

CRUSH AT CONEY'S CLOSING

Thousands of Women Have Dresses Torn Off in Demoniacal Rush to See, Hear and Be Seen.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—(Special Correspondence.)—When Coney Island closes with a grand festival it is time to announce with or without flourish that the season in the city is open. On Thursday night this great event occurred with a Mardi-Gras celebration, which does not mean that Shrove Tuesday had any more to do with the case than to furnish the name and the sort of entertainment which New Orleans has been in the custom of serving annually and which has made it unique in this particular. As is always the case with everything which bears upon that wonderful resort which is at once the abhorred and the eagerly sought spot in America, no words can describe it. The ensemble takes in such a wide scope of details which can only be resolved into the name of "atmosphere" that tangibility becomes intangible, and there you are.

It is necessary to say more than that thousands of women had their dresses actually torn off them in the wild-fairly demoniacal rush to see and hear what was to be seen and heard. The roar of the surging crowds outdid the roar of the old ocean, which felt that up to the present time it had had the best of things, and undisturbed and particularly unchallenged. The very air was charged with human beings rather than with the ozone from the open air and the salt water, and could any one human being have witnessed the parade extending over one mile and a half no doubt he would have pronounced it the most remarkable sight he ever had witnessed, but it is safe to assert that no one was able to see with the sort of comfort necessary to the enjoyment of a scene of that description. It must be conceded the managers of the enterprise, however, that for originality, elegance and variety as well as for the less important feature—size, the Mardi-Gras festival of this week was one surpassed, not even those of New Orleans, the home of that sort of amusement in this country.

One of the features of the parade was the automobile procession, in which nearly fifty machines were in line, for which the first prize, a silver cup, was awarded to M. J. Hauscher, a Coney Island hotel keeper. At the head of the procession was a body of 24 mounted policemen under Grand Marshal Elias P. Clayton and his aids. After them came an Indian band and then followed floats representing the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Italy, "The Sunny South," Switzerland, Spain, Mexico, Norway, Russia and Japan. There was also a float which was sent off the fireworks of the evening and innumerable humorous and business representations constituted the character of the rest of the exhibits. A band of music followed each float and meanwhile the crowds were indulging in the throwing of confetti and in other methods of jollification. The illuminations were not the least part of the dazzling scene and consisted of thousands upon thousands of colored bulbs of electric lights strung across the streets and outlining all the buildings in Dreamland and in Luna Park. The street fakirs turned loose in swarms or schools with wares calculated to make noises and to add to the Ebbel-like confusion—and Coney Island closed its gates.

From this surfeit of brilliancy it seemed good to turn to the real opening of the theatrical season in New York notwithstanding the fact that comparatively few people are in town yet, and were it not for that never-falling stand-by, the floating population, it would hardly be possible to open so early. However, it will be remembered that I have said before, this early opening has a double significance since it gives the companies a chance to wear off the rough edges. There are some plays on the boards again that need no smoothing touches insofar as they ran all of last season and are well known both to public and to players. Among these are Mrs. Leslie Carter at the Belasco in Andrea, Robert Edson at the Savoy in Strongheart, De Angels at the Lyric in Pastime, Mrs. Charles in the Manhattan in Leah Kleesma, David Warfield at the Bijou in The Music Master, with the original companies. There are also many of the standard plays with new people and in the hands of stock companies. Speaking of stock companies makes one think of the very remarkable values offered by the Proctor vaudeville houses, of which there are four in New York alone. Here may be found a story by itself, and a good one, telling of the evolution not only of the houses but of the audiences which patronize them. For instance at Proctor's Fifth Avenue, which is not on Fifth avenue, but on Broadway and Twenty-eighth streets, the company included Amelia Bincham, Elita Proctor, Odie, Charles Richman, Charles Dickson, J. H. Gilmour and a number of others well known as supporters of star casts. They have already this season presented Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers" and the old stage horse, "The Sporting Duchess." At the Proctor 15th Street Theater is another extremely good stock company, and at the other houses they present vaudeville, changing the scheme sometimes to prolong the engagements of certain companies of certain plays.

People are doing more talking about the future than they are about the present. Perhaps, after all, this is but natural if we only give a notice to the future holds much that is interesting both in music and in the drama, and so long as people will have their pleasure in their own individual manner, why there is nothing to do but to give them what they want. Notwithstanding the fact that we have much that is interesting on at the theaters, already, those who talk theater, and everybody else, are more interested in Richard Mansfield's plans than in George Ade or even George Shaw, both of whom are being presented for dear life today in New York.

