

Successful Theatrical Manager

Gossip and Stories About Prominent People

Climbing Up the Ladder Of the Box Office

Comfortable Pay. THE appointment of General Miles as adjutant general of the militia of Massachusetts takes him from Washington to Boston and makes a substantial increase in his income. As adjutant general he will receive the full pay of a lieutenant general of the United States army. This is \$11,000 a year. It carries with it \$1,800 a year, as commutation for quarters, and the privilege of obtaining many supplies from the quartermaster's and treatment at considerably less than retail prices. The state of Massachusetts pays the adjutant general \$2,500 a year. General Miles will, accordingly, receive \$15,700 a year for his services.

It is an almost forgotten fact that President Roosevelt's grandfather was the first man to navigate a steamboat on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Captain Roosevelt was a close personal friend of Robert Fulton, inventor of the steam craft. Soon after Fulton's successful voyage on the Hudson the captain conceived the idea of launching such a craft on what were then western waters. In the spring of 1811 the vessel was launched at Pittsburgh and the president's grandfather began his voyage to the Gulf. He entered the Mississippi during the throes of the earthquake which devastated so much of southeastern Missouri, but weathered the tumult successfully and continued his trip to New Orleans.

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Postmaster General Wynne, who used to be a newspaper correspondent at Washington was "riggered" by the president when he attended his first cabinet meeting, relates the New York World.

"How does it feel, Wynne," said the president, "to attend a cabinet meeting after you have spent so many years on the outside trying to get out what happened at cabinet meetings?"

"Oh," said Wynne, "it doesn't make much difference. I have been here so long that I have seen a hundred cabinet ministers come and go, and it doesn't feel so strange after all."

"Well," said Secretary Wilson, "it is not so much a question of how Wynne feels as it is how we feel."

Wynne is an Irishman, and a comeback like that of Secretary Wilson's tickled him. After the laugh subsided, he said: "That reminds me of what Secretary Foster said when he took charge of the Treasury department. I was his private secretary. One day he remarked to me: 'Wynne, when you were in the cabinet I was in awe at the distinguished men who were my colleagues and wondered how I got there. After I had been in the cabinet three months I wondered how my colleagues got there.'"

Representative Sydney E. Mudd of Maryland, who has coined many expensive political phrases, has just coined a new one, according to the Baltimore Sun. A young man wanted Mr. Mudd to endorse him for a minor position. "Do you live in my district?" inquired the representative. "No, I live in Baltimore, but have lived in your district." "Well, young man," retorted Mr. Mudd, with a smile, "you should know there is no past tense in politics. Politics depends only on the present and the future. However, I will violate the rule in your case and write you a letter of recommendation."

Congressman Van Duser of Nevada holds that about the most strenuous contest last fall was that which was waged in his district. His political enemies engaged a New York pugilist to scare him out of the campaign, and the man made haste to announce that he intended to "give Van Duser of Nevada a good whipping." The candidate arrived in Reno ignorant of the fellow's existence and was welcomed by a lot of friendly miners. Two of them, each of them over 6 feet tall and neither afraid of anything, walked with him to his hotel, where the fighting man was waiting. The miners passed Mr. Van Duser into his room and then went over to where the "scraper" stood. He looked them over carefully and then backed away. The next train east carried him out of danger.

A Strong Indorsement. Henry B. Blackwell, luncheon with a party of friends recently, told this story of William Lloyd Garrison. When he was publishing the Liberator it was his custom to give favorable notice to articles sent in to the editor, and on one occasion wrote this regarding a bottle of medicine: "We can recommend it from personal experience, because we have taken it ourselves. It diffuses a genial glow and cheerful warmth through the whole system." The item was shown to a physician, who exclaimed: "No wonder Garrison was pleased with the cheerful warmth. He never before knew the genial influence of a glass of rum."

