions in which they appear!

### "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

By Geo. R. Sims, C. H. Bovill, and Arthur Collins. Music composed, selected, and arranged by J. M. Glover.

Duke of Monte Blanco Mr. George Graves
Pompos ... Mr. Will Evans
Auriol ... Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt
Duke Nemol ... Mr. Charles Rock
Finny Kin ... Mr. Barry Lupino
Jacques ... Mr. Austin Melford

The Dog ... Mr. Arthur Conquest PrincessMarcella Miss Florence Smithson Puck ... Miss Renée Mayer Zizi ... Miss Irene May Anarchista ... Miss Alice Chartres Jeanne ... Miss May Hannam



GEORGE GRAVES.



EACH of the suburbs will doubtless contribute its quota to the audiences of Drury Lane and the other London pantomimes. But the first duty of those of them who have pantomimes of their own will be to support those pantomimes. It is a very interesting list that follows. The titles of the pantomimes indicate some of the good old fairy-tales that are told again and again, but that never cease to charm. And the artists indicate that this year the tales will be told as joyously and mirthfully as ever. On Boxing Night and many subsequent nights—to say nothing of the afternoon performances for the children—these suburban theatres will resound with the happy laughter that is the customary tribute to King Pantomime.









MAUDE MORTIMER.



ESTA STELLA.

### East Ham Palace.

"CINDERELLA,"

Prince Charming	MISS CLARA MOORE
Dandini	MISS BOBS DU CANE
Baron Hasbeen	Mr. Ern Carlton
Cinderella	MISS LILY ARTHUR
Dewdrop)	THE BROTHERS OBO
Cowslip	THE BROTHERS UBO
Bobbie	MR. TOM E. SLOAN
Flora	Miss Louise Cecil
Lord Chelsea	MISS MARIE FOLLOY
Lady Maude Chelsea	MISS LILLIAN WOODS



### GERTIE GITANA.



### Chelsea Palace. "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

Robinson Crusoe ... Miss Bessie Knight Polly Perkins ... MISS GERTIE HALL Will Atkins ... MR. REX KEMPTON Friday ... ... MR.-Tom Ford Mrs. Crusoe ... Mr. Dan Lawley Davy Jones ... MR. ERNEST BALL Captain and Mate ... MESSRS. WALKER AND EWEN Jack Tarre ... Miss Edith Ames

Princess Florandra MISS BEATRIX HUNT Spirit of Adventure MISS MARGARET WILSON

### Elephant and Castle Theatre.

### "DICK WHITTINGTON."

Dick Whittington... MISS RENE RALPH Alderman Fitzwarren ... MR. DAN DALY Alice Fitzwarren ... MISS MAUDIE FORD Idle Jack ... ... MR. JAMES LESLIE Phyllis, the Cook... MR. WILL JOHNSON Tom, the Cat ... MR. FRED WHITTAKER Captain and Mate MESSRS. LOWE & LOMAN Hal ... ... MISS ADA WHITTAKER Rose ... ... MISS KITTIE LYNN

Campanula ... ... MISS LYDIA BLAND
Emperor of Morocco Mr.NicklinWilliams
Princess ... MISS GERTRUDE MOYES
Troupe of Dancers ... SYD RUSSELL'S
ELEPHANT GIRLS

### Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith.

"THE FORTY THIEVES."

Ganem ... ... MISS KITTEE RAYBURN
Ali Baba ... ... MR. HAL BERT
Cogia Baba ... ... MR. ALLY BENSON







EMILIE HAYES.

Morgiana MISS MINNIE MACE Cassim ... MR. FRANK R. ROBERTSON AbdallahMISS DEANY FORD Hassarac THE LECARDO BROTHERS Bassarac Hassan ... ... SISTERS EARLE Zobeida ... ... Caliph of Bagdad Miss Marie Fontaine Mr. FRED COLLINS Donkey ... ... ... Troupe of Dancers THE LYRIC GIRLS

Pantomime Productions, Ltd.

By arrangement with Mr. Harry Day and

Edward Lauri.

