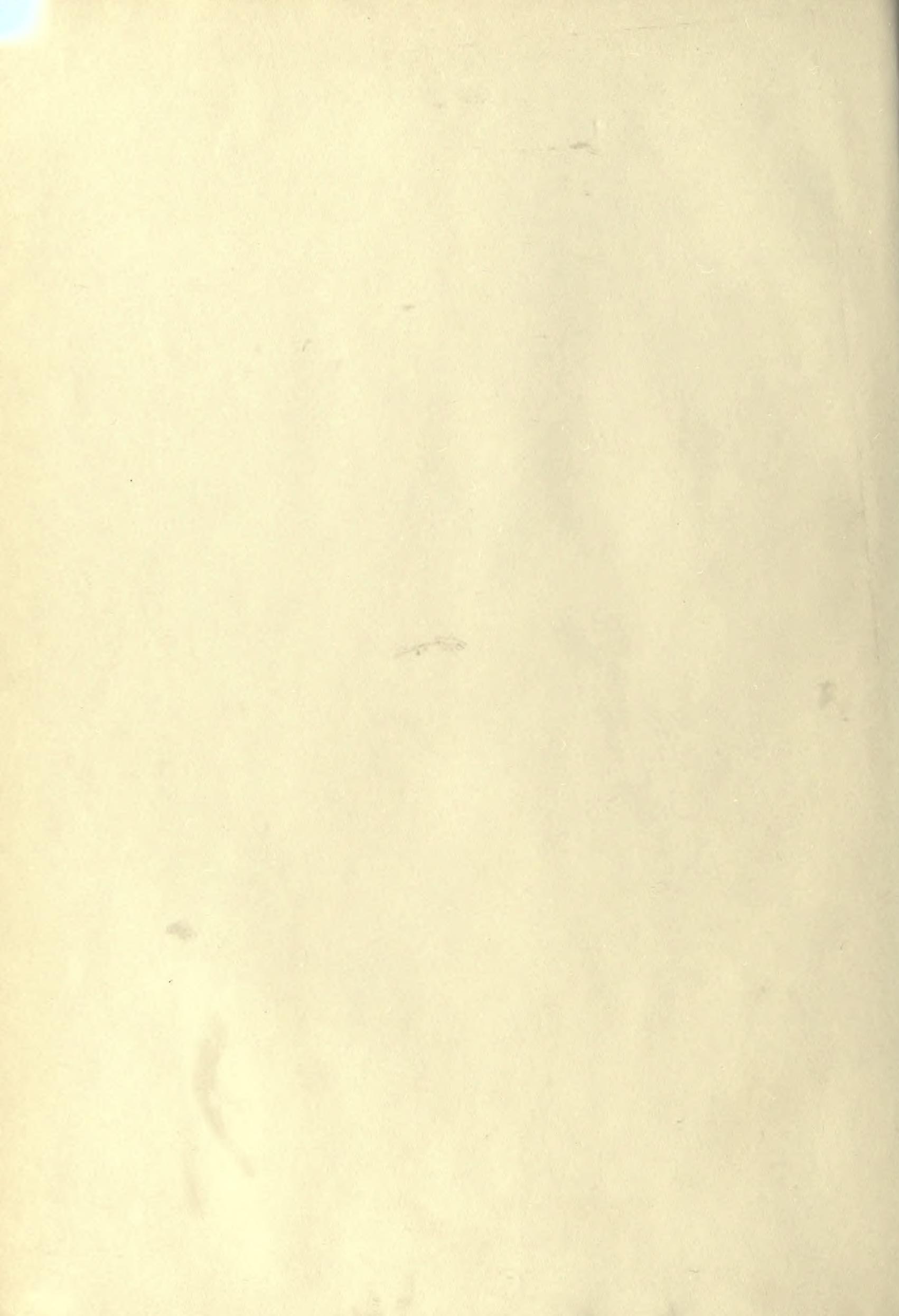




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White

ALICE BRADY AS BEULAH RANDOLPH IN "THE THINGS THAT COUNT," AT THE PLAYHOUSE



White

George Hassell

Walter Armin

Madame Kalich

Sydney Booth

Act II. Felix (Mr. Armin): "Leave my house; what name have you to offer an honest woman?"

SCENE IN CARINA JORDAN'S ROMANTIC DRAMA, "RACHEL," RECENTLY AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE THINGS THAT COUNT." Play in three acts by Laurence Eyre. Produced on December 8 with this cast:

Mrs. Hennaberry.....Florine Arnold
Mr. Hennaberry.....Albert Reed
Dr. Stewart Marshall.....Howard Estabrook
Beulah Randolph.....Alice Brady
DulcieGrace Dougherty
AbrahamWallace Erskine
IngeborgHilda Englund
AnnaAileen Burns

Mrs. Egner.....Margaret Seddon
Mrs. O'Donovan.....Josephine Williams
Blanche O'Donovan.....Maxine E. Hicks
Mickey O'Donovan.....Charles Everett
Frau Bundefeller.....Louise Muldener
Signor Vanni.....Nick Long
Signora Vanni.....Idalene Cotton
Elvira Vanni.....Edna W. Hopper

THE NEW PLAYS

Mr. Brady's liking for the play in which all the actors employed contribute their share of the work is manifest in "The Things That Count." That the play is written by an actor is also plain. It is thus filled with bits of acting and with incidents that keep its audience diverted. It is a play for these Christmas times, in any event. A grandmother, rich and hard, with a home without charity in it, except of a perfunctory kind, is led to believe that her husband has some affair on hand, and follows him. He has gone to visit the home of the widow of their son. They had disowned him and the woman he married, an actress, considering her beneath them. Several years have passed, and the widow of that son is living in poverty in a tenement with her child, a daughter, a dreamy girl of ten, who often plays that she is a princess. The Grandmother does not reveal herself at once, but busies herself in providing a Christmas tree for the child. The neighbors who come in by invitation or otherwise furnish the types with which the play abounds. The children have as much to do as the grown folks, the little actors, not overtaxed, are as amusing as the big ones. When the widowed mother of the grandchild discovers who the fairy godmother is she orders her out of the room. It hardly needs to be told that the beautiful young widow is loved by a worthy young man, and that reconciliation with the rich parents is not withheld. The fainting of the child and the period of fear lest she be lost belong to the sentimental touches of the play. Florine Arnold's performance of the Grandmother is one of those notable achievements that from time to time brighten a career. It is a character study that gives solidity to a somewhat insubstantial

piece. Miss Alice Brady as the daughter-in-law is well suited in a sympathetic part, in which her pleasing personality is one of the things that count. As an indication of the variety of types in the acting of this little play it may be remarked that among the types in nationality are Swedes, Italian and Irish.

LYCEUM. "THE STRANGE WOMAN." Comedy in three acts by William Hurlbut. Produced on November 17th with this cast:

Kate Mac Masters.....Sarah McVicker
MaryAnnie Buckley
Walter Hemingway.....Alphonz Ethier
Clara Hemingway.....Lois F. Clark
Cora Whitman.....Frances Whitehouse
John Hemingway.....Charles D. Waldron
Mrs. Hemingway.....Sara Von Leer
Inez de Pierrefond.....Elsie Ferguson
Charles Abbe.....Hugh Dillman
May Armstrong.....George Drew Mendum
Henry Mac Masters.....Otto F. Hoffmann
Mrs. Abbe.....Mrs. Felix Morris

The refinement and charm of Elsie Ferguson and the extraordinary success of Mr. Hurlbut in providing a number of rural characters, each one of them representing a phase of village narrowness, make "The Strange Woman" one of the most interesting plays of the season. Whatever may be said of the futility of the advanced idea of the strange woman in the case, the practical result of entertainment is achieved. In other words, the amusing and true satire on village life, in a play that is not exactly a rural play, is so overwhelmingly comic that it atones for the shortcomings of the piece as a problem play. In effect, indeed, it is not a problem play. It is simply a comedy. An attractive, brilliant young woman of American birth, who has lived long in Paris, who had been married to a brute and now is free, has adopted the advanced idea that true marriage does not require the ceremony of the church to make it binding. She comes with the young man who would enter upon such a marriage to visit his mother and gain her consent to such a union. It is in the little town of Delphi, Iowa, that the play now unfolds itself. The relatives, the neighbors and the gossips get busy. She gets the better of them, one by one, in her sharp verbal encounters with them, revealing their hypocrisies and secret immoralities, but finally succumbs to the mute arguments of the sweet, pure mother, so solicitous for her son's happiness, and

is to marry according to the church formula. This result prevents it from being a problem play. If it had been, she would have marched off triumphantly with the mother's son, with that mother's blessing, defying the world, or there could have been a tragic result with the impression sought to be conveyed that she was right in spite of all. That is "Magda." The weakness of the play is that for the greater part of the time it has the appearance of being a problem play. With a less persuasively amiable actress in it than Miss Elsie Ferguson, this element in the play would be unbearable. The theory that untrammelled love in marriage is a stronger bond for behavior than the obligations under the law is not going to be accepted by audiences to begin with or to end with. However, all is well that ends well, and the result is so satisfactory that the intervening discontent with the false and advanced idea of unconventional marriage is swept away. The play will hold its own simply as an entertainment. To describe the play would be to describe it with reference to the personal charm and art of Miss Elsie Ferguson and the uncommon amusement afforded by, to be specific, nine characters from village life played, without exception, with inimitable spirit, or at least with a naturalness and effectiveness that would be difficult to match. Every player, from the maid-servant up, is impressively and wholly comic. Charles D. Waldron, as the young man seeking the consent of his mother to this strange union, is, of course, not a comic character, and acts with manly dignity, giving some little importance and entire sincerity to his position in the matter. The mother, Sara Von Leer, is also not a comic character, but so sweet and gentle that, without a great deal to do, she in the end solves the whole situation. Miss Ferguson, of course, is comic only with her satire and her laughing retorts. Georgie Drew Mendum, as the divorcée, quite ready to adopt the most advanced ideas, is one of the successful types. Sarah McVicker, with her stern morals and outrageous styles in dress, is no less successful. Without recounting the individual successes, it may be said that rarely has such a cast been got together.

FULTON. "THE MISLEADING LADY." Play in three acts by Chas. Goddard and Paul Dickey. Produced on November 25th with this cast:

Jack Craigen.....	Lewis S. Stone	Bill Fagan.....	Henry Thompson
John W. Cannell.....	William H. Sama	"Babe Merrill".....	George Abbott
Henry Tracey.....	Robert Cain	"Chesty" Sanborn.....	Robert Graves, Jr.
Sidney Parker.....	Albert Sackett	Helen Steele.....	Inez Buck
Stephen Weatherbee.....	John Cumberland	Mrs. Cannell.....	Alice Wilson
Keen Fitzpatrick.....	Everett Butterfield	Jane Wentworth.....	Gladys Wilson
Boney.....	Frank Sylvester	Amy Foster.....	Jane Quinn
Tim McMahon.....	Albert Sackett	Grace Buchanan.....	Frances Savage

"The Misleading Lady" is the second attempt of its authors to find diversion in extreme novelty. This novelty involves a departure from the reasonable and customary affairs of life, or drama, and violates common sense with scruple. Their first play, "The Ghost Breaker," violated common sense by perverting romanticism. The present play perverts common sense in the name of farce. The idea seems to go further in any given direction than anyone else has gone. No doubt there is a certain warrant for extravagance in "The Taming of the Shrew," which unquestionably had something to do with the inception of the idea. It is not a shrew that is tamed, but a young woman who has humiliated a man of honest purpose by leading him on to a proposal and then rejecting him, having misled him on a wager that she could win him. He suggests that the cave man who carried away the woman he loved had reason on his side. He suddenly throws a cloak over her head, muffling her voice, carries her to his automobile and speeds to his cabin in the Adirondacks. When she reproaches him, pleads with him for release, and would exercise such violence on him as her feminine limitations permit, he unchains his dog at the fireplace and clasps the collar and chain about her ankle. This would seem preposterous as an incident, and, indeed, all the happenings of the play would seem to be impossible in a performance. The least reflection convinces any audience of its impossibility as an actual happening. And yet the events as they are unfolded are so naturally devised and dialogued, so well handled in themselves that, with the circumstances accepted as actual, even if not reasonable, some entertainment is provided. The comedy is also of an unusual kind and not unsuccessful. An escaped lunatic from a neighboring



White Grace Dougherty

Alice Brady

Florine Arnold

Albert Reed

Act II. Beulah Randolph (Miss Brady): "Dulcie, speak to me!"

SCENE IN LAURENCE EYRE'S PLAY, "THE THINGS THAT COUNT," AT THE PLAYHOUSE

asylum, imagining himself to be Napoleon, has found refuge in the house. He appears from time to time and complicates matters, and it must be admitted that the actions of this demented person are not, as one might imagine, painful. He is so harmless, so gentle, so serious in his hallucination, so amiable, that we do not take his affliction seriously, or perhaps we regard him as a temporary factor of amusement with whom fate will deal kindly after he has performed his theatrical function and has been taken back by his keepers. The conduct of the man reverting to the methods of the cave man, if the play were not filled with constantly recurring dramatic incidents, would spoil all the interest in the action. Many of the old tricks are used for dramatic effect. Guns are leveled and wrested, by trickery, from the threatening hand. Finally, as the girl is about to call for help through the telephone, she fells her cave man with the receiver. Her lover, now pretending that she is his wife, comes on threatening revenge. More gun play. The woman escapes, after nursing her oppressor back to life, but later returns from her wanderings in the forest, completely subdued to her new love. The play will not stand analysis at all, but a record of it is made here because, with all its seeming preposterousness, it has acquired some prosperity. It could hardly begin to do this without good acting. Mr. Stone, as the cave man, is excellent, but Mr. Sylvester, as the Napoleon, gives a very notable performance.



Apeda ALEXANDER BLOCH
The young violinist who made his debut at
Aeolian Hall recently

ant on the foreign stage that Mme. Kalich is naturally inclined to plays of the sort; and, Americanized as she is in speech and manner, she still retains much of the artistic method of the foreign stage. This is not at all undesirable, and it is a pleasure to witness her exercise of her inclination. There has always been a tendency toward the historical play abroad. Those people live more in the past than we do. The historical personage has little foothold on our stage. The memory of Rachel is left to books. It is possible that familiarity with historical characters has a value with foreign audiences that it does not have here. It is certain that the names of George Sand, Saint Aulaire, Alfred de Musset, Chopin and Boileau, have no such potency with us, that they summon before our imagination the character in visage and manner as they were in life. Personations of them, for us, need not conform to historical accuracy. Their only value would be in dramatic values, according to the necessities of the action. In this way much of the merely historical is lost to us. Incidentally, Chopin's playing of one of his compositions upon the primitive piano was interesting. The play has abundant elements of the picturesque and the romantic. The costumes of the court and of the lower orders furnished studies in color and fashions. The dramatic elements embrace the stirring period of a revolution.

The range of life extends from the childhood of a half-starved street singer to the maturity of her triumph as an actress, when the artistic world and princes were at her feet. Love, jealousy and intrigue accompany every step. It is not without success that Mme. Kalich attempts the extremely difficult task of portraying the temperament and genius of one of the greatest actresses known to the stage. The indications of that genius begin when the girl procures a volume of *Racine* from a stall of second-hand books, and, in reciting a passage from one of the great dramas, has her dramatic talent discovered by the Duchess of Orleans, and is taken under her

(Continued on page 44)

KNICKERBOCKER. "RACHEL." Romantic drama in four acts by Carina Jordan. Produced on December 1st with this cast:

Rachel	Madame Kalich	Felix	Walter Armin
Madame Felix	Ferike Boros	Fritz	Bennett Southard
Sarah	Ina Brooks	Alfred de Musset	George Graham
Duchess of Orleans	Ida Darling	Frederic Chopin	Albert Latscha
George Sand	Edna Archer Crawford	Marq. de la Sommoniere	George Graham
Countess Delorme	Natalie Howe	Boileau	Ben S. Mears
Maid to Rachel	Lillian Kalich	Sergeant	Stanley Rignold
Maurice Pelletier	Sidney Booth	Footman	Hugh Stange
Saint Aulaire	George Hassell	Door Keeper	W. H. Lowman
Cassagnac	Edward Fosberg	Call Boy	Frank Gerbrach

Traditional usage of historical material for plays is so abund-



White

Elsie Ferguson

Act I. The strange woman makes friends with the ladies of Delphi
SCENE IN WILLIAM HURLBUT'S COMEDY, "THE STRANGE WOMAN," AT THE GAIETY

IF I had never been an actor? . . . There may be others who have considered this matter,

If I Had Never Been An Actor

By DE WOLF HOPPER

but until now I have never done so. I could not imagine so great a calamity, not to me, you understand, but to the world.

If there is one thing that disturbs my serenity more than another, it is having to talk about myself; but writing about myself is beyond my powers of endurance. Imagine me sitting here before a small spindle-legged ladies' escritoire writing about what I would have been had I not been an actor.

Really, if I write so much about myself I shall develop an Ego, and— Well, I pride myself on not being burdened with an Ego. I am told that the Ego is indigenous to the common or garden variety of actor. Indeed some actors think that the Ego is the whole of acting. How he can think that is something that I cannot understand. That is, how he can keep on thinking it after rubbing up against the edges of the fickle public for any length of time. Personally, as I said before, if I ever had an Ego, it vanished a long time ago. I often wonder if the "dear public" realizes that acting changes almost as often as the styles in ladies' apparel. The dear things are always adopting new and complicated styles, and it is quite bewildering to follow them. It is very much the same with actors. To-day they are as far ahead of the actors of twenty years ago as the buildings on Fifth Avenue are ahead of those on West Street.

It is work and not Ego that keeps a man ahead of his times, whether that man is an actor or an inventor, or just a plain artisan. I have a hunch that the actor who nurses his Ego will have a good long opportunity later on to ruminate on its value after he has been cast aside by the Fickle Public. Not that the public is really fickle. mind you; no, not a bit of it. It only seems so to the man who stands still. The dear old public goes right ahead with the times like everything else in the world.

Fancy the public having a stationary taste in the matter of the theatre only, while it went on progressing with the rest of the world in all the other affairs of life. Can you picture what

the theatre would be like? I can't, and I have a reasonably good imagination, too.

Upon one thing you could be sure, there would be no electric lights; they would be still making asides and soliloquizing; ladies would be wearing antedeluvian draperies and the players would wear masks instead of grease. There would be no scenery and the music would be of a crude and primitive kind. The audience would perhaps indulge in target practice at the expense of the mummies, and it is even possible that there would be silhouette players of the kind they had in the early days in India, or marionettes.

In that case I would not have been an actor. There would not have been any chance for me. But judging by the early start my propensity for acting got, I think I would have been the owner of one of the small marionette exhibitions. I should probably have spent my young emotions in pulling the strings that made my marionettes dance. I can even fancy my name on Broadway:

DE WOLF HOPPER'S
MARIONETTES.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT.

I began to show distinct symptoms of the histrionic aptitude when I had reached the mature age of four years. At that time I had my own theatre, where the audiences, the actors, the manager, and all were impersonated by my humble self. It was a natural reaction against an ancestry which had held that the theatre was the vestibule limited for Hades. Both my mother and father's people were of that opinion, and when my parents got to the age where they could stand alone, so far as their opinions went, they took a violent fancy to the Thespian palaces, and I was born in an atmosphere of idolatrous love of the theatre. My immediate family was doing its simple best to make up for all the time that the family had been losing at prayer meetings for several generations past



White
IRIS HAWKINS AND DE WOLF HOPPER IN "HOP O' MY THUMB," RECENTLY SEEN AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

I played all my spare time away at being an actor. Acting has always been as natural to me as eating, and I love it for itself. It is hard for me to imagine myself in any other walk of life, though I am sure that had fate cast me for some other part that I should have been an actor still. People do not realize



Matzene
GUY BATES POST
Appearing in the Persian play, "Omar, the Tentmaker"

that acting is carried into many other walks of life. We are all acting a part on the stage of life.

Of course, there was the chance that I might have been a tragedian. There is a mighty thin dividing line between the two. Great comedians are basically tragedians. The justification for that assertion may be found easily in the tragic comedy of Gilbert's wonderful books, especially in the "Mikado." The tragedy, the hopelessness of the situation in which Koko finds himself as executioner, is the very essence of the humor. It is when one reaches the very dregs of misfortune and fate asks the impossible that we exclaim, "It is to laugh!" And we do laugh. Even the world laughs at us and with us. It is not that they have not seen the other side, but the humor of the thing is infectious. And it is the humor of the thing that prevents the culmination of a tragedy. We have all seen some comrade hurrying at top speed to some good fortune, and just as he was apparently winged for flight, stub his toe and fall in helplessness to the ground. It may have been a tragedy in itself, but it made us laugh. We could not help it, and if the victim had a sense of humor he laughed with us after he had pulled himself into shape again.

My father was a lawyer, and he brought me up with the idea that I would make law my profession. I have, for the benefit of the press agent who implores me to keep my name before the public, tried to imagine myself as a lawyer, pleading one of Nat Goodwin's divorce cases. I feel assured that my histrionic proclivities would have risen to the occasion. Can you visualize the situation for a moment. In the camera lense of my imagination's

eye I can see the judge and jury each wiping away his own particular brand of saline moisture as it gently trickled down his cheeks, as I appealed to the clemency of the learned judge and jury.

Though my family would have been delighted to have seen me choose the law as a career, I think that my mother always took as much or more pleasure out of my work than I did. In fact, I think that she really took more. She saw me in *Wang* one hundred and thirty-three times, and though I obtained tickets for her for everything that was going on in the city at the time, she would insist on coming to see me instead. She felt guilty to be watching some other performance when I was in reach. There was an old aunt who had about the same ideas where my acting was concerned, and when I felt that the world was a little rough with me, I most always ran out to see mother. We would open a bottle of wine, and then I'd sit back and listen to the most wonderful praise in the world. It made very little difference how down I had felt when I started, I went away with a pretty good opinion of my acting. If men are never heroes to their valet they are always to their mothers.

One incident that seems to me worth telling occurred between my mother and the mother of another star in the box of a theatre on the occasion of an opening performance.

The curtain had just gone down on the act, and the other star—who happened to be Lillian

(Continued on page 44)



Photo Foley
CHRISTAL HERNE
Now appearing in "At Bay," at the 39th Street Theatre

The Scenic Art of Leon Bakst



LEON BAKST
daring innovator in stage settings

AMONG that little group of experimenters and innovators who have brought a new spirit into the art of stage-setting—a group that includes such men as Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt—perhaps the most daring in his effects and the most vivid in his colors is Léon Bakst, an exhibition of whose sketches was opened in this city recently.

Mr. Bakst, who is now forty-five years of age, was born in Russia of modest Jewish parentage, but has made his home in Paris for some eighteen years. In Paris he has found that freedom to follow the bent of his own genius, which is the necessary atmosphere of every creative mind. It is only too easy to understand that he found such freedom lacking in the land of the Czar, but it is interesting to note that his sharpest conflict with the Academy was occasioned by his sending to the exhibition a picture in which the dead Christ and his sorrowing mother were symbolically but very realistically portrayed by the figures of a peasant woman and her dead and mutilated son.

A profound student and an industrious workman, the artist has developed his talents and kept the pot boiling by various activities, including the making of mural designs and other interior decorations, the painting of miniatures and the production

We quote this passage because it gives in brief a typical example of this artist's method, a method marked by the use of brilliant and even startling colors, which are, however, so skillfully and harmoniously chosen and arranged as to produce "chromatic symphonies." Another feature of this method is the *simplification* achieved by the suppression of unnecessary detail. In fact, one of the most observable things in the exhibition of Bakst's *maquettes* lately on view in New York



From an original water-color by Leon Bakst
IDA RUBINSTEIN IN "LA PISANELLE"

and later to be shown in Philadelphia, Buffalo, Chicago, and other importance cities, is his dependence for his most striking effects on schemes of three strong colors, such as red, blue, and yellow.

And though these schemes are diversified by more or less intricate details in the use of ornaments and the patterning of fabrics, such details are always carefully subordinate to the main impression.

This main impression, moreover, is not merely intensified by simplicity, but made more salient by deliberate *exaggeration*.

Thus Bakst proves himself, in spite of his careful historic studies, a true son of his own era, and strongly influenced by the tenets of Post impressionism. In other words, he is less concerned with the faithful portrayal of natural scenes than with the emotions produced by such scenes in his own soul. And to produce similar emotions in his audience he does not hesitate to take liberties with Nature by exaggeration of form, of color, and of gesture.

These qualities are displayed very strikingly in the wonderful ballet of "Scheherezade," a daring fantasy based on the introductory tale of the "Arabian Nights." This work is generally acclaimed Bakst's masterpiece, and fairly intoxicates the beholder with its voluptuous rhythms, its frenzied joys, and the



From a design by Leon Bakst in *Comedia Illustré*
STAGE SETTING FOR ACT II OF "LA PISANELLE"

of caricatures and theatrical figurines; but it was not until 1906 that he won wide public attention by the display of his work at the Russian Exhibition arranged in Paris by Serge de Diaghilew, the famous Director of the Imperial Russian Theatres. Diaghilew invited a group of the artists represented in this exhibition to work for the theatres under his charge, and knowing Bakst to be a profound student of Homer, he asked him to design Greek settings for classical plays, such as the "Ædipus."

These settings were very beautiful and successful; for this artist possesses a singular power of projecting his sympathies into the moods and emotions of distant epochs and various peoples, but his first really brilliant achievement was the creation of the ballet of "Cléopâtre," which was given in June, 1909, at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris. A spectator who was present on that occasion thus describes it: "From the moment when the curtain arose to the music which Arensky had written for the artist's ballet until the amorous queen's galley glided down the river with its precious burden, there was never a false note struck. The settings were built upon extremely simple lines: a vast Egyptian hall surrounded by massive columns, between which you caught glimpses of the glittering sapphire Nile. The prevailing color was a brilliant orange, and the great stones, which seemed to have absorbed the golden sunlight, suggested deserts of glittering powdered sand outside."



From a small model by Leon Bakst in *Comedia Illustré*
STAGE SETTING FOR ACT I OF "LA PISANELLE"

dazzling and sumptuous richness of "the colors which, like his characters, sing and shout and dance with joyous abandon." In this wild scene of delirious pleasures, checked by sudden dreadful death, typifying the Shakespearean line that violent delights have ever violent ends, one feels that Bakst gives his own temperament full sway. His Semitic inheritance enables him to penetrate and portray the Oriental opulence of external splendors and internal passions.

Other Oriental creations of Bakst are the "Orientale," whose première was recently given by Mme. Pavlowa in the Metropolitan Opera House; the "Salomé," the "Dieu Bleu," in which the inspiration is derived from Javanese and Anamese fashions, and the "Thamar," deriving from Chinese and Trans-Caucasian sources. His Grecian inventions comprise "Narcisse," "Daphnis and Chloë," "Hélène de Sparte," and "L'Après Midi d'un Faune," in which Nijinsky danced.

For the costumes and setting of D'Annunzio's two plays, "St. Sebastian" and "Pisanelle" the Middle Ages were drawn upon, in the opera "Boris Godounow" the dominant tone is Byzantine, and in "The Secret of Suzanne" the setting is rococo.

Bakst's amazing versatility is further evidenced by various ballets of divers modes, including early Victorian, and by a series of dress designs called *fantaisies* on modern costume. In the latter he had the co-operation of Mme. Paquin. While these designs appear somewhat fantastic on the fashion plate, this is largely due to a mere overemphasis of values or exaggeration of dimension or of pose in the figure, and when actually made up and worn by living models they do not appear unduly extreme.

Indeed, it should be remembered in judging any of Bakst's clever but exaggerated sketches that they are like a stained glass window which fails of its true effect until the vivifying light of the sun pours through its panes. But even this simile is inadequate, for in reality this artist works not merely in colors, but in the plastic material of humanity itself, and human clay is molded most subtly from within, by the mysterious, changing, fluent thing we call life. That is what makes the art of the theatrical designer perhaps more difficult and more fascinating than any other.

If the attitudes and gestures of some of the figures in these

clever little water-color *maquettes* seem strained, artificial, or even impossible, we must remember that they are really *snapshots*, that their creator realizes better than anyone how swiftly they will melt from one phase into another in the living subject. The very violence of the attitude, as where some graceful, flowing line is sharply interrupted by the acute angle of arm akimbo or a boldly flung leg, is the sign of an inner violence which will produce a sudden alteration of outline.

A final word may be added as to the Bakst's moral influence. Some of his critics consider certain drawings so boldly sensual as to be immoral, but his admirers declare him not *immoral*, but a-moral. According to these he is dominated when developing such themes by a spirit of gay paganism, and by a wish to render truly the soul of his subject. Obviously it would be absurd for him to depict an Oriental odalisque with the aspect of a Botticelli Spring Maiden. Just as he delights in portraying tropic splendors of color and exuberance of form, he takes a naïve joy in those tropic emotions which are their spiritual counterpart.

His figures are often partially nude, but there is no sickly emphasis on the indecency of nudity, but rather a frank rejoicing in the proof that the fine human

animal is as beautiful and as innocently to be admired as any other fine animal. Often the skin is daringly displayed, that the rich satin or velvet of its texture and the white, or rose, or bronze, or brown, or ebony, of its hue may complete the unity of the design by harmonizing with texture and color of the fabrics in the draperies.

MAY TEVIS.

Americans next June are to see a Belgian Socialist Deputy playing "Hamlet." Celestin Demblon, a Deputy and Professor of Literature at Brussels University, whose books in which he seeks to show that the plays attributed to Shakespeare were written by Lord Rutland, have attracted a good deal of comment, will, says the Brussels correspondent of the *New York Times*, sail for America in June and lecture in the principal cities of the United States on his theory. During his tour he plans to play "Hamlet." His Socialist friends in the Belgian Chamber persuaded him not to do that in Belgium.

The first performance of the new opera, "Parisina," with music by Mascagni and libretto by d'Annunzio, took place at La Scala, on December 11th last, in the presence of a splendid audience, and, according to cable reports, was received with great enthusiasm.



Mishkin ANNA CASE
Soprano at the Metropolitan who appeared as Sophie
in Strauss' opera, "Der Rosenkavalier"



White

SCENE IN ACT I OF "THE BEAUTY SHOP," RAYMOND HITCHCOCK'S NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

Pepy's Diary—Addenda 1914

BLESSED be God, when I returned from my country seat at the end of October, in good season for the casting of my ballot, I was in very good health. I went and came from the polling booth without the taking of cold, although after the dosing of calomel.

November 5th.—The election having evented to my liking (of the new Mayor they do speak very high), I rose, put on my suit of gray stuff and walked a great while in Broadway, and met Shubert and Harris, who told me, among other things, of their being in contention with the law, but now happily over. Did ask for orders for the play for my wife and me, whereat strange how Shubert did alter in countenance, but I kept countenance and he was not able to deny me.

November 6th.—Strange the difference of men's talk. Of the play, "The Lure," I shall say naught, but that my wife talked loud against it. Took her to the tavern with my cousin, Tom, where we sat down to eat a sack posset, which was very good. He did order beer, which was not handsome. Many maids and swains dancing; my wife in dudgeon.

November 7th.—This night to the play again, "To-day." There did meet a Jew who said: "Lord! Lord! all day have I been in my temple clothes, and my wife, after a poor dinner, fetches me here to listen to this *ordure*." The play very sillily written. Thence to supper, and home hot and merry with wine.

November 8th.—To Mr. Frohman's, where well received, there being a play to rehearse, by name "Indian Summer." Mr. Thomas, the author, there, very pompous. Among the rest, Mr. Mason, who I found was a very ingenious gentleman. The play studied, we all parted, and I home by coach, taking Mr. Seymour with me, who did tell me many tales of the ladies, actresses, and blaming Mr. Thomas for writing to keep in with the times, and not according to the rules of art, by which he could not well fall down, as now he hath done.

9th (Lord's Day).—To church and heard a poor, dry sermon. Here I met with Mr. Thompson (William J.), sat with him till five, who told a great many stories of comedies he had seen acted, and the names of the principal actors, and gave me a long account of himself. Home sober. My wife out of temper.

10th.—To the play, "Nearly Married." A conceit. The author an actor. Told me the play caused so great merriment that he travelled to Jersey for fear that the people, seeing him, would do him hurt; for that they were angry they had laughed so much. He did make me believe there was something extraordinary in the play. I was not untowardly diverted.

11th.—To McAlpin's where I did stay till dinner time; where there was a company of fine ladies and I was very civilly treated and had a very good place to see the dancings, which were many, and I believe good for such kind of things, but in themselves but poor and absurd. Home early to a fine turkey, which my wife dressed herself, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. For her comfort took her along with me to the new playhouse, The Booth, where did see "The Great Adventure." Tame, very well acted. Home on foot, my wife scolding all the way. Her wish to see "At Bay." Did promise her for the morrow to quiet her tongue, did I but get an order.

12th.—Mounted early and to the Shubert, a new playhouse, where I was made very welcome. Here met two or three gentlemen; among the rest Mr. Rhinock, with whom I had much talk. Very merry discourse, much like the new comedies wherein spades are called spades. He did make us good sport in imitating Mr. Shubert and Mr. Manheimer, the showmen; but a great talker he is, and grown very fat. Asked for order to "At Bay," which I did receive; home to show it with great pleasure to my wife, to hear that she did wish to see Forbes-Robertson. To "At Bay," since it had now grown too late to change. My wife seemed very pretty to-night, it being the first time I did get a



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Forbes-Robertson

Gertrude Elliott

Act I—Cleopatra: "It is not a dream! It is not a dream!"

SCENE IN "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA" AS PRESENTED AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

taxi-coach to carry us to the play, and so without bonnet. She showed me her head, which was very well dressed, and I did kiss her. The play is for the servantmaids, my wife pleased, which did make me content.

13th.—To the Lyric playhouse where the play of "Ourselves" was newly begun; and so I went in and saw it well acted; and here I saw for the first time one Miss Elliston, who took the part of a poor wench heavily beset, to whom a great lady did give comfort and shelter. But the wench fell into the hands of a married man, who did cajole her, and he with a wife about to be brought to bed. I did see fine women in this strange play which methought wrought on me like a sermon. Miss Elliston a very little pretty woman, but the two others playing with her in the drama, taller and fine dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she. But to her the great moments which she did improve till I thought to cry, but I blew my nose. Afterwards home, at about twelve at night, and found my wife asleep, whom I did not waken.

15th.—Of the afternoon my wife and I to the new playhouse near Eighth avenue to see Sir Forbes-Robertson, who is said to be the best actor in the world,

(Continued on page 42)

AT THE OPERA



Copyright Mishkin
Olive Fremstad as Elsa in "Lohengrin"

then assume a rôle of minor importance, for the audience is the chief protagonist that night.

Knowing this full well, the wise management has learned to serve up as brilliant an opera as possible; and experience has proven that the more familiar the opera the better pleased are the auditors that night. Once, several years ago, when he was still young in his position of operatic dictator at the Metropolitan, Gatti-Casazza began his season with a sumptuous revival of Gluck's classic "Armide." And the yawns that escaped from the Metropolitan could have been heard across Broadway.

This year, then, Mr. Gatti-Casazza had chosen Massenet's "Manon" for the initial opera. But, since the best laid plans of men and mice "gant aft agleg," Geraldine Farrar's attack of

NOT with the usual flare of trumpets and bruising of cymbals, but rather unostentatiously, did the twenty-three-week Metropolitan Opera season begin with "La Gioconda." Socially, it was a brilliant affair, for everyone who is among the "Who's Who" of the social world was there to see and be seen—if not to hear. In society the opening of the opera season is an event, and for the only time during the season do stage doings

bronchitis nipped the opening night bill in the bud, and "La Gioconda" was substituted. There was absolutely nothing new about this presentation, and it need not detain us long here in review. Caruso, as Enzo, was in good voice, save in that famous operatic war-horse of a tenor solo, the *Cielo e Mar*, which he sang well, but not with the same brilliancy as he has on other occasions. Destinn, in the title rôle, and Amato as the spy, Barnaba, were both excellent, while Matzenauer as Laura left much to be desired. Special credit is due to Mme. Duchene, however, for the intelligent and satisfying manner in

which she sang the smallish part of *La Cieca*. Toscanini performed a rare feat on this occasion. The noted conductor had missed his steamer, and in consequence had arrived here only a day before the opening of the season. Not until he landed did he know that the opening bill had been changed, and that he would have to conduct "La Gioconda" instead of "Manon."

Now it happens that he had not led Ponchielli's masterpiece all of last season. Still he refused to have a rehearsal, and entered the orchestra pit armed only with that marvellous memory which treasures in its folds the scores of nearly a hundred operas. And he conducted "La Gioconda" as only he can, rearing a third-act finale climax that seems without the ken of most conductors, and doing most of the work to make this performance a brilliant one.

Later in the week he executed even a greater feat, for he conducted a revival of Verdi's neglected "Un Ballo in Maschera" in a manner that made the huge audience sit up and applaud music which in previous years it had come to regard as a monumental bore. For nine seasons this opera has been shelved at the Metropolitan, and while during that period the work has been given several times at the Manhattan Opera House, yet the quality of public approval was ever missing at its presentations.

When Mr. Gatti-Casazza announced early in the year that he had chosen this opera to commemorate the Verdi centenary, there were smothered groans among the critical profession, and few of the critical brotherhood—including myself, I'll admit—went to the Metropolitan with an atom of the enthusiasm, of expectation tucked away among their sentiments.

But the revival of "Un Ballo in Maschera" was another example of the fallacy



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Lucrezia Bori as Antonia in "The Tales of Hoffmann"



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Italo Cristalli in "Lucia di Lammermoor"



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Italo Cristalli in "Lucia di Lammermoor"



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FRIEDA HEMPEL



JACQUES URLUS IN "LOHENGRIN"



Copyright Mishkin
VERA CURTIS

of judging in advance. Toscanini, who wielded an enthusiastic baton over the performance, brought to hearing dramatic qualities that none of us had ever dreamed

lying dormant in this score. He banished from it all traces of age, he brought out some dramatic episodes that had been left undiscovered by other conductors, and he conveyed to every single artist concerned that contagious artistic spirit with which he is surcharged. As a result, the audience went wild with enthusiasm, applauding and cheering, and most of the listeners went home thoroughly convinced that "Un Ballo in Maschera" is a worthy work by a great master—when it is given as the Metropolitan artists are doing it this season.

There is really little to wonder at, after all, in the amount of public appeal of this opera, for Caruso never had a better rôle than that of Riccardo. He sang the light music of the opening act with amazing agility; later he poured into this dramatic and sentimental music the full glory of his voice, and it was ravishing to the ears to hear this wonderful voice at its best. Destinn was Amelia, a rôle that fits her happily, and she and Caruso sang the third-act love music in a way that was nothing short of thrilling. Amato, as Renato, was simply admirable, employing vocal restraint which he has but recently added to his share of vocal accompaniments. Matzenauer sang the rôle of the witch Ulrica well. In the boy's costume of Oscar, the page, Frieda Hempel proved her artistic worth, singing beautifully and acting well. Rothier and de Segurrola were the two arch conspirators. The handsome scenery was a delight to the eye, the costumes were beautiful, and, in short, it was a completely satisfying performance.

That is the only near novelty thus far presented, but as there are six new works to be heard, the opening weeks of the season cannot serve as a criterion for the rest of it, so far as the giving of novelties is concerned. To offset this possible monotony of repertoire, however, a number of

new singers have been heard, chief among whom is Mme. Margerete Ober, a native of Berlin and a member of the Royal Opera there. She made her début as Ortrud in "Lohengrin."

Never have I seen or heard an Ortrud to equal her. She has temperament in abundance, has a mezzo contralto voice that is full and rich in its deeper tones, while the upper notes are free from all shrillness that so commonly makes the high singing of contraltos painful to hear; in addition, she is an actress of a very high order. I must confess that for the first time in a good many years was it possible for me to listen to the entire long and gloomy duet between Ortrud and Telramund, which begins the second act. She voiced this music with an indescribable dramatic force, and at the close of her invocation aria the audience broke into applause that almost stopped the performance.

Fremstad sang *Elsa* on this occasion, and while this music is not the happiest for her voice, she looked so ethereally beautiful, and acted the part with such fine artistic sense of proportion, that one forgave her for the vocal lapses of the moment. Ulrus was the swan knight, and he sang exquisitely. Weil, as Telramund, seemed to be fairly lifted to a higher artistic plane by the wonderful singing and acting of Mme. Ober; and Braun was an ideal King Henry, his play of mien ever alive with interesting details and his sonorous voice lending dignity and force to his impersonation. Hertz conducted one of the best performances of this work that ever I have heard him do, and

the orchestra—strengthened this season by a new and admirable concertmaster—played unusually well. There was a minor new artist, a baritone named Carl Schlegel, who sang the music of the Herald finely.

Mme. Ober had another opportunity, a



Luisa Villani in "Madama Butterfly"
(National Opera Company)

White



HELEN STANLEY
(National Opera Company)

told, a wonderful presentation of "Boris" this particular night, for Didur in the title part was remarkable, Rothier sang the rôle of the Monk Pimenn admirably, Althouse was satisfying as Dimitri. There was a newcomer, a New York girl, Sophie Braslau, who then made her first appearance on any stage, singing the rôle of Theodore. She has a rich contralto voice, and she acted with no little assurance. Toscanini conducted as if inspired, the chorus sang wonderfully, the orchestra played admirably, and, more than all, the big auditorium was crowded to its capacity, proving that this Russian master opera has finally met with the public approval which it deserves. In the entire Metropolitan repertoire there is no opera which is so interesting to intelligent music lovers, no work which so frankly invites hearing after hearing. The wonderful Russian scenery, the amazing costumes, the stage pictures, all fascinate the eye, while the music, though nearly half a century old, really sounds a new note even to jaded opera-goers.

And now to some other new singers who have made their Metropolitan débuts during the opening week of the season. One of these is Giovanni Martinelli, an Italian tenor, who has leaped into fame during the last two years, achieving success in Italy, Nice and in London, where he has won high repute. The same record cannot be written *in re* his Metropolitan appearance—at least, not as yet. He has youth, a good stage presence and possesses a brilliant voice. But he lacks nuance, sings without sentiment, and does not invest his work with any especial interest. He made his début as

few nights later, to prove her versatility, when in a performance of the Russian opera, "Boris Godunoff," she sang *Marina*. It is a comparatively small part, and she appears in but a single scene. But she acted and sang this with such compelling force that it lifted her hearers to a point of high enthusiasm. It was, all

Rodolfo, in "La Bohême," and sang it brilliantly, but without an appeal. Later he appeared as Pinkerton in "Madama Butterfly," and he showed no improvement over his singing in "La Bohême." Perhaps in a more dramatic rôle he may be heard to greater advantage.

The other new tenor is a light, lyric singer, named



Copyright Mishkin LEO SLEZAK AS OTELLO
(National Opera Company)

singing was very unhappy at first, the voice being uneven and "white," but in the last act he redeemed himself, in a measure at least, and so it would be fair to wait until another hearing before passing judgment upon this singer.

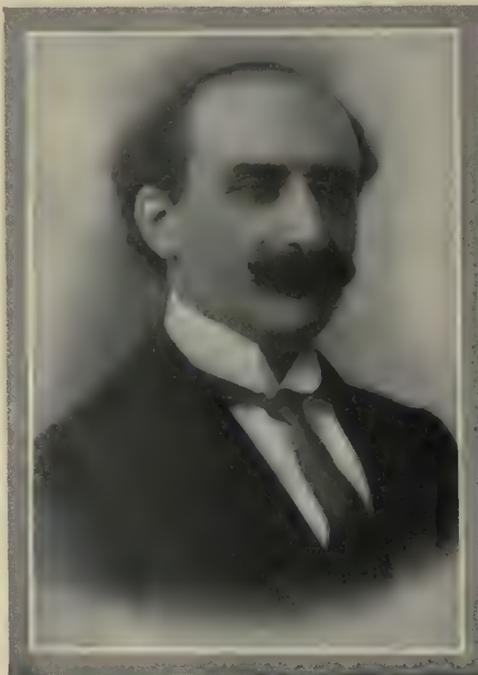
Associated with him in this "Lucia" performance was Frieda Hempel in the title part, which she sang in a manner that showed

tremendous improvement over her work here last season. But while she is a good artist, she is not a sensational one, and so even her "Mad Scene" aroused but reasonable enthusiasm.

In the "Madama Butterfly" performance, above referred to, Geraldine Farrar made her first appearance of the season, but she was still in the throes of bronchitis, and finished the evening only by force of determination. Scotti, who sang Sharpless, was admirable—as he had been in "La Bohême" and as he was again later in Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," which work was given one of the best performances it ever had here. Caruso, as Des Grieux, sang in a manner that beggars description, and those pessimists who have been insisting that this voice is on the decline were given reason to pause in their silly predictions. Bori sang the title part really exquisitely in spots, and very well in other



Copyright Mishkin ROSA OLITZKA
(National Opera Company)



White MAX RABINOFF
Managing Director of the National Opera Company
now giving performances in Canada

(Continued on page 48)



Matzene

ROSE STAHL

Appearing again this season in the title rôle of "Maggie Pepper"

As Others See Us

The statements printed below are extracts from an article written by the French actress, Madame Simone, for the Paris newspaper, *Le Temps*. The freely expressed opinions of a foreign "star," addressing her own countrymen, and not merely exchanging perfunctory commonplaces to a group of New York reporters, are likely to be frank, and therefore of more than ordinary interest. In the words of Burns: "Wad some power the gifties gie us, to see ourselves as others-see us."



Bangs LYDIA LOPOUKOWA—

SCENE: Any Monday night on Broadway between May and October. It is eight o'clock. Split up among the seventy theatres, situated sometimes next door to one another, are five, six, eight or ten "first nights." There will be two or three tomorrow, and as many the following days. This is without counting the matinees when they try out the amateurs, the charity performances, or simply an offering of an unknown piece in four acts. Neither the critics, the actors or the public are ever out of work in New York. The shows are advertised to start at 8:15, 8:20, 8:25, or 8:30. This time-table, which would make us smile in Paris, is rigidly followed in New York. There are many, many shows and they must all finish at

eleven o'clock. Everybody sups in New York, and supper takes some time; besides, it is necessary to find time to dance for a while after supper.

Broadway is always full of people. It is the Boulevards—a boulevard without trees, ploughed up by little yellow tramcars, from which descend well-dressed, bare-headed ladies. While going to see a show, and all along the way, you can read the illuminated advertisements over the doors of the theatres. In letters, alternately red and green, you will learn that "The Siren" intoxicates, or that "The Enchantress" is the most irresistible musical comedy of the year, also "The Garden of Allah" is the most beautiful piece ever offered since the world's creation, etc., etc. Six stories high you will notice the portraits of the celebrated actors who are playing in New York at the moment. These portraits are reproduced very much bigger than life-size and are lit by electric reflectors in the same way that we light pictures of the old masters in France. The wording beneath the pictures is not lacking in exaggeration, either in the size of the letters or the statements made. It is rare to find an actor who is not "the greatest," or, at least, "eminent." Does this candid and far-fetched advertising deceive anyone? They tell me it does. I can hardly believe it.

You enter the theatre. The smallest is as big as the Porte St. Martin and the biggest as big as the enormous amphitheatre of the Paris Sorbonne. The auditorium—I mean the orchestra stalls—is on a level with the streets. The vestibule is immense, carpeted and marble lined. The seats are comfortable, the theatres are steam-heated and the corridors are wide. There are neither boxes or loges. On each side of the stage a part of the orchestra is raised. Here are placed six large armchairs. These are used by the "Four Hundred." On a typical "first night" the auditorium is full of critics who have chosen one out of perhaps ten other shows offered them. Compared with a Paris "première" there are present few actors, and even fewer dramatic authors. A few friends of the author and the actors and

the public—that's all.

New York does not know the "répétitions générales" and the dress-makers' rehearsals." As soon as the words are learned—sometimes before—the piece is produced. The curtain rises. The public is extremely attentive. The proximity of the street—so reassuring for people who fear an outbreak of fire—and the absence of doors to separate the auditorium from the vestibule, are little inconveniences. You hear the tramcars pass, the sirens of the automobiles, the newspaper boys shouting the news, the noise of the overhead railroad. In the heart of the winter, when the gilded pipes of the warming apparatus start working, there is the noise of the steam to be added to the noises above mentioned. But nothing troubles Americans. They are used to it, so I'm told.

Down comes the curtain. During the intervals the orchestra plays lively tunes and little nigger boys hand round glasses of ice water. If the author gets sufficient provocation he makes a short speech. The manager, who rushes from one of his houses to the other, mingles with the crowd as it leaves the theatre. At least he does so if he doesn't happen to be in Canada, or Louisiana, or California. The actors question their friends, but everybody waits for the next morning's papers. These are rarely unanimous, but always to the point. The headlines shout "Charming Piece," or "Enormous Success," "Dismal Failure" or "Wretched Show." And the actors are treated in the same way. It is a country where they sum you up quickly. Among the New York critics are some witty writers, who have excellent judgment, but they are rarely of the same opinion. When one has read one newspaper one can get a good idea of a play; it is not until one begins to read a second that the trouble commences. When a newspaper sends their baseball reporter or the young woman who does the fashion article to write a criticism, the author, the actors and the manager get a good "roasting." Often, underneath a terrifying headline, one finds forty lines of an attack without mercy, and then two lines at the end of the article where the critic sums up by suggesting that the only thing to do is to close the theatre the next day. Here in Paris we speak of the plays that do not run a week. In New York it is no exaggeration to say that the majority *do not even run as long as that*. Those "first nights" without to-morrows, these disasters, are the result of a theatrical situation which has no parallel in Europe. Dramatic art in the United States has not escaped from the economic laws which, over there, govern all enterprises. The colossal American theatrical trusts and speculators cut one another's throats, and lessen the importance of the author and throttle the genius of the actor.

Can the theatre in America escape from the lust of business



—the Russian Dancer

greed? Can it remain free in this continent where everybody speaks the same language, where a successful play, toured right across the country, not only brings an appreciable profit, but not always a definite one? A piece that fails in New York can play for a year in Chicago; another that fails to please the Middle West will triumph for six months in California; another play will only enrich its owner when toured in Canada; but a real success can be toured by seven or eight companies for four or five years, right through every State in the Union, from North to South and from East to West. The authors receive about two hundred thousand dollars in royalties and the managers make about a million. Is it surprising that the possibilities of the theatre tempt so many?

The enormous development of the large cities in the United States quickly attracted the attention of business men to theatrical enterprises, but fortunes out of the theatrical business have not been made by actors, nor by men who have passed the best part of their lives within the walls of the theatre. The immense profits have been reaped by the speculators who, having found an MMS. they rather fancied, rented a theatre and paid some one to produce the play. This done, they make up other companies to take the play from town to town. In fact, theatrical life in America is one big "tour."

For the American impresario to successfully carry on his business it is necessary for him to be assured of his dates, theatres and a clear road between cities, so that he can put up one-night stands. These latter performances realize about two thousand dollars on an average. In the smallest village it is only necessary to announce the forthcoming visit of a popular star or play and people tumble over each other to book seats.

About ten years ago Messrs Klaw and Erlanger formed the first theatrical syndicate, which enabled them to group their shows and lay out an itinerary which assured a clear road. For they had before them the formidable task of filling seven hundred theatres! Some few years later the Shubert Brothers formed a second syndicate. Messrs. Shubert, newcomers to the theatrical industry, did not intend to bow down before the first syndicate. It will perhaps be remembered that when Mme. Sarah Bernhardt visited the United States under their direction she was obliged to play under canvass, whereupon Messrs. Shubert decided to build as many theatres as they required.

The crisis then began. A horrible competition caused the wages, authors' royalties, actors' salaries and rents to go up. The necessity of finding new plays became so acute that in seven years Charles Frohman spent ten-million dollars in Paris to secure the productions of our dramatic authors, and Mr. George Tyler—one of the most lavish of American producers—mounted plays in an unforgettable manner.

This, then, is the situation. In every town too many theatres, entirely out of proportion to the number of inhabitants. Every playhouse rented in advance, and for the tenants the absolute necessity of entering the theatre on a fixed date. Besides this, the often ruinous competition in engaging fashionable actors. One finds the same conditions prevailing in every production made. Showy rôles for the stars, happy endings, an everlasting leaning toward plays that provide an excuse for lavish display, and, above all, an obligation for the shows to be ready on a day fixed in the agreement. The American manager always has a great regard for the map of the United States. He decides to try, say, in Albany the play which yesterday made only a hundred dollars in New York. But his own theatre will be empty. Besides, he has it on his hands for a further two months. What can he do for these two months? He will prolong for another ten days the run of the unsuccessful piece and rapidly prepare a new show. The MMS. is there. Let's modify the last act, which happens to be a sad one. The author is in Europe for the moment, or wintering in Egypt, or dead; it doesn't matter. The manager, producer, actors, or anybody, suggest modifications, and this brotherly collaboration gives birth to a second "book." During the course of the rehearsals, one of the small-part

ladies makes a witty remark, so they make her a star. If the manager doesn't happen to do so, the lady suggests or orders it to be done. When I speak of making the lady a star, I intend my remarks to apply equally to the men.

The syndicate producer has usually three or four shows to produce about the same time, and may perhaps be settling the details of a production at Montreal. He arrives in New York in a hustle and begins to rehearse at nine o'clock in the morning. The leading man is not there; he is just finishing an engagement at Vancouver. They hope he'll be back in three days. He will have a week in which to learn his part. He arrives. The star does not like him because he is too big, or too little. They get rid of him. They may perhaps have need of some one at Washington. They send him there. Another actor arrives. He's all right. He has five days in which to learn his part. They can't rehearse on the stage, because there is a matinée on the Wednesday and the Saturday, not counting two or three charity performances (matinées). They decide to go and play for two days at Atlantic City before opening in New York. The actors are delighted. The air is splendid in Atlantic City. The producer, who has been away in the East, or the West, giving his time to another show, comes back for the Atlantic City open-

ing. He finds that one of the actors is not good in his part. They must get another, and they open the day after to-morrow in New York. Put back the opening? (Continued on page 41)



Moffett
ALICE KING
A Chicago favorite with the players



White
MARY KEENER
Who is playing the rôle of Margaret Holt in "The Conspiracy"



Fraulein Grete von Mayhof



EXTERIOR OF ADOLF PHILIPP'S THEATRE IN EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

Berlin Commedienne Charms New York

flock to America to secure salaries unheard of in London, but of late the lure of the American stage has been such as to be rapidly depopulating the German stage.

Adolf Philipp, the German actor-playwright manager, author of four of the substantial musical successes in the last three years—"Alma, Where Do You Live?" "Auction Pinocle," "Adele" and "The Midnight Girl"—and the originator of German-American local plays, who recently added to his list, the essentially New York musical comedy that is comedy, "Two Lots in the Bronx," in his cozy little playhouse in East Fifty-seventh Street, in a large measure has been responsible for this state of affairs. For twenty years Mr. Philipp has been busy importing German actors for plays he has produced here with much success.

"You can organize a first-class German company in New York as quickly as you can an English one," says Mr. Philipp. "This statement may seem preposterous to many who keep posted on the current theatrical doings of the day, but, nevertheless, it has become an absolute and undeniable fact. America fairly swarms with Teutonic actors and almost every incoming steamship brings them by the score. The Aladdin-like tales that the returning German thespian carries back to his native hearth has much to do with the large influx of German actors.

"The large salaries offered by the American managers have created almost a panic in the theatrical market in Germany, as an actor in that country receives small wages and has a most meagre existence. Consequently, the better class of German actors now are receiving the plaudits of the American playgoers and seldom return again to the land of the Kaiser."

No wonder so many German actors are coming to America, and also that as soon as a German-American manager goes to Berlin, Vienna and any of the other principal cities just as Mr. Philipp did last summer, he is asked for an American engagement at four times as much as the German actor receives on the other side.

Last summer, when in Germany engaging talent to come to America, Mr. Philipp was asked for the same amount in dollars as the actor was earning in marks. And all contracts had to be

IT long has been a subject of comment the way English actors

made for a whole season, generally from September 15th to May 1st. Besides, one month's salary was demanded in advance, and free first-class passage from Europe and return.

Nor is this all in importing German players. It is understood that the actor or actress must not be discharged during the season, even if Mr. Philipp has no use for the player, no part for him in the plays he presents. The actor gets his or her salary just the same.

In the offering which opened the second season of the comedian's upper East Side playhouse, called "The Midnight Girl," Manager Philipp was compelled to pay 20,000 marks, or \$5,000, to Manager Schulz, of the Metropole Theatre in Berlin, for the release of Fraulein Grete von Mayhof, who created the title rôle on Labor Day, giving a repetition of her success abroad.

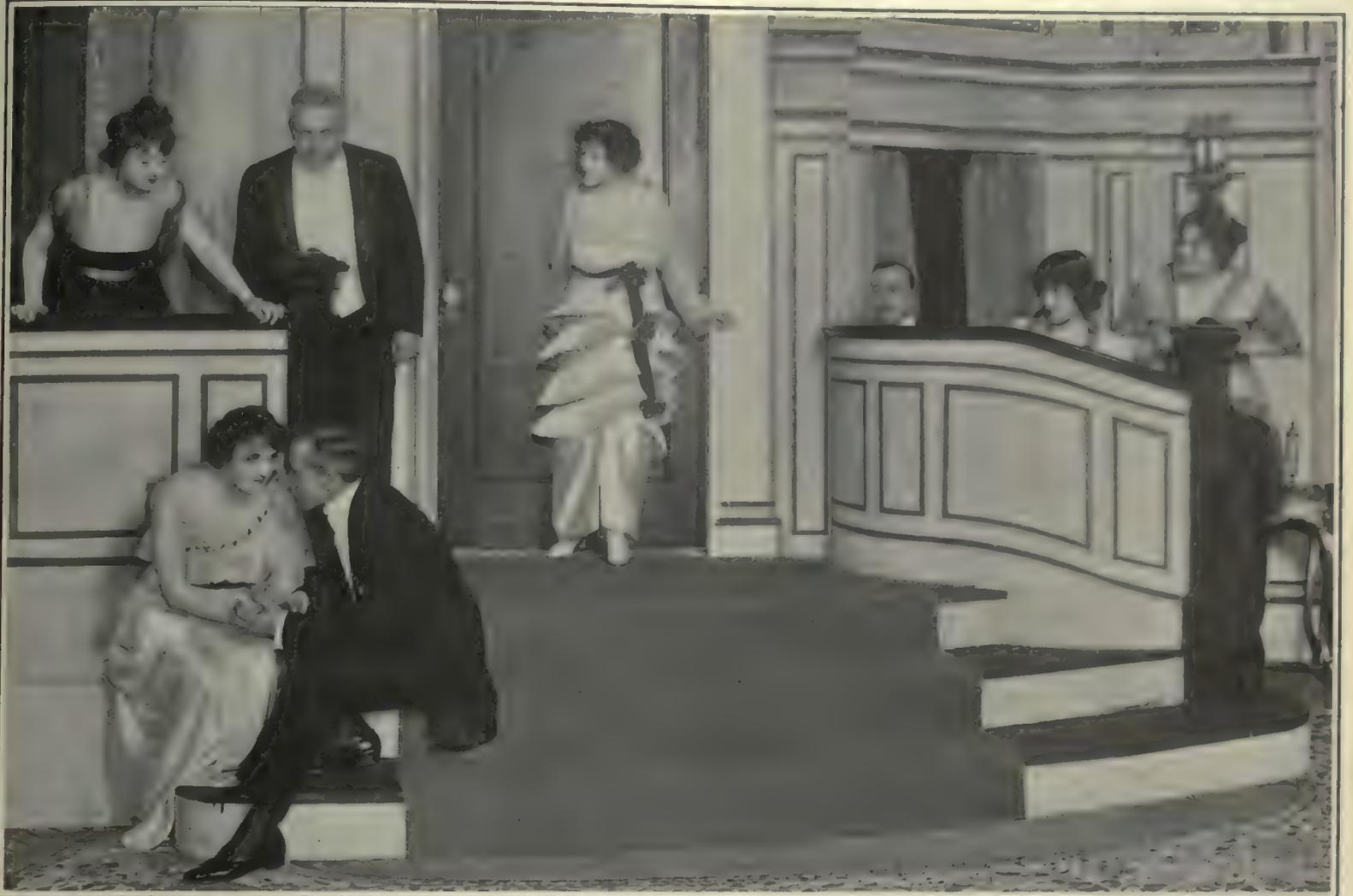
But Mr. Philipp made no mistake in this "risk," for she sang and danced herself into the hearts of the New York theatre-goers who have taken in this clever musical piece, styled a "Parisian Vaudeville" by Mr. Philipp, and bids fair soon to become a bright shining star on the English-speaking stage here. For Fraulein von Mayhof, ambitious and with the love of America in her heart, is working hard to master our tongue, while more than one big Broadway producing manager has his eye on her. In this young actress Mr. Philipp has a "find" who soon will find her way to the centre of the American musical comedy stage.

Tall, handsome and lovely in her statuesqueness, there is little doubt but that Fraulein von Mayhof will become one of the leading beauties of our stage, perhaps to fill the place left vacant by that most famous of all stage beauties, Lillian Russell.

Born in Vienna, Fraulein von Mayhof made her first appearance on the stage in Aachen, in Holland, at the age of sixteen, appearing in "Lysistrata." Then she studied dramatic reading and expression under Bach in Hamburg, and singing in Dresden. She also has appeared in operetta parts, in "The Merry Widow," "The Dollar Princess," "The Geisha," and "The Count of Luxembourg."

But what concerns us most is that we may soon have the pleasure of seeing this magnetic as well as very beautiful young German actress on the American stage—perhaps next season. Who knows? More than twice has Mr. Lee Shubert wandered over to East Fifty-seventh Street to see what possibilities the Teutonic player offers to our stage.

Scenes in "The Misleading Lady" at the Fulton Theatre



Photos White Gladys Wilson Albert Sackett Frances Savage John Cumberland Jane Quinn Alice Wilson
 Inez Buckingham Lewis Stone

Act I. Jack (Mr. Stone): "I love you, Helen. I want you to marry me"



Inez Buckingham Lewis Stone
 Act II. Jack: "Now, Helen, you won't run around and hurt yourself"

What It Costs to Produce a Play - - By Lee Shubert

What does it cost to produce a play on Broadway? Is it a business like any other, with a reasonable expectation of fair profit, or does the manager regard play-producing as a huge gamble, in which he stands to lose or to win a fortune? Among the biggest and most enterprising of American theatrical producers are the Shuberts. Controlling fifteen theatres in New York, including the Hippodrome, and approximately fifty more first-class theatres throughout the country, their name is a household word all over the United States. Lee Shubert, the head of the firm, has shown astonishing genius in this particular field, and perhaps no one can discuss more expertly than he a subject of peculiar interest to all theatregoers.

WITHOUT a doubt the theatre offers fine speculative possibilities. If this were not the case, men would not devote so much time and energy to the business. But the fact that a successful theatrical speculation offers returns altogether out of proportion to the original investment is only half-way compensation for the numerous failures with which the producer is confronted. If a theatrical producer could be absolutely sure of making a genuine success one time out of every four productions, he would know that he was on the high road to fortune and the future would have in store for him no terrors at all.

A law of average ought to exist in the theatrical business as it does in other businesses; but if such a law does exist, no man has ever been able to discover it. Like other forms of calamity, failures never seem to come singly. If it were allotted any man to have one success for every four productions, he could count on having three successes out of twelve productions. Yet, even if fate had made him this specific allotment, I venture to say he would probably have eight failures in succession before he got to the four successes. At least, this is the way the "luck" seems to run.

This brings us to the first point in the cost of theatrical producing. The greatest cost that every producing manager has to face is paying the deficit for his failures. By this I mean that he not only has to pay for scenery, costumes and other equipment that become useless at the touch of disaster, but he must also pay his actors for time that has been wasted, his stage manager for time that has brought in no monetary results, and all of his other employees for similar useless expenditure of energy. He must pay not only what the show *cost* before the opening night, but what it *cost* before he made the decision to close it. And what the show loses is often actually a larger factor than the original outlay.

We make many kinds of productions—dramatic, musical, spectacular. We deal in practically every known variety of stage entertainment. We have the Hippodrome, which is to-day the greatest home of spectacle in the world. We have the Winter Garden, which is without question the greatest playhouse for the Americanized idea of musical revue, and we have numerous musical comedies as well as dramatic offerings of every nature, ranging from farce to realistic tragedy. The business of an average year involves us in the handling of approximately fifty or sixty productions.

The cost of these productions will vary as much as the character of the productions. The Hippodrome, for instance, means an original annual outlay for production alone of considerably over \$150,000. Any one of the three or four Winter Garden shows which we produce each year means an annual expenditure of approximately \$50,000, and from these two pinnacles of expense the cost sheet may be graded down to as low as about \$4,000 for some of the simpler dramatic productions.



White

LEE SHUBERT

Chief of the Shubert theatrical enterprises

It is almost needless to say that the risk in making musical productions is much greater than that in making dramatic productions, even though a smaller proportion of the musical productions are absolute failures. The reason for this is that a single musical failure will be a more serious loss than several dramatic failures, while it is comparatively seldom that a musical success will make as much money as can be made by a really big dramatic success. A successful dramatic production has the immense advantage of being easy to duplicate, especially if the piece is not essentially a stellar vehicle, so that it is possible to put out several companies touring different parts of the country and to get the greatest profits possible from this production while it is still being widely discussed in newspapers and magazines.

Moreover, the dramatic success, if correctly handled, is much longer-lived than the musical success, which seldom lasts for more than two seasons, or three at the extreme. There have been wonderful musical successes from time to time, such as "The Merry Widow," "Florodora" and "Havana," but none of these have ever made such records as have been attained by numerous dramatic works, including the ever-famous "Ben-Hur" and "Way Down East." Furthermore, even after the dramatic success has ceased to be, for the time being, valuable either for Broadway or for companies on tour, it has still a distinct place as an earning property for stock company productions. Musical successes are occasionally produced by musical stock companies, but the number of these is unimportant compared to the very large number of such organizations offering exclusively dramatic productions.

I have often been asked, "Why do you produce musical pieces?" The answer is simply this: The public demands this type of entertainment, and although the speculation is more dangerous than the making of dramatic productions, the chance of large profit is at least very alluring. The average gross income of the musical production is very much greater than the average income of the dramatic production. This means that a great deal more money is drawn into the theatres by musical shows, even when the productions do not necessarily make a profit. For instance, the theatres which take in the most money are those large auditoriums which have been devoted successfully to the presentation of musical works. It takes all kinds of productions to make a theatrical world, and any narrow policy which limited the investment of a great firm to any certain class of undertakings would by that very fact limit the growth of the business and tend to restrict theatre-going in general.

In attempting to count the cost of theatrical productions for a firm operated on a large scale, it is necessary to include some estimate of the office expenditure as well as accounting for those specific charges to be made against each production. I mean to say that one must include the cost of play-reading, of having musical scores examined, laying out exploitation campaigns, and



Photo Strauss-Peyton

ZOE BARNETT

This attractive actress has been appearing with Lew Fields in "All Aboard"

all such managerial charges as booking, printing and accounting. There is what one might call a background of expense, not charged separately against the different attractions, which is, nevertheless, the basic expenditure for the handling of the other investments.

In estimating the expense of any one production it is necessary to include not only the cost of costumes, the cost of scenery, the cost of preparing the book or the libretto, and the advance royalty, but also the money paid to musical directors, stage directors, and any of the various people who may be called in to collaborate in completing the work for presentation. Also one must count the expense of rehearsals, which is often very great, for although the salaries of the actors do not begin until the opening night, the stage hands, electricians and other members of the mechanical staff must be paid from day to day, a certain number of people must be employed about the theatre itself, and the theatre must, of course, be heated, lighted and in fit condition for occupancy. Moreover, if it is necessary to close a theatre for these rehearsals, the rental of the theatre during the period when it is closed should properly become a charge to the list of general costs for making the production. In the case of the big entertainments at the Winter Garden, for instance, it is practically impossible to get the productions into shape without keeping the Winter Garden closed for several days in order that final rehearsals may be made on the very stage where the production is to be offered before the public.

The immense amount of producing that goes on in New York may readily be seen by a statement of the simple truth that frequently the stages of all our theatres are occupied during the daytime by different companies rehearsing. Indeed, we frequently have so many more companies rehearsing than are actually playing in New York that we are obliged to hire halls and armories for this special purpose.

A few figures for a Winter Garden production, given in the rough, would be about as follows:

Costumes	\$25,000
Scenery	10,000
Cost of rehearsals and preparing material, including orchestra rehearsals	10,000
Incidental expenses inevitable but hard to classify, at least	5,000

The total is..... \$50,000

The cost of dramatic productions will vary tremendously with a number of scenes required, the number of people in the cast, and the complexity or simplicity of the whole investiture of the drama. The spectacular play, or even the drama calling for very elaborate sets with elaborate costuming, will cost several times more than the simple domestic play, which may require one or two simple interiors and only such clothes as the players provide themselves. Many a small play can be brought to Broadway with all expenses paid and not over four or five thousand dollars investment. On the other hand, a drama calling for "heavy sets," either interior or exterior, for the use of super-numeraries, and perhaps for electrical and mechanical effects, may cost more than some musical comedies. For instance, "The Whip," although a drama, cost a very large sum of money indeed, on account of the tremendous scenes required, the large size of the company, and such mechanical contrivances as were necessary for the train wreck.

After all the costs of *making* a production have been considered, one must add the expense of attracting public attention to it. "Advance" newspaper advertising in New York will run from \$150 to \$500, and the "billing" will be an equal amount in many instances, even without counting the cost of lithography.

As already pointed out, an additional expense, which is in every sense a part of the original cost, although it does not begin



Copyright Daily Mirror Studios

Forbes-Robertson Gertrude Elliott Act I—Cleopatra's Throne. Soldiers: "Hail! Caesar!"

SCENE IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S PLAY, "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA"

until after the opening night. This expense is the loss which is borne by practically every production during its preparatory road tour and before it is ever seen by a New York audience. Many of the plays and musical productions that are destined to be great money-makers lose several thousand dollars during their "preliminary" tours because few pieces of any sort attain any actual great value until after they have been endorsed by New York and have earned that essential advertising of a long run at some Broadway theatre. "The Midnight Sons" was a historic example of this fact. Here was a production on a gigantic scale, which eventually made a great deal of money, but which came into New York many thousands "in the hole."

The foregoing statements are mostly of a general and conservative nature. It is difficult to furnish figures that give a correct idea of the business as a whole. The reason is that each theatrical production is a problem in itself. It is undoubtedly a fact that a large organization such as ours makes many economies which would not be possible in a small firm, and this is one reason why the big producing firms continue to grow still larger. Apart from the subdivision of administrative expenses, we save by having our own carpenter shops, our own property rooms and our own equipment throughout. The fact that a firm has absolute credit and is able to purchase in very large quantities also means purchasing at the lowest prices.

It is possible to give more specific figures, but it must be understood that they are only "typical" and would be radically altered by almost innumerable changes of conditions. For instance, there may be advance royalty paid to the author to the extent of a couple of thousand dollars as security that the production will be made within a certain period of time, or there may be no advance royalty at all. The authors who have established successful reputations naturally demand some money before "tying up" a manuscript. In the same manner the royalties (after the opening) range from as little as two per cent. to as high as 12½, or even 15 per cent. Royalties are paid not only for plays and musical comedy books and scores, but for special interpolated numbers and for mechanical effects. The question of royalties often becomes very complicated indeed when an American manager makes a New York production of some European success. He has to pay the original authors, the adaptors, and sometimes men not connected with the authorship at all, but who control "rights" of various sorts. One may even pay royalty for the use of a foreign production, including scenery, properties and costumes. It very frequently happens that some English manager obtains the rights in the English language to some French or German piece, and then he expects an interest in the profits of the American production or else some form of royalty for himself.

The author's royalties are generally on a sliding scale—a certain percentage up to \$5,000 gross income, and a higher percentage above that point. Indeed, there may be several divisions in this sliding scale. The percentage of the play-agent, however, does not effect the manager at all. The agent generally gets ten

per cent. of what the author gets, and, in return for this, attends to the details of collection and accounting in addition to the placing of the script. The idea that playwrights often share the manager's speculation in making the production is erroneous. The playwright knows just how great the risk is, and only very few of them have sufficient confidence in their own work to gamble on the profits.

Naturally one of the very serious expenses of producing is the salary list. During the last few years productions have multiplied far more rapidly than the number of really capable players and this condition has led to extraordinary increases in salaries. Leading men and women are

(Continued on page 39)



Photo Matzene

DOROTHY DONNELLY

Recently seen in "The Garden of Allah" and to appear shortly in a new play

The Harlequin Again on Broadway

THE sprightly Harlequin is with us again. After an absence from the local stage of many moons he once more steps nimbly to the centre of the stage, wearing his mask and multi-colored, shimmering tights. And with his traditional bat-like sword in hand he works his wonders. Not since the Christmas spectacle, "Humpty - Dumpty," produced here about ten years ago, has the Harlequin played his tricks at a Broadway theatre.

Although this posturing acrobatic character is as old as the hills, it is doubtful if one person in fifty knows what the Harlequin represents, where he comes from and exactly what his triangular patches mean. The earliest mention of the Harlequin occurs in *Ordericus Vitalis* (1075-1142), who tells of a vision or spectral show by a Norman priest named Walkelin, in the year 1091. As far back as 1262 a number of *harlekens* appeared in a play by Adam de la Halle as the intermediaries of King Hellekin, prince of Fairyland, in courting Morgan le Fay. Much later the French *Harlekin* was transformed into the Italian *Arlecchino* of mediæval and Renaissance popular comedy. The Harlequin has been called "the Spirit of the Air," because of his invisibility and his characteristically light and airy whirlings.

Almost simultaneous with the beginnings of the American theatre under Hallam did Harlequin make his bow on our stage. One of the first to play the Harlequin here was the younger Hallam, in a piece called "Harlequin Vagaries," presented in the John Street Theatre, New York, in 1767. The first American Harlequin was an actor named Rigby, who appeared in "Harlequin's Skeleton" in the Nassau Street Theatre, New York, in 1753. Rigby is said to have led the stage of his day in America in both tragedy and high comedy. From this early date in our theatres until 1826 the Harlequin was played as often as is Hamlet to-day. The best-known Harlequin of these early days was an actor named Martin, who appeared in the rôle in nearly every Christmas

pantomime that was given at the time, and in all revivals of masks.

Coming down through the years, perhaps the greatest Harlequin of all was George W. Smith, in the days of Niblo's Garden and of the old-time, world-famous Ravell Troupe. He was the son, grandson, great-grandson and great-great-grandson of a Harlequin. And now, who should trip lightly down the centre of the stage in his father's own costume and wearing his father's mantle but the sixth of a line of Harlequins without skipping a single generation — Joseph C. Smith.

Twice last season did "Turandot" fail in production out of town, and have its New York opening postponed. At first the producers were at a loss to understand the reason, and then, finally, they realized what was the matter. They did not have the Harlequin in the piece. No sooner had Mr. Smith been asked to take the part than he began ransacking his old trunks for one of the most interesting costumes to be seen on the stage. This is the original Harlequin suit of tights worn by his father more than seventy years ago, and which was made right on his father's back!

In those days, before the advent of pattern dyeing, the different-colored diamond patches had to be sewed onto the tights separately, and then were spangled around the edges while the tights were on the wearer. It is this unique costume,

a little faded and slightly moth-eaten, perhaps—but what does that matter?—that is being worn by Mr. Smith in "Turandot."

But what do these different colored diamond-shaped patches mean? Each color, as indicated by the different diamonds, represents a passion. These are white for purity, blue for truth, yellow for jealousy, green for envy, black for death, and red for love. The Harlequin, before playing a trick, always touches his left hand to his temple, holding the bat in his right hand. Then, if he cannot explain his thought by a gesture or posture, he points to the color of the diamond on his costume. Thus does the Harlequin have his say. Long live the Harlequin! W. P. D.



JOSEPH C. SMITH AS THE HARLEQUIN IN "TURANDOT"



Matzene

ELEANORA DE CISNEROS AS AMNERIS IN "AIDA"

THIS is an experimental age in our theatre. The very air is rife with

Boston's Actor-Manager

That is what John Craig did in his presentation of "The Comedy of Errors" last spring. It was

change, and each American city of any importance has its small but earnest group of workers who are trying to find expression for the new American theatre. In Boston there is what might be called the sanest and most interesting experiment of them all—the stock company conducted by John Craig at the Castle Square Theatre. One critic has dubbed it "the theatre of constant surprises."

One afternoon recently the present writer set out to interview this actor-manager. It was an exceptionally busy afternoon, even for John Craig, for the occasion was the first performance on any stage of the new comedy, "We, the People," by John Frederick Ballard (he of "Xantippe" fame) and Edwin Carty Ranck, another Harvard playwright. The curtain had just risen on the first act of the new play when the interviewer arrived. The first act locale is the rotunda of the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown during an outbreak of the convicts. Drab-coated and trousered men filled the corridor awaiting the signal to "go on." Finally the summons came, and quiet once more reigned behind the scenes. Then in the distance was heard the sudden rush and scuffling of many feet, then the mutterings of conflict, hushed and low at first, then louder and more insistent, followed by three pistol shots in sharp, rapid succession and the whole stage was in an uproar. A voice firm and stern rose above the din, speaking in masterful tones. The speech came to a close, prolonged applause followed and the first act was over. The corridor was choked once more with actors and supers hurrying from the stage to make ready for the next act.

John Craig appeared, seemingly well pleased with the reception accorded the new play, and the interviewer was ushered into the actor-manager's office. It was the office of a business man; in nothing did it reflect the man of artist sensibility. And the man himself seemed to fit his environment. There is nothing of the affected *poseur* or languishing *matinée* idol about John Craig. In his manner he is simple, direct and sincere. His youthful appearance, vigor and enthusiasm belie a long and arduous stage career. Time has been kind to him, and in early middle life he seems more the eager, ambitious boy than the man with a record of achievement behind him.

Yet, truth to tell, this actor has been identified with the American stage for a quarter of a century, and for half that time he has been recognized as one of its most prominent leading men. His widely varied life has carried him all over the United States, both as a member of Mrs. Fiske's company and as leading man in different metropolitan stock companies. To-day he is as well and favorably known to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast as he is to Boston and New England. Five years ago he added the cares of management to the duties of an actor by taking over the Castle Square Theatre in Boston. Under his direction it has waxed prosperous and significant, until to-day it is justly celebrated throughout the American continent. He has made his house pre-eminently famous as a theatre for artistic innovations.

Popular-priced stock companies rarely attempt Shakespeare, yet every season John Craig presents three plays by the great Elizabethan. Can you imagine the average stock company producer employing Reinhardt ideas in the staging of his plays?

John Craig who conceived the idea of bringing Harvard University into direct contact with the Boston stage, and what is more important, he conducted the plan to a successful issue. He has accomplished this by offering a \$500 prize each of the past three seasons for the best play written by a member of Prof. George P. Baker's class in playwriting at Harvard. Results have justified the effort.

"This is a very busy afternoon," Mr. Craig began, "for we are putting on a new play by two Harvard men, John F. Ballard and Edwin C. Ranck. Of course, you are familiar with the \$500 prize I offer each season to Professor Baker's students at Harvard? This play is one of those offered in competition for last year's prize. Though not a prize winner I believed it worthy of a production, so I am giving it a week's trial. The plays for this season's prize are already undergoing the weeding out process. Prof. Baker undertakes this task. The best of the lot he turns over to the judges. I hope to be able to announce the prize winner for the season within two or three weeks."

"Does the number of contestants for the prize vary greatly from season to season?"

"There is some slight differences, but on the average about twenty-five plays are submitted each year."

"Are you content with the New York record achieved by 'Believe Me, Xantippe'?"

"Perfectly. The farce had a very successful run of ten weeks at the Thirty-ninth Street and Comedy Theatres, and our press notices were universally good with two exceptions." John Craig smiled. "You know there are some people in New York who can see nothing good in anything which comes from Boston. The production is now booked for an extended season on tour. It will travel as far West as Chicago, where we hope to see it settle down for a run."

"Mr. Craig, have you noticed any salient or significant trait in the dramas produced by Professor Baker's classes which is lacking in the work of the 'unschooled' playwright?"

The actor-manager looked thoughtful and then replied:

"None that I can think of for the moment. The plays which come from the Harvard and Radcliffe students are of the general average written by other Americans. Of course, there is this much about them: they are characteristically American; they are based on scenes, subjects and characters peculiar to this country; they are breezy and wholesome and clean, and they have revealed the deep, human interest in domestic and sociological problems which one would expect of students in a great American University. That is as it should be."

As Mr. Craig dipped further into the topic under discussion, he waxed enthusiastic.

"The American college and the professional stage are slowly but inevitably drawing nearer together. Harvard is to-day conspicuous in her isolation, where a few years hence she will be but one of a score of American colleges vitally interested in the dramatic movement. That Harvard will retain her present leadership may be true enough. However, that does not substantially alter the fact that every university of importance will in the near future create and maintain a chair of dramatic literature."

"Then you strongly advocate a

(Continued on page 40)



Photo Purdy

JOHN CRAIG
Boston's popular actor-manager



Matzene

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARY GARDEN IN "CARMEN"

WHILE the **Youngest of American Prima Donnas**

orchestra
was play-

very naive, very
girlish, and very
amusing, this ex-

ing a concert program one summer night at Scheveningen, a young girl sat on the stair leading to the artists' room and listened. Debussy's *Printemps* Suite, full of sunshine and upspringing life, took her back to the woods of Mankato, took her back so completely that she quite forgot her début to be made presently. In just such a scene as it conjured, she had wandered hand in hand with her grandmother, learning the ways of birds and living things until they came to be her friends. The music, annihilating distance, like an ocean whispering to one shore the story of another afar off, brought in that moment the Dutch watering-place and the Minnesota village very near together.

Directly when she went out on the stage, it was in Mankato that she mistily still felt herself until she began the *Bell Song* from "Lakme," which swept all else from her mind. When she stopped, reality came. People in the audience rose and cheered. At first the sensation aroused was fright, then a great joy settled in its place. That was the début of Florence Macbeth, youngest of American prima donnas, and those were the emotions that it aroused in her, coming, as she did, before the public with no other experiences than the ones of childhood and early girlhood behind her.

Last summer she stepped out in concert in London. Just prior to that came a private hearing before critics there, who wrote of her as the connecting link with Adelina Patti. Her reception by the public warranted an immediate engagement by Campanini for the Chicago Opera.

That concert-afternoon in London, dressed in a white frock, her eyes very round and blue, her hair very yellow and curly, in figure diminutive, yet perfect, she disclosed at second glance something better than all these things combined—personality. Since Patti, none has had a "taking way" in such unconscious degree. That, no one may deny her.

The impression on first sight was that, whether she could sing or not, one was awfully glad to see her and hoped she would stay as long as possible, for she brought sunshine with her and did the most ordinary of things in an individual way. The very manner in which she came upon the stage was proof of it. There was no timidity, no overconfidence, only a frank smile which told how glad she was to be there, and that she hoped every one else was going to enjoy it as much as she.

Best of her work that afternoon was Gilda's *Caro Nome* from "Rigoletto." Age-worn, and victim of many a coloratura onslaught, the "dear name" of its burden became for the first time within present recollection the tenderly ardent apostrophe of a young heart. After this, as after every other number, she insisted upon shaking hands with Mr. Thomas Beecham by way of thanks for his conducting of the orchestra. The delight it brought stopped her bows acknowledging applause. It was

cess of pleasure at an accompaniment which singers in general ignore. And none seemed more amused by it than the sophisticated Beecham himself, at first surprised by the ebullition, then looking out of the corner of one eye for its coming and accepting it with a broad smile, which found reflection on the faces of the audience.

This most exciting moment of her life had had little that was exciting to precede it. Mankato, even in its name, does not suggest a fertile field for incident. When she was four years old she was taken to see Miss Marie Tempest, and after that did opera before a mirror in her mother's room, that is, until a goat and cart appeared as more absorbing element. Perhaps because of an artistic temperament, perhaps because of an enticing open gate he spied while being gently urged about the garden, he ran away with his small new mistress, taking her at dizzy speed farther into the wide world than she had ever been before. Only an appetizing growth of thistles, blooming in, to her, a foreign wilderness, stopped the flight. Being of Scotch descent, she proved it by allowing him to satiate an abnormal appetite, and then drove him home. Shortly afterward her next associate, a wild fox, came on the scene, for Miss Macbeth's career, not being of the sophisticated variety, might almost be called "From Kindergarten to Opera." The fox, sold to her father as suitable pet for one of tender years, rather disapproved his reputation by eating the wooden bars of his cage and snapping at conciliatory fingers. This cage was in the carriage house, and seated in the family vehicle at safe distance, the future prima donna spent her days in watching him. At last, whether it was her steadiness of gaze or a resignation to the inevitable, he was found by a terrified onlooker eating from her hand. That brought his promotion to a freedom circumscribed only by boundaries of the Mankato chicken zone. A pony, then a horse, were successors in her interest, with the result that she can ride as fearlessly as any other girl of the western prairies.

At the Mankato public school her voice was recognized by a teacher, whose wise discretion spared it from chorus singing, though, now and then, allowed it solos in the cantatas given. Between ten and fourteen she studied for some time with Mrs. F. H. Snyder. After that, for four years, Mr. Yeatman Griffith was her sole teacher, first in smoke-dimmed Pittsburgh and then in Italy, where, accompanied by her mother, she went with his classes. Following this study in an atmosphere of opera and its surroundings, she finished with Mr. Griffith in his London studio, emerging from his care for her début with a florid technique of complete, audacious assurance.

In these days of tiresome discussion on eugenics, which, after all, are chiefly national traits inevitably appearing, it may prove of interest to tell that Miss Mac-



Photos Claude Harris
Two portraits of Florence Macbeth

(Continued on page 88)



Mishkin **EMILIE LEA**
Appearing in "High Jinks"



White **JULIET DAY**
In "Snow White"



White **CARROLL MCOMAS**
In "The Marriage Market"



Otto Sarony **CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD**
In "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz"



Unity **YANSCI DOLLY**
Seen in "The Honeymoon Express"



Otto Sarony **VENITA FITZHUGH**
In "The Marriage Market"



Otto Sarony **ROSZIKA DOLLY**
Seen in "Miss Caprice"



White **LILLIAN LORRAINE**
Now appearing in vaudeville



White **MARY PICKFORD**
Seen in "A Good Little Devil"



Hall **ANN MURDOCK**
Recently seen in "Miss Phoenix"

STAGE FAVORITES RECENTLY SEEN IN BROADWAY ATTRACTIONS



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MADGE CARR COOK
Mother of Eleanor Robson

MME. RUDERSDORFF
Mother of Richard Mansfield

MRS. JOHN DREW
Mother of John Drew

HELEN F. COHAN
Mother of George M. Cohan

THERE was at least one "trick" which Shakespeare did not attempt, Famous Mothers of the Stage

when he was writing plays for the purpose of making an "appeal" to audiences. And it is noticeable that Ibsen has still another point in common with him. But most of the dramatists seem to have "discovered" that the dearest thing on earth to every man, woman and child on earth is Mother. Mention the word, make any reference to the maternal parent, cause her to play a minor or an important part in a scene, and every tongue is still, eyes become dim with tears, thoughts revert to happier days, and the playwright has achieved a success, temporary perhaps, often merely incidental, but a success nevertheless, and often, as with the introduction of a good topical song or two into a musical comedy, the play is saved if it have merely "moments." And there seems to be no safer recipe for the dramatist, when casting about for the incidents of his "saving scene" than to use whatever ingredients he desires for the mixture, remembering only the dash of "mother-love" which serves as a leaven.

Shakespeare, whom the world admits to have been the master dramatist, seems to have overlooked this dramatic possibility almost entirely. Sometimes the paternal parent plays an important part in his dramas, there is brotherly and sisterly affection aplenty, but the mother occupies quite an inferior position in Shakespearean drama, or is not referred to at all, as in most of the plays. The Queen Mother in "Hamlet," one of the most important of Shakespeare's mothers, has few of the qualities or qualifications that prompt tender memories; and although she is seldom played in that fashion, the text indicates that she was a voluptuous creature quite unworthy of any affectionate regard from her son, and consequently not one to inspire it from across the footlights. Indeed, her mission in the drama seems to be quite the reverse of what is usually projected by playwrights, particularly the dramatists of modern times and the authors of present-day successes.

Ibsen, when he showed mothers at all, has usually made them quite unlike the mothers that men care to remember. In "Ghosts" she seems to be introduced for the one purpose of driving home his central message with more poignant effect. In "Little Eyolf," the mother actually becomes jealous of her own child. So George Bernard Shaw seems to be following worthy precedent when in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" he makes the mother exactly the reverse of what she should be; and even in other plays like "Fanny's First Play," in which he holds the mother up to ridicule and lampoons her with more bitter satire than any of the other characters in the piece.

The fact remains, however, that mother and mother-love play important parts in the drama of "appeal." Hal Reid, who counts

his produced plays in three figures, once said that he had never neglected to show mother in a conspicuous way, or at least to refer to mother-love at the "proper moment" in every play bearing his name, that had a record of more than a continuous week's run. He referred to this as one of his successful "secrets of authorship," although a casual glance at the dramatic output of men far antedating Hal Reid, proves conclusively that they were in possession of the same "secret."

Just at present, and for a few years back, there has been a call for the "girlie" show. Some managers believe that the public is more interested in the young woman, the flashy widow, the pretty wife and their sort, than in the motherly or pathetic old lady of the stage. But this is doubtless a mere whim of the moment. Drama is visual as well as aural, and verily the world loves youth, grace, spangled costumes and rosy cheeks; but even in this day of pronounced visual drama, the mother plays a more important part on the stage than the thoughtless auditor may imagine without investigation.

Who, for instance, can think of the late Mrs. Gilbert without recalling her gentle and gracious impersonations of mother? It was her ability to project this tender feeling of mother-love across the footlights, that gave Charles Frohman and Clyde Fitch the inspiration to officially declare her the "star" of "Granny," a play written to her measurements by Fitch and noticeably inspired by her positive genius for becoming the mother of everyone in her audience.

Mathilde Cottrelly is another mother whom one will not readily forget, after having seen her performance of that distinguishing rôle in "The Five Frankforters."

It is rather amusing, however, in view of the well-known desire of actresses to select for themselves what they call "fat" parts, to note their reluctance in accepting the character of the maternal parent. Mother indicates age, and there is no payment large enough, no inducement strong enough to cause many actresses to make this fatal admission of what they term a handicap to popularity. Yet some comparatively young

actresses, have consented to play mothers with a fixed purpose in view, as for instance, Olga Nethersole, whose name up to a few years ago, was linked with the Carmens, Camilles, Saphos and Tanquerays, and who felt that the worm had turned, that the public was not so keenly interested in the old-fashioned "scarlet woman," from French drama, as in the more homely, realistic, or "everyday knowledge" characters. Miss Nethersole deliberately clipped all her former successes from her repertory a few years ago and studiously made a search for plays in which she could appear as the mother, attempting to prove to her old friends, as well as to new audiences that she could interpret

Distance

I loved you dear—
I never told you so!
I pressed your lips
You did not dream or know;
I called your name
You could not hear so far
For I'm the ingénue
You —— the star!

NINA M. JONES.



Strauss-Peyton

VIRGINIA PEARSON

Who has been appearing in Edgar Selwyn's farce, "Nearly Married," at the Gaiety

"the woman who has fulfilled woman's highest mission," as well as the courtesan and heroine of a thousand and one nights. Paul Hervieu's "Le Réveille," called "The Awakening" in America; W. J. Hurlbut's "The Handwriting on the Wall" and "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" were played by Nethersole because the theme of mother and mother-love was the pivot.

While authors like Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Shaw, even many of the European dramatists of the present have seemingly paid more attention to the father than to the mother, few if any of them have dared to make the mother of no consequence in the drama. Brioux's "Maternité" is a serious, if somewhat speculative, study of motherhood. "Madam X" seemed to have been conceived by a writer who carefully tabulated all of the tricks of a bygone by which audiences were stirred when reference was made to mother. Into this play was woven much sentimental emotionalism, but it gave Dorothy Donnelly, Eugenie Blair, and countless stock leading women an opportunity to "appeal" to many persons who might otherwise have remained unmoved by their histrionic efforts.

Quarts of tears were shed over the fanciful predicament of the son who pleads for the life of his unrecognized mother; columns of newspaper eulogy were written for the young man who could feel the "ties" that bound him to his mother in the spirit, although the "flesh" was ignorant that such was the case; and where there are quarts of tears and columns of eulogy, there are fat receipts at the box office.

Jules Eckert Goodman, doubtless realizing much of the value in Hal Reid's "secret" formula for success, seemed to be doing a clever thing when he wrote a play and called it "Mother." This drama carried the maternal instinct to a mawkish degree when played by Emma Dunn, although Mary Shaw in the name part reduced it somewhat. It was barely convincing, however, to witness the son, a forger, thief, and about everything that a son shouldn't be, running to the sheltering arm of mother to be forgiven. Goodman has said that instead of drawing people to the theatre on account of its name, the play kept many people away with the comment that it was doubtless "another of those mushy mother plays."

Mother-love is one of the principal "draws" in "Little Women." "East Lynne"—and nobody doubts that it is a success—shows a mother driven from home and returning merely to be near her little flock. "Baby Mine," almost burlesques the idea of motherhood, but it must be ranked as a "mother" play. Madam Janaushek used to stir the emotions in "Mother and Son." Clyde Fitch made the mother one of the principal figures in "The Girl and the Judge." The picture of Eliza skipping across the river on ice floes would not be so alluring if it were not for the little crinkly-haired child which she holds to her breast. "Madam Butterfly" would doubtless not have made such a worldwide success had it not shown that mother-love caused a suicide. It is this last scene that shows the anguish of the little mother of Japan being torn from her child that enables Geraldine Farrar to thrill audiences and cause them to forget all the falsity of the premises, perhaps the absurdities, on which the drama is based.

These citations, isolated and fragmentary, seem to prove that while popular-priced melodrama has passed, at least temporarily, the

essential of the old-time theme remains in many of the successes of the present-day stage.

In this connection it may be interesting to note that women of the stage have transmitted their talents to their children more frequently than artists in any other walk of life, proving themselves to be real stage mothers as well as women who characterize mothers in the drama. And for that matter, a larger number of women have succeeded on the stage than in any of the arts. In the history of the world there have been few women of genius—few of decided talent. Out of the thousands of women doctors, not one has made any great discovery in medicine. Thousands of women apply themselves to music, but there has never been one great woman composer. A few names like those of George Sand, George Eliot, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Madam DeStael, come to mind when one thinks of great names in literature. Joan of Arc was remarkable for her courage. Sappho and Mrs. Browning were great poets. Rosa Bonheur was a great painter. Mrs. Eddy gave new life to a great religious movement. Madam Curie helped

(Continued on page 38)



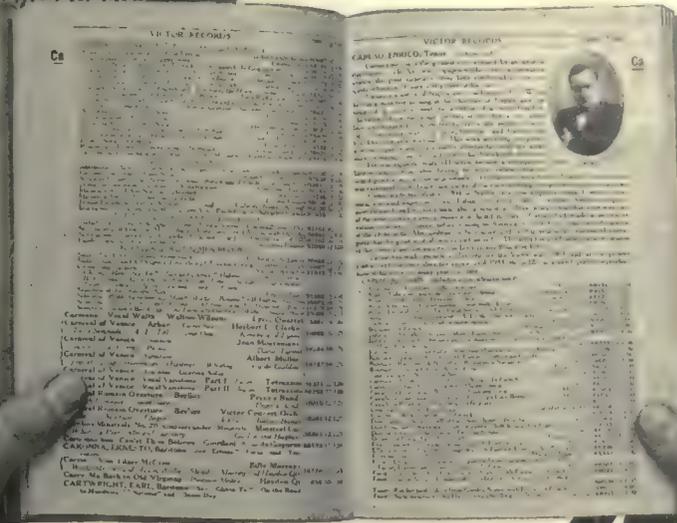
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American Prima Donna

(Continued from page 30)

beth's voice is an inheritance. Her grandfather, Colin Macbeth, of Edinburgh, delighted many a heart in the old days with Scotch songs at Burns' Festivals. Her American-born father was a New York church singer until pneumonia weakened his lungs and sent him to find robustness in Mankato.

American and Scotch traits are blended in her, among them good, canny commonsense, that made her say, "It is what one can do, and not influence of money. One must deliver the goods." Again, there came this assertion: "The public expects personal appearance as much as it does voice. Color and taste in dress count for a deal; they are part of a singer's business."

Simply reared in a quiet, old-fashioned way, only Mankato and study, nothing else besides; absorbed in her art, loving books, but with small time for them since her early 'teens, the result of being thrust suddenly into public life has left her girlish outlook unaltered. Simplicity is hers distinctively; "For if I should lose my desire to be simple; I should lose my poise," as she expresses it. But her type of mind is one to develop strongly, for its main qualities are both American and Scotch, the practical and the philosophic. Next to her voice, though her best possession will always be her personality, now heightened in its charm by youth's sweet spring-time.

Shortly following her debut, Miss Macbeth sang at Lady Lonsborough's, the same who had the distinction of introducing Pavlova to London society. Many royalties were there. Next day by the first post, came a letter of appreciation, which her hostess must have written after four o'clock in the morning, when the program ended. Of that night, as of her debut, she said naively: "I forgot my audience, because I love to sing. When I am in my song I live it. And if I cannot do that, I feel ashamed."

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Famous Mothers of the Stage

(Continued from page 34)

discover radium. But these comprise a short list compared to a list of the great men of the world.

Among famous real mothers of the stage, whose children inherited their histrionic talents, are: Georgie Drew, Mrs. John Drew, Madge Carr Cooke, Annie Kiscadden, Mrs. Jerry Cohan, Ellen Terry, Rose Coghlan, Lillian Russell, Marie Renee, Lottie Collins, Alice Loftus, and Emma Rudersdorff.

Although this list does not include more than a few of the prominent women of the stage, it would be difficult to find a similar number in any other department of art so conclusively demonstrating the "laws" of heredity. In tracing hereditary influences, there are comparatively few examples of genius credited by scientists to the mother. It is generally conceded that Cicero, Napoleon, Cuvier, Cromwell, Byron and Scott—perhaps a few others—inherited their capacity for genius, if not genius itself, from the maternal parent rather than from the father or any paternal parent.

But it isn't a matter of inheritance that counts. We are essentially a sentimental people. Love of parents is a Biblical command, but love of mother is inherent, instinctive and a universal privilege. There is protection from all worldly ills beneath mother's wing and mother's voice is sweetest of all. Humble creatures appreciate that refuge, as do strong men and women, and they like to think of it, read about it, and see it in their plays. Modern playwrights haven't discovered anything new, but, like Edison, they make practical use of something of universal requirement.

ARCHIE BELL.

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The plays yet to be produced in New York this season by Charles Frohman, unless that manager unexpectedly increases the list, are J. M. Barrie's "The Legend of Leonora," with Maude Adams in the chief part; Billie Burke, in W. S. Maugham's modern play of North American frontier life, "The Land of Promise"; a musical operetta entitled "The Laughing Husband"; a new play now being written in collaboration by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas Wise; a dramatization of Sudermann's "The Song of Songs," by Edward Sheldon; and a new farce entitled "A Little Water on the Side," acted in and written by William Collier and Grant Stewart.

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A Famous Gallery of Players

(Continued from page 38)

Eleanor Robson, a program dated November 14, 1887, with Selena Fetter (now Mrs. Milton Royle) a souvenir of the fiftieth performance of "The Henrietta," Sol. Smith Russell, and old pictures of William H. Crane and Stuart Robson in "Our Boarding House," "Sharps and Flats," and "The Two Dromeos." Other pictures on this wall date back a half century or more.

Behind the folding doors, which lead into the auditorium, there is an old poster, set in red type, advertising the opening bill of the Barney Macauley Stock Company, which opened the theatre on Monday, October 13, 1873. The roster of the company included Marie Bates, as "leading lady," John Craven and Ella Mayer. Mr. Craven is the same actor who was a member of the famous Gilbert, Donnelly and Gerard combination, which travelled under the title of "The Natural Gas Company." Later on, John Craven married Ella Mayer, and Frank Craven, who made a hit as James Gilley in "Bought and Paid For," is their son.

Across from this old poster announcing the opening of Louisville's old landmark is a faded and quaint picture of Jenny Lind. Between these two old souvenirs and above the doors, almost so high up that it cannot be seen, is a picture of Gus Williams, the old German comedian. Near him is Joe Emmett, who originated all the German comedian business which has been handed down to this generation and used in some form or other by modern German comedians. Near these old laugh-provokers is Al. G. Field, the minstrel who opens Macauley's every season.

In the auditorium are portraits of the elder John Drew, Edwin Forrest, Laura Keane, Tyrone Power, the elder J. B. Booth, Charlotte Cushman, and others. "The Divine Sarah" is represented by a photograph which she gave to the Colonel in 1882, when she made her first visit to America, and one of C. Coquelin, who appeared in this country with Bernhardt in 1901. Here, too, are some unique prints bearing the signature of Minnie Maddern, but it is plain to be seen that these are early pictures of the now popular Mrs. Fiske. Robert McDowell, who married Fanny Davenport, has a place near that of Miss Davenport.

All the players of importance on the American stage to-day naturally have their pictures hanging in the Macauley Gallery, which are made personal contributions by the actor or actress by having his or her autograph written under the photograph with an affectionate line above. There is John Drew many times, in character and otherwise; his niece, Ethel Barrymore, pretty Mabel Taliaferro and her sister, Edith, Kyrle Bellew, Adeline Genee, Robert Edson, charming Billie Burke, Fritz Scheff, Mary Mannering, dainty Marie Doro, Chauncey Olcott, Bertha Galland, Herbert Kelcey, and Effie Shannon, William Hodge, Mrs. Leslie Carter, David Warfield, William Faversham and his wife, Julie Opp, Elsie Janis, William Gillette, Henry E. Dixey, Henrietta Crossman, Virginia Harned, Walker Whiteside, Frances Starr, Louis Mann, Charlotte Walker, Wilton Lackaye, Olive Wyndham, Marguerite Clark, De Wolf Hopper, Blanche Walsh, Maude Adams, George Arliss, Maclyn Arbuckle, Raymond Hitchcock, Margaret Anglin, William Norris, Rose Coghlan, Lillian Russell, Tim Murphy, Otis Skinner, Blanche Bates, John Mason, May Robson, Charles Richman, Richard Carle, Hattie Williams, and a host of others.

This is not nearly a complete list of names of players whose pictures are hanging on the walls of Macauley's Theatre. If the walls could talk, they would tell of many evenings when actors, after their evening's work, prowl around the lobbies of the old theatre, renewing old acquaintances by means of this remarkable collection of photographs, all eager to view the gallery and shake the hand of the delightful old gentleman who loves his pictures and chats most entertainingly about them, and who is still collecting and adding to his gallery each season.

BOYD MARTIN.

What it Costs to Produce a Play

(Continued from page 25)

getting from \$300 to \$600 per week, and the number of stars getting as much as \$1,000 per week is large. The \$5,000 per week of Gaby Deslys is a high water mark, but a salary of \$2,000 or \$2,500 is no longer phenomenal. The manager is continually confronted with the problem as to whether he shall engage a very expensive cast, expecting a correspondingly greater public inter-



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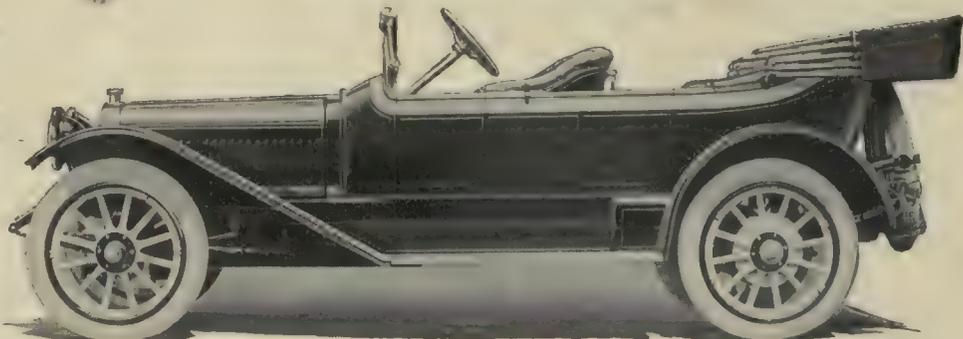
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est, or whether he shall pin his faith to the play itself and trust to the essential interest of the story. If the play can be "put over" without stars there is a decided advantage in doing so, because then second and third companies can be sent on tour with equally good casts and to the satisfaction of everyone. If the play, on the other hand, becomes subordinate to the player, the production is bound to lose a portion of its value if sent out with any other actor or actress in the leading rôle.

With regard to stage settings, it may be said that productions, like casts, are more expensive than formerly. The public now refuses to imagine that a shabby interior of flimsy construction is the residence of a wealthy banker. One has almost to build an actual room of a banker's house on the stage. In the same manner, the costumes can no longer be "faked." The silk must be real silk, and the gowns of any first class production would stand rigid inspection at close range. The costumer's bills for some of the musical productions are positively enormous. The chorus girls are to-day wearing gowns that would not have been provided for leading women twenty years ago.

Another expense that may bear detail mention is that of advertising. The New York newspapers charge the theatrical manager an average of 50c. per agate line or \$7 per inch for space, and this is more than they charge any of the other large advertisers. Though the manager may use space every day in the year he can get 30 discount for repeated insertions, and each insertion must be paid for at the agate rate. Four hundred dollars per week is about the minimum at which a production can be at all adequately announced in the New York papers, and this does not include "display" advertising such as is often needful and advisable. The use of billboards is less important in New York than formerly, but is still held to be highly essential in other cities. Two hundred dollars per week would be, however, a very moderate New York allowance for "billing." In addition to this "billing," which includes the cost of "locations" and of actual posting, there is the far more serious cost of buying the "paper." This cost is so many cents per sheet, and varies from small amounts for plain type work to large amounts for lithograph work in several colors. But the serious part of ordering "paper" is the risk that the play may not be a permanent success, and will close before the edition is exhausted. For, it must be understood, in order to buy "paper" at reasonable prices it must be ordered and contracted for in large quantities, running up into thousands of dollars.

In summarizing, it may be said that the expenses of producing seem to be almost without number and include everything from the cost of selecting the manuscript to the advances on salaries. For a play to be a "winner" at the present time it cannot be just a moderate hit as in the old days. It must be a sensation.

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Boston's Actor-Manager

(Continued from page 28)

vocational training in the higher institutions for those contemplating a stage career?"

Mr. Craig spoke with conviction on this point. "Playwriting and acting are undoubtedly vocations for which definite training is necessary. The time is past when the ignorant young man or woman can hope to make a success on the stage. Brains and trained ability count for just as much in the playhouse as in any other profession or business. Why not make this training a part of the college curriculum? I believe it will be in the not distant future. Actors who have talent should make as much if not more than in any other profession, and the artistic rewards for those who reach the top are great."

Mention was made of the Drama League. Mr. Craig was asked whether he had benefited from the work it had undertaken. The actor-manager was inclined to be non-committal.

"The Drama League has been very kind and courteous in its treatment of me, but I would rather not say either way on that point."

"Have you anything to say with regard to your plans for the present season, Mr. Craig? Do you intend making any productions of Shakespeare or the classics?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, I shall present three Shakespearean plays—'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Cymbeline.' This year I am laying greater stress on the managerial end of my theatre, and Mr. Wm. P. Carleton is acting most of the leading male rôles, but in the Shakespearean dramas I shall undertake the leading parts myself. Mr. Livingston Platt, who staged 'The

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Comedy of Errors' for me last spring with such notable effect, will return for these classic productions. As you know, Mr. Platt is acting as artistic advisor to Margaret Anglin this season. Miss Anglin recently informed me that she will need Mr. Platt's assistance for some weeks to come. In view of the great work Miss Anglin is doing, I have agreed to postpone my Shakespearean productions until later in the season, when Miss Anglin may conveniently release Mr. Platt.

"For our Christmas production I have selected 'Miss Pocahontas,' the R. A. Barnett musical play, which was one of the biggest successes the Boston Cadets ever had."

All of which calls to mind the wide diversity of appeal made by Mr. Craig's company. It is a far cry from Shakespeare to musical comedy, and it speaks well for the ability of this company that one week it may be acting "A Circus Girl" (which ran nine weeks at the Castle Square a couple of seasons ago) and the next "Othello."

"Do you expect to put 'Miss Pocahontas' on for a run?"

"Possibly for two or three weeks, if business warrants it, but in the past our subscribers have not met with favor the policy of few plays and long runs. As our subscription list numbers between four and five thousand people, you can easily appreciate what a powerful influence these people wield. So I have determined to eliminate runs this year as much as possible. We aim to cater to the great popular priced element of the theatre-going public. Our patrons reason it out in this fashion, 'Why pay \$1.50 or \$2.00 to see a play at the high-priced houses when we know that sooner or later we shall see that very same play well staged and acted at the Castle Square for half the price?' Adapting myself to this point of view, for our modern plays I secure the latest releases. 'The Travelling Salesman,' 'Hawthorne of the U. S. A.,' 'The Country Boy,' 'Baby Mine,' 'Excuse Me,' 'The Girl of the Golden West,' 'The Thief,' 'A Woman's Way,' and 'Candida,' are some of those on our list for 1913-1914."

The conversation veered to the subject of producing.

"What do you think of Boston's future as a producing centre?" asked the interviewer. "Will New York ever be supplanted as America's theatrical capital and the supremacy of the stage be divided between a few of the largest American cities?"

The face of Boston's actor-manager glowed with interest at this query and quickly rejoined:

"Boston should become a producing centre more and more as time wears on. That is what I am trying to do here in my theatre—make it a producing house for new plays, with older and more familiar ones to fill in the gaps. The fight will be between Boston and New York. I presume New York will always remain in the ascendant, but there is little reason to doubt that Boston will increase rather than decline in importance as a producing centre."

"After all, good plays are the principal thing. They are the essential elements in making the American stage bigger and better. But even under the most favorable circumstances it is difficult to obtain good plays. A syndicate controls all of the European output, and this makes the task for the independent manager doubly hard. He must be constantly on the watch for promising material from the least expected sources."

"The man or woman with ability, the clever play—that is what the public the world over looks for in the theatre, and when it discovers genuine talent it rewards it handsomely. By way of illustration: During my seven years with Augustin Daly, the company made a European tour. We performed 'Twelfth Night' for one hundred and fifty nights at Daly's in London, and we played with great success in repertoire at the Paris Vaudeville Theatre, where we had to overcome the disadvantages of speaking in a foreign tongue. All of which goes to show that clever plays and actors will be well received anywhere."

"Since the abandonment of the Boston Museum in 1903 there have been innumerable attempts to revive the idea for which it stood years ago, long before its demolition. It has been my aim to make the Castle Square the legitimate successor to the Museum, and I believe in large measure I have accomplished my ambition. We try to give the best plays in the best possible manner. We may make mistakes, but then everyone who is striving to do big things comes a cropper now and then. But remember this, we are constantly working to eclipse our own standards."

The bell rang for the second act, and John Craig, the quiet, affable conversationalist, became once more the alert and enterprising producer of plays. The interview was at an end.

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Pepy's Diary—Addenda 1914

(Continued from page 18)

lately come over from England and, indeed, it is the finest playhouse, I believe, that ever was in the city. Slept, being tired from the night before, which chagrined my wife.

After dinner went again to the theatre and there I saw "The Temperamental Journey" acted; the humors of the artist who counterfeits he is dead very well done, but the rest very poorly. Here saw the first time on Ditrichstein. A small man but acts well.

16th (Lord's Day).—To church, and heard a good sermon. Too long; so home to dinner. In good humor promised to carry my wife to Belasco's playhouse for to hear a concert of musigue. So we went arguing together upon the new custom of women coming upon the stage. She thinks the custom abominable, but I approve it, and bore her down with many modern instances. So to the playhouse door, she talking, and there met Mr. Belasco, a stout gentleman with white hair frized. Not free and easy in discourse, but as one with a palsy in his tongue. My wife made much of him which I approved, and leaving him listening, went to Mr. R—and requested an order for to hear Mr. Warfield in his great character, the Auctioneer, which Mr. R—refusing on a flimsy pretext, I quitted him in disgust. Some talk with Mr. Belasco who invited my opinion of the plays in the town which nothing loath I delivered, saying the most of them were indifferent good plays but wronged by the subjects being all of a kind and that a low kind, and all the women being much too sad in their parts, which put my wife in a huff, but Mr. Belasco smiled and rumbled his white hair and did give me, unsolicited, two orders for the play, "The Man Inside," for which gift I made him my duty, but I know it draws few people to the playhouse. After the musigue home and to bed early, my wife still talking about the great man she had met with so much noise and excess, that I was at a loss how to behave myself, whether to baste her...

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French Drama Society

An interesting theatrical experiment is that of the French Drama Society of New York, which on the 22nd inst. gave at the Harris Theatre an excellent performance in French of Henry Bataille's play, "La Vierge Folle." This organization, which has among its patronesses some of the best known and most influential women in New York, in no way conflicts with the Stage Society of New York. It was formed to create a larger interest in the French drama and the French language, and to give the members an opportunity to appreciate French plays of artistic worth in their original form. A capable company of French players has been secured and an interesting repertoire formed. It includes new plays by modern French authors as well as famous French classics. Among the plays to be presented in addition to "La Vierge Folle" are: "Le Passant," by François Coppée; "La Rafale," by Henry Bernstein; "La Visite de Noces," by Alexandre Dumas Fils; "Andromaque," by Jean Racine; "Le Baiser," by Théodore de Banville; "L'Instinct," by Henry Kistemaekers; "Vingt Minutes à New York," by William Harlette.