Dining Rules of an Emperor. The Emperor Francis Joseph has a rule of life which greatly perturbs some members of his court. He dines every day at \$30, and he has done this since the beginning of his reign. As that hour does not suit everybody, it follows that the personage who are honored with invitations to dine with the emperor find it

very difficult to muster an appetite for dinner at tea time. They suffer in silence for the most part, but it is said that a certain great lady resolved to act. She was invited to dine with the emperor, but she sat at the table and ate nothing. The kindly sovereign feared she was indisposed. No, she was quite well. Then why did she send every dish away? "Sire," she answered, "I never eat between meals." The repartee has had a success in Vienna. But the emperor still dines at 5.30, without the society of that great lady.

Southern Men in the Cabinet. Apropos of the more or less general demand that a southern man be appointed by the president to fill one cabinet position, the record of southern cabinet officers is recalled. Montgomery Blair of Maryland, Edward Bates of Missouri and James Speed of Kentucky were members of Lincoln's first cabinet, and Mr. Speed continued to serve in the second cabinet. In Grant's first cabinet were Creswell of Maryland and Akerman of Georgia, and in his second were Bristol of Kentucky, Creswell of Maryland, and, for a brief period, James W. Marshall of Virginia. Hayes had among his advisers Carl Schurz of Missouri, Gov. of West Virginia and Key and Maynard of Tennessee. Grant called Hunt of Louisiana to the Navy department and Arthur was served by him for more than a year. Harrison had the advice of Elkins of West Virginia and Noble of Missouri. Gary of Maryland and Hitchcock of Missouri sat with McKinley and Hitchcock is sitting with Roosevelt.

Admiral Dewey's Own Story. As early as 9 o'clock Admiral Dewey walks into his office in the Mills building, diagonally across from the Navy department, sits down at his desk and gets to work with the same precision that he might use if still aboard the Olympia. In the corner opposite his desk is a cedar chest which was made for the admiral in Manila. He pointed to it and said: "In that chest will be found the real records of the battle of Manila, never yet published. I hope to prepare them for publication and that they will be made public after my death."

Russett's Minister. Prince Mirsky is a man of fine military bearing, a type of the soldier in civil employ, says Harper's Weekly. He is only 41 and is thus still in the season of hope, in every way a contrast to the grim veteran of his tyrannous predecessor, Von Plielva. About middle height, he is of fair complexion and wears a pointed beard, cut in the style made fashionable by King Edward VII. He has rather melancholy, thoughtful eyes, and his whole expression is one of gentleness and kindness, yet with much underlying strength. Perhaps the best recent testimony to his unspooled nature comes from a subordinate employ whom he had known for many years, and who visited him shortly after his appointment as minister of the interior. "He is just as kind as he used to be!" exclaimed the employ, coming out of the minister's cabinet, with his big round eyes of wonder. This temperamental sympathy is the real motive power in his dealings with the Russian people, with the Zares, with the imbecile enduring Russian Jews, as it was the secret of his success while he was governor of Poland, with its many national and religious wounds, so easily irritated, yet so easily soothed. He seems endowed with a rarely happy disposition, in face of grave and serious difficulties.

Ching to New Dress. Sir Chenting Liang Chens, Chinese minister to the United States, clings to the dress of his native land. He addressed a Philadelphia audience a few days ago, a heavy newswriter raving at the time. He made one concession to the inclemency of the weather in the shape of a pair of rubber leggings which came down over his Chinese shoes. This eccentricity of apparel was strikingly impressed upon Sir Chenting's audience when at the conclusion of his address he sat down, folded up his typewritten speech and, calmly lifting the robe of his long gown, deposited the manuscript in one of his leggings. The audience roared with laughter and the diplomat gazed at them with an expression that plainly betrayed his ignorance of the fact that he was the cause of the outburst of mirth.