### Marlborough. "MOTHER GOOSE."

Mother Goose, herself

MR. MAITLAND

MARLER

Jack, her Son ... MISS MENA GREENE

Jill, her Daughter MISS KITTY COLYER

Priscilla, her Goose MR. JOE ARTHUR

The Squire ... MR. GEORGE MOZART

Charity, the Foundling

MISS DAISY STRATTON

Miss Daisy Stratton

Margery

Robin

Willagers

Miss Pauline

McKinlay

Miss Mary

Cathcart

The Fairy, who watches over all

MISS PRISCILLA STEVENS
The Gnome, the Imp of Mischief
Warp
Woof
The Broker's Men { JACKLEY AND
LESINE
Dean Swift, the Horse McGee & McGoo
Colin, the Squire's Gamekeeper

Miss Lily Iris
Supported by Villagers, Dairymaids,
Gamekeepers, Geese, etc., etc.
Produced by Edward Lauri.

Pantomime Productions, Ltd.

By arrangement with Mr. Harry Day and

Edward Lauri.

### Broadway Theatre, New Cross.

#### "ROBINSON CRUSOE,"

Robinson Crusoe ... MISS ESTA STELLA ... MISS MAUDIE OLMAN Polly Perkins Will Watch (2nd boy) ... MISS MAGGIE TRAVERS Kitty Clover (2nd girl)... EDIE DAY Princess ... ... Iwa Mrs. Crusoe MR. FRED EMNEY Will Atkins ... MR. HORACE JONES MR. HARRY KITCHEN His Cook The Captain... THE BURNELLS The Mate Monkey Tom Tug MR. JOHN EARLE ... ... Friday ... ... MR. FRANK HEMMING Stone Troupe.

Constructed and produced by Edward Lauri.

Note.—It is regretted that the list of casts is not complete. There are several other pantomimes we had hoped to include in it, but unfortunately information as to the casts did not reach us until after we had gone to press.





Some of the pantomime favourites are to be found in London and its suburbs this year. But the provinces have claimed their full share. The following list of casts is a long one. In every case names familiar to the eye appear. Indeed, in some cases such names form a majority of the cast. For the great provincial theatres specialise in their pantomimes in much the same way as Drury Lane does in its. The runs are not, as a rule, so long as at the "National Theatre," but they are just as merry and just as much appreciated by the local residents. King Pantomime is received with loyal greetings in whatever part of the provinces he chooses to set up his court.

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Edward Lauri.

### Theatre Royal, Portsmouth. "WHITTINGTON 'A'."

Dick Whittington MISS HELEN CHARLES Alice ... ... MISS ROSIE PINK May MISS ALICE NIXON Hubert ... MISS VIOLET STOCKELLE Fairy Cat ... MISS TINA AGUZZI Princess of Morocco ... MISS RAMONA Emperor's Aunt ... MISS AMY VENIMORE Alderman Fitzwarren MR. R. H. DOUGLAS Idle Jack ... Mr. Harry Rogerson Eliza, the Cook ... Mr. Bruce Green Captain ... ... THE MACNAUGHTENS Tommy, the Cat ... Tommy Edmonds King Rat ... ... HUGH WEBB Emperor of Morocco Mr. Ellis J. Preston Stone Troupe.

Constructed and produced by Edward Lauri.

### Opera House, Middlesbrough. "FORTY THIEVES."

Principal Boy ... MISS MAUD ESMOND
Principal Girl ... MISS MONA VIVIAN

Capt. of the Forty MISS MINNIE D'AUBYN

Comedians ...

MISS MINNIE D'AUBYN

CULLEN & CARTHY

FRED WALMESLEY

EDWIN GARTH

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Edward Lauri.

### His Majesty's, Walsall. "BABES IN THE WOOD 'B'."

Robin Hood ... ... MISS ROSALIE JACOBI
Maid Marian ... MISS NELL DERRY
Bobbie ... ... ... ... THE TWO CURES
Rosie ... ... ... MISS VERE LENNIE
Dorothy ... ... MISS POPPY LYTTON
Dame Trot ... ... MR. LEN TEEL
The Baron ... ... MR. JAMES SALTER
Moucher ... ... MAX & MOZELLE
Friar Tuck ... ... MR. JACK BLAND
The Sheriff of Nottingham MR. ANTHONY
GORDON
Peter, the Page ... MR. GEORGE BASS

Stone Troupe of Dancers.

Produced by Edward Lauri.