The company is headed by Mesdames Yorska, a favorite pupil of Sarah Bernhardt, and Beverly Sitgreaves, the latter a well-known American actress of merit and distinction who is as proficient in the French language as in English. The leading man is M. Ernest Perrin, a very capable actor remembered for his excellent work with the Cazes French Comedy Company at the American Theatre some few seasons ago. Others in the company are: Marie Norton, of the Théâtre National de l'Odéon, Paris; Georgette Passedoit; Nane Defrance; Marie de la Motte; Alda de Anchoriz; José Ruben, of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris; M. Verneuil, etc.

The patronesses include: Madame Sarah Bernhardt; Mrs. Philip Lydig; Mrs. Archer Huntington; Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran; Mrs. Edwin Dodge; Mrs. S. Brewster; Miss Mary Shaw; Miss Florence Guernsey; Miss Janet Scudder; Mrs. Charles H. Ditson; Mrs. Henri Goiran; Mrs. B. S. Guinness; Mrs. Norman De R. Whitehouse; Mrs. Lee Haggin; Mrs. J. West Roosevelt; Mrs. Douglas Robinson; Miss Ethel Barrymore; Mme. Carlo Polifeme; Mrs. George Blumenthal; Mrs. Gordon Knox Bell; Mrs. C. C. Buel.

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Kubelik Plays Two Movements from Handel's Sixth Sonata. Sixth Sonata (1) Adagio (2) Allegro, Handel.

Amato Revives a Forgotten Verdi Opera. I Due Foscari, Verdi. Advt.

AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 16)

moments. Her singing has lost much of its brittle brilliancy and she seldom forces her tone now—the result being beautiful singing, to which is added her own winning personality.

With a performance of "The Magic Flute," delightfully given, and the usual excellent "Parsifal," Thanksgiving matinee, the accounts of Metropolitan doings must cease here until next month.

At the Century Opera House popular opera in English has been ambling on rather an uneven course. "Il Trovatore" was presented in a rough shod manner, "Lucia di Lammermoor" does not crave paragraphs of praise, but "Thais" was much better given, against a background of attractive scenery loaned by the Boston Opera House. Lois Ewell sang the title rôle acceptably but she had none of the luring graces of Mary Garden, who has preempted this rôle here. Bargman, as Nicias, was a lover, heavy and unimpassioned; and Kreidler lacked all ecstatic conviction in the rôle of Athanael, which part Renaud has made famous here.

There remains but little space in which to chronicle the activities in the concert hall and recital room. Chief among the numberless offerings is the return of Fritz Kreisler, a master among violinists, who gave a recital in which his playing was so impeccable and so completely satisfying that it defies criticism. Suffice it to say that Kreisler, inch by inch, has conquered for himself a place in the very front rank of great masters of the viola.

The Philharmonic season, Stransky conducting this orchestra, has thus far offered little that has been remarkable or novel, either in programme or performance. The chief new work in its lists has been a Festival Prelude, by Richard Strauss, which proved a very uninteresting work by so great a musician.

Then there have been two more recitals by the great Paderewski, who after his first nervous exhibition, has rather discarded the highly dramatic mood and has played exquisitely—as only he can.

And, finally, there has been a unique concert of the choir of the Russian Cathedral, the whole programme sung a cappella by this unique body of men and boys, bringing to hearing modern orthodox music of the Russian church, music that simply abounds in interest and was wonderfully sung. For the rest, pianists, violinists, and orchestral concerts have flourished without end—some excellent, some promising and others mediocre—judged according to New York standards, which is one of the highest in the musical world to-day.

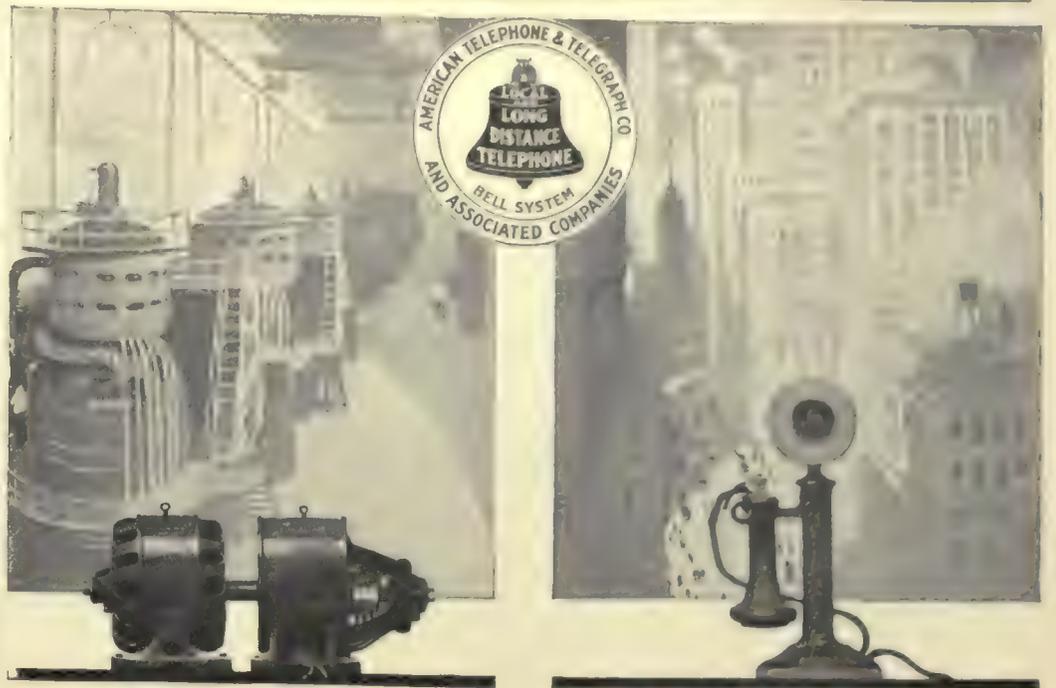
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As Others See Us

(Continued from page 19)

Impossible, we *must* open. The bills are up, the theatre is leased. We musn't lose a night's receipts. So the play is produced. After the first production, congratulations, but not to artists who have acted with their parts, rather to acrobats who have brought off a difficult somersault. While the two rival trusts are cutting each other's throats there is one man in New York whose theatre has become a model stage, a centre of artistic education. That man is David Belasco. Belasco manages a theatre of which he himself is sole proprietor. He has the enormous advantage of being his own master. Belasco rehearses for six weeks or two months, in fact until the piece is ready for production.

It is difficult to speak of the American public because in America there are at least five or six publics, each different from the other. The people of the West boast of having nothing in common with those of the East. With what *hauteur* a Southerner speaks of a dweller in the North! In America, as in England, they place family life on a pedestal. In the former country, where one would think the facilities for divorce would have injured the sanctity of marriage, one meets with nothing but protestations and revolts against the slightest audacity. For Americans, divorce is only a half wrong because it does away with adultery. Love's only outcome is marriage. When I played "La Rafale" in New York I received, on the "first night," the visit of a clever young man full of culture and courage. As a matter of fact he had only been a dramatic critic since that morning. He had just returned from Mexico, where, for seven months, he had been a



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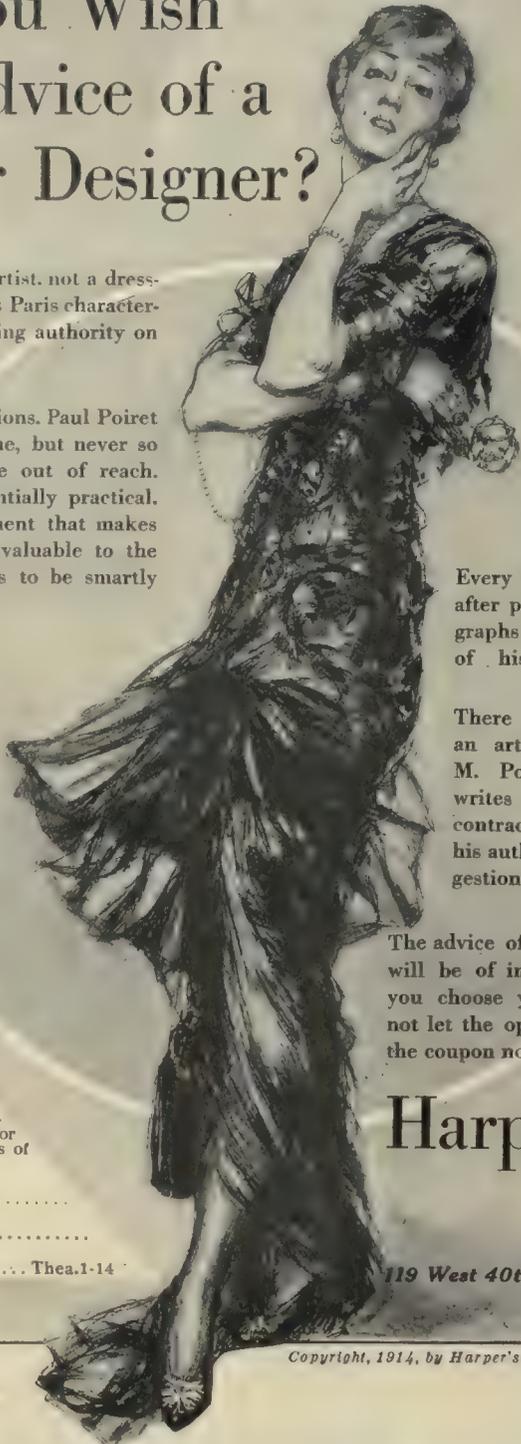
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war correspondent. He questioned me about the play and was astonished at the great success it had had in Paris. As for the sacrifice which Hélène de Bréchebel makes to save the life of her lover, it provoked scandalised protestations from the American public and press. In my turn I sought explanations. A young American girl told me, "You musn't play such pieces over here. We neither like them nor understand them. It is not the sacrifice of Hélène's which revolts us, it is the motive of her sacrifice. In America you can do anything in order to save your father, your mother, your grandmother, your little child or even your dog, but not your lover, no, no, not your lover." In the American adaptation of "Le Voleur," when Ferdinand, in the first act, avows his love for Marie Louise, instead of the tender reproaches which are in the French text, Marie Louise makes him a highly moral speech and finishes by slapping him on the back and telling him to "be a man!"

In that phrase you have the whole epitome of American life: Be a Man!

Less cultured than the French public, the Americans are incapable of dramatic emotion which is purely intellectual, of dramatic emotion in the second degree, if I can so express myself. They are overcome by the misfortunes of Ophelia, but not by the beauties of the expression of the misfortunes of Ophelia. We could give the Americans our method. We could teach them our sense of Art, our love of the perfect. In exchange they could bring up their sturdy childishness, their enthusiasm and that "joie de vivre" which is inborn in them. I believe that we should cease to pretend to show anything to our friends of the New World. Let us love their youthfulness, their frank courage. Let us, in our souls, be grateful to these smiling beings who, on the other side of the world, have discovered a new aspect of life, adventurous, hardy, free, easy, affectionate and honest, those people who, by the example of their happy existence, force us to admire them, and ask them to teach us the secret of it.

Translated by HARRY J. GREENWALL.

If I Had Never Been An Actor

(Continued from page 10)

Russell—and myself were before the curtain acknowledging a very gratifying demonstration of good feeling on the part of the audience. An old lady who was so bursting with pride that she felt the imperative necessity of sharing her joy with someone, leaned over and touching my mother on the arm said, "The lady whom they are applauding is my daughter."

"Indeed," said mother, "Well the gentleman is my son."

And the two proud little mothers sat there and beamed on each other, then they moved their chairs together and saw the rest of the performance with the added pleasure of a joy shared.

No doubt most people think that as a logical outgrowth of my love for the national game that I should have been a baseball man in some capacity or another. I really should have enjoyed umpiring a game. If I could have pitched like Matty I think I should have liked to twirl the ball, but I can assure you that I would have passed up without even the slightest regret the position of sporting reporter.

That is the job I would wish on my enemy. Outside of the pleasure that springs from my work, and it is and has always been the greatest pleasure of my life, I think that perhaps baseball has been the greatest contributor to my fund of felicities.

But this is not saying what I should have done had I not been an actor. It really seems to me that if I had not been an actor I should not have been at all. Let us hope so.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 8)

patronage. The career of Rachel is followed, interesting in itself, in one scene of which she sings *The Marseillaise* to the mob in order to quiet it; but it is the love story that runs through the play which supplies its best action. The main distinction of the performance is the character acting. Rachel's family were vulgar people, never accommodating themselves to improved conditions, and Felix, the father, was constantly interfering in his daughter's career, with his grasping demands for money. Mr. George Hassell, as the actor Saint Aulaire,

(Continued on page 46)

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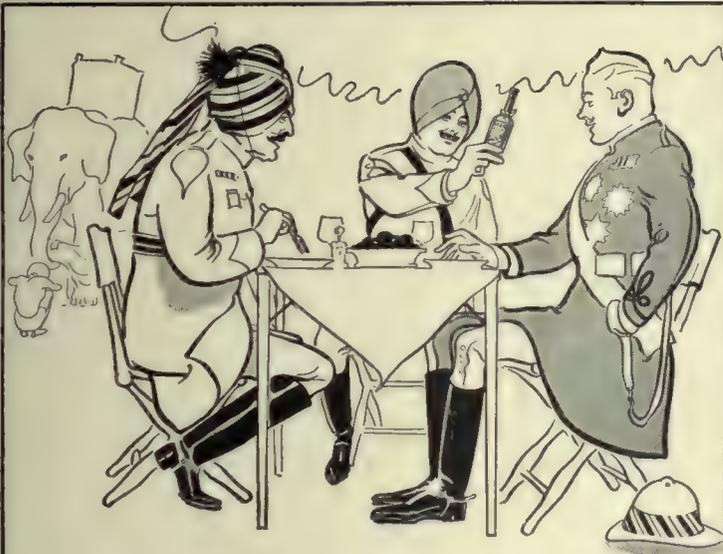
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LYRIC. "HIGH JINKS." Musical comedy in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein and Otto Hauerbach. Music by Rudolf Friml. Produced on December 10th with this cast:

Dr. Robert Thorne, Robert Pitkin; Florence, Elaine Hammerstein; Mons. Jacques Rabelais, Ignacio Martinetti; Mme. Rabelais, Edith Gardner; Maid, Blanche Field; Dick Wayne, Burrell Barbaretto; Mrs. Marion Thorne, Ada Meade; Fritz Denkmahl, Snitz Edwards; Mr. J. J. Jeffreys, Tom Lewis; Sylvia Dale, Mana Zucca; Adelaide Fontaine, Elizabeth Murray; Chi-Chi, Emilie Lea; Garcon, Augustus Schultz; Page, Elsie Gergley; Mrs. Thorne's Companion, Gladys Feldman.

"High Jinks" is a musical comedy made out of one of the adaptations by Leo Ditrichstein, which had a limited vogue in its original form. The transformation to its present use was done with the collaboration of Otto Hauerbach. The story of the piece is immaterial. It is sufficient to give occasion to a musical jollity. A specialist in nervous affections in Paris secures from a friend, a globe-trotter, a drug, administered as a perfume, which cures all kinds of spiritual distempers. It is easy to see that one of its virtues is that it relieves the authors of any great responsibility as to the plot. This perfume, however, sets the pace in dancing very quickly, and the proceedings thereafter are easy enough. The opera is produced by Arthur Hammerstein, and it is incidentally interesting that his daughter, Elaine Hammerstein, a pretty and spirited girl, wins enough success in it to make her career promising. The features of the performance and production are remote from the merits of any authorship, for they are distinctly individual. Elizabeth Murray, with her song, *All Aboard for Dixie* (hardly Parisian in idea and spirit), was, with that song and otherwise, the mainstay of the jollity. She is a comedienne of qualities rarely feminine. A dinner at the close of the entertainment gave freedom for much special dancing, to which Elizabeth Murray incited the men in turn, the merry but very substantial Tom Lewis proving himself in competition the nimblest and most comical. The confused and embarrassed speech at the dinner made by Tom Lewis is a contribution to Mr. Ditrichstein's musical comedy that is worth the while.

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HARRIS. "CHILDREN OF TO-DAY." Play in four acts by Clara Lipman and Samuel Shipman. Produced on December 1st with this cast:

Jeanette, Margaret Templeton; Vincent Wakefield, Lorin Raker; Rene Dupre, Adoni Fovieri; Robert Osborn, Charles Balsar; Anita Wakefield, Emily Ann Wellman; George Raimund, Louis Mann; Isabella Wakefield, Maude Turner Gordon; Pierson, Robert Strange.

Miss Clara Lipman and Samuel Shipman, in writing "Children of To-day," had in view mainly the opportunities they could provide for Mr. Mann. The story is conventional but Mr. Mann's artistry is not, and his amiability and variety as an actor are in abundant evidence. The children are impossible, but he is real. A modern girl and a boy, children of a rich widow, treat her as a subordinate person, whose views are behind the times, and when her middle-aged lover presents himself, they ridicule the idea of her marrying again without their consent. They demand that he give an account of himself and furnish references. He has to elope with the mother, and, finding them determined to make it uncomfortable for him, he buys the house in which they are living, with the result that they leave and take their mother with them. The son is under the influence of an adventuress, a French woman of experience, who is after the boy's money, and has secret relations with a cubic artist of her own nationality who is about to marry the girl. The new father thwarts a scheme against the interests of the children of to-day. He buys off the adventuress and convinces his step-daughter of the character of the woman's accomplice. Of course all this is primitive, but like nearly all conventional combinations it is dramatically effective. The adventuress, old type as it is, is notably well-played by Miss Fovieri, who comes with the training of the French stage.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE. "HOP O' MY THUMB." Play in two parts by George R. Sims, Frank Dix and Arthur Collins. American version by Sydney Rosenfeld; music by Manuel Klein; ballet music by J. M. Glover. Produced on November 26th with this cast:

(Continued on page 48)



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King of Mnemonica, De Wolf Hopper; Tango, Ralph Austin; Trotter, Walter S. Wills; The Kow Zebra, Messrs. Schrode and Harris; Datas, Joseph, Neal McNeal; Ogre, Albert Hart; John, Charles M. Hinton; Hilario, Viola Gillette; Mirabelle, Eva Fallon; Zaza, Texas Guinan; Jenny, Marie, Marie Clifford; Baroness Chicot, Ross Snow; Hop O' My Thumb, Iris Hawkins; John Henry, Martha Ehrlich; Arthur Herbert, Winnie Ritchie; George Frederick, Leah de Piean; Richard Arthur, Lillian Barry; Joseph James, Caroline Duffy; Walter William, Runie Farrington; Living Statues, The DeSerris; Amber Witch, Flavia Arcaro; Fairy Forget-me-not, Bertha Delmonte; Voice of the Night, Edith Gordon; Fairy Love, Edna Fenton.

"Hop O' My Thumb" succeeds to the big productions which have become customary, from time to time, at the Manhattan Opera House. Its production here is timed for the Christmas holidays, and the easy amusement it will afford to the young and those already cheerily disposed is its chief merit. It is an extravaganza, with the familiar story of the children in the woods, escaping ogres, and finally helped back home by the good fairies. The play was originally prepared by George R. Sime, Frank Dix and Arthur Collins. The American version is by Sydney Rosenfeld. Additional American flavor is imparted to it by the presence of Mr. De Wolf Hopper, whose companion in much of the mirth is a diminutive and charming little body imported for the occasion, Miss Iris Hawkins. The cast reveals an army of energetic performers most of them famed for their work in London. Some of the specialties brought from the London stage are quite new to us. The spectacular nature of the play is understood, one dazzling scene succeeding another quickly.

WALLACK'S. "GRUMPY." Play in four acts by Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval. Produced on November 24th with this cast:

Mr. Andrew Bullivant "Grumpy," Cyril Maude; Mr. Ernest Heron, Edward Combermere; Ruddock, John Harwood; Mr. Jarvis, Montagu Love; Mr. Isaac Wolfe, Lennox Pawle; Dr. Maclaren, Hunter Nesbitt; Keble, Arthur Curtis; Merridew, James Dale; Dawson, Stanley Groome; Virginia Bullivant, Margery Maude; Mrs. Maclaren, Margaret Swallow; Susan, Maud Andrew.

It very often happens that a superior actor finds his greatest success in an inferior play. Mr. Cyril Maude has steadily grown in popularity with our audiences, playing character parts always, beginning with youth and proceeding through middle age to the old age which we see in "Grumpy." If it were old age with a crutch and palsy, it would not perhaps be an achievement beyond that in the power of an ordinary actor, but here is an old man who has to take good care of himself, to be sure, because of his extreme age, but who, when occasion demands, is full of fire, energy, alertness, keenness of mind, decisiveness and promptness in action, a marvel of an old man, and entirely natural. We do not mean to designate the play as inferior because of lack of skill, for if it lacked skill in construction, it would not be effective. On the contrary, it is full of action, is alive all the time, and is a very good play of its kind, a detective story with melodramatic incidents. Mr. Cyril Maude is so very natural in his methods, that we are reconciled to the melodrama that is almost constantly present. Mr. Maude's Grumpy is such a humorous, satirical, notionate, irascible, bad mannered, good hearted, sharp, shrewd, all sorts of an old man that a very old man can be, that his very presence on the stage is interesting. It is not by mere little tricks of business that he keeps your attention and interest. There is something back of all that. It is a personal power for which no exact name can be given. At all events, there is a personality there that accounts for Cyril Maude's success in the play and in the part that certainly could not be carried by an ordinary actor. "Grumpy" has been so successful that it has been occupying the greater time of Mr. Maude's engagement at Wallack's. The story of the play is very much of the Sherlock Holmes order. A valuable uncut diamond has been stolen, in Grumpy's house from his nephew, who was carrying it to a London house of importers. We have the fight in the dark in which the villain fells the bearer of the diamond. The robbery is a mystery. The old man takes it in hand and unravels it. His principal clue is a thread of a woman's hair tied around the stem of a white camellia. By a process of elimination and by tracing the journeys of the camellia, the old man finally fastens the crime on the perpetrator. Miss Margery Maude, the daughter of Cyril Maude, is most helpful in the performance. The English cast is excellent. Cyril Maude's own performance is notable in that he gives an undeniable and indescribable charm to the personation of a very old, and possibly in real life, an exceedingly disagreeable old man.

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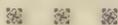
IN the clever comedy of Irish life, "General John Regan," a source of joy is W. G. Fay's acting in the rôle of Thaddeus Golligher, the editor and owner of the local newspaper. So human is this portrayal of the hot-headed, patriotic, "speechifying" Irishman, that it stands out as a particularly delicious bit even in this play of delightfully sincere characterizations. Mr. Fay's career extends over a period of some



W. G. Fay

years, during which he acted and produced many plays. He was born in Dublin, Ireland. At the age of sixteen he went on the stage, in spite of the opposition of his father, a government official who wanted his son to follow in his footsteps. His first appearances were in the Boucicault dramas in Dublin. Two years later he joined a touring company, in which he remained for seven or eight years.

Then, together with his brother, he formed the first company of Irish Players, in which was Miss Allgood, Miss Maire O'Neil's sister. Among the plays produced were "Dierdre" and "Katherine O'Houlihan." While producing manager he created the comedy parts. He was the original Playboy in "The Playboy of the Western World." Later he came for a season to appear in Charles Frohman's production of "The Rising of the Moon," by Lady Gregory, and in "The Pot of Broth," by Yeats. In "The Building Fund," produced at the Chicago Illinois Theatre, he played the miser, Shawn Grogan. On his return to London he played Matt Haffigan in "John Bull's Other Island," and later appeared in the command performance for the King at the Premier's house in Arnold Bennett's "What the Public Wants." Last season he produced for the Play Actor's Society in London at the Court Theatre, Ibsen's "Brand." This was the first production of the play in England in a complete form. He also produced Bjornsen's "The Gauntlet" and "The Newly Married Couple." Then he created the part of Golligher in London before the present engagement here.



"A little thing will often go a long way"—which may very truly be said of Iris Hawkins, who goes a long way toward pleasing the large audiences at the Manhattan Opera House. As "Hop O' My Thumb" she swaggers about the stage, hands in pockets, with a fine spirit of bravado. This diminutive, vest-pocket edition of an actress was born in Newmarket, the great sporting centre of England, just twenty years ago.



Iris Hawkins

When she was eight years old a friend of her father's, a theatrical manager, needed a child for one of his productions, and persuaded Mr. Hawkins to let Iris take the part. The fond father was quite willing. In fact, it made his chest swell with pride to see his tiny daughter on the stage. After that she did not appear again until she was ten years old, and then it was against the wishes of her mother and grandmother, who had decided views regarding the proper place for a young lady. She appeared for three years with Cyril Maude, playing Lady Barbara in "The Man That Stole the Castle." She had long contracts with such producers as Beerbohm Tree, Charles Frohman and Alexander. After playing Lady Barbara, she was seen as the little boy Mickey in "Everybody's Secret," and in the title rôle of "Little White Barbara." Then she appeared in "Our Flat," the famous English farce, and later played the boy Derek in "His House in Order," with Sir George Alexander. After that she played lead with Tree at His Majesty's Theatre for two years, followed by an appearance as Pinkie in "Pinkie and the Fairies." Recently she played Myrtle in Frohman's production of "Preserving Mr. Panmure," after which she was engaged for her present rôle of Hop.



A very pathetic as well as mirth-inspiring figure is that of Boney, who plays so important a part in "The Misleading Lady," at the Fulton Theatre. Boney is a harmless, escaped lunatic who thinks he is Napoleon Bonaparte. Frank Sylvester, who enacts the rôle with a fine appreciation of the variety it demands, was born in Maine, and brought up and educated in Boston. His first appearance was in "The Run of Luck," an English melodrama produced at the Boston Theatre some years ago. The following season he was in the

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company of Margaret Mather, playing several minor rôles in her Shakespearean repertoire. He liked the legitimate drama so well that he continued in it for several years, appearing in the companies of Minna Gale, Madame Modjeska, and Otis Skinner. He remained with Mr. Skinner for seven years, playing in "His Grace de Grammoat," "The King's Jester," "A Soldier of Fortune," "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Merchant of Venice," "Katherine and Petruchio," "The Liars," "Rosemary" and "Prince Otto." It was in the latter play that he made his first really important appearance as Dr. Gottfried Von Waldenhof, in



Frank Sylvester

which he was so well received that he was inspired to continue working to the very best of his ability. It was while he was a member of a stock company in Columbus, Ohio, that he met Paul Dickey, the co-author of "The Misleading Lady." He was offered the part of Duke D'Alba in Mr. Dickey and Charles Goddard's play "The Ghost Breaker," and later was engaged for his present rôle of Boney.

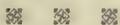


Not for a long time has there been so delightful a conception of a rigid, selfish, bullying old woman as that given by Florine Arnold in "The Things That Count," now at the Playhouse. As the domineering Mrs. Hennaberry, she bullies her meek, long-suffering husband, she calls her servant a fool whenever she wants to relieve her mind of something distressing, to which the servant, with a wonderful degree of patience seen only in stage life, replies a resigned "yes, Madame," and in the end she is made to see the utter selfishness of her ways by daughter-in-law, after she had disowned her son and allowed him to die in poverty. It is one of the best things that Miss Arnold has done recently. Miss Arnold, who has a long string of comedy successes to her credit, was put on the stage by James



Florine Arnold

A. Herne, when she was given an opportunity to play lead in "Hearts of Oak." After her first successful appearance she was featured with Frank C. Bangs in "Michael Strogoff," which ran for two years. Then she appeared for three years with Mrs. Fiske, playing in altogether eight productions. One of her decided previous "hits" was Ma DeSalle in "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh," and the principal character part in Broadhurst's "Just Like John." In the days when the Fifth Avenue was one of the leading theatres she starred for several seasons under the management of her husband, Charles Andrews. Last year she played a gushing widow in "The Gentleman from No. 19," at the Shubert Theatre in Boston. This year, after appearing as the mother in the short-lived "Where Ignorance is Bliss," she was engaged for her present rôle.



No one who has seen Roland Molineux's drama of crime "The Man Inside," could fail to be impressed with the fine humor with which John Cope invests the part of "Pop" Olds, a broken-down old crook. His picture of this dilapidated gentleman, who starts out in the last act to sell "bleached blond sparrers" as canaries, stands out as a bright and delightful spot from the gloom and morbidness of the other characterizations.



John Cope

John Cope frankly confesses that he turned to the stage after having failed in several other attempts at a livelihood. Whether his success is due to that fact or to a genuine histrionic talent is merely a matter for conjecture; at any rate, he succeeded in making good. Like so many others, he started in stock, and after several seasons in Chicago, Minneapolis and Winnepeg, he came to New York in 1891 to appear in the tremendously successful "Shenandoah," at the Academy of Music. Then he appeared in "What Happened to Jones," at the Manhattan Theatre, after which he succeeded Theodore Roberts as the Ranchman in "Arizona," playing the rôle for three successive years. Following that he was seen as Dave Lacy in "The Heir to the Hoorah," and later joined the Belasco forces in the production of "The Girl of the Golden West." He has been with Belasco for the past eight years, during which time he played Kincaid in "The Rose of the Rancho," Craven in "A Fighting Hope," the humorous old caretaker in "The Concert," and now the delightful, laugh-inspiring "Pop" Olds. Y. D. G.



雷電

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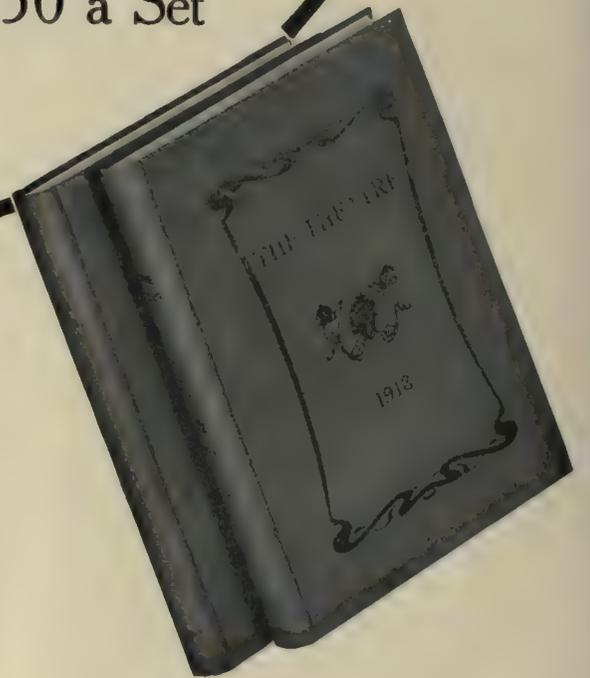
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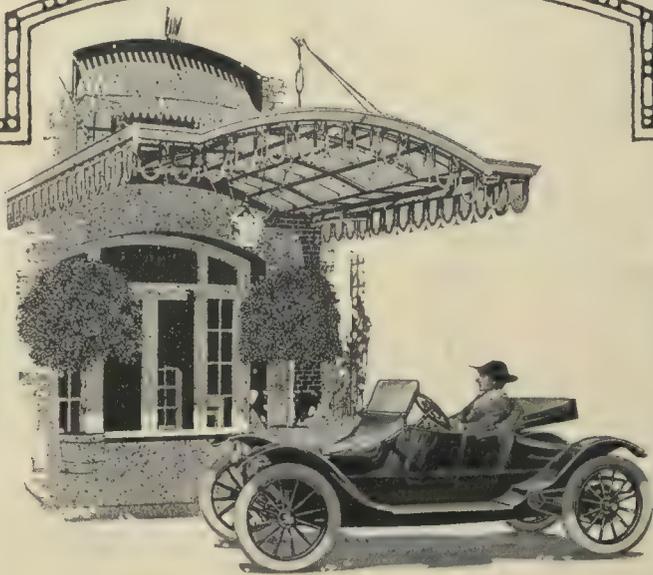
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COVER: Portrait in colors of Miss Alexandra Carlisle.

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FEBRUARY, 1914

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White

MOLLY McINTYRE IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "KITTY MacKAY," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE



Copyright Charles Frohman
 Leonora's Counsel (Aubrey Smith) Judge (Arthur Lewis) Prosecutor (Morton Selten) Leonora (Maude Adams)
 Act III. Leonora takes the stand in her own defense
 SCENE IN J. M. BARRIE'S COMEDY, "THE LEGEND OF LEONORA," AT THE EMPIRE

LITTLE. "THE PHILANDERER." Comedy in four acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced on December 30th with this cast:

Charteris	Charles Maude	Cuthbertson.....	W. R. Stavely
Paramore	Reginald Besant	Craven	Reginald Dance
Julia	Mary Lawton	Sylvia	Muriel Reddall
Grace	Ernita Lascelles	Page	E. J. Balentine

It was exactly twenty years ago that George Bernard Shaw wrote "The Philanderer," which Granville Barker's company from the Kingsway Theatre, London, recently presented for the first time in this city at that most artistic of playhouses, the Little Theatre. A double decade proves at least two things: First, that the Shawian art in form and circumstance has made big strides. Second, after admitting his wonderful constructive genius and the great influence he exerted on the English drama that the Ibsen cult is as dead as the proverbial doornail.

Shaw, it goes without saying, is never dull. His wit and philosophy of the ephemeral is never entirely wiped away by the march of time, and those who go to see "The Philanderer" will pass a most agreeable evening. No riot of fun follows through the performance, but the mental faculties are always stimulated and a titillation of the humorous sensibilities is ever present. It is a thoroughly competent interpretation of the comedy which these English players present. Not really brilliant, but sincere and earnest. What it is all about is summed up in Charteris' reply to a question at the end of the first act:

"I ask you seriously, what is the matter?"

"I tell you seriously, I'm the matter. Julia wants to marry me; I want to marry Grace. I came here to-night to sweetheart Grace. Enter Julia. Alarums and excursions. Exit Grace. Enter You and Craven. Subterfuges and excuses. Exeunt Craven and Julia. And here we are. That's the whole story. Sleep over it. Good night."

And so a series of situations follow through three more acts; the wily philanderer, Charteris, with splendid audacity, cynical and scintillating philosophic comment, side-stepping his pursuit by the two insistent women, always a favorite theory with Shaw. In the end he secures his release from both, and the very feminine but highly athletic Julia marries a doctor, against whom G. B. S. levels all the shafts of satire which he so constantly shoots at the

THE NEW PLAYS

medical profession. It is all very exquisite fooling, brilliantly paradoxical and yet withal based on a foundation of

sound truth. Charles Maude plays the title rôle with an easy lightness of touch and the feminine Julia Craven is heroically and effectively embodied by Mary Lawton. Her military father, with an impaired liver, and her mannish sister, have good exponents in Reginald Dance and Muriel Reddall. W. R. Stavely as the very sane Cuthbertson is capital, and his daughter Grace is acted with distinctive repose by Ernita Lascelles. The stolid self importance of the British doctor is carefully worked out by Reginald Besant.

EMPIRE. "THE LEGEND OF LEONORA." Comedy in four acts by J. M. Barrie. Produced on January 5th with this cast:

Mr. Justice Grimdyke....	Arthur Lewis	Juryman	James L. Carhart
Sir Roderick Peripety....	Morton Selten	Messenger	Edwin Wilson
Captain Rattray, R. N....	Aubrey Smith	Clerk	Willard Barton
Mr. Tovey.....	Fred Tyler	Usher	Stafford Windsor
Mr. Lebetter.....	R. Peyton Carter	Policeman.....	George B. Hubbard
Railway Guard.....	Byron Silvers	Leonora.....	Maude Adams
Foreman of Jury.....	Arthur Fitzgerald	Lady Peripety.....	Elise Clarens
Juryman	Wallace Jackson	Mrs. Tovey.....	Leonora Chippendale

The combination of Maude Adams and James M. Barrie is an almost irresistible attraction, which perhaps explains why a play so thin in idea and texture as to be practically no play at all, bears every earmark of success. It is Barrie, extravagant and whimsical, and yet not Barrie at his best by any means. The play, reminiscent of Gilbertian humor, is a burlesque on a British court of justice. The subtlety of its satire is probably more appreciated in England than here, where His Lordship, in wig and gown, the wiggid barristers, and other anachronisms of a modern court of law, are more often the butts of ridicule on the stage than actual figures of every-day life.

Leonora is a dainty young woman, symbolical in her person of everything frail, lovable, exquisite and irresponsible in woman-kind: Wife or widow, no one really cares. They love Leonora for herself alone. If she transgresses society's laws, no one thinks of criticising or blaming her, for Leonora can do no wrong. Naturally, she is a mother, in fact, is proud to claim seven of 'em. The baby is the one absorbing passion of her life. Nothing else matters. Baby has a cold, and Leonora is greatly



worried, and when a stranger in a railway carriage thoughtlessly opens a window, exposing her darling to pneumonia, Leonora gives him a push which sends him flying through the door of the fast-moving train. The man is killed and Leonora is on trial for murder. The whole world rushes to defend her—all but the public prosecutor who has sworn to uphold the law, and he is so unhappy, so badgered by his wife, that he, too, finally capitulates. All Leonora's friends perjure themselves to save her. Everybody tries to show that she couldn't possibly have committed the murder, while she herself takes delight in reiterating

how and when and why she did it. But it's no use. Judge, jury, are all on her side. The judge flirts with her, and does not object to waiting while she leaves the court to get a cup of tea, and hopes for her sake that the trial will not be delayed, so that she can catch the 6:30 home. She sits in the dock and blows kisses to all her friends and presents the admiring jurymen with nose-gays. Acquittal is a matter of course, and in bidding her farewell the judge makes this delightful speech:

"You are one of those around whom legends grow even in their lifetime. This is the sort of thing you might have done had your little girl had a cold. And this is how we might have acted had you done it. You are not of to-day—foolish, wayward, unself-conscious, communicative Leonora. The ladies of to-day are different and—wiser. But as we look longingly at you we see again in their habits as they lived, those out-of-date, unreasoning, womanish creatures, our mothers and grandmothers and other dear ones long ago loved and lost—and as if you were the last woman, Leonora, we bid you hail and farewell."

It is very delightful entertainment and splendidly acted. The leading rôle, slight as it is, is admirably suited to that dainty, sympathetic personality which has endeared Maude Adams to our public. The tender, appealing quality in her acting has seldom been seen to better advantage. Maude Adams is always Maude Adams—that is to say, a sweet, lovable little woman with an indefinable charm, winning ways that disarm criticism and prostrate the theatregoer at her feet. She surely is the Leonora of real life.

The others in the cast were excellent.

COMEDY. "KITTY MACKAY." Comedy in three acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Produced on January 7th with this cast:

Kitty Mackay, Molly McIntyre; Mag Duncan, Margaret Nybloc; Lieutenant Graham, Eugene O'Brien; Lord Inglehart, Henry Stephenson; Sandy MacNab, Ernest Stallard; Mrs. MacNab, Carrie Lee Stoye; Angus McGregor, Carl Lyle; Philip Grayson, Stapleton Kent; Mrs. Grayson, Kate Wingfield; Lil. Eleanor L'Estelle; Jean McPherson, Clarice Laurence; Thomas, Roland Rush-ton; A Piper, John Thompson.



No matter how old a theme may be, if the setting and treatment are fresh and novel, success is sure to follow. This is the state of affairs at the Comedy

Theatre. "Kitty Mackay" is a Scotch comedy in three acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. It belongs to the school of which "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is a shining example. It is kindly human, humorous, pretty and clean. It is not big art, but it is a clever, ingenious and appealing application of a fresh setting to the old, old story of Cinderella, and as such it has achieved success.

Kitty is the household drudge of the MacNab family in Drumtoctity. From a mysterious source a monthly stipend is received for her support. It turns out that she is the ward of Lord Inglehart, and as such is invited up to visit in London. A mutual attachment has sprung up between her and his Lordship's son. They are about to elope, when Inglehart reveals to his son that Kitty is his daughter by a Scotch marriage entered into when he was an unexpectant younger son. Inglehart's son then renounces Kitty with no explanation, and heart-broken she returns to Drumtoctity. Then it is discovered that Inglehart's bairn died at an early age, and that to retain the monthly allowance the canny MacNabs had substituted Kitty, a foundling, for the Inglehart daughter. So all the obstacles to a youthful romance are wiped away. It is in the treatment of the details associated with this plot that its greatest charm attains. The drunken MacNab, his cruel wife, the catty, vain daughter, the mutual friend, Angus McGregor, and above all, Kitty's sterling companion, Mag Duncan, shrewd, suspicious, but devoted to her friend, are types that give life and fun to the opening and final acts, while in the second there is a scene between these two girls in which they make a new version of Holy Writ that is delicious in its wit and originality. The aristocratic end of the cast is purely conventional, but Henry Stephenson gives a finished and dignified rendering of Inglehart, while Eugene



O'Brien is agreeably manly as his son. Ernest Stallard as the MacNab is drolly characteristic as drunkard and convert, while Margaret Nybloc is simply perfect as Mag. The title rôle is played by Molly McIntyre. Hers is a personality of youthful beauty. Her intelligence is admirable, her note of pathos sound and true. It is a genuine creation, a veritable Scottish Peg o' My Heart. It is likely to keep the Comedy crowded for some time.



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Ferne Rogers and Stewart Baird
SCENE IN "IOLE," RECENTLY AT THE LONGACRE

44th STREET. "THE GIRL ON THE FILM."

Musical farce in three acts by James T. Tanner from the German of Rudolf Bernauer and Rudolf Schanzer; music by Walter Kollo, Willy Bredschneider and Albert Sirmay; lyrics by Adrian Ross. Produced on December 29th last with the following cast:

Cornelius Clutterbuch, John McArdle; Valentine Twiss, Paul Plunkett; Daudet, Grafton Williams; Gen. Fitzgerald, Percy Terriss; Sergeant Tozer, John Western; Lord Ronny, Arthur Wellesley; Tom Brown, Milbury Ryder; Max Daily, George Grossmith; Winifred, Emmy Wehlen; Linda, Madelein Seymour; Viola, Blanche Stocker; Olivia, Vere Sinclair; Portia, Gertrude Birch; A Sergeant, C. P. Galton; Mrs. Clutterbuch, Hattie Arnold; Macawber, Edward Cutler.

In London, quality is not measured by a set standard. Some musical pieces last longer than others, but the British public flocks ever with such



splendid regularity and loyalty to George Edwardes' playhouse that failure in the abstract is an unknown quantity. Here in America for years we have imported sundry articles of necessity and luxury from the English metropolis. In the latter class may be mentioned many of these exotics from the Strand. Some measured by local taste have made more than good, some have satisfied and a few have failed. The latest importation is "The Girl on the Film," now on view at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre and presented and portrayed by a dozen or so of established London favorites. It is a real success and offers an entertainment of genuine purpose and accomplishment.

But the management of the show should not be entirely satisfied with itself. There is quite a little introduced that is stodgily

her rollicking self as Euphemia Knox, and a good bit of sustained character is contributed by John McArdle. An introduced feature and one of the big hits is a whirlwind dance by Oy-Ra and Dorma Leigh.

CRITERION. "YOUNG WISDOM." Play in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced on January 5th with this cast:

Victoria Claffenden.....	Mabel Taliaferro	Barry Claffenden.....	Junius Matthews
Gail Claffenden.....	Edith Taliaferro	Christopher Bruce.....	Hayward Gunn
Judge Claffenden.....	Aubrey Beattie	Peter Van Horn.....	Richard Sterling
Mrs. Claffenden.....	Mabel Bert	Max Norton.....	Regan Hughston

One of the most agreeable plays of the season is "Young Wisdom," by Rachel Crothers. Her recent work has made manifest her easy command of her art. Her recent play, "Our-



Photos Copyright Charles Frohman William Collier William Ward
Act I. Mel Smith (Mr. Ward): "I want those in the centre"



William Collier Paula Marr
Act I. James Abbott: "When I studied to be a doctor, I never got above the wrist"

SCENES IN "A LITTLE WATER ON THE SIDE," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

vulgar, and there is also an addition that is stupid. But the production in itself is so instinct with general good intentions and so snappily presented that the final result is one of genuine satisfaction.

To be up-to-date, the book has a moving picture idea for its *leit motif*; and in its construction no less than seven persons were concerned. First, two Germans conceived it; James T. Tanner then put it into English shape, while Adrian Ross supplied the lyrics. For the score three foreigners were employed. The story is a fairly entertaining one, in which the daughter of an English officer dons boy's clothes to be near her hero of the cinematograph. When it is reproduced in the film the father recognizes her, but his objections are speedily subdued. The final curtain then falls.

The lyrics are good, the music genially tuneful. As the idol of the film, George Grossmith, in point of time and fact, literally holds the centre of the stage. And he does it well, too, both as dancer and comedian. His Napoleon before the camera is very funny. Emmy Wehlen as the boy-girl is impishly charming and artistic, and Madelein Symour expresses with fine hauteur the Vere de Vere of an English secretary. Lord Dangan as Lord Ronny shows his Wellingtonian breeding, and Mary Robson is emphatically Italian as an actress from Rome. Connie Ediss is

selves," failed to get a foothold, although it was uncommon in its craftsmanship. It concerned the hopelessness of lost lives, and was not convincing as to the possibilities of the reformation of women once gone astray. It was a problem play, gripping in some of its moments, but not entirely satisfactory. In "Young Wisdom" Miss Crothers has taken up advanced ideas, out of which a problem play might have been made, but which is, through and through, a comedy. The announcement that the play was to concern trial marriage was unpromising, but she has treated the subject as perhaps only a woman could do whose art enabled her to touch it lightly and whose refinement guided her every step. The play is imbued with feminine delicacy. The triumph of the play, as a play, afforded personal triumph to Mabel and Edith Taliaferro.

Two girls, about to be married, have been affected by advanced ideas. The older one, in particular, perhaps more romantic than philosophical, has been reading books on the subject, and persuades her younger sister that their happiness would be imperilled if they submitted to the usual form of procedure in marriage and did not make a trial of it. Their two lovers are thrown into consternation by the proposal of trial marriage. To meet the emergency, one of the young men arranges that they shall go to the bungalow of a friend in the mountains, humor the girls and



Photos White
 The meeting of the Princess and the beggar Rita Jolivet Joseph Smith Jerome Patrick Henry E. Dixie Frederick Warde Capocomico visits the Princess in her boudoir
 The Prince tries to guess the riddles

SCENES IN PERCY MACKAYE'S ROMANCE, "A THOUSAND YEARS AGO," AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

trust to developments. The audience is sure, all the while, that there will be no serious consequences and that the girls will not be compromised. Sure enough, they begin to show such reluctance in putting their theories into practice that we know that reason will prevail. The complications that come about are amusing, innocent and provocative of amused and tender solitude for these innocent creatures. They return home, with the complications threatening to have them married in the usual way, but by a droll trick of authorship they are made consistent in their inconsistency, for at the very end they bundle up their mother with them and drive off with their lovers in mad haste to a form of marriage. The whole play is as tender and sentimental a satire, filled with comedy, as could be written. The construction of the play is exceedingly clever. Surprises abound. One of the girls falls in love with the artist at the bungalow, and rejects her original lover for good cause. Scene after scene went with telling effect. It is a strong, sweet, pure, thoroughly entertaining play. It is well acted, Mabel and Edith Taliaferro, in contrasted ways, gaining a triumph that should carry the play on a long and prosperous journey.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE NEW HENRIETTA." Play in four acts by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, founded on Bronson Howard's comedy. Produced on December 22d with this cast:

Nicholas Van Alstyne, William H. Crane; Bertie, Douglas Fairbanks; Mark Turner, Lyster Chambers; Rev. Murray Hilton, H. W. Brown; Watson Flint, Edward Poland; Dr. Wainwright, Arthur S. Hull; Musgrave, Malcolm Bradley; Hutchins, J. H. Huntley; Edward, Bud Woodthorpe; Mrs. Opsyke, Amelia Bingham; Rose Turner, Eileen Errol; Agnes Gates, Patricia Collinge; Hattie, Zeffie Tilbury.

It is almost immaterial whether Bronson Howard's play, "The Henrietta," required improvement or not. It is enough that "The New Henrietta," as arranged by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, gives a certain newness to a famous play by Bronson Howard which maintained its vitality for many years. The new play serves the same purpose of entertainment,

and will again entertain its thousands. If it were an altogether different play, we would be forced to make comparisons, and it is certain that our abiding favor for the older play, in the circumstances would find expression not altogether favorable to that which has usurped the old. Fortunately, comparison is not required, for the artistic touches of Bronson Howard and the personality of that much esteemed author are not at all absent from the new play. In point of fact, no one remembering well the older play, with its original performers, could have any resentment. There is a difference in construction, but, for the most part, the old characters are there in what is substantially the same story, with many of the old scenes with which we are familiar. Indeed, we are willing to admit, without inquiry, that there has been an improvement. In the older play, we believe,

there was a suicide on the stage, and in the present play the son-in-law, whose rascality imperils the fortune of Nicholas Van Alstyne, suffers consequences of his acts which are almost as tragic. He loses his wife and departs disgraced for his financial treachery and his marital infidelity. It may be that this softens the feature of the older play; but there still remains a touch of the melodramatic. Bronson Howard's purpose was serious, to show the evil of Wall Street extending to the household. He put tragedy in the midst of a comedy. The only real difference now is that more incidents are provided. In effect however, the play remains a comedy. If possible, the part of Mr. Crane, always a delightful comedian, is broadened. It is that of a man of wealth, retired from business, old enough to enjoy the refined leisure



White
 ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN
 Now appearing in "High Jinks"

of his home, suddenly finding himself falling in love with a dashing widow. His perplexities, his acceptance of fashionable attire, his compromises in conduct and habits while advancing to the consummation of his new life, afford many delightful scenes of

comedy. He tries to conquer his aversion to cigarettes, he develops into a man of fashion. In the emergency of business into which he has to throw himself when his fortune begins to totter, his attention is still divided between the ticker and his avowal of love. The scene is a famous one. As we have said, acknowledging differences, it is only the absence of some of the original performers in certain scenes that invites comparison. Selina Fetter is remembered in the part of the widow. One of the features of her performance was her plump sitting down as she slipped from the arms of her admirer in the midst of a proposal. Amelia Bingham, now playing the part, is also an exceedingly attractive woman, justifying the protestation of the widower's

To criticise the irregularities of William Collier's share in the literary part of the work in the plays in which he appears, or to attempt to correct his occasional purilities of humor, would serve no purpose, for he is incorrigible—and irresistible in comedy. His latest piece is "A Little Water on the Side," a title which surely does not invite temperance people, and which is a trifle vulgar, perhaps, but it is justified by the story of the play itself, which concerns the return of a young man to his Long Island home and his building up the tumbling fortunes of his little family by the use he makes of a strip of land on the water front. In the very title, then, we find Mr. Collier's tendency to play on words. In the main, his most extravagant foolery counts. He



White

Jane Peyton

Effie Ellsler

Bessie Barriscale

Act 2. Miss Connaughton telephones her suspicions to the lawyer

SCENE IN ELEANOR GATES' WHIMSICAL FARCE, "WE ARE SEVEN," RECENTLY AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATRE

love, and also emphasizing the situation when Van Alstyne drops her to rush to the ticker. There are compensations in all the differences, whether in personality or in the acting or in the incidents. Douglas Fairbanks plays the part corresponding to the one played by Robson, and it is in this impersonation that there is more gained perhaps than lost. Robson was droll and dry. Fairbanks is whimsical and unctiously humorous. As the son who is equal to the emergency and saves his father's fortunes by giving up the large sum which his father had settled on him, he is so entertaining that criticism must be silenced. It is easy enough to say that he makes the boy too much of a fool for any girl to have fallen in love with, but he is so droll and so laugh-compelling that we must take him at full value. With all his overcharged vacuity, he has the saving grace of infinite comedy.

HUDSON. "A LITTLE WATER ON THE SIDE." Comedy in three acts by William Collier and Grant Stewart. Produced on January 6th last with the following cast:

James Abbott.....	William Collier	Mel. Smith.....	William Ward
Richard Bland.....	Grant Stewart	Chauffeur.....	James Sheeran
"Dates" Pitman.....	Charles Dow Clark	Bud Parker.....	William Collier, Jr.
Mr. Fleming.....	Henry Weaver	Madge Fleming.....	Paula Marr
Napoleon.....	Nicholas Judeis	Jessie Abbott.....	Jessie Glendenning
Steve Brackett.....	John Adam	Mamie Grey.....	Dorothy Unger
Captain Snooks.....	Edward Moore	Gretchen.....	Beatrice James

does not let an opportunity pass. The sole object of his play is to amuse. As insubstantial as is the play, written by Mr. Collier in collaboration with Mr. Grant Stewart, it has a consistent story, to which no great importance was attached by the writers except for the conveniences it afforded, and they have made skillful use of it. It does not matter that many of the new things are old, for all the old things are new. Collier seems to put his own touch to it. Of course, a great deal of it comes from a theatrical knowledge of the effectiveness of little things. The scene in the first act is in the village grocery conducted by the sister of the young man who has just returned, and is to do such prodigies in rural finance that, in the end, he is to have a yacht and on its deck get his answer from the village belle, whose father had opposed him in all his ventures in business as well as for the hand of his daughter. It is not easy to get anything really new in the comedy of rural life. Much of the laughter in the first act was gained by the free and invariable use of the cracker barrel by everyone who came into the store. When Willie Collier sent his sister home and undertook to conduct the business, naturally attracted all the fun possible out of every sale. Whether it was a sale of two postage stamps or of a yard or two

of cotton, he made something out of it. Thus the action is made up of trifles, but it keeps in a state of merriment all the while, and you cannot call it all nothing, for it has some form and the people are all real enough. Although many of the trifles are conventional in origin, the impression of conventionality is entirely absent from the play. The ending is supremely unconventional. In the course of the action, which, with the intervals between the acts, occupies several years, time enough for the rehabilitation of the family fortunes, the marriage of a young man and girl seen in the first act, and a baby to them, the love affair of William Collier does not prosper rapidly, but in the very last scene of the play she has given her consent while he is holding in his arms the baby left in his care for a few moments by the parents. As the lips of the lovers meet, the baby between them, the father of the young woman enters and the curtain falls with the old man's mystification about the baby unsatisfied. While the story is carried through with sufficient plot,



White

MIZZI HAJOS
Who plays the title rôle in "Sari" at the Liberty

only a few characters are employed for the continuous fun-making, but these few do a good night's work. Charles Dow Clark has almost as much to do as Collier. It is not that the character really does anything that effects results, but Clark has some scenes that are almost entirely his own and which were exceedingly amusing. He is a bibulous person, and when he visits Collier, after the village financier has begun to be prosperous, this bibulous person's interest in a box of cigars on the table and his solicitude about a certain sparkling decanter of brandy on the sideboard, with his subsequent enjoyment of the contents of both, are exceedingly diverting. Naturally, also,

there is a dinner on the yacht, to which this chance-guest contributes a good share to the entertainment. Mr. Grant Stewart contented himself with a minor part. William Collier, Jr., seems to be a superfluous juvenile individuality in the play, at least one of the parts that is not played well at all, but on the whole "A Little Water on the Side" will serve to entertain people who have a liking for frivolous and utterly inconsequential plays.

SHUBERT. "A THOUSAND YEARS Ago" Romance in four acts by Percy Mackaye. Interpretative music by William Furst. Produced on January 6th with this cast:

Turandot, Rita Johvet; Altoun, Frederick Wardle; Zehna, Emma Maranoff; Calai, Jerome Patrick; Barak, Frank McCormack; Chang, Edmund Roth; Scaramouch, Sheldon Lewis; Punchinello, Albert Howson; Pantaloon, Allen Thomas; Harlequin, Joseph C. Smith; Capocomico, Henry E. Dixey.

The value of poetical significance, allied with dramatic form and theatrical accomplishment of an artistic and practical kind, must meet with a response in this, our city, if any halos are to be perched upon the foreheads of the high-brows. All of which means that

those who are so constantly clamoring for a playhouse ideal should flock to the Shubert Theatre, where "A Thousand Years Ago" holds the stage. It is further to be suggested that even "the tired business man" will pass a pleasant and agreeable evening in witnessing this entertainment. For the show—and the term is used advisedly—is one which in its comprehensiveness must appeal to all. It is seldom that the content of a program offers poetry, drama, farce, pantomime and artistry abstract and concrete.

It doesn't matter much if Gozzi, the Italian, originally evolved this drama from the Persian or

(Continued on page 95)



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Eva Moore Marion Courtney

H. V. Esmond

Estelle Despa

Act II—Eliza (Miss Moore): "If she'll take her hair off, I'll take off mine"

SCENE IN H. V. ESMOND'S FARCICAL COMEDY, "ELIZA COMES TO STAY," RECENTLY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE



White Florence Reed Macey Harlam John Barrymore Julian L'Estrange Emmett Corrigan
SCENE IN MICHAEL MORTON'S DRAMA, "THE YELLOW TICKET," AT THE ELTINGE THEATRE

If you are poor or downtrodden, misunderstood or sinning, go and shake hands with the author of **The Yellow Ticket**

"The Yellow Ticket," Michael Morton, and you'll feel better, for Michael Morton loves the whole world—you included. Only a man like him could write a play with such a universal appeal.

He is not inclined to discuss himself, either. Try to pin him down to it and see what will happen. He'll immediately hurry into a warm tribute to somebody or other—Beerbohm Tree or some other celeb—

By the way, Beerbohm Tree was a great influence in Michael Morton's playwriting career. When the latter was working in Paris alongside of Henri Bataille on "Resurrection," on the strength of an introduction he wrote to Sir Beerbohm as follows:

"I have been told by all my English friends that I am mad to waste my time in trying to give to the English stage a play on such a subject as the "Resurrection." I am offering this mad proposition to you, feeling from what I have heard that you are just the man to entertain it!"

Tree, who has a mortal antipathy to writing letters, wired back in hot haste: "Your proposition appeals to me very much. Madness is my métier!" This message was followed by Tree himself. With Mr. Morton, at the Second Théâtre Français he watched the production of the drama in question. This excited him so deeply that he couldn't stop talking about it and together in earnest conference upon the matter they walked the streets of Paris until the dawn.

Later, Mr. Morton spent a twelve-month in London with the English actor, producing "Resurrection" and other successful plays at His Majesty's Theatre. It was a year of great output and Mr. Morton loves to linger upon his associations there and to tell delightfully intimate little things about Beerbohm Tree: how he works all night in the regal magnificence of His Majesty's Theatre, touching elbows with dukes and duchesses, princes and brains, and then when daylight creeps in of his going to sleep on a beggarly old couch pulled out of a sliding panel in the proud wall.

"Beerbohm Tree," Michael Morton enthuses, "is the most brilliant—"

"Yes, I know," you interrupt, reluctantly, "but, you see, Mr. Morton, we must get busy talking about *your* successes and cut out other people just now!"

"Oh, yes, yes, I forget this is an interview!" smiles the playwright. "Well, my greatest work—do you mind my

smoking?—was the production of two real stars in my play called "My Wife"—Marie Lohr and Billie Burke. Now these are two of the most charming, most popular actresses on the English and the American—"

"Yes, we all grant that with enthusiasm, Mr. Morton, but how about *your*—"

Mr. Morton laughs this time, and, because "The Yellow Ticket" is an S. O. S. from an humanity, whose struggles for life and freedom he has taken to his warm heart, he will consent to talk about it and in a way to inspire your soul. In it he has completely lost himself. It has unified his purpose in life—given him the sort we all want, the sort glorified with selflessness.

He feels his play is a message to the world of humanity and especially to the American public, which needs to be awakened to a degrading and inhuman condition existent in Russia.

"America," he said, "has been the first to speak out in protest against the outrages that are continually being perpetrated in Russia, and it is principally for this reason I have come here with the first production of my play. There is that something in the air over here which makes men and women get up and do things, so they are the best suited to give the proper impetus to a movement that is going to be world-wide.

"'The Yellow Ticket' means a great deal to me—more than I can tell you. My hopes for it lie in its ability to make people ponder over the atrocities being daily committed in that benighted nation which calls itself Christian. Of course, there are some people there who mourn over conditions and spend their lives trying to better them, but in general the medievalism of the country is even more pronounced in this twentieth century than in former ages.

"I shall measure the success of 'The Yellow Ticket' by the influence it has in righting conditions in 'darkest Russia.'

"America has dared to show its resentment of Russia's conduct by abrogating one treaty because of the refusal of the Czar's people to permit Jews to enter their country. In fact, America always acts quickly and, in so doing, imparts some of its spirit to other nations of the world. I think that the American influence is decidedly felt in England and that

(Continued on page 94)



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MICHAEL MORTON
Author of "The Yellow Ticket"



Photos White Reginald Dance W. R. Stavely Charles Maude Mary Lawton
 Act 1. Cuthbertson (Mr. Stavely): "Don't stop, Miss Craven"



Mary Lawton Ernita Lascelles Charles Maude
 Act 1. Charteris (Mr. Maude): "Julia!"



Charles Maude Mary Lawton
 Act 1. Charteris (Mr. Maude): "Stop crying, Julia"



Reginald Dance Charles Maude Mary Lawton Reginald Besant
 Act 4. Julia (Miss Lawton): "Be good to me, Percy"



White
 Fiora (Lucrezia Bori) Avito (Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana)
 Manfredo (Pasquale Amato) Archibaldo (Adamo Didur)
 ACT III. AVITO AND MANFREDO BOTH PERISH AFTER KISSING FIORA'S POISONED LIPS

Great Success For Montemezzi's New Opera

ALMOST like a bolt out of the blue, came the tremendous public success of the opera season's second novelty, Italo Montemezzi's opera, "L'Amore dei Tre Re"—translated as "The Love of Three Kings"—produced for the first time in America at the Metropolitan on January 2, 1914. As a matter of record the full cast is given herewith:

Archibaldo, Adamo Didur; Manfredo, Pasquale Amato; Avito, Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana; Flaminio, Angelo Bada; Un Giovanetto, Pietro Audisio; Fiore, Lucrezia Bori; Ancella, Jeanne Maubourg; Una Giovanetta, Sophie Braslau; Una Vecchia, Maria Duchene; Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

There had been little or, actually nothing to herald the new opera. Its composer, a young Italian of about thirty years, was unknown here. Records had it that he had produced in Italy two earlier operas, both of which failed; and "L'Amore dei Tre Re" had been received last season at La Scala with something approaching success, although cables had not been consumed by the warmth of praise attending its Italian *première*.

But at the Metropolitan, on the occasion of its first American presentation, it won greater public approval than any new work produced at this opera house in a number of years. And there is every indication that further performances will only serve to deepen and strengthen its hold on intelligent opera lovers.

What, to a keen observer, is most remarkable about the work is that it should have sprung from Italian soil. It bears none of the earmarks—so far

as music is concerned—of any of the modern Italian products: it has none of the lush melody of the earlier Puccini, nor any of the striving for modern brutalities which have marked the later writings of this famous composer, nor has it any of the banalities of Mascagni or Leoncavallo. Its real impression is that of a thoroughly sincere musician, with ample technique and with something to say in his own manner. There is little that is reminiscent in this music, there is little searching for effects. In its directness it recalls the elder Verdi, he of "Otello," for this music stalks straight to the goal, free of episodes of "padding," free of haltings or flounderings. There are no distinctly operatic numbers, no detached solos or duets. Instead, the music proceeds in almost a straight line, now dramatically intense, now lyrically beautiful—and all of it effective.

It is not a difficult score, either to perform or to appreciate in hearing. The orchestral work is not overlaid with intricate weaving and counterweaving of themes. But it is a highly colored score, the use of instruments betoken the hand of a master of orchestration, yet not a master who has fallen victim to the prevailing mania for discord and grating harmonic progressions. It is the orchestra which bears the burden of this opera, for its interesting tonal web is unceasing. Over this the voices of the singers rise in impassioned love ecstasy or declaim in dramatic phrases, charged with compelling sentiment.

But all praise must not be meted out to



White
 Pasquale Amato Lucrezia Bori Adamo Didur
 Act II. Manfredo is overcome by the murder of his wife

the composer alone, for the librettist comes in for a great share. He is Sem Benelli, an Italian dramatist of note, and in its original form "L'Amore dei Tre Re" was a tragic poem or play which the author himself then condensed into the present libretto.

Its story can only be sketched here, owing to the exigencies of space. It is laid in mediæval Italy, after the invasions of barbarians, Goths or what not. One of these, Baron Archibaldo, once a conquering invader, has become a ruler and is now blind. His son, Manfredo has taken a wife, Fiora, a native princess, as hostage of war. She does not love her usurping husband, but loves Avito, a native prince to whom she had been betrothed before war separated the lovers. Flamino, one of Avito's henchmen has become a guide to the old blind Baron Archibaldo, and it is through the services of Flamino that Avito is smuggled into the castle, where he and Fiora renew their interrupted love while the husband, Manfredo is at war.

The blind baron appears unexpectedly and suspects that Fiora is not alone, but she denies her guilt, and at this moment Manfredo returns to visit his wife, having left his troops in the field. He pleads with her so passionately that she yields to his affection, and when he takes leave of her to rejoin his martial forces, she promises to wave a veil at him from the castle battlements in token of parting. While thus engaged Avito appears and protests his love anew, but she has resolved to send him away. Her resolve falters before the lover has passed from view and she recalls him. An impassioned love scene ensues when suddenly the blind baron appears. He accuses Fiora of infidelity which she admits, whereupon the baron strangles her.

The husband, Manfredo, returns, having noted the disappearance of Fiora from the battlements and fearing that ill has befallen her. He finds his father the murderer of his wife and learns of her unfaithfulness. Lifting the corpse, the blind baron totters off with his burden.

Fiora is lying in state when Avito appears to kiss her farewell. Her lips have been streaked with poison by the old baron, who thus schemes to trap the lover, and while Avito is in the throes of death Manfredo appears and learns of Fiora's love for Avito. In despair Manfredo also kisses the lips and falls into the arms of the baron, who comes to seek his prey. But when the blind old man discovers that it is Manfredo, he drops his sword and bewails his fate.

That, in barest and crude outline, is the poem. It is a fine mixture of poetry and tragedy, wonderfully illustrated by Montemezzi's music.

The performance itself was remarkable. Didur, as the blind baron, gave a rousing, dramatic impersonation. There was a newcomer, Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana, an Italian tenor of the Boston Opera forces, who sang Avito with amazing dramatic force. Bori, as Fiora, did the best acting and singing of her career here; and Amato was admirable as Manfredo. The three settings were artistic, and the costumes beautiful. Toscanini conducted an exceptionally fine performance.

Two of the opera season's promised five novelties were crowded into the past month at the Metropolitan and have, in comparison, dwarfed the importance of all other happenings at that great art institution. The Montemezzi opera was preceded by Dr. Richard Strauss' comedy opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," presented December 9 with the following cast:

Feldmarschallin Werdenberg, Frieda Hempel; Baron Ochs auf Lerchenau, Otto Goritz; Octavian, Margarete Ober; Herr von Faninal, Hermann Weil; Sophie, Anna Case; Jungfer Marianne Leitmetzerin, Rita Fornia; Valzacchi, Albert Reiss; Annina, Marie Mattfeld; Ein Polizeikommissor, Carl Schlegel; Haushofmeister der Feldmarschallin, Pietro Audisio; Haushofmeister bei Faninal, Lambert Murphy; Ein Notar, Basil Ruysdael; Ein Wirt, Julius Bayer; Ein Sanger Carl Jorn; Drei Adelige Waisen, Louise Cox, Rosina Van Dyck, Sophia Braslau; Eine Modistin, Jeanne Maubourg; Ein Lakai, Ludwig Burgstaller; Ein Kleiner Neger, Ruth Weinstein; Conductor, Alfred Hertz.



ITALO MONTEMEZZI
Composer of "L'Amore Dei Tre Re"



Photos White Archibaldo and Fiora in Act I

Act II Manfredo bids his wife farewell

Act II. The love scene between Avito and Fiora

SCENES IN MONTEMEZZI'S OPERA, "L'AMORE DEI TRE RE," AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



Photos Copyright Mishkin
Frieda Hempel as Princess Werdenberg



Margarete Ober as Octavian



Otto Goritz as Baron Ochs

acceptance by the Metropolitan. Perhaps the answer is to be read in the fact that some eight years ago this institution, after a single performance, withdrew Strauss' "Salome" in obedience, it was said, to the request of some of the directors of the Metropolitan. That must have wounded the composer's *amour propre*, particularly as "Salome" swept Europe from end to end, and—so far as this country is concerned—was taken into the folds of the hostile camp of Hammerstein, who produced both it and the later "Elektra" at the Manhattan Opera House with success.

Naturally, after that, there was little love lost between Strauss and the Metropolitan. But this country was threatened with a "Rosenkavalier" invasion about two seasons ago, when after its Dresden *première*, it was announced that the American rights had been purchased by an American producer of operettas, and that it would be put on for a run at the Casino. Those who knew something of the difficulties and demands of the opera smiled at the thought of this, and subsequent developments proved they were right, for the producer in question had, so to speak, bought a "pig in a poke," since he had heard the work described as a comedy with music and jumped at the conclusion that it was a sort of exalted comic opera.

All this by way of preamble. A single hearing of the work at the Metropolitan so clearly divulges its difficulties that all thoughts of its production at the hands of any but a grand opera impresario vanish.

"Der Rosenkavalier" is a curious work. It is not the sort of an opera to dismiss at a moment's notice, for its pages contain some of the most beautiful bits ever written by this musician, who is, when all is said and done, probably the greatest opera composer alive. On the other hand, this score contains so many offensive bits, so many pages when his muse is turned into a slave to do a lot of degrading chores for the librettist. So far as orchestral technique is concerned, it is the greatest of Strauss' writings, for there are few episodes that are anything but cristaline in

their effect, marking an absence of "muddiness" or "thickness" in the instrumental woof.

But a brief synopsis of the story is necessary. The librettist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal—who also wrote the "Elektra" libretto—has chosen to tell a not very clean story, playing in Vienna during the reign of Maria Therese. The Princess Werdenberg, in the absence of her husband, has a *liaison* with a seventeen-year-old Octavian, an amative youth. Their early morning tête-à-tête in her bed chamber is interrupted by the arrival of Baron Ochs, a relative of the princess. No escape being possible, Octavian disguises himself as a waiting maid, and when Baron Ochs claps his eyes upon her (?) he proceeds to make assignation with the girl, for he is a brute by nature, morally a leper. His mission is to tell the princess that he has become engaged to the daughter of the newly rich Faninal, whose fortunes he has need of to repair his own depleted purse; and the baron asks that the princess supply him with a "rose bearer" who, according to the noble custom of the day, is to carry the silver rose to Sophie Faninal, as a token of betrothal. The princess suggests Octavian for that task, and the baron departs. Then the princess ruminates upon the decay of her beauty—for she is well into being middle aged—and she tells Octavian that their love cannot last, since a younger face will lure him from her.



ROSEMARY KRAMER
Contralto who was recently heard in concert

The next act is in Faninal's house, at the moment when the rose bearer, Octavian, arrives with the silver rose. When he and Sophie meet it is a case of love at first sight. Then the baron enters, pays gross compliments to the young girl which so enrage Octavian that he picks a quarrel with the baron and pinks him in a duel. Octavian is ordered from the house, Sophie is threatened with a convent if she does not marry the baron, who is much against her liking. While the baron lies wounded a letter arrives from the supposed waiting maid of the princess, appointing a rendezvous with the baron—which ruse is, of course, Octavian's scheme for revenge.

The final act is a private chamber, with bedroom adjoining, in an inn; and to this place the baron brings the disguised Octa-

(Continued on page 92)



Photos Foulsham & Banfield

Connie Ediss as Euphemia Knox



Madelein Seymour as Linda



Connie Ediss and George Grossmith in Act 2



Dorma Leigh and Oy Ra



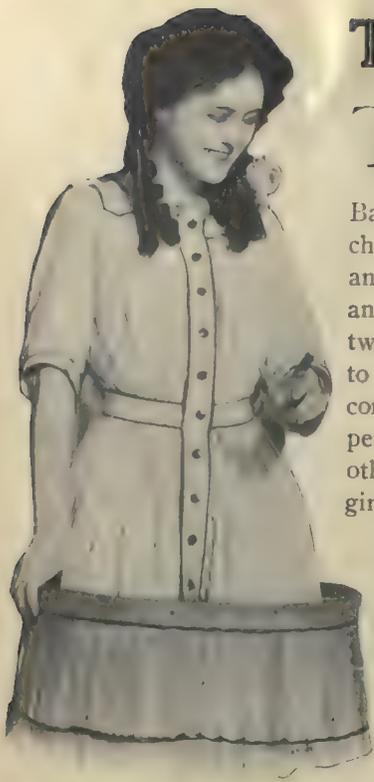
Emmy Wehlen as Freddy



George Grossmith, Emmy Wehlen and Crafton Williams in Act 3

SCENES IN "THE GIRL ON THE FILM" AT THE 44th STREET THEATRE

The Taliaferros—Sisters and Co-Stars



EDITH TALIAFERRO
In "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

THE legitimate stage has seen no sister stars for two generations in America. Not since the English Bateman sisters visited the United States, charming our grandparents in the classics and in the old comedies, has there been an opportunity for playgoers to appraise two branches from the same parent stem, to weigh their relative acting merits, to compare their methods and contrast their personalities. For this reason, if for no other, the appearance of the Taliaferro girls, as Broadway has known them for twenty years, as we hope Broadway will know them for another score of years, is notable.

But there are other and sufficient reasons why, seeing them in their twin star vehicle, "Young Wisdom," from the pen of Rachel Crothers, is a memorable experience.

Important among these is the fact that they surprised the street of many experiences, that is surprised only by the most extraordinary events, by stepping beyond the boundaries within which public opinion and even their friends had circumscribed them. We had become so accustomed to Mabel Taliaferro's honey-flavored sweetness, and to Edith Taliaferro's gingery vivacity, that it was a household proverb that the elder of the sisters is dramatic sugar, the younger, dramatic spice. With "Young Wisdom" came opportunity for a reversal of these qualities. Mabel startled us by infusing a spicy flavor into her performance. There were reminiscent traces of the stained-glass attitudes, the ethereal qualities of her former handling of rôles. But the pensive sweetness of her heroine of "The Land of Heart's Desire" and of "Pippa Passes" was a note only occasionally and briefly sounded. She revealed unsuspected comedy. She flung extraordinary strength into some climatic moments. She savored her performance with allspice.

Edith, whose symbol had been round-faced comedy, furnished further surprise by opening sluices of maidenly pathos, of strength of emotion never before suspected. In a word, the sisters had grown up, and in the growing had disclosed recently developed and hitherto perhaps non-existent qualities, rounding them into harmonious dramatic personalities.

Quite as important is the fact that though for the first time co-stars, they rehearsed and have dwelt in absolute harmony. Life-long friendships have been severed by literary collaboration, and co-starring is more trying to nerves and a greater strain upon personal ambition than literary twinship. Not once has one of the sisters accused the other of trying to "swine her scenes." Each has recognized the possibilities of a situation that belonged to the other and fostered it. Though sisters and co-stars, they have remained friends.

The production has been thought stimulating in another respect. It proves the enormity of the task of fitting co-stars. To fit one star with a play has been a task that has sent many a playwright to bed with an acute and prolonged attack of nervous prostration. Here were two distinct personalities, for each of whom plays have been written, to be provided with rôles of equal strength and opportunity. Five playwrights were delegated to the task, tried, and grew faint-spirited at their tasks and abandoned it. One of the oldest and doughtiest of the managers who had essayed to find them a play cried out the adjective forbidden by Napoleon. We have to record what is becoming trite in this age of feminism: where men failed a woman won. The author of "The Three of Us," "A Man's World," "The Herefords," and "Ourselves," secured the contract and the production.

And chiefly because the small sisters themselves were patient and intrepid; because they believed in themselves and each other; because they believed that if two sufficient balanced parts had been found in plays for sisters in other generations it could be done in this. When a manager had "lain down" at his task they lifted him up. They repeated the admonition of Napoleon to one who said to him, "It is impossible to take an army across the Alps."

The shoulder-to-shoulder, spirit-to-spirit companionship of the flower-like sisters, one so like the lily, the other like a diminutive rose, began in the cradle of one and the early toddlings of the other.

The most vivid memory picture in my gallery of memories of Mabel Taliaferro is of the lily sister leaning across the baluster lighting me down the stairs of an apartment house in the Forties, in New York, and saying: "You're very thweet to come to thee me. But you ought to thee my little thithter. Thee lothth thmarter than me. Thee hath to go to bed at thixth. Thee'll be a greather actreth than me."

Another picture succeeds this. Mabel has grown to dignity and her first long skirt. She has attained one of the shining milestones of life. She is sixteen, and is having her first party. Edith is present and sulky. The joy and sorrows of life consist chiefly in point of view. Edith was enveloped in sorrow. She was floundering in a gulf of despond. Her viewpoint was that it is a state of infinite despair to be insignificant ten when your sister is significant sixteen and wearing a long dress. Edith frowned, Edith sulked. Only the huge box of Mabel's birthday chocolates comforted her, and that in a measure. The chocolates were gone and the consolation, too, when Mabel departed for her first theatre party. There was a box waiting at a performance of "The Runaways" for the elder sister her chaperone and cousins. Among these cousins was flaxen-haired, brown-eyed Bessie Barriscale, who is playing in "We Are Seven." Edith's howls of wrath and anguish followed us into the night. The maternal slipper descending to enforce maternal argument with insurgent ten to go early to bed was detected by sharp ears. Mabel's smile of conquering sixteen was lost in the sigh for "Poor, naughty Edith."

The appearance of these sisters is significant for yet another reason. Their private rectitude and public success indicate that the adage that the stage child comes to a bad dramatic end, that the child actress never attains anything of dramatic value, is unworthy of the respect it has received. Mabel went upon the stage at two and a half years. It was in "Blue Jeans," and Joseph Arthur, the author and manager of "Blue Jeans," had to loosen her stage-fright frozen tongue by a gift of a Christmas tree and a multitude of toys. She played in Chauncey Olcott's and Andrew Mack's companies. She registered not only as a winsome child, but as an actress of promise.

ADA PATTERSON.



Byron

MABEL TALIAFERRO
In "Polly of the Circus"



White

EDITH AND MABEL TALIAFERRO IN "YOUNG WISDOM" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

FOR twenty-eight years, Jules Claretie and the Theatre Francais

administrator for the company, whose duties are

manifold and whose rights are extremely limited. He may, for instance, propose the engagement of outside artists for special rôles to the committee, but without the sanction of their vote he may not make any decision.

It is the administrator's duty to distribute the parts of new plays, or revivals. But every *sociétaire* has the right to refuse a rôle thus allotted to him or her, which circumstance has put Claretie in many a painful plight. New plays are sent in to the administrator, who is bound to pass them on to the reading committee ("Comité de Lecture"). In general session the manuscript is read by one of the *sociétaires*, in presence of the administrator, and a vote is passed. If the majority of the committee refuses the play, the administrator, whatever his personal opinion may be, is politely requested to return it with the usual compliments and regrets to the author.

Exactly two months before an attack of influenza ended his life of seventy-three years, he had resigned from his important post, and retired from public life into a well-deserved privacy. Albert Carré, the able director of the Opéra-Comique, was appointed in his place, and Claretie had the satisfaction of leaving the continuation of his work in the hands of a friend whom he had had time to watch and admire in his previous, very similar occupation.

Jules Claretie was a man of old and sturdy republican race, and while still a mere boy he began to write vehement articles against the Bonapartistic régime. His fervent love for the republic was one of the most salient features of his character.

In the early sixties he became known in his home town, Limoges—"the city of porcelain"—as a clever dramatic critic, and his young fame, his young ambition, promptly drove him to Paris, the centre of Art and Thought. There he joined a group of young writers, whose chief was the much-beloved author of "La Vie de Bohème," Henri Murger. The older man conceived a great friendship for the promising young Limousin—a friendship that lasted until Claretie was famous and Murger died.

During the Franco-Prussian war Claretie went with the army of the Rhine as a war correspondent. Four years later, he became a staff writer on the *Temps*, where he continued to contribute articles on literary and theatrical matters until the last.

Many were the novels and dramas he wrote during the years when this indefatigable worker succeeded in combining the strenuous activities of a journalist with the even more arduous task of a prolific, though thoroughly artistic, man of letters.

His work as a dramatic critic was the medium of his acquaintance with Charles Dickens, who came to Paris to see the French dramatization of his novel, "No Thoroughfare." A long friendship began then between Dickens and Claretie, and it was through Dickens that the Frenchman met and became friendly with other English writers of note, such as Tennyson, Bulwer-Lytton, Wilkie Collins and Lord Leighton.

Indeed, Claretie made numerous friends very easily. There was a genial quality about him that attracted, a kindness of heart that lost no occasion in manifesting itself. He was clever enough for men of brains to enjoy his company, and he lacked that brilliancy which in the eyes of some might have become a threat to overshadow their own light.

In October, 1885, Claretie was appointed as successor of Emile Perrin to the difficult, delicate post of general administrator of the Comédie Française. This finest of all theatrical institutions is organized on very special lines. The members of the company form a society into which new members can only be elected by a vote of the established ones. They share the profits realized at the end of the year. In recent times they have amounted to about 40,000 francs (\$8,000) per annum for each full member of the organization. These latter are few in number, not exceeding the dozen. They are supplemented by a larger number of young members, who are entitled to between one-twelfth and one-half of the full share, according to their merits and their time of service at the House.

There is no manager, no plenipotentiary director at the head of this society. But the Secretary of the Fine Arts appoints an



Reutlinger
THE LATE JULES CLARETIE
For twenty-eight years director of the most powerful theatrical institution in the world

successfully for the period of twenty-eight years, exceeding by many the years of service of any of his predecessors. Had it not been for the mildness of his nature, his calm, conciliatory spirit and his gentlemanly manners, he could not have resisted the blows of various little revolutions that stirred the House of Molière, at intervals, during his directorship.

Once, in 1901, Claretie raised an energetic hand, and the result was a decree from the Ministry of Fine Arts abolishing the old and sacred institution of the reading committee. The revolution that arose from this unheard-of "*coup d'état*" came very near costing Claretie his post and considerably diminished his popularity with the members of the company. But he was a very diplomatic gentleman, and moreover, he was backed by the Secretary of State, whose displeasure might have entailed a cutting down of the national subvention. That would have been fatal. For—note this remarkable fact—the most artistic theatre in Paris, the noblest stage of the world, cannot live on its own resources! So the *sociétaires* silenced their wrath and submitted to the new régime, but with emphatic reluctance, and for a short time only. It was soon found that the *Comité de Lecture* was not such a bad thing after all; reinstatement followed, and Claretie graciously admitted a blunder.

A number of other little battles were fought behind the doors of that famous green-room in the Rue de Richelieu, and in most instances Claretie yielded to the imperative wishes of his *sociétaires*. Many and lengthy leaves of absence were sought and granted. Individually, the members found it most profitable to tour the provinces, to play abroad, with the support of minor companies of Boulevard players. But they left the House in a precarious condition at times. Classical plays could not be billed because Mounet-Sully would be in Brussels. A new play could not be cast "properly" because Mademoiselle Sorel was filling an engagement at St. Petersburg, or Feraudy was spending six weeks at Lyons. The disadvantage to the Comédie Française as a body seemed flagrant. Yet, Claretie gave in at every new request of the "big people." Was it that he had the "little people" in mind, the younger members of the company who stayed in Paris and to whom the frequent absence of the seniors gave a wonderful opportunity to develop their talent through practice and experience with

(Continued on page 93)



LYDIA KYASHT, NOW APPEARING IN "THE WHIRL OF THE WORLD," AT THE WINTER GARDEN

Lydia Kyasht—the World's Most Beautiful Dancer

A LITTLE north of Oxford Street, London, and westward from Tottenham Court Road, is a dingy, melancholy thoroughfare, suggestive of foul air and little sunlight. At the southwest end stands a house. There are swing doors at the entrance, and a notice on which appears the legend, "Hall can be engaged for Rehearsals."

Push open the doors and you enter a gloomy passage and thread your way to gloomier regions. A rickety stairway ascends spirally. Out of the blackness there comes a feminine voice which says softly, "Come in."

The room itself is sufficiently akin to street, staircase and all, but in the middle of it shines a star brighter than Sirius, fairer than the combined glory of the Pleiades. Its name is Mlle. Lydia Kyasht, *première danseuse* of London, and she is practicing in a dancing hall

London rehearsal rooms are queer places, but they are certainly workmanlike. This room is papered with mirrors, so that the artiste can bend her form with fairest grace and smile at her own reflection. The room is otherwise bare, because a dancer wants space and good strong boards, able to withstand the ardor of her practice. For dancers, although so fairylike and lissome in grace, so airy in spring and motion, are generally gifted with well-developed forms. as masculine dancers know full well. To catch these "airy nothingnesses," to hold them as they fly skyward, to support them as they bow their beauty to the earth, is no child's play, and needs much knack and much muscle. Hard and long, therefore, are the practices and the rehearsals, and welcome, indeed, is the comforting wine.

So, a good strong floor, mirrors, and

some sort of an old piano, not too bewitching, is what the *danseuse* needs for her diurnal exercises. Her French accompanist sits at the piano and doles out music, directions, criticisms, all in a quaint old-world fashion, reminiscent of shepherdesses, trim gardens, parterres, le Petit Trianon, sunny lands and what not.

But better than all is *la danseuse* herself, duplicated, triplicated, multiplied in those long mirrors, tripping, toeing, bending, leaping, pirouetting, twining, turning, twisting, beseeching, praying, yearning, fleeing, pursuing, turning, caring, not caring, loving, hating, falling, flying, feeling—dancing!

See how graceful the sweep of her arms, rounded and fair! See how sad the droop of her mouth—so womanly sweet—as the music becomes pensive, and even the accompanist ceases her monotonous tum-ti-tuning and lets the piano speak. And how sad the fall of her long-lashed lids over eyes that dawn through tears that are pearls!

Yet the dancer can be merry as Goddess Gay, whoever that may be. And that, too, with a delightful toss of the head and ruffle of gold-brown curls as prelude, with such a mirth-flicker in eyes that are now all sunbeam and bluebells, violets laughing at waterfall spray, as sadness is swept aside with the touch of a

knowing little finger, jocund and happy and dancing to dance.

Little ballet skirt—pink, by the way—twists and twirls round limbs that seem moulded by nymphs and naiads. Her arms are fair as her shoulders, and her shoulders fair as her face.

For Mlle. Lydia Kyasht is personally the most beautiful dancer on the stage in any country, in the Old World or the New. She not only has a per-



"TIRED OF DANCING, Mlle. KYASHT RESTS FOR A WHILE"

fect knowledge of the technique of her art, but has a perfect form and a perfect face. And away from the stage, you find also that she has a perfect manner, a perfect charm and a perfect voice, and speaks English with the most delicious broken accent.

Do not compare Mlle. Kyasht with Mme. Anna Pavlowa! It is absurd, as they are different in every respect. Anna Pavlowa is the great dramatic dancer, the great actress-dancer, the interpreter of subtle emotion, of the soul of music, of the thought of sound and the meaning of motion. Lydia Kyasht is the great corporeal dancer, if the term may be used. She dances a *dance*, a great magnificent dance, the dance of living. Pavlowa dances the thought-dance. Karsavina, the other great Russian dancer, dances the action-dance. Pavlowa is an immortal actress of tragedy and of joyfulness—never of comedy—she is the actress of life and death in simple, grand manner. Lydia Kyasht is an interpreter of beauty, of form and, incidentally, of mind. Karsavina is a representative of dramatic action, the effect of thought, the effect of beauty. Pavlowa is music; Lydia Kyasht is *twin* to music; Karsavina is the result of music or the effect of music.

Tired of dancing Mlle. Kyasht rests for a while, and leans languidly against a mantelpiece, remnant of the living element in this ancient old dance-hall. She is very lovely as she stands thus. There is a beautiful strong line from neck to bosom, from bosom to waist, and from waist to the tip of her pointed toe—always pointed, even in rest. It is a line of easy strength, the profile of feminine grace and suppleness. Each finger of her hands are expressions of her art. Little finger, jauntily aloft, aloof and apart; third finger leans forward; bent from the first joint; the middle finger is queenly and sedate, unbending, guarding the third; the forefinger is arched above all others, rhythmically symmetrical with the sweep of the arm and the turn of the wrist. The hands are almost the most expressive members of the body. Can you not tell a man by the strength of his muscular grip, a woman by the dainty yieldingness and fragile modesty of her shapely fingers? And so a dancer, by the harmonious arrangement of the component parts of her hands, by their reflection of facial expression, itself but the reflection of emotion or thought and so, of character.

The art of Lydia Kyasht is much more easily acquired than the art of Anna Pavlowa, provided one possesses Lydia Kyasht's beautiful form. Anna Pavlowa is charming and attractive and has the face of a genius combined with the form of sylph, but Lydia Kyasht is an actual embodiment of beauty. Consequently, dancing being with her, the interpretation of beauty—as with Pavlowa it is the interpretation of thought, music and poetry, as with Karsavina it is the interpretation of result, of dramatic action and event, as with Adeline Genée it is the interpretation, mainly, of a delightful humor—it was necessary for her to acquire technique only. Technique combined with her bodily

beauty has produced the perfection which is hers, a perfection which is limited and not elastic, but which is, nevertheless, perfect. To her such a result is just as natural as the painting of an intrinsically beautiful picture by a man with a beautiful mind and who has learned to handle the brush in a thoroughly able manner. Such a picture would be the natural outcome of the combination. The dancing of Lydia Kyasht is the natural outcome also of her own self and her knowledge of the technique of dancing. Whereas—to show the difference—Pavlowa's dancing

is the forced outcome of the work of others and her knowledge of technique; she offers up herself, her own body and mind, on the altars of music and poetry to gain therefrom a complete understanding for herself and others. In simpler words, Lydia Kyasht is perfect when she is merely dancing, not interpreting, not being another; and Pavlowa is perfect when she is interpreting by dancing, and not merely dancing to show the grace and beauty of her own body. Pavlowa dances with her soul, her mind, and above all, her heart. Lydia Kyasht dances with her beautiful body directed by her beautiful mind, passionless, cold, yet supremely lovely.

Mlle. Kyasht never makes a mistake, or perhaps one ought to say a visible mistake. The writer has seen her dance about thirty or more times, and never once has she made a false step. In addition to this faultlessness of style she has an inventive mind which produces ballets of exceeding quiet beauty, which, if all the dancers taking part were Lydia Kyashts, would be above criticism, but, as it is, the greater part of the dancers being girls and men who have not the slightest knowledge of the basic principles of dancing and think that to smile and look pleasant as before a camera is all that is needed, it is far better that Mlle. Kyasht should dance by herself unhampered by partner or chorus. She is eminently individual.

In fact, the only really great duet dance that the writer has seen is the *Automne Bacchanale*, danced by Anna Pavlowa and Michael Mordkin. Nijinski's dances with Karsavina lack the lyric completeness of this wild, intoxicating poem. It forms a picture which can never fade from the memory. The splendor of the red roses, a-flush with joy, the glow of brilliant wine, the burning of crimson blood, the heat of love and passion, the wildness and glamor of movement, the gloriousness of living and loving and dying—all this and more—the wonderful soul of Anna Pavlowa and the faultless taste and execution of Michael Mordkin, have created the Dance of Kisses and Wine and Ruddy Blossoms.

The recognition of the importance of daily practice of the very simplest exercises and steps has been the foundation of Mlle. Kyasht's perfection of technique. It is only when a wanton flight of fancy dictates to her limbs that My Lady Dancer indulges in the poetry of motion at these practices in the gloomy, dingy room, northward lying from Oxford Street.

There poetry is but a flashing,

(Continued on page 91)

The Last Curtain

Alone and old and poor—yet not alone,
In spirit ever young and far from poor,
The aged player waits his final scene
The Setting: A forlorn and shabby room.
The People: One old player and his dreams.

First, dreams arise as from a far-off time—
Dreams of sweet youth and youth's bright company—
When all the world glowed in eternal spring,
And just at the next turning of the road
Rested the goal of all hope and desire;
Fame, laurel-wreathed, and Fortune, golden-garbed,
Awaited youth, while love looked on and smiled.

The Dream's Hues Dim: Long years have passed away;
Fortune and Fame have briefly held their sway,
Then, at a sudden turning of the way,
They vanish as the phantoms of a night.
Yet for a little, young-eyed love remains—
Only to die as roses' petals fall.

The Dream's Hues Darken More:
Last scene of all, and ending of the play;
Fortune and Fame and Love vanished away,
Old Age and Pain and Sorrow—hand in hand—
Come in their place.

Yet, Lo! Upon the dark and dreary scene
Enter a vast and splendid company,
Whose faces are the faces of lost years—
Whose voices are the voices of the past;
They call the player hence, and summon him
To other scenes, to new and wondrous plays,
Whose rôles are not miscast. . . .
The piercing, poignant sweetness of their voice
As once familiar music—silenced long—
But well remembered—and at last reheard.

The Player, in his dreams, smiles—speaks to them—
Calls them by name, with mingled smiles and tears—
And by a magic subtle as the soul
Doffs, as a wornout garment, years and pain,
And through the parted curtains of the world
Enters the scene beyond. . . .

PARMLEE BRACKETT.



Photos White
Act I—Gabrielle: Basil Gill Frances Starr
"How disgusting men are!"



Marguerite Leshe Frances Starr
Act II—Henriette: "Your time to be afraid has come"



Robert Warwick Frances Starr
Act II—Ponta-Tulli: "Your lips come next"



Frances Starr Basil Gill
Act III—Constant: "I'll never forgive you"



Frances Starr as Gabrielle



Frances Starr Basil Gill
Act III—Constance: "You mustn't bear this alone" . . .

SCENES IN HENRI BERNSTEIN'S PLAY "THE SECRET" AT THE BELASCO

Stage Women as Ideal Pet Owners



Otto Sarony
LOIS JOSEPHINE
Recently seen in "Oh, I Say!"

WHO are you?" asks the old janitor-manager of the opra-house, as a gaudily dressed woman arrives at the stage door in Will Cressy's well-known vaudeville sketch, "Town Hall Tonight."

"I'm an actress," she replies.

"Where's your dog?" inquires the old man, seeking absolute proof that the lady is able to be Zaza tonight and Juliet to-morrow night.

The lines never fail to bring a laugh from audiences. Every actress is supposed to lavish much attention and time upon some dumb brute, if not a dog or cat, a snake or ape, horse or zebra; and if the old man, symbolizing theatre-goers in general, asks an actress to produce the canine, much as a "character" would be demanded of the employment-seeking servant girl, actresses themselves are to blame. For the purposes of this article, at least, actresses may be divided into two classes: mothers and dog-owners. Much ink has been spilled in a discussion of the question, "Can an actress be a good mother?" But nobody has questioned that

professional women are ideal dog-owners. It must be well known throughout the entire dog family that the creature lucky enough to fall into the possession of a lady of the stage is in much the same position as the youth who comes out of college and finds that his great-uncle has died and left him a fortune of something like ten millions. Days of worry are over for Snookums or Tabby after they have been "legally" adopted into a professional family. As a usual thing, they will have no children to tease them, for there are few children in the families of stage ladies who have dogs. The affections of an emotional one who admits that she "must love some one" will be spent in administering to canine and feline comforts, and while a dog may pity those poor brothers of his who are glad of a bone to gnaw upon, Snookums knows that if he sniffs at tenderloin steak underdone, his mistress will form the habit of varying his diet with chicken livers or breasts of guinea fowl.

Most actresses, particularly the ones who refer to themselves as "his mother," when they are holding their favorite dog, go much further than having a care about doggie's diet, general health and necessary exercise (Many actresses have maids, whose principal occupation is tramping up and down the pavement or in the park with Snookums.) They even concern themselves with his amusement. Valerie Bergère's dog is her constant companion on her long tours in the vaudeville houses of the country, and she once assured me that it's pretty lonesome for her dog to wait in the dressing room all the time that she is obliged to be on the stage when performing in the two-a-day houses. For a long time she experimented in different ways to ascertain what would interest her dog most when she was obliged to be away from him. Finally she found that he preferred to play with hairpins, so whenever one sees Miss Bergère on the stage he may be certain that her little rat-and-tan is snugly stored away on a cushion in her dressing room, toying with little loops of twisted wire.

Bessie Abott, the singer, told me that her little "Babette" enjoys going to the theatre, not as an actor behind

the scenes, but as a "human being in the audience." As proof of this she called, "Does any little doggie want to go to the matinée." Babette, quietly slumbering on a cushion, pricked up its ears and quickly ran to a large muff lying on a nearby chair. The dog jumped into this muff and when out of sight became quiet as a mouse. "That's the way she'll lie for hours," explained Miss Abott, "and I always take her to the theatre with me. Could any one be so cruel as to leave a little child at home when you knew that it wanted to go. Also that explains why I always carry a muff; in summer they are made of lace and flowers, in winter of furs. Babette always goes everywhere with me."

Olga Nethersole couldn't satisfy "Chiquita" with hairpins. After a series of experiments, that extended over several months, she bought her Chihuahua pet a basketful of rubber dolls and soldiers. Chiquita seemed to retain much of her native fondness for soldiers and things military by neglecting the dolls, and while her mistress was on the stage she would amuse herself in the dressing room by fighting battles with the little rubber men. One day Miss Nethersole was obliged to leave her pet in the private car "Iolanthe," while she paid a call, and when she returned she found that Chiquita had engaged in a conflict with the beautiful Bengal tiger rug which the actress had just brought from Paris. The spoils of battle proved that a mighty king of the jungle is at a disadvantage in a fight with a Chihuahua when he has been skinned and laid flat on the floor with sawdust in his head where cunning brains had been. The tiger lost an eye and its skin was torn beyond repair; but the mistress of the car smiled and, taking the dog to her arms upon her return, remarked, "My child was lonesome when mamma was away, and I don't blame him at all for what he has done."

Madam Simone, the French actress, who recently toured America, treated her poodle like the aristocrat that he is. A life of indolence had made him somewhat lazy, it appeared, for he spent his days and nights on plush cushions and there was a servant in Madam's entourage whose duty it was to take him for a short walk three times a day and carry him to and from railway stations in a beautiful wicker basket. Julia Marlowe used to carry two large greyhounds around the country, but she declares that it began to look as if she would be obliged to devote more time to greyhounds than she did to Shakespeare, so she sent them off to her farm and has to be contented with romping and playing games with them during the summer holiday. When Lillian Nordica sang at Bayreuth, some duchess or other presented to her a thoroughbred dachshund, just about the worst-



White

CHARLOTTE WALKER
Appearing in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"



White Henrietta Crosman



White Eva Tanguay



Copyright, G. G. Bain
Olga Nethersole



Bain Bessie Abbott



Christie MacDonald



Mrs. Robert Edeson



Edna Goodrich



Jessie Busley



Louise Dresser



Blanche Bates



Mme. Nazimova



Copyright, Byron Billie Burke



Minnie Dupree



Laura Nelson Hall



White Mado Minty



Trixie Friganza



Moffett Elizabeth Murray



White Willette Kershaw

DOMESTIC PETS OF WELL-KNOWN STAGE PEOPLE

looking animal in captivity, but Nordica appreciated the honor and carted "Siegfried" across the ocean and up and down country on her many tours for many years, until Siegfried was gathered to his fathers on account of old age.

Scan the lists of names of actresses and enough of them who willingly pay the dog license will be found to justify Will Cressy's old janitor in demanding proof of her histrionic achievements from the dogless woman. Yet in selecting "something to love," all of them have not chosen "man's most faithful friend." Olive Fremstad and Eva Tanguay, for example, prefer cats. Fremstad loves Tabby devotedly, and not long ago she related to me the circumstances surrounding her sad trip to a cat and dog hospital with her prized pet. She was going away on a tour, and Tabby had not looked well for several days, so she decided that the hospital was the place for her. "When I handed her out of the automobile to the attendant," she related, "he asked for my name, and, wishing to avoid publicity in the matter, I gave him my sister's name as the owner of the cat—the nearest relative, one might say. Then Tabby looked up into my eyes as if I had denied her, and as tears came to my eyes, when I realized that it might be the final parting and that I had spoken a falsehood, I told them all about who I was and how much I loved that cat."

Blanche Bates, Lily Langtry and Johanna Gadski prefer horses. Miss Bates spends many hours every day when she is at her farm in the company of her pets. Lady de Bathe accumulated a large racing stable, and Madam Gadski plans to dress in a hurry on those evenings when she sings a Wagnerian rôle in the scenes where horses are introduced. It is said that she "charms" them; and when this comment reached her ears she replied: "They charm

me, too; we understand one another." Not satisfied with horses, however, Gabrielle Réjane, the French comédienne, took a fancy to zebras, and ended by becoming very much attached to the span of striped beauties which she used to drive through the streets of Paris, one of the few instances in which these animals have been domesticated and made to submit to reins and harness.

Descending the evolution scale, however, not all actresses have been satisfied with dogs, cats, horses and zebras. At one time Lina Cavalieri, the Roman beauty, had many turtles and tortoises in her Paris home. She said she liked to watch them peep their heads out from behind the furniture and liked to watch them creeping and crawling over Oriental rugs. Once when I called upon Bertha Galland at her hotel by appointment for an interview, she said quickly: "Let's not talk about me at all in this interview, but about my little goat. It's the sweetest little thing with fine and white silky hair." Miss Galland produced the goat, and because she had requested it we talked "goat" instead of Galland.

Strangest of "pets," however, seemed to be those carted around the country by the Princess Rajah, the dancer. Once I went behind the scenes to see her, and was told that she was in her dressing-room, so I went there and knocked at the door. "Come," answered a voice, and I entered to find Rajah and her sister sitting on opposite sides of the room. Sister was busying herself with fancy work of some sort, and Rajah was whiling away the time by playing with three large black Mexican bull-snakes. They were coiled about her neck and she was holding their heads in her hand, showing them their reflections in the large mirror in front of them. The largest of the things struck at me as I entered the room. Rajah laughed and pulled its head back to

(Continued on page 90)

To a Singer

You sing,
And all the melody of all the world
Falls on my wondering heart.
It cries and murmurs passionate and
wild;
In me it thrills in exquisite pulsation,
And joy and pain and hope and
exultation
Are mingled in eternity of bliss.

LEO RABBETTE.



White

Patricia Collinge William H. Crane

Amelia Bingham

Douglas Fairbanks

Act II. Bertie takes the blame for Turner's wrongdoing
SCENE IN "THE NEW HENRIETTA" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

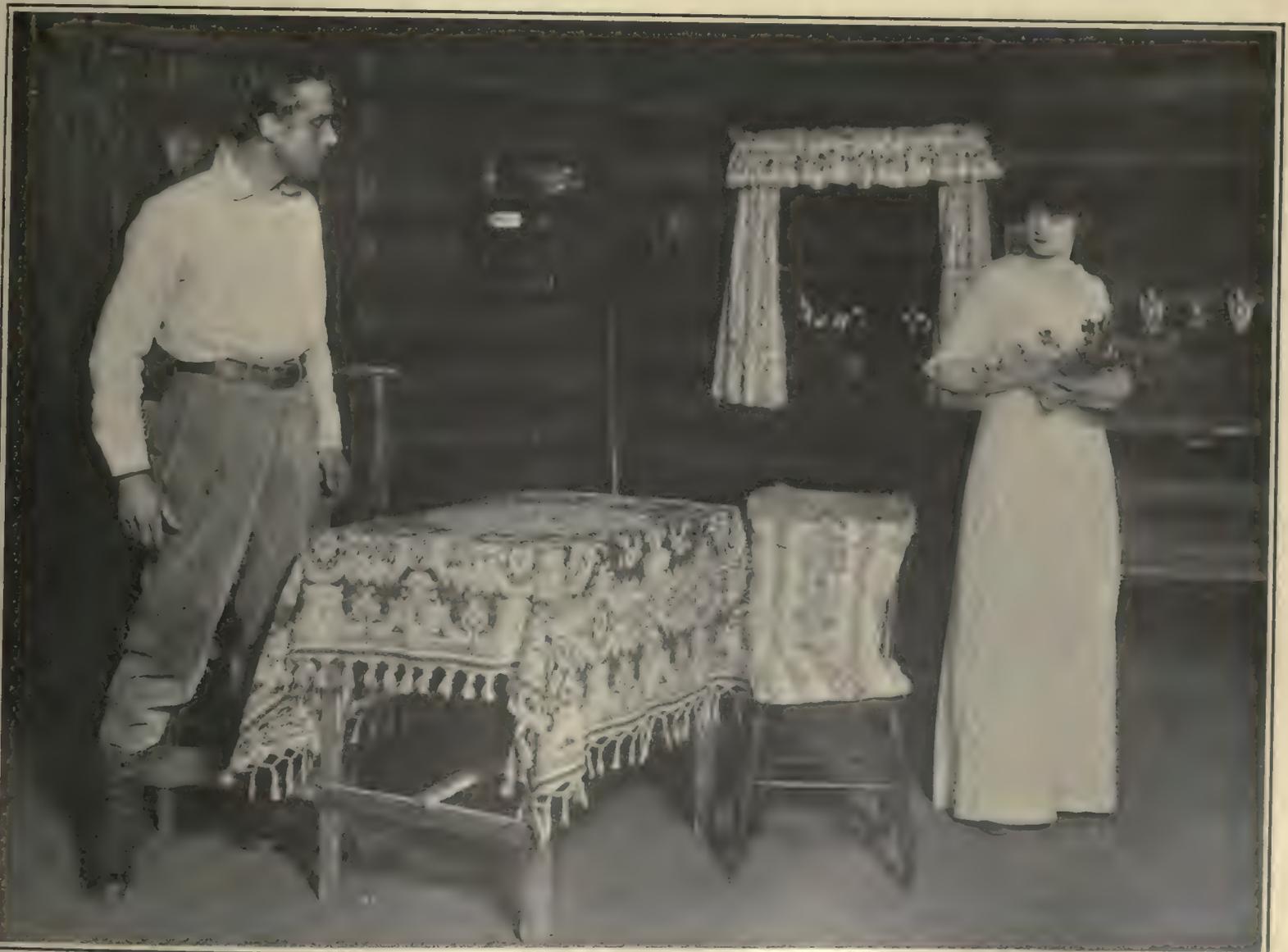
Scenes in "The Land of Promise" Now at the Lyceum



Photos copyright, Charles Frohman Billie Burke
Act 2. Nora is unhappy in her brother's house



Shelley Hull Billie Burke
Act 3. Nora sternly refuses to obey her husband



Photos White Shelley Hull Billie Burke
Act 4. Nora and Frank at last find happiness together

Troubles of a Matinee Idol



White

DONALD BRIAN
In "The Marriage Market"

YOU think of a matinee idol as a handsome demigod, sitting easefully in a scented leather chair, puffing a cigar, and staring with indolent, half-closed eyes—blue or brown eyes, according to your taste—at the smoke spirals while he counts the female

them grows out of the fact that he is a matinee idol. One of them is his crown of matinee idol kingship. No man worth while wants to be called a matinee idol. Every actor worth the while wants to be regarded as a "serious actor." But no man can be regarded seriously who dances on a table, as he has to do in "The Marriage Market," and who has to look into a girl's eyes, what time he isn't looking down her throat, and warble that he'll simply die if she won't have him. So there is the first of his troubles, his title. He hates being a matinee idol.

hearts he has fractured. You do so picture him, don't you? Permit me to strike the scales from your eyes.

One of his troubles is making love, stage love. Even in real life his experience was limited, for he married while young. He told the girl the first evening he met her, at a party at a friend's apartment, that she was "the prettiest thing he ever saw." There wasn't much delay about his courtship. It was a rapid fire, century express sort of wooing. He was so much in earnest that he hadn't time to feel ridiculous. But mimic wooing is far different. A man is afraid of being ridiculous. Far rather would he seem a knave than a fool. Accordingly, public lovemaking everywhere, save in Paris, is like taking a hurdle. It is dangerous because the audience may laugh, and it's an immense relief when it's over. I have Mr. Brian's word that every love scene in his plays gives him goose flesh. Once he made his audience laugh, not by his wooing as he feared, but

Who is the matinee idol *par excellence* of the American stage? Who is very good to look at, especially when he dances? Who is light of foot, glowing of eye as a faun, and romantic as any of the shillalah flourishing, banshee-fearing ancestors? Who makes stage love so well that down in the honest depths of your heart you wish you were in real life as dear to him as he pretends the girl of the stage to whom he is just then proposing marriage has become to him? Who sings tender lilting assurances that he loves you alone, you only and always will, world without end, amen? Who by all the sentimental and artistic standards meets the measure of the matinee idol? Without doubt, Donald Brian.

Well, Donald Brian never sits long and easefully in a scented leather chair, nor any other. Sitting might make him fat. Besides, he is too busy devising new dances to cause the dollars to roll into the box office so that enough of them will roll back to him to permit him retirement. Yes, he intends to leave you. Heartlessly he will desert his adoring audiences, nor cast one lingering thought nor look behind, as soon as he can afford to retire, which he hopes will be in five years. He doesn't smoke cigars of any sort. The smoke would make him hoarse and he couldn't sing the ballads that you are quite sure he is aiming straight at your fluttering heart. N. B.—Five hundred other girls in the audience are thinking exactly that. His eyes are not indolent nor half closed. They are wide open and round as a child's from their habit of looking for opportunities, not of conquest in the world of hearts, but of that semi-business, semi-art domain which is called "the profession." He never counts the female hearts he has broken, because he doesn't think he has broken any. With hand on heart I vow that Donald Brian is a most modest man. So turn your first picture of him to the wall and behold this second.



DONALD BRIAN DISPLAYING A DAILY TROPHY OF HIS SUMMER VACATION IN THE NORTH WOODS

A round-faced man of thirty-five with a few gray hairs showing in the black on his temples. Dark eyes, not large and melting, but small and shrewd. A complexion made florid by a nearly continuous performance of golf. A tall, well-formed figure that never stays long in one place, for reasons that will be hereinafter given. Well, but not ostentatiously well dressed.

There you have Donald Brian, man of troubles. Not self-made troubles. His cares are generic. Every one of

by the deep sigh of relief he emitted when it was over. Miss Venita Fitzhugh, his leading woman, whom he was so fervidly wooing, hid her head on his shoulder to hide, not her blushes, but her laughter, in which the audience heartily joined.

Then there are the public appearances not on the bill. He likes to walk home after the play to, as Otis Skinner has said, "get the poison of the theatre out of my system," or he may wish to be borne democratically home on the trolley car. He may walk or he may take a car, but not in peace. Someone is sure to recognize him and, with that curious belief of the public that celebrities at whom they are staring lack the senses of sight and hearing, make audible remarks.

"He's not so handsome off the stage."

"I don't like him in the part."

"If you ask me I think he's rotten."

"He can't sing. Why does he try?" Oral shots fall in cruel volleys upon his defenceless ear-drums. The life of a matinee idol is a ceaseless and unsuccessful struggle to live up to his own lithographs, Mr. Brian has told me. Lillian Russell says: "It is hard work to be a beauty." Donald Brian thinks that being a matinee idol has earned the description Sherman gave war.

The matinee idol, like the tramp, has to keep moving. The policeman forces the tramp to activity. The public is the matinee idol's policeman. If he didn't keep moving he would grow fat and fat would speedily end the career of the matinee idol. He doesn't believe that nobody loves

(Continued on page 91)



Donald Brian and his step-daughter on the lawn of their summer home



Copyright, 1913, Arnold Genthe

MARGUERITE LESLIE

Who is now appearing as Henriette Durand in "The Secret" at the Belasco Theatre

CERTAIN eminently respectable but dusty brained gentlemen of **The New English Dramatists**

learning in our colleges will tell you that the last notable English plays were written by one William Shakespeare. And yet the one thing that makes the current dramatic season in New York notable above others for many years, is not the unusual series of revivals of Shakespeare's plays, but the remarkable group of dramas by *living* English playwrights.

Of the several dramatic "schools" of modern times the English is emerging as the most vital and most lastingly significant. Of the other movements, that Northern one which flowered so beautifully and yet so forbiddingly in the art of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Bjornson, alone equals the English in importance. There was a time when the achievement of Hauptmann and Sudermann, and the promise of Wedekind and the younger Germans, seemed to foreshadow a great modern dramatic school in Germany; but now the pioneers seem to be written out, and the Viennese Schnitzler alone from the German-speaking countries is internationally important. But in spite of all his grace and charming lightness of touch, his insidious cynicisms and

refinements of sensuality mark him as the last flickering rather than the first fire of a new development. And certainly in France, where the three really notable dramatists are so widely separated in ideals and in methods as Maeterlinck, Rostand and Brieux, there is nothing approaching a school. Maeterlinck is a law unto himself, and Rostand is hardly less independent of his contemporaries; and certainly Brieux has more in common with Shaw and Galsworthy than with any living Frenchman.

The English school, as a group, is by every test the greatest in achievement and the greatest in promise in the dramatic world to-day. Though it is only in the imperfect beginnings of its development—though it seems to foreshadow greater glories to come—it already forces recognition not only as the most significant English flowering since Elizabethan days, but as one of the two very great developments in modern dramatic history.

The fact that three dramatists of the brilliancy and solid worth of Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy and J. M. Barrie, are writing contemporaneously, would make the time a notable one dramatically. And when one adds to their achievement that of J. M.



Photo Moffett

RUTH ST. DENIS

Priestess of esoteric dancing, with Hinduism as a picturesque background

Synge and St. John Hankin, whose work is ended, and remembers that John Masefield, Granville Barker, and Arnold Bennett still are working toward the same ideals, the day seems rich indeed. And very recently a newer and younger group have started the impetus anew: Stanley Houghton and Elizabeth Baker and Githa Sowerby. As many more might be named as probable important dramatists of to-morrow.