Washington Irving. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor tells a story of Washington Irving, whom she knew as a very old man. "One would never think him old," she says, "he looks and acts as he was, but for his trick of suddenly falling asleep for a minute or two in the middle of a conversation. A whisper, 'sh-h-h,' would pass from one to another, 'Mr. Irving is asleep'; and in a moment he would wake up, rub his hands and exclaim, 'Well, as we were saying, taking up the conversation just where he had left it.' "My little sister worshiped Mr. Irving. 'Only let me see him,' she pleaded; 'only let me touch the hand that wrote the 'Sketch Book.' I repeated this when I introduced her and he said: 'Ah, yes, yes! I know! I have heard all that before. And just as I am getting happy over it, here comes a young fellow, some whippersnapper who never wrote a line and (mimicking) it's 'Good evening, Mr. Irving. I am glad to have met you.' "It happened, however, that Mrs. Pryor's sister did not hear these remarks. A particular friend of the little girl had just put in an appearance in another part of the room and Mr. Irving's words fell on deaf ears. "She was already drowsy," says Mrs. Pryor. "She as once cooed, 'Good evening, Mr. Irving. I am glad to have met you,' to the old gentleman's infinite delight and amusement."

An Eye-Opener. Success tells of an ancient mendicant, long known to those who go through Vesey street to the North river ferry, New York City, who has lately laid away his "Pity the Blind" sign and his wheezy little organ, and now helps pick up waste paper and fruit skins in the Pennsylvania railroad station, Jersey City. His excuse is convincing. "You see," he says, "times go so hard I just had to keep my eyes open to do any business at all."



WILLIAM J. BURGESS

Pot Pourri of Good Ones on the Politicians

Notice of a Political Rooster. HENRY CASSON, sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives, was connected with the speaker's bureau of the republican congressional committee in the late campaign, and his friends out in his home district, the Second Iowa, ascribe to him all the credit for the republican sweep in the election last November. To express their sentiments they sent him the largest, huskiest, most sonorous Plymouth Rock rooster that could be found in the whole Hawkeye state.

It arrived before congress adjourned for the holidays, and signalled its liberation by letting out a crow that sounded like the crack of doom. Casson hastily confined it in a barrel and secreted it in one of the corridors in the basement. Then he forgot about it.

The Iowa chanticleer, however, had been sent to Washington to crow over the republican victory, and intended to fulfill his duty. It took him some time to get out, but he finally succeeded, and the clerks in the house postoffice were apprised of his presence by a ear-splitting uproar.

First they tried to catch him? and then they threw things at him, whereupon the misunderstood fowl disgustingly left, and visited the House Judiciary committee, where he found an Iowa man in the person of Assistant Clerk McNeely. His clamor demonstrations of pleasure over meeting a colleague so worked on the nerves of McNeely, who was busy, that the bird barely escaped with his life.

After waking the echoes in the deserted corridors the rooster turned up in Speaker Cannon's rooms and sang a jubilee song about the late election. The speaker was not there, however, and the rooster, dodging several would-be kidnappers on the way, proceeded to the ways and means committee room in search of Seneca Payne.

"What in paradise is that?" exclaimed Colonel Ripston. "Shoo that blessed bird out of here! How can I reorganize the government of Panama with that thrice-blessed, much-admired uproar going on?" "It's an Iowa bird, 'colony,'" explained the clerk of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce. "and it belongs to Casson. It was sent here to celebrate the republican victory."

so much as that they are keenly bent on the terpsichorean festivities that come after the shades of night have fallen.

And these dances, what glorious carnivals of fun they are! Young men ride from twenty to fifty miles to attend them, and there is not a girl in all the neighborhood missing. To cap the climax of their importance, all the candidates, from United States senators and governors down to constables, are on hand, and everyone of them, by the unwritten law of the land, must take his partner for the dance. Any politician, no matter how exalted his office, who flunked when the time came to trip it on the light fantastic toe would be forever persona non grata with the electors of Wyoming.

A Costly Handshake. "A handshake once cost New Mexico statehood," said Bernard S. Rodey, territorial delegate, who is working day and night to have the land of oaks admitted to the union.