### Theatre Royal, Smethwick.

### "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

Jack ... ... MISS KITTIE CURTIS

Dame Trot ... MR. EDGAR DRIVER

Bill ... ... MR. SYD KEMP

King Ooffless ... MR. SYD CROSSLEY

Princess Mary MISS DOROTHY LESLEIGH

Prince Charlie ... MISS GERTRUDE FOX

Miss Margery Trot MISS DOROTHY WINTER

Lizzie, the Cow ... MESSRS. RIMMER AND

BEAUMONT

Giant Gobbleum ... Mr. John M. East Dancers ... The Eight Model Maids

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### Aquarium, Yarmouth.

#### "WHITTINGTON 'B'."

Dick Whittington... MISS WILLMOT

KARKEEK

Idle Jack ... Mr. Harry Rennior
May ... Miss Violet Ruffell
Princess ... Miss Dot Rosson
Fairy Cat ... Miss Dorothy Cameron
Alderman Fitzwarren Mr. James

McWilliam

Eliza, the Cook ... Mr. George Loyal Captain ... ...

Mate ... BROTHERS BASS

Emperor of Morocco Mr. Percy Davison

Stone Troupe.

Produced by Edward Lauri.

PANTOMIME PRODUCTIONS, LTD.

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### Grand Theatre, Glasgow.

### "BABES IN THE WOOD 'A'."

MISS MAY BEATTY Robin Hood ... ... Maid Marian ... MISS BESSIE CLIFFORD  $\left. egin{aligned} Bobbie \ Betty \end{aligned} 
ight. The Babes \left\{ egin{aligned} & ext{MISS DOT REYNOLDS} \ ext{MISS DORIS DUQUESNE} \end{aligned} 
ight.$ Will Scarlett... MISS LUCY KIPLING Little John ... ... MISS CECILY LOWE Alan-a-dale ... MISS GRETA ALSTON ... ...Miss Winifred Barr Dorothy Dame Trot ... MR. FRED KITCHEN MR. JIM BOND The Baron ... ... MESSRS. ROWLANDS Moucher) Robbers Loafer The Sheriff of Nottingham MR. SYD MOOR-

Peter, the Baron's Boy Mr. Rolando
Martin

Friar Tuck ... ... Mr. Geo. Brooks

Johnny Stout ... ... THE KENNA

Johnny Green ... BROTHERS

Fido Tucker

Stone Troupe of Dancers.

Constructed and produced by Edward Lauri.

PANTOMIME PRODUCTIONS, LTD.

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### Coliseum, Glasgow.

"ALADDIN."

Aladdin ... ...

Princess ... ...

Pekoe ... ...

Cheekee ... ... Miss Alice Tremayne

Slave of the Ring MISS WYNNE MENTONE Abanazar MR. ED. E. FORD ... ... Widow Twankey ... Mr. James Ross Wishee Washee ... Mr. Bobbie Walker Cop Sum ... ... ...) ACRE & MORRIS Cop All... ... ... Emperor of China MR. HARRY CLAFF Vizier ... ... MR. JACK HARRIS Slave of Lamp MR. JACKSON HAYES

Stone Troupe of Dancers.

Constructed and produced by Edward Lauri.

### King's Theatre, Dundee,

#### "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

Produced December 22nd.

Principal Boy MISS VICTORIA CARMEN Principal Girl MISS KITTY TREWHITT Second Boy and Girl ... SISTERS ALLEN Fairy ... MISS FLORRIE ELLISTON JACKLEY & LE SINE HAPPY ATTWOOD BILLY MATCHETT, etc.

### Grand Opera House, Belfast.

#### "PETER PIPER."

Produced on December 24th.

Principal Boy
Principal Girl
Second Boy
Second Girl
MISS ETHEL WILSON
MISS ETHEL WILSON
MISS ETHEL WILSON
MISS KITTY GREY
MR. MR. MAX CARL
MR. JIMMY CAIRNS
MR. J. W. GALLAGHER
Horse, etc. MESSRS. QUEEN AND LE BRUN

Murphy & Mack; 8 Stella Girls; and Riley's 12 Juveniles.