Richard the Terrible is preparing, and when Richard prepares we may all stand with open eyes, ears and mouth waiting for results. The remarkable thing about Richard is that he always has results, which is, after all, the only thing that counts.

Mr. Mansfield's latest enterprise will be the production of "Don Carlos," and who will say that Mansfield, the artist, the actor, the musician, cannot find methods by which to make use of all his talents? Many people who are painters, musicians, actors, etc. (note the word many and find out how many), use one talent as a profession and the other or others as a recreation, but Mansfield is none of these. If he had 50 other distinct types of genius he would be using each and every one to embellish his role as actor and for that we get in him something absolutely unique. Where Mansfield gets his plays will be answered by the fact that he is a tremendous reader, and literature has no secrets from him. He drops upon plays in the wilds of Russia, in the Senate chamber of Rome, in the royal palace of the Bourbons, Madrid, with more ease than he displays when he has to make a speech. No one who has ever heard him try will doubt this statement. Now he plans to arrange the incidental and the entr'acte music himself for Verdi's opera of "Don Carlos" and the scenery will no doubt enlist Mr. Mansfield's talent as artist and designer. In addition to celebrating the 13th year of his marriage this week in New York, Mr. Mansfield opened his season of rehearsals, but he will not appear here until April, after a long tour which will take him to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Mansfield will play at the Grand Opera-House in San Francisco because he, and he is not alone, does not like the Columbia when it comes to captivity. He will play three weeks at the Grand in Chicago, dedicate two new theaters, one in Anderson, the other in Omaha, and then start West, stopping at Gosh.

Denver, San Francisco and the rest of the country. In addition to "Don Carlos," his repertoire include the Mansfield group, and his plays of the last several seasons, including "The Misanthrope," "Ivan the Terrible," and the Shakespearean successes.

George Bernard Shaw in two theaters! Does anybody think that it is on the police force of New York alone the wit of the "Hibernian" admitted that he is to the Hudson and see Robert Lorraine in "Man and Superman," and from there go straightway to the Garrick, where Arnold Daly is faithful to the brilliant Irishman on his more artistic side. In "The Man of Destiny," and in his more cynical rather than satirical play, "How He Lied to Her Husband." When several months ago I went at length into the matter of Shaw and his work, it may be that I proceeded too soon, for the boom is on now in deadly earnest, and no one can say that there is not food for thought in every line, indeed, in every letter written by that prince of iconoclasts. But are we ready, will we ever be ready for a wholesale smashing of ideals and idols? We all live too much in this realm, and when Shaw awakens us to the folly of it we feel that we should really pat him on the back and say "That's right, I feel that way myself, but I have never been able to say it in just that manner," and then we turn around and soar again to heights of our own building and forget about Shaw and his hammer. What would the mother do without her dreamer of little ones' future? What would become of art, of literature, of anything, of everything were it not for the kind of dreamer who is the land of dreams and to G. B. S., the greatest dreamer of us all.

George Ade, the American George, or shall we not say the Chicago George, and not interfere with the prerogative of a certain George of a century ago, of whom Mr. Ade may or may not be a disciple, is on full speed in all values open. Come to think of it, George Ade's drawings may be more truthful than he lets us believe, for he has all his coupe clothed in such quaint garb that to use a Shawism I call it "Fog Daywear" and not care a cent what counter attraction is on at Carnegie Hall. Can mortal man say more?

Entirely different and perhaps not so amusing is the same playwright's "The Bad Samaritan" now playing at the Garden Theater with Richard Golden as the principal attraction, although all of the cast is worthy of recognition. It would seem as though Mr. Ade had consulted his own dictionary in the writing of this play; in fact, it would be hard to conceive that any man could remember so many slang terms unless he had a standard authority beside him day and night. In a word, the play is a bit incongruous, as it is simply and frankly farce, but it is based upon a theme which is not usually presented from that standpoint, as ingratitude is one of the weaknesses of life for which we can afford to feel regret rather than to be amused at its vagaries. But if one can go there and forget that any one has to look for anything but fun, there is plenty to keep him laughing. To those who know what George Marion has been to the Savage productions during the last few years, there is a matter of the keenest interest in seeing him before the footlights in a comedy role. Mr. Marion has been responsible for most of the staging for Mr. Savage, and in this capacity he has been equally successful. That did not prevent him, however, furnishing a deal of fun as Signor Pietro Gargelli, whom no one need be told is an Italian vocal teacher.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Not a Diver, but a Dancer