The art of the new school of playwrights has its roots in no one soil. It is not the direct outgrowth of a revival of romanticism, or of naturalism, or of Ibsenism. It is rather the result of an independent attempt to be at once true to the times, true to human nature, and true to art. If the new English dramatists follow Ibsen more closely than any other master, it is only because he most perfectly fitted his dramas to the limitations of the modern playhouse, and because he molded his material into the form best suited to stir modern audiences. They have taken his sincerity of treatment and his compactness of form; on the other

hand, they have accepted him open-mindedly without following him blindly. They have turned to him as they have turned to Shakespeare and the Greeks, for what is universally appealing in the art of each—and their inspiration is quite as likely to come from Strindberg, or Hauptmann, or Brieux. In England, in a sense, they trace their art back to the Pinero of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—but they have little in common with that Pinero of later plays, of imperfect technique and underlying theatricality.

It might be objected that the grouping of such diversely great men as Shaw, Barrie and Galsworthy, precludes the use of the term "school." Shaw with his brilliancy of dialogue and his startling originality, Barrie with his undercurrent of fantasy, or even romance, Galsworthy with his sombre power, are indeed different. Nevertheless, there is a pervading current through all their work that marks them distinctly as of one time and one movement: a straightforward method of play building, a haunting social note, a peculiarly modern attitude of mind.

It is worth while to examine the several ways in which the new English drama differs from the old. It is not possible to pick any one play and say that the single example exhibits perfectly all the distinguishing qualities of any one school. But from the whole body of work one may discover the common ideal toward which the several playwrights are working, each to the extent of his ability, and each in his own way.

What is it that the new English dramatists are trying to do?

What ideal emerges from the multiple efforts of the artists of this latest school?

The distinguishing quality of the new drama is *sincerity*, in theme, in treatment of story, and in technical construction. Mainly it is a reaction from the theatricality and sentimentality of the play of twenty years ago. The refreshing breath of sincerity stirs through its every part.

The new drama usually is close to contemporary life in theme. It has not an empty shell of dramatic story, like the farces and melodramas of other days, that left the mind a blank. Nor is its core of thought based on the false premises and cynical attitude of the French triangle plays. The new drama treats themes that are deeply human and vitally stirring. The outward personal plot is illumined by an inward *social* plot. Because the play reflects current thought, the surface character-story is shot through with underlying humanitarian motive. At times, indeed, the play is not innocent of preaching the message of its theme.

But in the treatment of the plot-materials, in the fashioning of the story, the passion for sincerity is most marked. The new dramatists use no tricks of appeal. All those old melo-dramatic devices which so easily trick the audience into purely momentary tears or laughter, leaving only a sense of emptiness, are foreign to their work. All the old false type characters are scorned. The development of those forces that are psychologically subtle is recognized as action of a more dramatic sort than physical violence. Nothing is introduced because it is sensational. A play of tragic atmosphere throughout is not brought to an improbable happy close, just to give the public what it wants; and yet it is recognized that all serious plays are not tragedies. The drama is completed logically, without straining to add that theatric touch of finality which will allow the spectator to go home without any further thought for the characters or matter of the play.

In the building of their dramatic structure the new artists look first for unity. In their technique there is a new firmness of structure and a new feeling for sequential growth. Even their "exposition," to use a technical term, is so woven into the rising action that it is an integral part of the play rather than a mere introduction. Without copying the tricks of the old dramatic schools, they have recognized that there is a certain crescendo form of action that evokes the greatest emotional response from the audience. They develop this crescendo of action with a new economy of means, and a new feeling for adequate motivation.

With all their sincerity of treatment, with their seriousness of theme, with their scorning of theatricality and sensationalism in story, and with their new integrity of structure, they bring that other quality of great drama: imaginative beauty. In their best work there is literary distinction, the poetic touch. Their best plays light up even the unpleasant theme with that inner beauty which is the final test of all art.

There have been attempts to label the new group of dramatists as realists, or idealists, or romanticists, or of what-not school. But they are elusive prey for the artistic cataloguers. It happens that if a man writes a play of unmistakable genius, there is always a commentator to call him realistic because his work is so human, and another to call him idealistic because he is so finely eclectic in his choice of material, and because he lights up that material with an inner ennobling beauty. The trouble lies in that there are no standard definitions of realism and idealism and romanticism. If they are contrasting terms, so that a dramatist who may be labelled with one, cannot partake of the qualities of the others, then the new artists belong to no one of these groups. They are realistic to the extent of reflecting current life; but

they strike to the deeper springs of human action, instead of merely touching the surface aspects; their ideal is not that sort of realism that photographically delineates a sordid segment of life. They are impressionistic in that they are true to their own impressions, rather than painting exactly what they see with their physical eyes. They are idealistic with an idealism that has its roots in the truths of life and the mysteries of the soul; not at all with the insincere, unreal and unconvincing idealism of the older theatre. If romance means something entirely removed from the times and places we know they are not romanticists; but they are the truest sort of romanticists if romance is merely that permanently appealing sense of spiritual adventure which underlies the material aspects of life, that intangible something to which the passion of the poet responds. Perhaps it is because they are so true to themselves, and so careless of established dramatic boundaries, that they so surely defy classification. They do not set out with the definite purpose of being realists, or idealists, or romanticists; the result is that they are merely sincere—more sincere than any other group of playwrights for many centuries.

Like all original departures from conventional types, the new drama found it hard to gain a foothold in the actual producing theatres. Doubtless it was ineffective in its undeveloped form; but worse still, it defied the traditions of current drama; and so it could not break into the established playhouses. At first it made its way through private stage societies, and later received a strong impetus in the English repertory theatres. At last it is recognized even by commercial managers; and it has come even to Broadway, not for a doubtful experimental run, but with an established commercial value.

Thus art takes its place on the Great White Way, elbowed on one side by the vulgarity and sensuality of the revue and the musical show and the cabaret, and on the other by the mediocrity and false sentimentality of the over-sweet comedy and the "play with a punch." The encouraging thing is that art is holding its own; it is successful even in the Broadway sense.

To those accustomed to consider the new drama as "high-brow"—as acceptable to the ultra-artistic only—it must be puzzling to see no less than seven plays of the new school at present occupying New York playhouses. And the list of plays promised for the rest of the season includes at least fifteen more—to say nothing of those that will be added if the Irish Players and the Manchester Players again make American tours.

Of the plays now running in New York it happens that only one is representative of the best qualities of any one phase of the new movement—and that phase not so typical as some others.



From *l'Illustration*

SUZANNE DESPRES AS HAMLET

A new French feminine interpreter of the melancholy Dane

To Sarah Bernhardt

In thee are met the lovers of all years,
Thine eyes are lit with Life's own secret
fire;

Immortal things alone look out them, tears
And laughter and sweet lures. Thy heart,
Love's lyre,

Doth sound within thy voice the boundless
range

Of human hope, stirring the wistful heart,
As moon-drawn tides are stirr'd to questing
change.

The honey and the wine of Love with art
Have colored thee, and sweetness as of dreams
Enwraps thee like a misty auriole,

From which, Olympian and free, there gleams
The crystal of all passions that's thy soul.
So long thou dwellest with gods, in their high
place

Thou hast thyself attain'd their deathless
grace.

R. E. MARSHALL.



Orestes in "Electra"



Clytemnestra in "Electra"



A Japanese actor as "Electra"



Electra



Orestes in "Electra"



Macbeth



The banquet scene in "Macbeth"

JAPANESE PLAYERS IN WESTERN PLAYS

The recent production of "Macbeth" at the Imperial Theatre in Tokio, says a correspondent, cannot be considered a success. Translated from the German into the Japanese language, acted by Japanese amateurs and stage managed by an Italian who used a version of the play in his own language to follow the players—the result, as might have been expected, was chaotic. In the ghost scene and storming of

Macbeth's castle, modern English stage conventions were attempted, but as the Japanese people are nearer Shakespeare's own audiences when it comes to belief in ghosts and the use of the sword, these scenes were found to be vastly amusing to the Imperial Theatre audiences



Scene in "Macbeth"

"Prunella," by Granville Barker and Laurence Housman, now playing at the Booth Theatre, is a delightful bit of poetic fantasy. It is, indeed, one of the finest productions of the younger playwrights on the poetic side. It is unlike the several dramas that are associated with Granville Barker's name alone, but on account of its artistic sincerity it takes place with them as part of the new school's work.

Two of the three Barrie plays that have graced the opening of the season, "The Will" and "Half an Hour," exhibit finely certain of the qualities of the new drama—its sincerity of purpose, its freedom from theatricality, and its integrity of structure. They are not of the work of the Barrie we have learned to know and love; they have little of the Barrie fantasy and lightness of touch, and there is an underlying cynical suggestion. But with their literary distinction and their truth they are among the finest offerings of the early season. The third current Barrie play, "The Censor and the Dramatists," is merely a satirical skit that makes no pretense to being serious art. But New York will have had a very notable Barrie season when the winter has brought the promised revivals of "Quality Street," "The Little Minister," and "Peter Pan," and the productions of the new plays, "The Legend of Leonora," "The Ladies' Shakespeare," "Rosalind," and "The Adored One." Truly, this year affords an embarrassment of Barrie riches.

Arnold Bennett's "The Great Adventure," recently at the Booth, is characteristic of the playwright's average work, but only imperfectly representative of the new school of dramatists. The play is interesting, and includes much delightful dialogue, but it lacks the seriousness of purpose and the artistic unity of the work of Bennett's fellow-playwrights. Arnold Bennett is not a finished dramatic craftsman, and one feels that he sometimes

compromises his ideals in the securing of theatric effect. But in spite of an occasional touch of insincerity, his work is unmistakably linked to that of the new school—by a certain dignity of treatment, by literary quality, and by an independence of thought that was unknown to the English theatre of the past generation.

In addition to the many plays enumerated, The Irish Players will in all probability come with their repertory of "advanced" dramas, wherein we may look for the representative work of the Irish Synge, one of the greatest dramatists of modern times, and at least one of Shaw's plays, as well as many offerings of the other members of the Irish school.

Surely it is a notable season for the lover of the serious art of the theatre. If it were barren of all but the work of the new English school, it still would be rich in its yield of the sort of drama that stirs something deeper than idle laughter and surface tears. Already it has brought forth in "Prunella," one of the finest poetic creations of the younger playwrights, and in "The Will" and "Half an Hour," two playlets very characteristic of a sombre phase of the new movement. With more important works of Barrie coming soon, with plays of Galsworthy, Shaw, Houghton and Barker announced, and with the possibility of productions of Masefield and Synge, it still holds out an alluring promise. At its end the theatregoer will have had a chance to see why the contemporary English playwrights have been termed "the school of sincerity in playwriting." He should then be able to understand, too, why that school is the most significant development in the dramatic world to-day. Certainly he will not be able to affirm that the last notable English plays were written by William Shakespeare.

SHELDON CHENEY.



Mlle. EVA SWAIN, PREMIERE DANSEUSE
AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
From the painting by Arthur R. Freedlander

THOSE of us who find fault with the deficiencies of the moving picture plays, because of their indifference to dramatic conventions, have done so because of imperfect performances, or imperfect construction of the photoplays. When Mr. Daniel Frohman induced Mrs. Fiske to pose for the movies he may have thought of this. It was to obviate these mistakes in the art of photo-drama that Mr. Adolph Zucker organized the Famous Players' Film Co.

How Mrs. Fiske Posed for the Movies

ing picture was made, a new company was organized

the deficiencies of the moving picture plays, because of their indifference to dramatic conventions, have done so because of imperfect performances, or imperfect construction of the photoplays. When Mr. Daniel Frohman induced Mrs. Fiske to pose for the movies he may have thought of this. It was to obviate these mistakes in the art of photo-drama that Mr. Adolph Zucker organized the Famous Players' Film Co.

"There is an art in photoplays," said Mr. Zucker, "that has not yet been reached, though I believe that we are rapidly approaching the task in photography of reproducing the emotional expression of a great play without words. It was to test this possibility that Mrs. Fiske was induced to pose for the remarkable performance of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' The result was surprisingly successful, because it achieved the idea which we had in mind. The character of Tess is more positively connected with Mrs. Fiske's name than any part she has played, unless it might possibly be Becky Sharp."

Probably no American actress of her generation has risen to the artistic height achieved by this superb artist in her personation of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The play, as everyone knows, is taken from the famous novel of that name, of Thomas Hardy. Admitting that the moving picture has brought to the poor man such entertainment as had previously been denied to him, Mrs. Fiske approached the opportunity of presenting the moving picture camera with a keen appreciation. She declared that it was the crowning achievement of her career. Owing to the fact that most of the original company in the production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" were not in New York when the mov-

which met with Mrs. Fiske's approval. The principal parts in her support were played by Raymond Bundel, and Miss La Pierre, who starred in "Seven Days." Harrison Grey Fiske and Mrs. Fiske assisted in the staging of this photoplay, but most of the details were left to Mr. Porter, the general stage director of the Famous Players' Film Company. The problem of taking the photoplay of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was very different from the problem which confronted the original stage director of the play. The dramatic version is in four acts, the photoplay was taken in over 100 scenes. Artists who are accustomed to the continuity of stage methods and stage conditions have found this embarrassing. Well-known actors who have found themselves facing the camera of the moving picture in a play with which they were perfectly familiar have been unable to do themselves entire justice until the play was pretty well under way.

The novice in the movies, no matter what his or her experience in the theatre, is sure to miss the effects of voice as a means of dramatic expression. In this regard, however, Mrs. Fiske's supreme art came to the rescue. Her characterization of Tess had never been a thing of words, as the moving picture film frankly reveals.

It is a supreme dramatic effect, which Mrs. Fiske has accomplished beyond any previous results in moving picture films. She has projected the spiritual meaning of Hardy's tragic heroine in a series of pantomime pictures that make if anything, a more vivid impression than her acting did.

When we read about artists "who live their parts" we are inclined to consider the statement with suspicion. The photoplay of "Tess" actually lends a great deal of dignity to this



Tess becomes interested in the stranger



Tess realizes D'Urberville's deception



Tess obtains work at the dairy



Tess and her rivals charmed by Clare's music



Crick's story pains Tess



Tess learns of her father's death



Tess' family seeks refuge in the churchyard



Tess alone with the departed glory of her name



D'Urberville's selfish appeal to Tess

commonplace statement however. Although in posing for the camera, Mrs. Fiske spoke the lines herself, the lines spoken by the other actors were extemporaneous, as is the custom in moving-picture drama. The fact that these unexpected lines did not disturb or confuse the emotional power of

Mrs. Fiske's interpretation is the best evidence that Mrs. Fiske actually has absorbed the living purpose of Thomas Hardy's dramatic character. In the movies the voice, of course, is absent, and the emotions alone must be visualized. In the theatre the playwright depends upon the spoken words to convey his meaning to the audience. For this reason moving-picture managers have gone to the utmost expense and trouble, to secure action which is sometimes far from emotional, far from intellectual, but entertaining as incident. So far action has been the whole of the movie play.

The quiet subtlety of Mrs. Fiske's acting is something which we have heretofore been inclined to regard as dependent upon the spoken word, the emphasis of voice, the dramatic meaning of gesture. As a matter of fact, this moving-picture production of Mrs. Fiske's performance in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" contradicts this impression.

Those critics who have questioned some of the spoken lines in Mrs. Fiske's great performances will realize, after watching the moving-film production of "Tess," that her real appeal to the public as an actress is in her remarkable grasp of the emotional meaning of the characters she is portraying. Her wonderful adaptation to the unusual conditions which prevail in making a moving-picture production, especially reveals this fact. The faithful reproduction of the camera shows with what wonderful facial expression Mrs. Fiske portrays the soul-emotions of her part.

Much has been written about certain mannerisms in Mrs. Fiske's expression of feeling. It would seem from the result of the moving-picture play, that the actual words of the playwright are not so important to this artist as the dramatic idea, which the playwright has given her in the character he has written. This quality lends itself exceptionally to the movies. In fact, it is absolutely necessary to the success of the motion picture, that the thoughts of the performer should be clearly seen on the face of the artist. Heretofore, moving-picture plays have usually been selected for their action and incident, without regard to the emotional significance of their portrayal. It has remained for Mrs.



MRS. FISKE AS TESS

Fiske to reveal the great possibilities of the camera, to convey with deep appeal, emotional expression. Even the art of the actress, subordinated by new conditions, becomes more subtle. As everyone knows, Mrs. Fiske's spoken lines never had the theatrical quality or method, so evident in the work of such

artists as Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Mrs. Fiske's methods are simpler, more direct. But Mrs. Fiske's emotional grasp of the great type in a great play, seen as a whole, has stood the test of the moving-picture film to a degree far beyond that of the Bernhardt film. Considered from the standpoint of dramatic art Mrs. Fiske's pictorial expression of Tess is no less a study for the dramatic student than it is inspiring to the dramatic critic.

In chief climaxes on the stage tremendous effects are very often obtained by actors who have very little facial expression, by a trick of the voice alone, and by the skill of a spoken line supplied by the playwright. The quality of a voice often makes the strongest bid for favor. We have only to mention the names of Mary Anderson, Julia Marlowe, Mary Hampton, who are all celebrated for their beautiful voices apart from their ability as actresses. The vibrant heart-tones of Maude Adams have made thousands of admirers for her.

Not that the motion-picture actor does not use his voice, he does; but in a far different manner from the player in the theatre. The actor begins by learning the lines of his part before he goes into rehearsal. In the movie the entire drama is divided into picture scenes, and all action takes the place of words. The actor in a war drama would dramatically describe the battle which he had just witnessed, while in the movie, the picture of the battle in full action with all its blood-curdling dramatic effects would be flashed upon the screen.

There is a wave of magnetism in voices which has long been recognized as an immense factor in the success of the player. Therefore, the average actor, posing before the camera for the first time, misses this very important means of expression. To him the photoplay is frequently an embarrassment. The big speech which usually appears, preferably in the third act, is entirely a lost effect in the moving-picture drama. Thus, in the original stage production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Tess writes a letter to Angel Clare, in which she pitifully begs him to return to her, if not because he loves her, at least to keep her from temptation. A reading of this letter, in the stage play, is one of the most dramatic

(Continued on page 90)



Clare's love for Tess survives all



D'Urberville in drunken brutality taunts Tess



Tess surrenders herself to the law



THE STAGE AS IT APPEARS TO THE STUDENT AUDIENCE

A VISITOR in my class-room laughingly remarked

A Stage in an English Class-room

the other day, "In Kansas, when you cannot bring Mahomet to the mountain, you bring the mountain to Mahomet."

"Oh, no," I denied. "You flatter us. *This* is but a very small hill."

My visitor's mountain was Shakespeare, not the Shakespeare of the thirty-cent classic, dulled by a reading for the mere story and a spiritless repetition of the notes, but the Shakespeare of the stage-manager, glorified by scenery and footlights. In my English class-room in the Wichita High School we are deep in the preparation of "Julius Cæsar," having already produced "As You Like It" within the last eight weeks, the actors being five-inch dolls, the stage a five-foot one, resting on a movable table, and the costumers, carpenters and scene painters the students themselves, members of Freshman classes. My work has been to finance the production and to design the scenery, furniture and costumes.

The stage was made for me by a student, the son of an architect, a boy of some practical experience and extraordinary ability, who was my architect, carpenter and electrician. The wood is fumed oak; the dimensions are on the scale of an inch to a foot on the ordinary stage; the lighting is effected by seven footlights, eight side lights and seven border lights, equipped with bulbs of various colors, wires from which run in a cable to the switchboard at the back. The scenery may be moved up or down to the front or back, and when not in use is stored in a compartment below the stage floor, for there is no "rigging loft." The curtain and the scenery for a scene in "The Idylls of the King" were painted by a professional artist; the grand drapery and all other scenery have been painted on cardboard in water colors by students; the furniture and properties have been made by the boys; the costumes have been made by the girls from my own designs, from pictures in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, from photographs of Miss Marlowe, Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Faversham and their companies.

The property room, the dressing rooms and the green room are in close

conjunction with the stage, being in a cabinet near at hand, a shelf of

which forms each room. Here "props" are kept for emergency

On the days of "performances" (these do not come every day, for, after all, the notes *must be* studied, the "story" *must be* discussed, the lines must be learned, and the play must not be sacrificed to the spectacular), on these days we give the play by arranging "pictures," by staging dramatic moments. From an artistic standpoint these scenes may be very crude; children are not very conservative in their choice of colors. They would have none of Miss Marlowe's brown forest; theirs is a bright spring green and the grand drapery is a vivid red. I would change nothing. The big details are satisfactory, and many small ones. The "producers" are developing a critical dramatic sense; the confident voice that suggested a crown on the head of the banished duke in the Forest of Arden was scornfully laughed to silence, and the young carpenter who proudly produced a rocking chair for the lawn in front of the Duke's palace was chagrined at its reception.

My audiences are ideal ones. Mr. Ben Greet would have considered them quite unique. They never leave before the play is over. They never come in late. They also possess the most brilliant imaginations. One young man saw *fear* on Rosalind's face in the banishing scene. Another feels that it is Oliver's remorse that has thrice moved him to bury his face in the footlights when appearing before the curtain with the other "principals," and not the kink in the wire stand at his back.

Often I hear, "I always thought Shakespeare was *dry* before," and "I can hardly wait to see Miss Marlowe," and "Shakespeare is awful easy to understand," and, *very reverently*, "Actors are the smartest people in the world. They *have* to be."

So far, familiarity has not bred contempt. The problems have not grown old; the interest has never flagged; never, at the rising of the curtain, have I failed to hear a sudden quick drawing-in of the breath, have I failed to see a brightening of the eye of each pupil-spectator. And this in a prosaic school-room, from spectators for whom the scene cannot awaken delightful memories. M. NOFTZGER.



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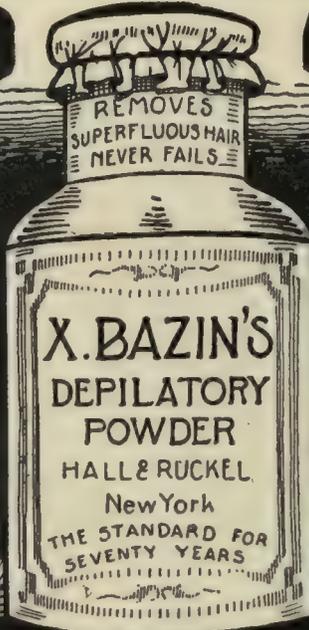
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Mrs. Fiske and the Movies

(Continued from page 87)

events in the entire performance. In the moving picture reproduction, however, the value of the voice is entirely omitted. The letter itself is flashed upon the screen, and the audience reads it from its own emotional interpretation.

Singularly enough this climax is greatly heightened in the photoplay, which suggests a new psychology of audiences, who left to an interpretation of an emotion, do so perhaps with more poignant feeling. A subsequent picture showing "Angel Claire" in his far-off South American home, reading the letter, is another supremely appealing dramatic touch, which would be impossible in the play itself.

The effect of the moving picture performance of Mrs. Fiske's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," distinctly proves how completely this great artist lives mentally the part she is portraying. As you watch her face, her gestures, her actions, you realize that every movement is the result of her complete possession of the mind of the character she is interpreting. Her face tells the story better than words could do. Mrs. Fiske has shown her ability to visualize her thoughts. There could be no greater test of the real art of acting than this most successful attempt of Mrs. Fiske to portray by the skill of pantomime and emotional feeling a tragedy simple enough in the words of the playwright, but complex in its emotional disentanglement.

Through sheer force of art and by projecting her personality in the character of "Tess," Mrs. Fiske will be able to hold the audience of the moving picture theatre as easily as she has done in the actual stage performance.

The figure which Mrs. Fiske received for this performance was substantial enough to have moved a less mercenary person, even if the prospect of having one's self immortalized in a great character were not of itself a sufficient consideration. However, the real significance of Mrs. Fiske's first appearance in moving pictures will be an obvious effect upon those critics, who admitting her distinction as a great emotional actress, occasionally misunderstood her methods. No one who will see this photoplay will ever question her right to the highest possible distinction for her skill as an artist and above all for her intellectual grasp of emotional feeling.

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STAGE WOMEN, ETC.

(Continued from page 78)

her chin, explaining: "dearie, did he know that a stranger was coming into the room?" She said that she could spend hours playing with her pets and assured me that she liked one of the snakes much better than the others. This was the "dearie" that had struck at me. "Dearie" bit his mistress in the neck a few days later and doctors were hurried to the scene with antidotes for poison. For a time it looked as if it was a serious bite, but Rajah explained: "you see he was jealous. I hadn't petted him all day and I had been making a fuss over the other snakes—and then think of it, some people are stupid enough to say that snakes cannot think!"

Sarah Bernhardt once had a young tiger which she petted and caressed until one day it showed its teeth and claws and the Divine One decided that it would be safer to clap him into a cage and admire him with steel bars between them. Madam Sarah also became quite fond of a big python at one time, but never cared as much for it as for dogs.

Actress or singer, when she is a lady of the stage, she may be counted upon to possess some pet, with the exception of Madam Schumann-Heink, and the famous contralto has been so busily engaged with her ten children, that she has had little time for dogs, cats, zebras and pythons.

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LYDIA KYASHT

(Continued from page 74)

a wayward light. But the rehearsal room is the true home of hard work, exercises, training of limbs, development of muscles, strengthening of sinews, rounding contours, the elimination of fat and brawn, unsightly pair. These are ugly prosaic facts, but essentials, greatest essentials, and begetters of poems—lyrics, sonnets, odes, elegies and monodies of motion. So here is Mlle. Lydia Kyasht's training ground—one hour per day with a tinnny piano.

At home the dancer is quite another little lady. Northwards of London, right out of fog, lies the famous Heath of Hampstead, formerly remarkable for footpads and highwaymen, now, for boisterous suffragette meetings. And northwards still there has sprung up a model little city—a toy city, with white garden fences and golden gravel paths, red and white brick, and much stucco, bassinettes and babies, pretty nurse-maids and flirting little lasses—High School, a little older and a little older than that—newly married couples, and lords and ladies of the theatre. This toy city is Golders Green, and it is verily gold and green—and white and red—but here emerging on sunlit earth, generally *very* sunlit earth, from that turgid pipe to town.

Here it is, in this sunny and golden suburb, that the dancer has a charming home, and here it is that she and her husband make one delightfully welcome and introduce you to a thousand photos of theatrical and other celebrities, and a captivating Russian maid, and delicious Russian food, and the most bewitching bullpups, of pure breed and beautifully ugly.

Here can be seen the art of Mademoiselle, here the womanliness of her and the charm. And the greatest knowledge and pleasure one gains is the fact that Kyasht is as beautiful off the stage and unmade-up as on the stage, tastefully rouged, powdered and carmined. It is a great comfort to know this. There is perhaps nothing so disheartening as to find that idols blindly worshipped are only stage idols, unrealistic, made of footlight glitter, tinsel and cobwebbery, that flicker, fade and puff out like smoke directly the fresh air of Heaven sweeps down and blows away the charm-mist.

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Troubles of a Matinee Idol

(Continued from page 80)

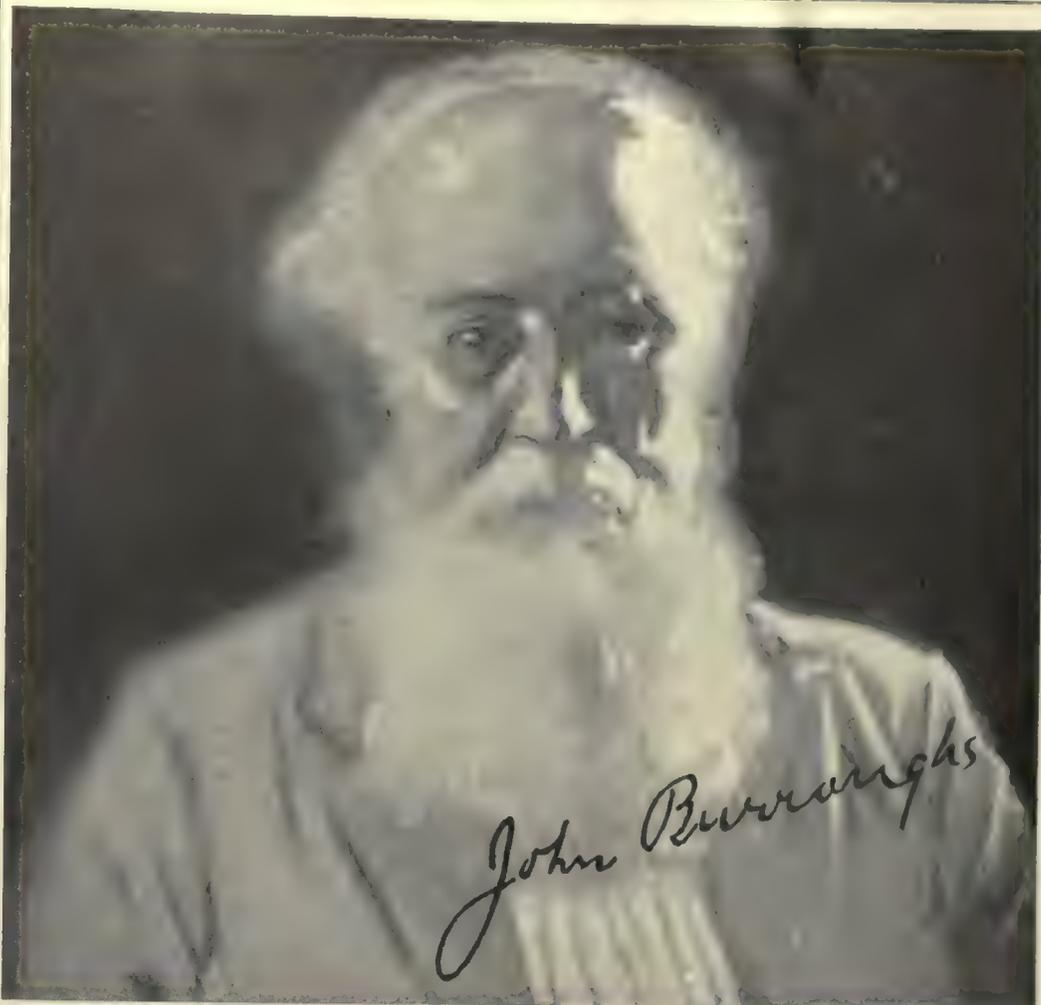
a fat man but he thinks that when fat men are loved it is for their virtues, not their symmetry, and it is not on the stage but off. He must exercise, exercise, exercise! So when he isn't playing golf he is dancing, and while he is dreaming it is not of conquests but of one of those pursuits. For him are no puddings, no gravies, no crisp morning bacon, no turkey stuffing.

"I may starve but I must be thin" is the enforced motto of the matinee idol.

Your preconceived picture of the matinee idol disclosed indolent eyes and a manner bespeaking an easeful life. Donald Brian says that when he was working in a machine shop for seven dollars a week, he worked from nine in the morning until six—he led an easy life, but not now. Not with twenty songs and as many dances and with several hundred speeches, and the dreaded love-making, and all the time thinking of "something new to give them." Many other descriptives might fit it but not "easy." Last summer you had thought of him as lolling in Europe. There was no lolling. He dashed across the ocean and dashed back for rest by deep breathing of sea air. He worked all summer devising dances for the play. He devised fifty before he invented the Futurist Whirl. Meanwhile he grew thinner and more convinced that the life of a matinee idol is a bed from which the rose petals have departed leaving but the thorns.

So he will leave off being an idol as soon as he can. In five years he thinks he can retire to a farm in Maryland or Virginia and write plays. But he wont play in them and he will cease dancing, stop, forget, scorn it. Like dancing? He hasn't learned the tango nor does he turkey trot.

He has had letters. Yes, twenty-five a week or so asking for his autograph. He grants the request and asks for ten cents from the correspondent for the Actors Fund. At any rate the notes from girls don't interest him. He answers them, because, he coolly says, "It's business." But the one of which he is proud, the one which made



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him happy, came from a musty, spectacled, Harvard professor who had seen him in "The Merry Widow."

"You remind me of Courtice Pounds," said the Harvard professor.

Donald Brian would rather resemble the English singer than cause every loyal maiden heart in America to spring from its moorings. From which we may conclude that this most cherished of matinee idols is an ingrate. A. P.

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Montemezzi's New Opera

(Continued from page 68)

vian. Servants have been hidden behind windows and under trap door, instructed to pop out and scare the Baron when he grows sentimental. They do; there is a tumult of confusion and police enter. Faninal and Sophie come, having been sent for; likewise the Princess. There is a general explanation; the Baron receives his conge, the Princess resigns herself to lose Octavian and delivers him to the arms of the yearning Sophie. That is the happy ending—happy for all save the Princess who has reaped the harvest of a middle aged woman in love with a dashing youth of about a third her age.

The dialogue is not for infants and babes, for both it and the situations are pretty broad. But then Strauss was never for prudes, nor is Hofmannsthal. But there is always comedy to relieve the tension of possible disgust. So, all told, it is an effective libretto.

The music begins with a prelude which mirrors what cannot be shown on the stage because of crossing the boundaries of decency, namely the tumultuous love scene between the Princess and Octavian. And from that moment it proceeds, now swiftly, now haltingly, now beautiful in theme and treatment, now irritating in its obvious ugliness, and through it all there thread several waltz themes quite in the manner of the other Strauss. It all makes the impression of having been written by a great musician who is insincere in the practice of his art. Such incidents as the trio and duet of the finale, the arrival of the Rose Bearer and the ensuing duet—these are simply heavenly in their charm. Then there are many incidents that try the patience of the intelligent hearer who realizes that in Strauss there is a master of melody were he to practice it frankly and without affectation. But he will not and does not, for he interrupts a lyric mood with hideous tonal grimace of discord—as though he feared to write beautiful music. Of his skill there are here unceasing examples, but not even they serve effectually to relieve the tedium of the work. At the Metropolitan there is a full half hour cut from the score, yet it is still too long and would stand shortening by fifteen minutes with great advantage to its popular appeal.

So far as the Metropolitan performance is concerned that was almost flawless. It would take a page of eulogy to set forth in detail the various virtues of the artists concerned. So we must needs be brief. Ober, as Octavian, was superb—a great artist in a great rôle. As the Princess, Frieda Hempel surprised everyone, for her singing and interpretation are among the most beautiful work ever seen and heard at this opera house—a real exhibition of artistry; Goritz, as Baron Ochs, was wonderful in his comedy, and his reading of this rôle is shorn of many of the brutalities suggested by book and music. Weil, as Faninal, was excellent—and so were the numberless smaller characters. Alfred Hertz conducted a superb performance and deserved the laurels he received. In short, it was a gala evening.

For the rest of the month opera repetitions have been the order of the day. One of the important features was the return of Geraldine Farrar to this ensemble, after an enforced rest of a month, caused by grippe. She is now fully restored vocally and is a great delight histrionically. Then there have been performances of "Siegfried" and "Die Walküre" with new scenery, the latter having proven to be marvels of scenic art. The concert rooms, too, have been crowded with recitals, broken only by the lull of Christmas holidays. But these have all dwindled into insignificance beside the two opera premières described at length above for they have been the real features of the month, representing as they do the most important musical offerings of modern Germany and Italy. The works themselves and the performances even more so, reflect much credit on the consulship of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, artistic dictator of the Metropolitan Opera House.

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JULES CLARETIE

(Continued from page 72)

important rôles, and to familiarize the public with their names?

Claretie was kind enough a man to have thought of them individually, to have given them their chance; and he was wise enough to have adopted this means of creating, without offending anyone, a company of young players well and better trained as the Comédie has ever been able to boast of since Molière's time. That may be Jules Claretie's greatest charm to glory, to have left in the hands of his successor not only the old, justly revered "Chefs d'emploi" or "stars" as we would call them here, but also a number of young artists already prominent, loved by the public and well capable, thanks to their early training to step into the foot-prints of their elders when the time comes.

Shortly after his appointment to the administration of the François, in 1888, Claretie was elected a member of the Académie Française, or the strength of his literary work. Neither his novels nor his plays show any great sign of originality, of depth, nor any particular ability to draw general conclusions from particular instances. He was neither a poet nor a philosopher, but a rather clever dramatist and an entertaining narrator. His writing is clean, careful, literary. All the genteel qualities of his nature are to be found in his works, and nothing more.

His death leaves the crowd of French "littérateurs" to fight for the ascension to the veteran's chair among the circle of the "Forty Immortals."

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Farrar Discovers a Mozart Gem. Alleluja Mozart.

The earliest examples of the motet are probably the ones written about 1300 B. C. by de Vitricaco, and some of these are preserved in the *Librairie* at Paris. The Mozart motets, which have only recently been saved from oblivion by enterprising German publishers, are most of them very beautiful examples of the earlier works of the composer.

Miss Farrar deserves the thanks of every lover of Mozart for her revival of this gem from the "Exultate."

A Scotch Ballad by Gadski. Annie Laurie, Scott.

It is pleasant to know that there really was an Annie Laurie once—more than two hundred years ago—a blooming lassie, who was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. She was famous for her beauty, which inspired one of her admirers (Douglass of Finland) to write the verses. The present melody is by Lady John Scott, and is known and loved wherever music is known. Mme. Gadski sings this dear old air charmingly, giving the first two verses.

A Superb New "Meditation" by Elman. Thais, *Meditation*, Massenet.

An Aida Number by Matzenauer. Aida, *Return Victorious!* Verdi.

Schumann-Heink Sings an English Ballad. The Kerry Dance, Molloy.

James Lyman Molloy, who died recently at the age of seventy-four, was one of England's greatest ballad composers. Great, because he wrote charming songs full of melody and sentiment, which touched the hearts of the plain people.

Hamlin Sings the Favorite Siciliana. Cavalleria Rusticana, *Siciliana*, Mascagni.

This melodious serenade, almost the only cheerful spot in Mascagni's passionate and tragic operatic melodrama, is effectively given by Mr. Hamlin, with an excellent harp accompaniment by Francis Lapitino.

Amato Revives a Forgotten Verdi Opera. I Due Foscari (*The Two Foscari*) ("My Beating Heart"), Verdi.

A Summary of a Flood of Plays.

Joseph P. Bickerton, managing director of the New Era Producing Company, received in two weeks, ending December 8th, one hundred and twenty-five plays and musical comedies. None of these came from play brokers. They were divided as follows: Six were two-act plays, eighty were three-act plays, twenty-two were four-act plays, eleven were five-act plays, four were six-act plays, one was a seven-act play and one an eight-act play.

Seventy of these plays were sex dramas, of which fifty-four could be classified as lewd, off color and salacious. Of these, thirty-nine dealt with the white slave question, four were romantic dramas, three dealt with biblical subjects, two were outdoor pageants, fifteen discussed political and labor questions, one was a eugenic drama, if such we might call a play dealing with the law of eugenics.

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The Yellow Ticket

(Continued from page 64)

my country will not be far behind America in a movement to better condition.

"The central idea of 'The Yellow Ticket' is based on a real fact. To one seeing the play it will be almost impossible to believe that such things happen in this enlightened age. Beyond a question the portions of the play based on hard facts will appear more improbable than the fiction in it. But this is natural where the actual conditions in Russia are not known.

"The 'yellow ticket' itself is an actuality. It is a license card issued to prostitutes, whom the government recognizes. But the more gruesome fact is this: no Jewish girl living in the pale of settlement can leave it for any place whatever, no matter how urgent the necessity, unless she procures a yellow ticket.

"Can you conceive of it? Just consider! A Jewish girl, wishing to go to a sick father, husband, brother, or to go somewhere and secure an education in order to better herself, must sell her soul and be robbed of all worth while in life!

"American women are known for their strength of purpose when they set out to a certain goal. Let them take hold of this and wipe out this blot on womanhood—this disgrace of the twentieth century.

"I was forced to write 'The Yellow Ticket.' I did not approach it from any material consideration whatever. In fact, when Lucian Wolf told me of the fact of it I was hard at work on another play from which I expected to reap large returns. It never occurred to me any manager would look at such a play as this, therefore I offered it to no one.

"Still, it was knocking at my brain day and night. One day I was talking to Mr. Wood about other interests and happened to mention that an idea with which I was obsessed was lessening my enthusiasm for the work I had in hand. Sure it would amount to nothing in his mind, I refused to divulge the reason of my mental alienation.

"By this reticence I innocently aroused all his American, enterprising nosiness. He scented a sensation instantly and insisted upon knowing my secret. Divulged, it didn't take long to get in. He pounced upon it like a hungry wolf. There was no time lost, you may be sure, in plans for its production.

"This a play for people who practice their religion. I'm sure it was inspired. The actors are not going about it as they usually rehearse things. There is an intense undercurrent of feeling impelling them and a serious effort breathing through their efforts.

"'The Yellow Ticket' is life. It is real experience—the only kind of a play that is a play. It is a clear call of 'down with race prejudice and creeds which separate men from men!' And after all, why not? We're all the same! In the breast of the world there beats but one heart.

"In the end public opinion governs government. Therefore it is important that everybody should know conditions as they exist.

There is a feeling in Russia ever deepening—an evidence of a modern expression of the people—which the bureaucracy is trying to keep down. The people are saying: 'By divine right we are men!' The bureaucracy are saying: 'By divine right we are masters!' 'The Yellow Ticket' puts the case before the American people, calling upon them to decide."

Michel Morton started out in life as an actor. Thus legitimately he learned the technique of the drama. Add to this practical experience the dramatic vision which was his birthright—his mother possessing the dramatic nature though she never wrote a line—and you're sure to produce a playwright of the first water.

He was born in England of English parents but spent ten or twelve years in the United States. He's a regular storage battery of energy and blames the vitalizing American air he breathed during those formative years for the distressing fact that he can't rest but has to keep eternally at it!

He insists that America is the most dramatic country in the world and for that reason we should have the greatest stage. Our only drawback is our foolish hurry. We ache to get things out where we can see what they look like, quick! That attitude of mind doesn't produce great art. A play has to grow. It has to be lived a thousand times.

Finally, this whole-souled, far-seeing man, who has defended woman so vitally in "The Yellow Ticket," unconsciously, by his attitude toward the woman he has chosen for his own, paid a lovely tribute to all womanhood. In an effort to find something on his desk he was tossing his papers,

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at first helplessly then hopelessly about. At last, giving up the search in despair, he sighed pathetically: "My wife was unable to come with me and I am lost, absolutely lost without her! She keeps my life in order so I can work. She thinks of my neckties, and where I put my notes and of packing trunks and things! This experience is dreadful!"

Then he smiled in tender reminiscences: "Ah! no man ever worked to his ideals without the right woman—*n'est-ce pas?*" MAUD PINGREE.

The London *Times* recently published the vigorous protest by Chief Rabbi Hertz regarding the inconceivable conditions surrounding women in Russia:

"The gratitude of all right-thinking people will go out to the International Congress for the suppression of the white slave traffic. For such a gathering to be participated in by the Russian Government, whose policy is deliberately directed towards the manufacture of women of ill-fame, is an insult to the representatives of all other governments and institutions who were present. The course pursued by the Russian Government is briefly as follows: The six million Jews of the Russian Empire are confined to the very limited area of the towns of Poland and of the Pale of Settlement, excepting a few unfortunates, who, although of the Jewish race and religion, are permitted to reside and travel wherever they wish within the dominions of the Czar. To secure this privilege, Jewesses must obtain a yellow ticket. Jewish women students and teachers do not possess freedom of movement and residence. In order to obtain freedom to pursue their studies at some university outside of the Pale, or to earn their living by means of teaching, many Russian Jewesses have applied for and obtained the yellow ticket. In the past the Russian officials have considered it sufficient to watch any Jewish girl or woman who was suspected of obtaining the yellow ticket merely as a disguise and of promptly deporting her to the Pale if she was found leading a respectable life. Recently a new course has been adopted. Russian police acting with the cognisance of their superiors, have tracked down Jewish girls living outside the Pale under the protection of the yellow ticket, and have forcibly outraged them with the intention of bringing their actual life into line with their nominal calling. That such a course can be pursued by the representatives of a European Government will appear inconceivable and the foregoing will probably be read with incredulity."

A year ago Professor A. V. Dicey wrote: "Jewish unfortunates are the only class to whom the whole Empire is open. Jewish girls, it is said, have been driven to accept this hideous privilege in order to acquire the domiciliary freedom necessary to their career as teacher or student, and have taken the yellow ticket, which is the badge of degradation, and Jewish girls have been cynically banished on the formal ground that instead of abandoning themselves to vice they were making a living by teaching or by attendance at lectures." This statement has been before the British public for a year, and no serious attempt has been made to refute it, despite challenges issued to the representatives of the Russian Government in this country. It may therefore be considered proved. It now rests with the British public and especially the women of England to express their abhorrence of legislation directed to the manufacture of unfortunates and of the government responsible for that legislation. A moral responsibility rests upon the people of this country in this matter, on account of the close political friendship which at present subsists between the two nations, and the moral support of the British people which the Russian Government thereby receives in all its action.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 68)

that his script went through various hands with varying fortunes until its idea was finally handed over to Percy MacKaye, who devised the present poetical and practical version.

Romance is its note. The background is China. The progressing factor is the familiar band of Italian strollers who, banished for want of critical appreciation at home, seek a new locale for the exercise of their talents. This makes for the prologue outside the gates of Peking. Every suitor for the hand of the Emperor's daughter, Turandot, is asked to expound certain riddles proposed by her. He who succeeds wins her hand. Those who fail are to have their heads cut off. The operation of this rule is to last for a year and



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Loki confessed to Thor afterward that he had deceived the god by enchantments, saying, "Hugi was my thought, and what speed can ever equal his?"

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a day. Capocomico, the strollers' leader, agrees to cure Turandot's aversion to matrimony on this the last day of the agreement if the Emperor will abdicate in his favor for twenty-four hours. If he fails he is to lose his own head. Capocomico finds that Turandot's heart is set upon a beggar, in reality, Calaf, Prince of Astrakham, whose father was executed by the Emperor and to whom she had given a rose. Capocomico teaches the Prince, now pretending to be a Prince of Belochistan, how to answer the riddles. Turandot, however, will have none of him. Calaf, however, in a spirit of chivalry, agrees to renounce her if she guesses his real name. This, by a magic philter supplied by Capocomico, she succeeds in doing, but when she finds he is really her beggar lover all is satisfactorily adjusted. A kingdom is offered Capocomico but all he will accept is the lover's withered rose.

This fantasy is charming in every respect. MacKaye's dialogue is instinct with imagination, humor and poetical charm. The construction is sound and the scenes highly effective in their varying requirements. William Furst's musical accompaniment is an adjunct of value, while the stage settings, painted and constructed under the Reinhardt formula, are models of artistic loveliness and accomplishment. The lighting is truly beautiful as are the costumes and appointments, and it is a highly intelligent and capable company entrusted with the impersonation.

GARRICK. "ELIZA COMES TO STAY." Comedy in three acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced on January 7th with this cast:

Hon. Sandy Verrall, H. V. Esmond; Alexander Stoop Verrall, Fred Grove; Montague Jordan, Harry Ashford; Herbert, Arthur Hambling; Porter, Selsie J. Banks; Lady Pennybrooke, Estelle Despa; Vera Lawrence, Marion Courtnay; Mrs. Allaway, Constance Groves; Eliza, Eva Moore.

Henry V. Esmond has a right to expect a welcome in America. He contributed to our enjoyment, the memory of which will last long, with "When We Were Twenty-one," at the time when Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott were active together and considerably younger than they are to-day. The play is slight. Perhaps the principal character has more meaning in England than here, but even the superficial side of "Eliza Comes to Stay" is entertaining enough. The idea is old enough, but it is not any older in this play than it is in some of the other plays with which Mr. Esmond's play has been compared as if it owed something to them. Plays in which a bachelor unexpectedly has to take charge of a girl, unexpectedly finds her grown or falls in love with her after she is grown are not uncommon.

GLOBE. "QUEEN OF THE MOVIES." Musical comedy in three acts based on the German of Julius Freund and George Okonowski. Book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough; music by Jean Gilbert. Produced on January 12th with this cast:

Mrs. Clutterbuck, Jeanette Horton; Anne Clutterbuck, Alice Dovey; Prof. Clutterbuck, Frank Moulan; Baron de Gardennes, John Goldsworthy; Bobby Lopp, James Redmond; Billy Hilton, Felix Adler; Celia Gill, Valli Valli; Croker, Dan Collyer; Louise, Lillian West.

The success of a musical comedy is so comparative, even where it is positive, that the degree of that success cannot be conveyed in the report of it. "The Queen of the Movies" has such an abundance of good things in it that little bits of stupidity and inadequacy can be overlooked. The book is sometimes stupid, stupid in the sense that it has occasional slow passages which are not at all in the spirit of musical comedy. But these things are trifles, with ample indemnity in the other features. It would seem impossible for any comic opera to fail, in view of the many capable people employed on it and in it. Here is an opera with the book by Glen MacDonough, based on the German of Julius Freund and George Okonowski, with music by Jean Gilbert, the ensemble numbers by Julian Mitchell and the dialogue by Henry Gresham. This last item would seem to invite curious enquiry how it is possible for the book to be by Glen MacDonough, the dialogue by Gresham. It may be conjectured that Mr. Gresham contributed some of the bright lines. At all events, when Prof. Joseph Clutterbuck frankly admits that he has a few opinions, but adds that they are all in the name of his "wife," we know at once that Prof. Clutterbuck himself never had such a happy thought. No mention is made of a special composer of the lyrics, consequently we assume that they were done by Glen MacDonough. There are two or three songs and dances of the kind that give long life to operas of this sort.

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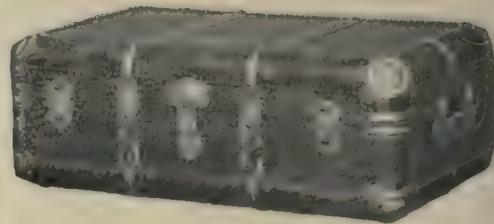
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BELASCO. "THE SECRET." Play in three acts by Henri Bernstein. Produced on December 23rd with this cast:

Constant Jannelot, Basil Gill; Charlie Ponta Tulli, Robert Warwick; Denis Le Guern, Frank Reicher; Joseph, John F. Brown; Gabrielle Jannelot, Frances Starr; Henriette Durand, Marguerite Leslie; Clotilde De Savageat, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh; Marie, Beatrice Reinhardt.

Henri Bernstein's latest play, "The Secret," in the hands of David Belasco, will secure public attention to some extent because of its good fortune in being produced by a manager who gets the full artistic value of everything. That the play had its original production in Paris, with Mme. Simone in the part now played by Frances Starr, has an element of interest in it, for we would expect that the play and its performance would be bettered at the Belasco Theatre. Without prejudice to Mme. Simone, not having seen her performance, we cannot believe that she could be as effective in the part as Frances Starr. However that may be, it is certain that the revelation of almost unsuspected capabilities in Frances Starr, made it worth Mr. Belasco's while to reproduce the play here; the play itself written, of course, with consummate skill, is hardly worth the while. It has the well-built scenes and strong situations characteristic of Bernstein, but the interest centers in the one character, and she in no degree interesting in so far as any sympathetic liking for her is concerned. This character is a young married woman, a Parisienne, of course, whose happiness with her husband is emphasized by the dramatist in the very first scenes of the play, in which there is much osculation between man and wife. The action starts off as if the play were to be about domestic purity and loyalty. The charming young wife does not even lose our liking when, with her worldly wisdom, with the intent of making her bosom friend happy in her life, she counsels her to keep back a secret of her own life from the worthy man she is about to marry. The intended husband had made it a condition that his wife should not have had any doubtful moments in her past. The marriage takes place. It is after this point that Bernstein turns the whole action into a study of feminine character in one woman. The young woman who had made her friend happy by making the marriage possible now becomes jealous of that happiness. By her intermeddling, in various ways, she destroys the very happiness she had had a hand in creating. The troubles which she sets in motion presently encircle her, and it is only after much prayer on her part and intercession in her favor that her husband becomes reconciled to her after he had thrown her off altogether. It is not a pleasant psychological study. There is not a moment, however, in the action of Miss Starr that does not afford a fascinating study of her personality and capabilities, much more interesting than the psychology of Bernstein.

LYCEUM. "THE LAND OF PROMISE." Play in four acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced on December 25th with this cast:

Norah Marsh, Billie Burke; Edward Marsh, Lumsden Hare; Gertrude Marsh, Lillian Kingsbury; Frank Taylor, Shelley Hull; Reginald Hornby, Norman Tharp; Benjamin Trotter, Thomas Reynolds; Sidney Sharp, Barnett Parker; Emma Sharo, Marion Abbott; James, Wickham, Henry Warwick; Dorothy Wickham, Gladys Morris; Agnes Pringle, Mildred Orme; Clement Wynne, Leopold Lane; Kate, Selma Hall.

The value of personality in acting is made very manifest in two of the productions made by Mr. Charles Frohman, with Miss Maude Adams in the Barrie play and Miss Billie Burke in the Maugham play, "The Land of Promise." The Maugham play is in no wise fantastic. It is a play of real concerns in life. Except for its atmosphere its story could be duplicated in any civilized land. The atmosphere, however, of Western Canada does give the play considerable novelty. Mr. Maugham has recently proclaimed that there is no longer any dramatic technique and that every modern dramatist exercises his own. We fail to see in this play any technical novelty of this kind; but we do see in it very great excellence of the customary kind. Mr. Maugham has individuality. He writes just like any other trained dramatist, using exactly the same technique all real dramatists do who are free from conventionality. In this play a young woman who had been acting as secretary and companion for a rich woman, expecting her to leave her a considerable bequest when she dies finds herself unmentioned in the will. She refuses to be dependent on the beneficiaries of that will, and goes to the Land of Promise, Canada, where she has a brother, to make her own way. She is treated harshly in her new home. In washing the dishes she breaks a plate, has a quarrel with her sister-in-law, who demands that she apologize for some words she uses in the quarrel. She refuses to do so publicly when the hired man and others who were present are summoned to hear her

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apology. It is certain that she will find it difficult or almost impossible to secure employment or a new home that would better her condition in this sparsely settled country, and she announces her willingness to marry the hired man, with whom she had had some playful and, on her side, contemptuous discussion about marriage. She goes to the shack of this uncultivated man, after a hasty marriage with him. He takes the upper hand, when she seems unwilling to submit to the conditions and refuses to wash the dishes. She even goes so far as to refuse to acknowledge her wifely relation to him. He tries to force her to obedience. She aims a gun at him and pulls the trigger, but fortunately the gun is not loaded. This is a very powerful scene. In the next act she has received a remittance of several hundred dollars, which would enable her to leave her husband and return to England, but in the meanwhile her love for her husband has been developed; and Maugham works it out very delicately to the point where she makes a confession of it. Not only is the play well produced in every detail, but in the person of Billie Burke we have one of the very few actresses who could give the play its present life.

WINTER GARDEN. "THE WHIRL OF THE WORLD." In two acts; dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge, music by Sigmund Romberg. Produced on January 10th with this cast:

Jacques, George Moon; Beppo, Daniel Morris; Viola, May Boley; Steward, Eugene Howard; Sammy Meyers, Willie Howard; M. Archambault, Louis J. Cody; Marquis Tullyrand, Ralph Herz; Claudie, Arthur Welsley; Jack Phillips, Bernard Granville; General Pavlo, Laurence Grant; Archie Piccadilly, Lawrence Ward; Bertie Strand, Robert Ward; Pierre, Harry Delf; Francois, Lester Sheehan; Fifi, Lillian Lorraine; Olivia, Rozsika Dolly; Nanette, Juliette Lippe; Annette, Trixie Raymond.

A riot of color—a host of pretty women—good music and songs more or less intoxicating—sums up in a few words the new production at the Winter Garden. No effort nor money have been spared to make the show both lively and artistic, and if any criticism is to be made, it is as to the length of the performance. Some pruning here and there would help considerably. To describe the plot would be as difficult as finding the proverbial needle in a haystack, but there are so many good features that the whole show is a genuine delight. Ralph Herz was welcomed back to Broadway and his two monologues were very well done indeed. Lillian Lorraine looked very pretty and that is the best thing that can be said of her.

Walter Kelly, who seems to have been sandwiched in the show for no particular reason, is very amusing in his Virginia court room scene. The hit of the evening, however, was the dancing. All of it was enjoyable, but Lydia Kyasht, who comes from the Empire Theatre, London and Serge Litavkin of the Russian Ballet were simply wonderful. Miss Kyasht is a terpsichorean artist belonging in the same class with Adeline Genee, Pavlowa and Lopoukova.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "WE ARE SEVEN." Farce in three acts by Eleanor Gates. Produced on December 24th with this cast:

Peter Avery, William Raymond; Philip Martin, Richard Barbee; Samuel Lawrence, W. H. Gilmore; Thaddeus Morrison, Harrison Fowler; Henry Booth, William Moran; Col. Robert Avery, Russ Whytal; Levinia Connaughton, Effie Ellsler; Diantha Kerr, Bessie Barriscale; Salisbury Duval, Robert P. Gibbs; Dr. Fanni Grant.

Eleanor Gates' new play, "We Are Seven," remained at the Maxine Elliott Theatre two weeks only. It should have been kept there all winter. A young woman with advanced ideas as to marriage is interested, with her rich aunt, in charity work. She seeks an escort for her trips, and makes the stipulation that he must be deaf and dumb. She doesn't want any foolishness from him. A young clerk presents himself, as deaf and dumb, and is accepted. It follows, as a matter of course, that she finds in him her ideal husband. We have had the quaint idea from her that she dreamed of her future children. They were realities to her. She had given them names. There were to be seven of them. In the performance of his duty as companion and secretary to the young woman, the eugenic idealist, the young man is hard put to it to keep up his pose as a deaf mute. Of course, he overhears everything. His laughter on one occasion almost betrays him. A very curious effect is got at the very close by the appearance on the window shade of the shadows of the seven children, step-ladder fashion.

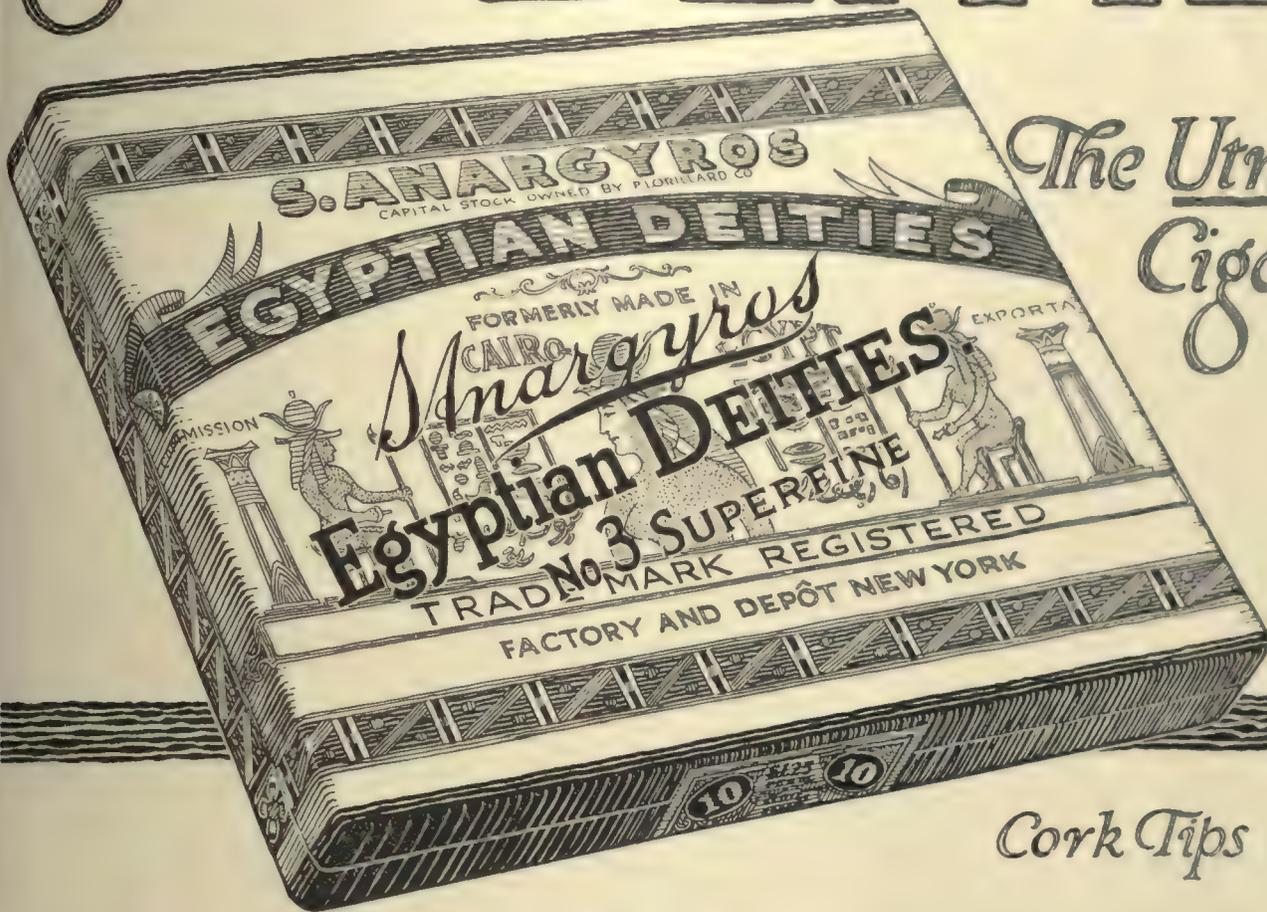
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "DON'T WEAKEN." Comedy in three acts by Walter Hackett. Produced on January 14th with this cast:

Duncan Price, Earle Brown; Alexander Travis, Joseph Brennan; Roland Kent, Wallace Worsley; Richard Steele, Charles Lane; James Meredith, Robert Kelly; William Cannon, A. Hylton Allen; Samuel Marvin, Charles Wyn-gate; Ethel Travis, Renee Kelly; Mrs. Kent, Marion Lorne; Mrs. Cannon, Rose Lubonn; Maid, Eleanor Hines.

The play entitled "Don't Weaken," by Walter

(Continued on page 104)

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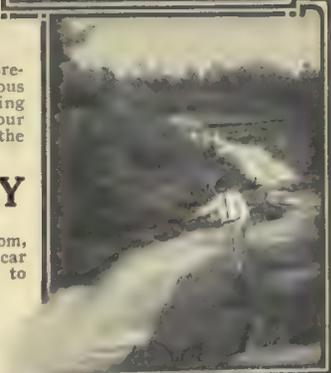
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French Drama in New York

MANY times within the last ten or fifteen years the question has been raised whether there was a place in New York for a theatre purely French, where professional French actors would present French dramas, classic and modern, to a French audience. Several attempts have been made without success. They were hardly heard of outside of a very limited circle, and, honestly, there was not much to recommend them to a more general attention.

The year of grace, 1914, has brought forth a thing quite different, more artistic, more solid in every way, which, according to all appearances, bears the germ of life within itself: THE FRENCH DRAMA SOCIETY.

The artistic direction of it is in the very able hands of a young woman of brains, talent, beauty and executive ability: Madame Yorska. Born in this country of a Russian father and a French mother, she was taken to Paris when quite a baby, and has lived there nearly all her life. Her temperament, her tastes, inclined her toward the stage; and her parents had the rare wisdom not to counteract her aspirations, but to aid them.

As a very young girl, Madame Yorska returned to this country to begin her stage career. She played in Western cities, in English. But she soon realized that she needed more training, more "school," in order to become a great artist. So she returned to Paris, studied under Sarah Bernhardt for two years, joined the Bernhardt company subsequently, and played classical as well as modern parts under Madame Sarah's illuminative direction. Later she was engaged by Antoine at the Second National Theatre, the Odéon, and from there she went to Brussels to play leading rôles at the Théâtre Royal du Parc. Thence she returned to New York once more to join forces with those who were laying the plans for a French theatre here. The idea of its creation had been warmly applauded by Sarah Bernhardt during her last visit to America. With the great tragedienne's encouragement and Madame Yorska's help the originators of the plan continued preparing the ground and organizing.

Miss Beverly Sitgreaves' active interest in the formation of the new society was a precious asset. A personal friend of Madame Bernhardt's, very popular among New York society people and much appreciated as an actress, she was able to give valuable suggestions and to awaken interest among those whose patronage seemed most desirable. Being the only American actress whose French was perfect enough to allow her to act in that language in Paris, she had naturally followed attentively everything in the way of a French stage that had been attempted here. She knew the situation for having studied it closely for years, and she had come to the conviction that a French theatre would never succeed in New York if it catered to and depended on the rather limited French population alone.

It appears now that the object of the French Drama Society is to create a larger interest, among Americans who are familiar with the French language and those who are students of it, in the language and the drama of France, and to give them an opportunity to see the foremost dramatic productions of Paris in the original, presented by players of French temperament and training.

The appeal of the society found ready response on Fifth Avenue and Riverside Drive, at Columbia University and in the high schools, as well as among American players and lovers of the drama. Mr. Winthrop Ames was one of the first to subscribe, and Miss Ethel Barrymore and Miss Mary Shaw are among the patronesses, with Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

The society gives a new performance every week, every Monday afternoon, following a dress rehearsal before an invited public on Sunday night.

The company works hard all week for these unique performances. It is good to see that there are still some few players in the world who devote themselves to art for art's sake. Out of the profits of one evening a week it is hardly possible that they receive much of a salary! Yet they do their daily work steadfastly, conscientiously, rehearsing mornings and afternoons for the following Monday, and evenings for the Monday thereafter. Madame Yorska is with the company continually, rehearsing, directing, supervising everything, to the minutest details. There is never a thing that she finds below her dignity to do herself, and during performances, when she is not "on," one may find her "making the wind" or other stage noises in the wings. From Sarah Bernhardt she has learned that the secret of youth, of happiness, of success, lies in activity, constant activity not only of the brain but of the hands also. She gives her company the good example, and as she is always full of cheer and good fellowship, everyone loves her and follows where she leads. The harmony among the members of the company; the able direction of a real artist who, by the way, has also become a popular figure in New York society as the wife of Count Venturini; the steadily increasing interest of what the city counts of wealth and brains; and the decidedly artistic character of the productions should be a guarantee of success for the French Drama Society. If all the promises of this first season are fulfilled, we may expect to see the French Players announce regular performances in one of the Broadway theatres next autumn. To all those interested in the French language and the manifestations of French dramatic art 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

According to the French custom, a one act play usually precedes the longer piece on the program of the society. The first offering was Henry Bataille's very beautiful play "La Vierge Folle," in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for some unexplainable reason, failed to arouse interest on Broadway two seasons ago, but which is nevertheless one of the dramas of recent years that will remain when so many other pieces that meet with temporary success have fallen into oblivion. "The Foolish Virgin" was preceded by François Coppée's little poetic masterpiece, "Le Passant."

F. C. F.



Mme. Yorska



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(Continued from page 100)

Hackett, produced by Brady and Broadhurst, protests a little too much, perhaps, with its descriptive title "an optimistic comedy." It is optimistic in that its idea is that he succeeds best in life who is hopeful and confident. The story is effective but of small value. The business transaction whereby the young man gains his fortune is not brought out clearly. The play was acted with spirit by capable people.

CASINO. Anna Held occupied the Casino for a week with a variety entertainment, she herself appearing in an operetta entitled, "Mlle. Baby." We are constrained to say that her own share in the entertainment, in an operetta adapted to certain tastes, with the usual complement of dancing girls, with music and song, is not to be commended. In one of the scenes in front of the house of the actress of the play the shadowed outlines of a woman dressing are seen, and suddenly the curtain snaps up showing the lower half of the process of making the toilet, and in a manner hardly proper for public exhibition. The one feature of the bill that had real merit was George Beban in his play, "The Sign of the Rose." In this little play and in Beban's performance, we have a remarkable achievement in pathos and fidelity to life. A poor Italian is suspected of being the kidnapper of a child, when he really comes to the shop to buy a single rose, with a few pennies, to lay on the breast of his only child, a little girl, who had been killed by the automobile of the very people who suspected him. Another feature of the bill, some Japanese juggling, was excellent.

COMEDY. The programme during the declining days of "The Marriage Game," at the Comedy, was augmented by the reappearance of that fiery actress Mimi Aguglia, whose volcanic efforts in the Sicilian drama stirred New Yorkers some years since at the Broadway. After a most successful tour of South America the Italian came back to present herself in something other than local exhibitions of passion, lust and blood. The elements were the same if the environment was different, for it was as Salome in a version of Oscar Wilde's tragedy of that name that she gave vent to that torrential volume of power and force, which she so commands if not controls. The Latin enthusiasm was still there at its height and as a result there was nothing lacking for fire, feeling and sensuous display in her impersonation of the woman who danced before Herod that the head of John the Baptist might be her reward.

LIBERTY. "SARI." Operetta in two acts by Julius Wilhelm and Fritz Grunbaum; English book and lyrics by C. C. S. Cushing and E. P. Heath; music by Emmerich Kalman. Produced on January 13th with this cast:

Pali Racz, Van Rensselaer Wheeler; Laczi, J. Humbird Duffey; Sari, Mizzi Hajos; Klari, Eva Ball; Joska Fekete, Karl Stall; Juliska Fekete, Blanche Duffield; Gaston, Charles Meakins; Cadeaux, Harry Davenport; Count Estragon, Wilmuth Merkyl.

Mr. Savage's production of "Sari" is one of the most welcome additions to our entertainment of this season. Its motto, "Victorious ever is Youth," is peculiarly applicable to this opera, while the spirit of it is true of every opera. In the story, a famous gypsy musician, with a right to be proud of his fame and his achievements, disregards the genius, proficiency and new ideas of his son, and looks lightly on his going to Paris to introduce his art. He does not realize that old age has diminished his own powers, and when he himself goes to Paris and witnesses the triumph of his son at court, and finds that his own playing on the violin no longer arouses enthusiasm, he yields to the inevitable, recognizing the superiority of his son, and, a broken old man, gives him his blessing. He has also to surrender a dream of love. He had engaged himself to a girl of his village, who had in the meantime fallen in love with his son. Here is a consistent story, something that is new in modern opera. The music by Emerich Callan is delightful, with its gypsy joyousness and wiseness, with passages of pathos. Little Sari is no other than Mizzie Hajos, who has appeared in one or two productions here within the last year or so and who did not at all fit in with the opera adapted from Channing Pollock's "Such a Little Queen." In the present venture she has come into her own, giving a revelation of unsuspected charm, naturalness and art. With the Count she has a most unique dance, the "Hazazaa," Hungarian to the toes and heels of her boots. This alone makes her and the operetta worth seeing.

LYRIC. "OMAR, THE TENTMAKER." Persian play in three acts by Richard Walton Tully, based on the life, times and Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Produced on January 13th with this cast:

(Continued on page 106)



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Thea. 2-14

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(Continued from page 104)

Nizam-ni-mulk, Fred Eric; Hassan Ben Sabbah, Lee Baker; Omar Khayyam, Guy Bates Post; Mahruss, John Hunter Booth; Little Shireen, Louise Grassler; The Evil Banou, Jane Salisbury; The Christian Slave, Charles Francis; The Mudjtahed, Augustus Post; The Mullah, H. G. Carlton; The Hodja, Bouve Southern; The Water-Seller, J. A. Osborne; An Assassin, Louis Reinhart.

It was pitilessly demonstrated earlier in the season that a fortune invested in scenery and appointments for a play lacking in dramatic qualities is literally money thrown away. It is much to be feared that none too rosy a fate awaits "Omar, the Tentmaker," produced at the Lyric, on a scale of lavish splendor deserving of a much happier medium. It was inevitable that after the epidemic of crook and white slave plays there should be a return to the normal and that romance and poetry should once more find a place in the general theatrical scheme. In this field Richard Walton Tully has, with the aid of the Rubaiyat sought to evolve a Persian play based on the life times and writings of the immortal Khayyam. In parts he has charmingly succeeded. Elsewhere he has not lived up to his values and the result is a confusing one. The prologue happens in the outer court of Iman Mowaffak, teacher of the holy writ, under whom Omar is a student. Omar is in love with his master's daughter, Shireen, who is promised to the shah. After a scene not unlike the balcony one in "Romeo and Juliet," Omar persuades his passion to spend with him "one dear bought hour of love." This is the act of the play. The setting is truly beautiful in its opulence of romantic detail and pictorial adjustment. Then follows a lapse of eighteen years. The scene shifts to Naishapur and we see the poet in his bibulous stage. He is the protector of Shireen's daughter not knowing till later that he is her father. Then follow a riot of melodramatic action that bears little on the story and leads to much confusion.

The intent, however, is so sincere and praiseworthy that it is much to be regretted that a higher need of praise may not be poured out. The utilization of the Omarian verse is most happily employed and there is vigor and dramatic fervor to much of the original contribution, but the want of cohesion is a great fault. For the production only the highest praise is due. There is beauty in its thought, significance in its sensuous attributes and artistic intelligence speaking out through the every detail, for in these the influence of Wilfred Buckland is plainly evident.

The title rôle is played by Guy Bates Post. Mr. Post is a good, sound, careful actor. All these qualities are brought to bear in his impersonation. But neither romantic fervor nor cynic humor are heavily represented among his histrionic assets. The younger Shireen is acted with ingenuous and convincing sincerity by Louise Grassler, while a thoroughly human and touching rendition of a self-sacrificing Bedouin is contributed by John Hunter Booth. The remainder of the cast varied from mediocrity to sheer incompetency.

LONGACRE. "IOLE." Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Robert W. Chambers and Ben Teal; music by William Frederick Peters. Produced on December 29th with this cast:

Clarence Guilford, Frank Lalor; Lionel Frawley, Stewart Baird; George Wayne, Carl Gantvoort; Harrow, Rexford Kendrick; Lethbridge, Roydon Keith; Stuyvesant Briggs, Leslie Gaze; Hiram, George Gorman; Archibald Bunn, Craig Lee; Rawley Bunn, W. E. Hovell; Iole, Fern Rogers; Vanessa, Hazel Kirke; Dione, Mav Ellison; Lissa, Marta Spears; Philodice, Edna Pentleton; Chlorippe, Edna Temple; Cybele, Anna Vane; Aphrodite, Gretchen Eastman.

It was in his early stages as a writer and before he became pre-eminent as the author of "best sellers" that Robert W. Chambers presented to the public a delicious satire which he called "Iole." Its theatrical possibilities lay dormant for a good decade until, with the assistance of Mr. Ben Teal and Mr. William Frederick Peters, Mr. Chambers turned it into a musical comedy, which Mr. H. H. Frazee recently presented for the first time at the Longacre.

Very charming and gracious fooling it is. Nothing more idyllic could well be pictured than the opening scene. A peach and plum orchard in full bloom perched within the branches of which in pink pajamas are the eight adolescent and pulchritudinous daughters of that rare, old, shrewd and oleaginous poet, Clarence Guilford, whose purport in life is to rear his daughters as close to nature as possible, secure for them eligible husbands and establish for himself a future of indolence, ease and comfort. The presence of available and fraudulent suitors makes for the basis of the intrigue and after the House Beautiful in the country has been exchanged for a mansion in Manhattan, the bucolic surroundings change for the more sophisticated ones of the metropolis, and the value of contrast is established.

Much of the dialogue is well above the average and the interpretation was capital.

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THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS

MARCH, 1914
VOL. XIX NO. 157

THE THEATRE

(TITLE REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



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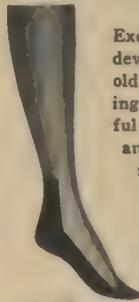


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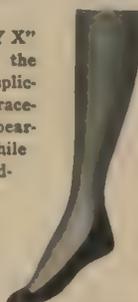
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THE THEATRE

VOL. XIX

MARCH, 1914

No. 157

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



White

Othello
(R. D. MacLean)

Iago
(William Faversham)

Act III. Othello—"If thou dost slander me, and torture her, never pray more"

SCENE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY, "OTHELLO," AS PRESENTED BY MR. FAVERSHAM RECENTLY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



AT THE PLAYHOUSE



LYRIC. "OTHELLO." Tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Produced on February 9th with the following cast:

Duke of Venice.....	Ernest Rowan
Brabantio.....	Arthur Elliot
First Senator.....	Herbert De Guerre
Gratiano.....	Henley Edwards
Lodovico.....	Frank Howson
Othello.....	R. D. MacLean
Cassio.....	Pedro de Cordoba
Iago.....	William Favershaw
Roderigo.....	George C. Somnes
Montana.....	Charles Webster
First Gentleman.....	Herbert De Guerre
Second Gentleman.....	Frank Howson
Third Gentleman.....	Ralph Kemmett
Desdemona.....	Cecilia Loftus
Emilia.....	Constance Collier
Bianca.....	Louise Wakelee Elliot

Lodovico.....	Frank Howson
Othello.....	R. D. MacLean
Cassio.....	Pedro de Cordoba
Iago.....	William Favershaw
Roderigo.....	George C. Somnes
Montana.....	Charles Webster

From the pictorial view-point, scenic and sartorial it was a really exquisite production which William Favershaw effected at the Lyric Theatre of "Othello." In recent years this gorgeous tragedy of malignity, jealousy and revenge has had few revivals, due to the fact that there are few players extant capable of coping with the torrential passion of the noble Moor. In the present case Mr. Favershaw elected to play Iago, and a very youthful, gallant, dashing figure he presented as the wily ancient.

He makes the character a sort of masculine Hedda Gabler, one who plunges into villainy for the sheer love of it. An interesting conception and well sustained in its execution; but five acts of light comedy diabolism begins to pall, especially when Shakespeare's own text gives a real, consistent and insistent motive for Iago's attitude toward the Moor. There are certainly distinct passages in the rôle which call for a show of inward feeling that Mr. Favershaw never hints at. But his is an always picturesque rendition. His reading, too, is excellent in its diction and intelligence of thought. Somewhat old-fashioned but sound, sure and capable is R. D. MacLean as the Moor. There is feeling, too, to the performance which is instinct with dignity.

Cecilia Loftus gave a rendering of Desdemona that was utterly uninspired. Gentle and sweet, it was colorless. Brabantio's daughter is something more than a lay figure. Emilia, with its fine outbursts of feminine indignation needs a greater breadth and sweep than Constance Collier's art contains, but it was a good technical performance, as was that of Pedro de Cordoba in Cassio. His transition from sobriety to inebriety was somewhat abrupt. Arthur Elliot was an excellent Brabantio and the remainder of the cast was intelligently competent, no more.

But to return to the scenery, be it said that Joseph Harker's pictures of Cyprus and Venice are something truly beautiful in design and execution. A more effective series of stage settings has rarely been seen on the American stage.

The arrangement of the text conforms fairly to the conventional; but it could be cut. The introduction of Bianca adds little to the value, while the addition of the last scene of Act IV as preliminary to the ultimate act is distinctly superogatory.

ELTINGE. "THE YELLOW TICKET." Play in three acts by Michael Morton. Produced on January 20th with this cast:

Marjory Seaton.....	Elaine Inescort
John Seaton.....	David Torrence
A Waiter.....	Harry Lillford
Marya Varenka.....	Florence Reed
Julian Rolfe.....	John Barrymore
Baron Stepan Andrey.....	John Mason
Count Nikolai Rostov.....	Julian L'Estrange
Petrov Paviak.....	Macey Harlam
Peter.....	Michael Wilens
Monsieur Zoubatoff.....	Emmett Corrigan

With such dramatic incidents as are provided by tyrannical bureaucratic conditions in present-day Russia, an innocent Jewish heroine, falsely branded as a common prostitute because, owing to religious persecution, she sought the only way possible to go to a dying father, a lecherous baron who seeks to gratify his lust and is killed with a hatpin in the frail hands of the would-be victim, an American journalist who is backed up by the United States Embassy in defying a powerful police official to "railroad" him to Siberia—"The Yellow Ticket" contains all the elements

of stirring drama and could hardly fail to make a popular appeal. Except for the yellow ticket, the circumstances and situations in the play are not new in drama, but the grim reality of conditions and doings in darkest Russia give the play a force and a distinction to which it is entitled. The piece has a remarkable first act, well written and of great strength, but the succeeding acts do not live up to it. There is a marked decline of interest until, in the last act, the play borders perilously on melodrama. But in spite of its obvious defects and shortcomings, the play holds one, a seeming paradox, to be explained no doubt by the unusual excellence of the acting. Every rôle is practically in the hands of a star. Such a cast has seldom been seen on the local boards.

The yellow ticket is a kind of passport or card of identification for women of the streets who may, with this ticket, go from city to city, unmolested. The girl possessing this ticket, Marya Varena, is in reality an innocent, pure-minded girl. Being a Jewess, when she applied for a permit or passport to visit her dying father, she found it impossible to procure one, and was constrained to accept the yellow ticket. At the opening of the play, in St. Petersburg, she is found in the house of a rich Englishman, where she is teaching his daughter the languages, and where she is much admired for her beauty, accomplishments and worth. A young American, a newspaper correspondent, is in love with her. Among the visitors at the house is a baron, who has to do with secret police affairs. Presently an agent of the secret police enters, asks for Marya and demands her passport. The ostensible occasion for this is the belief of the police that Marya has enabled the American newspaper correspondent to get certain detailed information



White ALICE DOVEY and VALLI VALLI
In Act III of "The Queen of the Movies" at the Globe Theatre

which he has sent to his newspaper and which is annoying to the Government. Of course, when the nature of the yellow ticket is disclosed to the British philistines, Marya is ordered to leave the house. She declares her innocence and the circumstances under which she has the ticket. Rolfe, the American correspondent, understands the situation, and expresses to her his belief in her. The Baron also bids her to consider him a friend and to call upon him if she is persecuted. She does call at his home. He, of course, has contrived, through his relations with the police department, to bring this about. His plan is to possess her for his gratification for a while, careless of what may become of her later, and, if her lover, Rolfe, became active in her behalf, to spirit him away to Siberia or dispose of him in some way that would mean his complete disappearance. The blandishments, the force of the Baron fail to gain consent from Marya. The servants have been sent away, and the doors locked. In a struggle with him she kills him with a hat pin, and securing the keys from his body makes her escape. Marya is arrested and is about to be sent to Siberia, when Rolfe, who now appears at the quarters of the police, and is about to be spirited away himself, plays a winning hand by having provided that he be called up by telephone from the American Embassy at a certain moment. The police official thinks better of his plans, and in order to avoid further trouble, permits Marya and Rolfe to go, with the injunction that they get to America at the first opportunity.

The Baron is admirably played by John Mason. Florence Reed as Marya has the sympathies of the audience, and plays the part well. John Barrymore gives to the part of the correspondent that buoyance and aggressive flippancy which is supposed to be truly American. Emmett Corrigan as the police official, Elaine Ines-

cort as the young English girl, Julian L'Estrange, as an inconsequential nobleman, and Macey Harlam, as the police agent, go to make up a cast that is very unusual in quality.

PRINCESS. One-act plays. "THE NEGLECTED LADY." From the French of Max Maurey, by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced on January 31st last with the following cast:

The Husband, Harry Mestayer; The Wife, Emelie Polini; The Janitor, Charles Mather; The Landlord, Lewis Edgard.

Both in the quality of its content and the manner of its exploitation the present program at the Princess is the best Holbrook Blinn and his associated players have yet offered. It is a well-balanced bill, too, in its presentation of laughs and thrills. It begins with a trifle from the French, the locale having been changed to an apartment in the Bronx. A man hurriedly enters and announces that he is ruined, that he is a defaulter and has furthermore pledged his wife's jewels. Noisy recrimination, wherein the janitor appears and announces they will be dispossessed if they make such a racket. They are really actors preparing a vaudeville sketch. They resume rehearsals. This time they become so

acrimonious about their respective talents that they attract the attention of the owner of the flat, who thinks their work so admirable that he engages them to appear before his friends. The trifle was acted with vivacious spirit by Harry Mestayer and Miss Polini as the husband and wife.

"THE HARD MAN." By Campbell MacCulloch. Produced with this cast:
 General Allison.....Holbrook Blinn Fred DeLesseps.....Vaughan Trevor
 Captain Baye.....Langdon Gillet Tom Bennett.....Lewis Edgard
 The Prisoner.....William O'Neil "Young" Darrow.....Harry Mestayer

In this piece Mr. Blinn appears as an English General, made up like Lord Kitchener. Convinced that the Mahdis were receiving outside help, he penetrates their lines and brings in a prisoner. He tells the newspaper correspondents that they are



White

BLANCHE RING

In "When Claudia Smiles" at the Lyric Theatre



Copyright Charles Frohman

Gustave Werner

Courtice Pounds

Betty Callish

Act II. Ottokar Bruckner (Mr. Pounds)—"I hardly think a screen is necessary for what we three have to discuss"

SCENE IN "THE LAUGHING HUSBAND," NOW AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

to print nothing about the incident which will follow. Partially stripping the prisoner, it is revealed that he is a European in disguise. The General gives him a revolver. The prisoner retires. A shot is heard. He has killed himself. "Why?" ask the newspaper men. "He was my son," replies the hard man. Altogether a very dramatic incident, handled with firm distinction by Mr. Blinn.

"THE KISS IN THE DARK." By Maurice Level. Produced with this cast:

The Man.....	Harry Mestayer	The Lawyer.....	Langdon Gillet
The Brother.....	Lewis Edgard	The Nurse.....	Marion Lindsey
The Doctor.....	Vaughan Trevor	The Girl.....	May Buckley

This is a real thriller, quite shocking in its poignant horror. A man has been blinded and disfigured by a discarded mistress.

"IT CAN BE DONE." By Lawrence Rising. Produced with this cast:

A Man.....	Holbrook Blinn
A Woman.....	May Buckley
A Pullman Conductor.....	William O'Neil

The concluding number is an up-to-date sketch. The scene is the platform of the observation car on The Twentieth Century Limited en route to Chicago. It is an encounter of wits between a confidence queen and a New Yorker who boasts that one from the great metropolis cannot be "touched." But her skill is superior to his, and after a lively series of incidents the curtain falls on her triumph. The setting is a marvel of theatrical construction, and the acting of Miss Buckley and Mr. Blinn splendidly resourceful in its variety and application.



White

Lois Meredith

Jessie Ralph

Act III. Mrs. Meyer—"Goitie, dats a dirty trick you played me"

SCENE IN JACK LAIT'S PLAY, "HELP WANTED," AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

He refuses to prosecute and she is acquitted, but he begs that she will visit him once more. This she does. By cajolery he gets her in his arms, then he pours vitriol on her face, and amid her shrieks of agony he kisses her. Both blind, it is a "Kiss in the Dark," as the play is called. It is acted with really great emotional power and effect by Harry Mestayer and May Buckley.

"THE FOUNTAIN." By C. M. S. McClellan. Produced with this cast:

Godinard.....	Holbrook Blinn
Moche.....	Vaughan Trevor
The Figure.....	Emelie Polini

A bit of poetical fantasy follows. The set is a park in Paris at dawn, a beautiful example of the scene painter's art. It is the custom of old Godinard, a ragpicker, to come there daily and cast withered flowers at the feet of the life-sized figure that surmounts a beautiful and practical fountain. He dreams, and in his slumber it is revealed that he was once a sculptor who loved the model of the lady of the fountain, but who deserted him for a more successful admirer. Then he awakes to hobble away on his daily grind. A really charming bit of symbolism expressed in gracious languor and interpreted with charm and feeling by Mr. Blinn and Miss Polini.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "MARIA ROSA." Play in three acts by Angel Guimera, translated from the Catalan by José Echegaray. English version by Wallace Gilpatrick and Guido Marburg; incidental music by Samuel Barlow. Produced on January 19th with this cast:

Hunch.....	George Graham	Ramon.....	Lou-Tellegen
Salvador.....	Geoffrey C. Stein	Maria Rosa.....	Dorothy Donnelly
Quirico.....	E. L. Fernandez	Colas.....	John Arthur
Tomasa.....	Maude Odell	Chicote.....	Charles Ashley

In the matter of vivid dramatic tension, Catalonia is to Spain as Sicily is to Italy. An example of this is furnished by F. C. Whitney's production of "Maria Rosa" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, which was later transferred to the boards of the Longacre. Originally written in the Catalan dialect by Angel Guimera, it was transcribed into pure Castilian by José Echegaray and from that vernacular into English by Wallace Gilpatrick and Guido Marburg. To the student in ethnology the play will appeal. It reproduces the customs and habits of the Catalonian peasants with indisputable veracity. To the average theatre-goer much of this is stupid and iterative. What the play wants is drama, and the real thrill and sustained interest all happens in the last thirty minutes. The translation is a sound and careful one and the dialogue couched in appropriate forms of expression.

Ramon, a swaggering, passionate peasant, is in love with Maria Rosa. Her husband is accused of a crime he did not commit. Ramon knows this, but permits his rival to be executed. In course of time he and Maria Rosa are to be married. At the wedding feast, under the influence of the heavy native juice of the grape he reveals his guilty complicity, and the infuriated widow strikes him dead. The detail of this closing scene was all that the worshipper of the graphic and revelatory could possibly wish for. It was enacted with a fury and fervor by Dorothy Donnelly that almost defeated its purpose. A little more continence of treatment would in no matter have impaired the dramatic effect. Lou-Tellegen, last seen here with Bernhardt, since the which time he has mastered the intricacies of English with a success quite remarkable, played Ramon. His was an impersonation of fine distinction in both thought and execution. The slight accent only helped. His poses were beautifully plastic, his calm impressive, his passion finely stirring. Geoffrey C. Stein, as a fiery and impulsive native helped valuably in giving verisimilitude to the pictures. The remainder of the cast while terribly in earnest, discoursed in such varied vocal intonations that large rents were made in the "atmosphere."

39TH STREET. "WHEN CLAUDIA SMILES." Musical farce in three acts by Anne Caldwell devised from the basic material contained in a play by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced on February 2nd with this cast:



White
GUY BATES POST
In the title rôle of "Omar, the Tentmaker"

and cigarettes. But while this is a commercial age it is real philanthropy to try and advance the interests of others. In this Miss Ring is a feminine Carnegie.

Claudia Rogers is a show girl and a divorcée. She has her admirers and in playing them off against one another declares to each that the other is her father. One has the same name and initials as his young married nephew. The resulting complications it is not impossible to guess.

(Continued on page 150)

SIGMUND MOGULESKO, Great Tribute to Dead Jewish Actor

known as

"Prince of Jewish comedians," was buried Friday, February 6, from the Thomashefsky Theatre, this city, where for a quarter of a century he had amused the great lower East Side. During all those years, through his fun-making and his genial temperament, Mogulesko had become a popular idol both on and off the stage, and the mighty tribute paid him at his death is perhaps unprecedented anywhere in the world. Fully 100,000 men, women and children crowded to his bier to take a last look at the face which had become so familiar and so loved among them.

Other popular players have been accorded great honors at their deaths. Irving's funeral was solemnized in stately pomp at Westminster Abbey. Recognition was paid by a sorrowing public to Joseph Jefferson and Richard Mansfield. But these tributes, however sincere, were carefully planned and organized. It was different with Sigmund Mogulesko. His whole race poured spontaneously out of their sweat shops and little homes with drawn blinds to weep because their favorite player had died. On the day of his funeral the streets in that part of the city were so choked by a mourning humanity that scores were injured and with difficulty extricated from under tramping feet, and police reserves were called out to hold the crowd in check. It was the most spectacular funeral ever witnessed on the East Side and measured by the number of sincere mourners crushed about the cortège, Sigmund Mogulesko's fame was greater than that of any actor who ever lived.

The casket, borne on the shoulders of the pall bearers, all well-known Yiddish actors and friends

of the comedian, was carried to the theatre from the Hebrew Actors' Club, where the body had lain in state. It was preceded by a massed choir of men chanting, but the crowd of spectators was so great one could hardly distinguish the solemn procession from the rest. An extraordinary and almost startling feature was that the chanting of solemn Jewish dirges with sobbing breaks in the voices, alternated with snatches of the comic songs which had so endeared the actor to them.

So the bare-headed throng crept on, mingling sobs and songs and doing their best to obey the stern orders of the police who were exerting every effort to protect the pall bearers and keep the procession intact. Many spectators in token of their grief, rent their garments, wailing "Oy, Gevold, Mogulesko, a moloch!" (Alas, Mogulesko, an angel.) Thousands of others, packed upon the roofs and balconies above, rained flowers upon the bier. It was with great difficulty that Capt. Sweeney with his force of police held back the overwhelming mass of humanity long enough to allow the casket to pass through the door of the theatre, where for hours tens of thousands had waited in the vain hope of doing homage. The building, accommodating only about 2,000, was soon jammed to the doors by those who were on the mere edge of the crowd. The doors were rushed and the police swept off their feet.

Many noted men were present at the last solemn rites; also representatives from theatrical societies in Greater New York and New Jersey. Jacob P. Adler, the well-known tragedian and venerable father of all the East Side, no less beloved than Mogulesko, fainted as he pronounced the eulogy

(Continued on page 145)



SIGMUND MOGULESKO
In one of his comic rôles

AT THE



JOHANNA GADSKI IN "TANNHAUSER"



Photos White
Frances Alda



Andrea de Segurola



Frances Alda

Paul Althouse

SCENES IN VICTOR HERBERT'S OPERA, "MADELEINE," AS

TWO grand opera novelties mark prominently the course of the month's music making at the Metropolitan. One of these, produced by the regular Metropolitan company was Victor Herbert's one-act English opera called "Madeleine"; while the other was the first New York performance of Massenet's "Don Quichotte," by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. The latter was the first offering of the four special performances of French opera to be given here by the visiting artists, and in addition to the novelty of this opera's Metropolitan première there was added the interest attending the first hearing in this city of Vanni Marcoux, famous Italian-French bass-baritone, who has a reputation abroad and has added to it by his singing in Boston and various Western cities.

Let the venerable "Don Quichotte" have the preference of age before beauty. It was composed in 1910 when its composer, that most clever of French opera composers, Jules Massenet was

nearing his seventieth year—the full Biblical time allotted to man. It was produced at Monte Carlo and in Paris the same year, and Vanni Marcoux sang the title rôle abroad many times. The libretto is by Henri Cain, after a play written by Le Lorrain, and at the Paris Gaiété this opera appears to have had a goodly number of representations.

Those who adore their Massenet because of the tunefulness

of "Thaïs," because of the delicacy of "Manon," the poetry and drama of "Werther," the stirring martial qualities of "La Navarraise" and the quaint ecclesiastical charm of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"—these admirers of the facile brain and pen possessed by Massenet will find cause for much disappointment in "Don Quichotte." There are moments in the latter when the smiling cleverness of Massenet shows itself—in the opening dance and chorus which so brilliantly limns in tones a gay, revelling throng; then, in the Don's prayer while he is the prisoner of the brigand, Tenebrun, and in the final death scene. These few spots stand forth by their admirable theatrical qualities, but the rest is very tedious music. There is an introduction to the final act, which is probably supposed to mirror the sorrow of the broken hearted nobleman, but it is comparatively tawdry; and while it throws a sop to those persistently seeking melody in Massenet, it has few elements of popular appeal such as achieved in that famous earlier operatic intermezzo, the Meditation from "Thaïs." In orchestration the opera is pretty thin, and in the handling of the voices there is shown routine, for Massenet was nothing if not a skilled routinier in the matter of writing for voice and orchestra.

But "Don Quichotte" is a very sombre opera. It has few moments of relief or contrast from the ever melancholy music attending the presence of the Don. Its brightest scenic and musical moment is when Dulcinee is holding a revel in her home, when she sings a gay song and dances a few steps. For the rest this music is plunged in drab tints which are interesting for a while, since they fit the character of the chief protagonist; but then they begin to grow monotonous and as there are five acts in the opera there are endless opportunities for monotony.

The libretto is little more than a travesty on the real story. In brief it is a tale of a courtesan wooed by a mentally unbalanced knight who offers her his hand in marriage, having idealized her in his own, cracked brain. She sends him in quest of a necklace stolen by a bandit, Tenebrun, and he invades the robber's lair only to be made captive.



OLIVE FREMSTAD

OPERA



Frances Alda

Leonora Sparkes

Frances Alda as Madeleine

PRESENTED AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Copyright Mishkin

EMMY DESTINN IN "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"

But he offers up a prayer to heaven which so moves the bandits that they release him, give him the necklace and even ask his benediction. So he returns to Dulcinee, gives her the necklace and then wishes to claim her as his wife. Then she tells him what sort of a woman she really is, and his heart breaks. He and his squire, Sancho, retire to a forest and there the Don dies, falling upon his face with the last gasp of air. Incidentally, in the second act, there is introduced the episode of his charging the windmills which results in his becoming entangled in the whirling arms of the windmill and being hurled into the air—a droll, theatrical effect but of little consequence dramatically or musically.

So far as the performance was concerned that was far from being sensational. Here is the complete cast:

La Belle Dulcinee, Mary Garden; Don Quichotte, Vanni Marcoux; Sancho, Hector Dufranne; Pedro, Minnie Egner; Garcias, Helen Warrum; Rodriguez, Emilio Venturini; Juan, Edmond Warnery; Chef de Bandits, Constantin Nicolay; Valets, Charles Meyer, Francesco Daddi; Conductor, Cleofonte Campanini.

Vanni Marcoux is an artist both so far as acting and singing are concerned. But he has not a vast deal of voice, and while he husbands this effectively yet his continued use of the mezzo voce grows somewhat tiresome. His make-up was splendid and his entrance upon the dilapidated white charger was admirable, as was his death scene. His voice is a cross between a basso cantante and a bass baritone, and he is skilled in the use of it, although it never impresses the listener as possessing any luscious qualities. Mary Garden, as Dulcinee, was miscast. In the first place the music is too low, having been written for a contralto, in the second place there are few opportunities for her—so all told she acted and sang disappointingly in a disappointing rôle. Hector Dufranne, as Sancho, was admirable, although it too is not a great part. Campanini conducted with skill but there was nothing remarkable in his work nor in the playing of the orchestra. So, in brief, "Don Quichotte" is not an opera to which the average opera-goer will have inclination to return with a promise of pleasure.

There is a certain fine liberality on the part of the management and board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera House toward the subject of opera in English. It is a known fact that the Metropolitan support is the mainstay of the present season of opera in English at the Century Opera Company; and, in addition, the Metropolitan encourages American composers by producing at least one native grand opera each year, the same being sung in English. It is also a well remembered fact that the Metropolitan instituted a grand opera prize competition a few years ago, in which the very liberal prize of \$10,000 was won and shared by the composer and librettist of "Mona." This little recital of incidents is simply an appeal for justice as against the cries of some enthusiasts on the subject who are trying to browbeat the Metropolitan into producing masterworks of grand opera in English instead of in the original language in which they were composed.

All this is by way of introduction to an account of Victor Herbert's one act grand opera, "Madeleine," produced at the Metropolitan for the first time on any stage, on Saturday afternoon, January 24th, as part of a double bill, being sung together with "Pagliacci." The cast is appended as a matter of record.

Madeleine Fleury.
Frances Alda;
Nichette, Her Maid.
Leonora Sparkes;
Chevalier de Mautprat, Antonio, Pini-



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LUCREZIA BORI IN "PAGLIACCI"



RITA JOLIVET

Now appearing in "A Thousand Years Ago" at the Shubert Theatre

Corsi; Francois, Duc D'Esterre, Paul Althouse; Didier, A Painter, Andrea de Segurola; A Coachman, Marcel Reiner; Servents, Armin Laufer, Stephan Buckreus, Alfred Sappio; Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

The original French play upon which Mr. Grant Stewart has based his libretto is called "Je Dine Chez Ma Mère," and it is quite old. It has been translated into English by Mrs. Burton Harrison and has been produced by an endless number of dramatic clubs, who for some reason or other used the English version the title of which ran "I Am Dining With My Aunt."

Its tale concerns a Parisian diva, one Madeleine, and its single scene is her salon the time being New Year's day, 1770. She awakens in the highest of spirits, finding a lot of presents from admirers' and to this list of tokens is added another, personally brought by the Chevalier de Mauprat. Madeleine asks him to

dine with her, but he graciously refuses, having promised to dine with his mother. Enter another of her devoted followers, Francois, Duc D'Esterre, who tells her that as an offering of the day he has brought her four English horses for her carriage, which Madeleine accepts and asks him to dine with her. But he, too, has promised to dine with his mother, a New Year's custom.

Madeleine is infuriated at his refusal, cajoles and threatens him—all to no purpose. In rage she threatens to invite his rival and does so, but a note in reply to her own brings the regretted refusal—he, too, has promised to dine with his mother. Then there enters Nichette, Madeleine's maid, and she is invited to dine with her mistress, but Nichette has promised her old mother that she would dine with her that day. Madeleine falls into a rage, discharges servants, and is finally engulfed by the torrent of tears that comes to every woman's rescue.

At this moment there appears Didier, a poor painter, who as a youth was one of Madeleine's playmates and knew her at a time when both were struggling to win fame in the art world. Didier has finished restoring a portrait of Madeleine's mother and he brings the canvas to her for approval. When he finds his friend in tears he soothes her with happy memories and gradually restores her good humor. He asks her to dine with him and his aged parents, but she concludes that she would be out of place in so simple a household, so refuses. Nichette comes back to say that her mother has absolved her from her promise and that now she is free to dine with her mistress; but Madeleine places the portrait of her mother on the dining table where the rays of the setting sun illuminate the face and then tells Nichette to take her holiday.

"I, too, am dining with my mother," says Madeleine, as the curtain falls.

This tale has been made into a libretto with only a fair amount of skill. The original story has real charm; the libretto, however, does not abound in poetic beauties. The adaptor, Grant Stewart, is well known as an actor and also as author of sketches and plays.

Victor Herbert needs no introduction. He has had one earlier grand opera sung at the Metropolitan, but by the Philadelphia, not the New York company, this work being "Natoma." And he has written operettas and musical comedies galore. He is known as a melodist of unusual grace and charm, hence it is surprising that there is so little of long breathed melody in "Madeleine." The most appealing theme is the mother's motif and this is developed into a very pretty finale. But apart from this there are few fine, long melodic themes, while on the other hand, the score abounds in short, breathless phrases. That the composer can write skilfully for the orchestra he has proven long ere this, but the trouble with "Madeleine" is that he has used almost a Wagnerian orchestra to express the simple story of this disappointed actress, peeved simply because no one will dine with her on New Year's day. The vehicle of expression is out of all proportion to the matter to be expressed, and at moments of climaxes, such as when Madeleine succumbs to her rage and tears, the orchestral din is really tremendous. The tale is a delicate one and it would be reasonable to expect that the music be as tender as the story.

The Metropolitan performance was admirable save in one detail. Those deserving praise were chiefly Mme. Alda, in the title rôle, who sang with fine diction and charm of voice, and Mr. Althouse, who sang well although he did not invest this impersonation with any nobility or distinction. Mr. De Segurola was, unhappily, chosen for the part of the painter Didier—the most sympathetic rôle in the list. He acted well, but it needs a lyric baritone, which this singer is not. Lenora Sparkes was Nichette, sprightly and vivacious, and Pini-Corsi was the Chevalier de Mauprat, the latter speaking English quite amusingly. The text was for the greater part intelligible. Polacco conducted painstakingly. The audience was huge and there were curtain calls almost without number, in which composer and artists shared the honors—to say nothing

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THE Drama League of America in most of its aspects, is a wholesome and important factor in the

development of our national drama. It stimulates a healthy interest in worthy plays among a large body of intelligent theatre-goers, and it wields its tremendous power to check the present tendency to tawdriness and uncleanness on the boards. It is not without its shortcomings and faults, but these are only defects of organization which time will correct. For instance, some recent judgments of its committees may be questioned. They have rendered some remarkable and arbitrary decisions regarding plays which they think the members ought to patronize. One wonders if the League's power is not somewhat bureaucratic. Its aim to "support good plays" is creditable, but is its judgment always sound? From whence comes its critical standard, and why must the judgment of its committees be considered infallible? Certainly we have reason to be grateful that plays such as Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli" have been snatched from a premature grave by the League's committees. But how about other plays, equally meritorious, which the League has completely ignored? For instance, George A. Birmingham's Irish comedy, "General John Regan" and Rachel Crother's problem drama, "Ourselves"? If the League can thus put the "kibosh" on a good play, what is to hinder its warm sanction of a bad one?

However, most of the activities of the League are highly commendable, in that they tend toward the education of the American theatre-going public to an intelligent understanding of the best drama. Started only a

few years ago in a suburb of Chicago, the League has gradually and persistently grown in influence and reputation. Its committees have been established all over the country and plays approved by these committees the League members are pledged to support. Just think of what this means to a play thus endorsed? To-day the membership of the League is over 50,000, and to this number are rapidly being added 4,000 members more by means of the endless chain. Each member is expected to secure three others and to add some school, library or club pledged to uphold its interests. One can see without the aid of

The Drama League

a telescope what a tremendous force the American manager will soon have to cope with. The League already has an

active centre in every large city in the United States, through which its affiliated work is done. Think what it will mean when a couple of million or more people will be ordered to go and see a certain production! (Oh, to be the League's president and write a play!)

Each League centre has also an Educational Committee, whose duty it is to form reading clubs in schools, settlements, clubs,

etc., and to establish a bureau of dramatic information of all kinds. Through these sources will the advancing intelligence of the public spur the managers on to still finer productions. The ultimate results of these labors will be the unifying and merging of the erstwhile varying viewpoints of playwright, actor, manager and audience.

The League is busy increasing its scope toward this end, and it has at last struck what is perhaps its greatest pace in its plan to publish plays on the eve or morrow of their stage production. It is because the printed play has been neglected in this country that our dramatic education on this side of the Atlantic is so low. There have, it is true, been spasmodic attempts to print plays. Now and again a play that has attracted attention has been offered to the public in printed form, but there has been no concerted effort to print plays systematically or to encourage the public to buy and read them. If the American stage suffers in comparison with the Continental stage, the reason perhaps lies right here. For generations Frenchmen and Germans have been cultivated and at-

tuned to the art of acting by general access to the printed drama. It is because of this lack that our acting and productions fall far below the level of the European stage. In France, especially, the word written as well as spoken explains the style and finish of the French drama. It has forced higher standards, not only in the play itself, but in its criticism, acting and stage setting. We go to a play crowded in among hundreds of uneducated others, and swayed by the mob mind we are not fit to criticise. We have only seen and heard—we have not read!

To quote an authority like

(Continued on page 149)



White
HOLBROOK BLINN AS GODINARD, THE OLD RAG PICKER, WITH HIS LANTERN AND BAG, IN "THE FOUNTAIN," AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE



Park of the Villa de Signa—Caruso's beautiful estate in Italy

Pity the Poor Singer, Says Caruso

WHAT more unenviable fate than that of a world famous tenor? The idol of the public, the operatic darling of two hemispheres—maybe. But the sense of responsibility and the obligation to live up to expectations! That, complains Caruso, is terrible. "I have no freedom, no life of my own. I belong to the Metropolitan Opera House and to the public. I have not even the right to catch a cold! Caruso, a cold? He has been drinking too much, or smoking too much and the other day he walked up the Avenue with a very pretty woman! I have no right to be human. It makes me ill to think of it. I am worse off than any prisoner. I am Caruso!"

The singer is as difficult a personage to interview as was the late John Pierpont Morgan. Stage folk, as a rule, welcome reporters with open arms, quite alive to the advantages of the fullest possible publicity. Not so with the world's most famous tenor, who is as unapproachable as the Great Lhama.

A long wait in the lobby of the Knickerbocker Hotel; a longer wait in the white and old-rose rotunda salon of the singer's private suite, and the interviewer was face to face with the celebrated tenor. A duly prepared and effective stage



Caruso taking exercise



Enrico Caruso in private life

entrance Signor Caruso made as he came forward to greet the interviewer. A hand languidly extended, a conventional smile of greeting and the offer of a corner within the depths of a vast old-rose sofa were

by no means calculated to thaw the icy atmosphere. Icy, no doubt, because of the dazzling height of the interviewed one's position in the world, and not because of his personal frigidness. Caruso was condescending to give an interview, and he seemed to consider it essential that the interviewer realize the full value of the favor. However difficult it was for those mobile, good-natured Italian features to keep straight, Caruso was going to look distant, important, a little tired, and bored, frightfully bored!

The interviewer's knowledge of Italian being limited, the singer graciously adopted the French language to express himself in.

"I don't like to be interviewed. It only gets me into trouble. However, I am glad to make exception of THE THEATRE



Caruso on his estate with "la sacra famiglia"

MAGAZINE. It seems to me to be one of the few publications in America which are truly artistic and free from what we might politely term 'the box office influence.' But I don't want you to say more than is strictly necessary about my money and the property I own in Italy. Every time the papers speak of it, there follows no end of annoyance for me. All my compatriots in this country seem to think I am a distributor of jobs *ad infinitum*, and it is very embarrassing for me to turn them down. Very embarrassing!

"This is my country place, yes," and he pointed to a photograph of his beautiful estate in Italy that was being pushed into the focus of his eye. "Ah, I see, you have the whole lot. They are pretty pictures aren't they? I took them myself.

peasant families living on my land," he explained. "I give it to them to cultivate, and they give me half the profits. Each family has a square patch about as large as . . . let me see . . . from Forty-second Street to Thirty-seventh Street, and from Broadway to Fifth Avenue. They raise all sorts of good things. . . . It is a beautiful, fertile country!"

The pride of the owner of such a big slice of that beautiful, fertile country was gradually thawing the fashionable tenor's frigidness. He eased his position in the other corner of the old-rose sofa, pulled up one foot to sit upon and, extending the other on the carpet, showed a black velvet house-slipper embroidered in gold. It looked well with the *négligé* suit of braided dark-green cloth and the soft shirt of white silk. There



Caruso as he appeared in 1897



Sketched by Argnane
Mimmi, Caruso's youngest son

I like to take photographs. This is a good one, taken against the sun, at the seaside. A *tramonte*, a sunset. It is very difficult. Next summer I want to buy a little cinematograph and take moving pictures on my place. It is amusing, and the scenery is beautiful!"

They are certainly beautiful, those hills of Tuscany, and expressive "like a human face," says

was no tie under the full, round chin. There were no rings on his carefully manicured fingers. The ensemble was in excellent taste.

"This is my youngest, Mimmi," pointing at a little boy's figure on one of the photographs. "Waiting for Papa, who is coming up the road in his automobile," you can call this one. Here we are, the three of us: Rodolfo—Fofò, I call him—Mimmi and I. 'Caruso è la sacra famiglia!' My sons are at school in England, preparing to become English soldiers. Mimmi can't speak Italian at all. Do you know what he said when I visited him in England last summer? 'Papa,' he said, 'you ought to take a nurse.' 'Why?' I asked him, 'I am not ill, and besides I have my doctor.' 'That's all right,' he said, 'but she would teach you English!' It is true, I must learn more English, so that I can talk with my son. I started immediately, but I have no time, too little time! To-day I have sung all afternoon for the Victor, I am very tired. I have sung in French, 'Faust' and other things. French is very nice to sing."



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A recent photograph in "La Gioconda"

one who loves *la bella Italia*. It is in their midst, at a short distance from Florence, that Caruso has elected to make his summer home, and a permanent retreat when the days of stage glory become too burdensome for him. On the top of the highest hill stands the dwelling house, separated by a flower garden, *à l'italienne*, from the farm that supplies its owner, during his vacation, with milk and fresh eggs. All around and down the hill extends the park with its wide alleys bordered with tall poplar trees; and where two alleys cross there are fountains and statues and marble benches.

Further down begins the cultivated land. How many acres? Caruso would not say. "There are twenty-six



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In "The Huguenots"

a new tenor: 'He has a voice like Caruso—he will be a second Caruso'? Because Caruso is himself, and unique. I would not be unique if I had studied others."

"But you had teachers, you must have had people tell you how to make the best of your gift?"

"I had a master, yes, but only for my voice, the placing and the use of it. All the rest comes out of myself."

"You must have studied the theory of music?"

"Never! People insist that I did, but I tell them: Never!"

"How do you manage to compose, then?"

"Ah, my compositions!" Caruso laughed. "They are not much!"

"But your opera? All the papers were full of it when you landed in New York last November!"

"My opera! That is a joke! No, I have never composed but a few little melodies. Do you know when I did that? While I was singing in 'Armida.' There are three acts in that opera in which I do not appear, and I never knew what to do to kill time. I had a piano in my dressing-room, and so I started to pick out little melodies on the piano, with one finger. I turned them over to my accompanist and told him to compose the harmony. My friends

A question was ventured as to what Caruso considered the main points of difference between his own voice and method and those of Mario, who was the greatest tenor of our grandfathers' time.

"I don't know. I don't know about Mario. I have not read about him. If I had read about other people, I would not be Caruso. I would have tried to imitate. I have not studied them at all. I have taken everything out of myself. Why do people say, when they discover

liked them and found someone to write the words for them. And then they were published. The publisher thought it would be good business for him if I composed an opera. He told some young poet to write a libretto and then came to me and said: 'Now you write the music!' But I said: 'No!' When I returned to America for this season, he thought he could force me to compose the opera by having the papers talk about it as if it were already completed. But..." An eloquent



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As Canio in "Pagliacci"

smile, broad and mischievous at once, spread all over his genial features when he discovered, among the pile of pictures, photographs of his own hands and the accompanying text, written in French by a German palmist.

"Where did you get this?" he exclaimed in amused surprise. "I have never read it before."