### PERCY MURRAY.

During the last few years, sketches have become very important items in vaudeville. The public like them, and regard a variety entertainment as incomplete unless it includes at least one of them. It is by no means easy to write and produce a good sketch. Some of the greatest dramatists in the world have attempted this class of work, and have failed hopelessly. The fact of the matter is that a special gift is required. Percy Murray has that gift in a degree that amounts almost to genius. He is a master of the whole art of sketch writing and production, and has achieved conspicuous success in every department of it. Do you want a sketch, full of thrills and tense situations? or one that will fill the house with merry laughter every other moment? or one that touches the heart with honest, human sentiment? Percy Murray can supply them all in turn, and each will be a masterpiece of its particular sort.

#### THE ART EDITOR APOLOGISES.

Some pantomime and vaudeville favourites who, at our request, supplied photographs for reproduction in these pages will wonder why they have not been used. The Art Editor apologises to them, and offers the following explanation. Some photographs, especially those that have been "touched up" by hand, get spoilt in the process of "stripping," which is a necessary preliminary to reproduction. That was the unfortunate fate of those to which we have just referred.



PANTOMIME PRODUCERS.



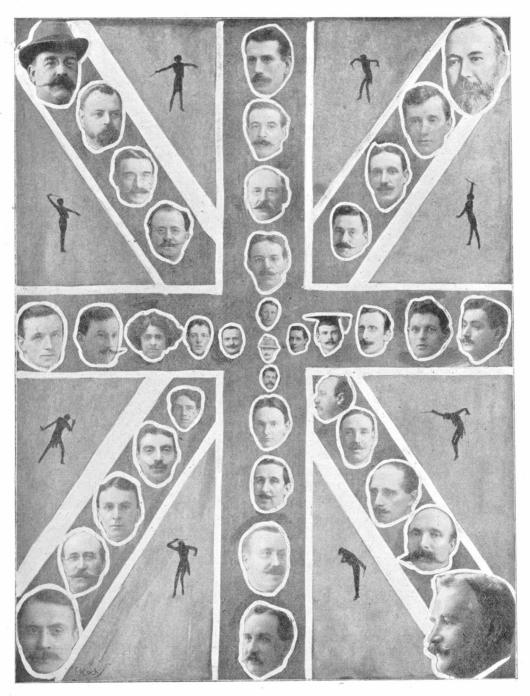
### HARRY HALL.

For many years Harry Hall has been a successful public entertainer. At Bohemian concerts and similar functions he is a sure draw. He sings a good song, and he tells humorous stories in a way that brings out every point and compels the laughter of his audiences. His character studies are particularly diverting. He is at his best in "curate" songs. Perhaps this is because of his very natural, and very pardonable, leaning towards "the cloth."

Stanley Collins is one of the most skilful and one of the most popular of the magicians of the day. He has appeared successfully on the vaudeville stage, but it is on the concert platform that he is usually to be found. For that his services are in great request. His turn is always bright, novel and amusing. He excels at sleight-of-hand, getting his effects cleanly and cleverly; and his patter is always humorous and up-to-date. At the present day, Mr. Collins is the society magician par excellence. He can suit himself to any company, however exalted, and has performed successfully before royalty. Mr. Collins is the secretary of the Magicians' Club, and has worked indefatigably for its success.



STANLEY COLLINS.



VAUDEVILLE MUSICAL DIRECTORS.

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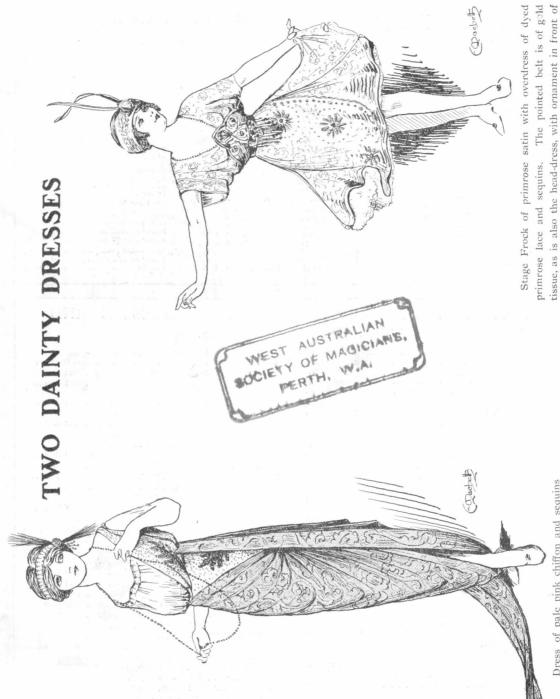
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