It was in 1874, when the bill was up giving statehood to New Mexico and Colorado. Senator S. B. Elkins of West Virginia was then delegate from New Mexico. He was younger than at present and not so widely known, and, naturally, he wanted friends. Senator Burrows of Michigan then represented a Michigan district in the house. One of those hated force bills was up before congress and Mr. Burrows had made a hot speech in favor of it. Mr. Elkins was in the cloak room, and did not know what Mr. Burrows had been talking about, but he did know that the Michigan man had been making a hot speech, for he had heard the applause. When Mr. Burrows had finished Mr. Elkins rushed out of the cloak room and meeting Mr. Burrows warmly shook both his hands.

"The southern members had been listening and were in no very happy mood after the lashing that they had received. They knew what Mr. Burrows had said, and they saw Senator Elkins extend his effusive congratulations. Now it happened that Senator Elkins needed just fourteen southern votes to have his statehood bill called up, and he had arranged for them. In fact they were going to call up and pass the New Mexico measure and let the Colorado measure wait. A southerner walked straight up to Mr. Elkins. If these are your sentiments, Mr. Elkins, your territory can remain out of the union until it rots before it will come in with our votes," said the irate representative. Sixteen others from the south who had been formerly well disposed seconded the declaration of their colleague. And they kept their word.

Mr. Rodey says that New Mexico has been knocking at the door of congress for statehood since 1850. It made an effort when California became a state. Later a claim of Texas to a portion of the territory prevented New Mexico from landing. The United States bought off Texas for \$10,000,000, but it prevented New Mexico from getting into the union.—Washington Letter in New York Times.

announced that President Roosevelt would be elected, and elected by the biggest sort of a majority.

"Most of the folks in Culpeper are democrats. They listened to his claim and then went away and said: 'Poor chap, he's losing his mind.' Next day he came around again and made the same announcement and offered to bet on it. He made the most extravagant claims—most extravagant, I assure you. He said Roosevelt would carry Missouri and other extraordinary things like that, and to make this sort of talk worse he shook his \$4,000 in sur faces."

"Now, the folks in Culpeper thought it would be a shame to take the old man's money, but after considering the matter for a few days, during which time he became more and more offensive, they decided it would be just as well to bid him of his content and keep the money for home consumption. He announced he would take any bet that was offered. The folks were fair with him, though. They didn't mean to rob him. They gave him the prevailing odds and let him have as high as 10 to 1 odds and let him bet \$100,000. He accommodated all comers, loudly proclaiming that the people of Culpeper didn't know anything about what was going on, that they were a lot of ignoramuses so far as politics were concerned. He even went so far as to call them fools."

"They rose in their wrath and bet him, bet him until his \$4,000 was all up, and," sighed Major Stope, "he took about \$15,000 out of that peaceful community and the surrounding territory."—New York World.

How a Senator Lost a Job. If there was one thing that the late Richard J. Oglesby of Illinois disliked while serving his only term in the United States senate it was to be kept in evenings by callers. The senator's room in Washington was at 1304 F street, near the rooms of Senator Booth of California, who lived at a number 11 corner of Third street and streets. If Oglesby could slip over to Booth's after dinner, before the crowd began to gather in his rooms, he was lost to visitors, unless they happened to catch him on the run home about bedtime. The senator's were great crowds, both of them, with many stories of the early days of California to swap.

In the last year of Senator Oglesby's term a stranger found him at his rooms one evening, after many prior attempts to capture him. There had been the usual throng of politicians, news gatherers and perhaps an unusual number of office seekers. At any rate, a long and tedious session had resulted, leaving the senator irritated. He turned around in his chair and to the modest young man in waiting to present a letter said: "Now, what in hell do you want?" "Nothing, sir, from you," said the young man, and walked out.

Hurtle the Watchword. HARD work and careful attention to business is the secret of the success attained by Mr. W. J. Burgess in the theatrical business. He expressed it a trifle more fully when he said, "I had to hustle, and I hustled." Burgess once said when the matter was up between himself and a close friend. Personally he is one of the most modest and unassuming of men. His tastes are simple and his ways are those of the open-handed, frank man of experience, whose contact with the world has only served to brighten his good qualities and to warm his heart. He is energetic, keen in his interests and thoroughly alive when his interests are concerned, but he has never forgotten the days when he occupied the position of instructor and affluence that is now his, and so he always has an ear for the story of the "show man" in trouble, and if he has ever failed to extend his help when needed, the case is not recorded. Now, it wasn't an interloper in this that the "show man" for a long time. He simply has learned to discriminate, and while he is willing to help the honest and worthy in any way he can, he can say "no" to the impostor and sham in a way that needs no interpretation.

