

NEWSPAPERS TO BLAME

THIS play, "The Man of the Hour," now at the Moore Theatre seems to need a man of the minutes and seconds, such as they have alongside all well regulated prize rings to keep time. Like the United States Congress, the stage is certainly the strenuous existence—or at least it has become so—and nowadays, instead of hissing that awful word "cat" through the clenched teeth, the offended lady aims a "haymaker" at the jaw.

There is ground for a horrid suspicion that this wave of violence which has so devastated both the peace and dignity, to say nothing of the brotherly and sisterly love of the stage and Congress, can be traced to the accounts of personal combat chronicled in the yellow newspapers. The conflict between Mr. Williams and Mr. De Armond was undoubtedly the result of these men secretly reading graphic descriptions of the combat between Mr. T. Burns, formerly of Seattle, and Mr. G. Moir, of London. It is also whispered that the clash at arms between the two ladies on the stage of the Moore Theatre was superinduced by too much excitement over that awful affair between Prince Henri de Sagan and the Castellane family.

To be fair to the dignity of the stage, it should be stated that actor folk do not often resort to personal violence in the settlement of their many troubles. Fighting is something the "home office" usually settles by discharging everyone concerned, and besides, it musses one up so. The usual method on the stage, when offended, is to tell everybody who will listen how sorry you are to knock, but that he or she is really a rotten actor, and it is too bad, because she has nice hair, etc., etc.

The people of Seattle feel deeply chagrined that this affair at the Moore should have taken place—without notice so that we could have been there to see it.

W. D.