Caruso proceeded to read his horoscope. The varied expressions of his face as he went along were a study. Not that he believed a word of what he was reading! He even took pains before starting to declare that it was all stuff and nonsense. But once in a while he looked as if he might be taking it seriously, just for fun! Taking up the sheet of note-paper, on which the horoscope was laboriously written out, he read as follows:



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In private dress

gesture finished the sentence with an unmistakable "nothing doing."

The frankness of this confession was charming, and in amusing contrast with the attitude of unapproachable *hauteur* which he had assumed at first and which appeared more and more to be out of keeping with the big, childlike, primitive nature of this smiling son of Italy. Nor did he pretend to "pose" any longer; it meant too difficult a struggle with himself. Indeed, a

"Your hand shows the signs of nobility and grandeur in your representations of life..."

Begins well!

"You are like the Napoleon of history, a dominator, an absolute sovereign in the kingdom of sounds, of art..."

Gracia, signora!

"—a strong feeling for the beautiful in form, color and sound, and a highly developed activity of the Psyche in the subconscious..."

Do you understand that? It's too deep for me!

"... quickly taken by sensuous impressions of all kinds..."

Ah, no, no, no! I draw the line!

"You have a quick eye for peculiarities; you instantly gauge their value, and make the best of them."

Caricature! . . .

"... often a trifle blunt and coarse, passionate, quick-tempered or choleric, you are, however, easily reconciled. At heart you are good and friendly."

What does she mean: coarse . . . coarse . . .? Am I coarse? But 'quick-tempered and easily reconciled.' There she is right. I am that!

You are egocentric. . . .

Whatever that may be. . . .

You love material things, eating. . . .

. . . two meals a day. . . .

. . . drinking. . . .

. . . water. . . .

. . . sleeping. . . .

. . . five hours out of twenty-four. . . .

. . . and caressing. . . .

Ah, but the woman knows no discretion! Fancy discussing such intimate details!

You have an enormous reserve stock of vital energy, but if you drew too continually from it, the result would be a disrupted harmony between the debit and credit of your body.



Caruso in "Cavalleria Rusticana" in 1895



Caricature by Cirus

How wise!

You should be careful in the regulation and the choice of your food and partake only of such things that do not tax your digestive organs too much.

What is she meddling for?

Though your hand indicates an excellent constitution and promises that you will reach the age of seventy in full vigor. . . .

That is a comfort. I'll skip over what follows.

Your nervous system is good, but will suffer through your passionate temperament—

Never!

. . . a tendency toward fleshiness. . . .

Too much physiology!

Pains of love. . . .

Ah, now it's getting interesting!

. . . in your past have left you a certain nervousness about the heart; but that is not the cause of certain troubles of your system that physicians may attribute to it. They are rather due to a condition of your digestive tract. . . .

My doctor tells me all I want to know about those things.

What does *she* know, anyway?

Your heart is strong as a horse. . . .

(The singer gave a roar of laughter in lieu of comment.)

. . . tired after hard work, but soon able to do more.

New and exceptional honors are still awaiting you. They will always keep coming to you, from time to time.

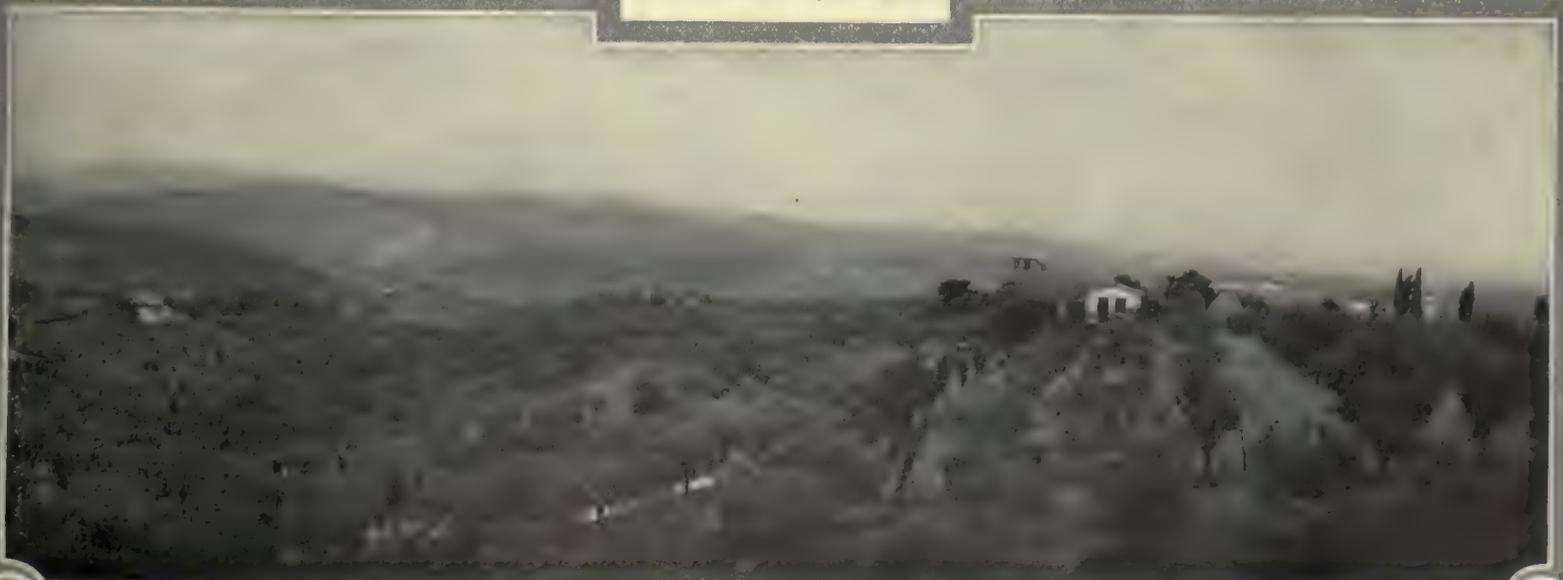
How nice!

The Mystic Cross in your hand indicates the mysterious activity of your Psyche in your art, which is inspiration.

Gracia, gracia! . . .

You have made many voyages and will make many more. . . .

My contract with the Metropolitan has still four years to run.



VIEW SHOWING THE VASTNESS OF CARUSO'S COUNTRY ESTATE—VILLA DE SIGNA



Photo Baron de Meyer

LOU-TELLEGEN

Appearing in "Maria Rosa," at the Longacre Theatre

... in the course of one of which you will experience a natural event (*sic*). You will not have to suffer by it personally, but take care of your nerves!

What does she mean by "natural event"? A . . . ? Well, as long as she says I won't be drowned . . . !

Love, often given and received . . .

(*Caruso looked mischievously out of the corner of his eye.*)

... will come again under a new aspect and will give you a serious problem to solve.

H'm . . . Maybe . . .

Two women will enter your life at the same time and will assume a great importance.

That is true!!

You should not trust the one who has red hair . . .

Red hair? Is it red? . . . Yes, I think one might call it red. . . .
... she is false and will cause you much trouble.

Oh, it's all nonsense!

One of these loves will have a good influence over you which will last long, perhaps all your life. For the sake of your own happiness you should not try to escape it.

As if one could!

... financially your future looks particularly brilliant; but there is a danger of great losses, which, however, may be avoided.

They may . . . or they may not . . .

All your life will be rose-colored, but, above all take care of your health!

"All in all, it isn't such a bad horoscope," smiled Caruso, as

he folded the document. "I am glad to have read it; I feel quite cheered. Sometimes, you know, I am in great need of sympathy."

"You! the Napoleon of song, as the palmist says—the idol of opera-goers—the darling of two hemispheres?"

"That is all very well. But the responsibility! That is the terrible thing! The responsibility toward the public, and the obligation to come up to expectations, always! I have no freedom, I have no life of my own; I belong to the Metropolitan Opera House and to the public. I have not even the right to catch a cold. 'Caruso a cold? he has been drinking too much, or smoking too much; and the other day he walked up the Avenue with a very pretty woman!' I have no right to be human. It makes me ill to think of it! I am worse off than any prisoner! I am Caruso!"

In what a woeful, plaintiff little tone the name came this time from those lips that had made it ring so triumphantly before! The greatest tenor of the world was at that moment nothing but a big, overgrown, Latin child that wanted to be pitied.

"But, Signor, you have your little compensations which should help you to feel pretty comfortable at times, even though the weight of fame be heavy.

"Yes, . . . and no. . . ."

"What is the thing in your life that you are most thankful for?"

"My early poverty!" came the unhesitating reply. "Without it everything would have been so different! If I had not been poor I would have wanted to take my pick among the things offered me; I would never have accepted all the insignificant little engagements at three hundred lire a month and less in all the insignificant little opera companies where I have sung in Italy. I would not have gained nearly so much experience and widened my repertoire so that, later, I could hold my own and command my price in the great companies. Often my teacher told me to reject certain offer, because, he said, there was nothing in it. But for me there was experience in it, and also a new overcoat and a pair of shoes. When you have been mending and patching your soles with pieces of cardboard for some time, you appreciate a new pair of shoes!"

All this was said smilingly, simply, contentedly. Caruso is big enough a man to stand by his obscure origin without a trace of embarrassment. He is sentimental enough to find a gentle pleasure in recalling those bygone days that were so different! Surely, he does not try to forget, or to make others forget, the days of Naples, when he was pushing a cart of fruits and vegetables through the narrow streets and shouting the picturesque cries of the Neapolitan street vendors: "*Poma d'ori. . .*" or "*E-cco framboli—cerigi—ulivi—mela. . . !*" For there is where he was "discovered." The extraordinary mellowness and resonance of the high note on which he finished his cries brought tears into the eyes of dark women in bright rags, just as, later, it lifted him onto the pinnacle of operatic fame.

"It frightens me," Caruso continued in his pessimistic mood. "to think of the other side of the mountain. You see, my career is a very high mountain, but I have been climbing it for a long time already. Sometime I must reach the top, and then there is no more climbing . . . then there is the inevitable descent! Ah, that is the awful thing!"

"But whenever you are weary of climbing, or when you feel that you have reached the summit, you are free to retire to your beautiful Villa de Signa, away from the iconoclastic cruelty of the masses, whose hisses did not spare Mario when he sang *Romeo* for the last time in Paris. There is no necessity for you to continue singing when the

(Continued on page 147)

THE LAND OF PROMISE

"SHOOT THEM!"



THE THINGS THAT COUNT
"ARE YOU AN ANGEL
IN STRANGE FORM?"



A THOUSAND YEARS AGO
"- MORE LOVERS-AND ROMANCE "



"PEG O' MY HEART

"WHERE'LL I SIT?"



"OH, LEONORA, I LOVE YOU"

THE LEGEND OF LEONORA.



YOUNG WISDOM.

"THEY'VE GONE TO BED" "WHAT!"

M. A. Stoukney
1914



Photos by Ira L. Hill

MR. AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE IN THREE GRACEFUL DANCE POSES

LET'S go down to the Castles' castle," is a smiling saying in the smart world. Climb into the seat of your own or your friend's automobile, whisk your way down Fifth Avenue from Millionaires' Row or up from the Knickerbockers' stronghold in Washington Square, turn into Forty-sixth Street, as though you were going to tea at the Ritz Carlton, apparently change your mind and halt directly across the street from the fashionable hostelry, and you are at the threshold of the Castles' castle, as their smart friends and patrons call it. Castle House is the term they themselves prefer.

Descend a step or two and an obsequious flunkey in claret red opens the door. Stop, look about, and you become aware of an obstacle between you and the distant, upper plane, from which proceeds perfectly timed music that sets the practiced nerves in your toes atingle. It is a barrier of broad red ribbon, of crisp satin, with smart bows either end. One bow is attached to a high, narrow desk, where sits a cashier. The other is held by a plump boy who looks as Cupid in green knickerbockers and jacket would look. Deposit two dollars on the cashier's desk, if it be any day save Friday or Saturday, or if your visit falls upon those days, three dollars, and Cupid in green knickers smiles, draws back and the red satin barricade is lifted. Mount a short, wide curving staircase, between plants smartly stunted after the Italian fashion, and you have invaded the Castles' castle. A half dozen musicians of

How the Castles Built Their Castle

Hungarian aspect, grouped at the head of the double curving

staircase, play softly and continuously, in harmony with the pale gray panelled walls and the delicate rose of the damask hangings of the long room. You feel that music and color are twin sisters. Form, too, is of kin with sound, for the light music, gay, delicate, seems to blend even with the delicate outlines of the gilt chairs arranged in slight stateliness along the walls.

A slim, girlish figure, straight and reedlike, mounts the stairs. A fresh-faced girl, seemingly from one of the Fifth Avenue girls' schools, crosses the floor, weightlessly, without any noticeable motion. She is remindful of the heroines of novels who float, or glide, but never do anything so vulgar as merely walk. There appears from the other room, threading his way between the couples who romp in the one-step or posture in the Innovation Tango, an unusually tall, unusually thin young man of fair hair and boyish, beardless face. These are the Castles, Vernon and his wife, who were the rage in Paris and are quite the smartest thing in New York.

Paris liked them because they were graceful and different. New York likes them for the same reason. The smartest stratum of New York society has adopted them as its own, because into what had seemed hopelessly vulgar they have injected their own essential refinement. They have spiritualized the dances that had been thought to be hopelessly fleshly. Society said: "Let us have a dancing castle of our own and place Mr. and Mrs. Castle at its head."





Photo Ira L. Hill

MRS. VERNON CASTLE

Accordingly, Mrs. Anthony Drexel, Jr., Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. Bourke Cochrane, Mrs. W. R. Rockefeller, Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhineland, Mrs. Amos Pinchot, and Miss Elsie de Wolfe, recorded themselves as patronesses; Mrs. John Corbin, Mrs. R. L. MacDuffie and Miss Elizabeth Marbury as superintendents. Thus society secured exclusiveness while it danced as while it drank tea, safeguarding its exclusiveness yet more by having a special day as it has a special night at the opera. Friday and Saturday should be society's days, which is the reason if you pay a visit to Castle House on Friday or Saturday you pay a dollar more. The price is a gentle but decisive cold shouldering of all save the elect and the friends of the elect.

Dropping in for a dance and a cup of tea on Friday, you would gain the impression of the hospitality of a Fifth Avenue home. On another, all is delightful, yet there is a slightly formal atmosphere, a grouping of those who arrived together, an "I am not sure that I know you" manner, at the beginning, that melts gradually away under the influence of the tango and the trot. One may not trot and snub at the same time. The tango and disdain are not companions. Before the afternoon has passed everyone in the room looks genially at everyone else.

"How do you separate the sheep and the goats without offense?" I asked the Castle husband.

"I don't dance with the latter class," he replied with a slightly weary air.

He teaches all day, except while he is at Castle House or at their restaurant, Sans Souci.

"Nor I," said Castle, the wife. "I have a list of brilliant excuses. They don't meet their friends here. They are not comfortable and don't come again." She was disposing of the social goats.

Mr. Castle left us to glide a ewe through the mazes of the Innovation.

"While we were in Paris the thought of such a place occurred to us." Mrs. Castle and I had gone into the farthest

corner of the second of the long rooms, where the softened music did not interrupt. "There are two smart dancing places very like this, the Maison Robert and the Maison Bayo. But we might not have undertaken it had not our friend and representative, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, told us that some society women had suggested that we should think about it. They wanted an exclusive place for dancing, and we were not averse to making more money. So we arranged the plans and come here every day and get fifty per cent. of the gross receipts."

A fine business head is the sleek, small one set so lightly but gracefully on Mrs. Castle's slender shoulders. She was less like a dancing genius than a keen-eyed little business woman when she whispered laughing: "They pay the most ridiculous prices at our

(Continued on page 146)



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ANOTHER PICTURE OF MRS. CASTLE



White

JANE SALISBURY

As Shireen in Richard Walton Tully's Persian play, "Omar, the Tentmaker," at the Booth Theatre

WHEN you sit in a theatre you seldom ask yourself **The Commoners' of the Stage**

how the men and women on the stage came to be playing those particular parts. That is what I propose to tell you. Much truth and untruth has already been written about the "Stars." This article will give every-day facts concerning the lives of those who are not stars; facts which, while unfamiliar to most playgoers, are, nevertheless, characteristic of the experiences of almost any one of the actors and actresses who is giving you the finished product of his or her life and work.

These people of whom you know so little that their very names on your program are unknown to you, these are the rank and file of the profession—the commoners of the stage. These are the people who support the "Stars," and without whose experience and help the Star would never glitter before admiring eyes. So, for a while, think of the life of the stage not as that of the fortunate few, but of the less fortunate many. Most of these people have spent from ten to forty years on the stage, and yet perhaps you see them in but a few scenes. The majority will do no bigger parts to the end of their lives, and when they are dead you will never know it.

Had you realized the importance of their work, you might have appreciated, perchance, the finish, the polish, the mellowness of fine acting that only years of experience had given to some of them. Their life is the life of the majority. I do not write, therefore, about Bernhardt and Beerbohm Tree, of Forbes-Robertson and Winnie Mathison and Sothorn, of Julia Marlowe and Margaret Anglin, but rather of Mac and Jack, and Fred and Ted. Talented actors these, although they are better known at a fifty cent dinner French restaurant than at Brown's chop house, and perhaps they have never made money enough to be a Lamb or a Player. And I want to tell something of those noble girls who growl less than the men on "one-night stands," who don't lose diamond necklaces, or constantly appear in the divorce court, or never pay for any meal for themselves except breakfast. Let me talk of these—the common people of the stage.

As I write an almost forgotten vision comes to me—Percy Walsh. He had been fifteen years on the stage and had played every imaginable part, and that in excellent company. Then he played the part of an old actor in "The Highland Legacy," and just afterward understudied and played 'Binks' in "The Second in Command." Of this performance the newspapers said something to this effect: "This youthful actor has acquired his art

with a quickness that promises well for his future. He sprang to the light only last

week in "The Highland Legacy," and this afternoon electrified seasoned theatre-goers by an admirable performance of Binks. A few years of proper discipline and experience should train his natural talents into the path of success."

It is twelve years since I have heard of Walsh. He is probably just one of the common people still, with twenty-four years of experience behind him now and the gray hairs coming fast. But I am not going to moralize: think for yourself what this means. There are still those who want to get on the stage and are full of hope and expectation.

I have been asked scores of times to tell people how to get on to the stage. Well, a favorable combination of personality and circumstances usually does it. Managers, producers, stage managers, influential actors and dramatic schools often know the right moment to push in a protégé: they are in touch with new productions and know when extra people are required. Whenever a producer wants people, he wants them in a hurry, and he welcomes anyone who looks the part. At first they may hold a spear or sit in a jury box; then some small part falls vacant and the one who looks like it and has learned the lines and movements of the part by heart is thrust into it. "A star danced and under that was I born," as the understudy said when the *première danseuse* sprained her ankle.

Then there are the great stage families, of course, all of whom can get on the stage simply by treading in their father's footsteps.

I don't believe very many people go on the stage because they feel inspired, a few do so, but they usually leave again in a hurry. The soft purring of admiring relatives and friends ceases, and the clarion tones of a stage manager who "knows what's what" destroys their conviction of self-contained-tabloid-talent, all abloom without culture. The fertilizer that the stage manager plasters on the young tree is too strong for a weak heart, revelling in tone colors, wading already in cubistic theories, reared on Ruskin and musing in the Browning manner. Dirty dressing rooms, one basin for half a dozen perspiring artists and rude remarks by stage hands and lewd ones by actors might be stood if the aspirant were allowed to revel in inspiration and temperament at rehearsal, but that coarse, loud-mouthed, matter-of-fact stage manager is too much. His main use seems to be to pick holes in other people's art. "Now, then, Mr. —, I forget your name; I'm speakin' to you, for Heaven's sake let's



Photos White Macey Harlam Florence Reed
Act I. The police agent warns Marya



Florence Reed
Act II. Marya in the Baron's apartment



Florence Reed as Marya



John Barrymore Emmett Corrigan
Act III. The American journalist defies Zoubatoff



John Barrymore Florence Reed
Act III. Julian promises to take Marya to America

SCENES IN MICHAEL MORTON'S DRAMA "THE YELLOW TICKET" AT THE ELTINGE THEATRE

have it, let's have— Say it again— Oh, get some life into it now!" Suddenly raising his hands above him he exclaims: "Oh, ye Gods!—that's awful! Cut it out—you can't speak it— here, give it to me." Taking the part and calling to the property man, he goes on: "Here, you, copy this into your part and speak it. Now, Miss Blank, what are you doing, why don't you smile. I was in front last night. You didn't make the audience laugh when you shoved your nose round that rose bush, I didn't feel like laughing, I felt inclined to cry. What do we pay you for? Come on now, let's have it. Oh —

— Well, how a grown woman that calls herself an actress can stand there and make a face like a mourner at a whiskeyless wake when I just ask her to smile! Smile, confound you. — No, I see it is no use. You look like a crocodile with its mouth open—I'd rather see a sack of coal thrown on a scene than see you there."

Much merriment among the actors; but she, poor girl, after the scene was over, stood in the O. P. entrance and sobbed as though her heart would break.

Sometimes the inspired artists buys his way on to the stage, invests money in a play in which the manager does not care to take all the risks, or simply pays a premium, but money will seldom get a novice into the best companies. Most actors have been a failure at some other employment or else, cursed with "artistic temperament," have revolted at conventional life, its lack of art and lack of personal liberty. I doubt if ten per cent. of the six thousand actors who register their names in New York City would call themselves successful men, for, even if successful in the present, the future has all the hazard of a battle in it. And as gray hairs come value decreases with awful rapidity, and those who think about that future anticipate that it will be worse than the present.

I heard George Arliss give a lecture to the students of a dramatic school; it was a capital lecture; he traced the career of an actor from the start, pictured the difficulties and analyzed them and gave good advice. After sketching the difficulties of the first ten years he said, "Then you may consider you have reached the top of the first hill." Those whom he did not mention were the thousands that remain at the bottom of the first hill.

Good acting in a small part hardly ever makes a manager give an actor a bigger part unless he needs him very much. It never occurs to the manager that by watching small-part actors he may cast his pieces better and outclass other companies. But if an actor blows his own trumpet to him and asks outright for some better part and tells the manager very emphatically he can play it, ten to one the manager takes him at his own valuation, however big a braggart he may be, or however bad an actor. Good-fellowship prohibits most actors from asking for a part some other man is playing and the more artistic the actor the

less chance that he would do so. It is just the same before a new piece is produced. The manager doesn't realize that many a good actor is also an artist and that artists are akin to angels—they fear to tread where fools rush in. If a professional can act a bit in a manager's office, with a great deal of self-praise about what he'd do and he'd dare, skillfully, mind you, the manager is impressed. Yet but for his office manners and the touch of curbstone acting that he brings with him, such a man is probably a donkey and only a clever actor when off the stage. He is pushing and clever in getting to see that manager, and he is clever in impressing the manager with his value and getting a good salary out of him. But none of this has much to do with the art of acting. All this is the business of a trade salesman. Probably an artist would be an awful fizzle in carrying out this bit of business; he would not have the push to get to the manager, and, once there, would not match the other man in impressiveness. The place where he is skillful is on the stage; not in an office. A year or two ago several pieces were produced that were very badly acted. "There is lots of room for good actors and actresses to begin on the stage. I have the greatest difficulty in getting my things well cast," said the manager

who put them on. I replied: "But a good actor or actress is a jewel, my dear sir. Why don't you make it your business to go searching about for them; there are many to be found. If you haven't time yourself, being a business man, and knowing nothing about acting, why not get a man who does understand acting to see shows and pick out the sprouting actor who is a good one. You'd have more plays succeed if you did so."

To find good voices for grand opera the whole world is ransacked by experts and even members of a chorus are tested—made to sing—they are not engaged on the strength of the excellence of the romantic autobiography. It should be possible to apply the same idea to dramatic artists. As it is, the manager takes care in the casting of the big parts only. But casts should be good throughout as they are in England and France.

An actor asked for an interview with a manager who had declared in the newspapers that he spent most of his time searching for talented artists, but had come to the conclusion there were very few to be found on the modern stage. The actor received a reply to his letter and having read the manager's statement in the newspaper felt quite sure that he at last had found a manager who took pains to discover unrecognized talent. This was not conceit, either, for he had had sixteen years experience and had acted with some of the most distinguished artists on the English and American stage and is an experienced man with good technique. He is a capital reader of lines, and has an extraordinarily fine speaking voice and good pronunciation. His appearance is good and he is comparatively a young



Photo Davis & Eickmeyer

ARNOLD DALY

Recently seen in "General John Regan" at the Liberty



Sarony

CRYSTAL HERNE

Who is now appearing as Aline Graham in George Scarborough's melodrama, "At Bay"

man. From behind a railing and a gate the office boy took his card and letter of appointment into the manager's office. He waited half an hour and then asked the office boy if it was understood that he had an appointment and had come on time. "Don't get excited," said the boy insolently, "he's busy." He waited another half-hour, during which time bevyies of chorus girls with-



Photo White

LILLIAN LORRAINE
In "The Whirl of the World," at the Winter Garden

out cards or letters of appointment swept by him into that manager's office. He heard the manager exercising his jollying qualities on the girls and asked why he should be kept waiting longer than they. "'Cause you ain't a woman, that's why; you wait your turn," grinned the office boy, between gum-chews. Then out came the manager, surrounded by a chattering crowd, past the actor and toward the door, to the street. The actor halted him, "My name's G—. You said you would see me for a few minutes; I've been waiting for over an hour." The manager shook his head as he replied coldly: "Nothing doing at present, Mr. G—, I've got your address, and if anything comes along I'll let you know," and he walked out with his bevy of chattering nonentities. And this was the manager who was complaining that he couldn't find good actors. He ought to have been an agent for a harem instead of a producer of drama.

There are other managers who deserve to find good actors, such as Harrison Grey Fiske, for instance. He has a chat with each person with whom he makes an appointment so that he may judge of their personality, and never creates any belief that he means to give a contract until his mind is made up. To him an actor is either an artist, or nothing.

Charles Frohman was convalescing at the seaside in England and sauntered into the little theatre at the end of the pier, where a No. 3 Company was doing its worst on a hot summer's night. A man in this company at the time was playing a good part exceedingly well for a salary of ten dollars a week, but he had just asked the manager for a "raise" of \$2.50 a week, and had been refused. At the end of the season the manager said: "You'll come back with us for autumn, Jack, won't you; in fact, you must." "No, thank you," said the actor. "Oh, nonsense," said the manager. "You're worrying over that row we had. I don't bear you any grudge and I'm not going to lose you either. I've decided to give you that raise you asked for directly we open in the autumn. I'm going to give you three pounds a week—there (fifteen dollars)." "No, thank you," said the actor, "I have a contract in my pocket with Mr. Charles Frohman to go to America, first-class passage paid both ways and \$75 a week for forty weeks. That is over fifteen pounds a week, you understand, and I believe I'm worth it, but you didn't know that." Later on the actor was summoned to go to the Frohman offices in London. The representative of the firm eyed him with disfavor. "Mr. Frohman says he saw you in the part we want you to do for the production of this piece in the States, but you don't look to me a bit like the part, my boy, not a bit like it." "But I make myself like it when I act it," said he. The manager, as is very usual, had no imagination, being just a plain business man. "But you're not the type a bit, I'm afraid you won't do, I must have a chat with Mr. Frohman about this, really I must. We can't have the piece miscast." History doesn't relate what happened when Frohman chatted with him, but I hope he was set down an ass, for that actor has come over and fully supported Frohman's good judgment by making a brilliant success not only in that part, but in others, too. He might have stayed in No. 3 Companies for the rest of his life if Frohman hadn't happened to pass that way and discern a jewel on the sands.

There is another manager who tries to get together a good cast by quite another method, for he hasn't the Frohman eye for personality, and so goes in for what may be termed natural selection at the expense of the actor. He persuades three or four people to rehearse each part and eventually picks the one he likes best; not, however, until they have all of them done a lot of work on a part and enriched his knowledge and imagination by showing him the total outcome of all their brains. Of course, each one of them is kept in ignorance of the work that the other fellows are doing on the part or they wouldn't do it themselves. He copies all that each one has taught him, and then that is taught again to what I will call the successful competitor. He has discharged people without any pay after they have worked hard at a part for weeks in the hopes of obtaining it. Of course, during that time they had not thought they were at liberty to

look for any other part. Once a man who failed to hold the manager's fancy was discharged with one night's pay after the first performance, after being rehearsed for a month—a substitute having been secretly rehearsed during the preceding week



Copyright, Lizzie Caswall Smith
Maxine Elliott as Zuleika in "Joseph and His Brethren," in which she has been appearing in London

The man who was discharged was a good, sound actor, but I'll be bound they chose him for the part by seeing him in the office instead of on the stage. Everybody who knows anything of acting agrees that no sound judgment can be formed of suitability to a part even by a reading of it, especially if the reading is done in a small room. Not until the mental exertion of remembering the words is conquered does the actor get into the skin of the part. It is from then onward that he can use his brains to exercise what art he may possess. Therefore, the only fair way to judge an actor is by other parts in which he has acted. It is manifestly unfair to take him on chance and make him do work for nothing so that you may be able to know whether, when you've made up your mind about the contingent possibilities, it may happen that you will give him the engagement.

It often chances that one may make a mistake in casting, of course, but no resentment is felt by the actor if he is told forthwith after one or two rehearsals, especially if he is treated in an open manner. It's a mischance that may happen to anyone and they know it. The case I speak of was very hard, for the man was trying to educate his son and had a wife to keep. He had been out of work during summer, and was kept from getting other work just when it was easily to be had by a man of his ability, but by the time he was discharged most of the new season's casts had been made up and he remained without paid work for another two months. Now if the actors were joined with the stage mechanics' union I wonder if such an injustice would have passed without retaliation?

An actor was summoned to rehearse a part when a muddle had been made over some appointments. "Oh," said Mr. So-and-So, as he always did. "Why, I didn't tell you to come at eleven, Mr. Brown; you were to have been here at eleven-thirty. However, here is the part; read it over in this office: I'll be back directly." As the producer left the room, he was intercepted by Smith: "Oh, why, Mr. Smith, you were to be here at twelve—no, eleven-thirty. Oh, well, come across the hall." Jones comes in from the street. "Oh, why, Mr. Jones.

I didn't tell you to come this morning. Oh, well, come in and let's hear you read the part." Brown is seated in a room on the right side of the passage that leads to the front door. Smith is in a room on the left of the passage. The producer and Jones have disappeared into a room at the end of the passage. The very deep voice of Jones can be heard reading a part: "No, don't put it theah; put it heah. No, don't put it heah, put it theah." Having left the door ajar Brown hears the sound of feet along the passage and the voice of the producer at the street door: "Oh, why, I like it, Mr. Jones, but work at it, work at it and I'll telephone you when to come again." The producer then goes into the room where Smith is. Overcome with curiosity, Brown sneaks along the passage to that door and hears the voice of Smith in very shrill, excited, petulant tones, "Don't put it theah; put it heah." Brown, in the passage, is unable to restrain himself, and shouts in a loud voice, "No. Don't put it in



Copyright, Lizzie Caswall Smith

Another portrait of Maxine Elliott as Potiphar's wife

theah; put it out heah." The producer opens the door, and Brown, thrusting the manuscript into his hands, says: "Here, take your part and . . . After which Brown walks out into the street and lights a cigarette.

Robinson applied for a part and the producer looked him over critically. Oh, why, Mr. Robinson, you're just the man I want for this part. I'm so glad you came. Your height, weight and face—everything just like it, and I know you can act, dear boy, but— Oh, dear!" Examining the top of his head. "What a pity, you won't do, you have a full head of hair and this part calls for a man who has a bald spot as big as a half-dollar piece, just there," putting his finger on the spot. "And I suit in every other way?" "Perfectly, good morning." Robinson had a half-dollar-piece quantity of hair taken from his crown by the nearest barber, and he returned to the office. "You said that I could have that part if I had a bald spot just there," putting his hand on the spot, "as big as a half-dollar piece." "Yes, dear boy, but you haven't, you see." Robinson, bending his head down— "How about that?" "Oh, no, no, why, Mr. Robinson, I declare I liked you better without; besides, you must be a fool."

It reminds one of the manager who approved of an actor in every way, but finally asked if his father had been drowned at sea. "Certainly not; he died at Gettysburg." "Then you won't do, I must have an actor for this part whose father was drowned at sea."

Actors are kept dangling round managers' offices without any apparent reason, but it must be remembered that the manager may need some actors in the near future and likes to have some faces to choose from. When a friend tells you that "something is on up there," hurry and you will find the outer office crammed with people. Some of them are what may be called decently clad; others well dressed, and some dressed to kill. They look either very nervous about the corners of their mouths, or hungry in their eyes, or else carry off their anxiety by talking absently about everything except the matter in hand. Everyone is secretly determined to get through the closed door that faces them and bully, beg, or bamboozle a part out of the business man. Every now and then the door opens and a coarse, overdressed man, sporting a diamond pin, comes between the door and the railing which keeps the rabble of mummies in the background. He eyes some fortunate lady or gentleman and hooks them in with a sign of his finger. When this happens, they break off abruptly from their conversation and try to beat the pistol in getting past the gate and through the sphinx-like door. The others scuttle to the right and left—everyone of this poor hundred or so are standing, for there is no room for seats. If the gentleman selected is stout,

there is a perceptible twitch to the corners of the mouths of all the waiting stout men.

The rivals of a thin man more often blanch slightly and talk the more vivaciously. Sometimes you may find it necessary to wait an hour thus, sometimes three. Perhaps you will be told to come back, and after a snack of lunch come prepared for an hour or two more of standing by, and sometimes to find that the manager has gone home. However, unless he has poked his head out and said, "Nobody else, thank you," you should go again next morning. If the manager sees a type in the crowd that suits his ideas, he won't hesitate to let those who have several appointments remain without being noticed. I remember some ladies in rather timorous tones, reminding a manager that they had been requested to come to see him and had been standing on their poor feet for some hours. They asked if they could go in next. Without replying, the elegant gentleman manager, stared at the crowd, hooked his finger, and yelled out to the crowd, "I want a yeller-haired woman—here you, come inside." A tall girl, a twenty-five-cent-a-bottle golden-haired beauty, dashed forward from the crowd. "Why, gee," she said, as she rushed the defensive, "if they ain't all scared of him!"

A girl who was not a golden-haired beauty, after many setbacks was very jubilant about having fixed an engagement with "Peter Pan." I'll soon get on now," she said with a happy smile. But a day or two afterward the smile had disappeared. "Why, Lily, what's the trouble, I thought you were fixed with 'Peter Pan.'" "Oh, I'm fair sick," she said, "I made a mistake, it wasn't 'Peter Pan' at all; it was 'Pan-handle Pete.'" I often watched this girl when she came into the office and believe she had stuff in her. She was vivacious and intelligent and had a most expressive face, but she was always an unpicked plum and the ante-room of the agent's office was empty and still before she disappeared, leaden-hearted, no doubt, but having so brave a smile that I thought she was not plain. But good-looking rivals were too numerous, and she was never given a chance.

An accomplishment which some think of value in the warfare of an agent's office is what I call the crawler stroke. It is used to propel the body through a mass of wedged human beings from the rear of the office to the doorway where the manager is visible. If you have a good stage appearance there will be little need to scramble for parts, for ability does not count for as much as good looks. As Rosina Fillippi once said, "Ability is the last thing necessary to success."

R. E. DERIT.



PEGGY WOOD
Appearing as Gillette in "The Madcap Duchess"



Otto Sarony
ALICE BRADY
Recently in "The Things That Count," at the Playhouse



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON is said to consider Bert Williams one of the greatest assets of the negro race. Without wishing to filch any jewels from Mr. Williams' crown, one may venture to nominate, as another such asset, J. Leubrie Hill, author, composer and producer of "My Friend from Kentucky," presented this season at the Lafayette Theatre on upper Seventh Avenue. For when the 1913-14 theatrical books are made up, "My Friend from Kentucky" ought assuredly to be entered upon the credit side of the ledger.

Apart from the intrinsic value of their medium, the Darktown Follies, as Mr. Hill's players are called, owe their success to enthusiasm. It is stimulating to find a company whose members, especially in the chorus, show an intelligent interest in their work; and in "My Friend from Kentucky" there is a pleasant absence of that narrow-lidded, sophisticated languor so common in your average chorus. A refreshing spontaneity pervades the entire performance. These people are young. When they sing and dance they do it whole-heartedly. When they laugh, they really laugh, and their spirit is quickly transmitted to the audience—which, by the way, is probably the most appreciative in New York.

"My Friend from Kentucky" is built around a plot which could put to shame not a few much-vaunted musical successes. Jim Jackson Lee, a moral weakling, led by a boyhood friend, Bill Simmons, mortgages half the plantation of Jasper Green, his venerable father-in-law, and flees to Washington in search of high society, the presidency of the Colored Men's Business League, and freedom from the iron hand of Mandy Lee, his six-foot wife. Jim Jackson's freedom, however, is short-lived, as his justly indignant wife and her father, warned of his defection by the village lawyer, give chase, and catch him on the point of entering into matrimonial relations with a certain Lucinda Langtree, of the élite. Having been ruthlessly exposed by the avengers, Jim Jackson Lee, a sadder and we hope more responsi-



J. Leubrie Hill

Author and Composer

The Darktown Follies

ble husband and father, returns to his Mandy and the old homestead.

It is all worked out and played with a conscientiousness that deserves unstinted praise. First honors, of course, must go to Mr. Hill for his acting (as the outraged Mandy) and for the conception and production of the piece. His dialogue is clean and sufficiently witty. His musical numbers, of which there are some two dozen, are pleasantly tuneful, although for the most part they lack that insidious but rather necessary quality of being readily whistled. Even so, "Night Time," "Lou,

My Lou," "Rock Me in the Cradle of Love," and a couple of others, have themes that linger in the memory.

Compared with songs from current productions, their tempo strikes one as being a bit ragged, and a rather too generous supply of encores further retards the action. But the colored patrons do not complain. They like their money's worth—who shall blame them?—and they get it. Doubtless when "My Friend from Kentucky" reaches Broadway, as it is scheduled to do, it will be in an accelerated form.

It is not possible to mention every one in the large cast. Mr. Hill, by his tone and manner rather than by his actual lines, makes a properly terrifying Mandy. Julius Glenn, as the miscreant Jim Jackson Lee, using to advantage an extremely mobile mouth, is consistently funny, especially in his front-of-the-curtain scenes. Bill Brown, portraying Bill Simmons, the playful home-wrecker, acts with poise and naturalness a part that calls for considerable restraint. Sam Gaines is quite an ideal colored planter of the old school. Anna Pankey, a well-known Williams

and Walker star; Jennie Schepar, Evon Robinson, Alice Ramsey, and Grace Johnson handle their rôles very satisfactorily; the last two having particularly good songs.

Dancing, always a feature of negro performances, plays an important part in this one. Certainly there is no Broadway attraction that can boast any better planned or executed ensemble dances—or any less flavored with suggestiveness.

J. CHAPMAN HILDER.



Photo Unity

OPENING CHORUS OF "MY FRIEND FROM KENTUCKY"

UNDERSTAND me, I do not know for sure, but I would say there is no such thing as Hebrew humor. Poetry, yes; no people have more. Wit, yes; superb, immeasurable, invincible wit. But humor? I'm uncertain. I doubt if, in the ordinary sense of the word, humor is a natural product of the Jewish race.

The Humor of the Jewish Character

By ALEX CARR and BARNEY BERNARD

trotting about as natural as if he was in his store, and people roaring with the mer-

riest, wildest laughter at him; and he doing nothing but just be the same old Abe nobody ever laughed at when he only did it in his store.

And yet the Jews are really the most humorous people the world has ever known. There is a curious bent in the mind of every Jew which gives a twist of its own to everything, and he is at once so shrewd and so simple, so serious and so hopeful, so cautious and yet so daring, so suspicious and yet so trustful, so desirous to be honest and yet so human, he cannot but be a humorist. But of most if it he is unconscious.

In everything a Jew is so serious. It is that which helps to a large degree to make him humorous. He has not the blithesome whimsicality of the Irishman. Although they have their deep love of race and their feeling of oppression in common, the outlook of the Jew is entirely different from that of the Celt. The Celt's outlook is serious. The Jew's is humorous. But the Jew is rarely deliberately humorous in his language. He has no Blarney Stone that he can kiss. He never purposely plays the fool in word or act. He makes no fun simply for fun's sake. His brightest shafts are usually cuts of biting sarcasm. Yet he has humor, all right. Only men with a true sense of humor could meet and conquer difficulties as do the Jews.

But when it comes to creating humor on the stage, the Jew leads easily. The awkward part of a Jew's humor is that he is almost invariably the butt or victim of it himself. He can, therefore, get himself into absurd and laughable situations far more naturally than men of any other race. He has only to be himself and he is excruciatingly funny. The way he raises an eyebrow, the natural expressions that play upon his face, are irresistibly comical without the need of any exaggeration.

Take Mawruss Perlmutter as an example. Mawruss is a fine type of the Jew born and educated in America. There is not the slightest touch of the buffoon about him in any moment of the play. He has travelled and mixed with people. He uses words correctly, and the only difference in his speech from that of the most cultured American is a slight burring accent which he cannot get rid of. The contrast between him and Abe Potash marks the rapid progress of the Jew in advancing himself in culture as well as wealth. Mawruss has few or no mannerisms except in instances of excitement, and at all times he endeavors to live up to the highest ideals of a gentleman. And yet, far from having to be a mere foil to bring out the humor of Abe, he is equally a source of laughter himself. I doubt if this could be so were the characters other than those of Jews. For Mawruss, despite all his polish, is still a Jew.

Everybody laughs at "Potash and Perlmutter." I do myself—except when I look at my partner, Abe. When I look at Abe, understand me, I just feel I don't know whether to laugh or cry. I've known Abe ever since I could talk enough to call him "Unkie!" and I never knew anybody to laugh at him. People used to get mad at him sometimes, but they never laughed. Little did I dream I should live to see Abe on the stage, strutting and

But when I say what I think is the funniest thing about "Potash and Perlmutter," everybody will laugh at me, I suppose. In my opinion, Montague Glass has given us the greatest thing in literature since Dickens. Really and truly, I will go further. The drawing of his characters is, I consider, far and away better than anything the great English humorist did. Oh, of course, I'm not so foolish, you understand, as to believe that we are going to be laughing over these stories long after we don't any more have to chase out the book agent who wants us to

put Dickens on our book-shelves in fine binding. But for all that, I believe "Potash and Perlmutter" will stand for all time as a fingerpost on the big, wide literary road, because its characters aren't counterfeit goods, but the genuine article.

Dickens gave us artificial individual temporary types. Glass has given us real living men, eternal types of their race. There never was a real Sam Weller, nor a real Sarah Gamp. But there were Abe Potashes and Mawruss Perlmutters watching Noah build the ark and making a bit out of him in the supply of timber or nails, I not the least doubt. There were Abe Potashes and Mawruss Perlmutters who helped Moses spoil the Egyptians and cross the Red Sea, and there have been Abe Potashes and Mawruss Perlmutters ever since, and will be for ages and ages yet to come.

But this is the first time they have been put upon the stage. This is the first time the real Jew, with all his faults and failings, and with all his good qualities as well, has ever been shown in a play. That's why the tears feel like coming sometimes when I look at old Abe. I am so happy I could cry.

Usually only grotesque, low-life, outrageous caricatures of Jews have been given on the stage. The only good

portrayal I remember was that M. B. Curtis in "Samuel of Posen" years ago. I've seen Jews on the stage so rotten it would only have made them sweeter to the nostrils to have pelted them with rotten eggs. Until "Potash and Perlmutter" I despaired of ever seeing a play which honestly tried to do justice to my race, and yet which would not destroy its value by overpainting the good side.

Slight as is the story on which "Potash and Perlmutter" is hung, it serves its purpose wonderfully. It shows the Jew just as he really is. Every type and every good and bad quality is delicately set forth in the most masterly way. Yet, thanks to the inexhaustible fund of humor in the Jew, the result, which should be more powerful than a thousand sermons, gives three hours of almost incessant laughter. One, therefore, has to say that the Jew has humor, though there may be no Hebrew humor as a gift or art of the race.

WHAT BARNEY BERNARD THINKS OF ABE POTASH.

While I don't want to be always reminding my good friend Mawruss that it is a cloak and suit business we are running, and not an academy of the fine art of discussion, as he so often seems to think, I would like him to know that I don't altogether



White
BARNEY BERNARD and ALEX CARR
In "Potash & Perlmutter" at Cohan's Theatre



PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES

Miss Frances Starr, who is now appearing in "The Secret" at the Belasco Theatre, is seen here in the privacy of her own residence



Bangs

HELEN FREEMAN

Recently seen in Roland B. Molineux's play, "The Man Inside"

agree with him that as a race the Jews have no special form of humor, neither as a natural gift already nor as a cultivated art. From the days of the Talmud itself already, and its comments are full of brilliant humor, we have had our A-number-one humorists.

As I see it, understand me, the true racial form of Hebrew humor is this. A Jew has always got to get sense in what he says, but no sense in the way he says it. But what for use would humorists be to a people which has got so much humor what the Jews have got, they don't have to sell any to one another? Just tell me that, Mawruss, tell me that yet already.

But, Mawruss, you can dip your hand into that "M to O" box and help yourself to one of those best first-class customers' cigars every time you say we have not needed no humor to keep us cheerful yet. The most wonderful fact about the Jew, understand me, is that bright light of humor which he has each in himself, and which has kept itself burning in every man's heart among us, and kept him going ever and ever onward and onward, no matter how for darkness his other lights was got already. You can make me also a present of one for myself at my own expense, Mawruss, and for what you say about "Potash and Permutter" and the Jewish race, Mawruss, I'll smoke to your health for that, my boy. You're dead right in that, Mawruss.

And, now, let us go round to Wasserbasser's for a while and leave Mawruss to look after the store.

I heartily agree with what my friend Carr says. I regard "Potash and Perlmutter" as a true comedy, and it is the first great play of the Jewish race. When it was known to be in rehearsal, fears were expressed that it would hold our people up to ridicule and probably deal too severely also with certain of our bad qualities. It does neither. With the delicacy and refinement of a true master's hand it sets out the bad as well as the good and gives us the real goods. "Potash and Perlmutter" is a wonderful lesson, both to Jews and Gentiles. It ought to go a long way in helping to bring the two races together and make them understand and love one another.

Hitherto the principal feature of the humor expected from a Jew character on the stage has been a mean pinching for money. That had to be backed by general buffoonery. In "Potash and Perlmutter" there is no clowning, and the Jew's love for money is shown in its proper light. This play will long be remembered if only for this point alone, and those who see it will not readily stand again for such despicable representations of Jews as have previously been put upon the stage.

The character of Abe is supposed to be at least ten years, or nearly a generation, behind that of Mawruss. Abe is an immigrant Jew. He has known persecution and its mark is still on him, as it must be on all who are made to undergo what our people endure in the old land. In the great new country of freedom the life and fire of intelligence comes to shine in his eye, hope and confidence burn in his heart, and his wit conquers all his difficulties. But, in contrast with Mawruss, he is the old Jew whose spirit was once all but crushed, and you see the effect break out in several little ways, in an occasional touch of servility, an outburst of something akin to rebellion, and especially in his pathetic caution that makes him suspect in everything some trick to catch and do him.

This cautiousness, and the fact that Abe has never been able perfectly to learn the language of his new land, coupled with the natural wit that gives his tongue the keenness of a surgeon's lancet, makes him an irresistibly amusing character, and yet absolutely true to life. Mawruss is no less amusing, for, though supposed to be a higher and more educated type, the Jew is always showing through. With the utmost polish and grace he insists

on Mrs. Potash accepting from him the present of a model gown she has admired in the showroom at the store—but the next instant he remembers the cost and so orders the price of the robe to be charged up to Potash. Little touches like that make him humorous in a way which could not be given to any other than a Hebrew character and still remain amusing. It is the natural way in which he does things like that that makes the Jew funny and not offensive.

The two great racial traits of the Jew are his love for his family and his devotion to his people. For either he will make any sacrifice. For them he gives up his money as no other race does, and yet money is held to be the chief object of Hebrew worship. Examine into the real meaning and purpose of his love for making money, and you will see that his sole object is his home. The Jew has no love for money for itself. Abe Potash loves it only for what it will bring him, or, rather, what it will bring his wife and daughter. The truth of this, together with his splendid devotion to his race, is beautifully exemplified in the play.

Abe takes in Boris Andrieff merely because he is a homeless immigrant who tells a pathetic story and needs a friend. The American business man comes out in Mawruss, and he declares the young man of no use to the store—and then raises Andrieff's wages because he has hurt the young fellow's feelings. When Andrieff is arrested as a fugitive

(Continued on page 144)

The "Small Time" King

AMBITION! You must want a big success and then beat it into submission; you must be as ravenous to reach it as the wolf who licks his teeth behind a fleeing rabbit; you must be as mad to win as the man who, with one hand growing cold on the revolver in his pocket, with the other hand pushes his last goldpiece on the 'Double-O' at Monte Carlo. At the same time use your brains; use other men's brains, and—be true to your friends. That is the secret of making good in business nowadays."

A small man with a dark, close-cut mustache was talking, and as he sat in his richly furnished office in the most expensive theatrical district in the world, nothing in the appearance of Marcus Loew suggested that a few years ago he had been peddling lemons from an East Side cart. He speaks of those hard times as frankly as of the days that went before, when, clothed as well as the laws of Suffolk and Delancey Streets demand, he sold papers on the corner while mother, in the tenement above, laid out breakfast with old newspapers for tablecloth.

For eight years he has thought, heard, seen, felt, only in "small-time," the professional expression for popular amusement of the five-cent to twenty-five-cent variety; he is now known in booking offices from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, as "The Small-Time King." The girl with the pencil who sits at the other side of his desk writes little notes which move theatrical enterprises capitalized at thirty-five million units of Uncle Sam's currency. The central bank question does not bother him, nor the tariff, and he cares as little for President Wilson's policy on trusts as for his tailor's plans about next season's trousers. Intense concentration on work, his own work, is for Marcus Loew the breath of life; from the moment that his eyes open in the morning till, blinking the last glare of a Broadway night, they close, he is on the job with a drive as persistent as that of the piston in a battleship's steam cylinders.

Few others who work within reach of footlight glamors in New York jump out of pajamas again at his hour—when the whistles blow across the Hudson, "seven-thirty"; few are so chary of their words to valet, to servants and to family while dressing and sitting down to chocolate in the morning. An old habit clings; when tablecloths were scarce he learned that one may use both hands on cup and spoon or fork, yet read contentedly. To-day he wastes no time in turning pages or trying to prop a paper against the sugar bowl; the pages that interest him are laid out underneath his plate and that or a piece of toast are easily pushed from column to column. As he reads, a frown will sometimes gather, long and horizontal across a forehead from which the hair already holds itself a little to the rear, and that frown means—butter may be growing thin on the bread of eight thousand employees; sometimes the corners of his



Hall **MARCUS LOEW THEATRE**
Built on site of his birth, Delancey and Suffolk Streets

mouth twitch and turn up, and that means perhaps more jam on someone's bread. Twelve men and women in the New York Winter Garden cast draw on him for seventy-two hundred dollars a week; this all-star splurge of "The Pleasure Seekers" is the latest development of a business program which leaves competitors staring.

A little after nine o'clock he steps into one of his three automobiles and softly but swiftly rolls down to 260 West Forty-second Street.

"Good morning, Saul," Mr. Loew, with a twinkle in his eye, addresses the Primate of the Outer Chamber. The latter might at first glance be mistaken by a stranger for an ordinary office boy, but such scandalous suspicion vanishes before the distinction of this potent functionary's bow. When Mr. Loew has passed on into the holy of holies he knows that the portcullis is well guarded.

"Bugs" are the bane of Saul's young life; no stranger to the spotlight profession can guess what hordes of miracle workers besiege a successful theatrical manager. Men who have discovered North Poles, diamond mines, and everything else except how to make a living, hope to sell wares of hot air to the man inside; these never pass the Master of Introductions, who, with four slaves, who elsewhere might also be mere office boys, takes the stranger's card and sends it beyond the outer fortification. The pasteboard returns with a swiftness that may leave some doubt in the visitor's mind as to how far it travelled. The result, however, is a megaphone announcement which every supplicant on the crowded benches of the waiting room may hear:

"Not interested in the Sulzer film," "Overstocked with cat-eating rats," "No room for aeroplane exhibitions," and "Ex-convict's lectures might revive unpleasant memories in audiences." Of such is routine business. Yet even the most glorious office boy in New York was stumped the other day. In wandered a flat-faced darkey with a red shirt as sole decoration of back and chest; like the others, he had tried the regular booking office channels and decided that a direct appeal to the man at the top might afford an outlet for unacknowledged genius.

"What did you say you could do?" Saul's



Hall **MARCUS LOEW IN HIS FORTY-SECOND STREET OFFICE**

voice lost its icy edge in the surprise. The negro calmly repeated: "I can talk Yiddish." Nor did his anthracite complexion pale

a shade when a Doubting Thomas of the knickerbockered staff passed his forefinger over the cheek of this "last representative of the lost tribe."

"What's your name?" "Israel Shadrac Lincoln."

So he was personally conducted through three doors and down a doubtless mine-sown corridor, where the Secretary of the Powers that Be presides. Mr. Loew has a knack of finding unusual people to decorate his immediate surround-

minute steak à la Shanley is suggested as of a flavor more distinctive even than its name. As yet but little allowance for good living need be made in designing a Loew vest or waistband. He is a young man of forty-three, and the unfathomed energy with which he pounds a world into accepting his ideas uses up all force as fast as it is provided.

Over the cigars he was once asked to state the technical causes of his success.

"That is easy," he replied. "Give people what they want, give them their money's worth, and they'll stand

in line at your door just as they stand at mine. I don't offer widely advertised topline; I do not need Mrs. Thaw or Jim Corbett or performers of that class, whom an audience may want to see for curiosity sake, but through whose act they are likely to yawn. Just the same. I find girls who can dance with the best, and the writers of jokes turn out as good stuff for my artists as for anybody else.



James & Bushnell
GRACE MORRISSEY
Now appearing in "Broadway Jones"



Strauss-Peyton
JANET DUNBAR
Who plays Helga in "The Auctioneer"

ings; he likes beauty and he must have brains. He asks few questions and answers less; he tells people what to do. Israel Shadrac Lincoln now has a steady job: he is Premier Polisher of Sandals to all officials of the Loew establishment; he prefers blacks to russets.

The manager's next step is to the floor of the auditing department; receipts and expenses of forty theatres are laid before him, comparative figures side by side—yesterday's business, last week's, last year's and that of two years ago. According to his theology, to-day's dollar should breed a dollar and a quarter next week; if it doesn't, the manager of any showplace through whose box office the offending dollar has rolled gets a one-word telegram, "Why?"

When one of his emporiums of pleasure is opened in any city district, half of the families within twenty minutes' walk are counted on for one visit a week, three persons a visit should be the average. One-fourth of the residents in the



Moffett
IRENE WARFIELD
Now appearing in Essanay "movies," and to return to the legitimate stage next spring

tributary circle must be inveigled into dropping dimes and quarters into the box office twice a week, for doesn't the complete bill change every Monday and Thursday? A Loew manager must make that change pay.

Marcus helps him, even at lunch, and Shanley's grillroom, three minutes away, becomes an auxiliary business office. Not that stomachs are forgotten while pocket-books reign; oyster-crab and milk-fed baby duckling are among his favorites, and if the guest from out of town is worth the hint, a



DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB

Amateur theatricals will be given a great boom in the city of Detroit as soon as the new Detroit Athletic Club completes its handsome new home. Detroit has a large number of organizations devoted to producing plays. That spirit is expected to centre in the new athletic club, which will be equipped with a stage. The club is to be located in the very heart of the city, will occupy an entire block and is to cost \$1,250,000. Hugh Chalmers is president of the new club

"That's talking of 'small time,' of course. Now, as to the 'Pleasure Seekers'—there, I'll show you something new. Let's put on our coats and go over to the rehearsal. It begins at one forty-five, and I'm about due."

As he stands among the empty chairs of the huge Winter Garden, his managing director, J. M. Schenck, comes up in the semi-darkness.

"Say, you remember ———, who disappeared with a week's receipts from your Philadelphia house? They caught him in Chicago, and his wife's here to beg you to let him off. She's broke, too, and has got a year-old baby in her arms."

No spotlight was handy to show up the frown on Loew's forehead, but he pulled out his wallet.

"Here, Schenck, do me a favor: give her this ten dollars and get rid of her."

The director did not come back, but in a few minutes a woman with a handkerchief in one hand and a kicking bundle on an arm came up:

"Mr. Loew, a gentleman gave me twenty dollars; he said most of it was from you, and it's for the baby—but that about ———,

(Continued on page 145)



MAGGIE TEYTE



LAURA NELSON HALL



MONA MORGAN



EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON



JANE GREY



PEGGY WOOD



MADELINE TRAVERSE



ANNIE RUSSELL



OLIVE WYNDHAM



LYDIA LOPOUKOWA



KENNERLEY RUMFORD and CLARA BUTT



LUCILLE CAVANAUGH



CLAIRE BERTRAND



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AURIOL LEE



FOLA LA FOLLETTE



MARY PICKFORD



MARGARET MACDONO



TINA LERNER

STAGE FAVORITES IN A DIFFERENT ROLE

Our actresses are not always taken up with their profession. Sometimes they have taste and time for economic questions, and a few of our favorites are seen here discussing with themselves whether or not women shall have the vote.

Shooting "Movies"—the Latest Craze

AL. H. WOODS, erstwhile king of the ten-twenty-thirty variety of melodramatic "thrillers," and now occupying the same throne at two-dollar prices—giving better productions of the same old kind of hair-raising drama—has started in to shoot up the "movies."

While in Germany a few months ago Mr. Woods stumbled into a shooting gallery, where, instead of the familiar revolving fox and crow target, living motion pictures of lions, bears and birds of prey, shown in their natural haunts and flights, appeared before the screen with all the realism of the jungle wilds.

Now, this was the closest to a real big game hunt that Al. Woods had ever got, and when he picked up a small-calibre rifle and blazed away, only to have the real life target stop at the sound of his shot and a red light show through the screen where he had hit the ferocious lion in the upper lip, the melodrama hunter began to experience a "T. R." feeling that was a thrill in itself. Woods shot a nickel's worth of bullets at the beasts in shadow and then hurried into the "jungle" to secure the American rights to the new device. This done, he packed up reels and reels of real wild animal life and returned to New York with a shooting gallery outfit that is destined to not only make every man, woman and child shoulder a rifle, but will greatly improve the marksmanship of the army rifle corps.

Already have these life target motion pictures been put into practice by the British Army Officer's Training Corps at their camp at Salisbury Plain, in England.

And since it is the opinion of Lord Roberts that "the next war will be won by snap-shooting at short distances," these life target shooting pictures have a decided place in all army corps.

But it is not only an aid to crack shooting that the "shooting 'movies'" have been flashed upon the screen. They provide a most fascinating form of entertainment.

Mr. Woods has fitted up a life-target shooting picture gallery in a Broadway basement, where the "movies" bring big game to the parlor sportsman. These pictures bid fair to become a drawing-room novelty this winter, since between office hours and dinner in a business suit, or after dinner or the theatre in evening clothes, one may hunt big game with all the realism attendant upon a trek through the wilds of South Africa, yet with no more danger to the tender stay-at-home sportsman than a possible encounter with a nightmare.

The ceaseless rattle of rifles bring half-scared crowds to the top of the steps leading to the underground firing line. It was here that I found a gallant little row of gentlemen, each armed

with a Winchester repeater, and all firing away at the flitting phantasmagoria on a cinematograph scene. A rifle was thrust into my hand and I joined the bombardment, hitting a porpoise through the tail with the first shot and missing the cathedral of Notre Dame with the second.

Standing with us that night was a preacher from Boston, who never had held a gun before. Happening to hit a flying partridge whirring o'er the moors, his eyes shone, and he

stuck at it—bang, bang, bang—using up a whole box of cartridges, and was within an ace of missing his train to Quaker-ville, where he was due in the morning for a sermon. The fascination of the invention is deadly.

The films of this unique "movie" contrivance show all sorts of wild animals, polar bears, Indians in ambush, eagles soaring, wild ducks taking to the water, soldiers charging the enemy—plenty of true-to-life action, action, action.

The real novelty of the device is that the instant the rifle cracks the moving film halts for a fraction of a second, or long enough to show you where your bullet struck. Whether it is a seal slipping into the water from a rock, a springing lion or a leaping antelope, the instant the rifle cracks the moving object stops. Then, as the bullet pierces the screen, which is made of white paper, a little hole appears, showing a red light where the bullet strikes. Then instantly the film resumes its motion.

The whole mechanism is actuated and controlled by the sound waves created by the report of the firearm used. The report of

the firearms is recorded by a telephone receiver connected to a system of control which instantaneously brings the picture to a standstill and allows the result of the shot to be seen by the bright spot of light appearing where the bullet has pierced the screen. The hole in the screen is then automatically obliterated, and the movement of the picture restarted ready for the next shot. All this takes place in one, two or three seconds, according to the timing of the mechanism.

Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane, and spectacular and melodrama fame, has acquired the rights to this latest amusement novelty device for England. By next summer Mr. Woods will have installed these motion-picture shooting galleries in most of the summer resorts.



White BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE SHOOTING GALLERY "MOVIES"



A LIFE-TARGET SHOOTING PICTURE GALLERY IN A BROADWAY BASEMENT

Geraldine Farrar listening to herself as Madame Butterfly

Victor Record 87004—"Entrance of Cio-Cio-San"

You too can hear Miss Farrar just as she hears herself—and to hear her on the Victrola is just the same as hearing her on the operatic or concert stage.

The same sweet voice, with all the personal charm and individuality of the artist, as clear and beautiful on the Victrola as in real life. So perfect that Miss Farrar herself has said:

"Friends may admire, critics praise or condemn, but the Victor in its records decides with unprejudiced fidelity".



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Canadian Distributors



New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

They Wear a Life Time

That's the only fault jewelers can find with the 14-K Rolled Gold Plate



Krementz Cuff Buttons



35-K 38-K 40-K

That are unbreakable, because the bean and post are made in one piece, with the greatest strength where most wear comes; and the gold is so thick it will not wear through in years of use.

Ask your dealer to show you some of the attractive patterns, and if you cannot find a dealer selling them, we'll send a pair, postage free, on receipt of Two Dollars. Booklet on request.

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Only Druggists, Dealers and Department Stores of the very best trade carry DRALLE'S ILLUSION. It comes in beautifully cut glass bottles, with elongated drip stopper, in polished wood case.

Lilac, Rose, Lily of the Valley, Narcissus,
Heliotrope and Wistaria - - - - \$1.50
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Its pleasing perfume, its cleansing lather, and its refreshing after-effect will be appreciated by the user. To be had at Druggists.

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JUST look through this pure transparent soap, smell its delicate perfume and feel its rich, creamy lather on your face. You will never again be satisfied with any toilet soap less pure and perfect.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

insures a soft, clear, beautiful skin. Three generations of refined women on both sides of the Atlantic have proven its merits. Sold in every country where beauty is admired, or health desired. At your dry goods dealer or druggist. For sample trial cake, send 2c. stamp, or for 2c. in stamps we will send you a package containing a sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of No. 4711 Hair Salts, and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

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ROYAL COACH OF QUEEN ANNE

Humor of the Jewish Character

(Continued from page 138)

from justice, both Abe and Mawruss devote all the money they can to saving him, though the only bond is that of race and sympathy. But the moment Abe learns that his daughter, Irma, has fallen in love with Andrieff, and there is thought to be no chance of his escaping extradition to Russian and death, he at once puts himself in imminent peril of a long term in jail and a heavy fine to enable the youth to flee to freedom and happiness with Irma. When the estreatment of Andrieff's \$20,000 bail puts the firm into bankruptcy, neither partner holds anything back. Abe would throw in his house and Mawruss hands over the gas stock that represents his savings.

It is a beautiful picture of the good everyday Jew that is formed by Abe and Mawruss. Yet their very goodness is humorous, for they are entirely unconscious of any nobleness in their actions and are incessantly blaming one another for making the acts necessary.

The nobility as well as the cleverness of the Jewish woman is no less well shown in the character of Ruth Goldman. When the outlook is at its darkest and ruin stares Mawruss in the face, Ruth does not forget her love and desert him in selfish interest. On the contrary, she rushes to his aid and says together they will start afresh and with the ability of both will soon be better off than ever they were. Ruth is no mere stage character. She too is true to life.

But the weaker Jews are not left out of the picture. They are not brought in for the artistic effect of contrast either. They just come along naturally as in real life. There are scathing types of the slyster lawyer, and the unutterably obnoxious young four flusher, whose manners are as much a disgrace to us as the morals of the Pasinskys, who will sink to every trick in trade and even attempt to seduce their friends' models, and who are also held up to the light. They add to the humor, yes; but the classes they represent should take the lesson to heart. And many will. None are quicker to learn than the Jew.

In studying our parts neither Carr nor I had to hunt for material. Stand outside the Cohan Theatre for half an hour any day and you will see hundreds of Abes and Mawrusses go by. Get to know them and you will find them every bit as funny in the ways that Abe and Mawruss are amusing, and most of them just as good fellows. If "Potash and Perlmutter" will help only a few to realize that who now doubt it, it will have done fine work; and I think it will. The Hebrew has humor all right, and it was not given him for nothing. It has kept him cheerful through ages of oppression and in prosperity it becomes benevolence. There are Abe Potashes and Mawruss Perlmutter grown rich in New York City who are an honor to any race. Count them in in the play of life when you count the others. For the first law of all humor is that it shall be kindly.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Victor Records

- A New Victor Achievement, the First Caruso-Ruffo Duet.
- Otello—*Si pel ciel* (Act II, Scene I), Verdi.
- Giovanni Martinelli, Tenor.
- Tosca—*Elucevan le stelle* (Act III), Puccini.
- La Bohème—*Racconto di Rodolfo*, Puccini.
- Two New Ruffo Solos.
- Thais—*Aime fanciullo ancora* ("Whilst Yet a Simple Youth"), Massenet.
- Dinorah—*Sei vendicata assai* (Thou'rt Avenged, Dear Love!), Meyerbeer.
- Two New Gluck Records—Alma Gluck, Soprano.
- The Swallows, Bingham-Cowen; Berceuse, (Lullaby from Jocelyn), Godard.
- De Pachmann Plays a Chopin Nocturne.
- Nocturne—*G Major* (Twelfth Nocturne, Opus 37, No. 2), Chopin.
- De Gogorza Sings La Paloma.
- La Paloma (The Dove), Yradiere.
- John McCormack, Tenor.
- Nearer My God to Thee, Adams-Lowell Mason.
- New Dance Records for March.
- Peg o' My Heart, *One-Step or Turkey Trot*;
- The Horse Trot, *One-Step or Turkey Trot*;
- Pepper Pot, *One-Step or Turkey Trot*;
- Antipolo, *One-Step or Turkey Trot*;
- Toreador, *One-Step or Turkey Trot* (Machaquito);
- Admiration, *Waltz Hesitation* (Cuanto te quiero!);
- La Brulante, *Turkey Trot or One-Step*;
- Sari Waltzes, *Hesitation or Boston* (Love's Own Sweet Song, Love Has Wings, My Faithful Stradivari);
- All Aboard for Dixieland, *One-Step or Turkey Trot*;
- Ninette, *One-Step or Two-Step*.

Adv.



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You, too, will enjoy these things and you will be further pleased at the notable moderation of its charges.

HOTEL McALPIN
Herald Square
NEW YORK
Management of MERRY & BOOMER

The "Small Time" King

(Continued from page 140)

"I'd have to ask myself?" and her voice trailed into a supplication which needed no words. The baby wailed its echo.

Ten minutes later she was at a telegraph office and the only words of her scribble which the clerk could decipher were: "will not prosecute."

The rehearsal goes on smoothly. "To the Heidelberg Building," he says to his chauffeur and is soon on the second floor at Forty-second and Broadway. Here he has installed the finest booking office in the world. Forty people are at the desks, every district in the country has its manager. Outside the railing are "Gentlemen's" and "Ladies'" waiting rooms; in the latter hangs a sign: "This room is for the use of ladies only; this means YOU." A little farther is a room labeled in big letters: "For Agents;" No provision is made for dogs.

In every corner of the floor one rule however holds: Organization—System—Order. Within five weeks Marcus Loew has opened two million-dollar theatres and put on a hundred thousand-dollar production in a third house, which was leased, all in New York. He, during the same time, began or already had under construction four million-dollar theatres in Canada. Business of such volume can be handled only by a leader who is in touch with every detail of his forces. It may be added that this general never has time to either smoke or drink.

In three quarters of an hour he can motor to his Rockaway estate for a bit of tennis with Lew Fields. After dinner he may join Lee Shubert in a game of pinochle, but while points are being scored the talk is always business: "If you want to make good, never grow tired of your shop." As a result of this policy he points to a splendid theatre at Delancey and Suffolk Streets, built on the site of his native hovel.

None of Marcus Loew's house managers know when the boss may drop in; this man with the quiet clothes and silent tongue directs the laughter of millions. His houses run in Boston, Philadelphia, Fall River; to his electric signs the man with the wage or small salary looks for an evening's pleasure. Through associated circuits the Loew booking office can give work to an actor or small company for fifty-two consecutive weeks. Every day he adds to his power yet no one complains for it is a power that helps. No Sherman act will ever be invoked to prevent the filling of the poor man's hour with fun or against helping the strugglers to forget their poverty, and, even as Marcus Loew works at the task his life and success show that in this country rainbows do end in pots of gold and little East Side boys can find the treasures: that is the glory of America.

ARTHUR PRILL.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Tribute to Dead Jewish Actor

(Continued from page 115)

over his dead friend and a physician had to be called to attend him.

Outside the dense crowd waited patiently during the services and afterwards many thousands followed the monster cortège to the cemetery. Mogulesko was buried while hymns written by himself were being sung by all the Yiddish actors and actresses in New York.

The man who had won this remarkable demonstration of grief at his departure from the world, was born in Russia fifty-six years ago. At the age of twenty-two he was leading actor in a stock company in Odessa, but his progress in the land of bureaucracy was soon checked. The emotional state into which he was wont to lift his audiences came under the ban of officialdom and the theatre was razed to the ground by orders from headquarters. Later, in the mid-eighties, he again offended the Czar by some of his witticisms and was banished from Russia. Setting out for the land of Liberty he arrived in New York penniless and friendless. However, he did not remain unknown long, but soon established himself a warm favorite with the patrons of the Yiddish theatres. His last words uttered on his death bed were the same as those of Canio in "Pagliacci." *La commedia e finita*—(The comedy is ended). MAUDE PINGREE.

The University of Minnesota invited George Arliss on January 20th last to deliver an address on the theatre before the four thousand students of the University.



A little bird is telling him to buy

**WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT**

by the box—at most dealers—for 85c!

It's the economical way to get better appetite and better digestion—brighter teeth and purified breath. This delicious aid to yourself and family costs less than a cent a stick—if you buy it by the box. You'll have it to offer your friends—it stays fresh until used.

Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages.



Chew it after every meal

It's clean, pure, healthful if it's WRIGLEY'S

It's the hospitality confection. It's ideal to have in the house for family or friends. It stays fresh until used. Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S Look for the spear

Give DELICATE CHILDREN Vinol

THE DELICIOUS COD LIVER AND IRON TONIC WITHOUT OIL

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respond quickly to the strengthening and body-building virtues of Vinol because it contains in delicious combination two famous tonics—the medicinal elements of the finest Cod Liver Oil and peptonate of iron—but no oil. Children love it—it restores appetite and creates strength. Its superiority as a tonic reconstructor in all weak, run-down conditions and for chronic coughs, colds, and bronchitis is guaranteed by over 5000 druggists.

For sale by one druggist in a place. Look for the Vinol store where you live Trial sample sent free on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

Chester Kent & Co., Boston, Mass.

Club Cocktails

NO matter how good a cocktail you mix yourself—you cannot give it the smoothness of age. The perfect flavor of Club Cocktails is due to their aging in wood before bottling as well as to their accurate mixing. Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BROTHER
New York
Hartford
London





**Never rub the dirt in
—always wash it off**

On dry, breezy days, the gusts of wind fill the pores of your skin with dust; in damp, rainy weather, they are constantly breathing in smoke and soot from the heavy, humid air.

These conditions, which must be endured, soon ruin any skin unless precautions are taken to intelligently counteract their effect.

There's a big temptation to rub this dirt off with your dry handkerchief. Never do this. The rubbing of the grime and dust over your skin irritates it and destroys its texture. Instead of this way which throws an unnecessary burden on the skin and tends to overtax it, use this specific cleansing.

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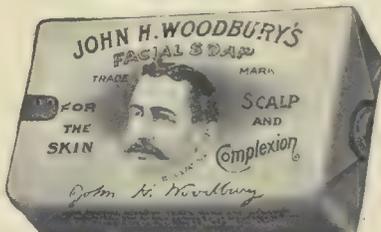
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How Castles Built their Castle

(Continued from page 127)

restaurant, the Sans Souci—a dollar for a glass of whiskey."

"It is great fun to be the fashion while you are twenty and to be at the same time amassing a fortune that will help you to retire when you are a middle aged woman of twenty-five, and live in the country and have a houseful of children and a garden full of flowers and a kennel full of dogs, and no worries. For that, you must know, is the sober ambition of a girl whose brain is not so light as her feet, not by many and many a—whatever is the unit of brain weight?"

It would have seemed that there was nothing less probable than that this slim child woman would have become the rage of Paris and New York two years ago. Then the future Mrs. Castle's interests were bounded by New Rochelle, by the outdoor life her physician father had prescribed, and by the dogs that always tumbled devotedly at her heels. It was the accident of an actor's happening to spend a vacation at New Rochelle that widened the horizon of the pretty villager's life.

Vernon Castle had intended to become an engineer. At twenty he graduated from the Birmingham University of engineering. Before taking up his "life work" as an electrical engineer he arranged to spend a vacation in the States. After signing a contract for a position with a famous English engineering concern he set sail.

It happened—things "happenings" seem to so surprisingly control our lives—that when Mr. Castle, aged twenty, arrived in New York his brother-in-law, Lawrence Grossmith, was appearing with Lew Fields in "About Town." Mr. Fields' eye of a manager measuring the lank youth, saw possibilities of comedy in him.

"Better understudy your brother-in-law," he suggested.

"Are you making fun of me?" drawled the British youth.

"I want you to make fun for my audiences," corrected the American manager.

"There might be sport in it," said the future electrical engineer. I say, I believe I'll try it, don't you know." Several times when his brother-in-law was indisposed or tired, the young man played his part with success. Mr. Fields offered him a part in "Behind the Counter." If your memory for funny trifles is good you will recall the long thin waiter in that production who chaffed Mr. Fields and was chaffed by him in dialect.

He joined "The Midnight Sons." "I had more fun every night in that stag banquet scene than in all the twenty years I had lived in England," he said.

The doctor's daughter. She approaches. Or more strictly speaking, Mr. Castle approaches. He heard that the swimming and boating were good at New Rochelle. He fixed his abode for the summer in that pretty suburb of New York.

He saw a slim, reedlike girl dive off her father's yacht. He asked to be presented to the dripping maid who rose so smilingly from the sea. I may not say that they became friends at once, for it is not in the leisurely British temperament nor is it the staid small town custom. But, those hindrances considered, they did remarkably well. It was but a fortnight before he called for her at her dancing school and saw that she was as graceful and apparently as weightless as a puff of thistledown coquetting with a sleepy breeze. They danced together at some of the New Rochelle hops. They knew that they danced together most agreeably, but dancing was not then in the foreground. Cupid relegated it to a minor consideration. It assumed prominence again when, wedded, they visited Paris and the review for which they had been engaged failed after a week.

"We wondered whether we couldn't make a living dancing. The proprietor of the Café de Paris gave us a chance. The rest you know," said the doctor's daughter as she whirled away to dance the graceful Maxixe.

It is a long cry from the village on Long Island Sound to international fame, but Mrs. Castle, with the help of her grace and her exquisite girlish personality, achieved it.

From the English town of Norwich, England, and a house teeming with memories rather than promise, for it was the house in which Lord Nelson had lived when a boy, to the conquest of Paris and New York: and a fortune before thirty, is a difficult distance. Yet Vernon Castle traversed it with ease.

The Castles floated into the port of success on the high tide of popularity. Castle House is a charming lighthouse on the way.

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Pity the Poor [Singer]

(Continued from page 124)

mountain top is passed."

"No, I am not free to retire when I wish! Not for the next four years! And the thought wakes me up at night that perhaps . . . who knows? . . . the summit may be reached before I am free. So now I try to climb slowly, I stroll off to the right and to the left . . . It is not gay . . ."

Caruso rose abruptly, and with the spontaneity that is one of the characteristics of his race he changed the subject.

"I am interested in collections now. I collect everything. Coins were the beginning. That was in Paris, when I sang 'Rigoletto,' at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, let me see . . . *quattro* . . . *cinque* . . . it must be six or seven years ago. Now I have one of the best collections of gold coins in the world. In museums I always look for them, but I have not found one as fine as mine."

"Do you know that of the King of Italy?"

"Mine is finer," he answered emphatically, though without exactly admitting that he was acquainted with the world-famous collection of his sovereign. "I have paid, up to now, about eight hundred thousand for it!" Dollars, or lire?

"I also collect gold snuff-boxes, and postage stamps, and post-cards with views. Not the ordinary ones, but only the interesting series: pictures of a country, its inhabitants, its army, its monuments. When I go to a museum, I always ask if they have a set of post-cards with reproductions of everything in the place. They often have, and I buy it. Then I have some work for myself and my secretary, self-addressing, stamping, signing and mailing the whole lot. They must go through the mails, you know, to become valuable.

"Paintings, also. I have many of them at my Villa de Signa and at my other property near Florence, the Villa de Panche. The coins, of course, I keep in a bank."

"Who are your favorite painters?"

"Oh, I don't know. I can't remember names. When I like a painting, I buy it. There is one here in New York, in a shop-window," and the tenor's voice sank to a confidential whisper. "It is very small, and very badly done, you know, like that, thick, with the pallet (!) . . ."

"Impressionistic?"

"For that, yes! It has wonderful impression! For a month I went every day to take a little look at it. At last I sent a friend to ask for the price. A hundred and fifty dollars. 'Go and buy it for me right away,' I said. But he counted that a hundred and fifty dollars is seven hundred and fifty lire, and that in Italy I could buy a much bigger picture for that price. So I said nothing more, but I have been thinking of it all the time. That was three days ago. To-morrow I'll go myself, and if the picture is still there, I'll buy it, *per baccho!*

"Oh, and books! I forgot books! I collect them also. Will you look at them in my study?"

There, in a tall book-case between the two windows, stood Caruso's collection of beautiful bindings, holding the editions *de luxe* of all sorts of literature, French and Italian. Among the most conspicuous volumes there were several considerable works on Napoléon, whom he admires as a sort of older brother, and many of the eighteenth century classics.

"You see I have 'Manon Lescaut' in three different editions. This I bought the other day, 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.' How is it? I started to read the preface last night."

"It is very excellent literature. Théophile Gautier is one of the masters."

"Yes? So much the better! I bought it because it is a rare edition, on Japon, numbered, and with beautiful illustrations, you see . . ."

He was as happy as a child looking at a new picture book and who is told that the story is pretty, too.

"These are not rare books that you see on my table. They are for education: *le petit Larousse*, Webster, dictionaries and grammars. This is a little book to study English. It was given to me by a young lady from Bombay, on the boat. It is very good. I must write to her. Here is my French grammar, look, two volumes. To know French well, I should have studied the small one first, and then this fat one. Now I'll show you how far I got in the small one . . ."

He opened it in the middle and then turned back pages and pages, very close to the title leaf.

"Here, where the marks stop, I stopped. I studied so far five years ago, in the country, by candle light. These candle marks always remind me."

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out studying! Caruso's French is fluent and correct, interspersed with an occasional Italian word, which adds only to its attractiveness.

The singer had turned to the piano now and brought the score of Charpentier's new opera, "Julien," under the light of the study lamp.

"Do you know this?"

"Louise's lover come into the world thirteen years after the little *midinette* of Montmartre was born at the Opéra Comique in Paris. Do you like *him* as well as *her*?"

"Better! better! I think 'Julien' is a masterpiece. I am preparing the rôle lovingly. Some parts of the opera, especially for the orchestra and the chorus, are simply wonderful! I don't understand how Paris did not put Charpentier on a pedestal!"

"But Paris accepted the opera very enthusiastically, did it not?"

"Not enough! Not like Italy would have done!"

Eager impatience to return to "Julien," away from inquisitive interviewers and all such common mortals, was written all over the tenor's face. Leave-taking became advisable. Still, in the entrée of his apartments, Caruso stopped the visitor once more.

"What do you think of these two aquarelles? I bought them here, but an Italian made them. They look more like Venice to me than any picture I have seen before."

An appreciative finger pointed at the moonlight on the waters of the Adriatic, and the singer's eyes commented with mute eloquence: "Beautiful, isn't it?"

A formal bow, a more friendly shake-hands, and Caruso was alone again with his doctor, his accompanist, his secretary, his valet and "Julien."

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At the Opera

(Continued from page 118)

of the wealth of laurel wreaths that were heaped upon the stage.

In the interim between novelties, familiar operas have filled the repertoire, the course being punctuated now and again by important revivals. Chief among the latter was the first presentation this year of "Das Rheingold," being the first in a series of matinee special performances of Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungen." Entirely new scenery was provided, and the stage pictures and transformations were really things of artistic stage beauty. The scene at the bottom of the Rhine was most realistically done, and the performance was in general a good one.

Then, in the second one of the "Ring" series, in "Die Walküre," there was a new tenor who made his American début, namely Rudolf Berger of Berlin. Originally he was a barytone but his voice to-day is decidedly a heroic tenor in quality. He has fine stage presence, an enormous physique and manly bearing. His voice has brilliant qualities, but it lacked the charm of poetry or romance. Still, he won an instant and enormous success with the public who acclaimed him as a favorite.

Wagner's immortal, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," was also given for the first time this year and again under the baton of Toscanini whose reading was a marvel of poetic beauty, clarity and overwhelming artistic detail. Gadsch sang a conventional but satisfying Eva. Urhus was not altogether happy vocally as Walther, while Weil was excellent as Hans Sachs.

Under the same leader's baton "Don Pasquale" was given with utmost charm and with real comedy spirit expressed in the music. Bori, as Norina, was in finest fettle. Scotti was an artist to his finger tips in the character of Malatesta, and Cristalli and Pini-Corsi completed the list of principals.

In the concert room Dr. Karl Fleisch, a Hungarian violinist, made his entrée, backed by a big European reputation. He proved himself to be a noble player, with good round tone and ample if not impeccable technique. Another violinist who has appeared during the month is the Frenchman, Jacques Thibaud, who has not played here in ten years. He is still romantic, still sentimental, but his playing is not apt to create a stir.

Leo Slezak, the giant Czech tenor, formerly a member of the Metropolitan Opera ensemble returned to give a concert and was warmly welcomed, singing some native Bohemian songs with wonderful spirit. For the rest there have been concerts and recitals great and small—all in endless succession, all combining to make the wealth of music offering a notable one, even for so great a city as this.

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The Drama League

(Continued from page 119)

Henry Arthur Jones, the distinguished English dramatist: "The moment the great body of playgoers begin to read and examine current plays, that moment we shall take one great step towards a serious intellectual drama." Mr. Jones goes on to say: "Many managers and actors dislike that the plays in which they are currently appearing shall be put into the hands of the public. So far as the success of the play depends upon some sensational situation or surprise, this prejudice on the part of the manager is natural and to some extent justifiable. But some leading actors have also a feeling that the publication of a play may endanger their position and popularity with the public—that enormous theatre-going public who in England and America have scarcely begun to suspect the existence of the author; scarcely begun to suspect that there may be an art of the drama, as well as an art of play acting; scarcely begun to suspect that the play may have an existence, a vitality, and an import of its own, apart from providing a momentary entertainment. Now I think it would be well if managers and leading actors could be reasoned out of this prejudice against the immediate publication of plays. Surely in France the art of acting, as well as the art of the drama, stands upon an immeasurably higher level than in England; and this is partly due to the differentiation in the public mind of the art of the drama from the art of acting. Both are judged in their due relation to each other, and both are judged on their respective merits instead of being carelessly muddled together. The printing of plays tends to secure that the actor and the author shall each receive his rightful guerdon. And in weighing the advantages and disadvantages which would accrue to the actor, were every play to be published simultaneously with its production, he may be asked to reflect that the printing and reading of plays tends to raise the intellectual level of the drama, and with it the intellectual quality of the acting, and the intellectual status of the actor. No actor who respects and loves his art, no actor who desires to see it established in the national esteem on the only right and safe ground, can consistently object to the immediate publication of a play on the eve, or on the morrow of its production.

"That such a course would not lower the dignity or deserved popularity of the actor is proved, by the example of France, where great all-round acting is common in all her large cities; where acting is judged and honored as the intellectual exponent and companion of an intellectual drama which playgoers read as well as witness, and which they discuss and judge as literature. Will not playgoers who constantly apply the reading test to those plays that have captivated them in the theatre—will they not begin to ask themselves, 'Are these the things that we praised and applauded? Were we tickled by this? Did we melt into tears over that? Was it here we shook with laughter, and there, imposters to true fear, that we thrilled and quivered with suspense and alarm? Did we indeed cloy ourselves with all this cheap sugary sentiment, like good children debauching their greasy immature digestions with the sickly masses of a Sunday-school treat? Were we so thirsty for amusement that we greedily drank up this green mantle of stagnant idiocy, these gilded puddles of obscenity that beasts would have coughed at? Did we, the supervisors, grossly gape on, behold these monkey tricks and call them amusement? Are these the gibes and gambols and songs that last evening set the theatre in a roar, and now in the clear bright daylight are seen to be as empty of merriment as Yorick's skull—and smell so? Bah!"

Now and then the personal vanity of a dramatist has prompted him to print his play and one or two publishers have made experiments in the same direction without meeting with much encouragement. But these have been only isolated attempts. The Drama League with its tremendous following is in a position to foster and encourage the reading of good plays, and its decision to publish a series of plays is one of the wisest steps they have yet taken for the ultimate betterment of our stage. Under the general heading, "The Drama League Series of Plays," volumes I and II have just been issued by Doubleday, Page & Company. The first volume is Charles Kenyon's drama, "Kindling," which met with great success out West a couple of years ago after an only indifferent reception at Daly's, New York. The second volume is Percy Mackaye's romance of the Orient, "A Thousand Years Ago," now running at the Shubert Theatre, this city. The plays are artistically printed between neat boards and in convenient form for slipping in the pocket.

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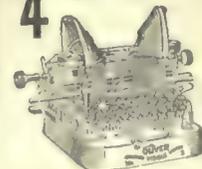
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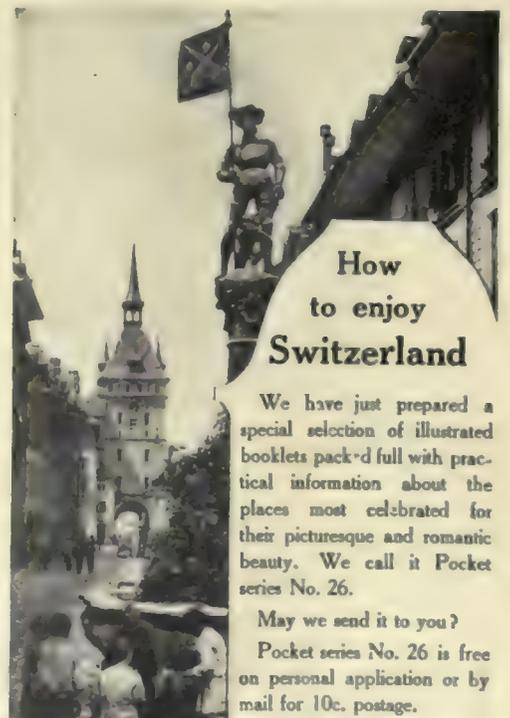
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"In undertaking the selection of modern dramas for publication in 'The Drama League Series of Plays,' the purpose of the League is twofold. It first desires to select from the modern plays of importance in the theatre, in America or abroad, those pieces most worthy of reading and study by a person desiring to form or maintain an intelligent basis for the appreciation of modern drama. To this end the books to be selected will come from two groups; one will include the best of the plays current on the American stage for the year; the other will cull from the most important European plays of recent years those indispensable to the student of the drama (when not otherwise already obtainable in English) in order to comprehend the growth and development of the theatre in other countries as well as in his own. These plays will by no means always be epoch-making dramas. That is neither possible nor altogether to be desired. Some proportion of them will be as light and entertaining as the current 'best seller'—of the day—provided only that they carry other merits of drama as well. It is quite probable that the European pieces will generally be more important in the historical development of the theatre than those published from the English or American stage; whereas the latter will probably often be of more compensatingly direct interest to American readers because of their greater insularity in outlook and nearer relationship in point of view. It is also the purpose of this Committee to assist, so far as may be possible, in standardizing the publication of plays so that, through their publishers or in co-operation with other publishers, all English and American readers may eventually be able to obtain books of plays bound at a nearly uniform size—certainly at a uniform height, to stand side by side upon their shelves—in a comparatively compact volume, at an inexpensive price. Many plays have been published in the format of a novel, which makes at once a too bulky and cumbersome proportion for the play-book; to be convenient for purposes of study it should preferably be of a size to slip easily into the pocket. It is hoped that the style and format determined for the Drama League plays will meet with such general satisfaction as to assist in bringing other publishers to adopt as nearly as possible a uniform size—while the League, in perfecting this arrangement with Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., has provided for the publication of this series, bound in brown boards, for 75c. a volume in the hope that so low a price would bring these volumes within the reach of every one interested in the drama, and serve to insure a sale sufficiently large to make this series possess a real educative influence upon the play-goers of America, and so also become eventually profitable to the publishers."

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 115)

But there is a fine moral to it all for in the end Claudia and her erstwhile husband are again united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

For buoyant and sustained enthusiasm few equal Miss Ring. Her good nature fairly bubbles. She never slights her work; on the contrary, she seems to thoroughly enjoy it, and withal capricious and ephemeral as is her material she moulds it with the skill of an artist. How she describes herself as the scion of an old Southern family is perfect; how she rollicks through her scenes and songs is compelling, while anyone who can make a reserved Metropolitan audience join in a chorus deserves to have a bouquet handed to her. All this Miss Ring does with a good nature irresistible. Harry Conor, as one of the susceptible admirers, is genuinely comic in his own peculiar style. Mahlon Hamilton as his son-in-law is agreeable while John J. Scannell, as "only a millionaire's son," shows not only a keen quiet sense of humor but a pair of very nimble and expert heels. The score is rather elementary, but no one who goes to the 39th Street Theatre will other than have a good time in helping out Miss Ring sing *Oh! Why is the Ocean so Near the Shore*.

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 Play in three acts by Jack Lait. Produced on February 11th with this cast:

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The Typist and the Drama

IT has been said—and the original assertion credited individually to a dozen or so of well-known dramatists, actors and producers—that “plays are not written, but rewritten.” This is true, not only in the sense in which it is generally understood, but in another not without its own importance.

When a play has been “written and rewritten”—that is to say, rehearsed, and blue-penciled, and chopped and changed and mangled, cut down here, padded out there, stage managed and stage smashed, knocked crooked, straightened out, jumbled up; adjusted, polished and “gingered,” until it is pronounced “all right” by the director, and perhaps “spoiled,” by the author—“clean copies” must be made.

It is here that the play is rewritten an indefinite number of times, and by typewriter operators who are trained to this kind of work. The ordinary stenographer, who has never copied a play, would be all abroad. There is a certain technique to be followed, and though it is not particularly intricate, it must be learned and religiously observed, or the “script,” as the play manuscript is always called, will probably be refused by the manager. A badly written script is an abomination in his eyes.

While there are plenty of stenographers who will write a play script for you, and do it well, most of the work in New York is done by less than a score of theatrical typewriting establishments in or near Broadway between Herald Square and Fiftieth Street, and at least half that number are in the few blocks of Times Square. Nearly all these concerns are managed by women who have been graduated from the machine, and any of them will take hold when there is a rush, and do as good and fast work as any of her employees.

The office of the average play copying bureau is always a busy scene. A dozen or twenty young women are clicking away at their typewriters



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with imperturbable countenances, turning out tear-bedewed emotion, hair-raising melodrama, uproarious farce and startling dramatic situations, just as they come. It is all one. So long as they write the lines and “business” correctly and produce a neat script, it matters nothing to them what the play is about.

Not that theatrical typists are without opinions as to the merit of the various productions which pass through their hands. They know what they are writing, subconsciously. Somehow they absorb the spirit of the work, and, when they have time to compare notes, their criticism is as discerning and trenchant as any that is printed in the papers or magazines. There are no better judges of plays than some of the demure, pretty girls who never look up as you pass, and who seem to be reading from their copy as mechanically as they finger the keys. Usually they do not spend as many words as professional critics. But their terse “Punk!” “Dandy!” “Weak!” or “A winner!” sums up the play correctly, as a rule.

Nothing is more common in an office of this kind than a “rush order.” Men who deal with the business end of theatricals are always in a hurry. When they want anything they want it quickly, and particularly is this the case with regard to their typewriting.

“Drop everything!” suddenly cries the manager of a well-known typewriting bureau, in the middle of a busy morning. “Here’s a script and ‘parts’ from Collins & Krank, and they’ve got to have it this evening. Three copies.”

The manager, a capable young woman, of decided manner, has torn apart a manuscript just put into her hands by a feverish messenger from the headquarters of the powerful magnates, Collins & Krank, and is walking over to her “star” operator to give her half a dozen pages. The “star” takes it unemotionally, puts into her machine three sheets of white paper, with corresponding carbons, and is working hard before the last of the script has been distributed.

It is not a simple matter to copy this script. The stage director, in the stress of rehearsal, and thinking only of getting the effects he wanted, has hacked away at it until its own author would not recognize it. Direful has been the result. He has written in stage directions in a scrawling chirography with a leadpencil wherever he could find room for them, and has now and then indited several speeches on the back of the preceding page marking the place where they are to be inserted with a blotchy cross. Sometimes he has marked in and then marked out again, deepening the mystery by writing “?” at the end of it.

All this the copyist must watch, making sure that nothing is missed, at the same time keeping her machine going at a good speed. It is the sort of thing that only an expert could hope to accomplish. But the girls in this establishment are experts. Hysterical stage directors, wielding maniacal pencils, cannot “rattle” them. Calmly they click their way

(Continued on page 164)



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Cher Monsieur,
 Je suis heureux de vous envoyer aujourd'hui, en souvenir de nos agréables conversations sur "Le Lusitania", comme je ferai dans d'Amérique, deux types de corsets et deux types de soutiens-gorge, que j'ai établis spécialement à votre intention, et qui correspondent tout à fait aux exigences de la mode du moment.
 Je suis persuadé, que ces formes traitées dans le merveilleux tissu dont vous avez l'exclusivité, doivent donner un résultat surprenant. Pour ma part, je les ferai porter à mes mannequins, et toutes mes clientes les adopteront j'en suis convaincu.
 Je ne serais pas surpris que vous trouviez auprès des Américaines, les mêmes succès.
 Je suis enchanté d'avoir l'occasion de vous être agréable, et vous prie d'agréer, Cher Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments distingués.

Paul Poiret

L'impression de mes lettres est faite à l'Imprimerie de la Manufacture de la Porcelaine de Sèvres.

Paul Poiret Writes :

TRANSLATION

PARIS, November 16, 1913.

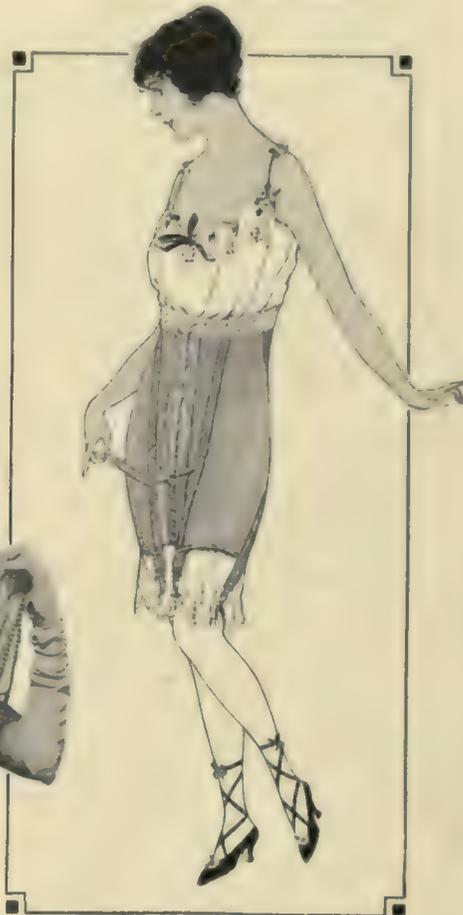
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I take pleasure in advising that in recollection of our delightful conversations on the Lusitania, while coming back from America, I am sending you two models for corsets; also two models for "soutien gorge" (bust supporters), which I have specially designed for you and which correspond to the latest cry in fashions just now.

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I am delighted to have had the opportunity to be of some service to you and I beg you to accept my friendliest remembrances and my kindest regards.

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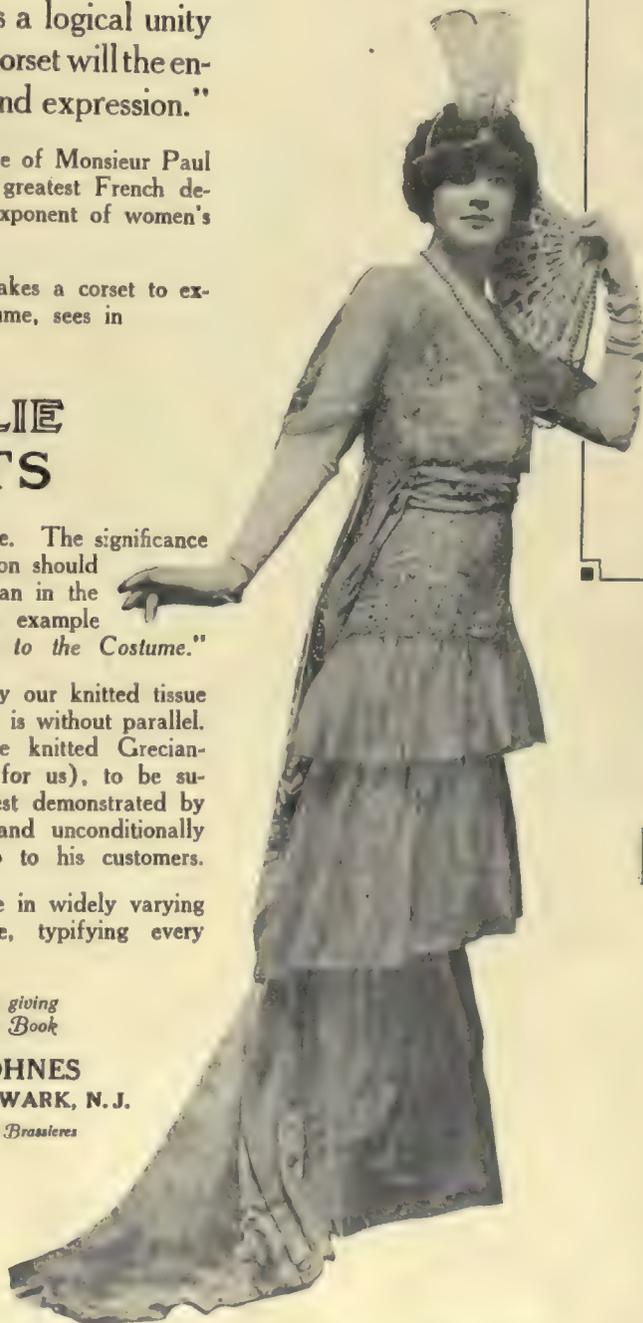
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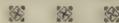


(Continued from page 150)

Mr. Jack Lait is said to be a Chicago newspaper man of experience and capacity. He, at some recent time, decided to become a playwright and his first venture in this direction, as far as these parts are concerned, was revealed at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. It was called "Help Wanted," and was described on the bill as "a play of the present" in three acts and four scenes.

It is most commendable that the younger generation of dramatists should look for inspiration from the happenings of the moment and utilize the people of to-day in projecting the same. Many big public and social problems have been seized upon. Not many have been made into

(Continued on page 156)



The Typist and the Drama

(Continued from page 152)

through the confusion, and, when they have finished, there is a neat transcription of the whole play—in triplicate—with every speech in its entirety and proper place, and all the stage "business" indicated in plain black and white.

The stage director owes much to the theatrical typist. It is to be hoped he appreciates her usefulness to him.

The manuscript of the play, as a whole, completed, now comes the copying of the "parts." Each operator must go through the whole manuscript, picking out the lines and business for the particular character she has on her hands. To facilitate the proceeding, and to allow as many girls to work as possible, the acts are separated, and when an operator has done with one act she exchanges it with someone else who has finished with another. In this way a full set of "parts"—sometimes running to twenty characters or more—are written in what seems a remarkably short space of time. "Parts" are usually written on paper half the size of a regular page of the play, so that they can be conveniently carried in a pocket or handbag during the period of studying.

The copying of a "part" demands exceptional care, as well as technical understanding. While this is true of any sort of theatrical typewriting, it is accentuated when one comes to "get out" a "part." Not only must every speech and bit of "business" set down for the character in this particular "part" be picked out and set down, but everything done by others on the stage which has a bearing on the character's demeanor or affects him in any way be also inserted. For example, if another character points a gun at you, it must be stated, so that you may fall back with the natural expression of fear, horror, anger, or what not.

In writing the "business" in a "part" it is customary to employ the word "You," instead of repeating the name of the character whose "part" it is. Thus, if the character is "John Jones," and he is required to sit down by a table, the stage direction in his part reads: "You sit L of table R C." In the manuscript of the play it would be "Jones sits L," etc. A small thing, but part of the technique in writing a "part."

When the play and "parts" are all written, the work is not finished, by any means. The sheets all have to be sorted out to make the three copies of the play, and the "parts" must go through the same process. Then comes the "lining." In most scripts all of the "business," as distinct from the spoken word, is underlined in red ink. The name of the character is also brought out in red in the same way. If you have never "lined" a bulky four-act play, in which there is a great deal of action, you can hardly appreciate what a long and tiresome job it is to pick out all the action and draw a red line under it.

Yet the girls who do this work in a regular theatrical typewriting office "line" a play and "parts" with a swiftness that seems positively uncanny. It appears as if they smell the "business" as they come to it, without looking. Unerringly they dart upon the parts that are to be underlined, and rarely indeed to they make a mistake. Very seldom is a line accidentally placed placed under a bit of dialogue, and on the other hand few stage directions escape the tell-tale red mark underneath. "Lining" a play is one of the skilled arts of theatredom.

With the lining of the play and "parts" the typewriting is nearly done. Now comes the binding of the play—each act separate, for convenience when used at rehearsals—and of each of the "parts." Generally a certain blue paper is used for the covers, and the name of the play is typewritten on each act, while on the "parts" are the name of the play, as well as of the character.

Then all that remains is to wrap up the play and parts as neatly as a dry goods parcel and get it over to the office of Collins & Krank—on time, let us hope.

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successful plays for the simple want of that stage training in technic so needed in the composition of a big drama. Mr. Lait shows a nice observation of character and the value of differentiation. He has a distinct capacity for telling dialogue along certain lines and an equally naive and ingenuous method of expressing ideas not quite within his ken. Thus it is that "Help Wanted" is a work of very uneven quality. There is a captain of industry, a minatur of typewriters. In seeking his selfish ends, he tries to ruin a girl who is loved by his step-son. He fails in his purpose, the young people are married; his wife is kept in ignorance of his wrong doings and when the final curtain falls it is shown that he has learned nothing from experience and is just as naughty as he ever was. Charles Richman acted this rôle, Jerrold R. Scott. He attempted to play it in an affable eccentric vein. It was not entirely his fault that the effort was not more convincing. A very worldly attorney was acted with some quiet significance by John Miltern, and the heroine's mother, a German matron of the wash tubs was interpreted with characteristic humor and veracity by Jessie Ralph. An independent stenographer, who saw things as they were, and knew how to take care of herself was capitably portrayed by Desmond Kelly. Lois Meredith was attractive in the rôle of the stenographer.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE LAUGHING HUSBAND." Musical comedy in three acts; book adapted from the German by Arthur Wimperis; music by Edmund Eysler. Produced on February 2nd with this cast:

Ottokar Bruckner, Courtice Pounds; Hella Bruckner, Betty Callish; Andreas Pipelhuber, Fred. Walton; Dolly, Venita Fitzhugh; Lucinda, Josie Intropidi; Mr. Rosenrot, William Norris; Count Selztal, Gustave Werner; Herr Von Basewitz, John Daly Murphy; Etelka, Frances Demarest; Lutz Nachtigall, Roy Atwell; Hans Zimt, Nigel Barry; Wiedehopf, Bert. D. Melville; Baldrian, Leonard Feiner; Juliette, Irene Palmer; Marie, Dorothy Chesmond.

Whatever else we may ask for in comic opera we have become accustomed to having, in the operas produced by certain managers, the best of everything that can be provided in management and production. Excellence of the kind is never absent from a production made by Mr. Charles Frohman. There is a very material sense of gratification in this. Everything may not come up to expectations, but there is always so much in the performance that is unusual that the disappointment is never complete. "The Laughing Husband" could not escape a very considerable measure of success, for almost infinite artistic pains had been taken with it. The opera was born in an artistic home, Vienna. It has passed through a London season and nothing has been stunted in its New York production.

The story of the opera is in the nature of farce, but it is a consistent story. The Laughing Husband is a retired confectioner, grown rich at his trade, but without interest in artistic and literary matters. His young wife, a beautiful creature, is literary, and has about her many artistic and literary admirers. In order to get material for a novel she encourages the attentions of a Count who is infatuated with her. The Laughing Husband finds amusement in all this until, in a scene that has some preliminary comedy in it, he discovers her behind a screen while she had been making merry with the Count drinking wine. The scene, with song, where the Laughing Husband, at a table with a friend, drinks to drown his grief, has the true dramatic touch, and the song is one to be remembered for its pathos and beauty. The Laughing Husband is played by Courtice Pounds, who is held in sentimental remembrance by those who go back to the early Gilbert and Sullivan days in New York. He is no longer so young as he was, but he has not wholly lost his youth, and he retains a certain amiable charm that is distinctive with him. One of the acts, while it is incidentally operatic enough, is largely farcical comedy. The scene is in the lawyer's office, the confectioner seeking a divorce. The solution of the story is that the novel written by the Laughing Husband's wife appears and the story it unfolds is held to be a confirmation of the wife's version of affairs. Miss Betty Callish, as the literary wife, made a good impression, being new to us. The cast is an admirable one.

GARRICK. "THE DEAR FOOL." Play in three acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced on January 26th with this cast:

Betty Dunbar, Eva Moore; Bill, Reginald Grasdorff; Jack, Howard Stuart; Ethel, Estelle Despa; Dolly Palgrave, Marion Courtney; Mrs. Hunter, Constance Groves; Mary, Jessamine Newcombe; The Marquis of Murdon, Leslie Banks; Dr. Wale, Fred. Grove; Effingham, H. Ashford; Sir Egbert Inglefield, H. V. Esmond.

H. V. Esmond has not been fortunate in the choice of plays written by himself to introduce himself to the American public. It so happens, singularly enough, that it has not been unusual in the history of our stage, for a new comer to introduce himself unfavorably, the play selected

(Continued on page 158)



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See page 161 for particulars

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(Continued from page 156)



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being, sometimes, too familiar, and, again, not familiar enough, particularly in the sense of some strangeness in the material preventing entire appreciation of it. In craftsmanship Esmond is too expert to invite censure. Failure is not to be found in that direction. In point of fact, Esmond has proved himself in the two plays he has put forward, perhaps too expert in the theatrical handling of his plays. "The Dear Fool" is filled with entertaining little stage tricks, but the idea of it was not worth the while. Mr. Esmond, no doubt, saw his opportunities for certain very clever scenes, but it is incredible that he should have seriously thought there was anything of a philosophical nature that would entertain anybody in the foolishness of a woman of forty in love with a youth of twenty-two.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE DEADLOCK." Drama in three acts by Margaret Turnbull. Produced on January 20th with this cast:

Maggie, Ethel Wright; James O'Donnell Kildeen, Frank Losee; Celia Kildeen, Florence Huntington; Father Felix Kildeen, Thomas J. Carrigan; Wilhelm Hoffman, T. Morse Koupal; Jimmy, Master Norris Millington; Madame Norma, Edith Wynne Mathison.

"The Deadlock," as was proved by its brief existence on the stage, was hopeless in subject. Perhaps no subject is forbidden to the dramatist if he can make his play stir audiences, remedy some wrong, and accomplish some good. We do not believe that a play in which religion is concerned is necessarily disqualified. We do not believe that it would be too daring in any dramatist to attack any policy, whether of church or state, if that policy required to be combated. No such case is presented in "The Deadlock." Everything is indefinite as to what the church will do in the given case. In a way, the play has been about nothing.

BOOTH. "CHANGE." Play in four acts by J. O. Francis. Produced Jan. 27th with this cast:

John Price, Ernest Cove; Gwen Price, Lillian Mason; Gwilym Price, Harold West; Sam Thatcher, Edmond Kennedy; Isaac Pugh; Tom Owen; Lewis Price, R. A. Hopkins; John Henry Price, John Howell; Dai Matthews, Gareth Hughes; Twm Powell, William Hopkins; Jinnie Pugh, Doris Owen; Lizzie Ann, Eleanor Daniels.

Art wrapped in an excess of gloom has few chances for permanent success on the local boards. "Rutherford & Son" was a particular case in point and many others might be cited if it were worth the while. Already a similar fate has met the Welsh Players who for a brief fortnight displayed their talents on the stage of the Booth Theatre in a dramatic story of their local life called "Change," written by a Welshman named J. O. Francis. It had won a prize offered in London by Lord Howard de Walden for the best exposition of life in Wales.

Like "Rutherford & Son" and "The Younger Generation" it told a story of youthful revolt from parental discipline and the limitations of puritanical environment. All happens in the living room of John Price, a Glasmorganshire miner. He and his wife have starved themselves that the eldest son may be educated for the ministry. But he cannot accept the Calvinistic doctrine and leaves the theological school, while another consumptive son is shot by the soldiers in a riot with the striking workmen who have been led on by the radical oratory of a third son. In the end the old couple are left alone, bereft of filial consolation, both living sons having left home for a broader life. For their consolation all that is left for father and mother is their religious faith and mutual love. Not very cheerful, but an undoubted slice of life retailed with grim realism and a devotion to the truth most convincing.

LONGACRE. "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE." Play in four acts by Joseph Byron Totten, founded on Reginald Wright Kauffman's novel. Produced on January 19th with this cast:

Sallie Denbigh, Suzanne Rocamora; Mrs. Denbigh, Lucille La Verne; Owen Denbigh, C. W. Goodrich; Mary Denbigh, Cecil Spooner; Max Crossman, Tully Marshall; Rose Legere, Elita Proctor Otis; Fritzi, Elizabeth Whippis; Evelyn, Blanche Yurka; Celeste, Helen Tilden; Rafael Angelelli, John Sainpolis; Wesley Dyker, John Maurice Sullivan; Philip Beckman, Charles F. Miller; Carrie Berkowicz, Garia Mravlag; Herman Hoffman, Otto Koerner; Katie Flanagan, Clara Greenwood; Mrs. Chamberlain, Ida Darling; Marion Lennox, Jessie Arnold; Dr. Helwig, J. Irving Southard.

Whatever value Reginald Wright Kauffman's novel, "The House of Bondage," may have as a sociological factor its dramatization by Joseph Byron Totten had none. The proof of the pudding was in the fact that it ran for just one week at the Longacre Theatre. The White Slave question has been sadly overdone. The public is getting sick of the exploitation of the traffic. Few students of social conditions ever placed much faith in either the pictures or the plays and now that hectic public, always on the alert for sensations, is looking elsewhere for its frenetic satisfaction.

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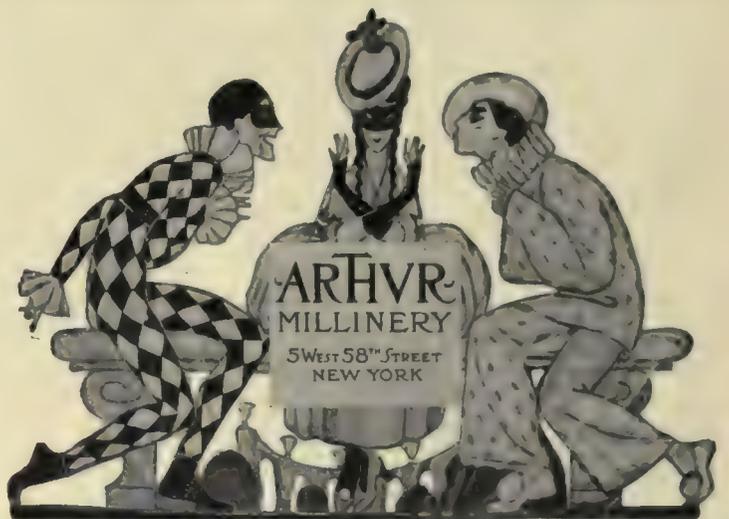
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"Mme. Joire,—Mrs. Paquin's sister-in-law—is now on her way here with six of our most attractive mannekins, and we will exhibit in the Grand Ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton, beginning March 4th and continuing until the 7th, the newest Paquin creations in evening gowns, afternoon dresses, tailor-mades and the necessary accessories without which a costume is incomplete.