Two Royal Roads. It wasn't a royal road that "Bill" Burgess traveled to success. He worked for everything he had, and worked pretty hard for it, too. His start was as humble as could be expected, for he began right at the bottom, gallery usher in the old Bon De Bar theater in St. Louis. This isn't so long ago, either. His first real good position in a theater was "on the door" at the Tabor Grand in Denver, when the "show man" that the "show man" for a long time. He simply has learned to discriminate, and while he is willing to help the honest and worthy in any way he can, he can say "no" to the impostor and sham in a way that needs no interpretation.

Early Steps in Career. During his years of preparation Mr. Burgess had been accumulating experience which he could now turn to good advantage. At the time the Creighton theater was being opened the present great booking firm of Klaw & Erlanger was being formed. It was then C. B. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger, Will J. Davis and Al Hyman were rivals for the control of a string of theaters reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They were both striving to secure the Boyd theater, a Tom Boyd and Doc Haynes were then in control of the Boyd. As soon as Burgess knew that he was to be the active manager of the new theater, he put out for New York, secured the bookings of the Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger attractions, and was ready for the campaign. His local rivals were caught "asleep at the switch," so to speak, and the future of the business in Omaha was decided by that trip. It didn't look so at the time, but the logic of events has more than justified the judgment then expressed by Mr. Burgess.

Hitches Up with Woodward. Just about this time another event occurred that had a great deal to do with the future of the young manager, who was just coming to the front. The manager of a "ten-twenty-third" company came over from Council Bluffs one morning in 1895, the spring after the Creighton opened, and told Mr. Burgess his company was stranded in renting the Boyd theater for a week and Omaha was given its first opportunity to see the drama by a stock company at rates that since have become well known. This was the turning point in the career of O. D. Woodward, too, for he was the manager. Out of that little "snap" and that bit of kindly assistance has grown the Woodward & Burgess Amusement company, that now controls a first-class theater in each of three of the best towns of the United States, Omaha, Kansas City and Sioux City; that has a second theater in Kansas City, and is booking for a fine little list of houses through Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, with business constantly growing. The firm has a company on the road, and is in the business "right," to use a cant expression, with its enterprise growing more extensive each season.

Not Luck All the Time. It hasn't all been luck with these men, either. When they went to Kansas City it was from Denver, where adversity had overtaken them, and they had relinquished the lease on the Tabor Grand theater, they took over the Coates theater. This was always been a loser in Kansas City, but the new firm pushed it to the front and when it burned about four years ago it was the most prosperous theater in Kansas City. At the time the Coates burned the firm had the Auditorium and the New Century under lease. Neither of these fulfilled the exact requirements of a strictly first-class theater, and with characteristic push they interested Colonel Willis Wood to the extent that he built for them one of the most beautiful theaters in America, the Willis Wood. When the Orpheum company came to Omaha and rented the Creighton theater over the heads of Paxton & Burgess, they had just concluded a lease for the Boyd, and went on with the

business uninterrupted. And the Boyd has been successful in every way under their management. Shortly after this change was made, about seven years ago, Mr. Paxton retired from the firm and the Woodward & Burgess company was formed. This season the New Grand at Sioux City yielded to their houses, and so far it has enjoyed a season of prosperity that has been in line with the other ventures of the company.

