

Baltimore Morning Herald
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Plays and Players

“After Office Hours,” a new extravaganza by George V. Hobart and A. Baldwin Sloane, both expatriated Baltimoreans, will be produced soon at the New York Theater, New York. Those who have read the book and heard the music say that it is destined to make a hit.

Calcutta papers, according to the Hongkong Daily Press, speak in glowing terms of the success of the Indian “San Toy” company. Headed by one Dallas, an Anglo-Indian manager, the aggregation has been making a tour of Britain’s eastern empire colony, and in every town the applause of the Anglo-Indians has been deafening.

Among the members of the company are Bertram Hermann, J.B. Ferrell, Hettie Peel, Rose Blair and Mrs. Dallas, all of whom are exceedingly popular stage lights in the far East. Mrs. Dallas was thrown from her riding cab in Calcutta November 14 and had her right arm broken. About the same time Mr. Ferrell was compelled to go to a hospital!

“We regret to learn,” says the Press, “that he has been unable to participate in either of the triumphs of the company. ‘San Toy’ or the Belle of New York.” All his friends here will hope to see him restored to health and the stage in Hongkong next year. Calcutta papers declare the company now under Mr. Dallas’ leadership to be the strongest combination which has come so far East, while “San Toy” is the best representation of its kind ever seen on this side of the Suez canal.” This is high praise, from a Briton.

Frank David, the operatic comedian who died a few days ago, made his acquaintance with the mystic region behind the footlights in Baltimore. His debut, strictly speaking, took place before them, for it was as the manipulator of a snare drum in the old Front Street Theater orchestra that he first shined. In the days of the academy summer opera he was the stage manager of the company. Jeannie Winston was the star, and for many years she and Mr. David were good friends. Latterly he had devoted much of his time to music. As a composer he was well known throughout the country. His last work was the music for Blaney’s “Female Drummer.”

News comes from the island of Jamaica of one of the queerest dramatic ventures in the history of the stage. It was a production of “The Belle of New York” by the Kingston Gleaner Publishing Company, and, according to all accounts, it was a tremendous success.

The various roles were assumed by members of the Gleaner staff. The managing editor played Dan Daly’s part and the editor of the “woman’s page” that of Edna May. The role of Siegfried Gotterdammerung, the crazy German, was enacted by the sporting editor, and that of the heroine’s fiancé by the police reporter. In order that the show might begin at 8.15 the Gleaner went to press at 7 o’clock. Everybody that is anybody in Kingston witnessed the performance. The profits were pocketed by the publishers of the Gleaner.

Mr. John Drew, who presented "Richard Carvel" at the Academy last week, has among his most valued possessions a rare souvenir of the late Augustin Daly. It is a small photograph showing Mr. Daly reading a new play to his company, and in the group of players represented are many who have since become famous. Mr. Drew is seen as a beardless young man. At present with his face smooth shaven, he much resembles the portrait. His mustache, the distinctive feature of most of his latter day counterfeit presentments, was sacrificed for art's sake when he undertook the production of "Richard Carvel."

Anent Mr. Drew's connection with the Daly company an interesting story is told. One day a young man named John Miller was engaged to play small parts with the company. Mr. Daly, noting that there was already one John in his flock—Mr. Drew—and thinking that one was enough, ordered the second John to change his cognomen to Henry. This the young man agreed to do, and ever since he has been known as Henry Miller. Tonight he follows the first John at the Academy in "Richard Savage."

Col. John R. Rogers, theatrical manager, diamond expert, man about town and citizen of the world, who managed the ill-starred Red Cross benefit at the Music Hall New Year's Eve, has fallen a victim to a New York pickpocket. Thereby he has lost a gold watch, a wad of his hard earned greenbacks and much of his customary good humor.

It has always been the colonel's boast that he arises too early in the morning to be vanquished by any one of the light fingered gentry.

"Keep your eye open," he has often said, "and they'll never get you."

About two months ago he ran afoul of a pickpocket near the Casino stage door. In the Greco-Roman combat which ensued the colonel's newest silk cravat was sadly damaged. But the fine pigeon blood ruby scarf pin which nestled in the folds of the cravat was saved.

Last Friday, however, the colonel was not so fortunate. It was upon a Broadway cable car that he met his Waterloo. When he entered the car he sported a gold chronometer and a "roll." When he left it at Forty-second Street he had a two-cent stamp and a cough drop.

The New York sleuths are on the trail of the clever crook that bested him.