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Hits of the Month

"Shine, oh shine you little star,
How they'll wonder who you are,
When they see your name so bright
Small, but in electric light!"

SO wrote her mother in a telegram sent on opening night to Patricia Collinge, who plays Agnes in "The New Henrietta." People saw her prettiness and her winsomeness and did wonder who she was, until they remembered her as Youth in "Everywoman." Miss Collinge is a little Irish girl, and proud of it, too, she says. She was born and educated in Dublin. She always wanted to act, and her mother wisely decided to let her try it. Her opportunity came when she was only eleven years old. She met Mrs. Arthur Bouchier, who gave her a part in "Little White Barbara," a Christmas matinee play for children at the Garrick Theatre, London. The play ran for six weeks, after which little "Pat" went back to school to finish her studies before becoming a "professional." When she was sixteen years old she came to New York. Her first appearance here was in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," in which she was given the part of a cockney flower girl. After that she understudied Flora Parker in "The Girl and the Wizard," with Sam Bernard. When Miss Parker became ill, Miss Collinge stepped in and played the part. Following that she joined the forces at the New Theatre, where she was seen in a succession of children's parts. Among them were the first unborn child in "The Blue Bird," Allette the beggar child in "Sister Beatrice," and a part in "The Thunderbolt." Then came "Everywoman," which ran for three years, followed by a season of stock in Hartford. At the beginning of this season she appeared with Douglas Fairbanks in "Dollars and Sense," and later was engaged for her present rôle.



Patricia Collinge

"The Night I Ran Away to Join the Circus"

was the turning point in my life," says David Belasco. From the hush of the cloister and the association of the soft-voiced priests to the glare of the tanbark ring and the rough comradeship of a bareback rider was a long step for the lad of thirteen years.

But it was the first step on a journey to wide renown. In the eyes of the world, Belasco is today among the greatest of theatrical producers. Few Americans have had a more varied or picturesque career. The story of his life reads like a romance.

David Belasco

tells for the first time in his reminiscences how he discovered and trained Mrs. Leslie Carter, Henrietta Crosman, David Warfield, Blanche Bates, Frances Starr, how he fought the theatrical trust, how he wrote and produced such famous plays as "The Heart of Maryland," "Zaza," "Madam Butterfly," "The Darling of the Gods," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Music Master," and his many other masterpieces.

Mr. Belasco's autobiography is to be published exclusively in Hearst's Magazine. Read the life story of this artistic, masterful personality. A quarter and the coupon opposite mailed today brings it to you in a 3 months' introductory subscription to

Hearst's Magazine

119 West 40th Street, New York City

A delightful comedian who can always be looked to for a finished performance is Frank Lalor, who was seen here recently as Guilford the poet in the musical comedy, "Iole." Mr. Lalor is a past master in the gentle art of creating laughter. He was born in Washington, D. C., and was educated in Lawrence, Mass. He entered the profession as a song-and-dance artist in the Austin and Stone's Museum in Boston in 1887, and then played in vaudeville and stock throughout the West until 1895.

After that he wrote and played "Hot Old Time" with the Rays, remaining with them for three seasons. At the end of that time he entered the musical comedy field, in which he has remained since, playing the leading comedy parts in "The Show Girl," "The Wix of Wickham," "An English Daisy," "The Athletic Girl," "The Filibusters," and "The Press Agent." Then he played Nott the tailor in "Coming Through the Rye," a play that at first proved a distinct failure in New York but was recast with Stella Mayhew and Frank Lalor, somewhat revised, and in the end made for its owners \$100,000. After that he was in "Prince Humbug," "The Candy Shop," and "The Bachelor Belles." Following that he played the inimitable Dondidier in "The Pink Lady," a character comedy that stood out unlike any other. After a long run in "The Pink Lady" he was engaged for his recent rôle of Guilford, the penniless poet with eight lovely daughters.



Frank Lalor

One of the most difficult rôles in "The Secret," the Henri Bernstein drama, now at the Belasco Theatre, is that of Denis Le Guern, so splendidly interpreted by Frank Reicher. Mr. Reicher, who is well aware of the possibilities and the limitations of the part, invests it with a dignity and sincerity that makes it stand out as a perfect interpretation. Mr. Reicher was born in Munich, Germany, and was educated in Berlin, Wiesbaden, and Hamburg, during which time he learned the English language. After graduating in Berlin, at the age of eighteen, he started on the stage at the Grand Duke's Theatre in Oldenburg, Germany. Then came an engagement at the Municipal Theatre, Breslau, followed by an appearance in Berlin. He came to the United States in 1899, and played in English for the first time in John Blain's special matinee of Ibsen's "Ghosts." His first regular engagement here was with Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp," followed by appearances with Julia Mar-



Frank Reicher



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lowe in "Barbara Frietchie," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Ingomar," "Queen Fiammetta," and "The Cavalier." Then he was seen with Sothern and Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire in the United States and London, and played with Sothern in "If I Were King," "Lord Dunsyreary," "Don Quixote," etc. After a season in vaudeville he became general stage director for the late H. B. Harris, with whom he remained for three years. At the end of that period he was seen in "The Scarecrow," by Percy Mackaye; in "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy, and in the matinee performances of "The Flower of the Palace of Han," in which he played the Chinese Emperor.

A promising young actress, who possesses charm, temperament, a deep, musical voice, and a strong, lean-faced beauty of the Nazimova type, is Fania Marinoff, who plays Zelima the slave in Percy Mackaye's Oriental fantasy, "A Thousand Years Ago." Miss Marinoff is a Russian, born in Odessa, and although she is American in schooling and training, still retains her Russian temperament. She came here with her family at the age of four, after a tempestuous ocean voyage which she still remembers. After remaining in Boston a short while, where they landed, the family went to Denver, where Fania attended school and "took elocution lessons." Miss Marinoff gives a delightfully graphic description of herself at the age of eight or nine, standing on a soap-box at entertainments reciting fiery, dramatic "pieces" like "The Polish Boy," her great,



Fania Marinoff

brown eyes like twin saucers in its lean face, her hair a tousled, black crop, and small body swaying in the throes of dramatic expression. What a picture! She decided then that she would become an actress, and lost no time in setting to work to gain her end. When only nine she was given the opportunity to play the little boy in "Cyrano de Bergerac." At thirteen she went out with a road company, playing three-night stands. At that tender age she played leading soubrette, character, and emotional lead! Quite adventurous, too, has been her career. The company was stranded in Nebraska, and it was with considerable difficulty that the tiny actress managed to get back. After that she was with Blanche Walsh in repertoire for one year, and then came to New York to play Dolly in "You Never Can Tell" with Arnold Daly. Then came a period of stock at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, followed by an appearance with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Sardou's "Sorceress," in which she played a boy. Later she played lead in "The Man on the Box" with Max Figman, and then created the rôle of Esther in "The House Next Door." Then, after appearing in vaudeville in which she created the part of "Dago Annie" in Paul Armstrong's "Romance of the Underworld," she played Helen Morris in "Within the Law," followed by her present part of Zelima.

Given a combination of youth, vivid beauty, a great deal of personal charm, much vivacity, and prominence and "pull" enough to make her the envy of every other girl in "the profession," who would fail to make herself a prominent and popular actress? Yet Elaine Hammerstein, who displays all of these in her rôle of Florence in the bright musical comedy, "High Jinks," declares emphatically that she doesn't want to be an actress! An amazing declaration for a young woman of eighteen. But Miss Hammerstein insists, with a bright smile that lights up her black and red and white beauty, and a crinkling up of her straight little nose, that she is thoroughly domesticated, and wants to stay at home with mother! She is dreadfully jealous of her friends who come to see her sing, dance, and act, and would ever so much rather be on "the outside looking in, than on the inside looking out." And she insists that she has nothing to warrant her ability as an actress except a grand opera impressario for a grandfather and a big theatrical man for a father. This is the first time she has appeared on any stage. She had no intention of ever becoming an actress, and was astounded when her father told her, during her vacation last summer, that he was going to place her on the stage as soon as she left school. Accordingly, when the year ended in the boarding school she attended near Philadelphia, father Hammerstein placed the script of Florence in his pretty daughter's hands and bade her go ahead and win new laurels for the glorified name of Hammerstein. And, whether she would or no, her beauty and personality are making her a decided "hit." Y. D. G.



Elaine Hammerstein

ing in, than on the inside looking out." And she insists that she has nothing to warrant her ability as an actress except a grand opera impressario for a grandfather and a big theatrical man for a father. This is the first time she has appeared on any stage. She had no intention of ever becoming an actress, and was astounded when her father told her, during her vacation last summer, that he was going to place her on the stage as soon as she left school. Accordingly, when the year ended in the boarding school she attended near Philadelphia, father Hammerstein placed the script of Florence in his pretty daughter's hands and bade her go ahead and win new laurels for the glorified name of Hammerstein. And, whether she would or no, her beauty and personality are making her a decided "hit." Y. D. G.

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Francoise Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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A Perfume with a Temperament

WHAT could Shakespeare have been thinking of when he remarked "What's in a name," or just perhaps, all these years we have been putting the wrong construction on that oft quoted remark. Why everything is in a name, so those that know their cryptogram tell us, the very part of our life is governed by what name is chosen for us, our success or failure depends solely, or, largely, upon our name! Well, at any rate, a name has done much to make a perfume as well known and as popular in its way as the fair grand opera star for whom it was named. The singer and the perfume are curiously alike, alluring, compelling, fascinating, elusive, exquisite, but never palling on one's sense by excessive sweetness or by monotony. It is a perfume with a temperament—a perfume of originality and undisputed fascination. It is the interpretation of the artist in her many rôles, although the woman of a lesser civilization in the Far East believes it to be a divine emanation of a goddess and as such is used by the pongree priests in the Buddhist temples in far off Mandalay. Think of a perfume with such a universal appeal that it is beloved from restaurants and modern pleasure palaces of New York to the dim far eastern pagodas where the "tinkly temple bells" proclaim a faith so at variance with



ours. It is true that "East is East and West is West and ner' the twain shall meet," but they have met in a measure, met and united in an appreciation of a wonderful aroma, an aroma that exudes the very soul and spirit of one who is a singer, yes, but a greater actress. Grand opera perfumes are as seductive in their appeal as the singers for whom they are named. The modern woman plays up to her personality and demands a perfume with a speaking personality which is in harmony with hers. The subtle art of personal fragrance makes an appeal to the vanity which the perfumer does well to recognize. Surely it is a delicate way to express oneself through the use of a perfume. Synthetic odors are as distinct and different from ordinary perfumes as a woman of charm is different from a woman of mere physical beauty. The secret lies in that which for want of a better name we call elusive. The psychology of odors is really an intensely interesting subject. All special senses are modifications of the tactile sense, so when we receive sensations through one sense they are reflected in others, recalling memories to the various organs of sight, hearing, smell and even taste. What memories a mere whiff of fragrance will bring back to our minds. This is true, perhaps, of a fragrance even more than of music and an awakening of all that perfume means is enhancing personal charm of our women and endearing them to us in a more sweet and subtle way.



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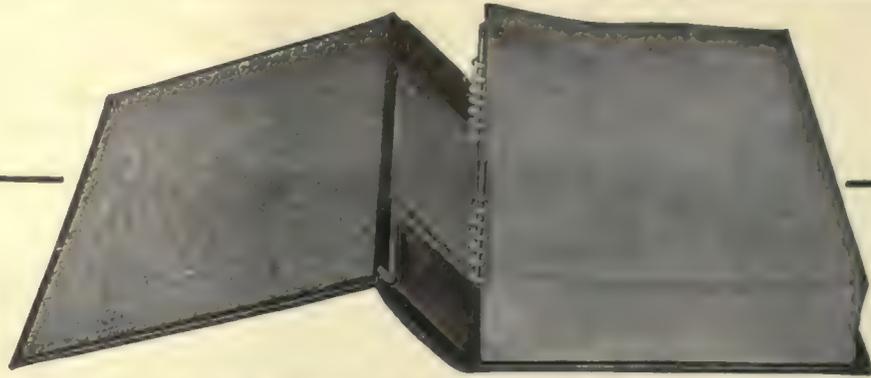
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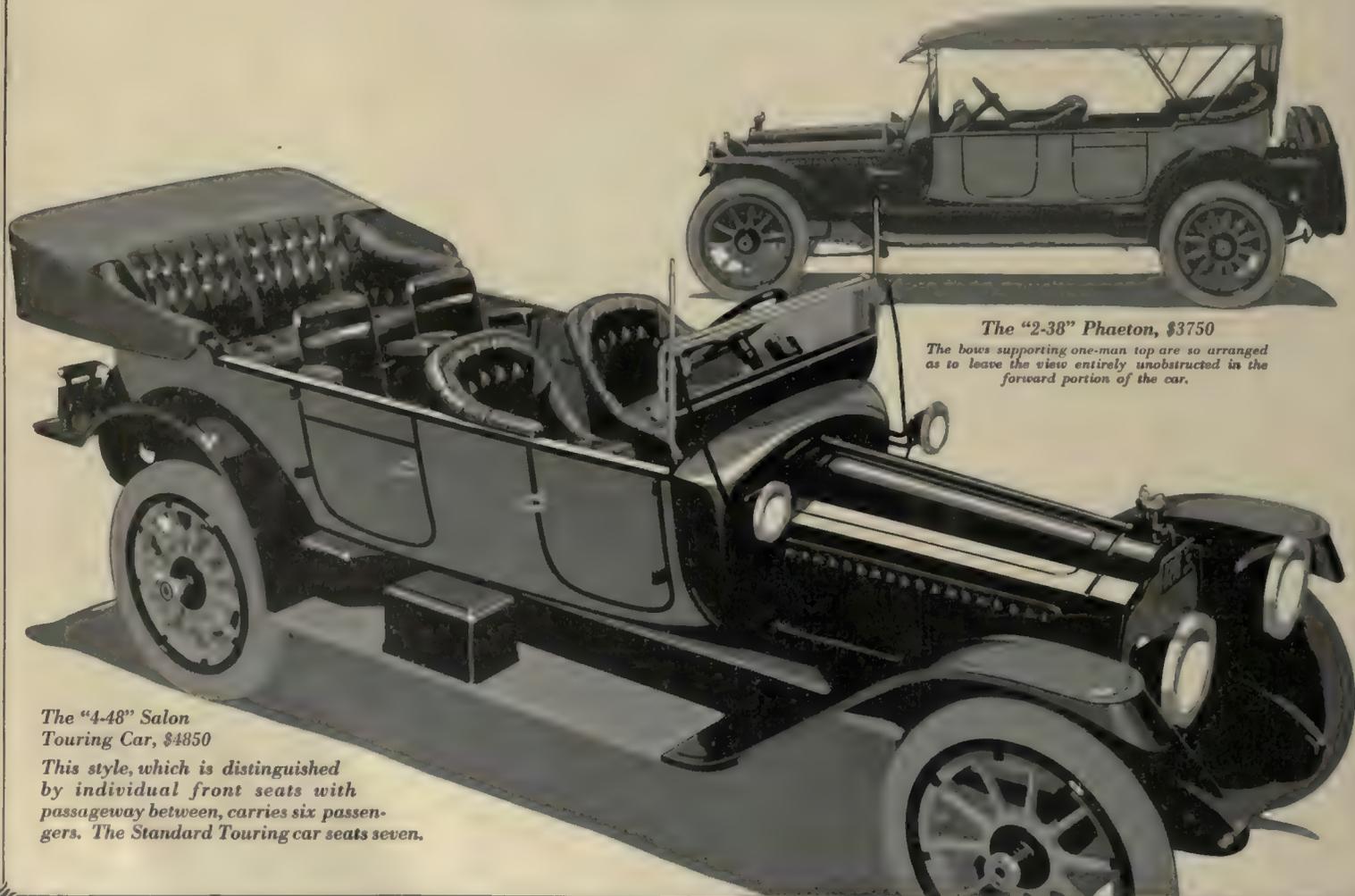
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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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VOL. XIX

APRIL, 1914

No. 158

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White

MARGARET ANGLIN AS ROSALIND IN "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE



White Katherine Grey Francis Byrne Ann Meredith Orrin Johnson Vivian Tobin

Act II. Jeanne plays *Home, Sweet Home* to the annoyance of the guests
SCENE IN "THE RULE OF THREE" AT THE HARRIS THEATRE.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "TOO MANY COOKS." Comedy in three acts by Frank Craven. Produced on February 24th last with the following cast:

Alice Cook.....Inez Plummer
Mrs. Cook.....Mattie Keene
Mr. Cook.....Martin Mann
Louise Cook.....Jennie Weathersby
Emma Cook.....Bessie Osmond
Bertha Cook.....Virginia Erwin
Mary Cook.....Bessie Fischer
Walter Cook.....Charles Fischer
Joe Cook.....Phillip Bern
Louis Cook.....Phillip Hillman

Ella Mayer.....Eva Condon
Albert Bennett.....Frank Craven
Frank Andrews.....John Cromwell
George Bennett.....Edward McWade
Simpson.....Jonathan Kieff
"Uncle" Ben Wilson.....George Williams
Pete.....Ralph Howard
Bill.....Ford Wilson
Tom.....George Stillman
Minnie Spring.....Gladys Coburn

THE NEW PLAYS

which keeps the play continually interesting. The laughter of the moment is not from the situation of the char-

acters; it comes from the lines. Of course, the play is trivial, but none the less artistic.

Mr. Frank Craven is abundantly successful in his acting in his own play, "Too Many Cooks," as he was in the writing of it, because of being unpretentious and unlabored. He has taken an idea entirely his own, in that it has not been previously used on the stage, and he has treated it with a certain freshness that, with the novelty of the material, will give the play popularity. It is not a very unusual experience to build a modest suburban home. The possession of one is the dream of thousands who never do build, but who are interested in the advertisements of offers of land and help in building. Such dreaming is so familiar to so many people that there were ready-made audiences for this little play. The building of the house on the stage from the foundation is a quaint conceit and is effectively carried out. The comic writers in the newspapers have long made the suburbanite the staple of their fun. Mr. Craven has not unduly drawn upon this supply of comicalities. The play is characterized by that kind of skill which is known only to the author or actor close to the stage who makes every point count. It is this cleverness

The story is very slight, but it is very human. A humor revolves around the interference of relatives in the plans of the young man building the house to be occupied presently when he marries. He has known little or nothing of the family of his intended, and frankly says so when a friend makes inquiry about the family. Mr. Craven handles that in the right way, for pretty soon the whole Cook family, brought out by the wife-to-be comes to inspect the house and make suggestions. That part of the trouble which comes from their interference now begins. Of course, Mr. Craven, understanding his business from the point of view of an actor, individualizes these "too many Cooks." He gets a good many "points" by that method. Some of these Cooks expect to occupy some of the rooms of this house when it is completed. They all expect to be frequent visitors. There is a misunderstanding between the young builder of the house and home with the girl to whom he is engaged. All these little incidents are worked up to advantage. The uncle of the young man comes on from the West, is delighted to know that he has saved up five thousand dollars, and in view of retiring from active business life, he offers to live with him and to pay for the house himself. This diminishes the favorable outlook for the "too many Cooks," and is in itself humorous. Indeed, it

is by these little turns that the comedy has its almost farcical moments that keep it alive all the time.

A quarrel, growing out of the complications and misunderstandings, temporarily separates the two young people. The Union orders a strike, and at the end of an act we see the young man undertaking to finish the nearly completed house with his own labor. It is not much of a climax of action, but it is a climax of humor, and so the play proceeds with diverting incidents in a very simple story. His engagement broken off, he arranges to sell the house to a friend who has fallen in love with the friend of the girl for whom he is building the house. It is needless to say that all his troubles are only such as Mr. Craven provides him with, and that in due course the uncle, a bachelor, also finds a mate and is not going to live with him. The friend who bought the house reconsiders the bargain; and the girl, coming to take a look at the finished house, makes up with him, and the curtain falls as they sit happily there on the porch of their own house, in the gloaming, with the fire-flies glowing, the mosquitoes beginning to get active, and an organ-grinder at the gate. Mr. Craven is such an unassuming and natural actor that he is accepted heartily and at once, along with his unassuming play, by his audiences. Miss Inez Plummer has the simple charm needed for the prospective wife. "Too Many Cooks" may be called a little play, but it fills an entire evening with entertainment, and, as its very name implies, it requires a good many people. In the very nature of the play the characters have to be differentiated, and it is a fortunate circumstance, essential to the success of the play for that matter, that the actors are well chosen to the last member of the cast, in which are to be found Edward McWade, John Cromwell, Jennie Weathersby, Eva Condon, Mattie Keene, and others.

CORT. One-act plays. "JUST AS WELL." By J. Hartley Manners

Produced on March 6th with this cast:

Capt. Trawbridge.....	Hassard Short	Mrs. Carfax.....	Emelie Melville
Doleen Sweetmarch.....	Laurette Taylor	Maid	Yvonne Jarrette

Even though your pecuniary returns are of the healthiest character, it must be a fearful fate to act in a single piece for five hundred nights in succession. The mental strain must be terrific. It would seem as though a sort of nausea of the brain must set in before the rise of the curtain at each performance. It was for the purpose of supplying a mental relaxation from the constant iteration of "Peg o' My Heart" that Mr. J. Hartley Manners, author of that piece, supplied Miss Laurette Taylor and her associates with three one-act plays, which they have been presenting at the Cort Theatre at a series of special matinées.

Mr. Manners is a gracious author. He has a nice sense of character and a very natural vein of literary expression. His pathos is acutely real, his humor genuine. If criticism is to be directed in any degree at this latest triple output, it must be in the line of undue preciousity. He likes to write too much, and in expanding his themes beyond their proper length he shows a visible effort to pad his dialogue with views and thoughts, which, though witty in themselves, are so extraneous that they naturally clog the movement and impair the true value of the climax. This particularly applies to "Just As Well," described as a Twentieth Century Romance. A silly ass with a stutter is engaged to an English girl without an "r." The wedding is only a few days off. She thinks she loves some one better than Captain Trawbridge, and he thinks that his affinity is some one other than Doleen Sweetmarch. So they fence to break it off. But they decide in the end that perhaps it is just as well that they see the marriage through, as in that event the presents will not have to be returned. The play is an airy trifle acted with vacuous skill by Hassard Short as the Captain. Miss Taylor was very "cute," to use an Americanism, as Doleen, but she was very far from being English.

"HAPPINESS." By J. Hartley Manners. Produced with this cast:

Phillip Chandos.....	H. Reeves-Smith	Mrs. Chrystal-Pole..	Violet Kemble Cooper
Fritz Scowcroft.....	Peter Bassett	Jenny	Laurette Taylor

As Jenny, the little six-dollar-a-week errand girl in "Happi-

ness," Miss Taylor was another Peg, and gave one of those characterizations of natural charm, humor and pathos which she makes so distinctly her own. Jenny's optimism, good nature and practical philosophy are most graphically contrasted with the empty, tedious lives of a couple of social spenders. She shows them the light of contentment, and that is the play. Simply delicious was she in her naiveté, while the blasé woman of the world was vividly sketched in by Violet Kemble Cooper. H. Reeves-Smith had only to be his reserved and polished self.



White JULIAN ELTINGE
The female impersonator in "The Crinoline Girl," at the Knickerbocker

"THE DAY OF DUPES." By J. Hartley Manners. Produced with this cast:
 The Artist.....H. Reeves-Smith The Littérateur.....Hassard Short
 The Politician.....Clarence Handyside The Attendant.....Emelie Melville
 The Financier.....Reginald Mason The Dupe.....Laurette Taylor

An allegory, entitled "The Day of Dupes," brought the bill to a close. It is an ambitious picture of the concluding days of a courtesan, who takes her leave of a quartet of lovers prior to entering a convent. As a prologue, with only the head visible, Miss Taylor recites "Zulalie," by Eric McKay. It is all impressive, if not superlatively brilliant, from the poetical viewpoint, and Miss Taylor acts it carefully and with feeling.

HARRIS. "THE RULE OF THREE." Farce comedy in three acts by Guy Bolton. Produced on February 16th with this cast:

Hotel Clerk, Sam Coit; Bell Boy, Will Archie; Mrs. Fry, Maude Granger; Major Flower, Francis Byrne; Mrs. Flower, Katherine Grey; Mrs. Vincent, Anne Meredith; Jack Henly, Orrin Johnson; Jeanne, Vivian Tobin; Kitty Allison, Mary Alden; Phineas Dallard, George Hassell; Mr. Bragdon, Bernard Fairfax.

father, the second as daddy, and the third as papa. Still, she greets each of them apparently with almost equal affection. In point of fact, she is lost to her real father, and the possibilities

are suggested for a moment that she will have to give her affections to a fourth, and while that little shred of farcical humor was made nothing of, one cannot help but wonder what would be the result of her ingenuity in finding a new name for him. A woman arrives at a hotel in Vermont with her new husband, thinking to find quiet for the first month of her new experience. The second husband happens to be there, and he is about to engage himself to an attractive but designing young woman. The former husband and wife meet. Presently the child appears on the balcony in the room, full of some news which she has received, and asks her mother, "Who do you think is coming?" "Who?"



Photos White Irene Fenwick Maude Turner Gordon Frank Thomas
 Act II. Mrs. Burnham: "Young woman, I shall report your impertinence to Mr. Hubbard. (Inset) Irene Fenwick and Frank Thomas.
 SCENES IN "ALONG CAME RUTH," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

Divorce as a subject for farcical treatment would hardly in any circumstances, it seems to us, commend itself to audiences of the kind managers should seek to bring to their theatres. We have had a number of more or less successful plays in which divorce is concerned, some of them furnishing comedy, but none of them farce. It is a serious matter to bring into the action a child or children with whom affection or rights are involved. The point of view which can consider anything of that kind as farcical is certainly not the general view. In "The Rule of Three" all the farcical situations and incidents trifle with disturbed relations, which in themselves are not at all amusing. Childhood, with its innocence, which tries to distinguish its relations in the unnatural state of affairs, is pitiful rather than comic. Much is made in this play of a child who speaks of and addresses its real father, the first husband of the mother, as

"Father!" This is meant for humor, and it also serves as a climax. Presently a lawyer appears with the information that a signature was lacking in the papers of one divorce, and that in that and other ways the degree had not been made final. The divorce situation was explained. In one State she was not married to this man and in another State not married to that. Perhaps it were to assume that she had a certain choice in the matter. This certainly is not an amusing situation. By force of individual acting some laughter or amusement was extorted.

Mr. George Hassell, the original husband, was inclined to establish his rights to his wife and his child, and by reason of his timidity, in great contrast to his towering frame, was amusing as a matter of personal character. Mr. Orrin Johnson, the second husband, was agreeable by reason of his complacency and amiability; Mr. Francis Byrne,

(Continued on page 211)



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PAULINE FREDERICK
Appearing again this season as Zuleika in "Joseph and His Brethren"

WHO can ever forget the first plays he saw as a child? "Clouds of glory" still hang

The Child at the Play

lame one had gone in! I called out, 'Don't c'y,' an' everybody sissed 'Hush!' An' the music! All the

about them, even to the most cynical being that ever lived.

Going to the theatre is a fleeting pastime for the adult. For the child it is an event of tremendous importance. The mimic world to the grown-up is, according to temperament, a plaything, an artistic or moral opportunity, having nothing whatever to do with his personal feelings. But to the immature mind, still sensitive to every suggestion, it is real—more real than life itself.

men playing—but I myself *heard* the tunes come out of the Pied Piper's pipe! It was fairyland, only all the fairies were real! I guess I know!"

Now, the child could not have reasoned about it, for she was very little. Neither could she have figured out any symbolism. But she had done more. She had *felt* the beauty of it all and had accurately registered every emotion for future use. The



White

Laurette Taylor

Violet Kemble Cooper

H. Reeves-Smith

Mrs. Chrystal-Pole (Miss Cooper): "She has brought us what we have always sought—happiness"

SCENE IN J. HARTLEY MANNERS' PLAY, "HAPPINESS," AS PRESENTED AT THE CORT THEATRE

This is because the art of the stage works toward and reveals definite ends, while the motive of everyday life is hidden.

Educators in general have not yet realized the vitality of the influence of the stage upon the mind and heart of a child. More than any other educative factor, it can cultivate morally, emotionally, artistically, and all these at the same time. Through the child's eyes and feelings the lessons penetrate every part of his being, training him by an unconscious process to think.

Anent childish first impressions of a play, the writer overheard a small friend regaling her playmates with an account of her attendance at "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." It is as impossible to convey her delicate, newly awakened awe at the spectacle as to explain the bloom of her fresh baby face.

"Oh, we had the very nicest places in the theatre," she whispered. "Why, we could look down on the heads of all the little girls and boys! There were gold things all over the walls and lights everywhere—and then—it was dark!" Words fail to describe the delight of expectancy that shivered her voice to bits. "Then," she went on, "a curtain went up, and there was the Pied Piper piping all the little children into the cave!"

A sob interrupted the recital and stilled the tiny audience into earnest sympathy. "Oh, I couldn't have borne it if the little

play had become a powerful impulse in the development of her imagination. It was a sort of leaven to awaken thought.

Of all nationalities at the theatre, the diminutive Yankee is the most delightful study. He has no fear of expressing exactly what he feels—as when our friend called out, "Don't c'y!"—and so makes the most responsive audience in the world. Neither does a play need to be written expressly for his entertainment to be appreciated by him. As an instance of this fact, a holiday matinée of "The Red Mill," playing to a house filled with children, was the most successful performance of the entire run. The actors declared on that occasion that the enthusiasm of their youthful audience stimulated them to act better.

Children are not simply observers. They become merged with the characters and action. Not only the lasting memory of our first plays, but close observations of little children at moments of suspense proves this to be true. They are apt then to grasp each other nervously by the hand, or even to kiss each other, without quite realizing what they are doing. A wonderful scenic display will surprise the breath out of a child in a delighted shout.

All sorts of plays interest children, from the supernatural, like the exquisite flight of Peter Pan to the natural and all the grades



Photo White

Laurette Taylor

Hassard Short

Doleen Sweetmarch: "Hastings—do I know her name?"
SCENE IN "JUST AS WELL," AS PRESENTED AT THE CORT THEATRE

between, even horse play. They may not appreciate everything except word jokes. or below—them. A child's only requirement (of an act)—an unconscious demand, of course—is that whatever the class of production, it must be acted sincerely. Then it is always entertained. Nothing short of earnestness "gets over." Hollow efforts instantly bore a child, though it does not comprehend the reason of disenchantment.

Adults rather enjoy the sensation of fear. Children do not. They actually suffer intensely at such moments, especially the very little ones. Also death produces too strong an emotion for them to sustain. An instance of this was shown at a dress rehearsal of the dramatization of the Grimm Brothers' fairy tale, "Snow White," at the Little Theatre.

As originally intended, Snow White was borne through the forest as if she were dead. This scene had to be cut out, because several tiny girls went into uncontrollable spasms of grief at the spectacle. At every performance a score of little voices would pipe up fearfully when Snow White started to eat the fateful apple: "Oh, don't eat it, Snow White; it's poisoned!" At one matinée a little girl gave her mother no peace until she was taken behind the scenes to meet the glorified Snow White. But, alas! That radiant, beautiful princess turned out to be an ordinary human being in street clothes! The child refused to be comforted. Her illusion was shattered, and she wept bitterly, as some adults are apt to do when their fond dreams fail to stand the light of day.

The small Britisher takes a play very differently from his American cousin. They are both children, but their training is very different. The English child is taught to consider all dis-

understand, but they These are beyond—

play of emotion as silly or ill-bred. To cite an example of this studied indifference: The writer watched three little Eton boys sit through the exciting fantasy, "Where the Rainbow Ends." Only when the hyena devoured the wicked aunt was there as much as the flicker of an eyelash to reveal the feeling which must have boiled within them all the time. This momentous event doubled them up in spasms of quickly suppressed mirth. However, as it was ascertained later, this thrilling climax had suggested to them an appropriate ending to a domestic trouble of their own, and the combination of emotions had been more than any human being could withstand. Otherwise they probably would never have been caught laughing in public.

Yet children the world over, whatever their training, get all the small details of a performance which entirely escape the adult. They know everything about the great purple butterfly on top of the fairy's wand. They can tell you exactly what kind of shoes Peter Pan wore on his little light feet. They heard the song of the bluebird hidden in the woods—the song you have long forgotten. And did you know there was a white collar on Tytyl's brown frock?

Nothing escapes them. As a proof of the deep impression upon their memories, teachers again and again have found their charges, all of whom have seen a certain production, rehearsing it by themselves and getting it plot and letter perfect! Also their imagination is strong enough to supply by a kitchen chair any scenery, however

gorgeous, and cause them consistently to make a wide détour of a high wall which is not there, simply indicated by a suspended ribbon.

Most of us would not live life over again. But who would not be a child at a play just once more? MAUDE PINGREE.



HENRY KOLKER
As Jerrold R. Scott in the Chicago production
of "Help Wanted"

SHALL a poet tread on violets and go unrebuked? This is what

The Yeats--Father and Son

William Butler Yeats did unconsciously the other day in his rush to reach the stage of the Berkeley Theatre. In his eagerness to discuss there the elements of the real, bona-fide play, he knocked against a lady bystander and brushed off her flowers.

Hurrying on account of being a bit late caused this unaestheticism. But dare a poet hurry? Rather should not the fragrances on his path absorb his attention, making him oblivious of the mere earthy details of a waiting throng at \$1.50 per. But latter-day poets are perhaps as practical as everyone else. When a good-sized paying audience is patiently waiting, nothing else is allowed to interfere. For the time being a yellow primrose becomes to him "a yellow primrose and nothing more."

After the dramatist's interesting lecture on various phases of the drama, his distinguished father, Yeats, Sr., was the centre of an admiring group, all intent upon shaking the hand of the man who has given Ireland her foremost poet. While everybody is more or less familiar with the personality of William Butler Yeats, very few in this country know his father.

Yeats père is a fine old man of about seventy-five years. He

that of Sargent. The passing years have not in the least diminished the fresh youthfulness of his enthusiasms. In fact, they have served but to mellow them. His mind, still virile and masterly as that of his son, bespeaks a life sweet and wholesome from start to finish.

The old man spoke lovingly and unaffectedly of his "boy." It was most evident he was very proud of him.

"I wanted Willie to be a scientist," he said, with gentle irony, "and a great one he would have made! But he didn't think science big enough for him! He thought he must get back of the screen—not study the screen!"

"Then I thought to make an artist of him—and a great one he would have made. But no! Willie disappointed me, and insisted upon becoming a mere poet! He said he wanted to know about the truths of things and not the facts!"

"Naturally he's been through all sorts of stages in the process—even to studying occultism and horoscopes and the stars." Mr. Yeats's eyes

twinkled. "Why, do you know that once I dug him out in Paris chasing around with a crazy



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
Ireland's foremost dramatist

(Continued on page 211)

Scenes in Frank Craven's Comedy "Too Many Cooks"



Photos White John Cromwell Frank Craven Edward McWade Inez Plummer
 Act II. George Bennett (Mr. McWade): "So you're going to be my nephew's wife, eh?"



Inez Plummer Frank Craven
 Act II. Albert Bennett (Mr. Craven): "That's *our* room"



Eva Condon John Cromwell
 Act III. Frank Andrews: "Would you assume the risk of marrying me?"



White

La Fille
(Geraldine Farrar)

Julien
(Enrico Caruso)

SCENE 2 IN ACT IV OF CHARPENTIER'S OPERA, "JULIEN," AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

SO often is the cavilling finger

Premiere of Charpentier's Opera "Julien"

of scorn and pity pointed at New York for its neglect of French opera, and yet the record of the past month proves that we denizens of this vast city stand neither in need of pity or scorn, for no less than two important French novelties have been produced at the Metropolitan within that time.

Let precedence be given to Gustave Charpentier's "Julien," since the performance given at the Metropolitan Opera House on February 26th was its American première, and was also the first performance this opera has had outside of its native city of Paris, where it first saw the footlight of life at the Opéra Comique, June 4, 1913. The French press did not weave magic circles of praise about the work, but the Paris public has since then given it liberal support. Now the New York press has followed suit, and has almost unanimously found fault with the opera. Whether the New York public will contradict the opinions of the various critics remains to be seen. The Metropolitan première was a brilliant occasion. All the world of art was there, and the one pity of the affair—as an affair—was that the composer could not have been at the Metropolitan to hear and see this child of his strange imagination come to life. He had been invited by the Metropolitan management, but indisposition and, some say, fear of crossing the ocean, prevented his embarking.

There were in the audience that night a number of people who had seen "Julien" at the Opéra Comique, and they were unqualified in their opinion that the Metropolitan's production and performance was vastly superior to the Paris presentation. That sounds most reasonable, for this opera demands an enormous stage, an enormous ensemble, as it is primarily a spectacle. Here follows a cast of the Metropolitan performance:

Julien, Enrico Caruso; Louise, La Beaute, La Jeune Fille, L'Aieule, La Fille, Geraldine Farrar; L'Hierophante, Le Paysan, Le Mage, Dinh Gilly; La Paysanne, Maria Duchene; Les Filles du Rêve et Chimeres, Rosina Van Dyck, Louise Cox, Vera, Curtis, Marie Mattfeld, Sophie Braslau, Maria Duchene, Lila Robeson; Un Casseur de Pâtres, Une voix de L'Abime, Un Camarade, Paolo Ananian; L'Acolyte, Albert Reiss; L'Offi-

ciant, Une Voix de L'Abime, Lambert Murphy; Un Ouvrier, Angelo Bada;

Un Bucheron, Pietro Audisio; Garçons de Café, Vincenzo Reschiglian, Julius Bayer; Trois Fées, Louise Cox, Vera Curtis, Rosina Van Dyck; Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

Charpentier, who wrote both libretto and music of this sequel to his former opera, "Louise," calls "Julien" a "lyric poem." It shows, in a prologue, Julien and his beloved Louise in the Villa Medici, at Rome. He muses over his big work, a poem, and falls asleep. What follows now are dream pictures, the first act

being called "Dream Pictures," and the first tableau being the Holy Mount, whither Julien and Louise are journeying. They chant of love and the ideal, and the scene changes, showing the Valley Accurst, peopled by disappointed poets and mortals. Finally, in the third scene, the pair arrive in the Temple of Beauty—their goal. Julien asks for admission and declares that he will concentrate his life to the good of humanity. But the High Priest tells him that his Calvary is just about to begin, while an Acolyte and a bell-ringer make pessimistic and coarse remarks about the whole scheme of things. Louise is led away and appears after this in four incarnations, the first being the figure Goddess of Beauty, hovering above the altar at which Julien prostrates himself.

The second act is named "Doubt" and plays on a Slovanian farm, where Julien is asleep surrounded by toilers, who sing of the grind

of life and its cares. He awakens, sings of his disappointed hopes, and is approached by a beautiful peasant girl—another incarnation of Louise and herself called Louise. She offers him her love, but from the valley Julien hears the chorus of disappointed mortals, and these goad him to further wandering.

"Impotence" is the title of the third act, a scene on the coast of Brittany showing his ancestral home. His grandmother—another incarnation of Louise—tries to comfort him by renewing his childhood faith in religion, but he despairs. Then comes the final act, "Degradation," in which Julien is back in Paris, on a deserted corner of the Boulevard de Clichy, where a Street Girl accosts him—the final incarnation of Louise. He has come for



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GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER
Composer of "Julien," "Louise," etc.

distraction, having failed in his hunt for the ideals, and the Street Girl lures him on, but eludes him as he pursues her. The scene changes, for the last time, showing the Place Blanche, Montmartre in full carnival blast. The crowd is noisy and half drunk, singing ribald songs, while a brass band plays banal music, Julien and the Street Girl revel, and she lures him into a cabaret. The crowd wrecks a grotesque "Theatre of the Ideal," and as Julien and the Girl reappear, both drunk, he sees a vision of the Temple of Beauty and falls dead at the feet of the street walker, while she laughs a sardonic, mocking laugh, yawns and falls asleep. That is the end of this strange, pessimistic, socialistic, pseudo-philosophic mixture of ideas and fancies—one of the most weird librettos ever set to music.

The music is, sad to relate, fully as disappointing as the libretto. A great part of it is a symphonic poem called "La Vie du Poète," composed by Charpentier about a quarter of a century ago, while other sections, chiefly such items as themes, are taken from

"Louise." Hence, there remains but very little that is original, and none that shows us Charpentier in the light of a master as great as he who wrote "Louise." The music is for the most part uninteresting and without any theatric value. Such solos as Julien's in the Temple scene, unaccompanied save by the chanting of the chorus, and his aria in the scene on the Slovanian Farm—these stand out as fertile, melodious oases in a dreary desert of composition. But the only section of the entire work which has any stage value is the Montmartre scene, and here the music is so utterly banal that it cannot arouse anything but contempt and disappointment at a French musician who, a few years ago, loomed up as a genius. Furthermore, the music is so impractical, the many scene changes being made in briefest time and without any sufficiently heavy music to cover the noise; the choruses are for the greater part sung off stage, and, finally, the hero, Julien, is called upon to sing music which in quantity, is not in quality, is sufficient for a dozen operas.

Such is "Julien." The

Metropolitan's performance was admirable. Caruso, in the title rôle, sang as though it were a labor of love, gave the best of himself and his art, but his efforts were for the most part unavailing. As Louise and the four remaining rôles which fell to her lot, Farrar was stunning, acting the final drab scene with shocking realism; and Gilly, as High Priest, peasant father and fakir, was excellent. Polacco conducted with utmost enthusiasm. The stage pictures were artistic, the singing of the chorus beyond reproach. In a word, everything possible was done to lift the work to a plane of worthy art.

But, if a little moralizing may be indulged in, if "Julien" "Don Quichotte" and "Monna Vanna" are fair samples of the modern French muse of composition, then let us be spared more offerings of that sort.

Zealous in their endeavors to import French operatic novelties into New York, the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company produced Henri Fevrier's "Monna Vanna" at the Metropolitan on February 17th. This

was its first New York presentation, although Boston had heard it much earlier in the season. In fact, this New York presentation was largely the original Boston production, since the scenery was loaned by the Boston Opera House, and at least one of the important artists concerned is a member of that organization.

As a matter of record, the cast is appended:

Monna Vanna, Mary Garden; Prinzivalle, Lucien Muratore; Guido, Vanni Marcoux; Marco, Gustave Huberdeau; Vedio, Edmond Warnery; Borso, Etienne Contesso; Trello, Desire Defrere; Trivulzio, Constantin Nicolay; Conductor, Cleofonte Campanini.

"Monna Vanna" is five years old, having been produced in Paris in 1909, on which occasion both Lucien Muratore and Vanni Marcoux created their respective rôles in which they appeared at the Metropolitan in the New York première. It was the first time that Muratore, famous Paris tenor, had been heard in New York in opera, having sung here but once before, and then in concert. So there was sufficient of the air of novelty to give weight to the occasion; and, as a matter of fact, this performance had more merit and inter-



White

Julien
(Enrico Caruso)La Beauté
(Geraldine Farrar)

SCENE 3 IN ACT I OF CHARPENTIER'S OPERA, "JULIEN"



Geraldine Farrar as Louise in the Prologue



Enrico Caruso in Act IV of "Julien"

est than any of the earlier offerings of these visiting artists during the present season.

This does not mean that "Monna Vanna" is by any means a great opera, for that it is not. But it is blessed with one of the best librettos that ever has fallen into the hands of a composer.

As a play, by Maurice Maeterlinck, it is familiar to all the world, and the libretto follows the play quite faithfully. There was a curious omission at the New York performance, the final scene being omitted, which left the audience very much in the air unless they had read the libretto. This final scene is the dungeon episode, when Monna Vanna appears in Prinzivalle's cell and liberates him; then the two wander out into the sunlit fields beyond Pisa's walls—lovers and free.

There is no need to rehearse the plot here save in barest outline, for it concerns the visit of Monna Vanna to the tent of Prinzivalle, attired only in her cloak, her mission being to save the starving Pisan army by sacrificing her virtue to the leader of the besieging Florentines. Her husband, Guido, commander of the Pisan forces, has acquiesced to the demand for Monna Vanna made by Prinzivalle, and the woman goes, prepared to sacrifice herself for the love of her country. But in Prinzivalle she finds a sweetheart of youthful days,

and he does not take advantage of her, but talks to her of his love. He is informed by a lieutenant that his life is in danger, as he has been decreed a traitor to the cause of Florence. So, accepting Monna Vanna's invitation, he flees with her to Pisa. Returning with him to her castle, Monna Vanna tells Guido that this man has saved her; but learning that the stranger is none other than Prinzivalle, Guido, in rage, is about to turn him over to the mob for vengeance. Realizing that she loves Prinzivalle, and is about to lose him, Monna Vanna declares to her husband that she has been lying, that Prinzivalle did subject her to indignities, and that he belongs to her, a prey for her vengeance. So she takes him, has him bound in fetters and led to a dungeon—from which later she releases him, and the two wander into freedom together.

It is a wonderful libretto. Charged with fine poetry, marked by dramatic action and tense interest, this book would make a stunning opera. But Février has not found inspiration in this

book, if one is to judge by his music. It is not deficient in theatrical qualities, but its themes are unimpressive and there are endless stretches of futile music. When the composer lapses into a theme it sounds almost as though he had hearkened too long, if not too well, to Massenet; and there are also some mild sug-

gestions of Debussy in it. But it is, when all is said and done, empty music.

The performance was quite impressive in some particulars. Muratore has a brilliant voice, which he uses with skill, and, more than that, he is an excellent actor. So his impersonation of Prinzivalle was admirable. Marcoux, as Guido, was excellent in his acting, while his singing was not great, by any means. Mary Garden, in the title rôle, disappointed sorely, for she underacted it and made little of the drama of the part ring true. Huberdeau was satisfying in the smaller part of Marco, Guido's father. Campanini conducted with skill, but one cannot make operatic bricks without melodic straw—to strain at a simile—and so "Monna Vanna" was a spectacle more than an opera. The scenery, loaned by the Boston Opera House, was very artistic and effective. Hence, the eye was feasted, even if the ear was not.

There remains very little space to sum up remaining happenings. Wagner's "Ring" came to its close trium-

phantly, the new German tenor, Rudolf Berger, proving an impressive Siegfried in appearance, if not vocally always satisfying. He chiefly lacks nuance and imagination. There is an entire new scenic equipment, which proved very attractive, and Fremstad sang and acted a great Brunnhilde. For the rest there have been repetitions of familiar operas, while the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company concluded their season's pilgrimages to this city by giving "Louise" and "The Jewels of the Madonna." Ceaseless activity has reigned in concert hall and recital room, there being no end of ambition and energy among music-makers, but no sensationally great artistic features marked the month's current of music there.

At the Century Opera House the Messrs. Aborn continue to give opera in English. One of the best bills presented recently was Wolf-Ferrari's delightful "Secret of Suzanne," and Leoncavallo's dramatic "Pagliacci." In the last opera Lois Ewell as Nedda and Morgan Kingston as Canio won much applause.

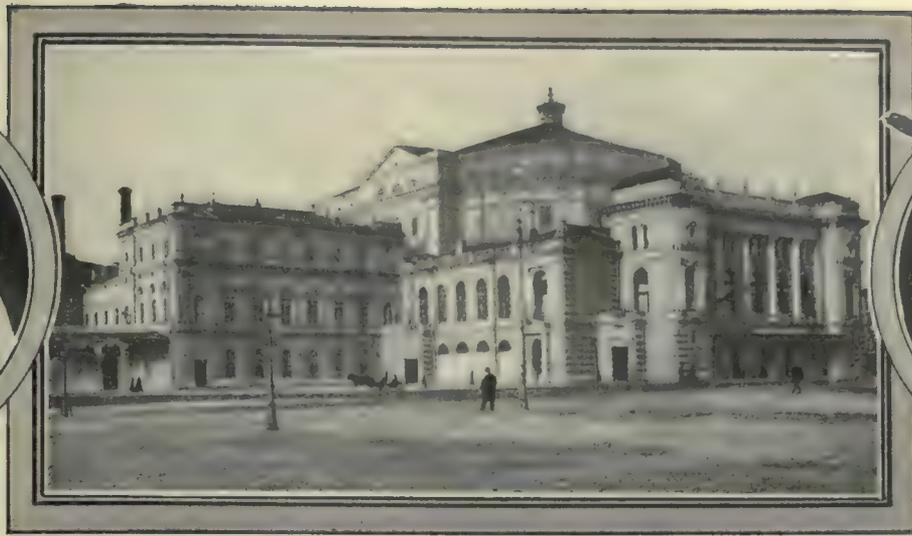


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MARGARETE OBER AS ORTRUD IN "LOHENGRIN"



Mlle. KYASHT
Graduate of the Ballet School



THE MARINSKY THEATRE, ST. PETERSBURG
Where the pupils of the Imperial Ballet School make their début



Mlle. MAKELZOWA
Graduate of the Ballet School

A Visit to St. Petersburg's Imperial Ballet School

BEHIND St. Petersburg's Alexandrinsky Theatre on the Theatralnaya, a narrow street which connects the Alexander Square with the Tshernyshovskaya, is a huge yellow building. Its front forms a loggia of six corinthian columns,

conforming architecturally with the Alexandrinsky Theatre and the Ministry of the Interior, which is directly opposite.

This huge structure, which has all the outward appearances of a ministry building, is the home of the Russian ballet—the Imperial Ballet School. From its portals have come forth Pavlowa, Karsavina, Lopoukova, Kyasht, Federova, Kscheschinskaia and a score of other famous dancers who are delighting audiences all over the world. Their wonderful art, which has won the highest praise in every civilized country, has made the Imperial Ballet School in St. Petersburg the most famous institution of its kind.



LYDIA LOPOUKOWA
In the school uniform

Certainly it is unique. No ballet school has produced such a large number of wonderful dancers. No other ballet school is so thorough in its training. Russia may rank low on the list in operatic and dramatic creations, but its Imperial ballet occupies first place. And there is no doubt but that this is due to the Imperial Ballet School.

It is not an easy matter to gain admission to the big yellow building on the Theatralnaya, which houses the ballet school. Like all Imperial institutions of learning in Russia it is closed to the general public. A permit from the Director of the Imperial Theatre is absolutely necessary to visit it. But once a permit is obtained the entire institution is thrown open to a visitor.

Fortunately I was able to obtain such a permit and armed with it I drove to the school. The big doors swung open to my knock and when I produced the permit the porter helped me off with my furs and conducted me to the reception room on the third floor. I had hardly time to survey the room with its inevitable ikon and portrait of the Czar when a strikingly handsome middle-aged lady with snow-white hair entered. Briefly I described my mission. The handsome lady extended her hand—which I kissed after the Russian fashion—and in excellent English explained that she was Madame Varvara Lichoscherstowa,

general directress of the Imperial Ballet School, adding that she would be delighted to be of service.

"At present," she explained, leading the way to the girls' dormitory on the same floor, "we have eighty pupils—forty-eight girls and thirty-two boys. All live in the school. The girls have the rooms off this corridor," she added as we entered a large room in which were a score of beds like a hospital ward.

"The pupils are entered when nine years of age," she went on. "Every year in the fall 120 boys and girls are allowed to make application for admission. Of this number only seventeen or eighteen, according to the number of vacancies, are selected. They have to pass the most rigid physical examination—only the most perfect physical specimens are chosen. They remain here eight years, making their début when they are seventeen or eighteen if they are proficient. All their school expenses are paid for by the Imperial treasury and after their début they receive a salary and a pension after a certain number of years."

While we were talking three young girls in brown dresses with black aprons entered the room, curtsied before Madame Lichoscherstowa and proceeded to their wardrobe lockers at the head of their beds.

"They have just returned from their walk and are preparing for their dancing lesson," explained the directress. "As you see, the girls wear uniforms—just as in all Russian schools. The boys, however, wear what they please, a mark of male superiority," she added with a smile.

The arrival of a dozen girls, all anxious to change to ballet skirts as quickly as possible, sent us to the gymnasium, where we continued our conversation until the arrival of the ballet master.

"Everything is done by routine," continued Madame Lichoscherstowa. "Every pupil arises at 8 A. M. Half an hour later coffee is served—a light breakfast you would call it. From 9 till 12 classes are held, for in addition to dancing the pupils must learn French, history, modern and ancient literature as well as the subjects taught in Russian schools. At midday the principal meal of the day is served. Promptly at one o'clock the entire school takes a walk—the boys with their instructors, the girls with



Mlle. FROHMAN
Graduate of the Ballet School



Photos White Eva Fallon Harry Delf
IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE MIDNIGHT GIRL"

their's. This walk varies according to the weather. However, immediately it is finished, dancing classes begin, and they are continued until six o'clock, when supper is served. Of course, the pupils are not dancing all that time. Deportment, elocution and kindred studies are given great attention. The routine is really severe, and only the strongest and cleverest pupils are able to continue it."

"And after supper?" I interrupted.

"Yes, as I was saying, after supper there is a recreation hour, followed by a study hour. At 9 o'clock the pupils must retire for the night, as all lights are out at 9:30 P. M. Their work is hard and they need plenty of sleep."

The arrival of the ballet master and a violinist put an end to our talk for the time being. For they were followed by forty odd girls in ballet skirts—five in white, a dozen in pink, and the remainder in cornflower blue. The latter were the newest and least proficient pupils, I was told. Proficiency in dancing at the Imperial Ballet School is marked by a change of color of the skirt. Cornflower blue is the lowest grade. Pink is for those who show more than usual ability. The coveted white ballet skirt is only worn by the most remarkable pupils. As a rule, less than half a dozen are arrayed in it.

For twenty minutes the entire body of girls went through a series of "warming-up" exercises—many of the exercises being identical with those taught in American gymnasiums. Then the ballet master took the girls in groups of six and

eight, putting them through a series of steps on their toes. Those who were not dancing sat quietly by awaiting their turn, their eyes fastened on the every movement made by the dancers. There was no laughing or chatting. Dancing lessons are serious matters at the Imperial Ballet School. Proficiency is only obtained after years of constant practice. The idle or the careless girl soon finds the school unsuited to her ways. However, the rewards are very great, and that is an incentive for splendid efforts.

A large number of the pupils of the Imperial Ballet School are sons and daughters of former members of the Imperial Russian Ballet. Not a few are the children of noble parentage. Graduates of the school, despite the fact that they make their debut in the last row of the corps de ballet at the Marinsky Theatre (the Imperial Opera House), have a unique social position in St. Petersburg. They are part of the Czar's household—they are received on equal footing with aristocrats, and they frequently marry into the most exclusive circles. Kscheschinskaia, one of the great favorites at the Marinsky Theatre, is the wife of a Grand Duke, for instance. Others, like Pavlowa and Kyasht, have made tremendous fortunes by dancing.

"Who is considered the greatest dancer that the school has produced?" I asked, having in mind the world-wide praise that has been accorded to Anna Pavlowa.

"In Petersburg we are not extravagant enough to apply the superlative to any one dancer," answered Madame Lichoscherstowa. "Besides," she added, with a twinkle in her eye, "the Imperial Russian Ballet is made up of sixty Pavlowas."

And a visit to the Marinsky Theatre that night convinced me that her statement was not far from the fact.

KARL K. KITCHEN.



George MacFarlane Margaret Romaine
IN "THE MIDNIGHT GIRL," AT THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE

Sophie Braslau—A Native Product

WHEN Miss Sophie Braslau came out on her debut night at the Metropolitan, she sang from the very opening phrase of her part as the young Prince in "Boris" clearly, with an absolute assurance. There was no indecision in any movement on a great stage that throws most veteran artists

on their first night into a panicky condition. "I had to help myself," was her explanation of the crucial moment. "Concentration was the only thing; that and the uplift of the audience." Shortly preceding this, it was the same at Richmond when, as substitute for a noted contralto suddenly fallen ill, she trod the stage for the first time to sing the great air from "Orfeo" in rehearsal with an orchestra bored at having to rehearse at all so well known a number. Presently, when her voice had floated out into the hall, there came a sensation. That it proved to be a sensation naturally pleased her, yet she remarked only, "I cannot tell how I sang myself. You see, in a big place the voice goes out, but never comes back to the singer."

Perhaps a remark of hers explains much, "I cannot see how people who do not know literature get on." Miss Braslau owns her own mind. And yet frank girlishness remains undisturbed, otherwise she would not have said, "I never dreamed when I went to study with Mr. Buzzi-Peccia that he would have done that for me." Nor otherwise would she have confessed with an earnestness refreshing in one who has gone so far in so short a time, "I am thankful for my reception, but I want all to know that I feel as yet only just begun, and have still so very much

The American debutante in opera, whose training has been made at home, affords a distinct type of prima donna. She has a broad, completely modern outlook on life; she has learned many things aside from art; through public school associations as they exist with us she acquires knowledge of people and sympathy for others than herself, not necessarily a quality to be associated with musicians, becomes keener. In short, she is developed as American woman as well as artist when she steps upon the stage. And this we have oftener than not overlooked in summing up the advantages of an American training for Americans, if we wish to have a distinct national type in any given direction.

Once an American always an American is a term to be truthfully applied only to the few whose minds are strong enough to be benefitted, but not overpowered by foreign surroundings. The weaker type, succumbing to impressions rarely going beyond the superficial, ape in thought and action those of that country where they sojourn. Forgetting that they are Americans, they become in reality nothing least of all cosmopolites, for to be a cosmopolite one must have indelibly stamped the foundation of a fixed nationality upon which to build.

After all, it is the mind behind the voice that makes for results, no matter what resources there may be vocally. Some singers are not intellectually awake until the career is half over, and only then if they are Wagnerian ones, because to sing Wagner effectively becomes as much a matter of intelligence as of voice. This is no casual assertion that every composer does not demand



Copyright Mishkin

SOPHIE BRASLAU

New contralto at the Metropolitan Opera House

intelligence for proper portrayal of his work. The greater the intelligence, the more dominant the power of the singer in the rôle any may have written. But from the pure point of view as a school for mind training, because of inexorable mental demand, composers in general fall a long way behind the master of Bayreuth in value. Which brings us back to the point from which we started, a quickened intelligence with which to begin a career. And that because of American methods of education and life can, for the American, be more fully acquired at home than anywhere else.

Of the "homegrown" type, Miss Sophie Braslau, quite aside from her compelling gift of voice, becomes an interesting study. An American by birth, her entire environment has been American, excepting a brief stay in Paris, and an equally brief period spent in Italy under the instruction of her New York teacher in finishing the twenty-four rôles at her command when she came before the public. While both her parents come from Russia, this fact must be recalled, the citizen by adoption sees often more keenly the advantages about him than does one of a long line of native-born ancestors, and he seizes those advantages for his children.

The situation from the outset was for her development ideal in its conditions. The only child, absence of youthful companionship turned her to books. Her father, Dr. Abel Braslau, was an editor after his arrival here, and before he adopted medicine as a profession. He is a firm believer in the training of our public schools, and there it was that Miss Braslau gained her foundation later to be built upon at home in a wide variety of reading, in which Turgenieff and Tolstoi formed part.*

"My father helped me with Ibsen," as she explained in speaking of his attraction for her as a writer, and so it was with the works of Darwin and a long list besides into which father and daughter delved together, sources far afield of the prima donna training as commonly accepted.

To sum it briefly, knowledge of life, of books and the inspiration of intellectuality at home on the one side, and on the other not paramount, but mingling with it, the study of the piano, a study to play its independent part in allowing her later to take up rôles and comprehend the instrumental figures that frame and support the voice. Undoubtedly, had Mr. Buzzi-Peccia not heard her sing and taken her vocally in hand, she would have been a concert pianist when those resources should have proved of equal value. As it was, there appears to have been nothing premeditated at the outset as to a prima donna future. From the beginning, Miss Braslau learned those things that an American girl of refinement learns to equip her to live. Her instance is not taken as an isolated one, but a brilliant example of what just that type of purely American training will bring.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Music, once admitted to the soul, becomes a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air.—BULWER LYTTON.

VALLI VALLI sang in a half whisper, for she was saving her voice after a matinée

A Chat With Valli Valli

of the musical play, "The Queen of the Movies." But the song haunted her and she trilled the notes, albeit with care, as a skater moves softly over thin ice.

"That's life," said "The Queen of the Movies," sighing as though she were fifty-three instead of twenty-three. From "the front" I had been watching her mutations of moods in the musical comedy borrowed from the German, had seen her mourn a false lover and veer to a true, had heard her sing true, silvery notes; had seen her burlesque the leading woman of a photo play. She had run the full octave of dramatic expression.

"You like the fun making?" I observed with an interviewer's cocksureness. I was rewarded by one of the surprises that occasionally wait upon her unceasing stream of queries.

"I don't care at all for laughter. My ambition is to develop the power to make people cry. Were you sorry for me in the first act when I find my fellow player in the movies, a nobleman in disguise, wooing an heiress? You were? Then I am beginning to realize my lifelong ambition. If girls were only as faithful to their sweethearts as I have been to my ambition! I have lost parts and money to that ambition, and I care not a whit. For example, the part of the Countess Valeska in 'The Purple Road' was comparatively a bit, but I chose it once rather than be a prima donna in a Viennese opera, for the sole reason that it permitted me to strike the deeper chord, to make people cry."

Most girls, if they are pretty and only twenty-three, and especially if they are in musical comedy, like to wear expensive and becoming frocks, to let audiences into the secret of their stage-love affairs, and by delicate comedy to cause their audiences to smile and laugh. Valli Valli is the Grand Exception. I asked her to justify her soaring and changeless ambition to make her audiences weep.

"The measure of an artist's power is to make people weep," she said, slipping out of the rose-colored, last-act frock of Celia Gill, the Queen of the Movies, and into a sky-blue peignoir, leaning back in her dressing-room chair and looking grave. "When you make people cry you stir the depths of them. When you make them laugh you only scrape the surface."

"I have heard successful comediennees say that it requires more art to cause laughter than tears." I dropped my hook, thus baited, into the interview waters.

"I do not agree with them, though it is desirable to be able to do both. That is the supreme test of versatility. I should like to be an emotional comediennee."

"Do you recall any such?"

"Yes. You have one in this country. Your greatest comediennee, I understand, is Rose Stahl, yet one always feels the tears near the surface of her. We adored her in London. Irene Vanbrugh is such an actress. There is no greater actress in England than she."

"When you touch a man or woman to tears you stir their better selves. Laughter is not the expression of the best in us. Often it is the defiance uttered by the worst. Men laugh at orgies and women laugh while they coquette. They weep in church and eyes are apt to be veiled with moisture at a happy betrothal. It is proverbial that guests weep at weddings, and I

*We laugh, we love, we live,
We weep, we sing, we dance,
Offend, resent, forgive
As leaves which die
Beneath the autumn sky.*

think I have heard laughter compared to the crackling of thorns. Tears are the apotheosis of a high resolve. If a man would put a woman's love to proof, I advise him to judge not by the fact that she will laugh with him, but that she weeps for him.

"When you have caused one to shed tears, your power is supreme. With him or her you can work your will. The very being is plastic. It is in flux and only awaits your command. To make one shed tears is an achievement. To cause a houseful of auditors to weep is a victory that proclaims an actress a dramatic Napoleon.

"Then," Valli Valli swung the feet that had been so agile on the stage to rest them, "what has become of the great comediennees? There were some, of course. They have lived and acted and gone their way into oblivion. Nell Gwynn—Peg Woffington? But it was Peg Woffington who said in answer to her critics who said she couldn't act, 'I make 'em laugh and make 'em cry, and that's being an actress.' She didn't say 'I can make 'em laugh' only. No, those women were not mere laughmakers, but laughter and tearmakers. They were emotional comediennees, which proves the point I made awhile ago, that it is desirable to be both. But think of the great actresses from Bernhardt back! Is it Bernhardt's power to draw an occasional little cackle from part of the audience that causes us to say she is not only the greatest living actress, but the greatest living woman? It is the tears she made us shed when she died as Camille, or when she sobs with her last breath 'Ma Mère' in 'L'Aiglon' that we will remember when she has gone. Mrs. Siddons, Rachel, Ristori, mountain peaks on the theatrical landscape, are remembered because they made the world weep. Clara Morris, slowing dying at Fairlawn, Whitestone, Long Island, has a conjuring name because she broke up the deeps in the bosoms of another generation. Nance O'Neil wrung the heart in 'Leah, the Forsaken,' and the critics and public, who do not always agree, said a great new actress had arisen. No, to wield power over your audiences and to be remembered through generations, it is tear-bringing that counts.

"It takes brains for comedy. I admit that. The high comedian receives a little help from his text. He must supply most of the reason for laughter. But to move others to tears requires brain and feeling. It requires more. It demands character. A laughmaker may be a person of light character. The tear-bringer must be high-souled, of broad sympathies and tremendous comprehension."

Valli Valli believes that musical comedy and operetta will provide more and more opportunity for exercise of the tear-evoking power.

"No Greek tragedy was ever sadder than the situation of the Emperor on the throne, the girl he loved at his feet and the State dividing them in Napoleon's last romance," she said. "I refer again to that because it was my favorite part, though my smallest, for many years, and the tableau of the faithful girl who followed him into exile, but arrived too late, because death was there before her, is infinitely sad." Valli Valli had conjured her own tears. "I hope and believe that instead of the story being subservient to the music, the music will subserve the story in most future so-called musical comedy. The future musical play will be real drama with music." A. P.



White VALLI VALLI IN "THE QUEEN OF THE MOVIES"



White

VALLI VALLI •

Now appearing in "The Queen of the Movies," at the Globe Theatre



On the trunk of a real elephant for "The Wilds of Africa"



Universal Co. The rescue of a baby girl

Perils of the Movies

THE tremendous popularity of moving pictures all over the civilized world depends, in no small measure, upon the daring of the player-folk and camera-men engaged in the business of making them. During the past year particularly, the trend of the movie drama has been toward the sensational. Indeed so remarkable have been some of the releases that many are convinced that the illusions in them are faked. But such is not the case. In the early stages of motion photography, the stuffed "dummy" and freak camera work accomplished most of the perilous situations depicted. But 'to-day the more sophisticated movie "fan" demands and is getting the genuine article.

There are many people in the moving-picture world who scoff at the idea of actual risk entering into the taking of a film. These are the "interior" men—directors and players stationed in the East who do drawing-room comedies and the like, requiring less exertion in their enactment than a legitimate play on Broadway's boards.

It is in the far West, in the midst of the prairie studios, that are taken most of the movie "shockers." It is there that are taken the pictures that entail risk, and numerous are the stories told of dangers courted by venturesome filmmakers in quest of something new.

One of the largest of the Western motion-picture settlements is Universal City, founded and inhabited entirely by employees of the Universal Film Company. It is almost big enough to be called a city, and it is a modern one in every respect save absence of political scandal and the fact that its sole business is that of "the movies"—virile movies these, movies of the plains and bad lands, movies that run the gamut of red-blooded adventure. There's a big, white-stucco hospital in Universal City, not for the sick (motion-picture folk have little time for such a luxury as illness), but for employees wounded and maimed while taking moving pictures. And the wards are always well filled!

Here is an instance of the divers ways in which it recruits its patients. Recently in a war play there was a battle scene on the Texas border between a band of



The flight of a cowboy on horse-back suspended to a balloon



Universal Co. In the coils of a giant python

Mexican guerillas and a troop of United States cavalry. The soldiers were, of course, supers, but real Mexicans were engaged to play the guerillas. The battle had hardly started when it was found that the Mexicans had deliberately loaded their rifles with real slug-shot in lieu of the blank cartridges supplied to them. It was a miracle that no one was killed.

A similar spirit of animosity was exhibited some time ago in Palestine, where a company of Kalem players were performing the Passion Play in front of the camera. The actors were followed from place to place by an angry, jeering mob, and finally, incensed at certain of the scenes, which they regarded as sacrilegious, the Arabs began hurling large stones at the players, who barely escaped with their lives. There are also many instances where irate farmers have loosed vicious dogs on itinerant players trespassing on farms and trampling down crops in their eagerness to secure good "sets!"



Universal Co. Operating room of hospital especially equipped for film players



Players performing with a real tiger in "The Tiger Lily"



Falling down a mountain



Universal Co.
Falling off an open drawbridge on a motorcycle

But danger incurred from the enmity of others include but a very small class of the movie risks. Far greater perils are encountered in the action of the plays themselves. In the vaudeville business to-day a fifteen-cent audience expects effects and costuming that a "big-time" audience didn't dream of ten years ago. Movie audiences are just as exacting. Where the movie "fan" of a few years ago was contented with petty comedies and melodramas, taken with their artificial effects from "ten-twenty-thirt" houses, to-day he demands realism of the most vivid kind. It is due to this demand that the picture market is glutted with "thrillers," and it is the mad effort to be the chief purveyors of the "shocker" market that creates the keen competition that exists.

The English manufacturers have recently turned out startling "thrillers" by using balloons and aeroplanes. A recent English release, entitled "Through the Clouds," tells the story of a young girl whose father is carried off in a captive balloon that has been cut free by the villain. In her frantic efforts to save him she enlists the services of a young aviator. Together they speed, in his aeroplane, toward the rapidly rising balloon. When near it she leaps from the plane onto the dangling rope of the balloon, and proceeds to climb thence into the basket. The actors engaged in making this film progressed successfully to that point, thanks to much rehearsing at lower altitudes. But at the crucial moment the young woman who impersonated the heroine lost her grip on the rope and to the horror of the onlookers below began slowly to slide down it. A 2,000-foot fall to certain death was averted only by the agility of her "father," who, lying in the

bottom of the balloon basket, sprang to his feet and hauled the young actress to safety. The picture was taken from a second balloon lashed to the first, and, although the story as originally planned was upset by the accident, the scenario was rewritten to fit, and the picture, one of the most daring of the day, is now being shown throughout Great Britain and will soon be seen in this country.

Another thrilling balloon picture was taken by a German film company. Its crucial situation was the flight over Berlin of a cowboy on horseback suspended to a balloon. The effect was first sought after by faking, but the result was too crude. An American cow-puncher, a trained horse, an enormous balloon, the expenditure of a few thousand dollars, and the trick is turned!



Swimming for life in the rapids



Vitagraph Co. Alone in a den of ferocious lions



Universal Co.
Real slugs used by treacherous Mexicans

Another perilous scene in midair was recently attempted by Pathé Frères. An aeroplane was sent up, merely for the purpose of taking its picture in flight, and it was planned to later "fake" its fall. The aviator, however, spared them the trouble of the "fake" fall by indulging in a real one. He was severely injured and his machine was completely wrecked. The Vitagraph Company lately sought a similar effect. Their

aviator was more fortunate. He remained in the air until signaled to descend. The "fall" was then accomplished by the dropping from a water-tank of a mock aeroplane containing a dummy. The illusion was as complete, (Continued on page 202)



MARGUERITE CLARK, NOW APPEARING IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "PRUNELLA"

FOR instance, what would I have done in the terrible old days of gas-

light? As it is, I have to stand on a cushion to reach a telephone! Oh, no! it isn't all honey, this being girlish and grown-up' at the same time. I can't say I've ever longed to be more than six feet tall, and—what shall I say, built in proportion?—but suppose some day I should want to play a *big* part! Girlishness is all very well, if it's content to affect only one's smiles, say; but when it gets real and earnest, I think it is carrying the joke too far. The worst of it is, too, there is no kind of fantasy that can disguise it. It is about the only thing in real life that fantasy can't make—I was going to say different, but I'm told to say lovelier! A man told me. He is an expert on fantasy, and declares he knows.

Well, to be serious for a moment, perhaps he is right. After all, girlishness is so beautiful—as an age. Oh! as an age, surely it is the loveliest thing in the world. Nature has not given us, nor art conceived, anything more beautiful than an innocent and pretty girl in her 'teens. Nor can they. In her sweet little delicate form, a girl in her 'teens embodies for us everything we can think of as good and delightful and wonderful in life. She——. Consider that I have rhapsodized for several pages. I would do so, but I know that if I did I would not find language to do justice to that picture of beauty and joy which each of us carries in his or her heart of some little maiden just standing on

The Disadvantages of Being Girlish

By MARGUERITE CLARK

the brink of life—that cold brink down which she must fling her illusions, one by one.

This is why girlishness has so many advantages for an actress to balance against the disadvantages, and perhaps outweigh them. She stands toward life as the season of spring toward the year. Beauty, rapture, gladness, joy, innocence, hope, coquettishness, purity, simplicity, mystery, youth, faith—she is them all. But greatest of all that she embodies is the promise of life. No matter what kind of part she has, she touches at once the hearts of the audience and establishes a sympathetic connection simply by the fact and influence of her girlhood. I love to play. Often on the stage I have the curious feeling that I am veritably a sprite. I let my imagination go and I feel that I am the Fairy of Life—and that nothing will ever grow old and ugly, but always be smiling and young. It is such a lovely feeling. I try to keep it long after I have reached the wings, and do. Girlhood and imagination—what happiness they mean!

Someone has told me that the authorities—by the way, what are these authorities?—are going to deprive the coming generations of imagination; they are going to take the Fairy Tale books away from the school children. I think that will be a very terrible mistake. The one thing we are all too short of now is imagination. We are certainly born with plenty, and we seem to begin to lose it as soon as we seriously take to school work. I fancy that is because we then drop our Fairy Tales and take

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES



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Photos taken especially for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

No. 2: Miss Marguerite Clark

to others; and I am sure that the most effective way of crushing all imagination out of children would be to rob them of the fairies. I believe we would all be happier and better if we could keep up the spirit of childhood and fairyland all through our lives.

Watch little children playing their pretty games of make-believe, games of father and mother, keeping home, running a store, teaching school, and so on. Only the tiny ones, those in the fairy tale age, can do it. Yet, how wonderfully they play, and how real it all is to them! And how beautiful to us! Listen to them as they tell stories. They exaggerate and romance in the most marvellous way, describing people and places and things they have never seen, journeys never taken, animals never created, adventures never heard of—all is pure imagination. They live in a beautiful realm of imagination and wonderment, and life itself is a fairyland. Notice them a few years later. They are serious, yet noisy, and not always nice, and the games they play are only the games that need rules and have been invented by others. They no longer romance. Some one has brutally stopped their romancing by calling it lying and wicked, and threatening dreadful punishments here and hereafter for little ones who do not tell the truth. As if that beautiful use of the child's imagination were lying! It is a sin against children to call it so. Do not kill their imagination. Let them romance and let them have fairy tales. Fairy tales do not deceive children. Nothing at all at that age is real to them in the sense which we afterwards get by knowledge. They are all imagination, and do not know that anything is false and untrue. A child knows that her doll is only a doll, and does not sleep or talk, and when she says it does she is simply indulging in fantasy and make-believe. From these little children we can learn one of the great lessons of life—the lesson of the beauty and value of fantasy and how it can make for happiness.

Fantasy is the sugar-coating on the pills of life. In real life it is like effervescence and ice in a summer drink. Without a touch of fantasy life is flat and gets lukewarm and stale. In literature, fantasy is the beautiful art of implanting an untold moral, getting it home good and strong without ever scaring anybody off by mentioning it. On the stage, fantasy is the art of telling the truth by the use of delicious fibbing, while realism is often only the art of telling untruths by using the truth. There are no truths truer than the fibs of fantasy. The reason is that it makes us use our imagination, but starts it off along right paths—pleasant paths.

So far as I have heard or read, no one has yet thought of comparing "Prunella" and "The Lure." As a matter of fact, I doubt if anyone has seen the possibility for comparison between them. That alone shows how enormous is the power of fantasy. Everybody is enraptured with the beauty of "Prunella"; its charm clings for days like an exquisite perfume. Yet, strip it

of its fantasy, and you will find in it almost everything that meets with such strong condemnation in "The Lure." If anything, it is worse, because Prunella is so utterly innocent. But the fantasy which enshrouds "Prunella" makes it charming and delightful, while the realism of "The Lure" makes the same basic facts revolting. It is not wickedness, but ugliness which revolts. But compare the resulting effects of these two plays. The fantasy leaves an impression which is true, the realism one that is false. After seeing "Prunella" you leave the theatre with the right and pleasant feeling that the old world is not so bad, after all—and that is true. "The Lure" sends you out into the air with the belief that life is a great deal blacker than it's painted—and that is false.

What life needs is a little more genuine fantasy among grown-ups. The fibs of fantasy do no harm. It is only the real fibs that crush us. Fantasy does not palliate nor minimize evil, but shows it in its true proportions more accurately than realism does. Realism, by horrifying the mind with a particular case, sets the imagination at work along distorted lines, with the result that we lose our true sense of the real proportion between the evil and the good in the world. And, after all, everything is fantasy more or less, even realism. Things are largely what we think them; and, at the best and worst, we ourselves, for practical purposes, are only what others

think us or what we think ourselves, and not what we really are, for that nobody knows—and we don't know it ourselves, either. What we need, then, is the fantasy of beauty and not the supposed realism of the ugly. Everything in life depends upon our mental attitude toward it. "Nothing is, but thinking makes it so," the poet said. If we persist in thinking a thing bad, it's like giving a poor dog a bad name. This is especially so as to troubles.

Most of us increase our troubles just by thinking of them. Some do it for the pleasure of enjoying the pain they cause themselves. I am sure many women are happiest when they are right down miserable—and can show it. It all depends on the way you think, and that is where fantasy comes in as a help. Being small and girlish, for instance, is an awful disadvantage—if you want to be big. But why want to be big when you aren't and have stopped growing? Why cry for the moon as a plaything when just as nice toys are around to be had without worrying? Fantasy helps us bring out the beautiful, even where there is only a little of it. There never was a Watteau shepherdess in real life, but so deeply are our ideas of shepherdesses tinged with his beautiful fantasies that we never think of a shepherdess now without seeing only beauty and poetry in an occupation that is probably quite the reverse in reality. They do no harm, these pretty illusions.

And then, what is life but just one illusion after another?



White

CLARA JOEL
Now appearing in "Within the Law"



Mishkin

BERTHA KALICH

This well-known actress is now appearing in vaudeville

We have no sooner shed one than another jumps into its place. So, if we must have illusions, why not have nice ones? For example, fantasy is far better than divorce. After a couple have been divorced each marries again, as a rule—and what is that but just trying a new illusion! They might every bit as well have stuck to the old one and kept its halo of fantasy fresh. Life is really a fairy tale, if we like to regard it so, and to make it so.

Men, I fancy, are more susceptible to the influence of true fantasy than women are. It seems odd that they should be, but they undoubtedly are, I believe. I think it must be largely because their lives are busier and fuller of reality than women's, and they are less given to make-believe and pretences in little things. Much of it, of course, must be due to difference in temperament. Women must not be expected to be exactly the same as men; they aren't and can't be. One of the great differences between men and women is that men like to forget troubles, get away from them and be done with them, but women like to store them up in their memory and order them out on parade for a polish up as often as can be. Men detest scenes and will do anything to avoid them. A woman just loves them. She must have them, she cannot be healthy and happy without them; her emotional nature makes them a necessity of life. Man does not understand that, and so it is that in domestic every-day life what ought to be thought a pleasant morning's exercise of my lady's emotions is considered a nasty row.

More fantasy would be a wonderful help in married life, I'm certain. At its beginning it is all fantasy and beauty, so why not keep it up? See how it would work out if each tried to regard life as a beautiful fairy tale. When a misunderstanding came, it would be looked upon only as a part of the fun. I fancy that even where love had been let disappear it could be brought back in a very little while with just a little practice of make-



Strauss-Peyton

MIZZI HAJOS

Playing the title rôle in "Sari" at the Liberty Theatre

believe. We might just as well play make-believe for a good end as play it merely for sport, and in every life there is bound to be make-believe of some sort, especially in a woman's. I have known a woman make the lives of those around her almost unendurable by the fantasy that she was sickly and needed constant coddling, when all she wanted was the coddling, only she knew no better than to go the wrong way to get it. True fantasy must have the beautiful for its warp. Nature shows us that. Nature is the greatest of all the artists of fantasy. Everywhere and in everything it blends beauty with utility. From the gorgeous sunset to the astounding plumage in a peacock's tail, from the verdure of spring and the glorious tints of autumn to the cry of the child who simulates tears and anger to take advantage of parents and gain its end, nature makes use of fantasy. To be happy all we need is imagination.

Of course, imagination has its limits. Even fantasy won't make us happy if we can't realize that there must be limitations. The bravest and biggest of oaks would get the blues if it hankered after being a drooping willow or longed for blooms like the chrysanthemum. I might long to be as big as Mrs. Siddons and hanker for the gift of tragedy as it is played by Bernhardt and Duse. But there's a place for the little as well as the big in the crowded elevator of life. All we have to do is to squeeze in and wriggle a space for ourselves as we turn to face the door. And if the big ones get the air and the view, well, the little ones, at any rate, don't

have to fear that their faces will be scratched by the big ones' hat pins.

It is a distinct disadvantage to an actress to be very small and girlish because that so restricts her as to the rôles she can fill. She might have the genius of Bernhardt, but it wouldn't enable her to take the parts of full-grown women. Plays have almost to be written for her, or she must stay in the rôles of little girls or even boys; and that does not make her battle an easy one.



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Dick Helder
(Forbes-Robertson)

SCENE 2 IN ACT III OF "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED," AS PRESENTED BY FORBES-ROBERTSON

THE advantage of good looks is in the main of value only to the lesser lights of the stage. When you think of it, few

of the greatest actors and actresses have been very good-looking, unless you admit the new idea that there are people who are artistically beautiful, but who, judged by the ordinary standards, are not so.

Amongst the Commoners of the Stage really good-looking persons stand in a caste apart. From the very start they are well paid and they soon find themselves in demand, even if they have little ability in acting. They are given good parts, the parts, that is to say, which act themselves and catch the sympathy of the audience. The necessary experience will be imparted by the producer in large doses, mildly administered, for he cannot afford to offend good-lookers who can act ever so little, they are too much in demand.

While the good-looker's last experience is had in important parts, there is a good chance to make friends with managers who, in the days ahead, will remember, "What a fine-looking chap Jack used to be," and hand out a part for old-times sake, even if it does not get to be very well acted. Many a good-looking person would not appear to be so on the stage, because slimness or extreme delicacy of feature and form on the stage are not positive enough in their effect on the back of the orchestra or dress circle. Roundness of cheek and form, and strongly marked features, with large eyes, are effective.

It is really remarkable to note how little acting has to do with success on the stage. A great many people have succeeded on the stage, for instance, by dancing, singing, posing, by grace and charm, and what is called temperament, and many have succeeded by making funny faces, or by simply having the nerve to go on the stage with nothing but good looks to fit them for it.

Commoners of the Stage

PART II

are acting. Few people know what acting is, and not many go to the theatre to watch acting; they go there to get two dollars' worth of excitement. Acting is nothing more nor less than the depiction of character and emotion. It would be a good thing if playgoers and actors would remember this. It is remarkable how few actors on the stage make good acting the main object of their existence. They require some distinction before they call themselves successful, but above all they require big money. A huge amount is paid in salaries by managers each year, but it goes into many hands, and our friends, the Commoners of the Stage, get precious little of it.

About six thousand actors register their addresses in New York City; there must be another small army in Chicago, and many hundreds in stock companies scattered over the country. Of musical comedy and dramatic or comedy companies, there were about three hundred and twenty on the road about Christmas time, 1912. A hundred dollars for a week's work is a hard figure to get, but many good-looking people of ability get it fairly easily. People who depend not upon good looks, but ability to act, find it a very difficult figure to obtain. There are a number of people who can ask for a hundred and fifty dollars, but very few who can expect to make two hundred a week. Among the Commoners of the Stage anything over one hundred dollars a week is exceptional. Perhaps you are a man of ability in some other profession and have, after ten years, toiled up to three thousand dollars or so. Your eye glistens with yellow as I speak casually of a hundred dollars a week, eh? But you are thinking of five thousand two hundred a year, whilst I am not. Actors and actresses thank heaven if they get an

In the latter case the good-looking person frequently has commonsense enough not to wear too many clothes. But none of these things



Moffett

LOUISE RANDOLPH

Appearing with the English repertory players at the Fine Arts Theatre, Chicago

average of thirty weeks' paid work in a year at a hundred dollars a week—three thousand dollars is the result. That salary is often given in parts which require expensive modern clothes. So deduct two hundred dollars from that, four hundred dollars would be nearer, but some of the clothes would be useful in everyday life. Any other expenses? Many! The week preceding Holy Week, and that preceding Christmas, you will only find half salary in your pay envelope; deduct a hundred dollars. There is at least one railway sleeper once a week to pay for on the road, and if you get a hundred dollars a week you will be expected to use parlor cars for day travel and to pay for them, and very often you will have to buy your meals on the train at expensive rates. I remember in the Blank Company,

toward the end of the season, some of the members ceased using the parlor car, and a notice to the following effect was posted on the call board:

"Those members of the company whose position makes it appropriate are urged to use the parlor car. It would be regrettable if laxity in this respect should lower the style of travelling which has always been maintained by this organization."

Deduct at least one hundred dollars for all this! As "no pay, no play," is the rule, you must keep in the pink of condition; an audience won't laugh at your little jokes unless you feel like laughing with them. A man who is out of sorts may be able by dint of struggling to lift a heavyweight onto a stable, because it does not matter *how* he does it. But *how* he acts the part means success or failure to the actor whose value, like that of a barrister, is judged by each fresh case he undertakes, only in the case of the actor he is freshly judged each night. No cheap hotels, then; bad cooking is a bad investment. There only remains two thousand six hundred dollars out of three thousand. This has to be spread over twelve months, and for eight months of that time it has to deal with expensive hotel life and the incidentals of travelling. Besides, don't forget that a hundred dollars is a difficult salary to get. Seventy-five dollars is a very good salary, and that will produce only about two thousand two hundred and fifty a year without deduction. A sixty-dollar salary is a fat concern—eighteen hundred dollars a year without deductions. Fifty dollars is a common salary for many an experienced, able New York actor who is in the support of a star. This means one thousand five hundred a year without deduction, that is, roughly, twenty-nine dollars a week for living, clothes, travelling expenses, makeup, and the multitudinous things that pocket money is supposed to cover. God grant you haven't any debts! I refuse to say anything regarding the poor devil who gets only thirty, twenty-five or even less, for fear I should get a nightmare.

Just a word about half salary at Christmas and Holy Week. Years ago such bad business was done during these two weeks that theatres were closed and the actors not paid anything. In the present day managers think they are very generous in giving half salaries and keeping the theatres open during those two weeks. The actor holds the contrary opinion, for in the present day many companies do excellent business. To this the manager replies, "Some of my companies do very excellent business and the others don't; I lose on keeping my companies at work." The gist of the matter seems to be that the actor shares the manager's losses, but not his profits. A solution could be found in a profit-sharing basis if both sides wished to be just about the matter.

Though the theatrical season begins in August, pay doesn't begin on that date for the actor. As Mrs. Beeton says in her famous cookery book, before you cook your hare you must catch him. And the actor must catch a part before he plays it.

All the qualities that are needed by a first-class salesman of drygoods are needed to sell your goods—that is, the ability to fill a part to the satisfaction of a manager. It means much reading of newspapers and talking to friends to find out who is going to do a piece, and when they will start engaging people for it, it means tramping the streets in all sorts of weather and waiting at offices, and, above all it needs a cheery, stout heart to do this with a smile, in the face of hope deferred, and consciousness that the landlady is becoming less friendly, and that the money in the stocking is rapidly dwindling despite every economy in the matter of food. This tramping round and its discouragements are worse than those met with by a panhandler, and the rebuffs are worse slaps in the face than any salesman has to put up with. Worse still, when, if it succeeds, the piece fails. The total result may be a fortnight's pay for some five weeks' work, and then it all has to be done over again. In fact, the actor often does harder work obtaining work than he does when he does the work. And those who are ambitious may have to decline engagements or retrograde. It needs some pluck to do this when you've a pain under your "pinny" from lack of food.

From August onward things are humming; agents' offices and clubs are crowded, and "Anything doing?" is the question everywhere. Those who haven't clubs where they may hear the news, make friends with the police officers who patrol the sidewalk between Thirty-ninth and Forty-second Streets on Broadway, for that is the rendezvous of many clubless men. Those officers must be specially selected from the Humane Squad of the New York Police, for they are the nicest fellows imaginable and know theatrical lingo by heart. They never show their clubs or order the "pros" to "move on," but a group who are earnestly discussing the latest rumor are likely to be startled by such familiar expressions as "Half hour, please," "Clear stage, ladies and gentlemen," "Everybody down to the footlights," "Kindly go to the manager's office to sign that contract." A flaxen-moustached, amiable-looking human being in an officer's uniform saunters past with a smile. Not even dignified, grouchy actors of the days of Booth and of the old school can resist such an appeal, and the "move on" regulations are complied with instantly. These late summer and early fall days are pleasant; the beautiful weather, the mild, golden rays of the sun, and long, dark afternoon shadows, with just an occasional nip of cold, is all very exhilarating, and then the season is ahead and the player, being an optimistic "cuss," looks forward to accomplishing greater things than he has ever done before. This feeling amongst the young is almost akin to a boy's feelings when he reads of his favorite buccaneer about to go roving after untold treasures. Meanwhile, everybody is lending to everybody else all the money he can spare, "until he gets his second week's salary." Woe betide the actor who failed to save his salary last season, for then his affairs are beyond the help of his best friends.

Many people think that actors are improvident folk, whilst the contrary is true of them. Any man in the ordinary path of life would think it a great hardship to have to save half his salary each week, I think, and yet that is what the common fry of actors do, even when it means considerable denial.

Last spring I was in a dressing-room of a theatre occupied by one of the most successful play companies of the last two years. An actor came in who had just finished a measly season of twenty weeks with that charming piece, "The Yellow Jacket." He was congratulating the members of the company on their long season. "If we deserve congratulation," some one said, "then, by Jimminy, the profession at large deserves condolation. This is one of the greatest successes of the last five years, and yet from January, 1913, to January, 1914, according to present arrangements, we shall have received full salary for just twenty-seven weeks." "Nonsense, you must reckon how many weeks in the theatrical season." "I suppose you think I've only got to keep alive three months in the year, eh? I've got to live twelve months in a year—not just the time I am paid to work. Take the middle of last September to the middle of this September, that's a year, and you won't find it will pan out much better for us." By that reckoning they would have had thirty-three weeks' work and eighteen weeks' idleness. Everyone who compared this season with that of other companies agreed that this was a first-class season. Twenty years ago it would have been played for forty weeks out of the fifty-two. One sees advertisements in the paper, put in by schools of dramatic art, saying that acting is the best-paid profession in the world. Do you believe it now? It means very hard work at times, always more kicks than pence, and after the age of fifty-five, all kicks and no pence.

Now, where are the automobiles, the clubs, the generous Bohemianism, the swift, attractive ladies, the magnums of "fizz" at the horse races, the dossy-dashy "boy" who does stunts for ladies' clubs for nothing and rides with them in the park? Is it untrue, then, that actors and actresses live in a whirl of brilliancy and delight? The truth is that, except the chorus girls, the Commoners of the Stage see little of a gay world, where automobiles and flowers and diamonds are common, and mag-



Photo Floyd

TERESA MAXWELL CONOVER
Plays the rôle of Mrs. Garland in "To-day"

nums of fizz are as ordinary as a quick lunch; and I don't think most of them wish to do so; the better class of modern dramatic artist has an inclination toward serious culture. Some actors make themselves conspicuous at expensive hotels, a few girls are made a fuss of, and the world of people dissatisfied with its employment say, "That is the life for me." These hotel *habitués* are more or less in debt, while drawing salaries of a hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars a week. They are not at all representatives of the whole profession, and, as a rule, are empty-headed people, thoroughly attuned to whatever tinsel, froth and display belong to the stage. They are of the good-looking type and know they are in demand; they haven't sense enough to perceive that they are hired as decoration and not as artists.

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IT was playing several hundred dramatic parts that enabled me to sing songs so that my audiences liked them," said Blanche Ring.

The Blanche Ring smile was missing. The satin smooth skin of the fair Ring brow was faintly fluted in a frown. She was trying to explain her own gifts, a problem always difficult for the gifted. "I played Lady Capulet when I was sixteen to Zeffie Tilbury's Juliet.

"The connection between Lady Capulet and *Waltz Me Around Again Willie*, please?" I entreated out of a great darkness.

"To be able to 'go out and get them,' as one must in the successful singing of a song, one must first have confidence. That comes only by the playing of many parts. Overconfidence any fool or child may have, but confidence is something different. Confidence is a moderate quality having nothing whatever to do with conceit. It is the result of experience, much and varied, of having found yourself.

Playing Lady Capulet was the beginning of a long, severe training that made it possible for me to sing *Why Is the Ocean So Near the Shore?*

I was an understudy for Miss O'Leary, the then called soubrette. Now she would be an ingenue. As her understudy at the Boston Museum I played about everything. Everything, no matter how crudely I played it, was a step on the way toward song singing. Because it taught me I could. 'Could' doesn't refer to the song singing, but to the power to grip and hold that necessary, terrifying thing out in front, whose approbation would make or mar your future, that held your bread and butter, your rent—to give or to withhold from you—in the palm of its kid-gloved hands. That is what playing many parts teaches, mastery, or rather friendly intimacy with your ruling power, the public. You learn to get chummy with it—with respectful reservations always tinged with a little fear.

"Heredity helped me, too, for there was my grandfather, who was stage director at the Boston Museum for thirty years. The fact that I was James R. Ring's granddaughter gave me a chance to get on the old stage and to understudy the fine English comedienne with the Irish name, Miss O'Leary. My grandfather's blood in me helped me to keep the place, I suppose, for it made me like the work. I was very bad in those parts the first few seasons, but I must have given promise of doing better, for they let me stay on. But every part helped, for it gave me vision of characters and you can't sing a song without that.

"After all those parts and the Juliet venture when we played throughout New England, with Miss Tilbury's mother, the beautiful Lydia Thompson, backing the venture, I went into vaudeville. Glad am I that I did, for nothing teaches you to go out among the people, to get right down among them and grip them as that does. That finished my preparatory education."



White

BLANCHE RING IN "WHEN CLAUDIA SMILES"

When Blanche Ring Smiles

"When, a great many years from now, you have left us, you will be remembered by the songs you sang to us and made us sing with you."

Miss Ring shivered a bit at this suggestion of that remote time, perhaps because the window-high heaps of snow in the street told their story of bronchial and other germs dreaded of singers. Perhaps because her vitality was lower than usual that morning, she having given so unstintingly of it to her audience for seven performances that week. Even her smile rested that afternoon. Whatever she does she does with tremendous might, with every ounce of her magnificent vitality. And afterward the wan reaction, wan though brief. We digressed a bit from songs to talk of this:

"You are not an economist," I said.

"Not when I am before my audience," she replied. "I try at other times to save myself for them. I don't go about while I am playing for that reason. That is the reason I've taken this Seventh Avenue flat, to get away from endless telephone messages, from bell boys and other irritants.

But housekeeping has its counter-irritants." She lifted great blue eyes, that I had always seen filled with laughter, but that were now full of dread, to a huge shade above her head. "I had to have the lamp lifted out of that because there were three spots on it that we couldn't get out, and I didn't want you to see them. I wonder if there are any left on that shade."

"Probably I wouldn't have seen them."

"But I would have known they were there," she said so solemnly, that I exclaimed:

"The New England conscience."

"Yes," she said, "I'm a hunter for little flaws. That is my besetting sin. I can bear the hard blows life gives me with fortitude, but if there's a spot on the carpet or a rip in a gown they undo me. Isn't that silly? Frances!" From an inner room came Sister Frances Ring, gowned for the street.

"Will you take back these two hats?" said the singer of songs. "If we don't take them back they won't be taken back. That's a paradox."

The younger sister smiled. "Let us leave them this until to-morrow," she said cheerfully. "Leave us," rejoined Blanche Ring, and we went back to the songs.

"Moving the previous question, how did you start your singing classes?" I said. "You are the only actress I know who can turn her audience into a singing class."

"It began in Boston when I was in 'The Defender.' Some Harvard boys I knew were in the audience and joined in the chorus of *The Good Old Summer Time*. It's odd but the Shubert brothers didn't like it then. I don't know why. I suppose because it hadn't been done. But I kept on and the classes



Photo Charlotte Fairchild

A NEW PORTRAIT OF ETHEL BARRYMORE

have grown to quite an institution, haven't they? There were about twenty boys who used to come to the theatre every night and who always sang the chorus with me. They called themselves 'Blanche Ring's Angel Choir.' The other day one called on me at the theatre. I looked blankly at the dignified gentleman who bowed over my hand.

"'You don't remember me,' he said. 'I like that. I am the leader of your angel choir.'"

"Last night a critic who had broken his collar bone sang *Why is the Ocean So Near the Shore?* I told him afterward how good he was and asked him how he could sing with a broken collar bone. 'You made me sing,' he said."

"You will them to sing?"

"I beg them to sing." The anxious look that had lingered on the space once occupied by the speckled lamp globe slowly vanished and the proverbial Blanche Ring smile dawned. The room grew more cheerful. The sun shone more brightly. The birds sang. No, they didn't, but my spirit was attuned to hear them sing. The Blanche Ring smile is warming and persuasive. It is like a sun risen upon a bleak world.

"I entreat them," she went on, with a gently beckoning movement of strong, graceful bare arms issuing from the ruffles of white lace which hung from the elbow sleeves of a modish black taffeta gown.

"What makes a song successful?"

"Generally speaking, it's wading up to your waist in piles of hopeless manuscripts until you come to one that has something that sounds singable in it. There must be words that repeat themselves to you, and catch your fancy. The words of a refrain are half a song."

"Even though in themselves they're silly?"

"Yes. People like a rather silly refrain. I don't know why, but they do. Perhaps it's because slight-hearted nonsense rests us. At any rate, there's the fact. You can no more move it than you can the Rock of Gibraltar. For instance, the song *Deedle Dum Dee* was a success. A man brought me a song that sounded well, but not well enough. I said to him: 'It's good



Sykes

IONE BRIGHT

Now appearing in "The Lady of the Slipper," on the road

as far as it goes, but it needs something more—something like this. I got up and danced about him, my arms rising and falling as I sang *Deedle Dum Dee*. 'We'll make it *Deedle Dum Dee*,' he said. Soon people were singing it. The refrain *Yip I Addy* caught the fancy because it was nonsense. And in this song *Why Is the Ocean So Near the Shore?* The question sung seriously sets people smiling and singing.

"The title is like the schoolboy's question, 'Why do rivers run through cities.'"

"Quite. The refrain is fifty per cent. of the success of a song. The other half is the little lilt in the melody. No song was ever successful that did not have a catchy little singable strain running through it. I recognized both of these in the *Ocean Song*, which, by the way, was written by an employee in the slaughter yards in Chicago.

"The best song I ever had was *In the Good Old Summer Time*. I carried it to A. H. Chamberlyn, who was putting on 'The Defender.' He said: 'I need a song, I'll take it.' Said I very timidly: 'But to get it you will have to let me sing it.' He

scowled. 'Can you sing it?' he demanded, looking as though he thought I couldn't. 'I think I can,' I said, by no means sure."

"You came down a staircase into a garden. You stood at the right of the staircase. You wore a broadbrimmed lace hat. You smiled a little and looked very shy."

"I was. Believe me, I was scared pink, blue and green. But that was not my first song. The first was *I'd Leave My Happy Home for You*, and I sang it in vaudeville. After *The Good Old Summer Time* I was engaged for Mrs. Osborne's Playhouse and sang *The Belle of Avenue A*."

"Which pleased society," I interpolated. I had seen the same persons in the audience at "When Claudia Smiles," as had greeted her twelve years before in "Tommy Rot." They had welcomed the song anent the neighborhood of the Ocean to the Shore with the same restrained enthusiasm that they had displayed toward the Belle of the Eastern Avenue. They have been as real for a dozen years as have the bone and sinew of our country those of lesser purse and heartier tastes. And the gallery have vied with the "upper"

(Continued on page 205)



Copyright Strauss-Peyton
Fritzi Scheff

David Bispham

Marie Dressler

Trixie Friganza

Louis Mann

Anna Held

A REVIEW of vaudeville for the first half of the season reveals that that branch of amusement has had about the same proportion of successes and failures as has the so-called legitimate stage. Broadway producers have had many reasons to lament the present season and the same applies to variety managers and agents, for the acts that have come flamboyantly heralded and gone away silently greatly outnumber those that have won approval and have stayed to entertain the throngs.

Stars In Vaudeville

Metropolitan engagement soon terminated and she went out on tour. In Canada further embarrass-

ments were caused by the activity of the United States customs. Another representative from the British Isles concerning whose coming to America there was both much interest and speculation and who proved far from being the tremendous success anticipated was Wilkie Bard, also a favorite of the music 'alls. Mr. Bard came to Hammerstein's, widely exploited and loudly heralded; the English actors and actresses were out in full force the Monday afternoon he opened; the newspaper reviewers treated him generously—and at the end of the two weeks stipulated for his stay in New York he returned to London, without any American manager imploring him to remain. The trouble with Wilkie Bard was that he had been illy-advised as to what American audiences wanted of him and much of his material had already been employed here long before his arrival.

The most successful failure, however, scored by an English performer was that accomplished by Cruickshank, who is reputed to occupy in London clownland the same position that Marceline does here. Cruickshank played one consecutive performance at the Palace on a Monday; the next morning he sailed for England. Had there been a boat leaving Monday after his matinee, there is every likelihood that he would have booked passage on it.

Among other disappointments of the season in vaudeville to date was the debut of Betty Callish. Miss Callish came as the protégée of Sarah Bernhardt, was press-agented as "Bernhardt's gift to America," and bore letters of introduction from Mrs. Pat Campbell, Guilbert and other notables. She was launched at the Colonial Theatre—that bugaboo of single women entertainers—where the audience refused to take her seriously. After two performances she withdrew and Adele Ritchie took her place on the programme. However, Miss Callish soon had her opportunity. She came under Charles Frohman's attention and was cast for the rôle of Hella Bruckner in "The Laughing Husband."

All of the failures in vaudeville this season have not, by any means, come from foreign sources. The American stage has been well represented. One of our best comediennes, Henrietta Crosman, was among them, selecting for her vaudeville debut a one-act comedy, by Edgar Allen Woolf, called "Dolly Madison," an impossible vehicle which did justice neither to the author nor the artist. Miss Crosman made her appearance shortly after the withdrawal of her "Tongues of Men," but was so unhappily cast that the playlet was given no further booking after its first week.

Native born but quasi-foreign because of her recent residence abroad, Ethel Levey quit London to play one week at the Colonial and to bring her daughter, Georgette, to visit her father, George M. Cohan. Miss Levey's engagement was brought to a sudden close toward the end of the week by the automobile accident in New England in which Mr. Cohan and daughter were injured, but, as result, her stay in America was prolonged and Miss Levey played a couple of the New York vaudeville theatres, as well as two weeks out of town, while

withdrawn and Miss Nethersole has since been delighting her admirers with the act from "Sapho."

But all of England's contributions to the American vaudeville stage this season have not been so successful. For instance, there is Marie Lloyd, the pet comedienne of the London music halls, who came back after six years' absence to find that certain affairs in her private life were the subjects of front page stories in the newspapers because of her detention by the immigration authorities. Whether or not a spell was cast upon her by the undesirable newspaper publicity given on her landing and that was responsible for the series of unfortunate incidents that followed is for others to decide, but the fact remains that Miss Lloyd during her engagement at the best of the Keith New York theatres appeared at such infrequent intervals that her



Olga Nethersole



Marie Lloyd



Ethel Levey



Evelyn Nesbitt



Nance O'Neil



Mlle. Dazie



Liane Carrera



Blanche Walsh

waiting the recovery of little Georgette. While the American singer was cordially welcomed home and was generously treated by the newspapers and theatre-goers, she did not prove the tremendous box office magnet expected.

It remained for Mlle. Dazie in Barrie's delightful dance fantasy, "Pantaloons," to achieve one of the most artistic successes of the season. Dazie, who has come to be regarded as America's representative toe dancer, opened the latter part of the summer at Brighton Beach, and was so enthusiastically received by the hot weather audiences that a long season's contract was immediately issued to her.

How the pruning knife can be made as useful in vaudeville as in the legitimate was illustrated in the case of Nora Bayes and her new act. Surrounded by a company that proved only excess baggage and equipped with a vehicle that was too inane even for the most charitably inclined variety audience, Miss Bayes first faced certain disaster, but after eliminating everybody but her dancing and singing partner, Harry Clarke, who has replaced Jack Norworth at the fireside as well as in the act, and the piano player, she scored an emphatic hit.

When not defending action against him by some children's society or other, Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foyes are big favorites. The mother, a maid and a governess accompany Papa Foy and the youngsters and when they start for the theatre it takes two big touring cars to transport the "act." When playing in or around New York, the bills are so arranged that the Foy family can make an early appearance and be returned to the Foy domicile in New Rochelle by a respectable hour.

Paul Armstrong ventured two sketches written by himself. The first was "Woman Proposes," in which Mr. Armstrong undertakes to show that women very adroitly extract proposals of marriage from men. This theory has been advanced by historians and playwrights for some time, but it remained for Mr. Armstrong to develop the theme in a humorous and clever manner. "To Save One Girl" is the title of Mr. Armstrong's other playlet, which extols the virtues of the honest legislator and foils the plot of the crooked bosses. Catherine Calvert played the leading feminine rôle in this sketch when first presented in New York, but retired before becoming Mrs. Paul Armstrong.

One week in New York sufficed for Nance O'Neil, who was supplied with a very mediocre playlet in "The Second Ash Tray."

In songs warmed over from the repertoire used by her in one of the earlier Winter Garden shows, Trixie Friganza reappeared in vaudeville. Miss Friganza did not attain any new laurels. Emma Carus also returned to variety this season and this time with a young male partner, who did not contribute particularly to the value of the act. Miss Carus does as well alone.

Of the male headliners in variety this season none received a more generous welcome and scored any bigger hit than Louis Mann in a condensed version of his former starring vehicle, "Elevating a Husband," and a company of ten including his leading lady of last few seasons, Emily Ann Wellman. In vaudeville Mr. Mann has met with a genuine triumph, which he well deserves.

Sam Bernard made two efforts to resume his career in vaudeville, from where he started and where he got the first \$1,000 salary paid, which was years ago. The ill-fated Forty-fourth

Street Music Hall was the scene of his first effort this season and later he played four weeks at the Keith theatres, only one of which was in New York, but discontinued through failure to agree with the United Booking Offices as to the amount of his compensation.

Tyrone Power and Emmett Corrigan were among the legitimate actors whose excursions into the two-a-day were limited to one week. "The Stranger at the Inn," by Clayton Hamilton, was Mr. Power's offering, which was shelved after its single week's presentation at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, and Mr. Power sailed for Europe. "An Eye For An Eye," written by Hale Hamilton and Bennett Musson, for a Lamb's Club gambol, was Mr. Corrigan's vehicle, but it lacked the melodramatic thrill variety patrons prefer, and Mr. Corrigan withdrew and was subsequently cast for "The Yellow Ticket."

Douglas Fairbanks, too, perhaps the most beloved of juveniles on the American stage, remained but one week in vaudeville. John Stokes, author of many successful vaudeville playlets, was responsible for "A Regular Business Man," in which Mr. Fairbanks was seen. However, Mr. Fairbanks was a distinct hit, but withdrew to go with the revival of "The Henrietta."

Harry Lauder, most famous and highest salaried of Scotch comedians, came back with the first of the year for his annual engagement under the direction of William Morris. One week only, with the Sunday concerts omitted, was played by Mr. Lauder at the Casino before going on tour.

Coincident with Mr. Lauder's reappearance in New York was Neil Kenyon, a newcomer from the land of the thistle,

who had to labor under the handicap of being billed as "Harry Lauder's only rival." Despite this, Mr. Kenyon's merit attracted interest at the Colonial, but his appearances in the regular vaudeville theatres were cut short by his sudden decision to join the Eva Tanguay road show. At this writing he is touring the country with the cyclonic comedienne and is being co-starred with her.

Miss Tanguay, incidentally, interrupted her triumphant tour of the country long enough to play two weeks at the Forty-fourth Street Music Hall, and then bid adieu to the metropolis.

Another of the traveling vaudeville combinations—the aggregation headed by Anna Held and booked by John Cort in the \$2 theatres—came into the Casino for one week, and there the tour was brought to a close. Then Miss Held returned to the management of her ex-husband, Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., and was promptly booked for the important vaudeville theatres controlled by the United Booking Offices.

Prior to Miss Held's engagement at the Casino, her daughter, Liane Carrera, made what was announced as her first appearance on any stage at Hammerstein's. She was fair to look upon and possesses as much talent as any girl just emerging from a convent is expected to have, but her chief claim to distinction was the fact that she is her mother's daughter. An astute management provided her with a velvet drop curtain, surrounded her with a bevy of pretty girls and supplied her with a very competent dancing partner.

Not an artistic triumph, but emphatically a box office success was Evelyn Nesbitt, coming early in the season and at the time when there was tremendous public interest in her through the escape of Harry Thaw from



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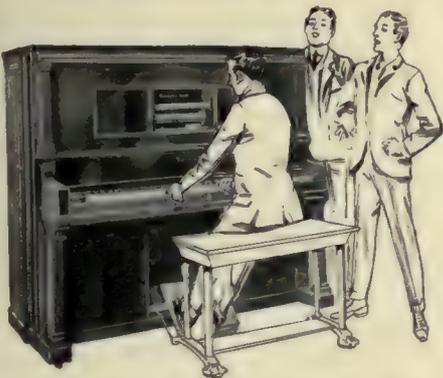
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PERILS OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 187)

if not as real, as that of the Pathé. Photo-plays showing wild animals are at present at the hey-day of their popularity. The remarkable realism of the scenes and the reckless daring of the player-folk participating has thrilled many an audience. The largest film companies maintain menageries and a staff of keepers and trainers. Special writers, familiar with jungle lore, are employed to write "thrillers" around these latest comers to the screen. At the beginning of the craze, marked by the release of the now-famous Italian film, "Quo Vadis," many of the animal reels were not all that they seemed. They were doubly-exposed pictures which, while showing man and beast together, had not really been done that way for the camera. The effect was attained by taking the players and the animals separately, and then printing both negatives on the same reel.

That was not thrilling enough. The public demanded that the actors should really be with the wild beasts. If an actor was gobbled up in this process, what matter? There are so many actors. So presently came American releases which were really played with players and animals together. More than one ugly wound has been caused by the temerity of the actors, for although every precaution is taken for the safety of the company, the stage-set being entirely surrounded by keepers armed with iron bars, the animals are very apt to get playful and too much into the spirit of the picture. Paul Bourgeois in "The Tiger," and Julia Swayne Gordon in "The Tiger Lily," two recent Vitagraph releases, were seriously bitten by the majestic Bengal tiger who played the title rôle in both films.

The Selig Company was among the pioneers of the animal film. Providing itself with a thoroughly equipped "Zoo," it has produced super-thrills of amazing character, and most of the big wild beast pictures, such as "Alone in the Jungle," have come from its factory.

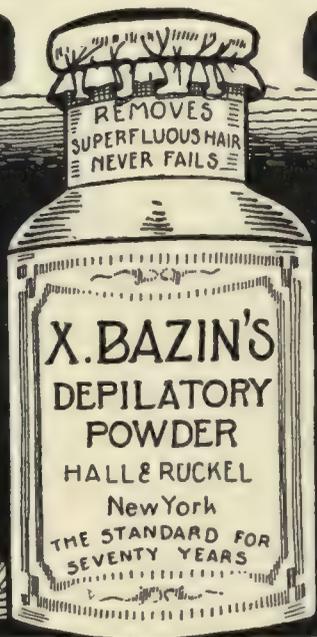
A recent Vitagraph release, "Wild Beasts at Large," shows the wrecking of a circus menagerie train, and the consequent terrorizing of a country town by the escape of all the animals. Many of the scenes are of startling daring, but most of them are accomplished with less risk to the players than might seem to exist. Two giant tigers rush into a house and there engage in a battle-royal, to the horror of the inmates—who watch from a safe distance. A band of lions raid a butcher shop and devour its wares. The butcher runs into his ice-box, but his less fortunate cashier cannot escape and remains in her booth throughout the awe-inspiring scene. The booth is, however, of heavy construction, and she is comparatively safe within. Several enormous boa-constrictors glide into a saloon, causing genuine delirium among its habitués, who clamber to the top of the bar and call loudly for the pledge. A keeper catches the snakes, and, bare-handed, places them in a large sack. A genuinely dangerous scene is in a kitchen, when a maid hurls a pan full of dishes at the head of a leopard. The animal recoils and then, snarling, comes at her. She faints, and the leopard leaves her alone to explore the kitchen. For the actress it was a situation full of real peril.

Despite the great risks, the players are always ready to act in pictures, refusals being very rare. The necessity of attempting fool-hardy stunts has apparently blinded movie players to all idea of danger. In fact, many of them seek it. Recently, upon five dollars being offered by the Universal Company to each cowboy actor who would fall from his horse during a battle scene, many of the men were so anxious to essay the trick, and then see themselves doing it later, that they offered to waive the money for the privilege of being in the foreground of the picture when they fell!

Such tasks as falling off one's horse (a very usual performance in movies) call to mind a thousand and one minor realisms that entail bodily risk to the performer. Among these is the very frequent "rescue" from the water scene—a "thriller" that has taken a greater toll of lives than any other. From the earliest days of motion-photography down to the present, serious accidents resulting from movie "rescues" have been continually reported in the press.