Miss Roosevelt Surprises Her Fellow-Passengers by Appearing in Native Costume.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 28.—(Special Correspondence.)—With the return of Secretary Taft and his party from the Orient, further details of the experiences of Miss Alice Roosevelt have become known. Secretary Taft, soon after he reached the shore, made a firm denial of the story that the daughter of the President had jumped into a bathtub, fully dressed, on the Manchuria on the way out. The Secretary says that there was skylarking on the part of every member of the party, and there was some talk of a dare to jump into the tub fully dressed, but he asserts that it was not taken up.

There seems to be small doubt that Nicholas Longworth has won his way into the heart of Miss Roosevelt. A member of the party said that, if they were not engaged when they left San Francisco, they surely were by this time. He added that this was not the only prank of cupid aboard the Manchuria in the way out. The Secretary says that there were other engagements, it is said, will result from the trip.

"The grand passion comes to a man but once," he said, "and it has now come to me." Then he explained that Mrs. Cavalsky, a very beautiful woman with French features, was the cause of the "grand passion."

Soon after this, Hanford became ill. He asked his wife to call Mrs. Cavalsky, that he might take new joy in her smiles. Mrs. Hanford obeyed, thinking only of her husband's wishes. Mrs. Cavalsky came and entered the sick room, while Mrs. Hanford retired. When Mrs. Hanford again entered the room she found Mrs. Cavalsky in her husband's arms. She saw the impossibility of this arrangement, and assured the two that she would not stand between them and happiness. Accordingly she applied for a divorce and a decree was granted her by the court.

The husband of Mrs. Cavalsky by this time became aware that all was not as it should be in his household and he also decided not to be a barrier to the happiness of the two. Accordingly, he advised his wife to sue him for a divorce, which she did with alacrity. The decree came before the court.

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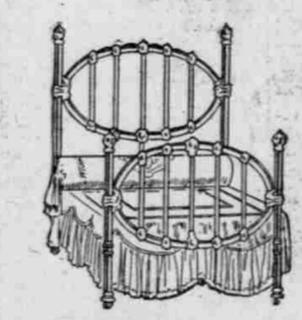
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ert Hanford, a wealthy mining man, and Mrs. Gabrielle Cavalsky, the daughter of a prominent French citizen of this city. Hanford's wife and Mrs. Cavalsky's husband stepped aside most graciously that the marriage might be.

Two will contests have been begun in San Francisco which are of more than ordinary interest. Distant relatives are seeking to secure a portion of the \$2,000,000 estate of Samuel Davis, who died here over a year ago. Davis was a broker, but lived the life of a recluse. He lodged over his office, which was in a dingy building. That he possessed of wealth was not known by any of Davis' friends, for he lived in a miserly way. He had hoarded up immense wealth, and kept a close watch upon her husband. However, she soon became aware that something was wrong. She pressed him for an explanation, and he told her that he had at last met his affinity.

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Accordingly, when Miss Roosevelt appeared in her red dress, she was received with wild cheers. She was much taken with the ways of the Moros, and made a study of their songs and dances. When the party was on its way to Manila, after the visit to the States, she surprised all on board the boat one morning by appearing in a native Moro costume with a tambourine in her hand. Then, to the accompaniment of the tambourine, she proceeded to dance some of the native steps to the intense delight of the other members of the party. She made the rounds of the boat, stopping before every group to go through the dance.

Miss Roosevelt kept the party in constant good humor. She was full of life, and showed the same restless energy as her father possesses. She nearly spoiled the decorum of one of the state banquets in Manila. She was seated next to Governor-General Wright, and had listened to speech after speech. The hour was growing late, and Miss Roosevelt was anxious to be out to see more of the city with her friends. Finally she leaned over to Governor Wright and said, in a stage whisper: "How much longer is this thing going to last?"

A romance which recalls that of Ruskin has just reached its climax in San Francisco in the marriage of Robert Hanford, a wealthy mining man, and Mrs. Gabrielle Cavalsky, the daughter of a prominent French citizen of this city. Hanford's wife and Mrs. Cavalsky's husband stepped aside most graciously that the marriage might be.

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