A Good Story on Him. One of the stories Mr. Burgess tells his friends, when he gets reminiscent over a cigar, is about his experience as a manager at Dodge City, Kan. That was in the good old days, when day and night in Dodge City realized all that the poet had in mind when he sang of "days of danger, nights of waking." Burgess had gone out there and opened an "opera house" and induced a traveling company to come and give a performance. The show men were walked by the doorkeeper without paying any attention to him, and when he expostulated with one he got a rap over the head with a six-shooter and the show went on without him. The audience didn't like the play or the players, or something, so it simply shot the lights out and made the closing moments of the performance the liveliest ever pulled off in a theater. Burgess knew that wouldn't do, so the next day he hunted up Pat Masterson and employed him as doorkeeper and asked him to employ a few ushers. That was on hand the next evening and every man who went through the door had a ticket. Each attendant was secured to a seat by a "gentlemanly usher," and the performance went off as quietly as a prayer meeting. Burgess and Pat met afterwards in Denver, and Burgess was glad to hear over the days when he took tickets at the "opera house" at Dodge. Leadville afforded the coming man some interesting experience, as it was a great town for "theaters," and some of the leading lights of the comedy world now were then doing turns at one or the other of the musty halls of the "Cloud City." In Denver he met H. A. W. Tabor, who was busy spending the money he made up in California gulch in transforming the camp at the mouth of Cherry creek into a metropolitan city. Leadville was managed by the Tabor Grand and the old senator was wearing out his days in poverty that wasn't any too genteel, this acquaintance ripened into friendship, and it is one of Burgess' comforts now that he is able to show some favors to the man who appeared to have all that man could wish for when they first met.

Phoenix Out of Four Fires. Four times burned out, twice in Omaha, once in Salt Lake City and once in Kansas City, is his record, and this may be taken as a guarantee that the houses he has under his personal management are made as safe as human ingenuity can provide. Each fire, however, has been a blessing in a better house, until now the United States has no better theaters than those controlled by the Woodward & Burgess company. The importance of the firm in the amusement world is recognized by the men who have their money invested in amusement enterprises, and this prestige is daily growing. Their theaters are in the direct line of travel for all companies that go on tour in the country west of the Alleghenies, and the result is that their patrons get the best that can be had.

Mr. Burgess is still a young man, so young in fact that he can reasonably look forward to many years of useful activity yet. He has invested much of his profits in real estate, prudently making provision against a day when there may be a lull in the patronage at the theaters. He is married, but has no children. His home is in Omaha, and he directs his share of the firm's steadily increasing business from his office at the Boyd theater.

How Lally Lost His Job. The manager of the Pacific coast branch of the Crane company, a great manufacturing concern, is alleged to have resigned from Chicago, to be worth \$30,000 a year to him, rather than submit to what he regarded as an indignity. The circumstances as reported are briefly these: The Crane company some months ago installed in its San Francisco house a new clock for the purpose of registering the incomes and outgoings of its employees and issued instructions that all persons on the payroll should push the electric buttons provided for the purpose when entering or leaving the establishment. Every employee registered except the manager. It did not occur to him at first, it seems, that the company which valued his services at \$30,000 a year desired to place him in this respect on a level with the janitor and the office boy. He soon learned his mistake. A letter from Chicago reminded him that no registration indicating his entrance or exits was to be found upon the time clock records sent to the parent house. He paid no attention to the reminder. Another reminder followed the receipt of the second month's clock records. Then Mr. Lally replied, protesting against the indignity. A third letter informed him that he must either push the button or resign, and he resigned.

It would have taken very little of his time and cost him very little trouble, no doubt, to comply with the company's demand. The mere touching of an electric button is a very small matter. It will probably strike some that Mr. Lally was very foolish to throw up his handsome salary when he might have held it by making such a trifling sacrifice. But was the sacrifice he was asked to make trifling? Was it one that a self-respecting man could make without an effort? Had he made it would he still be able to regard himself as deserving of the great confidence placed in him or the handsome salary paid him? The Crane company, as we all know, is an enterprising and an expanding industrial concern. In the management of its business, doubtless, it is necessary to enforce rigid discipline among employees. But there is a limit. Those who would willingly wear tags might object to collars. Manager Lally, perhaps, had to put up with some things that were distasteful to him. But he would not put up with the electric push button and the time clock. And because he would not put up with this he lost his \$30,000 job. But he has his self-respect with him still. He did not lose that.—Chicago Inter Ocean.