It seems strange that a player unable to swim well should be thrown into the water to be "rescued," yet that is not infrequently done. Not long ago Florence Turner, of the Vitagraph Company, one of the highest paid stars in the profession, was made to fall into the water to be "rescued." At the crucial moment the actor playing the hero lost his nerve, and but for the

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agility of a bystander Miss Turner and her art might have been lost to the Vitagraph company and the world! Another incident, not ending so happily, reported recently in the newspapers, was that of a movie rescuer who, in jumping to his sweetheart's aid, struck his head on rocks and was instantly killed.

There are many accidents that the papers never hear of until it is "stale" news, and then it is too late to run. Among them is one that occurred near New Rochelle recently. In a Civil War scene, the heroine was to be shown crossing a deep ford on horse-back. The scene was begun, but midway the horse, a restive animal, slipped and was quickly caught in the rapid flow of the stream. Rider and horse were swept through the swirling waters, and, though, by frantic efforts, the girl managed to reach the shore, her mount was drowned. There is hardly a "water" scene that is not attended by real danger. If it be only from the severe shock of the cold water and cold air, the player is laid open to all manner of subsequent mishap, varying in range from a cold in the head to chronic rheumatism!

"Rescue" plays are always of deep human interest, and they are constantly being turned out by small as well as large companies both here and abroad. One of the more pretentious "rescue" films is "Atlantis," a dramatization of Hauptmann's novel. The picture was produced by a Danish company, and the expense and risk involved were enormous. Chartering an ocean liner, the company took about three hundred players out to sea, and there enacted all the thrills attendant upon a collision with another boat. The panic, the fire, the leaping into the water of crazed passengers, and the lowering of the lifeboats—all is shown with the utmost realism. Then the film company, building a replica of the original boat, burned and sank it at sea. Nothing was left to the imagination. Everything was shown in detail, and the picture stands to-day as a monumental example, not only of the lavish expenditures undergone by manufacturers in their quest for thrills, but also the daring and courage displayed by all the people who take part in them.

Among other risks that always elicit great interest among motion-picture audiences are the seemingly terrific tumbles that many situations demand. Many of these are accomplished by clever use of the "dummy," but others are genuine enough. Generally the falls in a picture are planned ahead of time, but not infrequently they are the result of accident, and it is these that are most often the worst. During the production of a recent Powers release, Ethel Davis, the leading woman, was severely injured. The action of the story called for her being hurled into a den of lions. It was arranged to catch her in a net, unseen by the audience, but calculations went amiss, and upon her being thrown into a pit the net gave way and she fell fifteen feet to the floor and was badly hurt. Another accident of a similar nature occasioned the fall of a Vitagraph player through a skylight. She broke three ribs, but played out the scene without being aware of the fact. And yet another fall caused the death of a young actress, when in a fire scene she jumped from a third-story window and missed the net held out for her! Several of the Western actors have become of necessity very expert at taking long and hard falls gracefully. Records of many a broken bone, sprained wrist or ankle lend ample testimony to their venturesome spirit. If it were not for this spirit, realism as depicted in the "movies" to-day would have a very much narrower range. Most of it would be as artificial as that produced on the legitimate stage. It is to these courageous Knights of the Reel that the thrill-loving "fan" is indebted for the feasts of sensationalism constantly spread before them.

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Actors frequently receive unexpected proof of the realism of their art. Not long ago on the occasion of the performance of "Hamlet" by a distinguished English player, there were no more interested and absorbed spectators than two newsies in the gallery.

The boys had been watching the performance with breathless interest. The last act was drawing to a close. The duel almost dragged the lads from their seats.

Before their eyes the queen was poisoned, Laertes killed, the King killed, Hamlet killed. On the final tragedy the curtain started down. The audience was spellbound.

In the gallery there was a clatter and a crash as one of the boys mentioned started for the door. "Come on, Tommy!" he shouted back to his companion. "Hurry! There'll be extras out on dis!"—*Harper's Monthly.*

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Commoners of the Stage

(Continued from page 195)

Instead of having this "devil of a time" about town, the best modern actors and actresses are rather sober, earnest, matter-of-fact people, glad to keep out of the glare of publicity except before the footlights. The long summer vacation is perhaps the worst curse under which they labor. There are not many summer stock companies, hardly enough to keep the regular stock actors employed and certainly not enough to employ six to eight thousand actors of travelling companies. Despite settled weather conditions in summer time, pastorals do not keep many employed. They have never been as popular here as in England. Play seeing is for the winter time; there are too many attractions of other sorts in summer, and as the glimmer of hope that once arose when Ben Greet introduced pastorals has died away, the first thunderstorm of the year still warns actors and actresses that the wolf is at the door.

In China an actor has to serve an apprenticeship something the same as boys who wish to qualify as officers in the Merchant Service, and it's a pity that actors have not enough power to get it made compulsory in their case. It will never come about, of course, but I can imagine a system by which a budding artist would be compelled merely to walk on and watch others act for a year and then after study be required to depict characters before a board of examiners, and then, if successful, to play small parts for a while before he was eventually given a certificate as a fully fledged stage bird.

Talent would come into the profession just as quick that way, and instead of actors being inflicted on the public, as they are now, before they know the rudiments of the art, we should never miss that mellowness which is the outcome of much hard work.

The majority of actors are ill paid and never rise to the pinnacle. They are treated with scant courtesy and a great deal of injustice. The problem of happy married life is increased for them to the breaking point. Think of the long separation, and the difficulties of bringing up children. A home they can never have. As the actor grows older he becomes less and less able to obtain work, and very, very few are lucky enough to be able to save for a rainy day; despite the fact that most modern actors are provident in their habits.

A novice loves travelling, and the unnecessary fuss and importance that are made about the movements of a big theatrical attraction make him sure that he personally is on the rode to fame. But later on travel is regarded as a slavery from which to escape whenever possible. Actors frequently describe it as "being kicked from pillar to post all one's life." They learn to hate the thought of a sleeping car, of strange uncomfortable hotels, of constant contact with one class of man—the uncivil "man in the street." They hate bell-boys, and loathe hurried early morning departures from warm beds to icy streets carrying heavy grips to wind-swept stations to save half-a-dollar a day. Oh! the foul overheated air on the trains, that scalds your mucous membrane and sleepless eyes! Those musty Pullman cars with the attendant who beats your back with a broom and shoves his great hand under your nose for a tip, despite his impudent behavior of the night before! The plush cushions—fit for a dentist's ante-room—the crowds of uncouth drummers with their cheap ideas and shrill voices! Oh dear! Oh dear! says the actor. Your life is made up of planning your board and lodging, and being whirled from city to city to do certain gestures, to say certain words, and you've done them so often before that you have a difficulty in believing you've ever done anything else.

R. E. DERIT.

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Books Received

SECOND NIGHTS—By Arthur Ruhl. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

VICTORY LAW—By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company.

STUDIES IN STAGECRAFT—By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

THOUGHTS AND AFTER-THOUGHTS—By Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Illustrated. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA—By Clara Louise Kellogg. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

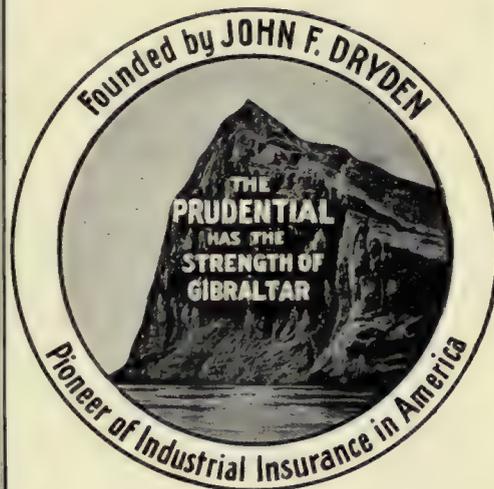
PEACH BLOOM—By Northrop Morse. New York: Medical Review of Reviews.

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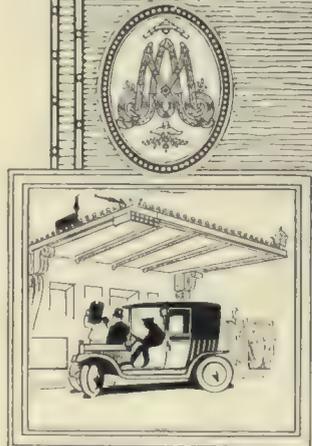
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When Blanche Ring Smiles

(Continued from page 198)

and middle classes in faithfulness. Blanche Ring is nearly the only star in these days of the incursion of vaudeville and moving pictures who has not lost her gallery. She pleases all classes because all classes like songs.

"What is the life of a song?" I asked the maker of many.

"In New York it is a season. But in the West they keep their favorite songs longer. I still have calls for *Rings on My Fingers*, which is six years old, and *Belle of Avenue A*, which is twelve in the West. *Bedelia* is the best song in a musical sense I ever had. I have John A. Sousa's word for that. He conducted for me at Convention Hall when I sang it fourteen times. Since that I've loved Kansas City and think it my town."

My Irish Molly O, *Bilikin*, *Come Josephine*, *Mollie Malone*, *Whistle It Down*, are others of the songs that Miss Ring discovered, developed and through which she contributed to a nation's cheerfulness. Because she gave prestige and fortune to the writers of sixteen songs, lyricists are as keenly upon her trail as ever were hounds upon the paw prints of a beset and frightened hare. She told me with a vexed little flush the title and tenor of a ballad whose composer had begged her to sing it the night before.

"I have never sung an unclean line and I never will," she had firmly replied, and the aspirant for fame and fortune by way of her voice had promised Miss Ring there should be a verbal fumigation. Her answer resembled that of Lady Macbeth concerning odors of Araby.

"My audiences wouldn't let me sing such songs if I wished," had been her final words. "They insist upon my singing well washed and cheerful songs as they insist on my always being in a good humor. I wouldn't dare go before them in any other mood."

"My aim is to sing fewer songs and better ones. If they will let me I want to try to play Marie Tempest parts, interpolating a song or two."

She said it with such a heart full of wistfulness in large blue eyes and in rich chest tone that I wished I were all her audiences and could grant the wish with a word. "Fairy godmother of hers, grant it."

Parting with her at the door of the smart little drawing room in restful tones of ivory and brown I asked and answered a question in one sentence.

"You believe that an actress should not give up her life to her work, that she should live also the rounded life of a wife and mother?"

The handsome, frank-eyed woman with the complexion of a babe, the sensitive lips of a child, though she has been herself several times wedded and once mothered, surprised me with the reply:

"She need not be a wife nor mother. Her child might be neglected, her husband unhappy. She need not lead the vacuum life of the mere student. She must be happy and to be happy she must get down among people. She must shoulder with her kind." ADA PATTERSON.

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STARS IN VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from page 200)

improved a whit in her dancing since her "Wild Rose" days, but she was accompanied by a partner whose middle name was Terpsichorea and the press and the public were satisfied. After several weeks in New York, Messrs. Comstock and Gest built a show around her and sent her out through the country to gather in the dollars in neat little piles of a thousand each.

Early in the season there also came to vaudeville, Marie Dressler, who contributed twenty minutes of just about as hilarious entertainment as the most exacting of variety devotees could desire, and were it not for her mistake in interrupting her buffoonery to recite a poem about a dying child and then to make a clown exit while bowing to the applause that the sentiment of the verse inspired, would have made a much better impression, for this was almost sacrilegious.

Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton revived "Anthony and Cleopatra" on an elaborate scale, but after a brief period were forced to return it to the storehouse owing to failure to get the kind of booking they sought.

Polaire, who on the occasion of her first ap-

(Continued on page 208)



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(Continued from page 206)

pearance in America was so successful because of having been exploited as "the ugliest woman in the world" and at the same time the possessor of the smallest waist known to any modiste, again visited New York, but under entirely different circumstances and with entirely different results. She sadly sailed back to that "dear old France," without understanding why she had not created the same big furore as before.

Speaking of Polaire reminds one that the French actress was for a while tandemed with Lady Constant Stewart-Richardson, the English exponent of grace in dance and physical charms, and Gertrude Hoffman, the American disciple of undraped art, in what was heralded as the great three star alliance of international celebrities. Wonderful things were expected of this combination when it started out with such a blare of trumpets to conquer that wide territory removed from New York and theatrically known as "the road," but it was not to be. The natives evinced but minor interest in the alliance and when reports of clashes in temperament began to percolate back to Broadway the wiseacres saw the beginning of the end and the ultimate collapse of the ambitious project.

Blanche Walsh entered vaudeville some time ago and found it so pleasant and lucrative and she herself met with such favor that she is continuing in it. She played New York recently in "Countess Nadine" and has found it so satisfactory that she is likely to retain it for the balance of the season.

Even the programme description as "the celebrated white dancer from India, direct from the Royal Opera House, Bombay, and Covent Garden, London," failed to cover up the shortcomings of the dancer labelled "Roshanara," who exhibited principally a pair of snakelike arms. There all interest in her ceased for she neither danced nor tried to dance. Tango trotters have the centre of the stage this season, and interpreters of symbolic and atmospheric dances have no chance to win the approval of American vaudeville audiences unless they depend upon real merit for their success.

The public mania for the tango is in a large measure responsible for the tremendous success that has been achieved by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. Their services are so much in demand and they play so many engagements in the course of a week that one reviewer in New York referred to them as the Get-Rich-Quick-Castles.

Of the Lambs' Club sketches that time to time make their appearance in vaudeville, one of the most successful this season has been Joseph Hart's production of John Willard's "The Green Beetle," a Chinese fantasy which is excellently staged and splendidly acted.

From the concert stage came David Bispham to achieve one of the biggest individual triumphs of the season. He has been given an extensive route. Digby Bell made his entrance in variety with a one-act farce comedy, "It Happened in Topeka," Henry E. Dixey, after succeeding in a novel offering of his own fashion was lured back to the legitimate by a tempting offer to play a leading rôle in "A Thousand Years Ago."

In bringing to a close this brief résumé of the successes, near successes and non-successes in vaudeville this season, a commanding position must be assigned to Bert Williams, whom Mr. Ziegfeld loaned to variety much to the delight of the patrons of that class of amusement. Terrific best indicates the extent of his success.

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The Yeats—Father and Son

(Continued from page 176)

Scotchman studying black magic—whatever that may be. It must be bad because it's black."

William Butler Yeats' talk on plays and play-making that morning gave the listener the sensation that a door had been suddenly flung open upon the sunlit vistas of the real drama which he said must be struck out of the lives of the people, its speech flowing out of their habits.

He and Lady Gregory he said had reached down into the hearts of the shepherd in the lonely fields for their material. They went, not to the erudite, but to the people, who, because there was so little going on in their lives to talk about had learned to speak a language of the emotions instead of one of fact. The old legends and still older songs, born out of the pristine passion and simple virtues had furnished them a brand new drama.

In truth he and Lady Gregory had with infinite pains dug rare emeralds out of the enchanted Irish hills. These they had much difficulty in giving back to the people to whom they belonged. Erin prejudices, theological, political, racial, raised many a thorny bramble bush in the way of presenting a new literature to the island. There was a great deal of oppositions shouted and hissed those first months of the Irish Literary Theatre.

However, Yeats stuck manfully and laughingly to his self-appointed task. He was Irish himself and he knew it was a national trait to say a lot more than was meant. At last he woke up one fine morning to find he had created a demand for himself. Now there isn't an Irishman but what's proud of him and never a soul of them but what would deny ever having shaken a shillalah at him.

Emma Goldman says that what Leo Tolstoi with his drama did for Russia, Yeats has done for the peasant of Ireland. He has made them see the utter desolation of their lives and awakened them to great possibilities of their race. In other words he has given them a culture. M. P.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 172)

as the third husband, excitable, perplexed, much in love with his wife, but jealous, carried things in a very natural way. All of it was natural enough. Miss Katherine Grey, in particular, in her solicitude for the welfare of her two discarded husbands, introduced some bits of nature that alleviated the detestable hardness of her character as wife. There was really nothing of substance at issue in the whole play which is described as "Built for laughing purposes only."

GAIETY. "ALONG CAME RUTH." Comedy in three acts by Holman Day, from the French of Fonson and Wicheler. Produced on February 23rd with this cast:

Israel Hubbard, James Bradbury; Mrs. Hubbard, Louise Sydmuth; Allan Hubbard, Frank B. Thomas; Priscilla Hubbard, Eileen Castle; Ruth Ambrose, Irene Fenwick; Col. Bradford, Joseph Kilgour; Mrs. Burnham, Maude T. Gordon; Annabelle Burnham, Vivian Wessell; Oscar Dunn, Edgar Nelson; Capt. Nathan Hodge, F. J. McCarthy.

The transformation of the usual French farce so as to have the seeming of something native to us is occasionally accomplished when the story remains artificial, for it is not taken seriously, and it makes little difference; but when it is attempted to make it represent American life, the task is not so easy. Mr. Holman Day has successfully substituted American characters for French characters, and has used the original story to good purpose as an entertainment. His characters are so far removed from anything that, by any possibility of the imagination, could have ever existed in the original play, that "Along Came Ruth" must be considered as to its probabilities and inconsistencies with reference to American life. The weaknesses of the play lie in its inconsistencies. The sentiment of the story is of the usual kind and is dramatically consistent. Irene Fenwick, as Ruth, is so appealing in her simplicity, that she prevails over the inconsistencies of the play.

HUDSON. "WHAT WOULD YOU DO?" Play in four acts by Augustin MacHugh. Produced on March 2d.

Mr. MacHugh, the author of "Officer 666," a most amusing farce, was not so successful with his new play, of an entirely serious character, entitled "What Would You Do?" The play has

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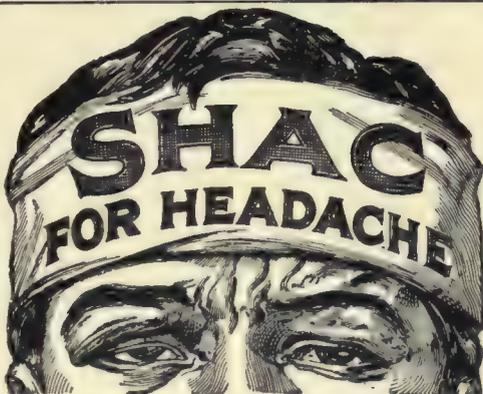
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its dramatic intent, and is not badly written, but its moral purpose, which must have been in the mind of the author, is entirely lost. There is a certain superficial interest in the acting, which was done under such unfavorable circumstances, the husband being in the hands of Milton Sills, while Miss Bessie Barriscale was personally attractive enough to atone in some measure for the foolishness and futility of her part.

FORTY-FOURTH STREET. "THE MIDNIGHT GIRL." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Paul Hervé; music by Jean Briquet and Adolf Philipp; American version by Adolf Philipp and Edward A. Paulton. Produced on February 23d with this cast:

Clarisse, Fremont Benton; Pierre, Denman Maley; Mme. Gimbelette, Margery Pearson; Dr. Benoit, George A. Schiller; Mme. Benoit, Louise Kelley; Gen. Chamberlain, Teddy Webb; Lucille, Eva Fallon; Gustave Criquet I, George MacFarlane; François, Harry Delf; Helen, Margaret Romaine; Giuseppe, Paul Ker; Babette, Margaret Brunelle; Gustave Criquet II, Clarence Harvey; Maurice, Edouard Durand; Heloise, Zoe Barnett; Gustave Criquet III, Lionel Belmore, Marcelle.

All hail to "The Midnight Girl," who makes her appearance nightly on the stage of the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, somewhere along nine o'clock, to the accompaniment of a large and distinctly ornamental chorus and a burst of gay music from the orchestra! The Midnight Girl herself, otherwise known as Miss Margaret Romaine, is as beautiful, breezy, and bewitching a young person as the heart of any musical comedy goer could desire, and she discloses a grand opera trained voice that astonishes and delights. The piece on the whole, however, is rather ordinary and stereotyped. It would require something quite startling to introduce any flavor of distinction or originality into a musical comedy, and this "The Midnight Girl" makes no pretense of doing.

The plot evolves about an ex-cabaret singer popularly known as "The Midnight Girl," and a handsome young man with a fine baritone voice who is masquerading as the leather-lunged Senator Gustave Criquet. Another gentleman, also married to an ex-cabaret singer and rival of Helen's (The Midnight Girl), is amusing himself with the same pastime. The complications increase when the rumors come that Senator Criquet is the father of twelve (or fourteen) children. Imagine the embarrassment of two newly married young pretenders, not to mention the indignation of the two young brides with the cabaret voices! Eventually, away along in the last act, the real Senator Criquet arrives upon the scene, is hailed with joy by his brood and everyone else, and the mix-up of identity is cleared.

George MacFarlane is the featured player. His fine voice shows to particular advantage in the duets with Miss Romaine. In the first act a clever bit of singing and acrobatic dancing is introduced by Harry Delf and Eva Fallon, and other new and equally acrobatic dances are performed in the second and third acts by Oy-ra and Dorma Leigh.

LONGACRE. "THE LAST RESORT." Melodrama in three acts by George Scarborough.

George Scarborough wrote both "The Lure" and "At Bay," both very successful melodramas from a technical and box office point of view. Then he dug down into his trunk and brought out "The Last Resort." Perhaps it was that that fearsome political influence again got in its deadly work, or perhaps it was due to the fact that the theatre-going public at large has gotten tired of muck-raking as a dramatic theme, the fact remains that "The Last Resort" held the boards for just two weeks. But let Mr. Scarborough take heart. There may be a public elsewhere for it than in this city.

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Letter to the Editor

RUSSIA AND "THE YELLOW TICKET"

NEW YORK CITY, February 25, 1914.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Sir—I believe that the moral responsibility of a paper or a periodical runs parallel to the culture and mental standing of its readers. Thus, if, by an unlucky chance, a Russian gentleman should get hold of a copy of one of your yellow newspapers containing some of the current falsehoods about our Empire, he would be faintly amused and pass it on to his friends at home as a specimen of transatlantic humor. But THE THEATRE MAGAZINE appeals to a cultured class of American Brahmins, and, therefore, I think it regrettable that you should pollute its bright pages with venomous falsehoods about a great and friendly Empire. I refer to the interview with Mr. Morton, the author of that involuntary farce, "The Yellow Ticket," in your last issue. The play amused me very much

(Continued on page 218)

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A fashion feast from the Winter Garden, showing evening gowns and wraps of individuality and charm. The head-dresses illustrate the tendency toward small hats which show the coiffure, and the wraps, while fur-trimmed, are distinctly new



Photo Geisler

Frances Starr, appearing in "The Secret," effects white throughout the entire play. This frock of lace, worn in the first act, has a satin girdle of bébé blue, a color Miss Starr wears frequently, particularly when combined with white



Photo Mishkin

Mme. Bertha Kalich wearing a wondrous wrap which strikes a distinctly Oriental note in both coloring and line



Photo White

Elsie Ferguson in "The Strange Woman" shows no strangeness in her choice of raiment. This stunning frock is one of her smartest, and is well worth reproducing



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A clever model for a tango petticoat is shown, worn by the famous Gaby, whose negligées, as may be seen, are as chic as her stage and restaurant frocks



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SMART FASHIONS ON THE STAGE

Photos White

A group of stunning gowns worn in the Dress Parade at the Winter Garden. Sartorially, "The Whirl of the World" could stand on its merits and serve as a fashion exhibit



"Sari" makes an appeal to the eye as well as the ear. The second act, laid in Paris, gives us no more practical fashion note than the above, a dainty green taffeta, but all its gowns are clever



"When Claudia Smiles" exploits Blanche Ring who is shown here wearing a stunning street hat designed for her by A. D. Burgesser & Co.



A stunning hat illustrating the newest trend in millinery. Worn by Blanche Ring and executed by A. D. Burgesser & Co.



Ann Meredith pleases the eye in "The Rule of Three," as the illustration attests. The Shepherdess influence in hat, gown and parasol is quickly felt



A gown of sea-green taffeta with knots of violet, velvet ribbon and lace. Worn in the first act of "The Misleading Lady" by Frances Savage

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(Continued from page 212)

indeed. If you should see in Moscow a play claiming to be a truthful *exposé* of American life and institutions, and if such a play pictured every negro and Japanese as a winged angel and every white American as a sable-dyed villain of the barn-storming school, and if afterwards, in an interview with the leading Russian theatrical magazine, the gifted author of the play exclaimed that the favorite indoor sport of the Americans is the roasting of wee colored babes on the spit to the accompaniment of ragtime songs, and wind up with an appeal to the humanity and generosity of the Slav race to stop such outrages, you would understand why Mr. Morton's play tickled my sense of humor as much as it did.

There are yellow tickets in Holy Russia, just as the prostitutes of Berlin and Vienna have their sanitary police certificates—white ones, I believe. Of course, I understand that a yellow ticket is much more vicious than a white one and proves absolutely the iniquity and barbarity of the unspeakable and mediæval race which has given to mankind such minor writers as Tolstoy, Turgenyeff, Poushkine, Lermontoff, Gogol and Gorky!

The yellow ticket is a protective measure for the public, and a good and sane one. To state that Jewish girls are forced to acquire such tickets with the intention of gaining the object the play tells about, is a brutal and venomous falsehood. We do not permit Jews to live in certain parts of Russia for many reasons which are sufficient for us. So does the American restrict Chinese immigration, and so does he illegally prevent colored American citizens from acquiring property or renting houses in certain sections of the towns and cities in the Land of the Free—a distinction, not a difference. You object to the Mongol and the African races, while our particular racial prejudice is directed against the Semitic race. Rather unanswerable argument, don't you think?

The Jewish girl, who has a huge empire to roam and settle in, outside of the provinces and cities which the law of the pale forbids, makes up her mind to settle where she is not allowed to settle. She thinks she can make more money there; and so she perjures herself and besmirches the purity of her womanhood by voluntarily declaring herself to be a creature of the pavements. Which shows once again the instinct of the Hebrew race from our benighted Russian point of view. A Jewish girl who has to visit Russia for any such purpose as the one spoken about in the play, will at once receive the necessary permission from the local governor. Yet I do not believe that a Chinaman hurrying to the bed-side of his dying son in San Francisco would be permitted to land without complying with an impossible string of regulations. Do you not think that the shoe hurts a little on the other foot?

I do not believe that Mr. Morton ever set foot within the limits of the Tsar's vast dominions. I do not believe he speaks a word of Russian. Would I have the right to speak, to voice an opinion about American institutions and American character without ever having visited your shores and being absolutely ignorant of your language? I suppose Mr. Morton gets his ideas and knowledge from Russian Jews. Have I the right to use negroes and Japanese and Chinamen as the source of my ideas about the United States?

There are a few men, mostly Englishmen, who know Russia and who are unbiassed. I refer principally to Mr. Cecil Baring, to Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., to Mr. Victor E. Marsden, and to the late Sir Donald McKenzie Wallace. But the ordinary cultured Englishman and American knows next to nothing about our country. He has a vague idea that Moscow is covered with snow, our peasants covered with fleas, our Jews periodically tortured with chains and lashes from the knout. We cultured Russians, we unspeakable barbarians, are different: we are widely traveled and we have polyglot attainments in languages, culture and civilization which are far beyond the Anglo-Saxon's ken.

Although I am a modern Russian, I am the Tsar's most loyal subject. I do not close my eyes to the mistakes our government makes, nor do I close them to those which European and American governments commit. I have found less individual liberty in America, Germany and France than I ever found in Moscow or St. Petersburg.

I claim the courtesy and hospitality of your columns, not only from the point of view of fair play, but also because I am fairly well known under my *nom de guerre* in Russian literary and theatrical circles, thus relying on the freemasonry of our craft. You must forgive my poor English; but being used exclusively to Russian, German and French as a medium of expressing my ideas, my knowledge of the English language is rather limited and tainted by clumsy Russicisms. Yours truly,

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"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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VOL. XIX NO. 159

THE THEATRE

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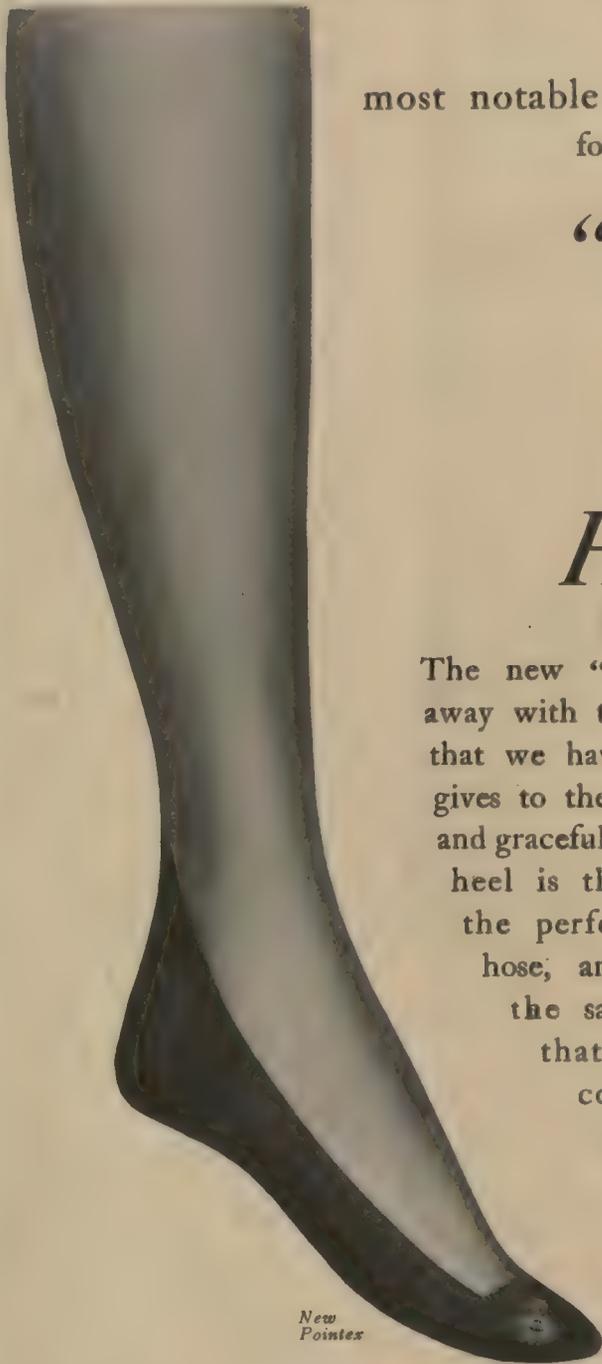
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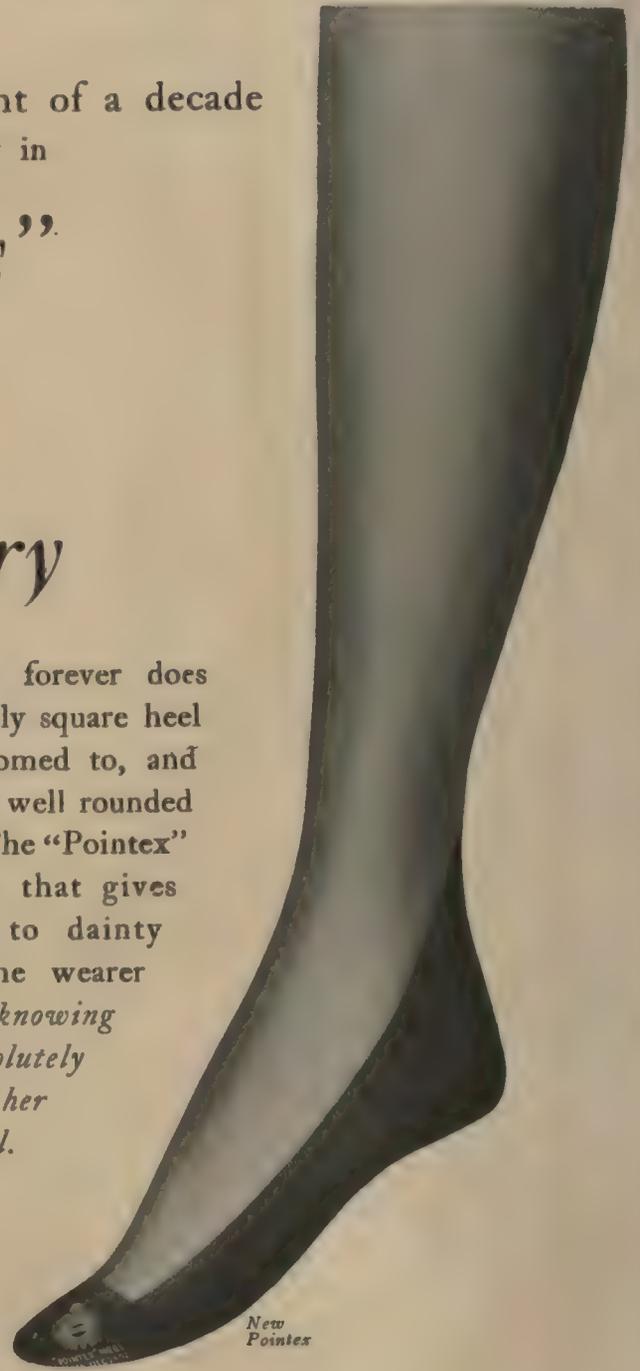
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Thos. E. Newton



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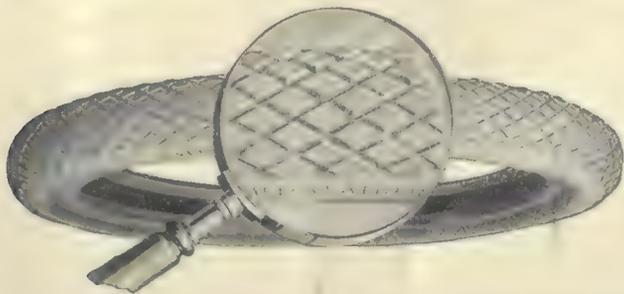


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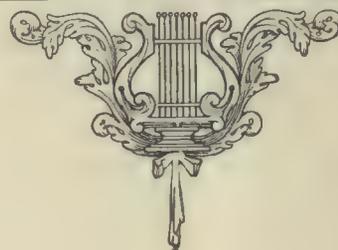
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VOL. XIX

MAY, 1914

No. 159

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White

William Hinshaw as Captain Corcoran

Josephine Jacoby as Little Buttercup

Act II. Little Buttercup: "Things are seldom what they seem"

SCENE IN GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S COMIC OPERA "H. M. S. PINAFORE" AT THE HIPPODROME



White Ernest Truex Joseph Tuohy Edward Ellis Ada Dwyer

Act III. The Dummy (Mr. Truex) speaks in his sleep—"I'm a detectuf!"
SCENE IN "THE DUMMY" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

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Duke E. Y. Backus
Frederick Harrison Carter
Jaques Fuller Mellish
Amiens Harrison Carter
Le Beau Wallace Widdecombe
Charles Max Fisher
Oliver Eric Blind
Jaques Brandon Peters
Orlando Pedro de Cordoba

Adam Harry Barfoot
Dennis Roy Porter
Touchstone Sidney Greenstreet
Corin Max Montesole
Sylvius Max Fisher
William Max Montesole
Rosalind Margaret Anglin
Celia Ruth Holt Boucicault
Phebe Florence Wollerson

THE NEW PLAYS

HUDSON THEATRE. "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."
Comedy in four acts by William Shakespeare. Produced on March 19th last with the following cast:

Baptista Harry Barfoot
Vincentio E. Y. Backus
Lucentio Pedro de Cordoba
Petruccio Eric Blind
Gremio Wallace Widdecombe
Hortensio Harrison Carter
The Pedant Fuller Mellish
Tranio Max Fisher
Biondello Sidney Greenstreet
Grumio Max Montesole
A Tailor Roy Porter

A Haberdasher Brandon Peters
Katharina Margaret Anglin
Bianca Ruth Holt Boucicault
A Widow Florence Wollerson
Curtis Lillian Thurgate
Nathaniel Brandon Peters
Philip Roy Porter
Joseph Donald Cameron
Nicholas Howard Lindsley
Peter John W. Condit
Servant Margery Card

Margaret Anglin is an expert and talented actress, especially in the world of emotional expression. In the field of comedy her work is uneven. A woman of her gifts ought to play Rosalind with conventional conviction; and this was about all she did when she essayed the part in a very tasteful and artistic revival of "As You Like It," at the Hudson Theatre.

It is unnecessary at this date to descant upon all the poetical beauties that fall to the rôle of this Sylvan Ganymede. Rosalind is a character of such imbibing charm, humor and feminine grace that all comediennes revel in its interpretation. It was in just this particular that Miss Anglin seemed to fail. She did not *revel*, she was precise, formal and artificial in her speech. Letter perfect and glib she recited her lines in tones that failed to indicate an innate love and appreciation of the text. She was at her best in the opening act, where she indicates the dawn of her love for Orlando and almost equally happy was she in the closing scene and the epilogue. But her masquerade as the boy was deficient in color, monotonous, hard and uninspired. Rosalind need not be played as a hoyden, but she does need infectious good nature and arch coquetry.

Pedro de Cordoba's Orlando was spirited and youthfully alert, and that sound and well-equipped actor, Fuller Mellish, was an excellent Jaques. Harry Barfoot was a kindly Adam and Max Montesole gave a truly admirable rendering of the venerable Corin. By her intelligent and varied reading, Ruth Holt Boucicault shone forth as Celia. The remainder of the cast was competent; but a Touchstone without humor is a sad handicap to the forest scenes. The stage settings devised and arranged by Livingston Platt were charming.

If there is real virtue in first impressions, it is greatly to be regretted that Margaret Anglin did not inaugurate her present

Shakespearean season with her revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," for the performance which she and her associates gave of that rollicking comedy was deserving of superlative praise. But it is as an organizer that Miss Anglin deserves the warmest response on the part of the public. In the make-up of her supporting company she has displayed rare intelligence and discrimination, for in its entirety the "Shrew" has not been better acted, in its artistic balance and distinctive interpretation within the present century. For further congratulation Miss Anglin has brought forward a new stage decorator who proves that artistic, adequate, illuminative stage settings can be provided without a wanton waste of money. Furthermore, the new system of investiture makes quick changes possible while a comprehensive lighting arrangement brings out all the true beauties of the stage pictures.

The greatest Shakespearean enthusiast admits that there is more action than poetry in this tempestuous comedy. At the Hudson, there is plenty of physical exercise engaged in by the players; but

it is an exhibition of temperate zeal and the results are really comic. There is distinction and fire to Miss Anglin's interpretation of Kate, and in the roadside scene, where she betokens her utter submission, she strikes the poignant note of true sincerity. Eric Blind makes a handsome, picturesque and dashing Petruccio, while Wallace Widdecombe as the aged suitor Gremio and Max Montesole as Grumio contribute sketches of exceptional finish and worth.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Throughout the world on April 23d all lovers of Shakespeare celebrated the 350th anniversary of the birth of the world's greatest dramatist

HUDSON. "TWELFTH NIGHT." Comedy in four acts by William Shakespeare. Produced on March 23d with the following cast:

Orsino, Pedro De Cordoba; Sebastian, Max Fisher; Antonio, Eric Blind; A Sea Captain, E. Y. Backus; Valentine, Howard Lindsay; Curio, Branden Peters; Sir Toby Belch, Sidney Greenstreet; Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Wallace Widdecombe; Malvolio, Fuller Mellish; Fabian, Harrison Carter; Clown, Max Montesolet; Olivia, Ruth Holt Boucicault; Viola, Margaret Anglin; Maria, Lillian Thurgate; Priest, Harry Barfoot

Miss Anglin's revival of "Twelfth Night" was again distinguished by another series of beautiful stage pictures, devised and arranged by Livingston Platt. It is certainly a pity that these and those displayed in "The Shrew" could not have remained on longer view at the Hudson. Simple, perfect in color and accurately appropriate they were a visual delight and an exhibition of true, artistic and educational value.

The performance, too, was in keeping with the background. It was meritorious in almost every particular. The balanced value of the company was again demonstrated and its capacity to intelligently cope with the romantic and humorous phases of the comedy resulted in a spirited and harmonious representation. Miss Anglin was much happier in her assumption of Viola than as Rosalind. It was apparent that the rôle appealed to her, and that its lighter side was her inspiration. She was a jolly, wholesome boy in the theatrical sense for, be it said, she made little effort to conceal the eternal feminine. Her reading was good throughout, her by-play varied and her movements free and picturesque. The romantic vein which Pedro de Cordoba displayed as Orsino was a trifle heavy, but Ruth Holt Boucicault was an engaging Olivia. The comedy scenes were enacted in a splendidly, spirited and infectious fashion. There is nothing archaic in their humor, but they need a broad and traditional treatment. This they got. Deliciously droll and effective was Fuller Mellish as Malvolio; quaintly fantastic was Wallace Widdecombe as Sir Andrew Aguecheek; alertly impish was Max Montesolet as Feste and bibulously comic as Sir Toby Belch was Sidney Greenstreet.



Copy't Charles Frohman

Billie Burke

Alice John

SCENE IN "JERRY," NOW AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

LYCEUM. "JERRY." Comedy in three acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Produced on March 28th with the following cast:

Joan Doubleday.....	Gladys Hanson	Peter Flagg.....	Allan Pollock
Harriet Townsend.....	Alice Johns	Doctor Kirk.....	Lumsden Hare
"Jerry".....	Billie Burke	Briggs.....	Thomas Reynolds
Montagu Wade.....	Shelley Hull	Lewis.....	Bernard Thornton

To be too critical over "Jerry" would be to deny oneself much pleasure—too great to suffer alloy of dispraise of the piece—derived from Billie Burke, the enterprising Jerry. It is Jerry's play, and it was meant by Catherine Chisholm Cushing that he should carry it on his shoulders. There are improbabilities in the play, but the eager fancy of a writer of genuine qualities can sometimes afford to jump over commonplaces in order to get desired effects, as is done in this play. It is a happy circumstance that Billie Burke was to play it. It would be accrediting perhaps too much to the actress to say that the play would fail without her. It is certain, however, that only an actress of charm could give us an evening of delight in a play in which there is but one character drawn to life size. But all the essential scenes are well worked out and are effective, not always depending on the presence of Billie Burke. We would not entirely discredit the piece in order to exalt the very clever and very captivating actress. Still, with an ordinary Jerry the play would not serve in its present form. What there is lacking may be very little, but there is a lack of something. However, if we accept Jerry's whim to marry, if she can, a man engaged to another and twenty years her senior as being reasonably based on love, what she does

has sufficient motive power back of it. Jerry's aunt has been engaged to Montagu Wade these many years, and for one reason or another the consummation of the engagement has been put off. Jerry has seen the goings-on from her childhood. That she has tired of such dilly-dallying and wanted to put an end to it would almost furnish motive enough to set the machinery going, and it is almost proved that Jerry has fallen in love with the man twenty years her senior. At any rate, Jerry gets what she started out after. There was a problem and a complication. The aunt is loved secretly by a cousin, and Jerry acts as a kind of Providence to get a loving husband for her aunt, for she acts fairly toward her while the methods she employs confirm the old maxim that all is fair in love and war. She contrives to bring about a quarrel between the long engaged and never married couple, and then, everything being perfectly fair according to the maxim, she telephones the breaking of the engagement to a Philadelphia newspaper, with the further announcement that the aunt is to marry the cousin. This gives occasion to an animated scene of cross-accusations between various members of the household as to the sender of the announcement. Jerry being under age, something that helps out the improbabilities of her conduct, is ordered to retire to her room and remain there until she is repentant or until further orders without communication with the outside world. Now, it is altogether probable that Jerry would stir up more trouble in such circumstances, so that the



White

Ferdinand Gottschalk

Zelda Sears

Act III. Roland: "Don't talk—study your cards"
 SCENE IN CLYDE FITCH'S PLAY, "THE TRUTH," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

writer of this play is not so wildly fantastic or unreasonable as might seem. Jerry has prepared the way for her own love affair, but there is danger of her opportunity slipping by. The man she loves is not landed yet. She is lonesome. She is not getting any sympathy. If she attempted suicide it might wake everybody up and bring again to her hands the reins that had slipped from them. She is found in her dainty boudoir, her pale face peeping from under the cover, apparently under the influence of three tablets of bichloride of mercury. This boudoir scene, with Jerry much in evidence in pink pajamas, was no doubt counted upon to rally the public to the play while it rallied the people of the play to Jerry's assistance. Piquant it is, and the note of humor is not lacking. There is no indelicacy in the pajamas, and the contentment of the audience with this snug and simple attire is not discreditable to anybody, including the audience. If it were otherwise, this third act of the play would lose every good quality. If Miss Billie Burke had only the general quality of charm through the play she would not help the play materially, and the play, even if it were superlatively good, would not help her at all. The truth is that she can act. She does not miss a point. No player can permanently please with mannerisms, and we do not reckon her natural manner or method of expression as mannerism. The same things copied by someone else would be mannerisms. She has "tricks" that are natural to her, but we see no affectation in her. Her acting in the short-lived Maugham play was proof enough that she is artistic and that she thinks

Shelley Hull, as the lover twenty years the senior, was all that could be spared from Jerry, at whose sufferance Montagu existed in the play. The cast, as is the custom in a play produced by Mr. Charles Frohman, was in the hands of people capable of everything entrusted to them.

LONGACRE. "A PAIR OF SIXES." Farce in three acts by Edward Peple. Produced on March 20th with the following cast:

George B. Nettleton.....	Geo. Parsons	Mr. Applegate.....	Walter Allen
T. Boggs John.....	Hale Hamilton	Office Boy.....	John Merritt
Krome.....	Robert Smiley	Shipping Clerk.....	Frank Gerbrach
Sally Parker.....	Carree Clark	Mrs. Nettleton.....	Ivy Troutman
Thomas J. Vanderholt.....	Fritz Williams	Florence Cole.....	Ann Murdock
Tony Toler.....	Jack Devereaux	Coddles.....	Maude Eburne

Mr. Peple's ingenuity in "A Pair of Sixes" makes an unintermittingly laughable farce out of an idea that would not seem to be susceptible of comicality beyond a certain point. It passed that point with success, but not without the good fortune of uncommonly good and intelligent stage management and acting. Every trick of business is used, with the result that, with the old and the new in the piece, "A Pair of Sixes" brings the assurance, with its crowded houses, that the stage proper has nothing to fear from the competition of the unspoken play. The first act rushes along with happy speed. At its end two partners who have been at odds over every possible business matter that came up, differing about instructions to stenographers and clerks, and methods of the one partner not satisfying the other, they have, at the suggestion of their lawyer, played a hand at poker, the experienced player losing the game by the terms of which the winner was to conduct the business for one year unhampered, the loser to serve the winner in whatever capacity imposed. He is to wear side whiskers and serve as the winner's butler. Such actual service would not seem to be as amusing in practice as the bare idea, but a new element is introduced in the second act which makes it valid. The sentimental middle-aged maid in the household falls in love with him, and as it is a part of his contract to make no personal explanations he must play his hand out. As often happens in New York productions, a newcomer jumps in a single night into prominence and recognition. In this case it was Miss Maude Eburne who contributed a quaint,

natural, unexpected bit of acting as the sentimental maid. It was farce, with a fierce, but humble love, an achievement in spiritual yearning and physical activity in pursuit. The play evokes constant laughter because the spirit of it, as is essential to farce, never drops. Its scenes are compact and rapid. When explanations would seem to be inevitable something turns up to solve the situation and give the action its needed turn in direction. It would have been impossible to hold the situation long when the girl to whom the loser is engaged comes, on the invitation of the winner, and finds her lover acting as butler, he unable to explain. She presently discovers, however, the situation and advises him to pay ardent attention to the wife of his partner. The ruse succeeds. In the meanwhile the butler had been paying forfeits, according to the contract, for his outbursts of resentment; but in the end the winning partner has to forfeit more than has been thus paid, and it is seen, as pointed out to the lawyer by the young woman who has thought out the solution, that the contract was never good in law, being founded on a bet. Every element was in favor of the success of this farce, authorship, the novelty of the idea, stage management and the acting. When all these things meet there is prosperity, sometimes greater than the merit of the play itself. The acting is uncommonly favorable. Hale Hamilton as the losing partner, suave and with command of himself except in a few emergencies beyond human endurance; George Parsons, irascible and overbearing; Fritz Williams, the lawyer, plausible and with a sense of humor accentuated by his logic as legal adviser; Ivy Troutman as the wife, and Ann Murdock, the counsellor-in-love whose intuition and wisdom finally enable her lover to draw the winning hand—are all excellent. The play is built as a farce, must be judged as a farce, and will be enjoyed as a farce.

employment that is calculated to engage long and serious public attention. Mr. Julian Eltinge in impersonating women on the stage not only exercises great discretion in his acting, but shows wisdom in having plays provided for his use in which his assumption of feminine attire is justified by the circumstances in the action of the play, just as they would be in the real life depicted. If in the pursuit of crime a detective of the regular force converts himself into an applewoman on a street corner, or changes himself in manner, speech and dress into all sorts of characters, no valid objection can be had to a young lover in a play following like legitimate methods when he has ten thousand dollars at stake and in case of success secures his own happiness in marriage. Surely such an impersonation is in the nature of business and is not intended to call everybody's attention to the fact that it is an impersonation. At any rate, however contradictory it may all be, "The Crinoline Girl" is so well contrived as an entertainment that it leaves an impression of its own so distinct that the impersonation becomes incidental only. In this way, the performance is not only tolerable, but exceedingly diverting.

The play is described as a farcical, melodramatic comedy with songs. In itself the story of the piece is not so important that we are required to give it in any detail, but the craft of Mr. Hauerbach in so proportioning the play that it is unobjectionable is to be noted. A young American, with a rich father and ample means of his own, is told by a Briton, the father of the girl he loves, that his further suit will not be permitted unless he earned, of his own efforts, ten thousand dollars within a given time. A reward of that amount had been offered for the recovery of certain diamonds stolen from the daughter and the discovery of the thief. The thefts have been committed at the hotel in which the family live. The thieves are apparently people of social distinction and associate without question with the best; they have confederates in the house. With twelve characters to carry on the action with there is abundant incident and complication. The acting by an exceptionally good cast also entitles the play to this brief consideration. The women in it are so attractive that Mr. Eltinge's impersonation is reduced to curious interest and dramatic proportions. (Continued on page 259)

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE CRINOLINE GIRL." Farcical melodramatic comedy, with songs, in three acts by Otto Hauerbach; lyrics by Julian Eltinge; music by Percy Wenrich. Produced on March 16th with this cast:

Dorothy Ainsley.....	Helen Luttrell	Alice Hale.....	Maidel Turner
Lord Bromleigh.....	Herbert McKenzie	Tom Hale.....	Julian Eltinge
Smith	Joseph S. Marba	Charles Griffith.....	James C. Spottswood
Marie	Augusta Scott	John Lawton.....	Walter Horton
Richard Ainsley.....	Charles P. Morrison	Rosalind Bromleigh.....	Edna Whistler
Jerry Ainsley.....	Herbert Corthell	William	Edwin Cushman

The mere impersonation on the stage of a woman is not an



White George Nash Olga Petrova Milton Sills

Act III. The composer finds out about Panthea's contract with the Baron
SCENE IN MONCKTON HOFFE'S PLAY, "PANTHEA," AT THE BOOTH THEATRE



PAOLO ANANIAN
As Un Notaro in "L'Amore Medico"



White
BELLA ALTEN
As Lisetta in "L'Amore Medico"



Italo Cristalli Lucrezia Bori Antonio Pini-Corsi Bella Alten
SCENE IN "L'AMORE MEDICO" AT THE METROPOLITAN

GRAND OPERA AT

These four doctors diagnose the case—each one differently and each one calls his *confrère* a quack when collecting his fee and departing. Still Lucinda languishes, and

Lisetta then introduces a new and greater doctor—none other than the lover Clitandro in disguise. He makes love to the maiden and she begins to convalesce, so the father is told that the girl is obsessed with the idea of marriage and advises such a ceremony at once, suggesting himself, Clitandro, as bridegroom, the marriage to be a mock one, of course. The father consents, a notary is called, the happy couple are united and are blessed, and they escape before old Arnolfo discovers that he has been duped.

It is a merry little opera plot—but again too intimate for the spaces of the Metropolitan. Wolf-Ferrari's music, which is in a more ambitious manner than his "Le Donne Curiose," is sparkling and exceedingly clever. But it is not great music nor is it original writing. Here are suggestions of any number of other composers, including himself: The Lullaby, a much employed theme during the course of the opera, is pretty; so is the lover's Serenade, which latter forms the basis of the Intermezzo which precedes the second act. The whole musical fabric is dexterously wrought, the instrumental effects are happily devised. But compared to his own "Le Donne Curiose" and his "Il Segreto di Susanna," this score is disappointing. The composer obviously suffers from an overplus of cleverness and a minus of originality. The performance was generally excellent, due chiefly to Toscanini, who wielded the baton over this work. He made the orchestra play this score—which sounds simple but is difficult—with exquisite refinement. Bori, as Lucinda, was charming in poise and she sang beautifully. Pini-Corsi, as the father, was very amusing, and Bella Alten sang the rôle of the maid Lisetta

LENT, combined with spring, have done their share toward diverting a certain interest from the serious business of grand opera during the past month. It is a time of the year when opera goes and opera producers begin to feel the pull and strain of a long season, when artists begin to chafe and yearn for new worlds to conquer, when Europe beckons to these temperamental children to come abroad and play and spend their American dollars, after first converting them into marks, francs and lire.

Yet Mr. Gatti-Casazza, undaunted, has produced a fifth novelty, Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's "L'Amore Medico," the American première taking place on March 25th. The complete cast is appended here:

Arnolfo, Antonio Pini-Corsi; Lucinda, Lucrezia Bori; Clitandro, Italo Cristalli; Lisetta, Bella Alten; Dr. Tomes, Leon Rothier; Dr. Desfonandres, Andrea de Segurola; Dr. Macroton, Robert Leonhardt; Dr. Bahis, Angelo Bada; Un Notaro, Paolo Ananian. Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

As in the case of the same composer's "Le Donne Curiose," the author has selected an old comedy for his libretto basis, the book of "L'Amour Médecin" being none other than Molière's "L'Amour Médecin," reduced from three acts to two and converted into an Italian libretto by Enrico Golisciani. Despite the fact that the libretto was originally Italian, the first performance on any stage of this opera was in Dresden when it was sung in German. At the Metropolitan it was done in Italian.

Not much space need be consumed in telling the plot of "L'Amore Medico," for it is, in the first place, pretty well known to many in its play form, and then it is extremely simple. Divorced from its satirical flings which Molière incorporated and which then served their purpose, the story of this comedy resolves itself into simply this:

Arnolfo, a rich Parisian, who lived on the outskirts of that city, during the reign of Louis XIV, has a daughter, Lucinda, who is pining away for love; and beyond the walls of the garden there sings a lover, Clitandro. But old Arnolfo thinks his daughter still a child and hopes to amuse her with dolls, music boxes, miniature Punch and Judy theatres and ribbons. But she wants a husband and tells him so. This fortifies him in his resolve to keep suitors out of the house, but the maid, Lisetta, comes to Lucinda's aid. The two hatch a plot by which Lucinda is to feign a serious illness, with the result that Arnolfo sends for four great doctors—and the whole world is in turmoil.



White
LUCREZIA BORI
As Lucinda in "L'Amore Medico"



Lucrezia Bori Italo Cristalli Antonio Pini-Corsi Bella Alten
SCENE IN WOLF-FERRARI'S OPERA "L'AMORE MEDICO"

THE METROPOLITAN

with animation. But Cristalli, as the lover Clitandro, was very poor. He had been suffering from grip and seemed still to be much in the throes of it. The four doctors were impersonated by Messrs. De Segurola, Rothier, Leonhardt and Bada. A reasonable amount of enthusiasm marked this première, but at no time was there the stamp of popular success upon the work by the audience.

As it is a brief work it was first given with "Madeleine," but at its second hearing with Wolf-Ferrari's "Il Segreto di Susanna," which then had its first performance of the season. It was also the first time here that Mme. Alda sang the rôle of the Countess Gil, which she did with much charm. Scotti was the Count and he gave an exhibition of remarkable histrionic skill, his interpretation having both dignity and nobility.

Then there was one other unusual feature of interest during the month, namely, a new Eva in "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," for Frieda Hempel filled that rôle for the first time here. After her exquisite work as the Princess in "Der Rosenkavalier" it was not difficult to predict that she would be an interesting Eva, having sung this rôle abroad. But that she would embody so much grace and charm and would give so faultlessly artistic an interpretation as she did—not even her admirers dared hope. She was, in few words, an ideal Eva. Her diction was marvelous, her acting was marked by highest intelligence, and her voice was wonderfully suited to the music of the part. It was a triumph for this artist. Rudolf Berger was Walther, and while he sang well enough in a brilliant manner, he lacked poetry and nuance.

That classic masterpiece, "Orfeo ed Euridice," slipped back into the repertoire with the return of Louise Homer, who sang and acted Orfeo beautifully. Anna Case, who has fallen from



Copy't Mishkin FRANCES ALDA
In "The Secret of Suzanne"



GERALDINE FARRAR
In "Madama Butterfly"



Copy't Mishkin ENRICO CARUSO
In Act III of "Julien"

grace by her disappointing work in "Der Rosenkavalier," redeemed herself by singing the music of the "Happy Spirit" with very lovely quality

of tone. Rappold, who now is heard very seldom, was Euridice, in one performance of this opera, and seemed to satisfy her listeners, although there is not an overwhelming amount of distinction in this singer's work.

Up at the Century Opera House English opera has been continuing its career with a varying success. It has become plain to its promoters that the originally projected season of thirty-five weeks is too long, and while this full length of season will be given this year, it will be cut down to twenty-six weeks next year. The performances during the past month have been marked by probably the best offering of the year, Eugen d'Albert's "Tief-land," which failed at the Metropolitan several years ago and which has been so huge a success in Germany. It is founded on the familiar play, "Marta of the Lowlands," and in the smaller spaces of the Century the drama of this opera was more effective than it had been at the Metropolitan. Bergman sang the rôle of Pedro surprisingly well, and Lois Ewell, as Marta, sang well, but lacked all dramatic force. Louis Kreidler was effective in the rôle of Sebastiano, and Szendrei conducted a good performance—better than the rest because it had had more rehearsal.

In the concert rooms the season has been going to its close in advance of the opera season. The Boston Symphony played here for the last time, played with remarkable finish Tschaikowsky's brilliant Fourth Symphony, and then spoiled the effect of it all by playing several movements from Mozart's dull Harfner Serenade. But the climax of this final concert came in Paderewski's playing of the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto. The latter was really a fine, virile performance, truly in the spirit of the work and with compelling bigness of both interpretation and playing. After it there was little short of a riot and the symphony concert then became a piano recital, for Paderewski smashed the "no encore rule" into smithereens, playing almost a whole recital of extra numbers.

Other pianists have also contributed examples of their fine art in their season's farewell recitals. Harold Bauer played a programme of Chopin, Schumann, and Brahms, with the refinement which he commands. Then Josef Hofmann said adieux on the piano, playing beautifully in his tender moments and like a giant in his heroic ones.

THE playful Lambs will soon begin their annual All-Star Gambol. They open at the Metropolitan Opera House on May

The Gamboling Lambs

By DAVID BELASCO

bership in the Lambs. And it is possibly the one club concerning which the public at large knows more and less than any other—more,

23d with an extraordinary aggregation of talent including De Wolf Hopper, Bruce McRae, William Collier, William Faversham, Thomas A. Wise, William H. Crane, Douglas Fairbanks and a host of other prominent stage people. Their tour includes Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Rochester and Boston.

The Lambs' Club is perhaps the most famous social organization in the world. I say this advisedly. There are clubs of millionaires where the wealth of a single member is greater than that of all our members combined. There are clubs devoted to science, and others wherein their roster would read like a list of chosen favorites from Burke's Peerage.

The Lambs' rivals, and compares with, none of these. It is unique, it is original. It is, above all, exclusive. A man would need more than a coronet, more than a high rating in Bradstreet, to break through its portals and become one of the fold. The

because the names of so many of its members are familiar and its "professional" character carries it more frequently into public view; less, because of the mystery that, in a measure, always surrounds the private life of the personalities of the stage. But there they meet, simple human beings, like those who nightly sit "in front" during the season, laughing at their jests and applauding their heroics. Dramatists, actors, novelists, composers, sculptors, and artists, together with those shrewd minds who guide and govern the destinies of the American theatre—these are the men who appear on the Lambs' rôle of membership.

They are ruled—to pry into the official machinery of their government—by the "Shepherd" and the "Boy," together with an executive council. The Shepherd watches and controls the flock; and when he must leave them for a space these duties are passed along to the Boy. But perhaps the most picturesque and characteristic official of the Lambs is the "Collie."



White
MR. ERNEST TRUOX
In a Lambs' Club Gambol



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Left to right: Charles Klein, George V. Hobart, Eugene Presbrey, Edwin Milton Royle, George Broadhurst, David Belasco, and Augustus Thomas

WELL-KNOWN DRAMATISTS WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE LAMBS' CLUB



White
MR. EFFINGHAM PINTO
In a Lambs' Club Gambol

on Forty-fourth Street, New York, always a group of men who are more or less distinguished in the world of art and letters. There, at a table in the far corner of the tap room, sits the dramatist of years of experience and scores of successes enjoying his chop side by side with the season's most popular star. At the next table the favorite sculptor of the day leans across and reminds the "Music Master" that he will want him next day for another sitting. The leading light opera comedian enters arm in arm with the actor of tragic rôles—each first in his line—and all have a cheerful greeting for the lesser lights whose successes have been as real, but who have enjoyed them less frequently and whose names are not yet of universal knowledge.

It is safe to say that, with the exception of a small number of successful business men elected for their simple qualifications of "good fellowship," there are literally a hundred times more men in the Lambs' Club whose names are familiar to the public through constant repetition in the newspapers and magazines than in any other organization on the globe. This does not make fame; but the statement means something when it is realized that the names appear in print so frequently because these men are constantly achieving something worthy of note.

It is, then, a mark of special privilege to be elected to mem-

prime qualification for Lamb membership is not "What has he got?" but "What has he done?" Accordingly, one sees as a part of the daily pictures within the clubhouse

At about monthly intervals, beginning just before Thanksgiving and ending after Easter, the Lambs indulge in their favorite pastime, the "Gambol." A "Collie" is chosen and it is his work to "round up" the brother Lambs and Lambkins (as new members are called), and on the Sunday evening chosen for the eventful date to prepare a programme of playlets, musical numbers and other diversions which all may enjoy.

In what other organization on the face of the earth could this be done? Plays written by members and acted by members—not amateurs, but the best brains and professional experience on our stage. In one little half-hour's skit you see a dozen well-known stars. Throughout all there is a spirit of pleasantry, the abandon of playtime. It is a night off for the hard-working men, many of whom know nothing of the cheer and comfort of home and family from one season's end to another. One of the numbers at a recent Gambol was a short play of which the programme stated "Written by actors, played by authors." It was excellent fun; for once the relations were reversed and many of us were made to see ourselves as others see us.

The fame of those little "at home" evenings at the Lambs has become so universal that there is a persistent demand from the outside public for a "peep behind the scenes." This interest has expressed itself more than once in fabulous figures; I could name a certain rich man of social importance who once offered \$1,000 for a ticket to a private Gambol. It was not to be bought.

Paul Swan—An American Who Revives a Greek Ideal

NO movement is taken seriously until the men give it their attention. That is something which even the staunchest of feminists have to admit.

That is why the dance is but now coming into its own. To the women should go the credit for reviving it as an art, but to the men must go the gratitude for procuring for it the recognition it deserves but lacked and needed.

It is the addition of a Mordkin, a Nijinsky, a Novikoff to the Russian ballet that has raised even its exquisite performance to a higher level and given it true dramatic value. It has changed, by the introduction of the male dancers, from an exploitation of feminine charms to a rhythmic interpretation of life, for by exhibiting the beauty, the grace and the strength of the man's form, the emphasis given the beauties of the feminine figure was mitigated and in its place there developed appreciation and reverence for the human body in all its manifestations. The performance is now imbued with a finer intellectuality, a deeper spirituality and its physical aspect is more wholesome, more natural, less sexed.

All this is by way of introducing Paul Swan, who hopes to serve the American dancers as Mordkin and his like have served the Imperial Ballet. He is the first of our countrymen brave and bold enough to champion the dance and to claim for it a place high among the arts and professions of men, whole and entire. Although he hails from Nebraska, this young man dares to be an artist; though he is an artist, he dares to be a dancer and though he is a dancer, he dares to be a man. Such is his temerity and when you consider that the world still suspects artists of being only half-men—the other half may be goblin, woman, divinity, or devil—it is indeed temerity.

To Paul Swan art is not a thing to discuss sentimentally and eloquently in musk-scented studios—it is a living thing, the most vital thing to him since it is the self-expression necessary to his happiness and his well-being. The primary aim of the artist is self-expression, a struggle to be free, and Paul Swan feels that he cannot be free unless he expresses himself through every medium at his command—painting, sculpture, music and the dance. And though he is proficient in each of these branches of art—his versatility does not result in diletantism, however, because he is too severe a critic of himself, too hard a worker and too ardent a lover of the beautiful—he finds the dance the most satisfactory as it enables him to exercise not only his mind and soul, but his body as well, as it enables him to make a more direct appeal to his audience through no medium beyond himself, and as it gives him an opportunity to utilize all the arts at the same time.

"The dance is really all the arts in one—don't you see?" he says in his contagiously enthusiastic manner with the conviction that makes disciples of all his hearers—while they hear. "I can't

understand why it has been neglected and in disgrace so long, can you? Oh, yes, I can too. That's what our good old Puritan ancestors did for us in trying to glorify the spirit by condemning the flesh. And, of course, they failed because they didn't realize, as we are slowly growing to realize to-day, that only through the perfection of the one can we ever hope to attain the perfection of the other."

This deification of the body—as something hallowed and beautiful and wholly fit to encase the soul—is a part of the



PAUL SWAN
In "The Confessions of a Chinese Idol"

Greek ideal which Paul Swan is making his own and trying to bring back temptingly into our somewhat materialistic conception of life. He makes a strong plea for the primitive—the true love of the fields, and all out-of-doors, the abandon of youth, a freedom from the superimposed attitudes of "civilization." "Art is nothing but an effort to disentangle oneself from the chaos of civilization," he says.

He isn't a bit of a prig or a poseur about that Greek ideal of his—it is too natural to him, too much a part of himself. It is so big a part of him, so deeply rooted that he departed for Greece as soon as he could "to get nearer to it."

"It was a home-coming to me. That sounds foolish to you, doesn't it, but it wasn't to me. It was real and good.



Photo Freud

PAUL SWAN
In "The Quest of the Soul"

I 'found myself' there—as the phrase goes."

And the Greeks felt that they had found in him one of their own; since Lord Byron's time they never so idolized a foreigner as they did Paul Swan. "Ioläus" they called him, which is the name borne by a young god, friend of Hercules, and in their most exalted moments they wove legends and tales about him that pass the understanding of the unimaginative. Certain it is that his studio on the fourth floor of the Pension Mc-Taggart (his living in a place with such a name exemplifies the contradiction in his nature—the classical and the modern, the artistic and the prose, the god-spirit and the common-day) was for a time the daily gathering place of the intellectual and artistic circles of Athens. When the lionizing reached the stage of public adoration, which meant a following of idolators in the very streets, he departed as suddenly as he had come.

"I believe in jumping off the top of the rainbow," he said, as though to apologize for his seeming lack of appreciation. This belief has been his salvation, for he who knows when to call "Enough," who is never satisfied with what he has and who is always in pursuit of something further ahead—he will grow, and may some day come to the full realization of his powers.

"The eternal chase after the intangible that beckons us on—that is what makes us artists and life glorious!"

He is following that will o' the wisp along many paths; one is painting (he studied first at the Chicago Art School), another sculpture (he is a pupil of Lorado Taft, and has already done some remarkable work), and a third the dance, the technique of which he studied in London with Mordkin, though the foundations he declares to have laid while following the plow on his father's farm.

Sometimes for the select few he gives dancing parties in his New York studios, at which he does all the dancing while the select few have the party. At these he tried out the dances which he later performed at his professional matinées given this winter at the Longacre Theatre.

His program shows a variety in subject, as his dancing shows variety in gesture and movement. There is the staccato of "Pierrot's Serenade," full of mimicry, grotesque, abrupt, followed by "The Passing of Summer," a dance of the falling leaves, legato, tento. To the accompaniment of Saint-Saëns' "Le Cygne," he portrays the life of the swan, the proud, haughty bird, doomed in its glory to die and singing its last pæan of praise of the beautiful. And in direct contrast to this he does a Syrian dance, weird in its Orientalism. "The Quest of



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EMMA JANVIER
Seen recently in "When Claudia Smiles"

the Soul," an allegorical pantomime, he follows with a Greek fantasy, and then, after a short pause, comes "The Confessions of a Chinese Idol," with the music of Tschaiakowsky's "Mirleton" and "Danse Chinoise."

That his interpretative dancing is not wholly subjective, but true to time and place, is shown by the fact that one man in his audience waited after his performance of an Egyptian dance to ask, "How do you come to know the spirit of the Nile?"

"I lived it for four months," was the answer. "I made friends of the sphinxes and mummies until they told me their secrets."

Similarly, in other dances, he makes you realize what is in his own mind and heart. There is far more here, crude as some of it may possibly be, than one finds in the vague scarf-waving of the so-called "aesthetic dancers." There is universality of feeling and understanding—more than personality

Despite his enthusiasm about art, Paul Swan has a sense of humor. In spite of his intense aestheticism, he is really delightfully human and thoroughly wholesome.

"I don't want to be singular," he said, "I want to be universal. I do

not want to isolate myself; I want to be nothing more than a normal human being. But to be truly normal, to be ourselves, we must be free of the creeds and the formulæ of modern civilization and reduce life to its simplest, its most primitive forms. We can't go back farther than the primitive, and to me that is the ideal—so there you are!"

Naturally, then, he is a pose-antagonist, not a post-impressionist. He is a valiant enemy of the so-called realism of to-day, branding it as an erratic striving for effect—a sign of physical and mental decadence.

"They need fresh air and cold water," is his dictum, "to bring them back to their senses and reality. True, we must express ourselves, but if our method of expression is such that we alone can understand it, what avails it?"

The artistic temperament he regards not as a thing apart, but rather as an excuse for eccentricity, and although, as he says, he makes occasional concessions to the popular conception of an artist by "wearing a flowing tie and a soft hat when seen in public," he agrees with Rodin that genius is a matter of concentration and extreme orderliness.

The poses which the dancer made his brown, satiny, sinewy body assume were continually suggestive of the mural decoration of the Tombs of ancient Egypt.



NAN CAMPBELL AND WILLIAM ROSELLE
In "Marrying Money," at the Princess Theatre



White

Conway Tearle

Grace George

Act II. Lindon (Mr. Tearle): "My Dear Becky!"

SCENE IN "THE TRUTH," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

Bernard Shaw as Seen by an American Actress

WHAT are you going to tell those savage countrymen of yours about me?" demanded George Bernard Shaw of a young woman who was to sail next day for America. She was very tall, very fair and good to look at, as the whimsical Irish playwright had more than once told her.

"I shall tell them," came in slow, measured tones in a pleasantly low, full voice—"let me see. I shall tell them the truth, that you are—a sweet pet."

"That's very sweet of you, my dear, but you'll ruin my reputation in America. They think I'm a devil. I must remain a devil. But you may tell them that you have Shaw in your pocket."

It was Mary Lawton who brought the message to the United States, brought it reluctantly and confidentially, and did not herself reveal it after all. It was a kindly tattler who repeated the message.

"George Bernard Shaw was contrary to every impression I had ever received of him through print or picture or gossip of tongues," said the statuesque young woman who created Julia in the Shaw play, "The Philanderer," at the Little Theatre, and who has now returned to London to duplicate under Granville Barker's management her New York success. "I had gathered from those sources that he is insincere. I found him a loyal friend. I had believed him in his prevailing mood a gibing mountebank. He was often intensely serious. I had taken for granted he was an egotist. On the contrary, he is far more interested in others than himself.

"My meeting with him seemed fate. I had taken with me a letter from Haddon Chambers, who is a good friend of mine and also of Mr. Shaw's, when I went abroad last summer. He was out of the city. I went to Munich to spend the summer with Mrs. Gabilowitch, the daughter of Samuel Clemmons (Mark Twain), and when I returned I found he had been in London, but had gone to Germany. We must have passed each other on the way. I had packed my trunks and taken passage for the next day for New York. I was pasting the label on the last trunk when the telephone rang and a voice said: 'I am Mr. Shaw's secretary. He returned to town two days ago. He will be free at four o'clock and will be glad to see you.'

"I hurried around the corner to his Adelphi Terrace home. I was shown into the dining room. A second after my arrival the door was flung open. There entered the most alive man I had ever seen. He seemed to radiate life from his burning eyes to the feet encased in their brown riding boots. His wheat-colored hair that was paling into gray glowed with an electric quality.

"The purpose for which I wanted to see you has passed,' I said, 'save for the pleasure and honor of meeting you. I am



White

MARY LAWTON
Seen recently in "The Philanderer"

sailing to-morrow to play in New York.

"I am sorry we have played hide and seek all summer,' he responded, and for twenty minutes we talked of Mr. Chambers, of London in the summer, of Germany, of plays. He told me of his own plans and said, 'I had hoped to have a production of "The Philanderer" this season, but we've given it up because we couldn't find a Julia. I've been looking for ten years for a Julia. The Shuberts wanted to produce it in your country, but they gave it up because there seemed to be no Julia in the world.'

"We talked of other matters. I tried to talk of George Bernard Shaw. He avoided the subject. I was amazed. I had expected that one must play up to Mr. Shaw. Not at all. He wouldn't allow it. We went wandering around the world for subjects. Suddenly he interrupted a speech of his own, leaned forward and said: 'The problem is solved. I have found Julia.' Please see Mr. Barker at ten to-morrow morning and tell him I said that you are Julia. Tell him I said "Listen to her voice and you will know the great American objection is removed."

"I went down to the steamship offices the next morning, one of

the dampest and grayest London ever provided, but in my heart was sunshine. I cancelled my passage and we began rehearsing at once.

"Mr. Shaw appeared at the first rehearsals and mapped out the play. As he worked I began to understand why he had been mistaken for an egotist. He has a delightfully boyish zest in his work. He tosses back his head and laughs at his own jokes when he hears them uttered by actors. 'That's good,' he will say, speaking of this rediscovered and revived work as though it were another's. He was kindly always and considerate. He was earnest, but he has never indulged in that excess of earnestness whose sum is rudeness.

"He was a tremendous worker and admirably painstaking. After mapping out the play at the first two or three rehearsals he vanished for two days while Mr. Barker smoothed the roughest edges from the beginnings. Then Mr. Shaw returned and paid the most minute attention. They never interrupt there as they do here and say 'Don't do it this way. Do it that way.' You go through the scene in a silence that is frightening to an American actress used to the rough and tumble rehearsal methods of this side. While these terrifying silences continued I saw Mr. Shaw sitting in the auditorium, his head bent close to his knees in the dim light and writing continuously as though he were a machine.

"When we had finished the scenes he came back and I saw that in the little red leather-covered book he had written in his careful,



G. Bernard Shaw

copper-plate hand a dozen pages. He had made careful notes of every error he had heard for three hours and opposite each he had written the name of the perpetrator. It would have been overwhelming if it had not been so nicely done. As we progressed in rehearsals I found that the record in the red book was 'More violence, Julia.' I used to work myself into Xantippe rages and fling chairs and people about and after that scene would say to Mr. Shaw: 'Was that violent enough?' To which he would answer, laughing: 'No, not half violent enough.' It was a part truth. He wanted a shade more vehemence, but not twice as much.

"He never told how a scene should be played. He played it. The scene in which Dr. Paramore described his failure he played tremendously. He would have been a magnificent actor.

"At every rehearsal, and at the home rehearsal I asked for, that we might go over a scene that perplexed me, I was more and more struck with an utterly un-Shawian quality. It was his gentle lovableness. That is the dominant trait in a strangely misunderstood man. Next to that in mastery of his character ranked the sense of humor that flashed at one with lightning-like suddenness and lack of warning. His eyes would twinkle out of a face that had been grave an instant before and his wit would stab one, but never, never leave a wound. He was a spirit brother of Mark Twain. They were greatly alike. I told him so.

"He realized the difficulties in the rôle of Julia. He knew that she was a big, spoiled child. He knew that like all his comedy in 'The Philanderer' the rôle must be played 'straight.' If any actor in it played in a comedy spirit that actor would fail.

So Julia had to be played as earnestly as any tragic rôle ever written. It is a tragic rôle. 'The Philanderer' was Mr. Shaw's second play. That isn't generally known. 'Widowers' Houses' was written first. 'The Philanderer' followed thirty years ago. He wrote his third act first. That is the reason the first act is a hard one to play, especially for Julia. All the rage and sorrow and bitter protest that are gathering for three acts in most plays she must express by her entrance. I went down at dress parade—that is the name given to dress rehearsals in England—and walked about the room before the other actors came. I get a great deal from a room. I get used to it and fit myself to it and begin, as it were, to live in it. When the others came on and the scene began I walked back and forth just outside the door, listening for fifteen minutes to what the philanderer and his new inamorata were saying. I kept on walking, listening and thinking about the man. Mr. Shaw looked on at this and applauded. I do that at every performance to enable me to burst into the room in that rage in which I enter.

"When the dress parade was over Mr. Shaw came to me, grasped my hand and said, 'Auf Wiedersehen, Julia.' He addresses an actress always by the name of the character she is playing. He repeated what he had often said, 'You don't play Julia. You are Julia.' 'Auf Wiedersehen,' he said again. I was sailing next morning, but, again, as on the morning on which I cancelled my passage, my heart was filled with sunshine. I believed I had found a friend, for never was a man, I am convinced, who has in him more of the genius of friendship than has George Bernard Shaw."

ADA PATTERSON.



Davis and Sanford OLIVE TEMPLETON
Now appearing in "Damaged Goods" on the road



Copyright Moffett
JANE OTT
Dancer now appearing at Rector's



Copyright Moffett
MARGARET HOBAN
Appearing in "The Pleasure Seekers"



Copyright Moffett
JEAN BELL
In "The Pleasure Seekers," on the road



Elizabeth Murray



Cathrine Countiss



William Faversham in "The Squaw Man"



Virginia Harned



Blanche Bates

The World of

Vaudeville

THERE is a story told of a so-called legitimate actor who took a so-called "flyer" in "vodvil," and whose exit was just as much of an aviation feat as his entrance, for he lasted one whole consecutive week. The day following the collapse of his venture he chanced to meet a fellow-actor on Broadway and to him he sadly related a tale of woe. The burden of his complaint was that variety audiences were "uncouth," that managers had no appreciation of the artistic, and that the whole proposition was in a such a state of decadence that no decent, self-respecting person could afford to be associated with it. Quoth he:

"The difficulty in my particular instance was that I had overlooked the two big factors of vaudeville success—the slap-stick and the seltzer bottle. Had I introduced these instruments of comedy, I would have been what the patrons of vaudeville theatres call 'a howling success' and I would have become a performer instead of remaining an artist. But you, my friend, can become a headliner and have your name in electric lights a foot high by merely reciting Hamlet's soliloquy with buck and wing dance interpolations and an occasional waving of the American flag. But never can you succeed with a dignified presentation of your art. I made the mistake of not vaudevillizing my offering."

This story is repeated here because it focuses attention on a word extemporaneously invented by an actor with a grouch, which is not an unusual combination, but one from which seldom anything of importance develops. In this case, however, it brought into being the term "vaudevillized," which has particular application to legitimate players and their vehicles in the two-a-day. And while its true definition is not that of its author, it possesses so much real merit that it has established its right to occupy space in a theatrical dictionary, if not Webster's.

An act that is "vaudevillized" is an act that has life, movement and action and is divested of all unnecessary dialogue, characters, scenes and situations. Any act that brings out the best that's in it in the briefest period possible is "vaudevillized." And, furthermore, an act that is "vaudevillized" does not provide for the slap-stick and the seltzer bottle, for these crude agencies of merriment are relics of the dark ages of vaudeville and ceased to be of any practical service when the late lamented B. F. Keith started the cleansing process that elevated once despised variety to strictly high class, clean and wholesome entertainment in million-dollar theatres, and appealing to all members of the best families.

Hammering home the true definition of "vaudevillizing" has been the hardest task of Mr. E. F. Albee and Mr. Martin Beck. The former is the general manager of the Keith theatres

and the United Booking Offices, and the latter is general manager of the Orpheum circuit. These two men direct the destinies of the first-class vaudeville theatres of the continent, but the intricacies of their management are infinitesimal as compared with their difficulties in making legitimate stars and players understand vaudeville's requirements and in impressing upon them the absolute necessity of securing a vehicle that has direct appeal to variety patrons, the most appreciative, the most exacting and the keenest of all classes of theatregoers.

Of the stars most recently recruited from the dramatic stage to vaudeville, William Faversham stands out in the glare of the spotlight as one whose offering thoroughly meets with all that "vaudevillized" implies. He met with instantaneous success with the original one-act version of Edwin Milton Royle's "Squaw Man," presenting it as it was done at a Lamb's Club gambol before being elaborated into a full evening's entertainment. This is Mr. Faversham's initial appearance in vaudeville and his reception was in such marked contrast to that accorded his appearance in a spectacular production of "Othello" that he will probably continue in vaudeville for the balance of the season.

Quite as substantial was the success of Miss Blanche Bates in Sir J. M. Barrie's bitter three-scene playlet, "Half An Hour," which Miss Grace George employed earlier in the season as a curtain raiser to "The Younger Generation," in the Lyceum Theatre. "Half An Hour" with Miss Bates proved admirably adapted to vaudeville and incidentally it marked the return of the actress to the New York stage after an absence of almost two years.

On the other hand, even the personality of Mme. Bertha Kalich, for two seasons or so a tremendous favorite with two-a-day audiences in "The Light From St. Agnes," could not make the spectators like an abbreviated version of Echegaray's noted tragedy "Mariana," not alone because it was so gruesome, but principally because the adapter didn't understand what "vaudevillizing" means and was too sparing of the pruning knife. The playlet was "talky" and devoid of action in the earlier part. But toward the close the story developed so much speed that a love scene of such violence and passion was enacted that even the blasé Broadway theatregoers experienced a new thrill.

That Richard Harding Davis has a thorough grasp of vaudeville's requirements was evinced in "Black-mail," a powerful one-act playlet in which Frank Sheridan gave a splendid portrayal of a wealthy Alaskan miner in a New York hotel. Mr. Sheridan's conception of the character was keenly enjoyed because he did not picture him as rough and ready



Gertrude Hoffmann



Bertha Kalich



Valeska Suratt



Mishkin
INEZ BUCK
 Playing the title rôle in "The Misleading Lady"
 person in cowhide boots, a red flannel shirt and a slouch hat. On the contrary, he dressed him as a prosperous business man and played him so naturally that what might have become a wild melodrama in less capable hands proved an artistic delight.

White
GEORGE NASH
 Appearing as the Baron in "Panthea"

James & Bushnell
MAY ROBSON
 Now appearing in "The Clever Woman"
 coming the mannerisms acquired in her burlesque days and frequently through overconfidence commits the grave error of familiarity.
 Still another musical comedy favorite who attempted to elevate vaudeville this season was Lillian

Among other of the dramatic stage recruits are: Virginia Harned, who made her appearance in a one-act play founded on Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," without arousing Broadway to any unwonted demonstrations, although the charm of her acting was praised; Cathrine Countiss, who has become quite a stock favorite in "A Birthday Present"; Minnie Dupree, in Ethel Barrymore's former success, "Carrots," and Claude Gillingwater in "The Wives of the Rich," of which he is the author and in which he is the principal player.

From musical comedy to vaudeville and from vaudeville to musical comedy is such a short step for entertainers of the singing and dancing persuasion that it is difficult to keep pace with the movements of these players. For instance, there is Miss Elizabeth Murray who, the next week after resigning the prima donna rôle in "High Jinks," managed by Arthur Hammerstein, is found as headliner at the Victoria, the vaudeville theatre managed by his brother, William Hammerstein. Miss Murray has an inimitable way of delivering what is known in the expressive vernacular of the stage as a "coon song" without being a "coon shouter," and is equally at home in vaudeville as in musical comedy with her renditions of down South darky love songs. Here is one single woman entertainer who did not fall in line with the finger-snapping, shoulder-shrugging, suggestive-moving feminine singers when the contortionists became the styie. Miss Murray's songs are always clean and wholesome

This latter statement cannot be applied to Miss Fannie Brice, another acquisition from musical comedy who went from burlesque to vaudeville, from vaudeville to musical comedy, and then returned again to vaudeville. While Miss Brice possesses much ability and wonderful magnetism, she appears to have considerable difficulty in over-

Lorraine, who secured some fascinating costumes and the services of a piano player while the music publishers supplied the songs, part of the flowers and most of the applause. But the Shuberts soon engaged her for "The Whirl of the World" and installed her in the Winter Garden.

What, indeed, has been a pleasant surprise coming toward the end of the vaudeville season has been the phenomenal success of Trixie Friganza. After discovering that her offering earlier in the season excited neither the admiration of the audiences nor of the managers, she revised her vehicle so completely and substituted such novel and effective numbers for her old material that a sixty weeks' contract was her reward for reading and heeding the handwriting on the wall.

Starting out at the beginning of the season as the stars of "The Girl of My Dreams," John Hyams and Leila McIntyre returned to vaudeville in "The Quakeress," a vehicle in which they had previously appeared in variety without any unusual success. A conveyance better fitted to their undoubted talents would have carried them on to greater achievements.

Two other musical comedy stars, Joseph Howard and Mabel McCane, after a short season in "A Broadway Honeymoon," resumed their vaudeville careers. Mr. Howard found that managing a theatre and starring in his own attraction was both exacting and disastrous, and he was glad to get back to the two-a-day, whence he originated, to recuperate his financial losses and recover his tranquillity of mind. These always welcome entertainers brought with them some of Mr. Howard's old successful numbers as well as some new ones.

That "high priestess of personality," as her press agent describes Valeska Suratt, has for her offering "Black Crêpe and Diamonds," a miniature musical comedy written by George Baldwin. Miss Suratt



EMILY FRANCES HOOPER **FRANCIS COOK**
 In modern dances in the Louis XIV Room at the Hotel Astor

(Continued on page 258)

Are Women of the Stage Happy?

WOMEN of the stage are not happy. The principal reason is loneliness."

It was Katherine Grey who made the remark and as the actress went on to give her reasons, the interviewer was forced to agree with her.

The very sound of Katherine Grey's name suggests the nature of that clever actress who is now playing the lead in "The Rule of Three" at the Harris Theatre. In saying it over to oneself the impression of quiet strength is conveyed, of energy and gentleness, courage and delicacy. It stands for big accomplishment, too. In it, as in the face Wordsworth describes, there meet "Sweet records and promises as sweet." Miss Grey's past achievements prove the one to be true and a study of her ideals will verify the latter.

As to her "records"! These are to be described mostly in superlatives. For example, one item—at least one to begin with: Miss Grey has played the leading feminine rôles to more men stars than any other living American actress. Here is an imposing list of her vis-à-vis: James A. Herne, Richard Mansfield, William Crane, Charles Coghlan, James K. Hackett, Henry E. Dixey, William Gillette, Nat Goodwin, Arnold Daly, Kyrle Bellow, J. H. Stoddard, J. E. Dodson, Robert Edeson, E. H. Sothorn and John Drew. A goodly assembly and a wonderful schooling for the stage!

Listening to Miss Grey's reminiscing about this glittering galaxy is a delightful experience. Among the many anecdotes she has to tell is this one about Richard Mansfield, whose humor she asserts was often misapprehended for conceit.

One night the company was playing under a tin roof upon which a sudden downpour of rain caused a terrific clatter. This startled Mansfield into exclaiming: "What's that noise?" "Rain, sir!" was the answer. "Tell it to stop!" ordered the actor fiercely.

At another time a stranger approaching Mansfield on the street suddenly realized he was looking into the face of one of the most famous actors in the world. "My God!" he cried. Mansfield reverently removed his hat. "At last I am recognized!" he declared in awe-struck tones.

James A. Herne, affirms Miss Grey, was her greatest teacher. "He was the apostle of all real and sympathetic acting." She says Charles Coghlan spoke the most perfect English of all the stars and that the greatest comedian is Nat Goodwin.

Two hundred characters have been interpreted by Miss Grey. Of these she considers her biggest hit Christine Wehring in "The Reckoning," played in 1907 at the Berkeley Theatre. The one which offered her the greatest possibilities was in a Chinese play called "The First Born." San Francisco is this actress' native city. It was there, under the management of



Photo Mishkin

KATHERINE GREY

Now appearing in "The Rule of Three" at the Harris Theatre

Augustin Daly, opposed by her family and especially grieving her mother, she made her début on the stage. Since then she has played all over the United States. Last year she toured through Australia. In fact, there are very few corners of the world that she has not visited.

Not only has she wintered, summered, dreamed in Italy, Switzerland, France, and dreamed, summered and wintered in all the other beaten paths as well, but has poked her insatiable—and while we're speaking of it, her very high-spirited nose into all the queer corners of the earth. She discovered the Fiji Islands, has jinnickishaw-ed through Japan, siesta-ed in Hawaii, passed

her opinion on the Panama Canal, dared Mexico, starred in outlandish places like Tasmania, New Zealand, etc.

This sounds as if Katherine Grey had lived her life pretty nearly to the finish. But this is far from the truth. She is as eternally young as Maude Adams, a contemporary of hers, and has not yet reached the zenith of her powers as a woman and an artist. The years and experience have served simply to poise and soften her. They have taken away nothing that is worth while. She looks out upon the world from the viewpoint of a cultured mind.

In spite of being an actress, Miss Grey was anything but professional as she welcomed the writer into her sunny home, which from every nook and corner breathes *home*. One would suppose a woman who had played two hundred successful rôles might be a bit blasé about the success of the two hundred and one-th. Not a bit of it! As I shook hands with her and remarked what a delightful interpretation she has given Mrs. Flower in "The Rule of Three," she was as unaffectedly delighted as if it were her first compliment. It made her blush with genuine pleasure to the very roots of her dark hair.

"I really didn't know whether or not the public would stand for a woman who has had three husbands and all living," she said, "but they seem to like it. It strikes a chord somewhere—perhaps it's the times!" She laughed heartily. "The character brings out a truth which is interesting—that all men are babies after all. It is the one way you can class them. Their essential babyhood is one of the qualities they possess in common. Otherwise one cannot generalize about them. It is all very well to say they like the clinging type in women, but as a matter of fact, men are the clingers, having never outgrown a penchant for being taken care of. What attracted men to Mrs. Flower was not brains nor beauty. It was the one thing which can be counted upon to attract all men—the mothering instinct."

The conversation naturally drifted to the domestic life and husbands of actresses. "Actresses can keep house," said Miss Grey. "I know a great many of them who delight in their homes.



White

Mr. Julian Eltinge

Maidel Turner

James C. Spottswood

Walter Horton

Charles P. Morrison

Act II. John Lawton (Mr. Horton): "Hands up, I guess we have you at last!"

SCENE IN "THE CRINOLINE GIRL," NOW AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

They feel homes are worth having and make all sorts of sacrifices to keep them up.

"But women of the stage are not happy," she went on. "The principle reason is loneliness. When a play is over, especially in New York, it's home or hotel or room by themselves. Then come the lonely hours! On the road it is different, for there the company stays together at some hostelry. 'No—life isn't all beer and skittles' for stage folk!

"If they could only stick to marriage. But some of them can't." She sighed. "The biggest reason for divorce among them is the forced separations from each other, of four, five or six months at a time. Marriage, in its best aspects, is simply *camaraderie* and in the long absences this is broken, almost always beyond repair.

"The actress has a right to as much domestic happiness as women in other walks of life. Does she always get it? No—the peculiar conditions of her calling make it almost impossible. When one stops to consider that two players, who are also husband and wife, are appearing in two different companies perhaps a thousand miles apart, is it a wonder that they never have a real opportunity to know each other thoroughly? To all intents and purposes they are strangers, and remain so. They cannot possibly learn to understand each other as a married couple should. And half the unhappiness in the world comes from misunderstandings. If they could become better acquainted we should hear of less stage divorces.

"But don't think I don't believe in marriage on the stage and off. I emphatically do!" Here Miss Grey's ideals—those impelling things which keep us fresh and growing—began to flock into prominence. "I have seen many, many happy marriages and I think the only thing worth while in life is love in its highest sense. It is the only source through which can come honesty, justice, decency.

"In our search for this one supreme impulse of our lives, every act of ours must be based on sincerity and the Golden Rule. Of course, in our ignorance we stumble into many false by-paths, but if we are honest even in our stumbling we at last will find what we are looking for. It is simply a matter of being honest with ourselves."

Here Miss Grey thought silently for a moment. "Only when we act from pure motives," she went on, "have we gained that freedom from our selfish desires which makes it possible for us to say: 'I am the Captain of my soul!' Otherwise, on the stage or off, we are in danger of a life of degrading license."

She rose from the couch to say good-bye. As she stood facing me with outstretched hand there struck me anew the something vital about her personality, which vibrated even more warmly than her very feminine red gown, ceintured with its bright Oriental scarf. Looking at her I remembered another superlative one often hears on the Rialto: "Katherine Grey is one of the most intelligent women on the American stage."

MAUDE PINGREE.



Photo Foley

KATE ROONEY

Dramatic contralto heard recently at the Longacre Theatre and Carnegie Hall

THE MATINEE GIRL

THE matinée girl is far-famed, and we have heard of her in all her phases and peculiarities, from the incense she burns at the shrine of the leading man, to the adulation and flowers she bestows upon the ingenue. She has been praised for her constancy and blamed for her "flightiness." She has been known to make or mar a play; to make it by spending her spare cash—not once, but twice and thrice—to see a repetition of the same thing—and mar it by the ingenuity she displays in the various kinds of a nuisance she makes of herself to other people, not necessarily elderly people, but the play-going bulk of the populace.

The matinée girl, who makes herself conspicuous, is to be seen at all the theatres; but she is pre-eminent at the popular priced ones. Sometimes she is at the adorable age of the early twenties, and then it is hard to forgive her; much oftener, however, she is at the nuisance age of the middle teens. Usually she is in bunches, two or three in a crowd, and invariably she is noisy.

Now, not even the middle-aged people of prosaic mind, and more or less frazzled nerves, want to check the exuberance of youth—*between* acts—but during the progress of the play the matinée girl, who makes herself conspicuous by giggling and chattering with her girl friends, is a nuisance that the management of the theatre should abate, just as he would any other kind of a nuisance—biped or quadruped.

I have seen plays without number where the pleasure has been spoiled for the majority of people present by the silly giggling and continued talking during the play by girls sixteen or seventeen years of age.

When the play is a comedy, or any kind of a drama with a comedy vein, the well-trained actors usually give time for a laugh before proceeding with the lines, so ample space is given for the exercise of one's risibles, but those giggly girls insist upon laughing at anything and everything, and unconsciously stigmatizing themselves as "feather-brains."

They will discuss the play during its presentation, and even make comments on the costumes and appearance of the actors in regular stage whispers to each other, until it has grown to be a flagrant public nuisance. All through the play one hears such snatches of conversation as:

"Isn't she just darling!"

"I think he's the handsomest man I ever saw."

"What was it he said then?"

"I don't know; I lost that."

"It must be grand to be an actress," and so on and so on.

Whether this continued misconduct is due to negligence of the management in enforcing order, or whether our girls at the bread-and-butter age are particularly rude, I am not prepared to say; but a governess or attendant would not be out of place with the young misses.

I am not alone in this opinion, for I have frequently heard people object to the gushings and gigglings at the matinée, and still sweet little sixteen continues to giggle and disturb audience and players.

We have managers presenting good plays, giving excellent stage settings, and the best stock companies that are to be had, to please patrons—and incidentally fill coffers—but the afternoon performances are invariably spoiled by the matinée girl, who is not satisfied with pulling out her side combs every few minutes and combing her already exceedingly smooth roll, or her accurate Marcel waves, or her carefully fixed empire cap, but insists upon adding conversation and giggles, to the distraction of the people back of her. Even this is not enough! During the last act, when the greater part of the audience is anxious to hear and see, the matinée girl is putting on her hat, adjusting her veil and putting on her jacket, preparatory to a precipitate departure from the theatre the instant the curtain falls, when there



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ELIZABETH BRICE
Appearing in the "Ziegfeld Follies"

can be no possible value on these few minutes—social or financial.

And one wonders what kind of mothers these girls have, who not only permit school girls to wear the exaggerations in style, but to behave with rudeness and inconsideration to both the people who want to see and hear and the actors whom they insult—the same actors, too, over whom they rave, and who have given a creditable performance and striven their best to please.

The wonder is that the patient managers permit it, or that the actors do not resent such open insolence. People who pay to hear and see are simply defrauded by the selfish matinée girl of their rights, and the very girl who gushes and raves over a matinée idol or a "leading lady" will deliberately put on her hat and coat while these stage favorites are speaking their last happy ending lines.

The matinée girl may be very sweet and cute and fascinating away from the matinée, and managers could scarcely do without her patronage; but why should these girls feel it incumbent upon them to repeatedly adjust their coiffures and giggle and chatter during the play, when not only the audience but the much-adored actors, would greatly appreciate a little indication of good breeding, and the cessation of the flutter of hats and coats that ruins the grand finale of every matinée. ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT.

Some Recent French Plays

THE theatrical season in Paris has been sin-

gularly barren of noteworthy plays. There has been a fairly good number of productions affording pleasant entertainment, but most of the pieces presented were of mediocre merit and failed to make any lasting impression.

A play that attracted almost sensational attention was "Le Phalène," (The Moth), by Henry Bataille, the well-known author of "Resurrection," "Vierge Folle," etc. The piece has called forth a more violent and unanimous protest from the Parisian press than any dramatic production since the famous battle around Victor Hugo's "Hernani." The critics were shocked, not so much because of the licentiousness of the play—they have seen worse!—but because of its extraordinary morbidity in theme and treatment.

Thyra de Marliew, a young Russian woman of good birth, much wealth, great talent and beauty, lives in Paris with her mother, and is beginning to make a name for herself as a sculptor. She has a passionate nature, thirsting for all things absolute—and the two great factors in her life are her art and her love for the Prince Philippe de Thyeste, her fiancé. For some time past she has felt certain symptoms that made her fear tuberculosis, and in order to hear a frank, truthful statement about her condition she dresses as a working girl and goes to the public consultation at a hospital. There she is told that she is consumptive in the third degree, and that, with much care, she may live another five or six years at the outside. After that, she begs her teacher to tell her the truth about her art. He asserts that she has great talent, but not enough "schooling," and that she will not be capable of producing any lasting work of art before five or six years. The coincidence of the two terms unnerves her completely. She destroys the statuette at which she was working, and her next step is to break off her engagement with the Prince. She wants to throw herself head over heels into "life," such as she conceives it, for the short time that is left her. At an artists' ball—and after—she makes her début in that life, costumed in the jewels of Salome. When she returns home after the ball she finds the Prince in her studio. She has given him no reason for her severing the tie between them; he has followed her to the ball and late into the night, and has come now to tell her his disgust. At last she explains why she broke their engagement, why she abandons her art, and what her plans are for the short future that is left her.

THYRA: Philippe, I love you too much to allow you to suffer; I have placed my love too high to couple it with my degradation, my decrepitude. You are saved now. Do you hear? I have saved you! I have put the irreparable between us, and even your pity is powerless against me. I dare you to marry me now! . . . I am sure it was this desire of the irreparable that made me spoil in one night what yesterday I called my two wedding crowns!

PHILIPPE: You are lying, lying! For if your distress had been such as you say, you could not have done what you did: listen to the joy of others—worse! seek joy for yourself! . . .

THYRA (sadly): Joy! . . . Alas! . . .

PHILIPPE: You would

have sought any other solution, all of them, except this one!

THYRA: Yes, I know.

. . . Go in for philanthropy, or religion! I know all that! . . . Even suicide.

PHILIPPE: Nonsense! One does not go toward suicide as one goes toward love.

THYRA: Love! Love! How dare you pronounce that word in connection with this thing—with what is going to become of poor Thyra! You value yourself very low! I assure you, true love may not be eternal, but it is unique. You . . . you are different! Do not compare yourself with . . . this . . . ! Yes, no doubt, you would have preferred to see me suffer in a corner, under the admiring and pitying eye of all. I can fancy myself like that! Ah, never! I am not that sort of a victim, Philippe! . . . Now that my art and my love are destroyed, I want everything else for my own!

PHILIPPE: Everything!

THYRA: Even the possibility of pleasing the passers-by! May my body weep with pain and cry out loud. I want the something that is above me to live and rejoice in life! With what pious passion I shall now look upon all those beings, all those things of which I shall be bereft! And I shall try to be merry, joyous! Music, paintings, books, society, luxury, laughter and pleasure! I want to drink them all in, become one with them, die in ecstasy, in a farewell to all that was human! I shall advance with eyes closed, but with hands extended, like one prepared to be engulfed!

The Prince sees that marriage is now impossible between them, but their mutual love is still alive, with an added perfume of vice and death. He persuades her to accept him as a companion in that frantic life of sensuous exaltation which she intends to lead.

The third act finds them, after a two-years' cruise on the most magnificent yacht afloat, in an old Sicilian cemetery. The girl's mother is with them—a sad, helpless looker-on—and also a crowd of "friends" belonging to various nations and more various stations in life.

Thyra and the Prince have led as wildly extravagant an existence as their unlimited means and their morbid imaginations could suggest to them. But the Prince is tiring of it all, and Thyra feels his gradual detachment from her bitterly:

THYRA: Do you want me to tell you the reason of your atrocious coldness toward me, and why, day by day, you draw away from me more?

PHILIPPE: What does this mean? Have the courage to complete your thought!

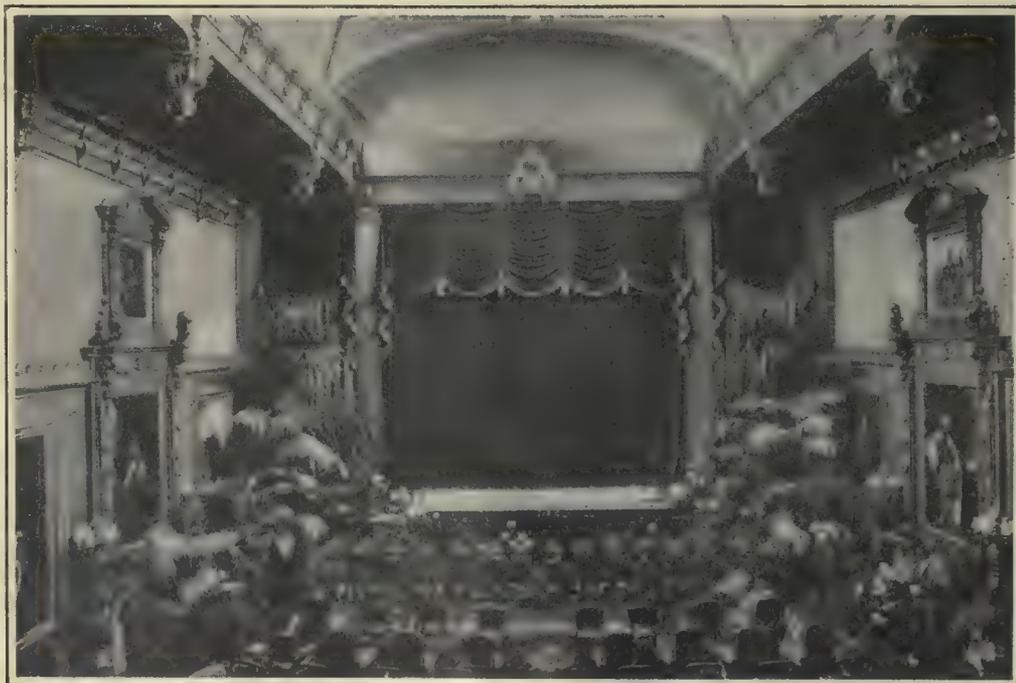
THYRA: Oh! Oh! Philippe, don't force me to say it!

PHILIPPE: Now I insist! . . .

THYRA: Oh, Philippe! . . . Oh, Philippe! . . . Little by little, as the illness ascended in me, I have seen your mouth turn from mine. There is nothing more anguishing than to watch the birth of fear on the lips of the beloved! . . .

PHILIPPE: But I protest! You have lost control over your fevered brain!

THYRA: No, Philippe, there is no lie in the movement of lips that glide away, that endeavor to put a distance between two mouths. . . . All that does not escape my despair! You may love me still, perhaps, . . . you may be moved to pity. . . . Do not protest, Philippe! You are loyally trying to surmount yourself. But I hold in me the danger of contamination! There is the *crux*, Philippe! You have given me your detestable pity at last. . . . To-morrow, when the awful hours draw near, I may fill you with disgust—I shall see your wholesome desire to breathe another air, to flee. . . . I cry this to you, Philippe: were an-



From the Illustrated London News

A "COMMAND" PERFORMANCE AT WINDSOR CASTLE

The first command theatrical performance at Windsor Castle during the reign of King George took place on February 2nd last, "Diplomacy" being the piece chosen, with Marie Doro in the cast



other affection to enter my life, I don't go as far as to say that it would make you happy, but you would unconsciously shut your eyes in the hope that something stronger than your will deliver you of me. I know you are making plans that extend beyond the term of my existence. . . .

In the fourth and last act he has left her; she has returned to her home in Paris, and she is giving a farewell supper to her friends, old and recent, to all those who at some time and in various ways have meant something to her. She tells them that in the morning she will return to Russia, her old home. But in reality she has planned for this night her suicide *en beauté*. After she gains the conviction that all her efforts to bring the Prince back to her for a last embrace are vain, Thyra leaves her guests, promising a surprise, and asking them to frame their minds for a "spiritual communion."

"What does she mean?"

"I don't know . . ."

"How strange she is to-night!"

"Never have I seen her so transparent, so fluid!"

"Why does she want us to be so serious?"

The lights are suddenly turned off and a Hindoo boy opens the wrought-iron gates of the little chapel that extends into the wings. An intense scarlet light illuminates it. Thyra appears radiant like a vision. All eyes are turned toward her. The stupefaction is general. There is a long silence. No one dares pronounce a word until at last a young poet whispers:

"How beautiful she is!"

"Phryne!"

"Galathea!"

"What splendid daring!"

They remain in admiration, with their eyes fixed on the vision. Then, suddenly, the light in the chapel is dimmed. The men look at each other uneasily, and in the darkness of the hall begin to speak in undertones:

"It is the farewell of an artist who has always been haunted by plastic beauty."

"The sculptor and the statue!"

"Now she has lifted the veil of Isis for us, gentlemen; let us respect the very chaste statue that was good enough to reveal herself to us before she disappears! . . . She has dared this collective revelation. . . ."

" . . . as if to quiet our regrets . . ."

"Yes, and to satisfy our old longings."

"Let us show her that we have understood!"

The lights are flashed on again and Thyra returns. She interprets her action as a last gift to her friends, and bids them retire into the adjoining room, to continue smoking and conversing there, while she reclines on a couch to rest. An injection of cyanide ends her life. The flowers of the supper table are strewn over her body, and the men gather around it in tragic silence.

The curtain drops and the spectators have gone through just about as many emotions as their nerves can stand.

Yet, in spite of the pronounced and, it seems, very unnecessary morbidity of plot and characters, "Le Phalène" contains a good deal of charm. The merit of the dialogue consists chiefly

in an appropriate and unexpected choice of words, a novelty of expression. Bataille's writing shows a curious mixture of delicate poetic feeling, extreme sensuousness, and then again pas-

sages of an almost trite journalistic style. He is a clever, though tricky, dramatist. The literary shortcomings that are more and more apparent in his plays may be somewhat excused on the grounds that the stage is becoming less and less a place for literature. That Bataille *can* write poetry, nobody will deny who knows these three lines that one may find in his volume of verse:

"Moi qui m'en vais de trop aimer,
de tout connaître,

Paix à mes yeux, paix à mon
cœur, paix à ma bouche!

Je sens monter en moi le Silence,
mon Maître. . . ."

Another play that enjoys popular favor is "L'Occident," by Henry Kistemaekers. Mr. Kistemaekers is still young, and he has written enough books, plays and articles to fill the career of a man of seventy. In the last three years five new plays from his pen have been produced, and three of

them were successful. He has never been a student. He is a dramatist for middle-class minds, although his writing is improving in literary form. "L'Occident," his latest and by far most dignified work, endeavors to paint the unreconcilable conflict between the Oriental spirit of individualism, to the detriment of the race, and the Occidental spirit of collectivism, sacrificing the individual, if necessary, for the welfare of the community.

The scene is laid in the harbor of Toulon, in Provence, and the picturesqueness of the settings that keep the blue Mediterranean and the fleet of mighty men-of-war constantly in view of the public adds not a little to the popular appeal of the play. The characters are all connected with the navy; the men because they are officers and sailors, the women because they are the *petites amies* of the men. Jean Cadière has recently returned to port and has brought with him a beautiful Tunisian girl, Hassouna. Cadière loves her violently, and she would also love him if she did not hate him for having ordered the cannonade, from a cruiser, of her home village in Africa, which caused the death of all her own. He is ignorant of this intense hatred, for she keeps it untold, quietly awaiting the hour of vengeance. Cadière's closest friend, much younger than himself, is the ensign Arnould, who uses opium and is disgusted with the service. Cadière talks sense to him on the subject of both, but with poor result. Hassouna appears on the scene and Arnould, who sees her for the first time, is smitten with her charms.

The woman from the desert is quick to see that Arnould might serve her vengeance, that she might strike Cadière through him, and she proceeds to capture the boy.

Act II finds the officers in great anxiety. Arnould has disappeared. A telegram from the ensign to his commander throws



Photo Floyd

LOIS JOSEPHINE
Singer and dancer now appearing in vaudeville

To A Singer

To you is given

By Grace of Heaven,

A charm to still a sad soul driven
Hither and hither, knowing no calm;
But that deep magic in your song
How it doth float, that vibrant note,
Bidding me fly on pinions strong
To a strange peace, a night so long.
And still—it seems a sentient thing
To which I cling, a safe retreat;
Each throbbing beat you sing.
Like golden lute by Angel played,
Like silver-fluted serenade
Of winged seraphim,
Comes over me your wondrous voice,
Bidding a weary heart rejoice.

LILIAN GEORGE.

Scenes in Edward Peple's Farce "A Pair of Sixes" at the Longacre



Photos White
Ivy Troutman as Mrs. Nettleton



George Parsons Carree Clarke Geo. W. Howard Robert Smiley Hale Hamilton
Act I. T. Boggs John (Mr. Hamilton): "Hand me three more queens"



Ivy Troutman Ann Murdock Geo. W. Howard Maude Eburne George Parsons
Act III George Nettleton (Mr. Parsons): "Why isn't Boggs serving the cocktails?"



Ann Murdock Hale Hamilton
Act III. Florence: "I don't want to marry a butler!"



Geo. W. Howard Ivy Troutman George Parsons Hale Hamilton Ann Murdock Maude Eburne
Act III. Mr. Nettleton: "You take her head, Van—it's the lightest part of her"

Cadière on a false track and seems to favor Hassouna's plans. She has kept Arnauld in hiding on board an Italian merchant boat. Their intention is to leave for Naples at midnight. When Cadière is supposed to be on his way to the border, Arnauld comes to Hassouna's house, an hour before sailing.

He is quite determined to desert. What ripened his decision so abruptly was his overhearing some remarks of his fellow officers connecting his mother's name with that of the commander.

Hassouna has promised him her beautiful self if he flee with her. Not that she loves this "Christian" more or even as much as Cadière. But her vengeance will be more perfect when he finds that Arnauld not only deserted, but took with him his friend's companion. The young man's love for Hassouna is violent, passionate, all of the senses and not of the heart. He has observed from his hiding-place on the boat that in the afternoon Cadière remained alone with Hassouna for some time. The scene continues:

ARNAULD: Alone with you! . . . What was going to happen? Was he going to win you back from me? All my being was ready to strike. . . I was mad. . . I saw him . . . there . . . in the arch of that door, and . . .

(The curtain of the door he points at is lifted and Cadière enters, with a little bundle under his arm. Arnauld stands in amazement on seeing Cadière's look. With his body he shields Hassouna, who remains motionless but tense, with a strange light in her eyes.)

CADIÈRE (bitterly): So you were going to leave us, my boy, . . . like that?

HASSOUNA (savagely, to Arnauld): My heart, face to face with him, what would you do?

ARNAULD (ready to jump): Jean!

CADIÈRE: You were going away without saying good-bye to me?

ARNAULD: Take care, Jean!

CADIÈRE: Of what?

ARNAULD: Take care!

CADIÈRE: Do you really think I would let you go like that? . . . I have seen you grow up—we have many memories in common. . . We cannot separate for such a long time without exchanging a few . . . necessary words.

ARNAULD: Be brief—

CADIÈRE (quite master of himself): I shall be brief. I went to your rooms to fetch your coat. Here it is.

(He unfolds the bundle and lays the uniform on a seat.)

ARNAULD: What do you want?

CADIÈRE: I want to talk to you—

HASSOUNA (with arrogance): And I?

CADIÈRE: You may remain . . . you may go . . . it matters not. You do not matter.

HASSOUNA (defiantly): We shall see!

CADIÈRE: There are but three of us here. He, I, and . . . this . . . (He points at the coat). The rest . . . (His gesture completes: "does not exist.")

Cadière talks to Arnauld about his duty. He points out that first of all they are but wheels in the mighty machinery of France as a nation, and, furthermore, they are the trustees, in their small degree, of civilized society; that the individual counts for little and his claims for nothing when they conflict with the

important needs of society. Hassouna's treason he treats lightly; it is but a personal accident, and he is thinking of greater things. Arnauld speaks of what he has heard his fellows say of his mother, and says that he must go away, never to be reminded of it again.

