

Eugene Tompkins is a quiet but very important factor in this season's biggest ventures. It has become tolerably well known that he intends to have a stupendous revival of "The Black Crook" at the Academy of Music in September, but until now it has not been revealed that he is preparing a surprise for his Boston Theatre supporters. He is going to give them, beginning early in November and lasting four or five months, a genuine example of the good old English holiday pantomime. Tompkins always fulfils his promises, and often he gives more than he announces; so it will be safe to expect a very close copy of the real London Christmas show. He is a remarkably liberal purchaser of scenery and costumes, and he will have, besides, the best stage in America for spectacular and harlequinade effects. In Europe a few weeks ago he unostentatiously hired a number of famous specialty and vaudeville performers for this show. Then he came back to New York, and in a few hours, almost before anybody knew that he had returned, he had executed a genuine coup by engaging Alfred Blanciflori, the grotesque dancer who has set the "Eldorado" audiences wild by his marvellous caperings. Half a dozen managers had been dickering with Blanciflori, who is unquestionably the best male dancer ever seen in this country. F. F. Proctor had offered him \$250 a week for a month's engagement in Boston, but Tompkins was able to meet that bid by a better one for a longer term, and Blanciflori capitulated accordingly. In "The Black Crook" there will be another new male dancer, the Milanese grotesque, Signor Guerra. He, too, is a wonder and a delight, so the Italian experts declare. With the return to the cast of "Old Jed Prouty" of Dora Wiley, which event will occur to-morrow night in Boston, Richard Golden's career may be said to start anew and blissfully. Dora Wiley is Mrs. Golden. A year or so ago she was not in harmony with her husband, who was at that time of uncertain habits. But within a twelvemonth the clever comedian has permanently rid himself of the whiskey evil, and has won back to his support a bright woman and a good wife. It should be very plain sailing for "Old Jed Prouty" this season. A story pointing to Edward Harrigan's soft-heartedness has been passed along Actors' Alley of late. John Mayon, the dancer, who is in the Harrison forces, tells it. While the company were playing in a Philadelphia theatre a few weeks ago a thief gained access to the dressing rooms and looted a number of valuables belonging to the actors. Mayon was conspicuously unlucky, because the thief made away with the dancer's entire wages for that week. Most of his associates were inclined to look upon the loss as a good joke on Mayon, but Harrigan, who has never quite forgotten his old days and his old joys and sorrows, treated the matter differently. He quietly handed to Mayon an order for another week's pay, with the remark that the actor could ill afford the loss, and it wasn't his fault, anyhow. In their anxiety to insure perfect safety in the Washington theatres Senators Gallinger and McMillan very thoughtlessly paid no heed to the stage exits. All the alterations ordered in their bills have tended to secure safety for the audience, while the actor has been quite neglected. This oversight—and it isn't an uncommon one—has led George C. Hazleton, Jr., a Washington actor, to make a public appeal to Senator Gallinger, asking that the comfort and protection of the poor player be provided for. The request is proper, and it should be heeded. Gowongo Mohawk, a real Indian actress, is going to visit England next season. She has for several years toured our own circuits industriously and modestly, and in the theatres where the border drama and the rifle shot are yet beloved she has won a large, lusty, and loyal entourage. In England she is likely to make a howling success once her claim to aboriginal blood is firmly established. It's a remarkable fact that you cannot safely make predictions as to the fate of American theatrical ventures in England, but it will be tolerably safe to count upon a win for Gowongo. Booth, Barrett, and McCullough failed to make Shakespeare profitable in Albion, but "On the Frontier," the Georgia Magnetic Girl, Buffalo Bill, and other peculiarly American products have coined money there. The Indian actress seems to have a fine chance.