CADIÈRE: But I have seen her bend over your little bed, fighting for your life. . . Yes, weep, my boy. Weep over yourself! No mother can be guilty in the eyes of her son! . . .

(He then tells of his own experiences, his own sad discoveries, and how close they have brought him to Arnauld.)

HASSOUNA (to Jean): Those are not the things you should think of if you want to be strong. Remember the wrongs, the injustice!

CADIÈRE: Remember that in France wrongs are less ugly than elsewhere!

HASSOUNA: Remember what I have promised you!

CADIÈRE: Remember what is awaiting you!

HASSOUNA: Think of my lips! Think of to-morrow! Each one for himself, my heart, each one for himself!

CADIÈRE: Each one for all, Arnauld! That is our great conquest! Without it, we would pass like the beasts, nay, like the women of the desert!

ARNAULD (rising, with a broken voice): Jean, I shall go alone! . . . Yes, without her. But I beg of you . . .

(A sailor from the Italian vessel enters and asks the passengers to board immediately. There is a fire in the port, and they would not be able to pass out of harbor later.)

ARNAULD: Jean! Let me go, alone! I have suffered too much, I need air—

CADIÈRE: Wait. That isn't all. This man says that the *Pothuan*, one of our fleet, is afire. (A bell tolls in the distance.) Listen . . . listen. . . The arsenal bell. At this moment everyone of our comrades answers the call. Everyone returns to his ship. They leave their fireside, their family, their pleasure; to face danger. . . One man may fail to appear . . . one man may flee in the dark . . . a deserter—only one—for I must leave you now. Between two duties, I turn to the greater one. Make up your mind

(Like an automaton Arnauld has gone to pick up his uniform. He puts it on silently and half stumbles to the door.)

HASSOUNA (mockingly): Ah, slave! . . . Go to your chain, slave!

ARNAULD (without turning, and in a smothered tone): Good-bye, Hassouna!

Cadière and his occidental ideals have won the fight for Arnauld over Hassouna and her Oriental individualism. She is left alone to murmur: "Elhal hal Allah!"

The season has contained two other theatrical "events." One was the original production of a play by Gabriele d'Annunzio "Le Chèvrefeuille" (*The Woodbine*), for which the most fastidious preparations were made, only to assure it a life of two weeks on the boards.

The other was Sarah Bernhardt appearing as an elderly woman of our time—a unique rôle in that great artist's long repertoire of heroic characters. It was just after she had received, at last, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Her personal success was as hearty and whole as any of her former triumphs but the play, "Jeanne Doré," by Tristan Bernard, was of inferior, melodramatic quality—a dramatization of a popular English novel.

FRANCES C. FAY.



White

JANE COWL

Who plays Mary Turner in "Within the Law"



JOHANNA GADSKI AS ISOLDE IN "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE"

WHILE the St. Louis Exposition was progressing in the usual crowded, stifling manner of

An Irish Jenny Lind

world fairs, a tall, broad-shouldered youth with face of babyish roundness and eyes the color of fresh purple violets, sang ballads every hour in the Irish village. He was nineteen and thought himself very well paid, indeed, for singing *Kathleen Mavourneen* and *Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms* twelve times a day with encores at forty-eight dollars a week. Now he is thirty and when he sailed from New York last summer he carried letters of credit for \$68,000 the profits of one season's tour, in a new wallet in the inside pocket of his new coat.

Yet he's only the broth of a lad still, and it's hard, indeed, for John McCormack, despite the dignity of being nominated "The male Jenny Lind" and "Ireland's sweetest singer," and the deeper, sweeter dignity of being the husband of a lovely Irish lass and the father of a pair of flower-faced children, to walk the deck of a transatlantic steamer instead of skipping it, and to bow indifferently to the man who said: "Your songs made me weep last night, me boy," instead of flinging his arms about him with a schoolboy's exuberance of the joy of living. For he is not accustomed to this new atmosphere of success and he is very young and fond of a romp. Ask his small son, Cyril, aged six and a half, and Gwendolyn, aged five, if father isn't the most vigorous and erratic hobby horse to the perilous back of which they ever mounted and how marvelous-like to his laugh is the suppressed giggle with which Santa Claus bestows their gifts at Christmas.

He is very boyish and very Irish. Yes, and very lovable. The wooing and winning of the girl soprano, then seventeen, who sang in the same Irish village at the St. Louis Exposition, and to whom he told how homesick he was, they learning that mutual homesickness is strongly akin to love, helped to embalm these qualities in the boy's character and success will never remove them. Happy love gives permanence to characteristics that might otherwise vanish.

His small son reflects his character. On the board walk at Atlantic City the child encountered on that cosmopolitan highway a French woman who exclaimed: "Look at ze beautiful American child!" Cyril, son of John, pulled his cap from his golden curls, regarded the woman with grave blue eyes, and said: "I beg your pardon, Madam. I am an Irish child."

"All the famous Englishmen are Irishmen," says the young father of this doughty son. "I recall to your mind Tom Moore and Bernard Shaw, Justin McCarthy, Oscar Fingal and Fitzgerald, not to mention the patriots."

"There niver was an Irishman that wasn't a pathrite," interposes his wife and John McCormack flashes back a smile and

the purchase on the seashore near Dublin of a comfortable, old-fashioned home for his parents. The second was the gift of a home at Hampstead, a few minutes out of London, for his wife. For the rest he has invested wisely the golden coins earned by his golden voice, largely through the guidance of the tender and canny girl he won while he talked to her of homesickness, in the Irish village at the Exposition. Mrs. McCormack has the blessed

genius of knowing what is good for her husband.

"Whenever there's a puzzle in his affairs John refers me to his wife and we work it out together," says his manager, Charles L. Wagner, who directs, likewise, the destinies of Alice Neilsen and Gantz, the pianist.

The sweetest singer of Ireland shares the personal standards of the women of his race. He displayed indignation at the theme of "Salome." "It's a terrible wicked opera and so is 'Herodiade,'" said he. "Think of thim daring to write a love duo between John the Baptist and that Salome creature. I shudder ivery time I think of it. Composers all like to write about the Salome divils. That's what they are, all the Salomes, and they come to meet the chief divil half way."

So we find him and leave him a happy figure in his home. The man is all we would have him in the place of heart strengthening and heart rest. For the most successful concert singer of his day these facts:

During his last season he filled seventy engagements, and they who count receipts glibly say he drew more than \$58,000 at twelve concerts in New York alone. His last appearance at the Hippodrome in New York "paid" \$6,000. For his farewell concerts the gross receipts were \$71,000. In Chicago his receipts for two concerts were \$8,000; in Toronto, \$8,000; a concert in New Haven yielded \$3,174, and two concerts in St. Paul \$6,474. Which, of course, spells fortunes, quick and huge. The reason, therefore, may be found in the appearance at eight of his concerts in New York of a woman, middle aged, drab of skin and hair, sad of eye, listless of voice, who always came out of the crowded aisle and into the street,

with a tremulous smile on her lip and tears in her eyes. The story of John McCormack's success is typified in that woman who worked hard for a living, but who paid for a ticket for his concerts more willingly than she paid for her daily bread. He sings songs that reach the heart, sings them with the magic of a gift-touched tenor.

It was this quality in his voice which stirred his present manager to a new departure. Charles L. Wagner had heard in business offices that there is no profit in a "one man show." He believed it after a fashion until he heard John McCormack sing *Molly Bawn* at a Sunday night

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Frances Levins



Photos Anna F. Levins

(Inset) JOHN McCORMACK

MRS. McCORMACK AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN



AUDITORIUM OF THE AGASSIZ HOUSE WHERE PLAYS BY HARVARD STUDENTS ARE TRIED OUT

THESE are parlous times in the American theatre. Traditions

The 47 Workshop at Harvard

get them into workmanlike shape before shipping them on to New York managers.

and precedents are being smashed right and left and no one can prophesy to-day what the theatrical situation will be to-morrow. Managers are facing a grave crisis that is without a parallel in modern stage history and are wondering what is to be the outcome of it all. Playwrights have lost their perspectives and are buzzing around like flies lost in cheese-cloth. Some of them go to Europe to get new perspectives and others stay home and write plays in circles. Theatres are going up and theatres are coming down. "Too many theatres," groans the discouraged playwright. "No good plays," retorts the manager.

"What seems to be the trouble?" is a question that theatre-goers in all parts of America are asking. The moving-picture houses have taken patronage from the higher-priced theatres, but the moving pictures are not wholly to blame for the present disastrous season that has snowed under many managers. There is something fundamentally wrong and that something would seem to be the unnecessary haste with which New York managers produce half-baked plays. Manager and playwright have not done all that they could when the play reaches the footlights and it is thus an easy target for the critics. And if it is not a phenomenal success from the outset, the manager hurls it into the limbo of forgotten things, when a little rewriting, a little rechanging of emphasis might easily transform it into a substantial success.

In his experimental theatre at Harvard University, known as the 47 Workshop, Prof. George Pierce Baker is trying out plays written by young men in his dramatic courses, so that the authors may see what is wrong with them and have an opportunity to

And if the plays are not up to the professional standard, Professor Baker advises the youthful aspirants to keep working on them until they are up to the standard before trying to dispose of them on Broadway.

When the 47 Workshop first became a reality last spring, the Agassiz House at Radcliffe College was placed at the disposal of Professor Baker. It contains a good-sized auditorium and a fairly large stage and will be used temporarily until the Workshop is prosperous enough to have a permanent home of its own.

And, judging from the great success of Professor Baker's experiment, it seems certain that wealthy friends of the drama at Harvard will come to the rescue and provide a suitable building.

"The Workshop is not in the usual sense a theatre," says Professor Baker. "It is simply what the name implies, a working place for young dramatists. Each year in English 47 and 47A, the courses in dramatic technique at Harvard College and Radcliffe College, certain students cannot understand why their critics insist that a play admittedly full of promise is not quite ready to be submitted to managers or actors. What is needed to round the play into final shape is just what the author is unable to get, an opportunity to see the play adequately acted before an audience sympathetic yet genuinely critical.

"The Workshop, then, does not aim to uplift anything—except the dramatist in question. It masks no scheme for a civic theatre. It has no wish to revolutionize anything. It is not at all a group of amateurs who ask their friends to come and admire. It is serious co-operative effort, for a common



Photo Marshall

PROFESSOR GEORGE PIERCE BAKER

To whose active interest in the drama the stage owes such playwrights as Edward Knoblauch, author of "Kismet"; Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell," etc.

end deeply interesting all, by men and women who are students of any of the arts connected with the stage; acting, producing, stage-setting, the newer methods of lighting, etc."

For many years Professor Baker has been conducting courses in dramatic technique at Harvard and Radcliffe colleges known as English 47 and English 47A. Only those writers who showed the genuine dramatic instinct in their work were admitted. In the beginning, mossback critics poked fun at these courses, but when student after student began writing plays that were

have treated the subject, but whether for you the author has succeeded or failed in what he has tried to do, and why.

"Don't judge the play till all the evidence is in. To-day, too many audiences let a first or second act prejudice them for or against the whole play.

"Don't trust your first impressions at the fall of the final curtain. Before making the report, think over these instinctive judgments, verifying them by details of the play which recur to you.

"Don't confuse the work of author, actors and producer in the success or failure of the play. Give each his share in what must always be co-operative work.



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JANE GREY
To appear in "Cordelia Blossom"

accepted and produced in New York, "the tumult and the shouting" died. Now these courses are the most popular at Harvard and students come from all sections of America to apply for admission.

While the 47 Workshop may not have any "revolutionary" designs on the modern drama, it is certainly carrying out many "evolutionary" ideas that are very significant and worth while. Ideas are as welcome as flowers in May at the Workshop and if they are practical, whether they are suggested by some student stage-hand or by the producer of the play, they are utilized in the general scheme of co-operation. The big idea back of all Workshop performances is ensemble success. The most humble worker strives to do his part with all the energy and enthusiasm that is in him. The result is that some of the performances that have already been given would do credit to a Broadway producer.

Every individual in the Workshop audiences takes as much personal interest in the play as if he or she had written it and helped with the staging. This is the real unique feature of the Workshop. When a play is produced, two performances are given. Admission is by invitation alone and every spectator of the play is asked to send to the executive committee a criticism of not more than four pages. The spectators are warned that it is very difficult to judge a play by a first-night performance on account of the nervousness of the actors, possible accidents and other things incidental to every première production. So they are urged to attend a second time before writing their criticisms.

The following suggestions made by Professor Baker regarding the kind of criticisms wanted at the Workshop performances are based upon such good common-sense that they should be of value to every dramatic critic:

"Does the playwright leave you clear as to his purpose both as to theme and kind of play—whether farce, comedy or what? If so, judge him by what he has tried to do. The question is, not how you would



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LYN HARDING
Starred recently in "The Speckled Band"



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MARIE DORO
To be seen shortly in "Diplomacy"

"In praise or censure try to indicate just where in the play you find your evidence for your conclusions, and whether failure or success lies in story, characterization, dialogue or structure. Be as severe as you like if fair and specific; the general and the clever are not helpful."

The first play produced by the 47 Workshop was in February, 1913. The play was "Lina Amuses Herself," written by W. Fenimore Merrill, winner of the MacDowell Fellowship for the best play submitted to Professor Baker's course in the fall of 1911. This was followed by a play called "Educated," by Marian E. Winek, a Radcliffe student. The third production caused universal interest in Cambridge and Boston, because it was a dramatization of Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's popular story, "Molly-Make-Believe," by the author herself. On this occasion, several New York managers were present in the audience, and the skilful manner in which the play was presented, the professional-like acting of the company and the general excellence of the ensemble work, made them sit up and take notice.

The Workshop season opened last fall with a programme consisting of three short plays. The first was "Home, Sweet Home," a grim but most effective little picture of domestic life, written by Violet Robinson, another Radcliffe student. The second was a revival of "The Farce of Maitre Pierre Patelin," a famous old French play written about 1469. It was given in English, the translation being made by Prof. Richard Holbrook.

The last play on the programme was a pantomime—"The Romance of the Rose," by Samuel J. Hume, with music by Timothy L. Spelman, Jr. Both Mr. Hume and Mr. Spelman have studied dramatic technique under Professor Baker, and their's was a perfect collaboration of music and the drama. "The Romance of the Rose" told a little love story that was as poignant as "Madame Butterfly." The stage settings were designed by Mr. Hume and were most effective. Mr. Hume was for some time associated with Gordon Craig and is in thorough sympathy with the artistic ideas advanced by that scenic pioneer.



White FLORENCE REED AS MARYA VARENKA IN "THE YELLOW TICKET," AT THE ELTINGE

The production of these three plays was a severe test from the point of view of scenery, acting and lighting, but the Workshop stood it triumphantly. The scenery was simple, but very beautiful; the acting was better than is seen on many professional stages, and the lighting was in thorough tone with the settings. When the final curtain dropped, every one realized that the 47 Workshop had more than "made good."

Last December the 47 Workshop produced "The Call of the Mountain," a play of Kentucky life in four acts, written by the author of this article. This was its first production on any stage and its performance taxed all the resources of the Workshop, because it required an exceptionally large cast, unusually good acting and very skillful scenic and lighting effects in order to convey the proper "atmosphere" to the audience.

The one thing that made the most vivid impression upon the writer in the production of this play was the warm-hearted co-operation of the Workshop company—the feeling that all around were men and women who wanted to see the play succeed and who were doing all in their power to make it succeed. Every author who has ever had anything to do with the professional stage knows that awful "death watch" feeling that is in the air on the eve of a new production. The unlucky playwright realizes that every one is sympathizing with him, but it is the same kind of sympathy that surrounds the condemned prisoner just before he is led out to the electric chair. The writer has had that feeling during two professional "try-outs," and it is not a pleasant feeling. But there was none of this atmosphere at the Workshop performances. The spirit of co-operation was so strong that it buoyed one up. All seemed to be co-authors—producer, stage manager, property man, actor, switch-board operator and scene-shifter.

"The Call of the Mountain" had been read by four prominent New York managers, and while they agreed that it was strongly dramatic, there was something wrong with it that made them balk at a production. The author knew there was something wrong with it, too, but he had rewritten and changed it so much that he "couldn't see the forest for the trees." In this crisis, Professor Baker kindly offered to try it out at the 47 Workshop. As soon as the play went into rehearsal the author began to see exactly what was wrong with it. The production also gave him an opportunity to study the theatre intimately from behind the scenes in a way that would not be possible for the new playwright on the professional stage. His whole point of view changed, and it dawned upon him that the man who expects to succeed as a dramatic author to-day must know as much about the staging of a play as the writing of it.

After the last performance of the play, the written criticisms began to come in. The executive committee received about one hundred in all. These were turned over to the author and he

read them carefully. They furnished the biggest surprise of all. These were *real* criticisms, constructive and helpful, not clever bits of writing designed to show how much the critics themselves knew. What was good in the play was praised and what was bad was censured, but nothing was criticised without a definite reason being given for the criticism. Points were made that showed a genuine desire on the part of the writers to assist

in getting the play into saleable shape. Many practical suggestions were made that have helped the author to strengthen his play. Weaknesses were pointed out, scene by scene, that could be eliminated. Other writers indicated how certain scenes could be advantageously built up. In fact, it was astounding, not that one hundred men and women could write such excellent dramatic criticisms, but that they should all show such uniform constructive ability and good judgment in what constitutes sound drama.

There is no "leading lady" or "leading man" in the 47 Workshop company. The woman who played the "lead" in the last performance may be seen in the next production as a nurse girl or merely in a walking part, and it is the same way with the men. But whatever part they may be playing, they put their whole hearts into their work and act with enthusiasm. That is why all the performances are so professional in tone.

The Workshop program given last January consisted of three short plays—"The Chimes," "Yvon the Daring," and the Revesby "Sword Play." "The Chimes" was written by Elizabeth A. Mc-

Fadden, winner in 1911 of the \$500 prize offered by John Craig, manager of the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, for the best play written by a Harvard or Radcliffe student of Professor Baker. "The Chimes" was an adaptation made from a Christmas story by Raymond McDonald Alden, called "Why the Chimes Rang." The second short play, "Yvon the Daring," was written by Anna Sprague MacDonald. The Revesby "Sword Play," an old English entertainment, has not been produced since the eighteenth century, and it furnished an opportunity for some very beautiful costume dances.

The last production of the Workshop was a serious four-act play called "His Women Folk," and it made a most favorable impression on the audiences. It is the work of Miss Abby Merchant, a Radcliffe student of the drama. Last fall this play was awarded the MacDowell fellowship in dramatic composition, offered by the student fund committee of the MacDowell Club of New York.

With all the good work that it is doing, the 47 Workshop is by no means firmly established. The productions already given have only been made possible by the co-operative efforts of students and lovers of the drama at Harvard, who are determined that Professor Baker's experimental theatre shall be a success. Costumes have been

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White
"GRUMPY" AND "GRUMPY, JR."
Cyril Maude as the original "Grumpy," and Thomas B. Carnahan, Jr. as he appeared in the children's performance of the same play

CURTAIN CALLS

TO the player, the dramatist, the manager curtain calls are at once a delight and a danger.

We, the appreciative audience, have acquired the habit of calling all three before the curtain even at the risk of shattering a delicately wrought-up illusion for which we have spent our time and our money. We call an actor out of the character which has thrilled or stilled us, to satisfy—not the artist, but the personal in our make-up.

Of course, meeting the performer face to face thus intimately is a novel and delightful experience. It gives us something to gossip about—and as to the artist, applause is sweet to him, however sacred his art. Yet, is not the custom, on both sides of the curtain, an evident sign of our childishness?

When we really grow up: when the artist is working for the joy of it and not for the praise; when the rest of us are willing to make our appreciation felt in less crude but more vital ways; then, perhaps, we will leave ourselves at the end of a play where the brave efforts of art have brought us—in noiseless rhapsody, in spontaneous mirth, or in thoughtful gloom.

It is more fitting, after all, that Juliet stay dead. She is very lovely that way. Why disturb her celestial peace merely to have Julia Marlowe—apparently much against her will—smile subtly into our faces and again fade away?

Stage folk are not very successful with curtain speeches, anyway. It is only now and then one stands out with any degree of interest. The women, especially, never have anything to say in spite of the tired-out fact that they are the talkers.

Viola Allen, however, makes a big hit with one now and then. She certainly had her wits about her one night when in response to insatiable applause for her interpretation of "Twelfth Night," she said: "It is unfortunate, indeed, that the author is not in the house, for I am entirely incapable of voicing the gratitude he would feel in consequence of your warm appreciation of his comedy."

Bernhardt never tries to make a curtain speech, at least not in this country. She simply kisses her expressive hands, presses them to her heart in her inimitable fashion and leaves you wondering which is the most supremely glorious—Camille or the divine Sarah.

Some players are always taken by surprise. Mary Mannering belongs to this class. She never gets beyond a simple "Thank you!" Maude Adams in her shrinking, charming way says: "I thank you, I thank you!" For some occult reason she is Peter Pan, L'Aiglon or Babbie just the same. Nothing could ever break these illusions. The members of her company always accompany Miss Adams, for this generous star never arrogates her successes unto herself alone.

Laurette Taylor and Billie Burke are girlishness itself when called before the curtain. The latter gurgles "Thank you, thank you, thank you," and smiles herself away. Miss Taylor does a clever thing in "Peg o' My Heart" by continuing her character and giving one of her Irish father's speeches.

Distinct from the attitude of other women is Mrs. Lemoine's opinion on the subject. She says the way to do it is to be oneself entirely and act as if one were at a dinner party with intimate friends responding to a toast.

Some great actresses never respond to a call. Dusé was one of these. Ada Rehan was likewise very retiring.

Men, as a whole, do better than the actresses. Still, they are not much to boast of in this line and a great many of them are practically speechless. William Collier is always amusing, so is De Wolf Hopper. When one stops to consider, it must be nerve-racking to wrench oneself out of a character one has been striving hard to make convincing and suddenly before the same crowd of people regain one's own personality.

Curtain speaking was

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Sarony

BILLIE BURKE
Playing the title rôle in "Jerry," at the Lyceum

THE production of "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Hippodrome, recalls the astonishing vogue which the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta enjoyed at the time of its first production in this country.

Early Days of "Pinafore"

It was at the Boston Museum, in 1880, that the American public was given the first real opportunity to hear this delicious satire. The work had been presented in garbled form in cities of the one-night-stand class shortly before, but it was the Boston production that first brought the public to a realization of the beauties of the score and the dry and unique humor of the libretto. It was, too, the first of the *Bab Ballad* series to find vogue in America, though an earlier work of the author's, "The Sorcerer" was not produced in this country save by amateurs until after the "Pinafore" craze had developed.

The Boston Museum at this time was under the dignified direction of R. M. Field—a manager who distinguished himself by maintaining a stock company for a quarter of a century, and enduring much financial loss rather than succumb to the plan of presenting combinations; and he did not alter his policy until a survival of the model organization which the Boston Museum housed had threatened the utter obliteration of his financial resources.

As an illustration of the calibre and versatility of the company maintained by Mr. Field, it need only be stated that to present "Pinafore" it was not necessary to engage a single outside player or singer; and considering the character of the work, together with its absolute newness, its presentation by the Museum Stock Company must be regarded as an event of historic importance. The run was a long one, and during the seasons of 1880 and 1881 Boston had several companies simultaneously presenting the operetta.

At this period the Standard Theatre in New York (afterward called the Manhattan and recently demolished to make way for the vast Gimbel store was under the direction of William Henderson and James C. Duff. The former was not prospering, so the two managers proceeded to Boston to see "Pinafore," and were so impressed with the work, that they at once began to organize for a lavish production at the Standard Theatre.

The cast was perhaps the most evenly balanced of any accorded the famous satire, comprising, as it did, Miss Mills as Josephine, Verona Jarbeau, who made her stage debut as Hebe and Estelle Mortimer as Buttercup. The male rôles were

excellently cast. Thomas Whiffen as the Admiral was never excelled in the character.

William Davidge was a superb Dick Deadeye, while the minor rôles and the chorus could not have been improved upon.

The first night saw an audience of fair size; but the hits were so pronounced and the praise from the press so unanimous that the sale of seats for future performances was unprecedented. This particular production ran an entire season to audiences which tested the capacity of the theatre. Those were the days of unprotected authors and composers, and the fact that this immensely successful operetta was public property led to a veritable "Pinafore" craze. It is no exaggeration to state that in

the spring of 1881 five distinct presentations of the opera were being given simultaneously in New York, while on tour the various circuits were literally stampeded with hastily gathered troupes, some of which gave the work in such mutilated form that their existence was of short duration. In some of the college cities these barn-storming expeditions met with so strenuous a reception that it caused a scarcity of vegetables and hen fruit in their respective vicinities.

This mania for "Pinafore" reached its height in the fall of 1881, when juvenile Pinafore companies sprang up on all sides. These were by no means inferior organizations; in fact, some of our best-known stage favorites of this day evolved from the companies directed by J. H. Haverly and "Bob" Miles. Julia Marlowe was conspicuous in the latter's organization, as were also Pauline Hall and Sallie Cohen, while in the Haverly Company, Arthur and Jenny Dunn were prominent.

But it was the Church

Choir Opera Company which met the greatest artistic success of all of the various organizations that sought to benefit from the great public desire to hear the work of the now famous English collaborators. J. H. Haverly, then at the height of his spectacular managerial career, aided and abetted by Will J. Davis, gave one of the finest renderings of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera from a musical point of view that was heard anywhere. It was in this production that Jessie Bartlett (afterward Mrs. Davis) was first heard in her incomparable rendition of Buttercup, and John McWade, the one-armed baritone, the best of Captain Corcorans, first appeared.

The success of the Haverly production was the incentive for the organization of the



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An Irish Jenny Lind

(Continued from page 248)

concert in Chicago. He went behind the scenes and grasping the singer's hand said: "You're the Chauncey Olcott of grand opera. Let's talk business."

Thereupon John McCormack forsook the Metropolitan Opera Company to become a "one man show" with the result of the typical "I went to eight of his concerts" woman.

He was "discovered" when while singing Irish songs for friends in Dublin one of the friends asked: "Why don't you compete for the Dublin Musical Festival medal?" He replied that he didn't have the money to pay his entrance fee and the friend replied: "I will attend to that." He sang an air of Handel's, twenty bars of it, without taking a breath, something he says he could not do now, but it captured the judges. He won the medal. That encouraged him to give concerts, which paid for his lessons, and thus he reached the goal of all singing souls, Italy.

He made his debut in Savrona in Mascagni's opera, "L'Amico Fritz." Shortly afterward he sang Dupont's "Cabrera," knowing but slightly the part, so slightly indeed that he started to leave the stage, thinking he had finished, and the soprano begged him to come back and sing to the end.

Of this callow time he tells also that he "intended to startle the dramatic world by my acting and I swung my arms around until the director of the house implored me to stop, because he said that I was frightening the people in front. Some of them wanted to leave because they thought I had suddenly gone insane."

He was engaged to sing ten performances of "Faust" at Santa Croce, a village near Florence. For the ten performances he received forty dollars and paid his own expenses. "I managed not to lose too much money," he says of this time. At twenty-two he returned to London, gave a concert that yielded him \$300, a sum so large that he felt it fully justified him in marrying the girl of the Irish village in St. Louis.

Chance came, or he made it, for chances are often stationary and have to be wooed, to sing in Covent Garden. Six years ago he made his debut there in "Cavalliera Rusticana." Afterwards he sang "Rigoletto" with Tetrazinni. Tetrazinni became the fairy godmother of the Irish tenor of twenty-three. One night when he was suffering from hoarseness she sang high A with him in "Lucia." In all the duets that night she told him to save his voice while she doubled the strength of her own. It was through her urgency that he was brought to America, a gift for which America should thank the Italian prima donna, for John McCormack wants to become an Irish American. He purposes that America shall be his eventual home.

One lion in the way of success he slew with the help of his manager. It was his shy reserve with his public.

"They like you, John," said his preceptor.

"Do you think they do, really?" asked the tenor.

"I know they do," and he repeated a few of the superlatives that had filtered from the crowded auditorium to the foyer.

The hearing warmed the inflammable Irish heart. "Did they say that?" exclaimed John McCormack. "Sure, I'd like to gather them all to me heart."

"Then show them how you feel."

"I will," said John McCormack and thereafter he established that subtle delightful bond, "chumminess" with his audiences.

When you read this he will be touring the byways of Europe with his Kathleen Mavourneen and their two tiny Mavourneens. A. P.

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The 47 Workshop at Harvard

(Continued from page 252)

designed and made by members of the company, and the scenery has all been painted by three very talented Harvard men—E. B. Holt, Gardiner Hale and Samuel J. Hume. The funds have been raised in various ways. The first year, the 47 Club of Radcliffe College pledged itself to raise \$500 in subscriptions for the work and did so. Later a public performance of "Molly-Make-Believe" was given, for which tickets were sold. This netted the Workshop \$300. This year the funds have been very low, but wealthy friends of the Workshop have come to the rescue and given

amounts varying from \$25 to \$100. But even these subscriptions have failed to pay the bills and it has been necessary to give public entertainments in order to keep the Workshop alive. On March 10th, Josephine Preston Peabody helped along the good work by giving a reading of one of her plays. This brought over \$500 into the treasury. Beulah-Marie Dix, the playwright and Mabel W. Daniels, the composer, also gave public entertainments that swelled the funds. But things cannot go on this way forever and Professor Baker is now trying to raise enough money to erect a real theatre in Cambridge—a theatre with a thoroughly adequate stage and a large auditorium, where all the varied dramatic interests at Harvard may be housed.

The generous interest of Radcliffe College made it possible for the 47 Workshop to try out its dramatic experiments at Agassiz House. But the Workshop itself is no longer an experiment. It is a practical success and is not only beginning to attract wide interest in this country but in Europe. Communications have reached Professor Baker from England and Germany, wanting to know all the details of the Workshop plan and manifesting the most lively curiosity in this most original of dramatic ventures.

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CURTAIN CALLS

(Continued from page 253)

always an ordeal for Henry Irving. This is what he usually managed to make the talkative Hamlet declare: "Thanks everyone—ah—on behalf of—ah—everyone—ah—of my company—ah—and (broad smile)—and—ah—ah—ah—ah—"

Forbes-Robertson, unlike Sir Henry, handles the situation gracefully, but like him, he is always the "servant" of the public. At his farewell performance this year he said the following gracious thing: "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, then hesitated. "No, no, that will never do!—brothers and sisters!"

A few have a "good one" always ready and know the most effective way to bring it out. Nat Goodwin is one of these. He is always splendid before the curtain. Frank Daniels is another. He usually ends up with a clever monologue. Francis Wilson and Otis Skinner are also gifted speakers.

Richard Mansfield qualified always as Richard Mansfield. He was witty and gracious at first and usually ended by berating his listeners. Everybody went away feeling like a naughty boy freshly whipped. This always happened if there were any empty seats in the house.

With some actors there is simply "nothing doing." Andrew Mack, Chauncey Olcott, George Ade, Israel Zangwill all belong under this heading. They simply smile and go no further.

A few look most unhappy. William Faversham dislikes the whole business and makes no bones about showing it. Henry Miller looks as if the clattering demand of the house had made him lose the last boat for Staten Island. If he talks at all he berates the critics. John Drew objects to coming out of his character. When playing Benedick he appeared as such and was soberly brief in his remarks.

It used to be fun for an American audience to call E. S. Willard and Laurence d'Orsay before the curtain. The former devoted himself very much to accent and very little to words, and the latter sprays a cloud of his London anti-dialect at us and lets it go at that.

De Wolf Hopper never makes a real curtain speech. He tells old stories instead and gets away with it every time. Arnold Daly always makes a charming impression also. He looks very reluctant when he responds. But be not deceived, he is not nearly as reluctant as he looks. His Irish wit sends the house home to bed in a very happy frame of mind.

It should be the duty and pleasure of the managers and authors to practice the gentle art of making curtain speeches, with the exception of Augustus Thomas and one or two others. They are worse at it than the stars themselves. The most modest and picturesque speaker is assuredly David Belasco. Dragged before the curtain apparently with only the greatest reluctance, he pulls his forelock and stammers in the most deprecating tones: "Thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for my company. I am proud to be able to show you the work of my little girl, etc."

Among the women playwrights, Martha Morton is the best curtain orator. She speaks well and usually has something to say.

Over in Brooklyn Corse Payton combines the picturesque with the useful. He is always affable and explanatory and gives away the whole plot of the coming week's bill.

M. P.

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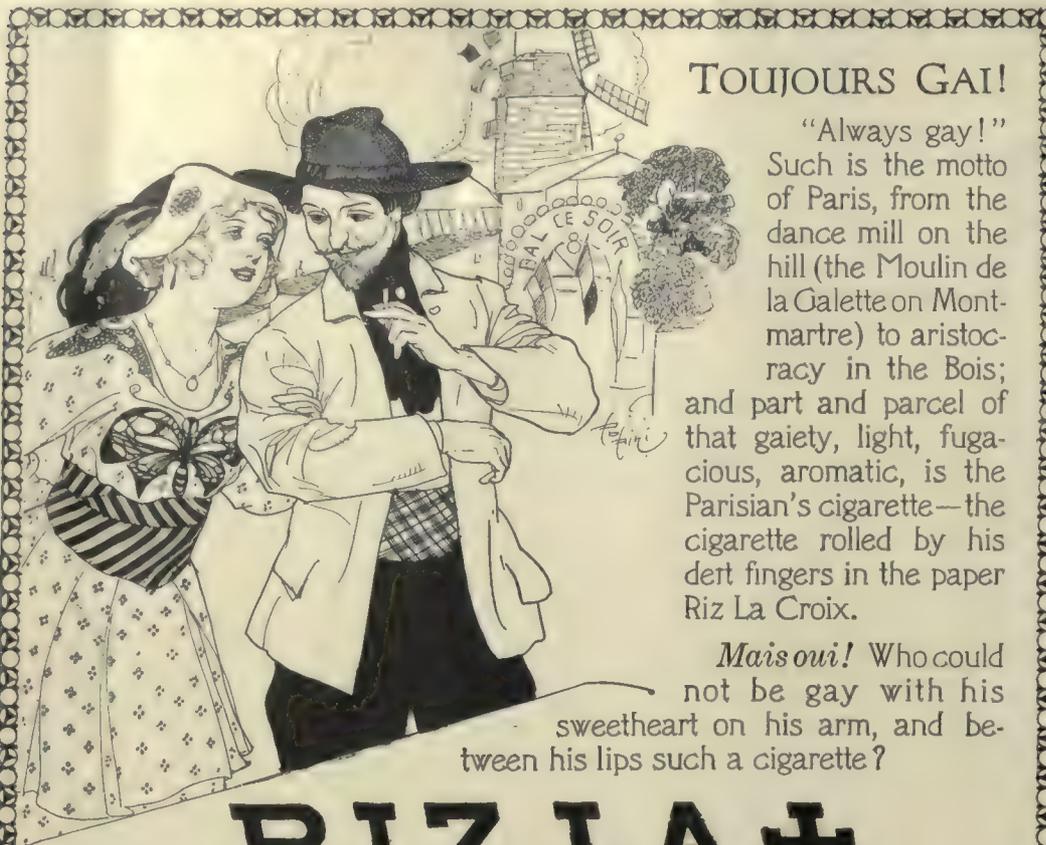
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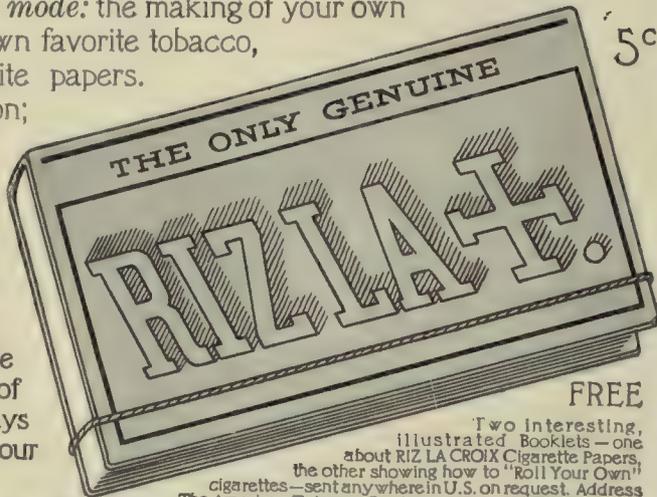
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Early Days of "Pinafore"

(Continued from page 254)

famous Boston Ideal Opera Company, which gave "Pinafore" with a truly ideal cast, including Henry Clay Barnabee, Tom Karl, Myron Whitney, George Frothingham, Charles MacDonald, Marie Stone, and Jessie Bartlett Davis. For several years this remarkable cast held together, afterward adding other operas, and finally emerging into the Bostonians, which for fifteen years was regarded as the standard light opera organization of this country.

Only the fact that some of the principals had reached the age limit brought the career of the Bostonians to an end; and it may truthfully be said that nothing better in the way of comic or standard opera has been seen since.

The most remarkable and unique presentation of "Pinafore" was that given by the first of the church choir companies. This was the Philadelphia Enterprise, organized by Thomas F. Hall, an old-time actor-manager who had a long and honorable career in the Quaker City. The financial sponsor for this organization was John Gorman, who presided long over the fortunes of a café adjoining the Chestnut Street Opera House in that city. Gorman's name headed the announcements, and the production was first heard in Horticultural Hall in Philadelphia. The excellence of the performance and perfect distribution of the rôles attracted the attention of Manager Hall, who was at the time acting manager of the Walnut and Broad Street Theatres. At the last named playhouse, under Hall's management, "Pinafore" drew enormous audiences long after the vogue of the work had begun to decline. This, by far the best of all of the "Pinafore" performances, drew all New York to Daly's Theatre. In this company Louis de Lange, who later became prominent as a comedian and playwright, was the Admiral, and one of the best ever heard in that rôle.

As an illustration of the remarkable financial results which were achieved by the Philadelphia Enterprise it may be stated that during the dog-days of August, in cities like Hartford and New Haven, receipts in excess of \$2,500 for a single performance were recorded.

"Pinafore" started the comic-opera fad which prevailed for a full decade, the English work being followed by "The Mascot," Audran's operetta, the vogue of which was almost as big, and which, being also unprotected, was heard simultaneously throughout the country by a score of companies. A similar fate was accorded to "Olivette," and then came the other Gilbert and Sullivan operas; "Patience," "Pirates of Penzance," "The Yeoman of the Guard," "The Gondoliers," "Iolanthe," and finally "The Mikado," which last duplicated to a great degree the "Pinafore" craze.

ROBERT GRAU.

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The World of Vaudeville

(Continued from page 238)

displayed what is expected of her—some beautiful gowns, wraps, millinery and most of her vertebrae, quite sustaining her reputation as the modiste's walking model. She is still regarded by the managers as a big box office attraction.

Easily the biggest novelty of the season has been contributed by Gertrude Hoffmann with her revue which runs over an hour and is replete with pretty girls, scenic changes and lively features. Miss Hoffmann has surrounded herself with a capable company and presents an entertainment which justifies her description as the best show woman on the vaudeville stage.

A science-baffling trickster is Mercedes who has proved a sensational headliner with his mental telepathy or second-sight performance, differing from the ordinary act of this kind. A woman, blindfolded, seated on the stage at a piano, instantly plays any selection requested by anybody in the audience in a whisper to Mercedes while he circulates through the auditorium.

Making capital out of the person or subject uppermost in the public mind is the first principal of successful vaudeville management, so bookers of the New York theatres have been quick to profit by the craze for tangoing by providing tango trotters. There are any number of these right now, but among the most recent arrivals on the vaudeville stage are A. Baldwin Sloane, the light opera composer, and Grace Fields of musical comedy reputation, and Joan Sawyer and John Jarrott.

Another team of dancers who have long enjoyed the favor of variety audiences when not

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touring Europe or playing in musical comedy are Adelaide and John Hughes. They have re-appeared in vaudeville with "The Spark of Life," a scene from one of the earlier Winter Garden entertainments in which they were seen and which they have elaborated upon. Adelaide easily justifies her right to the sobriquet "the Bernhardt of the Ballet."

Still another dancer this season is Saharet whose offering is tiresome with the exception of her tango number. Her costumes, however, are in great contrast with those usually utilized by terpsichorean exponents and are refreshing to the spectators because she affects billowy chiffons and laces. *
NELLIE REVELL.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 227)

HIPPODROME. "H. M. S. PINAFORE." Comic opera in two acts by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Revived on April 9th with this cast:

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., Harrison Brockbank, Wm. C. Gordon; Capt. Corcoran, William Hinshaw, Bertram Peacock; Ralph Rackstraw, Vernon Dalhart, John Bardsley; Dick Deadeye, Albert Hart, E. Percy Parsons; Bill Bobstay, Eugene Cowles, Earl W. Marshall; Josephine, Ruby Cutter Savage, Helen Heilmann; Little Buttercup, Fay Templeton, Josephine Jacoby; Hebe, Elise Marryette, Grace Camp.

"Pinafore," as done at the Hippodrome, has amplified proportions undreamed of by Gilbert and Sullivan, but, fortunately, the largeness of the production is not inconsistent with the possibilities of the piece. The music, the songs, the characterizations, and the amiable and penetrating satire of "Pinafore" are familiar, and there would practically be no newness in an ordinary revival, it matters not how well sung and played; but here we have a "Pinafore" the same, with all its inherent qualities, except in bigness, never seen or heard before. It was the proper and only way for the Hippodrome to set about the production. Her Majesty's ship floats in the harbor at Portsmouth in real water, into which in due time Dick Deadeye is pitched and swims away to safety, while Little Buttercup, singing over the waves, is rowed on in her bumboat. It may be that real water tends to make real Dick Deadeyes, Little Buttercups, Sir Josephs, Captain Corcorans, Ralph Rackstraws, Josephines and Hebes. At any rate, the sailors and the ship could not have been more real and alive. The ship, with the towering spars of its period, was stately and impressive. The sailors in the crow's nest, or, at least, at the top, were so high up that they could step off into hidden space. The yards were manned with jolly tars, lusty in song on occasion, and it was nothing for them to come down to deck hand over hand from towering heights, or to do fearless feats of posing or changing about. Surely some of them were real sailors. At any rate, a vast amount of training was needed, and it is not difficult to imagine that the stage producer, Mr. William J. Wilson, had his hands full in the preparations for the production. The scenic investiture and the marine accessories by Mr. Arthur Voegtlin are, of course, extraordinary. With a crew big enough to man such a ship, with choruses that filled the large deck, no wonder at the volume of such proclamations as "He is an Englishman." No doubt of the big values in the big choruses. Some elaboration was found necessary in the handling of the enlarged action involving so many people, and orchestral music was introduced from "Rud-diggers," "The Yeoman of the Guards" and "Ivanhoe." These interpolations in nowise interfered with the spirit or interrupted the flow of the original, the introduction of the sailors, for instance, being quite in the order of things. With two performances a day, two casts of principals are required, and with a company of twenty changes are made from time to time. There are three hundred voices in the chorus.

HUDSON. "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN." Play in four acts by Oscar Wilde. Revived on March 30th with this cast:

Lady Windermere, Margery Maude (by arrangement with The Lieber Co.); The Duchess of Berwick, Sarah Cowell LeMoyné; Lady Agatha Carlisle, Margery Card; Lady Plymdale, Ruth Holt Boucicault; Lady Jedburgh, Lillian Thurgate; Lady Stutfield, Florence Wollersen; Mrs. Cowper-Cowper, Sally Williams; Rosalie, Florence Wollersen; Mrs. Eryllyn, Margaret Anglin; Lord Windermere, Pedro DeCordoba; Lord Darlington, Arthur Byron; Lord Augustus Lorton, Sidney Greenstreet; Mr. Cecil Graham, Norman Tharp; Mr. Dumby, Wallace Widdcombe; Mr. Hopper, Donald Cameron; Parker, Harry Barfoot.

Probably in no season of theatrical history have so many new plays been produced as during that which is about to be brought to a close.

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When the fresh material failed to make good, managers harked back to the successes of yesterday. One of these who drew upon the profitable stores of the past was Margaret Anglin. Following her Shakespearian cycle she revived "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the Hudson, and with such success that when her tenure of that house ran out, to accommodate all who wished to see Oscar Wilde's comedy she transferred the entire production over to the stage of the Liberty. When the ill-fated Irish aesthete first burst upon the theatrical horizon, he dazzled all by the brilliancy of his epigrammatic dialogue. Its snap, wit and paradox carried to a remarkable success a series of theatrical fables, at the best conventional and almost stereotyped, but presented with a very considerable degree of accepted form. As years rolled on, their revivals were infrequent, the question arose as to whether their glitter was not that of ephemerality. Would they last? This latest revival clinches one thought, and that is that pregnant dialogue, akin in a way to that which Congreve, Wycherley and Farquhar evoked, will rise superior to the frame in which it is encased.

Flattered by the attentions of Lord Darlington, and jealously piqued at the attentions her husband is bestowing on a certain Mrs. Erlyne, Lady Windermere decides to run away with her importunate suitor. She is saved from her temerity by this same Mrs. Erlyne, who is in reality her mother. This story, however thin, is dressed up with sound technic and voiced in language that is never dull. On the contrary, it is so consistently witty and cynically brilliant that the effort of the author to be "smart" becomes a trifle tiring and obvious at times.

In Mrs. Erlyne, Miss Anglin finds a part admirably suited to her temperament and methods. She invests it with fine, polite dignity and emotional force. Particularly sincere and compelling was the scene in which, without revealing her identity, she persuades her daughter from taking the fatal step. As Lady Windermere, Miss Margery Maude was charmingly refined and delicate, while Mrs. LeMoyné, as the gossiping Duchess of Berwick, was at her best. There was simple dignity to Pedro DeCordoba's assumption of Lord Windermere, while Arthur Byron was a trifle metallic as the masculine syren. Three different types of London social life were enacted with humorous skill by Norman Tharp, Sidney Greenstreet and Wallace Widdecombe. The latter's rendering of Mr. Dumby was a real creation.

BOOTH. "PANTHEA." Play in four acts by Monckton Hoffe. Produced on March 28th with this cast:

Panthea, Olga Petrova; Baron du Duisitort, George Nash; Gerald Mordaunt, Milton Sills; Pablo Conteno, Frank Hatch; Henry Symon Mordaunt, J.P., LL.D., Elwyn Eaton; Percival Mordaunt, Frederick Annerley; Dr. Von Reichstadt, Frederick Strong; Francois Bonito, James S. Ryan; Count Stephanoff, John J. Steward; Rev. Mr. Wiltshire, Lionel Bevans; Cynthia Mordaunt, Olive Temple; Mrs. Kilby Cubitt, Caroline Harris; Princess Malchi, Louise Conti; Mathilde Vanier, Mary Dale; Gilda Bonito, Viola Roach; Ena Volney, Florence Thompson; Lucie La Var, Emily Monte; Rosa, Dixie O'Neil; Elsa, Anna Sayce; Josephine, Constance Wolfe; Babette, Mary Wolfe; Ivan Strogoff, Frank Hall.

As a vehicle for the display of the talents of Olga Petrova, "Panthea" is possibly worth while. It is strong stuff with a "punch," whether it be regarded as a serious drama or simply as hackneyed melodrama with a sensation.

It was Madame Petrova's first appearance in this country in legitimate drama, and so great a success did she score in the title rôle that it is safe to predict that she will soon become as great a favorite in the dramatic field as she was in vaudeville.

Panthea is a beautiful creature, a Russian political exile who has been brought into the home of the Mordaunt family on the coast of Northumberland, England, after a shipwreck. There, while sipping hot broth before the fire to stimulate her shattered nerves, she looks into the eyes of Gerald Mordaunt, a young composer, sadly out of place among his stupid, conventional, bigoted relatives, and their souls spring toward one another and unite. The stupid family, when they learn Panthea's identity, are keen on turning her over to the constable, but Gerald decides that she shall escape. Panthea, however, to whom convention and propriety are things unknown, and who has called Gerald by his given name from the first, prevails upon him to break loose from his imprisonment and his cold, unsympathetic wife, "Cyn'sia," and to fly with her. They fly. All this has happened in one night.

The second act shows their apartment in a European capital two years later. Under Panthea's inspiration Gerald has written an opera, but is without the means or influence to produce it. This fact worries him until it makes him ill. As their whimsical old friend, the doctor, puts it, he is "suffering from unproduced opera."

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Gerald is persuaded to go out into the country for a few weeks' rest, and the devoted Panthea is left to set about getting the opera produced. She unearths an old acquaintance, a wicked, jaded, senile old baron, who has drunk too full of life and is about to give it up—a baron with the power to produce operas and bring fame in a single night to unknown composers. Panthea coaxes him to stay the hand of death for four weeks longer, and she would make it worth while if he would promise to produce Gerald's opera. The bargain is made, in jarringly simple terms. Panthea is to be his companion for a month, at the end of which he is to take his life—but not before the opening night of the opera, he adds hastily, for it would look better for him to be present.

The third act, sumptuously staged, shows the home of the Baron. It is right after the première, and a banquet is being tendered to Gerald and all those concerned in the opera, which has been tremendously successful. All are happy—but Panthea. She is wretched. The Baron exhibits an unaccountable desire to continue to live. While the others are outside laughing and merry-making, a well-meaning friend of Gerald's confronts Panthea and the Baron with the rumor of what has happened. The distressed lady tries to deny it, but the Baron grins leeringly and admits that Panthea has been living with him. After a frightful scene, in which Gerald learns the truth, he runs out into the night, and Panthea stabs the Baron with a knife. It all savors strongly of Sardou.

In the last act the Russian police enter to take Panthea to Siberia, because she is a political refugee. The death of the Baron is attributed to apoplexy to avoid scandal. Gerald, when he understands why Panthea has sold herself to the Baron, takes her in his arms and decides to marry her, in order that he may accompany her in her exile.

Mme. Petrova invests the part of this strange, emotional creature with a quiet force, charm and distinction of manner that fascinated her audience. George Nash gives authority to the rôle of the Baron and Milton Sills is distinguished as the young composer.

SHUBERT. "THE BELLE OF BOND STREET." Musical play in three acts. Book by Owen Hall and Harold Atteridge, lyrics by Adrian Ross and Claude Aveling, music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. Produced on March 30th with this cast:

James, Joseph P. Galton; Ellen, Lottie Collins; Norah, Fritz Von Busing; Harry Gordon, Forrest Huff; Jack Richley, Harry Pilcer; Mrs. Chalmers, Alice Gordon; Mr. Chalmers, Chas. Burrows; Theodore Quench, K. C.; Jere McAuliffe; Percy Fitzhistle, Lawrence D'Orsay; Max Hoggeneimer, Sam Bernard; Winnie Harborough, Gaby Deslys; Joseph, Grafton Williams; Pepper, Norman A. Blume; Miss Slender, Grace Orr; Nancy, Marjory Lane; Hilda, Gladys Benjamin.

"The Girl From Kays," rebaptized "The Belle of Bond Street," has been reviewed in this magazine before. Barring a few new songs, there is no real change in the piece. Sam Bernard, in his old rôle of Mr. Hoggeneimer, is as funny as ever. His presence on the stage causes immediate mirth. If an exhibition of exaggerated gowns (or lack of them), evening cloaks, hats, that remind one of the days of Eugénie Fougère, make an artist then, indeed, Gaby Deslys is a wonderful star. As to her histrionic talent, the less said the better. Redeeming features of the piece were the song, *Prunella*, and the dancing of Harry Pilcer. *Prunella* and its chorus won instant favor with the audience, judging by the numerous recalls. "The Belle of Bond Street" may pour money into the box-office, but it is hardly likely to add lustre to the house dedicated to the late Sam Shubert.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "MAIDS OF ATHENS." Comic opera in two acts by Franz Lehar and Victor Léon. American version by Carolyn Wells. Produced on March 19th with this cast:

Prince of Parnes, Albert Pellaton; Capt William Penn Harris, Elbert Fretwell; Princess Photini, Cecil Cunningham; Mary Louise, Leila Hughes; Van Green, Bert Gilbert; Dyke Green, W. S. Percy; Mrs. Rosamond Barley, Marie Horgan; Christodolus, Charles Meyer; Pericles, James Davis; Marula, Jennie Dickerson; Atalanta, Retta Bellaire; Aecta, Florida Bellaire; Tamburis, Albert Hedge; Spiro, Harry Hamilton; Lieut. Morris, Russell Griswold; Guide, Allan Forbes.

Even such names as Franz Lehar, Victor Léon, Carolyn Wells and Henry W. Savage could not carry "Maids of Athens" to success. Perhaps the chief fault to be found with the production was that too much had been expected. It had been announced as a "new operetta by the creators of "The Merry Widow." Naturally, therefore, another "Merry Widow" was expected. Standing upon its own merit, "Maids of Athens" might have survived. The cast was very

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From *"Le Petit Phare de Nantes," Paris*

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Herr Wendel, in *The German Diet.*

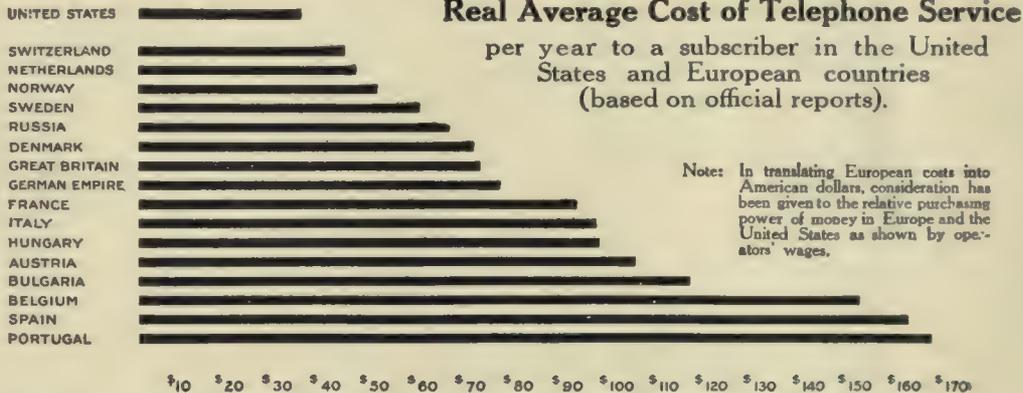
"I refer here to Freiberg. There the entire telephone service is interrupted at 9 o'clock p.m. Five minutes after 9 o'clock it is impossible to obtain a telephone connection."

Herr Haberland, Deputy, in the Reichstag

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Dr. R. Luther, in the *Dresdner Anzeiger*

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fine vocally, the score was tuneful, the chorus distinguished, and the whole beautifully presented scenically and sartorially. The plot concerns a Prince of Parnes, who finds diversion in leading a gang of bandits infesting the mountains in the vicinity of Athens. He is known to these "Firebrands of Hellas" as Hadschi Stavros, the "King of the Mountains," which, by the way, is the name of the piece as seen originally in German. The Prince's sister is in love with Captain Harris, a young American naval officer. But the Prince, alas! opposes the match, until Captain Harris offers to produce the disturbing Hadschi Stavros. The bargain is made, and the remaining two acts are spent in producing the bandit. A beautiful scenic effect is achieved in the second act, strongly resembling a similar scene in "The Pirates of Penzance." The setting is the mountain rendezvous of the troublesome bandits. The third act, again Gilbert-and-Sullivan-like, makes one think wistfully of "Pinafore." Of the cast, Cecil Cunningham as the Princess Photini was as delightful to look upon as she was vocally. Albert Pellaton and Elbert Fretwell, the former as the bandit Prince and the latter as the American officer, are both very good, and the comedy rôles were ably handled by Marie Horgan, who played the inevitable fat lady, and Bert Gilbert and W. S. Percy, who were very funny as the also inevitable musical comedy detectives. Leila Hughes, as an American girl, looked bewitching and sang beautifully, especially the featured song in the second act, *When the Heart Is Young*.

PARK. "CHANGE." Play in four acts by J. O. Francis. Produced on March 30th with this cast: John Price, Ernest Cove; Gwen Price, Lillian Mason; Gwylm Price, Harold West; Sam Thatcher, Edmond Kennedy; Isaac Pugh, Tom Owen; Lewis Price, R. A. Hopkins; John Henry Price, John Howell; Dai Mathews, Gareth Hughes; Twm Powell, William Hopkins; Jinnie Pugh, Doris Owen; Lizzie Ann, Eleanor Daniels.

"Change," a thoughtful drama, sincerely acted, was recently revived at the Park Theatre in response to the insistent demand of the Drama League. The play has won two prizes: one from the Incorporated Stage Society of London for the best play of the season, the other offered for the same reason by Lord Howard de Walden for the best play of the Welsh by a Welshman. It embodies an orthodoxy so rigid, a strain so unrelenting, that it is grim and unrelieved throughout. There is slender dramatic action and much talkiness. It is based on two truths: the heavy cost of change of thought and ideals from one generation to another; the eternal effort of mother love, which never changes, to bridge over the chasm thus created. Therefore, it has a human quality which is very real. Still "Change" can never be a popular play. It is too bleak, too thoughtful, perhaps. There is not the spontaneity of life in it to win a response as even the saddest drama might have. Instead of unsealing the fountain of sympathy for the inevitable suffering depicted, one goes away cold and depressed. From beginning to end it is acted by every member of the company with absolute fidelity.

PRINCESS. "MARRYING MONEY." Comedy in three acts by Washington Pezet and Bertram Marburgh. Produced on March 18th with this cast:

Gladys Sutherland, Juliette Day; Frank Saville, Calvin Thomas; Bellboy, Argyll Campbell; Mrs. Niles, Jessaline Rogers; Mildred Niles, Nan Campbell; R. Lyman Niles, Edward Emery; Theodore Vanderpoel, William Roselle; Jimmie Sweeney, Will Deming; Count Sebastian, Ernest Cossart; Mrs. Vanderpoel, Amelia Mayborn; Archibald, Stanhope Wheatcroft; Lizzie, Mary Harper; Oscar Schlegelmilch, Alfred de Bail; Rev. Dr. Littlejohn, George Gaston.

If you have been trained to know that the delicate, intimate relationships between the mind and heart produce real action, plot and humor; if you have not thought much about reasons, but possess a keen sense for the genuine on the stage, your sensibilities are likely to balk at "Marrying Money." Mildred Niles has an ambitious mother, who urges her daughter to marry well. The father, having recently failed in business, the matter is all the more urgent. A good opportunity seems to present itself when Theodore Vanderpoel, member of a wealthy family, arrives at the same summer hotel. But it happens that Theodore belongs to the poor branch of his family. He himself is looking for an heiress. He takes a fancy to Mildred, and, believing her rich, elopes with her in Mr. Niles' \$8,000 car. They are married and spend their honeymoon at a small mountain inn, where the proprietor lets them run up unlimited bills. The day of reckoning comes and each is compelled to admit insolvency. Finally Mr. Niles telegraphs his forgiveness and tells his son-in-law to sell the \$8,000 car and use the money to get a start in business.

The play has scenes that are well written, and some of the dialogue is bright, but the interest is not well sustained.

(Continued on page 265)



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(Continued from page 262)

LITTLE. "THE TRUTH." Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Revived on April 14th with the following cast:

Eve Lindon, Isabel Irving; Laura Fraser, Fanny Hartz; Servant, Lionel Hogarth; Becky Warder, Grace George; Lindon, Conway Tearle; Warder, Sydney Booth; Messenger, Guthrie McClintic; Roland, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Mrs. Crespigny, Zelta Sears.

Dramatic material of a certain kind seems difficult to find. At least Grace George has had a hard time of it discovering a suitable medium for the display of her art. Now she has fallen back on "The Truth," a play in four acts by the late Clyde Fitch, which, though it did not make a popular success at its production in this metropolis, had a real vogue in London and in the big cities of the Continent. Presented as it now is by Miss George and her splendidly talented associates at the Little Theatre, it emphasizes the fact that Fitch's plethoric art was not of the minute only. "The Truth" is a finely balanced, well written and constructed play. Its characters are modelled after human types. The heroine, a constitutional liar, is a particularly clever study in psychological heredity. How her deviation from the truth, even in things trivial and immaterial, involves her in all sorts of complications, culminating in the loss of her husband's affections, is told with graphic and cumulative dramatic force and interest. There are those who will cavil at the final act on account of the marital reconciliation; but the husband is drawn with such clearness and understanding that the result is really logical and not an obvious means to an end.

Becky Warder is a really remarkable study, and Grace George's interpretation stamps her as an artist of rare finish and resource. Her mendacity is not repellant. She invites sympathy without resorting to the usual methods for exacting the same. She presents a figure influenced by fate. She is its plaything, and one watches the culmination of her plight through her own weakness with feelings of sorrow and regret that a really harmless woman, possessed of such natural charm, should go wrong simply for want of a strong moral will. The jealous wife is acted by Isabel Irving. She is admirable. The incisive vindictiveness of her spleen against Becky is portrayed with sure skill. Zelta Sears, as the impressionable landlady who loves the heroine's decadent father, renews the tremendous hit she made in the original production, while Ferdinand Gottschalk as Mr. Roland, the broken-down gentleman gambler, gives one of those finished portraits with which his career is so identified. The lothario Lindon is insinuatingly presented by Conway Tearle, and the husband, who really loves his wife, is acted with manly frankness by Sydney Booth. For those who enjoy a fine play "The Truth" must appeal.

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Mr. Newman's Travel Talks are a welcome addition to Sunday evening entertainments. Mr. Newman has studied his subjects thoroughly, and his descriptions of Paris, London, Rome and Venice are particularly interesting. During his trips he has taken views and scenery very little known except to those who are able to prolong their stay in any one of those cities. Considerable interest is added by the splendid moving pictures he shows. Mr. Newman promises to visit us each season, and, judging from the growing patronage that he receives at Carnegie Hall, the season of 1914-1915 will be eagerly awaited.

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This air occurs in Act III, which shows Violetta's apartment near Paris. Broken in spirit by her misfortunes, and seriously ill, she lies on a couch reading a letter from Germont.

Pagliacci—"Che volo d'augelli" (*Ye Birds Without Number!*) Act I, Leoncavallo.

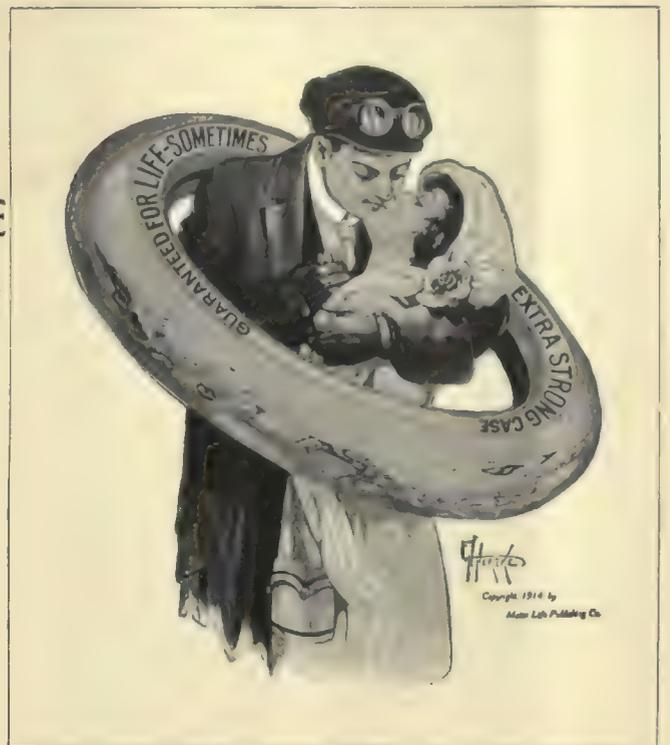
Emmy Destinn, Soprano. Mignon—*Kennst du das Land?* In German, Thomas. Madam Butterfly—*Un bel di vedremo.* In Italian, Puccini.

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The New Dances

When, less than a year ago, I started my Modern Dance Studios in New York City, a difficult problem pressed for solution: How do we get away with the crude and the inartistic in the new dances? I concluded that the eagerness with which the public took to the new dances was a revolt against formality and Puritan self-repression; and that like all revolts, initially, this dance revolt was crude and exaggerated. My solution of the problem was: emphasize the *spirit* of the new dances—the joy of life and self-expression—and point out that art and joy are not all opposites, but one and the same.



G. Hepburn Wilson

The spontaneity of the revolt was significant. Over night, as it were, the new dances acquired universal favor. This spontaneity pointed to a vital social and psychological impulse behind the new dances. Their dominant feature was marked individualism. The new dances started with this idea of a "good time," but expressed very little art. To-day they express a "good time" *plus* art.

Consider the old Turkey Trot and its beautiful successor of to-day, the One-Step. These two dances are practically the same; yet how great is the artistic superiority of the One-Step! The old Turkey Trot was an exaggerated and crude swinging of the body from side to side, accentuated by throwing the feet out from side to side. As the new dances developed and the individual dancer acquired more poise and grace, the feet were kept close to the floor, and the swinging and jumping of the body transformed into a gliding, waving movement. Instead of rolling along like a ship in a storm, dancers of the new form of Trot express the grace of smooth, gliding motion thoroughly in harmony with the syncopated music. The One-Step is the Turkey Trot *minus* crudity and exaggerations—the identical dance transformed into art.

The Brazilian Maxixe is another of the new dances which shows the great esthetic progress. While imported from Brazil and Paris, and danced to music essentially Brazilian and Parisian in its appeal, the Maxixe in this country has gone through the same process of the development as the other dances, and like the Tango as danced in New York is a thoroughly American dance.

The new dances emphasize esthetics as against morals. Not that the new dances are immoral or reject morality: they promote health and that which promotes health develops right living: they merely repudiate the implied idea of many "moralists" that joy and esthetic self-expression are immoral *per se*.

Not the least beneficent result of the present enthusiasm is that the new dances demand efficient dance tuition—in other words, that dance tuition be developed into an art. Dance teachers of old knew next to nothing about art. In many years' experience I have never met an artistic dance teacher.

The theatre originally was held in disrepute. Actors were considered "shady" characters. Generally actors knew nothing of art. The theatre being considered as a cheap pastime instead of an artistic necessity, the inevitable consequence was a cheap institution. The opposition of "respectable" people threw a stigma upon the theatre and its protagonists. But in spite of this the vitality of the theatre asserted itself, and the theatre became one of the most important factors in social life, drawing unto itself inspiration from all the arts.

Dancing, in a way, parallels the history of the theatre. While dancing has always been popular, its instruction and development usually has been left in the hands of incompetents. Dance tuition is an art—*should* be an art. Efficient dance tuition considers a pupil not pliable material to be whipped into shape, but as a human being capable of self-expression. Efficient tuition, in other words, develops the pupil into a master of himself to acquire dancing ability and not merely steps. This means that a dance teacher must be a psychologist and artist. G. HEPBURN WILSON.

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"Daddy Long Legs," with Ruth Chatterton, is now in its sixth week at Power's Theatre, Chicago. Every indication is that "Daddy Long Legs" will run far into the summer, possibly longer.

Hits of the Month

"Bunty," the charming Scotch comedy that delighted New York last season, left us a number of players that are continuing to delight us in new Scotch comedies. Margaret Nybloc, who is playing the part of May Duncan in "Kitty MacKay," at the Comedy Theatre, is as Scotch a lassie as ever walked both on and off the stage. She was born and educated in Glasgow, Scotland. She studied elocution when she was a child, and began her stage career as soon as she left school. She marvels at her adaptability and love for the stage, for no member of her family had ever been connected with it. "Perhaps," she says, with the big serious brown eyes that make Mag such an engaging little soul, "perhaps a good fairy wished it on me!" Her first engagement was with a melodrama company, for which, for the first six months, she received no salary. At the end of that time, when she was rewarded a pound a week, her joy and pride well might overcome her. At that time she played soubrette parts and the rôle of a little nigger boy. Then she played lead in "Little Mary," followed by a period of three years on the road in England. After that she joined Miss Horniman's Manchester company, playing Sylvette in Ros-tand's "The Fantastics," and also created Oh! Christina in the play of that name. In 1910 she played Maurice, a boy, in "The Girl Who Couldn't Lie." She does splendidly as a boy. Her make-up is so perfect that it is impossible to tell her from the real article. It was at this time that Graham Moffat met her and asked her to create the rôle of Teenie in his play, "Bunty Pulls the Strings." She played in "Bunty," at the Playhouse in London, and was engaged by Shubert to continue it in New York. That was her first visit to America, and she has remained here since. Last summer she appeared in a vaudeville sketch with Sanderson Moffat called "A Wee Bit of Married Life," after which she opened as Mag.



Margaret Nybloc

"The Girl with the Salad Name" they call her, this very pretty and talented sister of Hazel Dawn, who charmed New York in a single night as "The Midnight Girl." Yet Margaret Romaine insists, in spite of her recent newspaper publicity, that she is quite pleased with her name and has no desire whatever to change it—that is, not just yet. Besides Miss Romaine's story of the evolution of her stage name is interesting. Her vocal training in London was under the direction of Miss Nellie Rowe, who suggested that she take for a stage name the combination of "Rowe" and "main," which is French for hand, indicating that she was under the hand of Rowe. Miss Romaine was born in Ogden City, Utah. The family left for England when Margaret was ten years old. At the age of sixteen, after a general education, she entered the Royal College of Music in London, where she studied piano, cello and singing. She still plays these instruments, and is, in fact, a fine cellist. After graduating from the College of Music she went to Paris to study acting, and soon appeared at the Opéra Comique and in the opera at Marseilles, where she sang prima donna rôles in nearly all the popular operas. She had been hearing, however, of her sister's wonderful success in "The Pink Lady," and her eyes opened wide when she learned of the fortune Hazel was reaping. Accordingly, she left Paris and the Opéra Comique at the expiration of her contract to make her name and fortune in musical comedy in New York. And New York, ever ready to worship a new queen, realizes that it has found a good deal worth while in Miss Romaine's beautiful, strong voice and charming personality.



Margaret Romaine

A beautiful and charming young actress is Alice Lindahl, who is scoring her first Broadway success in "The Things That Count," at the Playhouse. Not only is she beautiful herself, but she can talk about it and actually advise her less fortunate sisters on how to acquire beauty of the calm, æsthetic sort! Miss Lindahl makes the character of Beulah Randolph a rôle created by Alice Brady very sincere and sympathetic. It is not an easy part to portray; only a level head and keen appreciation of values could give it the proper balance. Miss Lindahl was born in Landskrona, Sweden, and came to this country when she was four years old. While at school in a convent in Portland, Oregon, she decided that she would be an actress, and from then on centered all her ambitions to the accomplishment of her ideal. Her first engagement was with Charlotte Walker in stock in St. Paul, where she played small parts. After that she was engaged by Eugene Walter to create the part of Larethy in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and followed this with another summer of stock in Columbus, Ohio, in which company Jane Cowl was leading woman. When the latter left to go abroad, Miss Lindahl was engaged to take her place. At the beginning of the following season she created the part of Miss Jefferson in Mr. Brady's production of "The Lady from Oklahoma," and wound up with more stock in Dayton, Ohio, playing leading woman with John Sainpolis. Then she was engaged by Mr. Brady for the part of Mary Burke in "The Family Cupboard," but was taken out later to play lead in "The Things That Count."



Alice Lindahl

To play two entirely different rôles in a single night is a good deal for any actress. May Buckley, who has been recently accomplishing this feat at the Princess Theatre, has carried off the honors in both one-act plays in which she has appeared. In the sensational "Kiss in the Dark" she played the part of the unfortunate young girl so realistically that women in the audience often screamed, and in "It Can Be Done" she was extremely clever as the adventuress. Miss Buckley was born in San Francisco, and made her stage début at the age of seven when she played "kid" parts with Dion Boucicault. A few years later she tried to stay away from the stage. She had everything a girl could want, but the only thing she really wanted was to play. So she joined Dustin Farnum's company in "Cameo Kirby," and later was brought from San Francisco by Belasco to play in the great Chinese drama, "The First Born." After that she appeared with John Drew in "One Summer's Day" and "The Marriage of Convenience,"

(Continued on page 275)



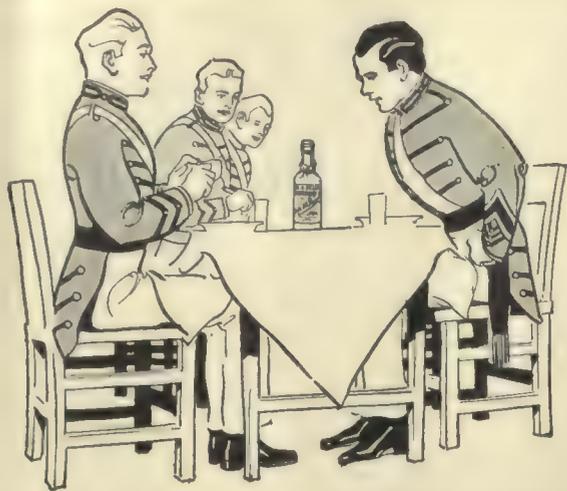
May Buckley



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Our Cover

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. This month we present on the cover a charming portrait of Miss Molly McIntyre, the sympathetic young actress whose work as "Kitty MacKay" has received the warmest praise from press and public. She is a Scotch girl, and was born near Inverness, Invernesshire, twenty years ago, a direct descendant from the first of the M'Yntyrs, Scotch patriots, whose family name first enters genealogical records early in the seventeenth century. She ran away from school to join George Edwardes' company at Daly's Theatre, London. Her first professional experience was in the leading rôles of "Pepita," "The Chimes of Normandy," and similar pieces. Later she was engaged to come to America to play Bunty in Chicago. Then followed "Kitty MacKay."

The New Caruso Book



Alfred Hertz



Caruso

Signor Caruso, the famous tenor, has other gifts besides that of a phenomenal voice. His friends also know him as a clever caricaturist. In his leisure moments, particularly while awaiting his cue behind the scenes at the Metropolitan Opera House, the tenor has amused himself making sketches of his fellow singers. Caruso works with pencil and pen with equal facility, and wherever he happens to be at the moment. At the table of a restaurant, in the dressing room of a theatre, travelling by rail or by water, by car or by omnibus, walking or driving, and and every place is the right one, provided only he finds a suitable, appealing subject. During the seven years the tenor has been coming to New York, he has made caricatures of most of the musical and literary celebrities with whom he has come in contact. Most of these drawings have been regularly published in an Italian weekly *La Follia di New York*. That publication has now issued a complete collection of the drawings under the title: "The New Caruso Book." It contains about five hundred caricatures by Signor Caruso of singers, composers, musicians, artists, prominent men and women of society, familiar types in Metropolitan life, rulers of the world, etc. The edition is one of the best of its kind. An auto-caricature by the author adorns the face of the cover.



Leoncavallo



Signor Gatti-Casazza

Among those whose caricatures appear in the book are: Leoncavallo, Puccini, Paderewski, Emmy Destinn, Geraldine Farrar, Emma Eames, Signor Scotti, Oscar Hammerstein, Marconi, Novelli, Mischa Elman, Wm. K. Vanderbilt, John D. Rockefeller, Charles Mehlin, George Gould, Josef Hoffman, J. Rothchild, Graham White, President Wilson, Czar of Russia, Emperor of Germany, Abdul Amid, Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, etc., etc.

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SMART FASHIONS ON THE STAGE



Photos White

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Lydia Lopokova wearing a hat which conforms to the girlish lines of her face and head.



Another clever sailor worn by Molly McIntyre who wears crinoline so charmingly as Kitty MacKay.

are creations of
A. D. Burgesser & Co.

The four hats shown
on this page

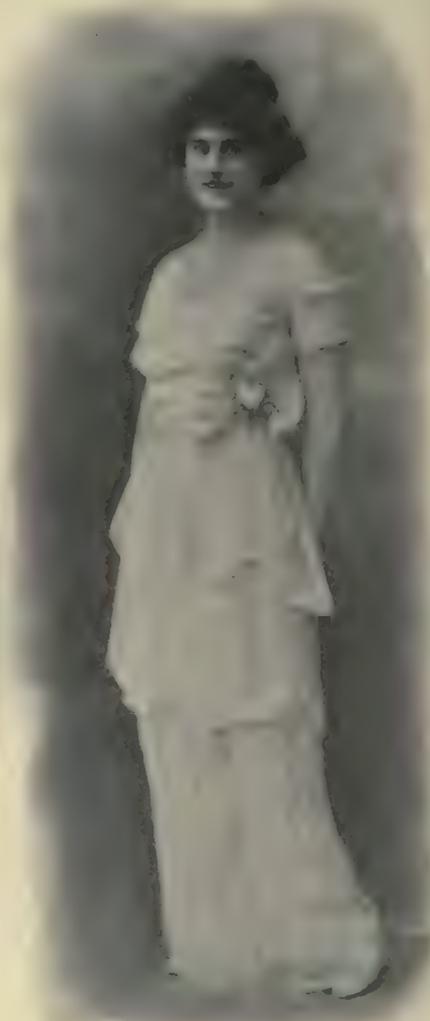


A beautifully draped cape of brilliant green satin worn by Margery Pearson in the first act of "The Midnight Girl," an excellent model of an evening wrap for the beach or mountains.



Photo Sarony

Dainty Laurette Taylor in a picturesque hat trimmed with a smart flower motif in variegated colorings.



An exquisitely simple Summer dancing frock of lace and chiffon worn by Ivy Troutman in "A Pair of Sixes."

"The lure of the dance"

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And never before, has the dancer been called upon for so much suppleness—grace—freedom.

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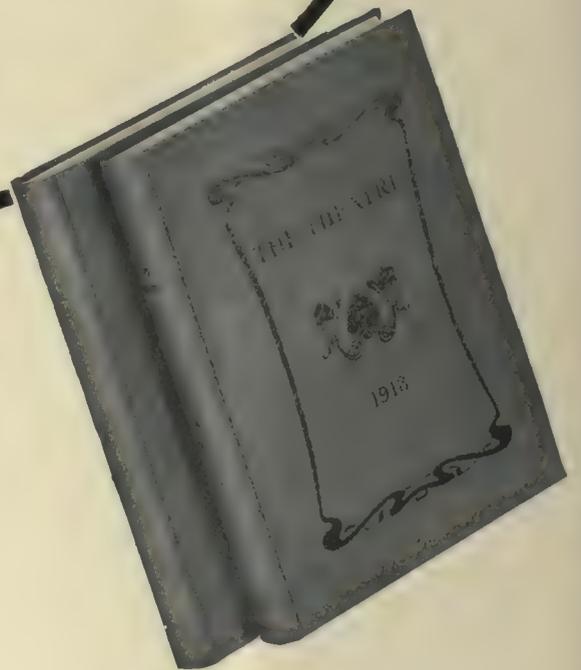
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The Theatre Magazine

8-14 West 38th Street, New York

Hits of the Month

(Continued from page 267)

and with Annie Russell in "Katherine the Shrew" and the Drury Lane melodrama, "Hearts Are Trumps." The following year she played lead in F. Hopkinson Smith's "Caleb West," and the girl, Kate Cregeen, in "The Manxman." Following that she was with Raymond Hitchcock in "The Galloper," and then played Michael in "The Shepherd King" with the late Wright Lorrimer. After a season in Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" and the Savage production of "The Little Damozel," she went to the Lubin Company in Philadelphia to play lead in the "movies." She followed this with a summer season of stock in Cleveland, where she was well received and recognized as the heroine of the Lubin movies. Then, after playing lead in Chicago in "The Unwritten Law" and Alice Hegan Rice's "Romance of Billygoat Hill," she returned to New York to play the girl in "The Conspiracy."

Y. D. G.

Russia and "The Yellow Ticket"

MONTREAL, April 13, 1914.

EDITOR THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

SIR:—In your April issue appears a letter written by a Russian with a *Nom de guerre* like a hotel menu who modestly informs your readers that he is well known in literary and theatrical circles in Russia. The arguments of this literary genius would pass unnoticed did he not slander and insult the whole Jewish race.

Aside from the fact as to whether "The Yellow Ticket" is, or is not, a truthful picture of the manner in which Jewish girls are treated in Russia (I am quite satisfied to abide by the opinion of the public as to whether Mr. Morton or the person with the unpronounceable name speaks the truth), the chief arguments advanced by Piotr Ilytch von der Pohlen-Kokoshkine begin with, "I do not believe," "I do not think," and "I suppose," such unanswerable arguments that they can be dismissed as unworthy of notice. However, since your correspondent insults the intelligence of the American public by drawing a comparison between the treatment of the Japanese, Chinese and Negroes in America, and the Jews in Russia, a few remarks may not be out of place.

For the information of your Russian correspondent and his countrymen, I would point out that the lowest born Negro in the United States is offered every advantage for education and uplift, and can, if he has the ability and ambition, become a highly respected member of society. So can the Japanese and Chinese. In business, the Japanese, Chinese and Negro compete on the same plane as the native born American, and are protected by the same laws.

Your Russian correspondent's statement that the Jewish girl has a large empire to roam in (perhaps he had Siberia in mind) and settle, but makes up her mind to go outside the pale for purposes of making money is best answered by Mr. Morton's play, "The Yellow Ticket." That the Jewish girl, who wanders outside of the pale for the purpose of educating herself, is first compelled to procure a yellow ticket (or prostitute's card) will be believed by a horrified world in spite of the statements of your Russian correspondent.

The statement that few Americans or Englishmen know anything about Russia, at first hand, may possibly be correct, as the recent occurrences have not done much to eliminate the opinion held by the civilized world that the land of the Tsar is not a very desirable place to visit, much less to live in.

How Russia persecutes the Jews is too old a story to require argument. The abrogation of the treaty with Russia by the United States because of the refusal of the Russian Government to accept the passports of American Jews was one of those acts which had the approval of the whole civilized world. I am a British subject, as my ancestors have been for several generations, but I take off my hat to the United States.

That the Jews in America have proven their ability and worthiness to occupy some of the most honorable positions in the land, that they shine in the literary and artistic world, and that they are loyal Americans, is beyond all question. No doubt it is when he sees these things and realizes that in The Land of the Free all subjects are equal, regardless of creed or color, that your Russian correspondent realizes the fanatical barbarity of his own country and looks in vain for that individual liberty, which he claims exists in Moscow and St. Petersburg to a greater degree than in America, France and Germany. I am moved to enquire does he mean the Black Hundreds, the Ritual murder trials, or a Kishineff massacre?

Yours faithfully,

R. E. HART.

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BY
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Out May 21st

New Dramatic Books

THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE. A New Variorum Edition. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The variorum edition of Shakespeare, instituted by the late Dr. Furness, and now edited and to be continued by his son, H. H. Furness, Jr., is recognized as indispensable to the use of every student of Shakespeare. Each volume, containing many pages, digests the history of the play in hand and everything of importance that has been written about it by way of discussion or elucidation. The original text is used and the various readings, of course, considered. While encyclopedic in nature, the personal authority of the notes attached to almost every line gives individuality to the edition. It is pointed out and demonstrated that many passages in "Cymbeline" are interpolations by some inferior hand. The distinctions made seem to be conclusive. Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his estimate of the play, long ago had said: "This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark upon the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation." With reference to the points here raised or suggested, the book is peculiarly interesting, and it sustains the scholarship of the preceding volumes.

JOHN M. SYNGE AND THE IRISH THEATRE. By Maurice Bourgeois. Constable & Company, London.

The author describes his book as biographical and sociological, rather than a purely literary, interpretation of Synge's lifework. While use has been made of all publications made on the subject, much of the author's information is at first hand, while his close study of the plays has about it the authority of open-mindedness. There is full appreciation, without controversy, in all he says. The portraits and illustrations are new, some of them being of that peculiar type of authenticity that may be said to belong to the "snapshot." So much has been written of Synge and the Irish dramatic movement that one would not expect to find much added in this book to the fund of information, but the book has such individuality that the sense of compilation, dealing, as often it must, with dates and well-known facts, is entirely absent. The account of the Irish dramatic movement before Synge and Synge's relation to the Abbey Theatre School is particularly interesting. Plainly, Bourgeois is schooled in French art and its technique, so that his consideration of the artistic side of the Synge plays is more to the purpose than much that has been written about the plays in mere praise. The book is to be commended for its sane appreciation, enabling one to get at values without having to read unbounded panegyrics.

THE ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

This book is by the author of "Old Boston Days and Ways" and "Romantic Days in the Early Republic," in which she wrote with entertaining appreciation of bygone days of which a record was desirable in the form she chose. The title of the present book, "The Romance of the American Theatre," indicates, although not fully, what she has undertaken to accomplish. Necessarily it is historical, tracing the beginnings and growth of our theatre, but it is always the personal side of the stage, its actors and managers, that sustains our interest. While the experiences of Macready, Mathews, Rachel, and others who did not identify themselves permanently with our stage life, are treated with all necessary fullness, the record that is made of the high personal character and achievements of players distinctly American tends to exalt the stage with us. "All the great American actresses," it is said, "have been real women;" and of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson among the men it might certainly be said that they were *sans peur et sans reproche*. Americans who love the theatre should see to it that the memory of players of this character is kept green, and that their private virtues as well as their stage triumphs are extolled. The profession of the player should be recognized as a noble and worthy one in America, as it has come to be in England. Then we shall again have players of high character on our stage; then—and not until then—will the hardy products of our social-minded young playwrights make of the American theatre the force for real Democracy that it must ultimately become." Many of the portraits and illustrations are rare. The sources of the material are of the latest, sometimes of original discovery, while the compactness of the information is notable. Miss Crawford has the art of writing of the past in a way that makes it live.

MY WANDERINGS. Reminiscences of Henry Clay Barnabee. Being an attempt to Account for His Life, with Some Excuses for His Professional Career. Edited by George Leon Varney. Chapple Publishing Company, Boston.

The unaffected simplicity of character shown in this book, with a heartiness and fullness of reminiscence in which there is not a trace of ill-feeling toward anybody or anything, makes agreeable reading. Mr. Barnabee's anecdotes, with few exceptions, are his own, gathered in his experience in contact with people, people who interest you, whether village folk or of distinction in the larger world. The fame of the actor would hardly outlast his generation if no record were made of it. The story of the opera company known as the Boston Ideals, and, later, insofar as its principal membership was concerned, as the Bostonians, is one that should have been told. The list of light operas produced by them is a considerable one, with some disastrous failures, but with successes of unequalled brilliancy. The principal members became distinguished in the company and remained with it for years, and new reputations were made with astonishing frequency. A reputation was obtained for encouraging American voices and talent as well as composers and authors. History was made with "Robin Hood." The record is one that should have been made. It is of personal interest to a multitude of people concerned in the activities and memories of the period covered.

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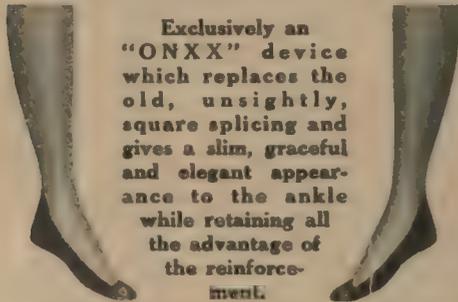
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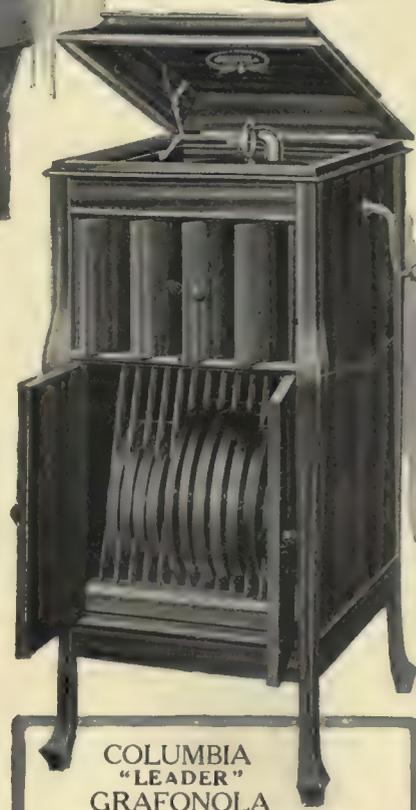
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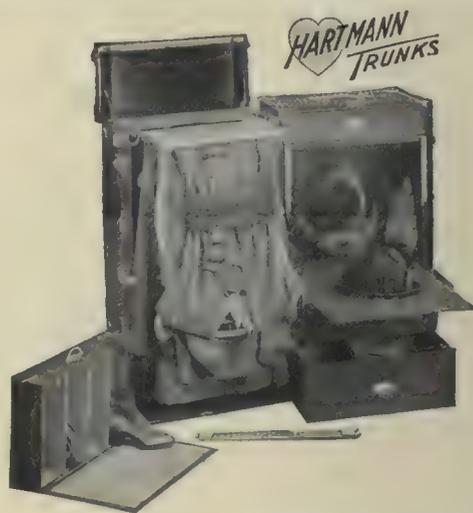
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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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Ethel Barrymore

John Drew

Act III. Prosper Couramont (Mr. Drew)—"I am bound, gagged and muzzled"

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF SARDOU'S COMEDY, "A SCRAP OF PAPER," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



Copyright George Kleine

The Roman soldiers making night march to attack Antony's legions

SCENE IN THE FILM PRODUCTION OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AT THE CANDLER THEATRE

This moving-picture staged by the Societa Italiana "Cines" at Rome, Italy, and Egypt, is one of the most stupendous moving-picture plays ever thrown upon the screen. It is done on an even more elaborate scale than "Quo Vadis," the number of people acting before the screen numbering close to ten thousand.

ASTOR. "THE BEAUTY SHOP." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf; music by Charles J. Gebest. Produced on April 13th with this cast:

VivianAnna Orr
Hiram SharpHarry Hermsen
Phil FaradayJoseph Herbert, Jr.
Dr. Arbutus Budd.....Raymond Hitchcock
Miss Montmorency.....Gertrude Aldrich
Sigfried Schmalz.....Harry Hermsen
LolaMarion Sunshine
Caramba Maldonado.....George Romain

GladysChristine Mangasarian
Anna BuddTessa Kosta
Daniel Webster Briggs.....Lawrence Wheat
A Chauffeur.....George E. Mack
A Stout Party.....Agnes Gildea
Garibaldi Panatella.....Edward Metcalfe
Lugubrio Sobini.....George E. Mack
Natalie Panatella.....Bernice Buck

Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, with his distinctive individuality and humor, has in "The Beauty Shop" an entertainment that is wholly satisfactory in the usual features of comic opera and that is unusually diverting in its sustained spirit of genuine comedy. The farcical story, much elaborated, out of which the success is wrought is not altogether a new one, but it is put to so many new uses that "The Beauty Shop" can stand on its own merits. It is certain that no other tradesman, inclined to peace and unaccustomed to violence, ever went to the Island of Corsica seeking an alleged family inheritance, ever had exactly the same or so many difficulties in escaping family feuds, stilettos and an unwelcome marriage with a fright of a woman, or escaped in exactly the same way. Dr. Arbutus Budd, conducting a beauty shop in Fifth Avenue, New York, is about to be put out of business by a mob of angry creditors when he receives a communication from Corsica announcing that he has fallen heir to a fortune there. The creditors supply the money for the trip, and, as is proper in farcical comedies, everybody concerned, directly or indirectly, creditors, business men and their wives, society ladies, and the manicure girl set sail for the land of unexpected adventures. The prices at the restaurant soar upon their arrival. Dr. Budd's private dinner with the man who had communicated his good fortune to him leads to the revelation that the only inheritance is a feud. It is called to his attention that he must fight a duel with a certain ferocious Corsican, and in event of his surviving it, to marry a ferociously ugly daughter of the leading member of his family. There is a succession of amusing scenes. The executor of the imaginary estate, the man who had caused him to come to the Island is an undertaker, who had expected to provide his remains with a coffin. The spaghetti dinner is one of the amusing scenes. Another one of them is

THE NEW PLAYS

the doctor's consulting the time-table, complicated in ten feet long, in order to find out when the next boat leaves.

The boat will not leave for six months. Confronted with the frightful woman whom he is to marry, he temporizes by suggesting to her the use of some of his lotions for beauty. The unexpected happens when these lotions have the effect of making her delectable in appearance. The beauty shop that was a failure in New York becomes a success in Corsica.

Mr. Hitchcock stepping from his rôle once or twice, referred to the opera as a silly thing, but the comicalities of it were effective. There was as much of Raymond Hitchcock as of Dr. Budd in the performance, but he was equally droll and confidentially amusing in either character. In a purple coat, made to fit the song, he tells, rather than sings of the unhappy condition of having nowhere to go when dressed up, *All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go*. Between the acts Mr. Hitchcock makes a comic speech on the income tax law, which further serves to make the entertainment largely his own. He is abundantly assisted, however, and given periods of relief, by the activities of Marion Sunshine, who dances in all the fashions of the day with Joseph Herbert, Jr.; by Anna Orr, who, with joy and animation in dance, contributes as freely as is at all possible of her personal physical attractiveness. Lawrence Wheat, George E. Mack and others, along with a capable and comely chorus kept the piece in constant movement. From the book, written by Wolf and Pollock, to the people engaged in the performance, there is an efficient collaboration that brings "The Beauty Shop" to a success that is complete of its kind.

HUDSON. "THE DUMMY." Detective comedy in four acts by Harvey J. O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. Produced on April 13th with the following cast:

Chal Fisher.....Arthur E. Hohl
Walter Babbing.....Joseph Brennan
Agnes Meredith.....Edith Shayne
Beryl Meredith.....Joyce Fair
Spider Hart.....Edward Ellis
Sinkers Simonson.....Charles Mylott
Jim Cocoran.....John N. Wheeler
Barney Cook.....Ernest Truex
Trumbell Meredith.....Frank Connor
Rose Hart.....Ada Dwyer
Pat Geoghan.....Francis X. Conlan
Antoine.....Nicholas Judels

A detective comedy is something new, and yet the descriptive title on the bill of "The Dummy" does not fully define the nature

of the play. It is really the product of skilled craftsmen who have nothing more serious in view than the entertainment of an audience. It is not a play of thrills or sentiment or satire. It is a play of crooks and yet not of crooks. The least figure in it is the most important character in it. A mother who copiously sheds her tears for her abducted child is a mere convenience. The woman crook in the band of kidnapers, in spite of her very vigorous slang, is a good-hearted creature who treats the abducted child with some affection, the child's experiences being rather in the nature of comedy than of the usual kind. There is no lack of the kind of scenes that make detective plays thrilling, such as the gagging and binding of the experienced sleuth who is trapped in the rooms of the kidnapers, but nobody is ever in any real danger. The principal character, hardly in any sense a hero, is a boy who applies for employment at the office of the detective who has the case of kidnapping in hand. The boy's head is full of detective stories, and he dreams of a career. It comes about that he is to get himself kidnapped as the reputed son of a wealthy family in Chicago. He is taken by the kidnapers under this belief, which is palpably absurd, and at the rooms of the kidnapers his principal exploit is to fall asleep on a lounge and talk in his sleep. He has been posing as deaf and dumb. Situation: He escapes with the child, a girl of about ten or twelve, and when they return after an all night's tramp, bedraggled and with torn clothes, he gets the reward of ten thousand dollars. He has had a successful beginning to his career.

The play is entertaining, not because of any reality in the story, but because the scenes are so well contrived and so well acted, a succession of what would be thrills in a real detective story, but here modified into harmless comedy. The boy detective is played by Ernst Truex, whose first prominence was in "A Good Little Devil." The essentials of the success of this unusual play was the acting of Joseph Brennan, Edward Ellis, Joseph Tuohy, Ada Dwyer, as the kidnapping woman, Edith Shayne, as the mother and Joyce Fair as the kidnapped child, who played it naturally and charmingly.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE CHARM OF ISABEL." Comedy in three acts by Sydney Rosenfeld. Produced on May 5th with this cast:

Isabel Truesdale.....	Marie Nordstrom	Ephraim Morton.....	Ned A. Sparks
Caroline Leighton.....	Isabelle Evesson	Eliza	Florence Gerald
Annette	Pauline Seymour	John Morton.....	Felix Krembs
Henri Latour.....	Albert Brown	Molly	Julia Varney
Frederick Clarkson.....	Harry Hilliard	Peter	William Carleton

Sydney Rosenfeld with "The Charm of Isabel" has endeavored to become a dramatic Luther Burbank. At the Maxine Elliott Theatre there was recently on view a very rare exotic. It was an advanced first act French farce grafted on to a two acts of New England stock, of the "Way Down East" variety. The result is somewhat startling and a very catholic taste is needed to thoroughly appreciate it.

Isabel is an American widow travelling abroad. Her weakness is she can never say no. So when a Parisian admirer climbs his way into her boudoir and makes fervent declaration of his passion, she shielding herself by the sheets, counterpanes and pillows, she finally rids herself of him by promising an answer at noon. But to avoid this she and her friends flee to America. An excellent introduction, replete with some of Mr. Rosenfeld's very best "colloquial embellishments" and acted with particular skill, fire and refinement by Albert Brown as the importunate Frenchman. Then the action shifts to Salem, Mass., and we find Isabel the centre of one of those New England households that only find their counterpart on the stage. Her charm and her allure persuade a chronic invalid that he is no longer ill and makes a divinity probationer sit up and take notice. Of course, with her inability to say no Isabel finds herself frequently embarrassed, especially as her Parisian charmer hies him to the scene of the original witchcraft. When it is time to ring down the final curtain Isabel has decided to become a perspective minister's wife and the impressionable Frenchman finds a soothing influence in the person of Isabel's friend. The New England contrasts are very naïve and ingenuous and the humor purely elementary. Still, if dramatic experiments of this kind are to be attempted, they ought to be well carried out. Miss Marie Nordstrom as Isabel acts in the

(Continued on page 319)



White Marie Nordstrom Albert Brown Isabelle Evesson Felix Krembs Marie Nordstrom

SCENES IN SYDNEY ROSENFELD'S COMEDY, "THE CHARM OF ISABEL," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

FRANÇOIS DE CUREL'S **Dance Before the Mirror**

where subtle emotions seem natural and intricate motives the order of the day.

one point of view the least successful, from another the most interesting event of the Paris winter. Madame Simone in the leading rôle is a brilliant and tantalizing challenge to the French public, and though from its very nature the play must inevitably remain "caviare to the general," there are luckily enough spirited and intelligent theatre-goers in Paris to take up the gage.

François de Curel is that curious accident, a playwright independent of his public, and Mme. Simone presents the more unusual phenomenon of a great actress uninfluenced by popular favor. Noble, weathy, gifted, the Vicomte François de Curel writes only when and what he wants, and flings the brilliant, untrammelled creations of his genius before the public to take or leave as they choose. But he is this time ably reinforced by a great actress who has the courage to undertake a play for its intrinsic merit rather than its popular appeal, to choose a rôle for its intellectual interest rather than its emotional opportunity.

"Is this play above the public?" Madame Simone repeated the question smiling. We were seated in her dressing-room at the *Nouvel-Ambigu*, waiting for the second act to commence. In her simple brown frock and hat, with a picturesque little black cloak falling off her shoulders, the actress looked so entirely the *jeune fille* she was about to impersonate I found it difficult to realize that this was—with apologies to Mme. Bernhardt's advancing years—the foremost actress on the French stage.

"Above the public? Why, yes—and no. It is above the average public, perhaps, but then—they do not come. Everyone knows what the play is like, and only those come who care for this sort of thing. Yet we have good houses. Oh, of course it is not a piece that can play for long. It will never reach its hundredth performance; but then we never for a moment expected that it would. We will play it thirty or forty times and that is all. But it was worth it."

The spirit back of the words was delightful, especially so to one fresh from America, where plays are rated by their producers according to the length of their run, and audiences by quantity alone, the quality of an audience being a non-existent consideration.

"The Dance Before the Mirror" is the study of a young girl who, in her love for a man, weaves into his character a romantic heroism, born of her own aspirations, and seeking with desperate subtlety to probe the depth of his nature, succeeds only in finding the reflection of the ambitions she has set up in the mirror of her own eyes. He, both consciously and unconsciously falling into heroics in order to live up to her conceptions, is forced ultimately to commit suicide on the eve of their wedding, thereby redeeming his self-respect and proving her fantastic ideal not entirely a chimera.

It is obviously an intricate and curious idea. It is subtle, swiftly changing, literary rather than real. But it is full of delicate observation of character, of poetic conceptions, of delightful comedy.

Here is its paradox. It is a comedy ending in a death, a sudden, violent death. If one reads the play with a foreknowledge of this death in one's mind, inevitably one attaches a seriousness to the characters, a weight to their least utterance which makes their unreliability the more evident. But Madame Simone plays it with a lightness of touch, an exquisite delicacy, which keeps it on an imaginative and faintly fantastic level.

"It is more like de Musset and Marivaux in spirit than anyone else I can think of," she said.

"But imagine the whimsical literary comedies of de Musset ending in a suicide!" I exclaimed.

Madame Simone shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, but it is inevitable to the idea. From the moment he saw she loved him because he was capable of killing himself, why he had to do it. There was no other way."

She smiled with a charming conviction, and I realized suddenly how different was the Gallic from the Anglo-Saxon mind. We Americans could never accept such an unnatural ending, whereas

to her it was merely a simple and logical conclusion of an idea. She was quite at home, dramatically, in a world of pure ideas. We never are. We crave a drama that mirrors life, and while we are capable of enjoying fantastic comedy, it must be one whose fantasy is basically allied to the great laws of common sense. That is the good red earth in which we must keep our footing, no matter how high we crane our necks toward the whimsical upper breezes of imagination. But a fantastic comedy that pushes its idea out, "even to the edge of doom," and topples over into tragedy—that is a *jeu d'esprit* above our heads. Not so, necessarily, to the French. Doubtless it is our salvation. It is also their charm.

"Of course, this play would not 'go' in America," Madame Simone went on after a moment. "Few French plays will. The spirit is so different. You ask me if I think contemporary French drama pictures French life? Not in the way you mean. It does not picture the average; rather, it presents special cases, possible but unusual, like Gabrielle in 'The Secret' of Henri Bernstein's that I played last year. I think there are women like Gabrielle—but not many. I would have liked to play that part in America when Mr. Belasco asked me, but I would have had no doubts of its success.

"Yet I like to play in America. I want to go again very soon. It cannot be next year, because I have to open in Bernstein's new play in October."

"Will you take that to America the following winter?" I inquired.

She smiled a little apologetically. "No, I'm afraid that that will not do either. It is another special case—the study of an extraordinary woman. But I hope, nevertheless, to go to

America year after next, and I trust I shall have found a suitable play."

She rose, for the approach of her entrance cue had been announced, and the writer went into the auditorium to watch the rest of the second act, hoping that some American dramatist would rise to the occasion and produce a play equal to Madame Simone's powers. Surely no playwright could ask better fortune than to trust a play into her hands. He could be sure that she would be nobly faithful to the spirit of her part, that there would be no overemphasis or sentimentalizing for the sake of playing on her audience, a sin of which so many great artists are guilty. For with all her emotional power, Madame Simone is essentially an intellectual actress. Her emotional creations are never unthinking portrayals of passion; they have been molded in the fire of her reason; they are finely conceived, carefully controlled; they are what Matthew Arnold would call "criticisms of life."

Theresa Helburn.



MME. SIMONE



Photos White

1. Marie Wallace. 2. Julia Beaubien. 3. Ida Howe. 4. Eleanor Dell. 5. Lola Lorraine. 6. Gladys Loftus. 7. Flo Hart. 8. Vonnice Hoyt. 9. Bessie Gross.

SOME OF THE BEAUTIES IN THE ZIEGFELD "FOLLIES" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE



What the American Flag Has Done for Me

By GEORGE M. COHAN



MY friend, Willie Collier, claims that when he hears me talk he can't think of anything but the United States. It's a big thought. To symbolize North America is enough for my young life, twenty-five years of which have been devoted to "boosting" the United States and—Broadway.

When I was born I had no expectations of being a playwright. At the time the idea didn't occur to me, I was still impressed with the fact that I had been born under the Stars and Stripes, and that has had a great deal to do with everything I have written. If it had not been for the glorious symbol of Independence I might have fallen into the habit of writing problem plays, or romantic drama, or questionable farce. Yes, the American flag is in my heart, and it has done everything for me.

It was a critic on the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, who, after going to one or two of my plays, christened me the "official little flag-waver of the American stage." This put upon me an obligation that I have tried to live up to, not exactly because I desire the title, but because there is no effect so inspiring to an American audience, no finer symbol of warmth and happiness, than the American flag. I have always felt that it belongs particularly in the theatre.

It was quite early in life, in 1901, when I had just fired "Running for Office" at the American public, that I decided never to write a problem play. Sitting one day in my think-room, where I do a great deal more work than people who have seen my plays might believe, a man came in to submit a problem play to me. He was very solemn looking, not to say gloomy. The title of his play was "Care." I told him that I was not equal to the gloom drama. He was disappointed, and I asked him why he felt that way, why he was so sad. He said that he was misunderstood, that no one seemed to realize how beautiful and how tragic life was. I told him to forget "Care" and go out on Broadway and take a run on the Joy Track. He looked pained and left. But his example remained with me. One glimpse of such depression was enough to set me against anything but lightsome playwriting.

"If you can't boost, don't knock," were the first words my daddy ever taught me. I had grown up to be a little booster, and my country seemed to be a good subject for boosting. Not that it needed it! As I settled down to make a dash at the second act of my play, I thought of my flag. Whenever I am depressed I always hang out the American flag on the top of my brain-works, and inspiration returns. It was right then and there that I wrote the words of my song, *Any Place the Old Flag Flies*. I put it in the first act of "The Little Millionaire," because I wanted people to hear it. I took no chances of putting it in any later in the play. Of course, this is only incidental to the story of all that the Stars and Stripes have done for me.

Some one who didn't like me once said he regretted what the American flag had *done to me*. I can't say that I harbor any such regrets, for I figure it this way: I am perfectly sure that the American flag made a dramatist out of me, because all the other dramatists tell me so, and I strive always to deserve their praise.

Writing plays is arduous, brain-fagging and rarely remunerative—so many dramatists have told me—but I took it up as a business because I needed the money. In the various stages of

my work as a dramatist I found it difficult sometimes to express myself. Other dramatists have told me that this is not unusual, but that it must be overcome. I asked a dramatist once how this was usually done. He said that most dramatists got their ideas from somebody else's plays, especially when they had no ideas of their own.

"Read your Shakespeare, my boy," said one quietly.

I did, and I concluded that Shakespeare was not a booster. He wrote good stuff, but he was un-American. If anything, his plays were too highly seasoned. My fellow dramatists of the United States have accused me of dramatizing my autobiography in most of my plays. To prove this, they point to the fact that I didn't write "The Little Millionaire" until I had written "The Man Who Owns Broadway." Regretfully, I must deny this accusation of self-exploitation. If I had called my play "The Very Little Millionaire" it might have been historical.

In all my work, though, I have tried not to be serious, excepting where I could not help it. I really had a lot of trouble expressing my ideas for the stage. I could always dance an idea out when I couldn't talk it out. There is just as much language in dancing as there is in the English grammar. The one thing I found that could always be relied upon for general applause, however, was not my own idea. It was George Washington's idea. It is perfectly wonderful how that old chap's hold on the hearts of the American people has survived. He has created the one universal expression of national joy—the American flag. Surely there was



GEORGE M. COHAN

nothing reprehensible in raising it to bring a warm feeling to the hearts of an audience.

I have often been asked for my advice as to how to write a play, because people often think of me seriously, as does that other celebrated American playwright, Willie Collier.

We had gone together on a jaunt to the Museum of Natural History one day to look over a collection of Indian mummies, with a view to getting atmosphere for an American play which was to have Indians in it.

"Georgie," asked Willie Collier, "what is your advice about the American play?"

I gave the matter considerable thought and requested time to answer. Later, as we were strolling down Broadway, he caught sight of the American flag on the Astor Hotel.

"Don't tell me, Georgie, I know what you are going to say," said Willie Collier. And that has been one of the difficulties I first tried to overcome in writing my boosting series of American plays, until I discovered that the American public expected something about the American flag from me in everything I did. So I have given it to them. I find that in nearly all the plays I have written, excepting one or two, the American flag has been starred, not to say striped.

In "The Little Millionaire" my song, *Any Place the Old Flag Flies*, was deliberately written to bring the flag in. It was written around the flag. In "Little Johnnie Jones" there had to be another flag song, and I wrote *I'm the Yankee Doodle Dandy*.

In my play, "George Washington, Jr.," there was a scene at Mt. Vernon. It was in this piece that I wrote the song, *It's a Grand Old Flag*, which was inaccurately quoted, *It's a Grand*



White

LYDIA LOPOKOVA

This well-known Russian dancer has been engaged by Harrison Grey Fiske to star next season in a play now being specially written for her

Old Rag." I seriously regretted this perversion of the words, because, although I have used American flag insertions so much, they have always been patriotic in thought and feeling. The flag isn't a subject for even affectionate flippancy.

In "The American Idea" I had a room entirely decorated with American flags, which, above all things, was the best expression of an American idea.

In "The Yankee Prince," a sort of romantic song was sung by the lyric tenor in a scene representing the front of Buckingham Palace, at the end of which the American and British flags were brought on the stage together.

In "The Governor's Son," the American flag was raised again in connection with a song.

In "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," at the end of the second act, just as Kid Burns was returning to New Rochelle with his bride, the villagers met him, all carrying American flags.

In "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" there was another "hurrah" scene, in which the people on the stage waved the American flag in honor of Wallingford's arrival.

This may not be the complete list of my patriotic deeds. they will serve to indicate however, that I have contributed very largely to the flag trade. How much more I may have contributed to the dignity of our National Emblem I must leave to the American public.

If I had not become an actor and playwright, I should probably have been an Admiral. Mind you, I have no one to blame but myself in this. My father would have had no objection to any high rank in the navy that I should have preferred. The parental blessing has always been with me. The only reason I did not become an Admiral, was not because of the dangerous character of the calling (for I am quite fearless, so the dramatists tell me), but I prefer hardship to luxury. Even my worst enemies will admit that I am energetic. I once met an Admiral who had grown deaf, dyspeptic and irritable, waiting for some one to fight. That sort of life would never suit me. My experience in the theatre, I am quite sure, has been more exciting than if I had got my name on the waiting list of the United States Navy.

As a playwright I have never encountered a struggle. The American public was good enough to capitulate to me on the occasion of my first attack on it when I elaborated a one-act play into three acts, and under the title of "Running for Office" took the enemy by storm. In rapid succession I fired at the public: "The Governor's Son," "Little Johnny Jones," "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," "George Washington, Jr.," "Fifty Miles From Boston," "The Talk of New York," "Yankee Prince," "The American Idea," "The Man Who Owns Broad-

way," "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," "The Little Millionaire," and "Broadway Jones."

In my spare moments during the past twenty-five years I have also "aimed" upwards of one hundred popular songs. It was then that the first real struggle of my life began in my endeavor to keep my royalty account straight. One of the hardest things in mathematics is to keep track of the number of copies of a popular song that are sold. I think it could be done, and I believe it is done, but the problem is entirely beyond me.

Most of the patriotic fever of which I am accused as a dramatist has been caught on Broadway. If there is any other little street in the United States which has more Americanism in it, I have yet to find that street. Quite early in life I discovered that Broadway was the most misunderstood thoroughfare in Metropolitan history. It had been used by sensational writers with overworked imagination as a peg on which to hang the improbable story. Honestly, I sympathized with Broadway for the abuses it had to stand at the hands of the people who tried to defame its fair reputation. Just because everybody was happy after they got above Fourteenth Street, and just because everyone became peevish when they got beyond Forty-second Street, did not mean that Broadway was wicked. Unconsciously, it became my ambition to retrieve the fair fame of our Metropolitan main street. As a Gothamite, I secretly resented the frequent statement that Broadway was a dangerous place for American morals. I have been on



White

INEZ PLUMMER

Appearing in "Too Many Cooks" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre

Broadway more than the average American, and I insist that my morals are above par. This little effusive burst of opinion will explain why I wrote "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway." Anyone who has lived in New Rochelle speaks well of Broadway. An offshoot of the same idea resulted in my perpetrating a play called "Fifty Miles From Boston." Nothing brings home to a man the comforts and advantages of Metropolitan life so much as to banish him to the suburbs. Put a Bostonian fifty miles away from Boston and he becomes as wild and uncultured as any self-expatriated New Yorker.

There is perhaps no greater ambition in the hearts of true Americans than the hope that they might own a corner lot on New York's main street. Personally, I have never felt that I wanted to own Broadway, because I am against large responsibilities. I do not regret that I was not born a Rockefeller. I have wished in quiet moments that I could have done for the world what Mr. Carnegie has accomplished. But, that is not the chief reason I would like to have been a Carnegie. My chief reason is that I should like to have been born Scotch, so that I could dance the Highland Fling with

(Continued on page 318)



Christine Mangasarian and
Raymond Hitchcock
Act. I. "You'll need this
in Corsica"



Lawrence Wheat and Anna Orr
Singing 'Twas in September
in Act II



Anna Orr, Raymond Hitchcock and Tessa Kosta in Act II

Photos White

SCENES IN "THE BEAUTY SHOP" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

Margaret Anglin's Year as a Producer

SIX admirable productions of classics in which she starred, made in sixty-five cities, to reach which she travelled eleven thousand miles, ending with a brilliant success in New York which prolonged the metropolitan season beyond its usual limit, is the story of Margaret Anglin's activities this season.

The series beginning with "Electra" at the Greek Theatre, at Berkeley, Cal., in September, ended with a presentation of "Lady Windermere's Fan" to a large and cheering house in the Liberty Theatre in New York. It included productions of "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Anthony and Cleopatra" and "The Taming of the Shrew." It included Miss Anglin's mounting the skeleton frames of the big stage at Berkeley and herself showing the scene painter how to secure an effect, a feature that proved that the producer's instinct in her transcends all others in that to secure an effective entrance for the Queen in "Electra" she ordered the removal of six hundred seats that fifteen extra steps might be built down which Her Majesty should descend with regal mien. Bear in mind, while summarizing Miss Anglin's feat as an actress-manager, that this was no whim to exploit her own mimic character. She tossed away the twelve hundred dollars the ruthlessly removed seats represented that another character might make a more imposing entrance. The more imposing entrance sounded a deeper note of awe in the production. It shocked Miss Anglin's business advisers, but gratified that something in her nature deeper than her liking for well-ordered talent, higher than her ambition as an actress. It revealed her the stage director before the actress.

She essayed and performed feats never surpassed by any of her brothers of the stage. By them she demonstrated her ability to manage a theatre if she chose, and she may choose. The invitation has come to her. Capital, hat in hand, admiring recognition of her attainments in its features, has proffered its aid.

"When I have worked out my plan in all its details—perhaps," was her answer, the truth being that she would much prefer to keep house. She believes that the faculty engaged by each is essentially the same. The administrative gift is a birthright cultivated to the hundredth power in the management of a play and the production of a classic requires the same sense of fitness as the ability to give a good dinner.

It was in her Chinese drawing room in dull blues and blacks, at a dinner served with the silent perfection of the automaton, that she reviewed the season and drew her deductions from it.

"I was preparing for three years to produce 'Electra,'" she said. "Three years' study for one night and it was well worth it, for it was one of the perfect nights that come to us seldom in our lives."

Producing "Antigone" in the great out-of-door theatre was the first step in the preparation. It inducted her into the Greek atmosphere. It plunged her fathoms deep in interest in and comprehension of the giants of the playwrights of old Greece. It gave birth in her to the desire to produce another of the mountain peaklike tragedies of the Greeks. She plunged into the "Electra" of Euripides. She mastered it and discarded it for Sophocles's greater "Electra." When Electra and Orestes and Clytemnestra and the less vivid figures of the drama walked with her by day and pervaded her consciousness by night, when they had become her constant companions, she

visualized them for an audience of ten thousand persons at the amphitheatre in California. Demonstrating that she was no mere dreamer translated to another period and manner of life she gave the Greek play an American climax, furnishing it by leaping upward, sword in hand, exultant, ferocious, unwomaned, by her triumph over fate. Characteristic of that perfect night was the appearance before her in the starlight of a venerable officer, saying: "Here is my classpin. I would give it to no one but you."

He thought he had pinned it into Electra's ragged robe. Miss Anglin found that he had pinned it into the flesh of her arm.

That there was neither wound nor blood showed how in moments of intense exaltation there is a self-hypnosis that defies external circumstances.

A circumstance that is further proof of the super spirit of that night was the stage instruction she gave to the hundred college girls who played the Greek maidens who witnessed the murder and who fled in terror from the scene.

"You are intelligent young women. I will not tell you what to do. I will simply ask you to express extreme terror by flying from the sight. Go in any way that seems best to you, but, remember, the moving emotion."

The way Margaret Anglin cleared the stage of its chorus, the way the Greek maidens ran shrieking out of the theatre into the surrounding night, is one of the thrilling memories of those ten thousand who filled the theatre.

It was necessary that two soldiers cross the stage with the pomp and circumstance of war. Miss Anglin dared not trust the crossing of that huge stage to supers. She asked two excellent actors of her company to perform the task, and well and willingly they did. Which argues her good generalship.

From that perfect night Miss Anglin passed to the production of the three Shakespearean comedies and the tragedy of a queen's unhappy love. Weeks of laborious rehearsals, painstaking and painful in the heat of August in New York had preceded them, and years of deep study and absorption of Shakespearean plays and authorities on them had gone before her San Francisco premiere as a producer of the bard. She has read her Mrs. Jameson's "Heroines of Shakespeare," and she knew her Furniss. Moreover, she had her own convictions, distinct and unalterable. To the production of each of the quartette of plays she brought in research plus conviction.

"It amuses me to hear symbolism read into the Shrew," she said, regarding with dimpling satisfaction the fine brown of the squab on her plate, "when Katherine is the most obvious of all his characters and the comedy the most obvious of all his plays. When I run gaily in to do my lord's bidding in the last act I do it with a twinkle in my eye. I don't play it as Shakespeare wrote that last scene, but if he were living I believe he would approve it."

That Shakespeare spells not ruin, but fair remuneration is her firm conviction. That every producer of Shakespeare must meet a degree of prejudice against it in every community she is sure. Evidence of it was the fact recorded indisputably in the office books that in whichever play she opened—and she tried them all opening plays—the first production was criticised with some severity, the last receiving eulogies. And what was still more significant, the gain in receipts continued steadily during the engagement in each of



Margaret Anglin as Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew"



White

MARGARET ANGLIN AS MRS. ERLYNNE IN "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN," AT THE LIBERTY

the sixty-five cities on that circuit of eleven thousand miles.

"People still want Shakespeare, though they may not be distinctly conscious of the want," said Miss Anglin. "There should be productions of Shakespeare every year for the good of all. The actor learns to act better by it and the audiences learn that they do enjoy the noble lines and magnificent drama of Shakespeare. He is one of the things that 'must be done' dramatically, and he need not cause loss if played for part of the season by adequate stars and presented by conscientious producers."

"This season has taught me that it is possible to exceed one's strength and that it is folly to do so. I like producing plays and I enjoy acting, but I cannot do too much of both at one time. I should like to produce plays and act now and then. A theatre in New York? Perhaps. But I would not want to represent a cult. I decline offers from philanthropists of good intentions who say as a man did who talked about a proposition yesterday, 'I don't expect it to pay.' I responded promptly that I did not wish to engage in anything that wouldn't pay. No matter how



CECIL KERN

Seen recently as leading woman in James S. Barcus's play, "The Governor's Boss"

It is an enormous gratification to discover that one can carry forward to success gigantic undertakings, but it is an immense overdraught upon the vitality, if that vitality be feminine quantity. We had reached that deduction when a masculine voice observed that no man could do what Miss Anglin had done this season, the proof being that no one had.

"Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is content with three productions a year in which he himself acts," emphasized the voice.

"I had played some of the comedy rôles before, sixteen years ago, when I was touring Canada and before I became leading woman of the Empire Theatre Company," put in Miss Anglin with conversation hampering modesty.

"Sixteen years are long enough to forget. You had to unlearn the wrong ways of playing Rosalind and Viola?"

"At any rate, I exceeded my physical limitations by my season's work," she said. "I proved that to myself when I was too tired to continue with 'Antony and Cleopatra.' I was sorry, but the strength was not left in me to play it again this season and I am resting in 'Lady Windermere's Fan.' Mrs. Erlynne is so easy a part that it can hardly be said to be work.

well and personally protected from loss I should feel that I had failed unless I had made a venture pay. That is one of the modern criterions of success and it is right. A theatre where half a week there should be popular prices and the last half of the week regular prices—I should be in favor of making the rich wait until the last of the week for their entertainment—seems to me a feasible project. It should be a theatre where all classes of plays should be given, but all of them good, and all of them well produced. This more or less definite plan for a permanent theatre has grown out of my season's experience as a producer."

We were lingering at the last taste of sweets and the maid had said that the chauffeur had brought the car around. Rising Miss Anglin said:

"The greatest lesson of my year has taught me is that you must go into a big venture with blind courage. If you stop to think of the difficulties in the way your heart will fail you."

"Yes," as she stepped into the automobile that was to take her to the Liberty Theatre, where she is now appearing as Mrs. Erlynne in "Lady Windermere's Fan," "that is the greatest lesson of my hardest working year, the value of blind courage." A. P.



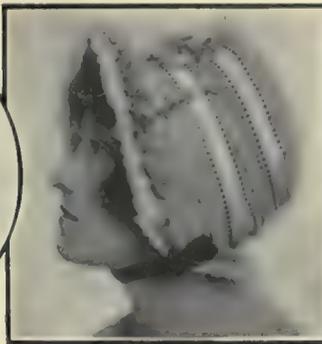
Maclyn Arbuckle



Valerie Bergère



Frank Keenan



Yanesi Dolly



Arnold Daly



Nat Wills

ago when they halted on Broadway to exchange laments about a disastrous theatrical season, "but I just can't make a freak of myself, even though I need work, and need it badly. I fear I never can become a vaudevillian."

This comment was made more in sorrow than in anger. It was a statement of the speaker's honest conviction rather than the utterance of a disgruntled player.

But this appraisal of vaudeville doesn't apply to-day. In fact, the passing of the "freak act"—under which classification any number of acts can be listed—has been one of the significant developments of the 1913-14 vaudeville season, a season made notable by many events. Participation, either directly or indirectly in popular crimes, or association with those concerned in the violation of the proprieties that excite newspaper notoriety, are no longer guarantees of vaudeville engagements. On the contrary, they mitigate against even consideration by the two-a-day managers, who have learned from past experience that such features are repellant to most vaudeville patrons. Proof of this rests in the fact that of all the vaudeville theatres in New York City, there is but one remaining that permits performers of the museum class to appear on its stage; and even this playhouse is showing an inclination to raise the bars and make the prohibition complete.

What the vaudeville stage has achieved the past season is a record for the number of legitimate stars who have elected to enjoy its homage and hospitality. Other seasons have been emblazoned by big names, but not to the extent and magnitude of the theatrical period just closed, as has been pointed out in other articles in this series on Queen Variety's progress this season.



Mary Nash

The Passing of the Freak Act

IF I could only summon courage enough to get mixed up in a salacious scandal, prove the inspiration for a sensational murder, become co-respondent in a notorious divorce case, or even play baseball I'd go into vaudeville," remarked a well-known actress to an equally well-known actor not so many years



Eva Davenport

Another important development has been the failure of the so-called vaudeville road shows. Eva Tanguay's success two seasons ago imbued certain managers at the beginning of the season with the idea that all that was necessary to acquire a bankroll of robust proportions was to take one star, add one or two standard acts and thoroughly mix with performers of indifferent quality. The result was labelled a vaudeville road show and sent forth to appeal to the palate of

the countryside in legitimate theatres at legitimate prices. One firm of managers disregarded this formula and provided three stars of international reputation, but the result was the same.

Five of these combinations were turned loose upon the United States and Canada, and some others whose existence was so short-lived that they are unworthy of record. Two of the former enjoyed prosperity because of their unusual appeal. Reference is made to the Eva Tanguay company, which survived because of the star's reputation as the biggest card in vaudeville and for the reason that she appeared mostly in communities that had not seen her since her "Sambo Girl" days, and Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, who attracted many thousands of dollars because of the curiosity to see one of the principals of the world-famous Harry Thaw-Stamford White affair.

Much was expected in the way of financial returns from the three-star combination consisting of Gertrude Hoffman, Lady Constance Stewart Richardson and Mlle. Polaire, representing America, England and France, but they failed to set the country aflame with interest and when dissatisfaction arose among the luminaries, the managers gave up the fight, probably thankful for the opportunity of closing. The Lillian Russell company and the Anna Held combination were others who braved the perils of the one-night stands and returned to New York, the burying ground for all defunct theatrical organizations.

One explanation attributed to the collapse of the travelling vaudeville combinations was the disinclination of the theatre-going public to pay legitimate theatre prices to see big stars or personalities supported by mediocre people. There are many other reasons, but that one is all that is necessary. In the language of Sam Bernard, it is "sufficiency."

Of a significance all its own and possibly of import not yet generally and fully realized was the expansion of Marcus Loew, now the undisputed king of popular price vaudeville. Beginning August 1, from the centre all around to the seas, he will be monarch of all he surveys in the "small-time" world, a condition made possible by his assuming direct control of the Sullivan and Considine circuit—an organization of considerable importance in the Northwest and with which he has had booking affiliations for some time past. Other of his associations such as contracts with Jones, Linick and Schaefer, of Chicago, have made it possible for him



Carter De Haven



Alice Lloyd

to route acts and operate theatres from coast to coast, and his activities may be further extended before the new season is fairly inaugurated.

The last weeks of the season witnessed among other things the reappearance in variety of the elusive Arnold Daly, who prefers the "Mr." before his name in his vaudeville billing, with George Bernard Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband" as his vehicle. Shaw and Daly in combination sounded like old times and the sketch pleased because of the brilliance of Mr. Daly's interpretation of Mr. Shaw's subtle lines. As a curtain raiser "How He Lied to Her Husband" is more successful than as a playlet in vaudeville, because its action is slow and this is not in accordance with the vaudeville Hoyle.

Another star whose reappearance in New York was delayed until the final weeks was Frank Keenan. That sterling actor spent several months on the Orpheum Circuit presenting a delightful Southern episode called "Vindication" and written by Willard Mack. Mr. Keenan's faithful delineation of the old Confederate soldier pleading to the governor for clemency for his boy convicted of murdering the man who spat on the picture of Gen. Robert E. Lee, excited most favorable newspaper criticism with a single exception. Incidentally, he established at his opening performance the vaudeville applause record at the Palace Theatre, and the demonstration almost equalled the proportions of the receptions accorded Madame Sarah Bernhardt on her most recent farewell appearance in the same place of amusement.

Mary Nash, of "The City," "The Woman," and "The Lure" fame, supported by Effingham Pinto, was seen in a crook playlet called "The Watch Dog" and written by Rita Weiman. "The Watch Dog" failed to alarm vaudeville patrons, although the work of its leading player was highly commended. It was unfortunate that a vehicle better suited to variety's preferences had not been selected for Miss Nash, sister of Florence Nash, two of the most promising young women on the American stage.

Maclyn Arbuckle sought to make another "Round Up" in the two-a-day, but his conveyance proved so ineffective at an out-of-town try-out that it never progressed beyond its initial week, being doomed to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air, as it were.

Much interest was centered in the vaudeville invasion of Mrs. Doré Lyon, once one of the most prominent clubwomen of the metropolis and founder of the Federation of Women's Club. Mrs. Lyon was billed as Mme. Dorée and appeared in Buffalo, Rochester, Detroit, Toronto, Philadelphia and other cities without her identity being discovered, but Broadway pierced the veil of mystery enveloping her. Mrs. Lyon appeared in "Great Moments From Grand Opera," with appropriate settings for each operatic selection rendered.

After an absence of one year from the variety stage, Olga Petrova reappeared to grace a vaudeville bill only to do what she has always done—just miss making a big success. Later came her engagement in "Panthea," wherein she achieved a distinct personal success in a tragic rôle, finding at last her proper place in the profession of her choice.

The popularity of the tango trotters was, of course, to be expected, with the city and the whole country dancing mad.

So many good teams of modern dancers came into favor that it is difficult to determine which really excel, but of the score or more seen on the vaudeville stage the consensus of opinion is that Maurice and Florence Walton surpassed their competitors. Their salary mounted by leaps and bounds, and between their social and private exhibitions they enjoyed and are still enjoying an income that almost makes the President's compensation look like a stage carpenter's in proportion.

Also, among those who "came back" was the king of the tramp comedians, Nat Wills, who reappeared in the spring after a tour with Ziegfeld's "Follies." Occupying a unique position among entertainers of his class and always exercising precaution to do or say nothing offensive, Mr. Wills reappeared with the best act he has ever presented in vaudeville.

Not since the days of John J. Kelly has there been an Irish monologist enjoying the favor of audiences as Frank Fogarty, styled "the Dublin Minstrels." Early in the season Mr. Fogarty was on tour with the Alice Lloyd road show, and opened in New York the same week she did.

Miss Lloyd, by the way, who is the sister of Marie and Daisy Lloyd and comes of one of the most famous families of English music hall artists, played only a few weeks after the closing of her travelling organization and sailed



Matzene

LOIS MEREDITH
Seen as Gertrude Meyer in "Help Wanted"

back to England for the summer's rest.

Not so much what he does but the way he does it, is the key to the success of Harry Fox, who played the season out with a new partner in the charming person of Yancsi Dolly, of the talented Dolly sisters. These two favorite entertainers have been engaged for the new Winter Garden show at this writing.

Singing about himself, his automobile and his clothes, but contributing no particular amount of talent, Carter DeHaven met with varying degrees of success. Some audiences rather enjoyed his self-aggrandizement and some others resented this same tendency, taking umbrage because of their knowledge that he possesses real talent but evinced too little of it. He gave the impression of being in the same position as the wealthy man who can afford good clothes but doesn't wear them because he doesn't have to worry about his personal appearance—he knows that everybody knows he can wear them if he wants to.

Prepossessing in appearance and blessed with a pleasing personality, Jose Collins, another of

(Continued on page 316)



Photo Otto Sarony

GRACE GEORGE IN CLYDE FITCH'S PLAY, "THE TRUTH," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

Miss George's interpretation of the part of Becky Warder is a remarkable study and stamps her as an artist of rare finish and resource

Frank Craven—Play-Actor and Play-Builder

WHILE playing Jimmy Gilley in "Bought and Paid For," in Chicago a little over a year ago, Frank Craven started to write a play just for play. He wrote the first act over night, and the next morning received a telegram from George W. Broadhurst to hurry to New York to sail for England to play the same part in the London production. So he tossed the manuscript of the first act of his first play into a suit-case and boarded a train for the East. Having to sail the next day, he began to think he never would write the play he had begun.

But he found London to be the coldest place he had ever been in, and on one particularly chilly afternoon he sat down in his room and wrote the second act. When it was time for him to be at the New Theatre—Wyndham's—that evening he had finished writing act two.

"I was the only American in the cast," said Mr. Craven, "and as I had nothing else better to do I got busy on the play. If 'Bought and Paid For' had done better in London, I would have finished my play there, but I only got as far as the second floor, with no roof on my house."

"I saw Mr. Brady in London before returning home, and he told me he wanted me for a piece with which to open The Playhouse. He added that he wanted a play—something light. I told him about my piece, telling him that it was the lightest play ever written.

"When I got back to New York I gave him the first and second acts of 'Too Many Cooks.' He read them and said he thought they were rather thin. I started to pick up my 'script, and he asked me what I was doing.

"'I'm taking my play away,' I said. 'You don't like it.'

"He explained that he did not say that exactly, but that he thought it was rather light. He persuaded me to leave the two acts and to write a third act. When he saw it, he said it was the worst of all. This was a considerable damper.

"I never had any idea that 'Too Many Cooks' would be produced," smiled the actor-playwright. "If the play had a kind reception it was only because Winchell Smith and John Golden went down to Wilmington to see its première, and after encouraging me about it returned to New York ahead of us and spread the report that it would 'go.' But I had no idea it would. I felt dead sure that it would be carted to the storehouse early the next morning after our New York opening.

"Why, the first night in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, I didn't hear a laugh—not even a titter—during the first two acts. Mr. Brady came back and said they liked it, but I thought he was only trying to cheer me up.

"The only thing that kept me up that awful night," Mr. Craven went on, "was the fact that I didn't write the play for those out in front. I wrote it for myself. It was of no special moment to me whether they liked it as a play or didn't like it. I had got my fun out of the writing!"

If this is the case, Frank Craven and the theatregoers who see his play are even, for just as he got his fun out of writing "Too Many Cooks," so they get their fun out of seeing it. But playgoers have a decided advantage in seeing the author in his play. It would be hard to find another actor who could look after his house on the stage so well. His portrayal of the leading rôle is as striking an impersonation as his inimitable Jimmy Gilley. But if you mention it to Mr. Craven he waves your laudable remarks aside with an air of unconsciously innocent modesty that is a delight to find in an actor.

"Anybody could have played Jimmy," says our most unas-

suming subject. "To prove that I was neither unique nor inspired in interpreting the part, there were seven other companies of 'Bought and Paid For,' and every Jimmy got every laugh that I used to get."

He declared that he wasn't one of those "born actors." But it was not his fault, for he came within three years of being one. At this small age, Frank Craven made his first appearance on the stage with the Boston Theatre Company in "The Silver King," appearing in the old Sans Souci Gardens in Providence. Then he quit the stage to go to school.

"I would have liked going to school pretty well if it hadn't been for the mathematics," Mr. Craven reminisced. "I never could get a figure into my head. I left school for good and all when I was fourteen."

When a little chap he lived in Redding, Massachusetts, just out of Boston, and he used to mind a sawmill which was next door. He fed the saw. Like most kids, the machinery fascinated him, and he used to fool about the place all day Sunday as well as after school on the other days. At another time young Craven worked in a tack factory. He knows all about the structure of a tack—of the three tiny pieces of metal that go to make it up, head and all. His next job was mail clerk in a Boston real estate and insurance office—a short nine months in the insurance business. Knowing of nothing better to do, he decided to go on the stage in earnest. At the time his father was playing in a stock company down in Baltimore, and he joined him.

"They were putting on 'The Silver King,' the old melodrama," Mr. Craven said, "and my father said if I liked it I could have the part of an old man in it. I took it gladly. Having been 'carried on'—not exactly, of course, for I walked on myself and played 'Ned' Denver—in the same piece at the tender age of three, I naturally felt as if I knew the play from beginning to end.

"I wasn't exactly assistant stage manager down in Baltimore," continued the actor, "but I hung around the theatre all the time and I was always able to help the stage manager out. When they did 'Blue Jeans' I was the only one who knew how to manage the sawmill scene. I had fed the sawmill back home and I knew all its workings. I also found that what I had learned in the tack business was an advantage to me in helping around the stage. I was the handy man because I was always on the job."

Frank Craven is an actor in the street. That is, he studies humanity and makes use of what he finds in real life in the make-believe world behind the footlights.

"In this business," he says, "one needs to be observant. I remember that way back at school one of the exercises—I think it was the only one—I used to shine in was when a lot of us were marshaled past a window full of a lot of things and afterward required to write what we saw. If school had been all like that I'd have stuck it out.

"Anyway, I have kept the exercise up. When I see a man coming down the street who for some reason or other attracts my attention, I study him and see what it is that has made me look at him. If it's his walk, I analyze that. Perhaps it's the way he carries his cane. The chances are that there's something about the way he is dressed, the color of his clothing, that attracted me. You know, they say 'clothes make the man!'"

"Clothes didn't make Jimmy Gilley," the interviewer ventured to remark.

"No, but Broadhurst did," came the quick reply.

Mr. Craven frankly declares that he does not like acting. But



White
FRANK CRAVEN
Author of "Too Many Cooks"



Sarony

ANN SWINBURNE

Who is now playing the title rôle in "The Madcap Duchess" on the road

he does love the theatre. He likes to potter around the stage.

"I'd rather be a boss carpenter than an actor," he told me. Then he said that it was the scenic artist and the stage carpenter who had written his play, "Too Many Cooks."

"As for writing a play," said Mr. Craven, "I know nothing about it. I never even read a book on play construction. I never studied a play from that viewpoint. I simply took the dream that I think most men have one time or another—that is, of having a home away from the bustle and hurry of work. Of course, I couldn't have a real home when I was on the road, so I set to work building a make-believe one." The actor sighed, but it was a sigh of gratification, for out of the sale of his stage home he will be able to build a real palace if he chooses. Such are the royalties when a play "gets over."

"Well," he continued, "I opened up a Sunday newspaper and there before me were two full pages of real estate advertisements—homes in the suburbs, in the country and so on. There was my play! Having taken this theme, I worked it out in an everyday, matter-of-fact manner, paying particular attention to a logical sequence of incidents. I took a lot of people and placed them in this situation and let them get themselves in hot water and then work their way out again. This is the best definition I can give of writing a play—get 'em in hot water and then get 'em out again! Then I have been on the stage long enough to know that certain kinds of stuff always get over.

"I just kept it to things I knew," continued the actor-playbuilder. "Of course, nobody knows what people on paper will do, just as nobody knows in real life. That's the fun of writing a play. The uncertainty is fascinating.

"In acting one shouldn't make an unnecessary gesture. He shouldn't cross the stage unless there's some reason for doing so. That's the only rule I observed in writing this play. I didn't let people in it do anything for which there was no reason. I didn't let 'em talk to be talking and I didn't let 'em walk to be walking.

"You remember Willie Keeler's old recipe for successful batting?" he asked. "'Hit 'em where they ain't!' That's the same thing about playwriting—'Hit 'em where they ain't!'"

But Mr. Craven had to do more than that with "Too Many Cooks." He had to build a house on the stage during the course of three brief acts and despite a strike of the laborers employed in putting it up.

"This was somewhat of a difficulty," he admitted. "Nobody believed I could carry out my ideas about that. The hardest thing in writing the play was in getting the people off and on the stage in some logical fashion. In a drawing-room setting they could have walked into the library or out on the balcony, but with my setting there was nowhere for them to go except to the railroad station, and timing the entrances and exits to match the train schedule was no easy matter."

He does this with the skill of the train dispatcher at the Pennsylvania Terminal. He is as clever at getting people off the stage as his manager, William A. Brady, is in getting them on the stage. And handling the Cook family reminds one of a Brady Mob!

But careful as to his entrance and exit timetable as Mr. Craven was, he says he did not write in any "business."

"I don't know how to do it," he pleaded. "I can see it all myself as I write the scenes, and it sounds foolish to write a line and then say after it, 'business of looking foolish,' for instance.

"The play grew as we rehearsed it. Everybody had a suggestion to make, and because it was a little story that everybody knew from the inside working of their own hearts, those suggestions were good ones. I get letters all the time about this thing and that, and I'm indebted to a lot of people for a lot of tips."

The day I called at the theatre to grill the author of "Too Many Cooks" I

found him sitting at the foot of the ladder that occupies the centre of the stage in the second act, giving directions to a stage carpenter to touch up a blind on the house, while he fondly bored a hole in the "brick" foundation for the nozzle of a hose.

"There's so much to do about a house," he exclaimed. "We are adding new touches to it every day. The hose, of course, should have gone on long ago—but somebody only just reminded me about it."

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.



White

LAWRENCE D'ORSAY AND LOTTIE COLLINS, JR.
In "The Belle of Bond Street," at the Shubert Theatre

The Play with the "Punch"

MANY productions of late have bid for patronage on the strength of their "punch." Now, exactly what is "punch"?

It is interesting and important to know just what it means, how it was born, and to what it will probably give birth.

In the first place, we must get rid of a possible misconception that "punch" is synonymous with white slavery. The result of a literal punch is to cause the receiver of it to be moved. At times the movement has been known to be so vigorous that a more or less permanent arrest of all further movement ensues. At other and more usual times, however, the recipient has testified to seeing stars. It is for this very purpose of moving the spectator that the "punch" metaphorical has been introduced into our plays. After a day of assiduously looking down on one's desk one wants to see stars. But constantly looking down is liable to produce a stiff neck. The quickest way to overcome that strain—and a play has only two and a half hours in which to do it—is to punch the head up. The result is a cure of the cramp in the neck and an agreeable change of outlook after the day's grind. As in civilized life, the punch is an unusual action, so in our playwriting it is necessary to produce that emotion in the audience, to serve it with some unusual sensation. The white-slave theme is reliably sensational, and therefore much in use. But it is not necessarily the only one. It does not lend itself to comic effect, and it is as necessary to move the audience at a comedy as at a serious play. So, although the successful author in search of a sensation for his public, may easily hit upon the "strong" situation of a father or a lover discovering the girl dearest to him innocently lured into a brothel, and write a piece about that delectable scene, there are, nevertheless, different "punches" to be found. Plays centering about crime other than sexual are providing popular thrills. And in the rivalry for recognition the comedies that stretch out for the unusual sensations produced by seeing a man watching his own funeral or reading his own obituary notices, or by finding out that the whole drama is the novel produced by its hero—such comedies as these indisputably have a "punch."

One of the reasons for the demand for this punch has already been implied. Modern life is complex. Whether its complexity leads us into the mixed and harassing worries of a strenuous day, or into the dull routine of the daily and hourly repetition of the one task, in the end we are in the same condition: we are tired. Once it was thought that this tired business man—or the equally tired social woman—should be soothed at night with some saccharine piece, or gently exhilarated with nonsense. But the tired found out in the course of time that sleep was a more economic and reliable soother, and that the exhilaration of bridge, or tango, or automobile, was more effectual and surer.

Sleep and bridge, tango and automobiles, are, therefore, another reason for the punch. Sleep is so cheaply to be had by all—with the exception of the very few who suffer from insomnia—that it was a matter of economic determinism that, once playgoers realized this "blessed thing," not the most soporific drama could compete with this knitter of "the ravelled sleeve of care." As for cards, dancing and motoring, the only way to overcome such potent rivals was to knock them out.

And it has had to be a hard punch indeed to land the public that is open to the assault of the "movies." Without words, with the swift movement of the films—swifter even than life—the motion picture can often give in fifteen minutes and for as many cents or less what the regular play takes a whole evening and far greater expense to provide. The cinematograph is everywhere to-day, and its popularity has extended gradually, but surely, from the calico gallery to the silken parterre. It is no wonder that plays with the spoken word have had to search strenuously for sensation to keep their audiences from the picture palace. The demand thus created must be supplied.



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GRACE VALENTINE

Appearing in the Chicago production of "Help Wanted"

Added to all this is the competition between the theatres themselves. It is almost impossible these days to state the number of theatres in New York; while one writes another is being built. Although the population of the city may be increasing proportionately, the playgoing population is not. If a would-be theatre attendant looks over the signs in heavy black in his paper or incandescent yellow on the streets, there must be something stronger than the glow of the electric or the thickness of the type to direct his choice. The most effective something is the punch.

Of course, all this makes it hard for the playwright and harder for the play. In spite of white slavery, baseball, strikes and yellow journalism, the lives of many of us to-day are not melodramatic. The playwright may choose the shrieking crises, if he sees them, or twist the daily grind until it, too, is made to shriek; but if our plays are really to hold the mirror up to all of nature—then the necessity for sensation in them is their enemy.

Not that this tendency has been a wholly evil one. In the desire for the stunning we have

(Continued on page 315)

How "Kitty MacKay" and "Jerry" Were Born

IT was Maxine Elliott who gave me the first actual encouragement I ever received as a dramatist."

Catherine Chisholm Cushing, the smartest thing in dramatic authors, sat in the palm room of the Hotel Savoy, pecking at strawberries. Yes, I meant to say just that, "pecking," for there's a birdlike element in her, something that makes her swoop upon an idea or a person before either has time for a breath. Hers are swift, rushing, darting movements. She clips her words. Her small, thin hands have fingers so curving and delicate that they might belong to a canary slightly larger than the ordinary. To round out the resemblance, she writes as a bird sings, joyously, tirelessly, from the sheer pleasure of the doing.

She has no heart-sounding story of a long, difficult, upward road to success, this slender, blonde young woman. For only four years she has been writing plays, and already five of them have been produced. Two, "Kitty MacKay" and "Jerry," have filled Broadway theatres with fashionable audiences, and there are brilliant prospects for next season's realization, a London production of one of her plays and executing commissions for the play-fitting of several stars of the first magnitude. A fortunate young woman and a deserving one!

"You look like Mrs. Vernon Castle and remind me of Maude Adams," I said, scrutinizing her over my tea cup.

"Several have thought they detected the resemblance to Miss Adams," she rejoins in her quick, clipped speech and with a happy smile. "That delights me, for I admire her greatly, and my chief ambition is to write a play for her. She may not like the play I shall write. She may not want to do it. She may never see it. But, at any rate, I shall have had the joy of writing a play and fancying her playing it."

I summarized my errand while we gave our attention to the toast, I eating with a material enjoyment of it, she pecking at it as she had at the strawberries.

"Pardon me, don't you eat?"

"My husband says I eat—as a bird does."

"A husband?" There may have been a note of disapproval in my voice, for she swooped gallantly to his defense.

"Oh, yes, and as good as he is good looking. He is interested in my work and pleased with what I have done. He never interferes, except to chide me for working too hard. 'You love your work so much that it eats your vitality,' is the only complaint he ever makes. Yes, I know that the husband of a literary woman asked for a separation because his wife insisted upon writing, and he thought literary pursuits unfitted her to be a good wife. But my husband is different. You will see."

"I came this afternoon because I wanted to know, and the readers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE want to know, how you happened. They want to know the woman behind the work." I crumpled my napkin. "And there is a human story in the history of every play from its beginning to its production. I should like to know the story of your five play children."

"Let us put me out of the way first," she smiled. "I happened to become a writer because my mother was one, I think. She was interested in child literature and write for *Youth's Companion* and *Saint Nicholas* and other magazines, and also several other books for juveniles. She used to try her plots on us children. When we made the usual demand for stories as a bribe to go to bed she would sit beside the fire in the hall and begin her stories. When she reached a certain point in them she often

stopped and said, 'Now, what do you think happened next?' Everyone of the five had a theory, and she listened patiently to them all. When we read the stories afterward we realize that we were 'the dog.' She had tried the stories on us. We would say, 'But you didn't finish this as we said.' She would answer, 'But characters do strange, unexpected things, my dears.'

"She transmitted to all of us a great love of good books. When I was nine she found me reading 'David Copperfield.' She said, 'There are things that you are not old enough to understand.' 'But, mother, I like reading it,' was my answer, and she said: 'Very well, dear. But read it slowly, a few pages at a time. Dickens is too good to be hastily read.' By that method I read most of Dickens and Thackeray. I wept over 'Little Nell' until I had to be sent to bed to recover, and I never have gotten over 'Maggie and Tom Tulliver.' Sometimes when I am mopey my husband asks, 'What's the matter?' and I answer, 'I am worrying about Tom and Maggie Tulliver.'

"Mother insisted that I should write a three-page synopsis of every chapter I read. She would read my summary of the chapter, and if my judgment went astray she would show me wherein it had erred. I believe that practice helped to make a writer of me. I began writing stories while I was young. I sent them away to publishers. Sometimes they were published, but oftener they were returned. Mother gave me one rule for work

that was very helpful. 'Write about real people, but let them be interesting people,' she would say. 'People may be real, but not interesting.' That is true. Many persons are colorless and cannot hold our interest. It would be foolish to write of such persons.

"The editor of a magazine returned a story I had sent him and told me that he was sending it back because it was too long, and because it could not be cut to the space they could give it without loss to the story. He said: 'You have an undoubted dramatic instinct. You ought to write plays. Why not put this story into play form?' and the story became the play, 'Miss Ananias.'

"I was graduated from a girls' school in Washington. I married, happily, a business man. We are a balance for each other."

"And Miss Elliott?"

"I wrote a play about a woman who had married and borne children and 'let herself go.' She allowed her talents to become dim. All her accomplishments lapsed. She seemed to care not at all for how she looked. I called it 'The Peacock and the Goose.' Miss Elliott was playing in Chicago at the time, and I received a letter with the play four days later. 'I love your play,' she said. 'The freshness and brightness of it have charmed me. I want to see you and talk about it as soon as I come to New York. I shall be at my town house, No. 3 East Eighty-third Street on Sunday, and will hope to see you.'

"I was in one of the topmost heavens of moods. I wondered whether I should take a taxi and arrive there pale, but rested, or walk and appear with fresh color and tired. I wondered whether I should wear a gay little gown or a demure tailor-made. I called my husband in to council. He decided the momentous question. I wore the tailor-made and took a taxi.

"I waited in her library. You've seen it, the lovely open fireplace and the room that, like the house, looks so much like her? She came in after awhile and told me again how she liked my play. 'I am expecting to produce "The Inferior Sex,"' she said. 'I don't know whether it will be a success or not, but if it isn't



CATHERINE CHISHOLM CUSHING
Author of "Kitty MacKay" and "Jerry"



Strauss-Peyton

MR. ROBERT MANTELL AS OTHELLO

I shall want your play. 'The Inferior Sex' was a success. Then she left the stage, and 'The Peacock and the Goose' came back to me, only to be taken immediately by Miss Crosman, who renamed it 'The Real Thing,' and it was played by her for two and a half seasons.

"'Miss Ananias,' a play based on an old maid's love for a blind man, was accepted by Cohan and Harris and played by a road star an entire season. They expected to bring it to New York, but circumstances changed their plans. It may yet have a hearing on Broadway.

"'The Widow' was written at the seashore. (A good place for 'widows' to be written.) Miss Irwin accepted my 'Widow' upon first reading, after being assured that I was agreeable to making a few slight changes. *How slight they were is explained in the fact that I sat down and made them that same afternoon.*

"'Kitty MacKay' followed 'The Widow' in production, but was written before—in 1910. Different stars and managers read it and most of them liked it—two of them going so far as to ask for a second reading of it. In fact, I thought it was 'sold' once and nearly sold another time. But the managerial fear was that the Scotch dialect and slow humor might not be fancied by an American public. Then, when 'Bunty' proved their mistake, they regretted that they hadn't put on my play, believing that 'Bunty' now had taken the edge off any other Scotch play that might follow. So 'Kitty' took another snooze in my trunk, only to be resurrected later and be sent off again to languish in a manager's office several months. The very day the contract was signed a well-known producer asked for a return of the manuscript, but unfortunately 'Kitty' was not born 'twins,' and I was unable to comply.

"And 'Jerry?'" I asked.

"My husband says that Jerry is myself. But I wrote it with Miss Burke's delicious little changes of mood and her darling audacities in mind. She loves the part and *I love her in it.*"

"Where and how do the ideas come?"

"I don't know. J. M. Barrie said that an idea for one play came to him while he was closing the front gate, and by the time he had reached the door of his house the plot was completed. Humility forbid that I claim any sort of kinship with the genius Barrie, but ideas for plays do come as suddenly as that. You may have said to me to-day something that will suggest a play, though they work out more slowly. I write rapidly. None of my plays were more than a month in the writing. I wrote 'The Peacock and the Goose,' renamed 'The Real Thing,' in two weeks. The idea for it came from a friend of mine who let herself become dowdy after marriage. My protest against her mistake took the form of a play in which I set her high-spirited, dressy sister to visit her and set her life right.



White

GRACE ELLISTON

To appear next season in "Cordelia Blossom"

"The idea of 'A Widow by Proxy' came to me when Lillian Russell asked me to write something for her. But Miss Russell went into vaudeville. I made Gloria a ravishingly beautiful person. Miss Irwin kindly but firmly made me change that."

"How do the plays grow?"

"First an idea comes in the sense of some character that impresses me. Then I think of it all the time, literally all my waking time. When it has taken form I sit down at my typewriter after my daily three-mile walk before breakfast and write all day. The sense of character is strong in me. At least, that is what I like. The plot growing out of the character or characters may not be as strong as I might wish, but I love my people. When my husband came home in the evening while I was writing 'Kitty MacKay,' I told him 'Sandy and McGregor have been here all afternoon, and we have had a delightful time,' or 'Kitty and Mag have been here and we had such fun.' Because I talk all the while about my characters and not

my plot, a friend calls me 'The plotless playwright.' I sit and animatedly talk to him of this and that character. He interrupts with, 'But what about the plot?' and I will say, 'I'm coming to that. But first let me tell you about the characters.'

"I do not meet many characters in New York. Here I am in a conventional set in which the characters are much alike. But we travelled a great deal, and while travelling I meet human nature undisguised. After I wrote 'A Widow by Proxy' I was tired and ran out to Mount Clemons. I wrote my husband, 'I've been here three days, and haven't seen anybody that suggested a play.' But the next day I found it, in the rubber, a quaint woman with the rarest sense of humor. We are going to Europe next month, and I expect to meet many plays walking about the continent."

Around the nearest palm came a dark-eyed, gray-haired man, of well-set-up figure in well-tailored business suit.

"This is my husband. I told you he was good looking."

The young playwright clasped his arm with a proud little glance.

"She's better than any of her plays," he said, with a look as proud.

"No need to expect you to write a tragedy, for you are happy." I said.

"I would if I could keep my face straight long enough."

She, at least, will not be left husbandless because she writes. While she walked away to the elevator I was impressed again with the birdlike quality of her, the weightlessness of her figure, the swift lightness of movement, the curving fingers and the near transparency of her tiny, never quiet hands.

ADA PATTERSON.

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES



What is a Juvenile Lead? By John Barrymore

THERE is nothing amusing in playing a juvenile lead for anyone but the audience. The "lead" himself is working just as hard as if he were a tragedian. In some ways I think he works harder. To my mind there is no more difficult rôle than that of a leading juvenile

This being a "gay young dog" on the stage is a complicated proposition. In the first place, theatregoers have the idea that the juvenile lead is just a moderately agreeable young man who has the knack of making them laugh at regular intervals between 8:30 and 10:45.

I wish—oh! how I wish—that this were all he had to do. Just being funny is a comparatively simple task. This is all the straight comedian has to do, and he can do it in any way he chooses. He can sing, dance or "scramble like an egg." He can make just as much of a clown of himself as he wishes, so long as he forces people to laugh. Ridiculous make-up, silly mannerisms will do no harm so long as it is all funny.

Can the juvenile do this? He cannot—most emphatically he cannot. And whether you ask why or not, I'm going to tell you. The reason is a good and sufficient one—it is a pretty girl.

And what has the pretty girl to do with it? you will ask.

Listen, Rollo! She has just this much to do with it. The juvenile lead in every play that I can recall had to marry one of these nice little girl characters that are always put opposite juvenile leads. Now the public always takes a fatherly and motherly, and sisterly and brotherly interest in a pretty girl. They would never approve a play in which a charming girl was married off to a grotesque clown. No matter how many laughs he had extracted from them during the rest of the performance, they would feel sore. They want their pretty girl to "marry well," therefore the leading juvenile must not be too ridiculously funny. He must maintain a certain amount of dignity or he will never hook up with the wedding bells that every play with a juvenile lead has to have.

For instance, if you had a pretty sister you wouldn't care to have her marry a circus clown who was born with a face that needed no make-up. Well, that is the way the audience feels about a juvenile lead who is too grotesque.

No, sir! No audience wants its pretty girl married to anything less than a regular hero. He can be an amusing hero, if you will, but his humor must be mixed with just enough sterner stuff to make him eligible to be the husband of Gwendolyn.

It is this combination of heroism and comedy that baffles the juvenile lead. He must mix the two as carefully as a perfect cocktail. If he uses too much of anything, he will be either too



Moffett

JOHN BARRYMORE
As the American newspaperman in "The Yellow Ticket"

clownish to be pleasing or too serious to win the necessary laughs. Thus the juvenile lead has to do some lively jumping from the sublime to the ridiculous and back again.

In "Believe Me Xantippe" I had just one dramatic moment. For a few brief seconds I had to pose as the brave rescuer of beauty in distress, or in grave danger of being in distress in a very short time. Just the right point at which to switch off the funny stuff and turn on the real "drama" was not discovered until many hard rehearsals. Within the space of half a minute the audience had to be carried from a mood of utter hilarity to a situation that was desperately serious, and then—bing!—right back again to shrieking mirth. Believe me Xantippe, it is not easy.

Besides this there must be constant touches through the play to drive home the point that the young man on the stage, who is so very, very amusing, is in reality not so much of a fool after all.

But youth and the ability to make one's audience feel its joy, weigh heaviest toward success in a juvenile lead. Youth on the stage is natural. To be natural is to be a good actor. The slightest touch of affecta-

tion will spoil a juvenile part quicker than any other mistake one can make. The juvenile lead can only get his character across the footlights by winning the friendship of the audience. He must make those "out front" take a real interest in him as a "nice young man," who is going through an amazing series of adventures leading to happiness ever after with the only girl in the world.

Only a man who is really young can do this. Youth cannot be simulated on the stage by men. Women can do it, but that is another story. Unquestionably, youth does much to make the success of a juvenile lead, youth and the enthusiasm that goes with it. An actor thus equipped can "get his stuff across," can make his audiences see things as he intends them to, better than one who is getting older and only "acts young." There has been a lot of talk about magnetism being the big thing in acting. Now I, for one, discount those accepted traditions about magnetism and charm and good looks making a way for a man on the stage. Anyone, man or woman, who is young, has enough of the beauty of youth to go ahead and act—if they can act. Just learn how to get your stuff over. Without that knowledge, all the magnetism in the world won't make an actor and that knowledge is only gained by hard work. It is not an inspiration.

Being a leading juvenile is something like being funny to order. You may have both qualities in you and they'll come out if you are not self-conscious,

(Continued on page 315)



Mizzi Zwerenz and Joseph Konig in "Polenblut"



Mizzi Gunther and Hubert Marischka in "Die Ideale Gattin"



Mizzi Gunther and Otto Storm in "Princess Gretl"



Josef Konig and Kathe Ehren in "Polenblut"

AT the hour New Yorkers are impatiently waiting for

The Theatres of Vienna

vision and there is no sharp prac-

be served with the dinner they have ordered the curtains of nearly a score of theatres in Vienna are ringing up for the evening performance. Half-past seven is the very latest for a play to begin in the Austrian capital—and at the Opera seven o'clock is the usual time.

tice on the part of the managers.

"Die Ideale Gattin" (The Ideal Wife) was the operetta—by Lehar, of course—and his most recent work. If it had not been sung in German, and I had had my dinner, I would easily have imagined that I was in a New York playhouse.

The operetta followed familiar lines, waltz followed waltz in rapid succession. The principal singers were better than Broadway hears, as a rule; the orchestra was far superior and the production itself was on a par with the best American musical offerings. In only one particular was it lacking—its chorus girls were the weirdest beauties I have ever seen. Their hands and feet were all over the stage, but they can sing.

The audience, too, had a familiar appearance. Only a small proportion was in evening dress. But at the end of the first act the difference became apparent. Half of the men in the front orchestra chairs stood up and faced the audience, sweeping the boxes and balconies with their opera glasses. The other half and those in the rear started for the lobby, where they crowded around a lunch counter and consumed caviar, ham and cheese sandwiches, washing it down with Pilsner beer. Ushers with trays of sandwiches and pastries had evidently been busy inside, for when I returned to my seat I noticed that nearly everyone was eating.

To enjoy an operetta—even a Lehar operetta—on an empty stomach is devotion to art beyond the range of most mortals. So I made another trip to the lobby and returned with three sandwiches which kept body and soul together until the next intermission, when there was another general attack on the buffet.

"Die Ideale Gattin" is far from being Lehar's best work, but it has had a very long run and its hundred and fiftieth performance is almost a



LUISE KARTOUSCH
One of Vienna's favorite players

But, unlike New York, Vienna goes to the theatre

on an empty stomach—or at least without having dined. Dinner is a mid-day repast for the Viennese whether they remain at home or spend the evening in the theatre.

If they go to the theatre nine times out of ten it is to an opera or an operetta. True to their musical traditions the Viennese prefer operettas to every other kind of theatrical entertainment. Of the fifteen first-class playhouses in the capital all but four are devoted to musical productions—operas, operettas and plays with music.

So half-past seven usually finds the stranger in Vienna in one of the many theatres devoted to that world-famous type of entertainment—Viennese operetta. And usually it is at the Theater an der Wien where this interesting first experience takes place. For the Theater an der Wien is the home of Lehar, the most celebrated of all Viennese composers. One is certain of finding his latest operetta there—and, besides, it is not far from the big hotels on the Kärntner Ring.

The writer was no exception to the general rule and half-past seven found him in an orchestra seat at the famous playhouse—quite hungry, but determined to follow the Viennese custom of supping after the performance. Nine Kronen (\$1.80) had bought a front row seat at the box office, for in Vienna ticket speculators do not exist. Even at the hotels the advance in price is only one Krone (20 cents). The theatres are under Government super-



OSKAR NEDBAL
The composer of "Polenblut"



BETTY FISCHER
One of Vienna's leading actresses



THEATER AN DER WIEN, VIENNA
Where all of Franz Lehar's operettas are produced

certainty. The tango in the last act alone would draw crowds to any play. Mizzi Günther, who sings the title rôle, is one of the city's favorites, and Louise Kartousch, Hubert Marischka and Ernst Tautenhayn all have large followings.

However you may be disappointed in the Lehar operetta, you will be compensated if you go to the Raimund Theater and see "Die Tolle Therese."

The new operetta, with music with motifs composed by Johann Strauss (the father) nearly ninety years ago, is the most delightful offering in Vienna. It has one intelligent and consistent plot dealing with an episode in the life of Therese Krones, who was the most celebrated Vienna actress in the time of the elder Strauss. The stage pictures of Vienna in 1830 are exceptionally fine, and, of course, the music is well sung. Betty Fischer makes Therese Krones a real person—a most difficult feat in operetta—and Franz Glawatsch, one of the leading comedians in Vienna, has many amusing moments and a good song.

"Die Tolle Therese" seems destined to be the biggest hit of the season. Its only close rival is "Polenblut," which is playing at the Carl Theater. The music of "Polenblut" is the work of Oscar Nedbal, a new Viennese composer, who has won fame almost overnight. Certainly the score of "Polenblut" is brilliant and tuneful, but its hackneyed book by Leo Stein detracts fearfully from its complete success. And its production does not compare with the productions at the Theater an der Wien and the Raimund Theater. However, Mizzi Zwerenz and Carl Pfann, who sing its leading rôles, succeed in making one forget the opera's many shortcomings.

No visit to Vienna last winter was complete without seeing "Der Lachende Ehemann" at the Bürgertheater. It was last season's biggest success (produced in the spring) and is still playing to crowded houses, having passed its 250th performance. Certainly it is better sung than either the London or New York productions. Fritz Werner, who sings its title rôle, is a far greater artist than Courtice Pounds, who sang it in New York and London. But as a production it is inferior to the English version.

In the case of "Der Lachende Ehemann," the book by Julius Brammer and Alfred Grünwald is far superior to the score by Edmund Eysler. But it is a rare combination—a good book and a good score. At the present time there is not one operetta in Vienna that is entirely satisfactory. "Die Tolle Therese" is the nearest approach to the ideal operetta.

"Der arme Millionär," the operetta by Paul Ottenheimer, at the Johann Strauss Theater, is distinctly inferior as regards both book and music. But Alexander Girardi, its star, carries it to partial success.

Of all the recent offerings in Vienna, "Der Lachende Ehemann" and "Der Kleine König" are the only ones that are certain to be produced in America. Lehar's new operetta has reached its 100th performance without its American rights having been sold.

These five operettas are by no means all the musical offerings in Vienna theatres. At the Wiener Volksoper a repertory of light operas is given throughout the season. Such operettas as "The Geisha," "San Toy" and other similar pieces are well presented, though, of course, their productions have no novelty for a New York theatregoer. And former successes like "Prinzess Gretl," "Die Dollarprinzessin," and "Der tapfere Soldat," are constantly revived.

Nor does Vienna's dramatic bill of fare offer much novelty to one who has attended theatres in New York. The biggest dramatic success of the present season is "Milestones," Arnold Bennett's and Edward Knoblauch's fine play, which is playing at the Theater an der Josefstadt. In fact, it is the only dramatic

piece that is having a run. All the other dramatic offerings are given in repertory theatres, and practically all of them are former New York successes like "Die Schiffbrüchigen" (Brieux's "Damaged Goods") "Anatol," Schnitzler's episodic comedy, "Kletten," another of Brieux's plays which New York saw under the name of "The Affinity."

The repertory at the gorgeous Hofburgtheater, except for a few German classics, is entirely made up of plays by Bernard Shaw, Galsworthy, Henri Bernstein, and other British and French dramatists.

KARL K. KITCHEN.

Some Don't's for Stage People

Don't say "he-ah" for here. You may try a patient audience too far.

Don't black—or rather blue—under the eyes until you resemble the loser in a fight.

Don't, after getting a laugh, do the same little trick over again; do, please, spare the audience that!

Don't, if you are a woman, be affected. The men rarely sin in this respect, but the women—entirely too often.

Don't coquette with the audience. It wants to forget it's alive, and live in the play. You rob it of what it has paid for.

Don't gush—naturalness is one of the most attractive attributes that anyone can have, but some actresses are hard to convince.

Don't let vanity get the best of art, and overdress. Only Mrs. Fiske and Blanche Walsh can rise to the heights and put vanity to scorn that art may triumph.

Don't permit the butler, or maid, or footman to enter the moment you ring. Insist upon the servants taking time enough to walk across an imaginary hall before falling in the door.

Don't wear a ball gown for ordinary occasions. Olga Nethersole does this, and so does Virginia Harned, and a few others; but it really is out of place, and does not, in the least, add to the play.

Don't play to the gallery; you will get a louder laugh, but you lose the respect and admiration of over half the audience; and you owe it to the people who pay two dollars a seat to consider their taste too.

Don't make the butlers walk like automatons, and swell out their chests. They may do this in England; but some American butlers are really quite human, and a few have been known to smile recognition.

Don't put the grease paint on so thick that you look like a clown in a circus. Chorus girls usually do this, but alas! some actresses that one would think above it plaster and paint on till all semblance of naturalness is gone.

Don't, in portraying a society woman, think that you must make a fool. Many society women have fairly good sense, and it is difficult to believe the dramatist is wholly responsible for some of the characters we see.

Don't think that temperament is going to be a shield for rudeness, ill temper, or tom-foolery; someday somebody is going to call your hand, and show you that the chambermaid in the hotel acts just that way, and nobody accuses her of being temperamental.

Don't, if you are in opera, leave the audience wondering through two acts, if you are singing in Italian or English. If it does happen to be the latter, the audience might as well have this benefit and understand. Every third word pronounced, would at least give the gist.

Don't, if the company breaks up and you get stranded, blame the town where the dissolution took place and forever "knock" it. Remember it only happened to be the straw that broke the camel's back. Blame the manager, or the playwright, or the weather, or—the stringency of the money market, or, it is barely possible, the actors might have something to do with it.

Don't, even if the dramatist has so written, carry your marriage certificate in your bosom. A woman carrying one of these things around for a year or so—like a chest protector—would be not only a semi-imbecile, but unsanitary. Yet in the melodramatic plays the poor innocent victim of a mock marriage tries to establish her virtue by carrying her marriage certificate around with her, 'til the brute husband drags it from her. Why he doesn't take it when she has gone to bed is a mystery. He always waits 'til he has to drag it from its repose on her bosom, where its preservation seems to have been her chief object in life, and how it comes out fresh and crisp forms another of the unsolved problems.

Don't think it necessary—if you are a woman, just beginning on the stage—to stand like the illustrations of the ready-made suit stores. Some years ago tight lacing was carried to extremes, and again Olga Nethersole and Virginia Harned were the chief offenders in that way. Middle age is very apt to increase the waist girth and loosen the youthfulness of the figure. Mrs. Leslie Carter was sensible enough to ignore the straight front extreme, and leave her body loose enough to retain grace. Ease of movement is far more desirable than a small waist and at forty-odd, one is apt to have to choose between them. But there is no need of going to the other extreme—in the present style—and making one's figure look as though it has been turned hind part foremost. Avoid extremes.

ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT.

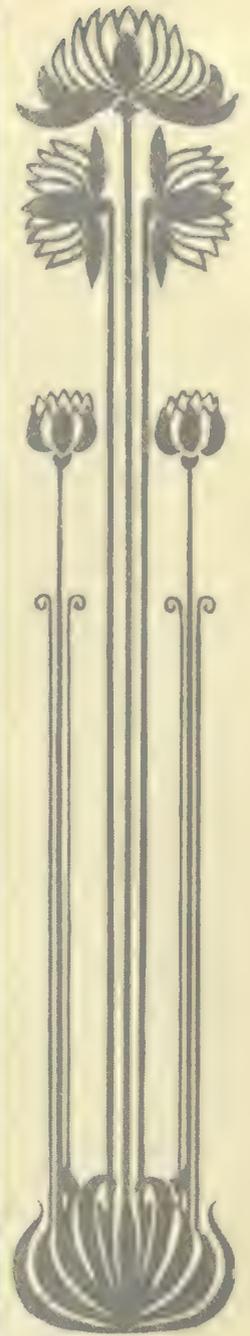
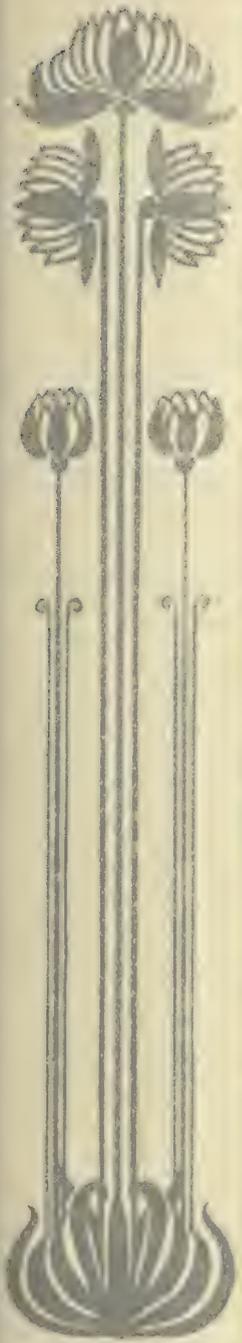


Photo Ira L. Hill

VIVIAN RUSHMORE

Who has been appearing in "Help Wanted" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

WHY can we not be always young, and always seeing 'The

Can One See a Play Twice?

on the other hand, if it falls short of actual greatness, may not warrant a rehearing.

School for Scandal!" wrote Hazlitt a hundred years ago. At a New York theatre recently the remark of a spectator was overheard that she feared the play about to be given was "a miserable one to see a second time." A certain sense of delicacy restrained the casual hearer from inquiring after the performance whether such dismal misgivings were justified. The only means of allaying the itch of curiosity was to go again, and one thing leading to another, the writer of these lines portentously resolved to apply the test of a second scrutiny to some other current plays as well to learn if there were any that might bear it. The result was happy and led to certain conclusions. The first objects of the inquisition were plays that had touched conspicuous popularity, but they were not found to withstand the acid more hardily than some that were accounted indifferent successes.

The main conclusion derived was that it is indeed a poor play which will not repay a second hearing. This postulate is not intended to assert that no play is worth seeing at all that is not worth seeing on two successive evenings. How soon the second performance may be attended with profit depends largely on the nature of the production. A light but genuinely amusing piece may be ventured upon after a comparatively brief interval, certainly at the extremes of a long run, when it will be found that the original impression has been mostly effaced and the whole affair will seem surprisingly fresh. A strong emotional drama,

A play of the second type frequently offers special attractions for individual spectators, or if it affords vivid color and piquancy, combined with exceptional acting, many persons would be glad to see it twice a week if the exigencies of modern life would permit. It was the advice of President Eliot to a young man athirst for the meaning of life to read "Hamlet" repeatedly for a time, and then to reread it regularly once a year. It will scarcely be regarded as begging the question to say that a truly great play may be seen again and again, as well as read, with constantly renewed appreciation of its beauty and harmony.

For the student of play construction it is of more value to see the same play twice than to see two equally good plays. Far more invention and ingenuity of arrangement go into the making of a strong act, or even of a strong scene, than the average observer can grasp at one performance. It is impossible to make a satisfactory analysis on one occasion of a play that occupies an entire evening. We fail to distinguish between the effect depending on elaborate preparation and that achieved by slight touches of suggestion. Later we can give credit where it is due, or detect the merely specious as false. New meanings, subtleties of humor and irony, which escaped us before then make their mark. Whatever the character of a play, it must be richer in the invention of all its elements than we remembered it to be or we should have seen its thinness in the first place.



White

A RECENT PICTURE OF JULIA MARLOWE AS JULIET

The play which does not offer a surfeit of meat is not fit for one meal.

The notion seems to be very prevalent that our pleasure in a play will be spoiled if we know in advance how it is coming out. But is this true of the play that is worth while? Is it not a misapprehension that may be traced to the experience of the novel reader who yields to lamentable inquisitiveness regarding the last page and then wishes to read no more? The printed

narrative does not command the illusions of the stage. At a play we wish to see the effect on the characters of something we expect to happen. Their triumphs affect us personally. We wring the villain's neck with our own hands. In so far as the illusion of the novel corresponds in kind it is less in degree.

One of the many dogmas of the dramatic doctors that no layman is inclined to believe is that the playwright must not deceive his audience. And perhaps he should not do it so coarsely that he has to unmask himself presently as a liar. As for keeping a secret from the audience, William Archer points out in his book on "Play Making" that with the first performance the cat is out of the bag. What of it? Can you not go and wring the villain's neck with full gusto? Besides, the cat will crawl back again. The chances are that you will remember little that you may have heard about a surprise in itself, detached from a play you haven't seen, and that audiences go to the theatre to see surprise plays which have been the talk of the town for weeks only to find that they can't recall just what it was they did hear or how it is going to come to pass.

There is another pleasure derivable from seeing a play a second time which is quite antithetical to that of appreciating the skill of the dramatist to a fuller extent. It lies in detecting clumsiness or carelessness and resenting it with all the satisfaction of our innate malevolence. For the nonce we are the superiors of this twitcher of puppets; we bait him unmercifully as a bear at the stake. Such lapses, of course, must be of the sparsest or we shall take our hats and march out, satisfied that we may judge the whole pantomime by a few rickety postures.

To be transported to the mountains of Catalonia on the magic carpet of Angel Guimera approximates enchantment very satisfactorily for these days of pertinacious materialism. And who would not court a renewal of the spell? It is the popped vision without an aftermath. There is a double danger in apostrophizing art. On the one hand it antagonizes the expert. On the other, the very word is a mumbo jumbo to the man in the street, the enervated captain of industry. But how else shall we speak of Guimera's "Maria Rosa"? Aside from its atmosphere, the vividness of a quaint corner of the old world, an illusion which may be due, of course, largely to scenery and costume and to our own receptive imagination, the Spanish play is filled with true comedy and is an exemplar of dramatic story telling.

The first germ of the plot starts as a speck on the horizon, so small that it is a wonder we see it, yet it draws our eyes. Constantly it approaches and inexorably grows. Suspicion like a breath touches Ramon, the lover of Maria Rosa, whose husband has been accused of murder and dies in prison. A pervasive consciousness of mistrust arises in the minds of Ramon's friends as to the securely hidden crime. The toils of fate contract by imperceptible degrees until at last the blood guiltiness of the lover is revealed in his own drunken boasting after the wedding feast to the woman who was unable to resist his fascination. Maria Rosa calls upon the name of her former husband as she gives the avenging stroke. So the play ends upon this consummate climax. But even this ending does not terminate our interest in the characters and their subsequent fortunes. We know that Maria Rosa will call in the neighbors who are passing, that justice will be tempered with mercy and that Ramon's successor will continue his siege.

Up-to-the-minute technic attains full flower in Henri Bernstein's play, "The Secret," with an art that surmounts its artifice. The interest rises by closely consecutive steps without wavering. Upon reflection it is seen that the marvels of the action are its economy and precision; there is not a superfluous character, a superfluous incident, a superfluous speech. Many of the lines are two-edged, cutting both ways. Such a compact play opens so abruptly that during the first scene the spectator may feel a little as if he is groping in the dark. Then, all at once, the whole scheme is precipitated in glistening crystals. This effect is compassed skilfully only in plays in which a few characters carry the entire action.



Strauss-Peyton

FRANCES STARR

This well-known actress has been appearing in Henri Bernstein's play, "The Secret"



Second acquaintance with the play leads to fuller appreciation, but one perceives that nothing essential to the plot was previously elusive. Anxiety to miss nothing in the formative phase of a play may be condoned; the spectator has cast his coin into the Tuscarora deep behind the box office grill and invites chills and fever; but it is well to remember that easy attention is more effective than grasping at straws on the chance that they may be structural beams.

"The Secret" affords an unusual opportunity to study one of the most difficult feats in play construction, the manner in which the dramatist, reaching forward and back at the same time, keeps the spectator mystified while telling of what is to come. It is mixing water and oil. We may gasp at the upshot, dreaded or desired, if the manner of its emergence is unexpected. Bernstein turns water into wine and back again. He lets us persist in our own delusion as to Gabrielle Jannelet's motive for inviting the fascinating Charlie Ponta-Tulli to her villa, while at the same time preparing us for the revelation of her purely disinterested villainy.

Because a play has an ingenious plot it is not to be slighted by the dramatic "highbrow" as savoring of Sardou instead of the latter-day psychology of the insignificant. It is as if the critic should say your dramatist may be a tactician, but God forbid that he should be a strategist. Neither criticism nor the writing of novels in dialogue will prove that the play which achieves a great popular success may not be a work of art. Now the authors of "Grumpy" have a command of strategy that attains to art. But there is another quality which makes this play exceptional. Besides the clever manipulation of incident, the interest in the character of the old man portrayed by Cyril Maude is an unusual achievement in melodrama and raises the play out of the general class of successful thrillers.

The handling of the situations in "Grumpy" becomes more and more clever from act to act, and even in the last the excitement is kept up in an uncommon degree. The skeptical spectator might raise the question, after witnessing one performance, whether the astuteness of Andrew Bullivant, the grumpy grandfather, who was once "the cleverest criminal lawyer in London," was not merely a semblance that depended on the rush of an action so swift that there was no chance for the spectator to analyze. Seeing a second performance would dispel any such doubt.

The aged lawyer unravels the mystery of the midnight assault on his nephew by a well-founded process of reasoning. At first thought the circumstance might appear as somewhat factitious that there was a camellia clenched in the hand of the unconscious man which was not the one that he had been wearing, but it develops late that the substitution came about in a perfectly natural manner. Grumpy receives many checks in running down



Strauss-Peyton

VERA FINLAY
Appearing with the Princess Players on tour

the clue, overcoming them one by one, and shows that the emergency enables him to shake off the grip of infirmity for a while and command again the special faculties that were trained in the work of a lifetime.

It might seem self-evident that a play depending on rapid-fire incident, extravagant developments and surprise must necessarily expend its appeal for any individual at a single performance. An argument to the contrary is afforded by "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Its elements of effectiveness are not only readily graspable at the first session, they are unfailingly telling; but on account of their very lightness they may strike one with piquant freshness a second time. The dialogue is like a sparkling encrustation that has formed overnight on the season's snow. The comic incidents seem to be new inventions. The play is packed with cunning devices. The basis of the main situation is laid at the very outset with a distinctness that impresses the

slowest mind. A more skillful stratagem to keep attention on the stretch is rarely seen than the seven-fold plurality of keys to Baldpate Inn. The bewildered visitors keep tally breathlessly as key after key turns up where only one grew before. During the last half of the play the thickest numbskull in the house is on the *qui vive* for the last of the series. It assumes the importance of a master-key, the only one which can unlock the riddle. A sudden heightening of extravagance toward the close prepares the way for the high voltage of the final phantasmagoria.

In the case of a play dating back some years, which is deemed worthy of a new presentation, such as "The Philanderer," or "The Tyranny of Tears," it is illuminative for one who did not have the opportunity of seeing the original production to consider both through the eyes of the reviewer. In reading "The Philanderer" before seeing it acted one might conceive that it was pitched in a wholly serious key. Shaw said himself in one of his prefaces that he meant to prove the absurd character of matrimonial laws which render such a person as a philanderer possible. He wrote the play in 1893, but it was barred by the censor until 1907. A. B. Walkley, writing for the London *Times* at that date, made the comment that Shaw's people analyze their passions with a logic so complete as to convince you that they have no passions to analyze. Possibly Mr. Wakeley did not realize that he was discussing an extravaganza, or it may be that Mr. Shaw himself did not discover until recently that he had written merely a burlesque. There could be no mistake as to the key in which the play was acted at the Little Theatre in New York during the present season.

"Grace stands for the late Victorian 'new woman,'" wrote the London *Times* reviewer, "a type now so utterly forgotten that one looks upon the characters

(Continued on page 314)



Directing with the company half a mile away



He was the first to set his scene in the midst of great stretches of country



Mr. Griffith and the camera-man

A Poet Who Writes on Motion Picture Films

IT has been quite the fashion to say that the motion picture profession (art if you prefer) is in its infancy. This is true, for no invention since the printing press has contained such possibilities for future development. But the implication that the business of making motion pictures is to-day of small moment is not true. If money talks, here are items which are convincing.



David Wark Griffith

Several American directors are paid over twenty thousand dollars a year; a number over ten thousand. One has refused an offer which meant a salary in excess of that of the President of the United States. The owners, many of them starting with nothing, are millionaires several times over. Leading actors everywhere are paid from one hundred to three hundred dollars a week, and this—leading actors in the spoken drama please take notice—for fifty-two weeks in the year. One girl, under twenty, has for some time been making a salary equal to that of a bank president.

It is not easy to comprehend the size of their audiences. To say that ten million people a day go to picture shows in this country alone is to speak within the truth, but it is difficult to visualize such an audience. Just the effort is inspiring. It is not possible to estimate the world's attendance, but it must run up to many millions more.

All this both causes and is caused by rapid development in the profession. Aside from purely mechanical improvements, numerous as they have been, the past few years has seen a progress in the art of picture plays which has meant practically a new form of dramatic expression. This has been so largely the work of one person that to-day he stands the acknowledged leader.

Yet for a long time even the name of the producer who is revolutionizing motion pictures by his work for a company organized by himself was unknown except to



Picking out a location

the elect. And in fact, even now, in spite of the pressure of the public's interest in the affairs of those who serve it, little is known of the man himself except his name. And yet to David Wark Griffith do motion pictures owe much of the wonderful artistic advance they have made in the past six years.

Mr. Griffith is peculiarly an inspiration to other directors, and the perfection of his technique is, of course, more keenly appreciated by them than by that larger audience, the public, which knows little of the means by which the effect it applauds is produced. By directors throughout the profession he is accorded first place, without question or quibbling; by the members of his company he is followed with a devotion that has knit them into an unsurpassed organization; and the public at large has responded to his work as it has to no other one man.

A boyhood bent for writing poetry, shared with youth the world over, was realized to the extent of one or two acceptances by leading magazines. He smiles at it now, and evidently sees no connection between that early ambition and



Mr. Griffith and "Patsy"



The burning settlement in "The Waifs"



Mr. Griffith consulting with his assistant



Character of country photographed

his present work. But the writer, seeking to analyze his achievements, felt on hearing this that the keynote had been sounded.

In the last analysis, Mr. Griffith approaches the theme of a play essentially as a poet. The director who produced "Pippa Passes," "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon,"

"Enoch Arden" (the first two-reel photoplay), "A Pueblo Legend," "Man's Genesis," "The Wanderer," as he did, could be nothing less. Certainly his standard is far removed from the theatrical. Its jargon does not mark his speech nor do its confining traditions limit his method of plot development, vividly dramatic though that method is. Indeed, he denies that motion pictures can be served by looking to the current stage for inspiration.

"Moving pictures can get nothing from the so-called legitimate stage," he says, "because American directors and playwrights have nothing to offer. The former are, for the most part, conventional and care nothing for natural acting. They don't know how to make use of even the material they have, limited as that is. Of course, there are a few, a very few, exceptions. As for American playwrights, we can get our ideas from the same sources they do. We need to depend on the stage for our actors and actresses least of all. How many of them make you believe they are real human beings? No, they 'act,' that is, they use a lot of gestures and make a lot of sounds such as are never seen or heard anywhere else. For range and delicacy, the development of character, the quick transition from one mood to another, I don't know an actress now on the American stage, I don't care how great her reputation, who can begin to touch the work of some of the motion picture actresses. And I'll give you the names if you want them.

"As far as the public is concerned, there is no real competition between the stage and the motion picture. It doesn't exist. The latter makes an appeal which the former never has and never can hope to meet, not only because of its physical limitations, but because most of its managers, directors and actors are bound by tradition. They don't know human nature and they don't care to find out about it. James A. Herne, who wrote plays with real people in them, is only just beginning to be rightly appreciated. years after his death. Wonderful Mrs. Fiske is, of course, one of the exceptions, too."

With this faith in the possibilities of the medium in which he works, it is hardly necessary to say that each of the several steps in the development of motion pictures which he has originated has enhanced their poetic and their natural as opposed to their theatrical value. Each has served to bring them closer to Nature, further from the playhouse. This is the Alpha and Omega of his ambition. The poetic element which accompanies this advance is inevitable, but he seems quite unconscious of it, or at least not to have analyzed it.

He traces his descent from a long line of Welsh and Irish patriots—the romantic, daring



The ghost of Hamlet's father appearing to the soldiers



Hamlet prevented from following the ghost of his father

FORBES-ROBERTSON POSING AS HAMLET FOR THE "MOVIES"

have been Southerners for four generations, and he himself is a Kentuckian—the son of Brigadier-General Jacob Wark Griffith, of the Confederate Army. With such a gallant heritage, it was only natural that the stage should have appealed to the romanticism and poetry of the Celt in him, and that these, combined with the executive, courage and single-hearted devotion which inspired his ancestors in their various courses, should have brought him to his present development.

Eight years on the stage, during which time he also wrote for magazines and began a playwright's career with a play produced by James K. Hackett, preceded his entrance into motion pictures, where he is now in his eighth year. He became a director of the Biograph Co. after a few months of acting, and Biograph photoplays soon began to show the effects of his eager originality.

He was the first director to set his scenes in the midst of great stretches of territory—with the characters standing out on the sky-line, barely to be seen in the distance, then sweeping down into the valleys below with a rush that stirs the imagination. There is an epic quality to work of this kind which is wonderfully effective, but Mr. Griffith employs it now but seldom, and then only in themes which would be hampered by any less dashing handling. His evolution has been steadily from crowds to individuals, and the next step carried it so far as to be revolutionary.

This was the introduction of the large figures. Not only was the illusion heightened by making the characters life-size or larger, but it permitted the use of quiet, slow, natural action and subtle expression—obviously a complete change in the technique of picture acting, without which picture plays could never have become what they now are. Stated concisely, it put a premium on brains and lessened the importance of muscular energy as a means of character interpretation.

Scarcely a month passes that a Griffith picture does not introduce some bit of action, novelty in the mechanics of photography or form of expression that makes his métier more flexible. Now it would be forest scenes which looked like one exquisite Corot after another. Or a device to raise suspense to the nth power, as when he introduced endless flash scenes. Again, and often, it was a device to heighten pathos or to bring out the lyrical quality of what would otherwise seem matter-of-fact, as in fading the scene to darkness, or opening black and lightening gradually. One can hardly credit the strength of the illusion created

by this in some situations, such as the passing of a night of sorrow and the dawn of a new day. These are a few instances from many that might be listed.

Practically all of Mr. Griffith's devices have been adopted or adapted by directors both in



Hamlet following the ghost of his father



Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson as Hamlet

(Continued on page 314)



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Can One See a Play Twice?

(Continued from page 810)

to-day as rather more outrageously fantastic than one of Molières *précieuses ridicules*. There is an 'Ibsen Club' in the play, and much talk of 'Ibsenism'—oh! those remote 'nineties! Here is a play hardly more than a dozen years old, and yet already out of date and even *rococo*!"

A review of the later production in a more appreciative spirit is found in the *New York Sun* of December 29, 1913, which says:

"There are four acts of this delightful fooling, for that is all that fortunately is to be found in its content to-day . . . It would be difficult to find anything but the broadest parody of human life in any scene. But the author has probably foreseen what twenty years would accomplish, and as it were he ridicules his theories in advance . . . It is the woman who pursues—and love is for the man a species of sacrifice, a burden which grows heavier until escape from it is a part of his redemption."

A type that would seem to be more definitely supplanted than the new woman of the early 'nineties is the one whose sole defensive tactics is the use of tears. Mr. Norman Hapgood, writing of the first performance of Haddon Chambers' "Tyranny of Tears" in this country fourteen years ago, found "the theme of the comedy not in any way odd. It is simple and human. It has the true comic spirit because it sees the facts of human nature uncolored and undistorted. The essence of comedy is too be intellectual, and the essence of intellect is to see complex things simply. The evils of marriage and the shallowness of bachelorhood, the foibles of women and the foibles of men, are treated with an almost impartial understanding, and the hand of the artist is consistently true and light.

"The Tyranny of Tears" was the first play of its kind to show what could be done with the smallest possible number of characters, according to the *Sun* of September 30, 1913. The *American* found the comedy almost a novelty because it gives us back the sweet and unsophisticated little typist before her degeneration. Now she is a joke or a melodramatic accessory to 'orrors. Then she was just a primrose by the river's brim.

"Last night it seemed rather illogical that such a woman as Mrs. Parbury should have allowed such a pretty menace (Hyacinth) in her house, but Mr. Chambers explained this to me when 'The Tyranny of Tears' was first produced. He'd do it again, I feel sure, though times have changed—and typewriters haven't. Said he: 'Jealous women are peculiar. They begin by being more jealous of their husband's men friends than of the women friends.' To-day we should not be so hypercritical . . . The lines are still bright and apt.

"There is someone who loves Hyacinth—a very nice fellow—and the play closes without regrets, interrogation marks or problems. To-day Mr. Parbury would probably decide 'to live his own life,' Hyacinth would call him her soul-mate—or perhaps develop a past. Fourteen years ago the ending was rational.

JOHN PIERCE.

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David Wark Griffith

(Continued from page 812)

this country and abroad, so that wherever he may see a photoplay, by whomsoever made, the picture "fan" is looking at technique largely developed by this American producer.

Next in importance to the large figures is the pioneer work he is doing in releasing a film in whatever length may be necessary to tell the story properly. Only writers who have seen their plays stretched to the breaking point or hacked into a distorted jumble to fit the iron-bound measure of a thousand feet can appreciate what this will mean to the photoplay as a thing of logical development and construction.

As with themes, settings and camera work, so with the members of his company. He knows how to get the best results from his material, whether it is a temperamental young actor or a strip of celluloid film. His company has been a real school for both actors and directors, and the list of well-known members of the profession who owe much to his training and influence would be impressive.

To see him at work in a location, correcting the least detail in the sweep of a battle scene, for example; or in the studio, molding a plot through the development of one or two characters (work vastly more difficult and to his

(Continued on page 816)

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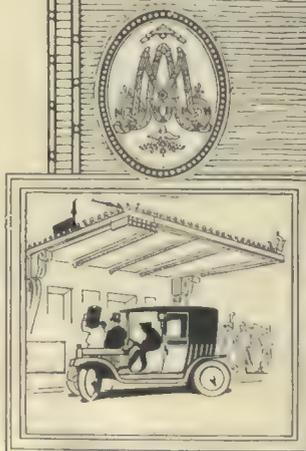
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liking) is to understand something of the reason of his success. He is keen, quick to praise, compelling, enthusiastic and poised. Apparently, when things go wrong; when, let us say, a hundred supers ride furiously away in the wrong direction, out of earshot, it may seem to the careless observer that the Chief is pretty thoroughly perturbed about it, and the supers will certainly get that impression on their return. In reality it has not so much as touched the surface of a poise as strongly entrenched as it is rare. Then, there is a sense of humor, truly Celtic in both its abundance and the aptness of its expression; and a memory so highly trained that he directs without manuscript or notes. To do that with the spoken drama, four acts played consecutively by a cast of fifteen or twenty, within the four walls of a theatre, is not so difficult. Just kindly think what it means with a play of three hundred scenes, all those in one setting being taken at one time, regardless of the numerical sequence, with two hundred actors scattered over several acres of land. To accomplish all this with due regard to the thousands of details involved is nothing less than marvelous.

As implied, the productions for which Mr. Griffith is responsible are, in the last analysis, poetic, but it is not poetry which is transcendental, or which is satisfied with vague generalities concerning beauty and art. Like the greatest of the poets whose written word he has visualized, it is humanity which interests him. And, like that poet, in all that touches the human heart he finds material to his hand, and interprets even the sordid and weak in human nature in the light of an idealism founded on understanding.

Play with the "Punch"

(Continued from page 299)

been led to speak frankly of subjects that were formerly taboo, and this has led us to the unveiling of social sores that have long cried from their prison-darkness for the help publicity brings—all of which has in its turn led our theatregoers to think. In spite of the police we have been brought face to face with serious problems on our stage, and we have not flinched—rather have we pressed to see them. Untrammelled speech and serious thought are desirable adjuncts to a progressive society, and it is in the direction of these that the laws of commerce have pushed our stage. Recently even a direct and undisguised preaching in favor of socialism was given on the boards of a vaudeville house in the midst of theatreland. And ten years ago managers were afraid of really serious plays because of the "tired business man."

Still, in spite of judgments as to bad or good effects, a tendency, like a mortal, moves on. Just as inevitably as the punch came, so inevitably, it seems, it will have to go. The very tissues which grow and strengthen in a man until he flowers into maturity, are the very tissues the decay of which lead him to death. The very forces that developed the punch to its present climax now will start to kill it.

Monotony, the dictionary says, is sameness of tone. It does not matter what the loudness of the tone. Shout in a church, and you will attract attention. Shout as loud amidst the cheering at a baseball game and no one will turn his head. There is a point beyond which the voice cannot go. Almost every successful theatrical production to-day is yelling at the top of its voice. The only way to stand out in contrast now is to whisper. Already we have had some whispers. There is a quiet little comedy of character now playing to delighted crowds. More quiet plays will follow, because they have to.

What type they will be is a question. After all the strain of realism we may revolt to the romantic—even to the sentimental and the slushy. Mr. Clayton Hamilton and Mr. Hamilton Bell have made out excellent cases for the advent of a form of drama more in line with the Shakespearean. We have looked so long and hard at bits of life, says Mr. Hamilton, that we are beginning to desire to see life in the large. Mr. Bell shows how the modern revolution in scenery will help us to the drama that can play itself out in many places. There seems good reason to believe them. In any event, the punch is doomed. Our jaded scenes have had enough. We crave some respite. But, as it goes, we must not fail to see what it has left behind. Our theatre was a by-word for inanity before it came. If we can return now to the play the quiet of which is nearer life and still retain in it serious thought and freedom of subject and expression, we shall have the punch to thank for accomplishing what all the lectures of the pioneers and all the dramas of the foreign artists alone could never do.

EDWARD GOODMAN.

What Is a Juvenile Lead?

(Continued from page 304)

but you are a sad failure trying to be either spontaneous and youthful or funny by the methods used with a monkey on a stick. There is one good rule, in my opinion, for the aspiring juvenile lead to follow. There's an old saying about good breeding. Apply it to acting.

"What is the key-note to good acting?"

"B-Natural."

That's enough. If you cannot do it, you'll never succeed on the stage, least of all as a juvenile who, first, foremost and all the time must have his audience in his confidence. At that, even when you've worked hardest for a success, one cannot always act. Sometimes you catch a tone an emphasis in your voice that pleases your hearers. You decide always to say the same thing that way. But the next time you find you cannot find that tone at all, and your meaning's not the same.

A recipe for a successful juvenile lead is:

"Acquire a trick of manner that establishes a warm bond of sympathy and reflected friendliness with your audience."

Some people think that because I come of an acting family my "inherited talent" makes stage work easy for me. These will be surprised to learn that I had to work as hard to get a start as any stranger. There isn't any romance about how I went on the stage. I did it for just the same reason that a clerk gets a job in a store. I needed the money. I worked just like any clerk. I minded the "boss"—in my case the stage manager—and learned my trade, that of the juvenile lead, by slow hard stages.

It was no fun. In fact I never knew any actor or actress that genuinely thought acting fun except my wife—and she has been on the stage only a little while.

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Passing of the Freak Act

(Continued from page 294)

the feature members of the Ziegfeld's "Follies" company quickly obtained "time" for herself in vaudeville, and brought with her an "assistant." Miss Collins, rather too confident of past achievements, did not set either the North or East Rivers on fire, and seemed to labor under the hallucination that she must be wonderfully good or she would never have been engaged for the "Follies." Too much confidence in one's self is oftentimes misplaced and leads to embarrassments.

Lack of proper stage dressing—reference being made to the settings and accessories and not her costumes—seriously impaired the opening performances of Lina Abarbanell, the little prima donna famed for her "Merry Widow" and "Madam Sherry" affiliations. These defects were later remedied and Miss Abarbanell speedily established herself in the favor of her audiences.

By no means a newcomer in vaudeville but classed on the contrary among the foremost of "the standard acts"—meaning the players that the big booking offices from past experiences have come to bet on for their unvarying strength as box-office attractions—Valerie Bergere reappeared in "A Bowery Camille," winning fresh laurels by her splendid performances.

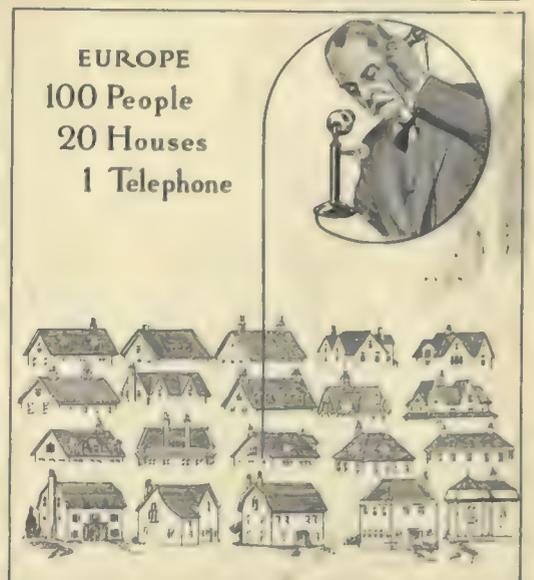
While on the subject of standard acts, attention is instantly directed to Mr. and Mrs. Pat Rooney, otherwise known to vaudeville devotees as Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. This season the Rooneys have won the favor of the public and the managers with what is termed in theatrical parlance a "production," so-called because they carry special scenery and accessories, which is considerable of a departure for this versatile pair, who have usually been content with a special drop in "one."

Two others who have earned their right to the title of "standard act" by their consistently fine and conscientious performances are Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Connelly, whose vehicle is Sir Gilbert Sullivan's delightful little play disclosing what happens when two sweethearts meet after forty years' separation, each having grown gray-haired in the interim but remaining staunchly true. Their's is a beautiful sentimental offering, splendidly staged and excellently portrayed and everywhere regarded as a vaudeville classic.

Charles Ross, after he and Mabel Fenton, beloved by all theatre-goers, were forced to send their handsome production of a travesty on "Cleopatra" to the storehouse through inability



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to obtain the salary they figured as commensurate with the cost of maintaining their offering, undertook a "single" act bearing the appealing title of "Chuckles," but it was short lived.

By right of conquest an artist and a comedienne rather than a buffoon and a low comedian, Eva Davenport, found herself unhappily cast in a farce comedy playlet entitled "The Ceiling Walker," which burlesqued her physical appearance, and the result was infrequent bookings and final abandonment of vehicle. Properly equipped with a means of conveyance, there is no question but that Miss Davenport would enjoy great favor with the two-a-day clientele.

In this résumé of the developments of the regular vaudeville season, reference to the activities of at least one legitimate producer must not be overlooked. The producer is William A. Brady, whose initial offering was "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep," a vaudeville adaptation of the beauty shop scene in the ill-fated "Lady From Oklahoma." This scored emphatically while his subsequent presentations, "The Switchboard" with Georgie O'Ramey, and "The Suspect" did not live to enjoy much popularity.

Ethel Barrymore's playlet "Carrots" was seen again in vaudeville with Minnie Dupree in Miss Barrymore's rôle. This dramatic gem was excellently presented by Miss Dupree but proved an artistic rather than a commercial success because with the royalty, the salaries of the players, and the cost of transportation of scenery and company, there was little left for the producer. Joseph Hart, and the playlet was finally closed. For Miss Dupree another playlet by Sutro was substituted, "The Man in Front," which Mrs. Martin Becks personally selected for her while abroad. It has proven a tremendous success and will be used by the actress again next season.

Inasmuch as she has appeared in New York every season except the period of 1913-14 since she was called years ago "Baby Irene," no attempted retrospection of the theatrical year would be complete without reference to Irene Franklin, voted by the variety going public as "The Queen of Vaudeville." All season long Miss Franklin and her husband and stage partner, Burt Green, toured the West covering the Orpheum Circuit, returning to New York in the spring. Miss Franklin, refusing engagements for Broadway appearances, immediately repaired to the Green country home in Mt. Vernon, strictly on a matter of personal business. Next season vaudeville will lose its Queen while Miss Franklin and Mr. Green—now enjoying the more dignified appellation of Burton since his responsibilities have been increased—return to musical comedy.

NELLIE REVELL.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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What the American Flag, Etc.
(Continued from page 288)

true feeling. It's the one dance that I have never been able to master. However, one can't do everything.

I have a friend, who is as fine a fellow as you could wish to meet below Forty-second Street, but he has one fault. He thinks he owns Broadway. Still, I am under some obligation to him, for he suggested a play which I wrote, and which I called "The Man Who Owns Broadway." However, he was not the only man who has got into that state of mind. There is quite a generation of them that were grown up, even before the Times Building was put up.

The most serious places in my plays are not written around the flag; but there is no finer sentiment known in the life of the United States than the emblem of its fighting blood, and of its generous deeds toward the rest of the world. Nothing will touch the heart-strings of an American anywhere on the face of the earth with great certainty than to show him the flag of Washington!

Some people have said that the best places in my plays are where the flag is brought in. I agree with them, but not for a reason that they may least of all realize. If there has been any aim in the plays I have "fired" at the American public, it has been to represent the supreme note of youth which is the dominant trait for the American character as long as he lives. My plays have been written for Young America, forever young. The snap, the energy, the dash and the smartness of the boy and girl with U. S. A. in their hearts, has been my theme.

There are no old-girls in America, no old-boys, and the greatest proof of this is the enthusiasm which that young flag of ours inspires. This may be an explanation of why fame has put upon me the burden of being the "American flag waver of the American stage."



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The only order of honorable mention for actors in this country is given out by the dramatic critics, and they are "never wrong"—confound them! If I had failed as a "dramatist," I should like to have been a dramatic-critic, because it is an honest, hard-working, noble profession. Really, it can be just that. I insist that it can.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 283)

technical sense with much capacity and finish. But she by no means fills the bill. Her personality has nothing to do with a character like Isabel. She is wholesome and good-natured, but coquettish? No! Ned Sparks invests the invalid with some humor and Felix Krembs tries earnestly to make the probationer something real and vital. Over some of the well-meaning others it is better to draw the curtain of silence.

EMPIRE. "A SCRAP OF PAPER." Comedy in three acts by Victorien Sardou. Revived on May 11th with the following cast:

Prosper Couramont, John Drew; Baron De La Glaciere, Charles Dalton; Brisemouche, Fuller Mellish; Anatole, Ernest Glendinning; Baptiste, Walter Soderling; Francois, Frank McCoy; Susanne De Ruseville, Ethel Barrymore; Louise De La Glaciere, Mary Boland; Mathilde, Charlotte Ives; Mlle. Zenobie, Jeffreys Lewis; Madame Dupont, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen; Pauline, Helen Collier.

Toward the end of each season it is somewhat of an established custom with Charles Frohman to treat us to a star production of a well-known comedy. His choice this year fell to "A Scrap of Paper." While this revival did not seem absolutely necessary, it served its purpose well, as the main object was to present John Drew and Ethel Barrymore together after a lapse of sixteen years. "A Scrap of Paper" is familiar to most theatregoers, and no doubt the present generation will be glad of the opportunity thus afforded to see it. It is known in French as "Les Pattes De Mouche," and is one of Sardou's most amiable comedies. It was first produced in Paris in 1860 and achieved a real success. A lapse of fifty-four years makes a big difference in a play of this kind. Had it been staged in the costume of the time it would have seemed less artificial, in fact, would have been rather quaint, and many of the situations which to-day are antiquated might have been saved. The audience, however, seemed to enjoy the performance hugely, and why not? "A Scrap of Paper" was written by a past-master of his craft and leaves to the spectators what is missing nowadays in most plays—that is, a pleasant impression.

John Drew as Prosper Couramont was at home in a part that suits him to perfection. Ethel Barrymore in the rôle of the old maid did well, notwithstanding her many little mannerisms. Charles Dalton as Baron De La Glaciere was by far the best, being in the picture and in the atmosphere more than any of the other artists. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen was given a hearty welcome, and together with Mary Boland, Ernest Glendinning, Charlotte Ives, Jeffreys Lewis and Helen Collier gave a satisfactory tout ensemble.

LYRIC. "THE RED CANARY." Musical play in two acts. Music by Harold Orlob, lyrics by Will B. Johnstone, book by William Le Baron and Alexander Johnstone. Produced on April 13th with the following cast:

Marie, Cecile Renard; Lois, Adele Rowland; Jacques, E. M. Foley; Archibald Sneed, Phil Ryley; Mrs. Kirk, Ida Waterman; Gustave Donnet, Neal McCay; Trixie Turner, Nita Allen; Jane, Leila Hughes; Hunter Upjohn, T. Roy Barnes; Chauffeur, Charles Prince; Baron de Treville, David Reese; Gaston Philippe, Arthur Lipson; Alice Vail, Dorothy Wilcox.

"The Red Canary" is a story swamped in a theory of color in its effects on the emotions and actions of the characters. Everything is bathed in artificiality, for the most part beautiful to the eye, but not always consistent with reason. Perhaps it is reasonable enough, or scientific if you will, that a person thrust into a red room will emerge from it in a violent rage, while another, thrown into a green room, will precipitate himself from it in a state of raging jealousy, all the doings and emotions of the people being controlled by calcium lights, but the results are not as conclusive as they might be. However, some sort of a complicated story is procured in this way, but it is not important enough to be translated into intelligibility. There was some comfort to be got out of this theory of colors in individual performances and in the combinations of song and dance and various effects provided

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by the skillful stage management of Ben Teal. Adele Rowland and Leila Hughes did not fail to give an account of themselves; but it was T. Roy Barnes, a recruit from the lesser stage, who made something out of nothing and distinguished himself, more by the sanity of the words that he had to utter, spoken in a natural way, than by anything else. It may be explained that his utterances, provided by the book, had nothing to do with the theory of colors. It is not easy to say wherein he distinguished himself, but he pleased the audience by being natural without the need of the spotlight and in spite of the prevailing artificiality of the piece. "The Red Canary" is nothing more than a piece inlaid with song and dance, the maxixe not being omitted. It is a bit of more or less pleasing inconsequential artificiality, a revue of the customary thing in comic opera calculated to hold the attention of the idle.

GARRICK. "THE GOVERNOR'S BOSS." Play in four acts by James S. Barcus. Produced on April 13th with the following cast:

Jake Upstein, Charles Seiter; George Fosdick, Forrest Seabury; Morris Goldberg, Emory Blunkall; John Gilmore, Charles Lait; Hiram Tally, George Fawcett; Police Inspector, D. J. Flanagan; Police Captain, Arthur Parmelay; Fordyce Manville, Richard Gordon; Archibald Tally, Sidney Cushing; Ruth Woodstock, Frances McGrath; Hon. Lancelot Shackleton, John E. Kellard; Edith Shackleton, Cecil Kern; Judge Collins, Frank Andrews; Presiding Officer, Earle Craddock; Assemblyman Weeks, C. W. Goodrich; Assemblyman Jones, Crosby Maynard.

Such a sensational incident in local politics as the impeachment of a governor could hardly escape the attention of the wide awake dramatist, always on the alert for suitable material. The story of "The Governor's Boss," by James S. Barcus, followed pretty closely the scandal which recently occupied so much space in the newspapers, and perhaps it was because it was all largely in the nature of reiteration that the theatre-going public evinced only slight interest in the piece, which was withdrawn from the Garrick after a few performances. The play had to do with a newly elected governor who boldly defies the boss who has elected him. The governor refuses to make appointments against his conscience, and the boss declares war, preparing the way for impeachment by having his henchmen offer bribes to the financially embarrassed executive. By means of a motion picture camera and dictograph the boss is exposed, and the scene changes to the Senate chamber, where the impeachment trial takes place. This in itself was a novel and interesting tableau, and with a better constructed plot and background might easily have helped the piece to success. George Fawcett, whose rugged personality fits well such rôles, made a forceful boss, and John E. Kellard appeared as the governor.

Books Received

SAINT LOUIS. By Percy MacKaye. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

LIMELIGHT. By Horace Wyndham. London: John Richmond, Ltd.

THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MODERN DRAMA. By Emma Goldman. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

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Hits of the Month

One of the most delightful character portrayals of the season is Maude Eburne's playing of Coddles in "A Pair of Sixes," the farce that is running so successfully at the Longacre Theatre. Coddles is a grotesque cockney slavey, with an eye on the handsome butler, who completely collapses along in the third act when she realizes the futility of her hopes. It is in this scene that Miss Eburne gets the heartiest laugh from her audiences. Maude Eburne was born in Bronte-on-the-Lake, a suburb of Toronto, Canada. She went to school in Toronto and studied elocution at the same time. She was quick to discover her natural aptitude for dialects, and made use of her talent in amateur theatricals, in which she always longed to play the "killing" parts. She did not expect, however, that she would one day become a "real" actress. For a few years she headed and managed a company of artists, with whom she travelled throughout the country, giving character readings and bits of dialect. The opportunity came to join the Shubert Stock Company in the Teck Theatre, Buffalo. Miss Eburne left her concert tours and became a character actress. After that she played in many parts around New York. All her early experience was gained in repertoire companies, in which she played all kinds of rôles—old rubes, hags, and slaves of every nationality. She would sometimes play two or three dialect parts in one week, and it was not at all unusual for her to play a *grande dame* in one act and then to double in another act with the part of an old drunken woman. Her present rôle serves to introduce her to New York audiences.



Maude Eburne

By far the most delightful character in the farce comedy, "The Rule of Three," is the fat, good-natured, pink and white bell boy, so cleverly played by Will Archie. His every appearance is hailed with gleeful chuckles that quickly grow into roars of laughter. No ordinary bell boy is he; he is a bell boy with aspirations and ambitions medically inclined, and carries with him a fat volume from which he is ever ready to quote medical opinions on measles and torpid livers. Little Mr. Archie is a New Yorker, born and bred. He graduated from one of the public schools, and soon afterward went into vaudeville in a single comedy act, in which he sang, acted and imitated. He had always shown an aptitude for mimicry since he was a tiny lad still in school. After his vaudeville experience he was with Weber and Fields' all-star company for two seasons, appearing with Peter Daley, Willie Collier and Lillian Russell. Then he co-starred with Nat M. Wills for one season in "The Son of Rest," after which he played the principal comedy part in "Bird Centre," a comedy produced by Hamlin, Mitchell and Fields. Following this he played with Lillian Russell in "Wildfire." He is still remembered for his clever and sympathetic playing of the jockey. In the last year of the play's run, which lasted three seasons altogether, he was starred with Miss Russell. Last year he produced vaudeville acts, putting "big acts" on "little time."



Will Archie

It is comparatively easy for an actress to win her audiences in a portrayal of a sweet and charming character; but to do so in a rôle that is unsympathetic is exceedingly difficult. Nan Campbell, who played the fortune-seeking daughter of a scheming mother in the comedy "Marrying Money," which just closed at the Princess Theatre, succeeded even in investing this unappealing character with a winning sweetness and charm. Miss Campbell is a Southern girl, born in Norfolk, Virginia. She went to school in Norfolk and later to a finishing school in Baltimore. Then she came to New York and took a six months' course in a dramatic school at the Berkeley Lyceum, and a little while later was engaged for her first rôle, that of a Southern girl, Cara Carson, in "The Bridal Path." She did so well in the part that immediately upon its close she was engaged for the rôle of Kate Walker in the



Nan Campbell



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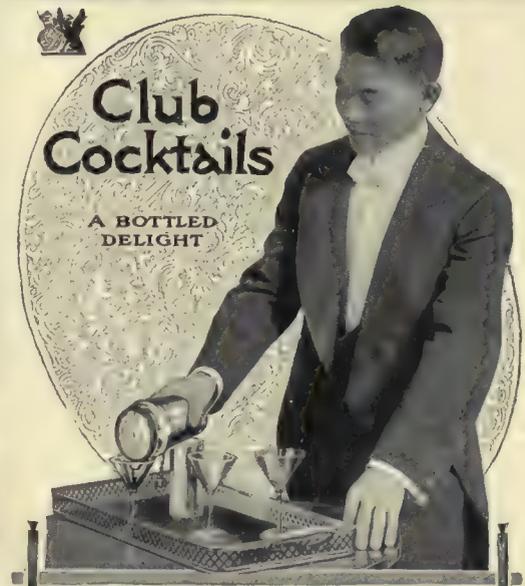
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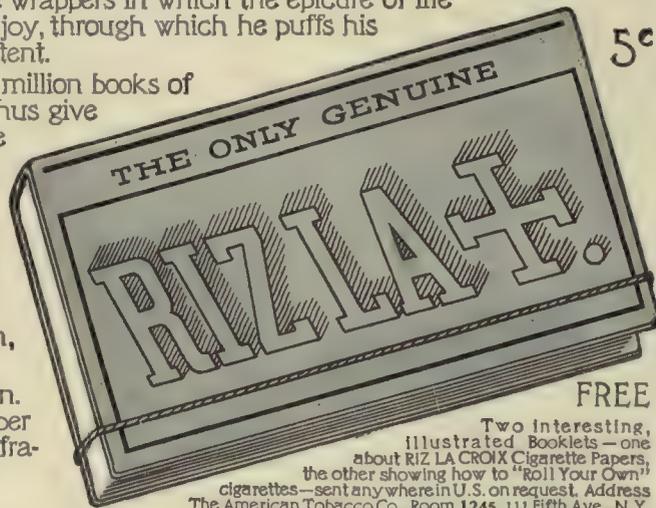
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Chicago company of "When Claudia Smiles." Last Spring she created a rôle in "Russia," one of the Princess Theatre "thrillers," but gave up the part after the first performance when she was offered the leading rôle in "Marrying Money."

"From Schoolroom to Broadway"—this would make the extraordinary title of the story of Eleanor Daniels' life. Miss Daniels will be remembered as the delightfully human, drab little Lizzie Ann in "Change," the Welsh play presented by Welsh players first at the Booth and later at the Park Theatre. Miss Daniels was born in Llanelly, in the south of Wales, and taught school soon after graduating herself. At the same time she studied elocution and took part in concerts. She won the National Prize in elocution for three years in succession, and then, when she was no longer allowed to compete, went to London and took the examinations, which she passed with highest honors. All this while she was schoolmistress in her little home town. After a year or two she was told of an opening with a road company, applied for the part and was accepted. It was the rôle of a cockney girl in "Little Miss Llewellyn." The schoolroom was soon forgotten. At the close of the play's run she was engaged for the leading part in "The Joneses" with a London company, and followed that with the rôle of Nan in "The Mark of Cain." Then she created the part of Lizzie Ann in London, and came to New York with the play soon after.



Photo Lillian George
Eleanor Daniels

Y. D. G.

Lillian Nordica Dead

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA, who died at Batavia, Java, May 10th, of pneumonia, following nervous prostration after a ship disaster, while on a concert tour of the world, will remain a name of supreme distinction in the history of opera in the United States. She was one of the first and few American singers to reach the high artistic excellence of foreign demands. To achieve such eminence more than the gift of voice was required. The mastery of the art of music as well as that of impersonation called for compelling force of character, a high order of intelligence, resolution in effort, and perseverance. In other words, she was a remarkable woman. Her beginnings were of the simplest. She was born in 1859. Coming, without advantages from a village in Maine, singing as soloist in a church choir, with her uncultivated voice, she attracted the attention of Gilmore, who took her with him on a tour of his band in Europe. She realized her artistic needs and remained for study in Milan under San Giovanni. It was here that she assumed the name of Nordica. Her real name was Lillian Norton. In 1880 she obtained an engagement at Brescia, first singing Violetta in "La Traviata." After singing in a few Italian cities she went to St. Petersburg, where she met with great success, as also at Dantzig and Koenigsberg. Now well established, she was called as leading soprano to the Grand Opera, Paris, making her début there in July, 1881, as Marguerite in "Faust." Her success was continuous. In 1883 she was engaged by Mapleson for the Metropolitan Opera in New York, being first heard in grand opera in her own country as Marguerite in "Faust." Her greatest triumph here, however, was to come. This was when she sang Isolde in Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," with Jean de Reszke as Tristan, at the Metropolitan in November, 1895. She had previously sung at Bayreuth at the invitation of Cosima Wagner. Her range may be remarked in even a short list of her rôles: Violetta in "La Traviata," Marguerite in "Faust," Ophelia in "Hamlet," Susanna in "Le Nozze di Figaro," Aida, Filina in "Mignon," Selika in "L'Africaine," Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni." Apart from her success as a singer, the lesson of her life will always be an inspiration to the capable American singers who recognize the need for training and have the endurance to pass the ordeal. Mme. Nordica's voice was a gift; but she won her distinction and made herself worthy of it by her own efforts.



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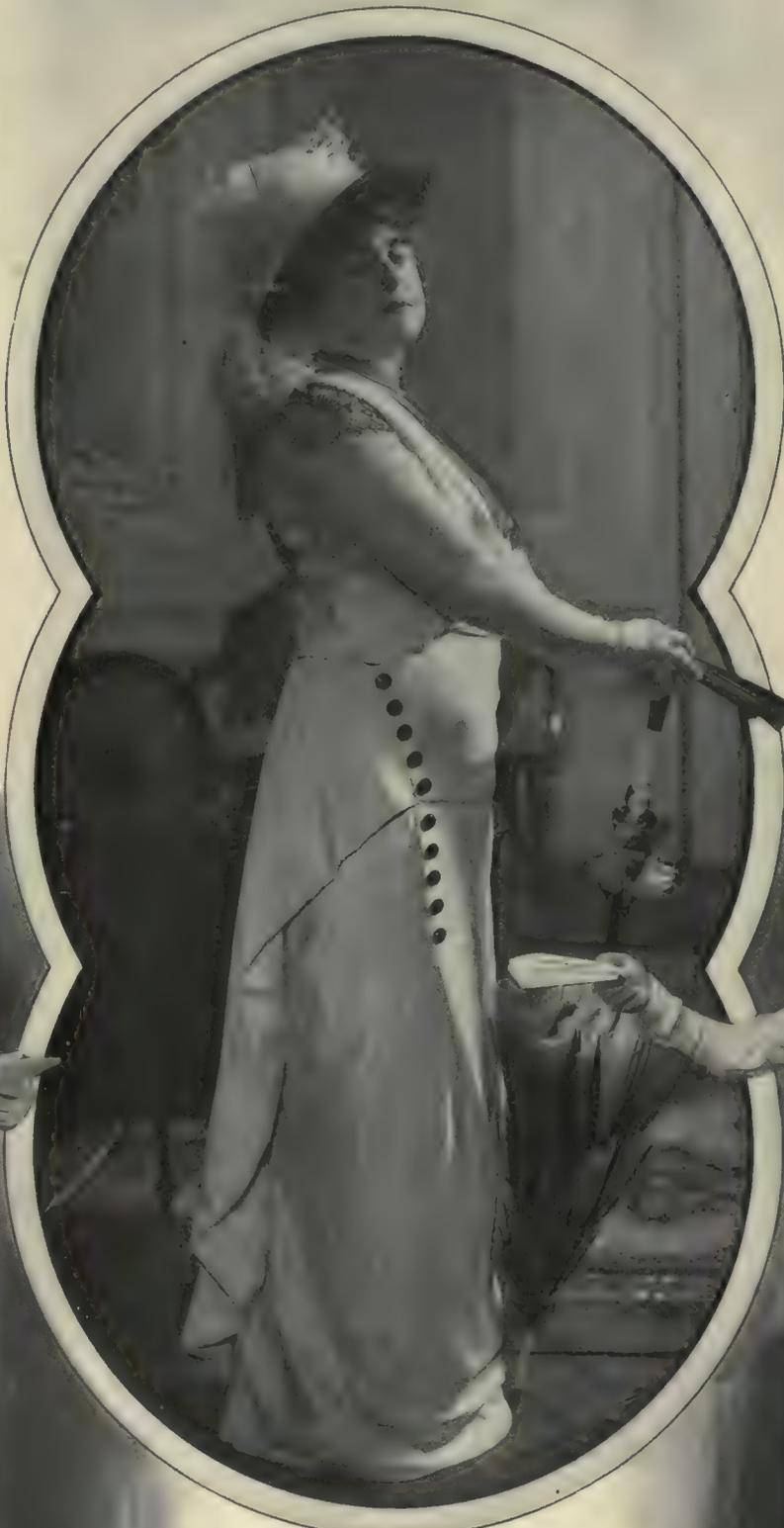
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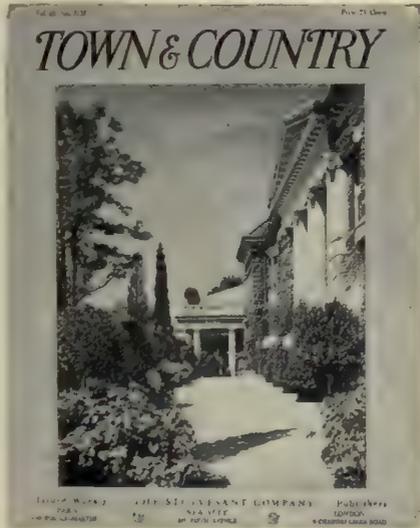
HB

Estates Rented and Sold

By Advertising in

TOWN & COUNTRY

An Established WEEKLY
Medium of Purchase or Sale
of Country and City Estates



On March 22nd **JAMES W. McCULLOCH** writes: "Please discontinue the advertisement of Wyndout Cottage, Saranac Lake, as we have rented the same from the advertisement in your paper."

On March 4th **Mr. CHARLES PRESBREY**, Vice President of the Frank Presbrey Company, wrote us: "The advertisement in your February 14th number, which we inserted for one of our customers who wished to sell his house, has brought results far beyond our expectations. We knew **TOWN & COUNTRY** reached the class of people who would be interested in the property we advertised, but eleven such inquiries as we received, we think, is a record."

On April 22nd the **GEO. M. POTTER AGENCY** wrote us: "Having been successful in leasing for the season one of the largest camps in the Adirondacks, for one of our clients, through the medium of **TOWN & COUNTRY**, and this after having used other mediums, we take pleasure in sending you under separate cover descriptive matter with illustration of another high class property at Cazenovia, New York, which we have been requested to advertise in **TOWN & COUNTRY**. We congratulate you on the very evident pulling power of **TOWN & COUNTRY**."

TOWN & COUNTRY

389 Fifth Avenue

New York



Violet Sec TOILET WATER

The value of toilet water is in the feeling of freshness its use inspires. The delicacy of Violet Sec Toilet Water, its elusive fragrance and lasting quality have made it the choice of smart women everywhere.

RICHARD HUDNUT
NEW YORK AND PARIS



Photo Bang
Hazel Dawn wearing a cleverly modeled suit of Roman stripes and plain taffeta



Marion Donn in "The Beauty Shop," with a dainty frock and hat suitable for mid-summer gala days



Copyright Charles Frohman

Ethel Barrymore wearing a classically simple evening gown in the recent successful revival of "A Scrap of Paper." A gown of dignity



Photo White

Ziegfeld's productions are wonderfully gowned always. Here is Cecilia Wright wearing a beautiful lace draped dinner gown

Copyright Charles Frohman

Another lovely evening gown from "A Scrap of Paper," illustrating the sleeveless mode and classic arrangements of draperies worn by Mary Boland

THIS IS THE PLACE IN BREMEN WHERE THE CAFFEINE
IS EXTRACTED FROM
KAFFEE HAG



KAFFEE HAG

PERFECT COFFEE

95% OF THE CAFFEINE REMOVED

Kaffee HAG is pure, high grade coffee from which 95% of the injurious drug caffeine has been removed.

The process of removing the caffeine and the method of roasting give Kaffee HAG a flavor and aroma unsurpassed by any other coffee. It is a perfect coffee that agrees with everybody—when the use of other coffee is forbidden doctors recommend Kaffee HAG.

Kaffee HAG reaches the consumer in perfect condition, it is perfectly roasted and perfectly packed in airtight packages containing one half-pound net—in the bean only—and sells for twenty-five cents. ☐ Kaffee HAG has the endorsement of doctors, hospitals and sanitariums throughout the world. ☐ Kaffee HAG makes delicious iced coffee. ☐ If your grocer does not sell it, send 25c. for a half-pound package.



KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION, NEW YORK



Wherever you go this Summer Vanity Fair will go with you

YOU may, for example, go up to New London for the Harvard-Yale boat race. When your observation car takes its creaking way to the middle of the drawbridge, Vanity Fair will be there to record the scene.

If by chance you sit in the evening on the terrace of the Café de Paris watching the new fashions as they pass all around you in the dusk, Vanity Fair will be at your elbow.

In the throng at the Newport Casino next August when you are

watching McLoughlin play one or another of the foreign tennis players—Vanity Fair will be ready to take photographs of the matches and of the spectators.

When through clouds of dust you motor to Meadowbrook for the Polo, there also will be Vanity Fair.

And when you go out on a yacht to Sandy Hook to see the newest Shamrock race the newest Defender, Vanity Fair will once more be with you.

For instance, suppose you buy the June number to-day and see for yourself how entertainingly it presents the various things that interesting people are doing this week. But Vanity Fair is useful as well as entertaining. Unless you already know what a practical, as well as a cheerful and amusing magazine it is, the June number may be a revelation. Your newsdealer has it, but you will have to be prompt.

Vanity Fair 449 Fourth Avenue New York

The Whittier Inn

SEA GATE—NEW YORK HARBOR

An Ideal Hotel Home for Summer

Open from May to November European and American Plan

The Inn is situated in a private park maintained by the local cottage community. Rooms with private bath and porch.

Rooms are available in nearby cottages to those who prefer them, service and privileges of the Inn being the same.

Entire cottages (including Hotel Service) may be leased for the season.

A clean broad beach with ample bathing facilities. Tennis, baseball, rowing and sailing.

Private boat service to and from New York City. Also frequent train service to Brooklyn.

Telephone

Garage

A Delightful Place—Just 45 Minutes by Private Boat from New York

Rates and Booklet Upon Application

Our Cover

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. This month we present on the cover a portrait of Miss Laurette Taylor in her well-known character of "Peg o' My Heart." Miss Taylor, who is of Irish descent, was born in New Jersey. Her first appearance on the stage was in concert in Baltimore. Then stock claimed and held her for years. Later she appeared with George Fawcett in "The Great John Ganton." Following that came "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "The Girl in Waiting," "The Bird of Paradise," and then "Peg o' My Heart."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Books Reviewed

THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH. By Francis Gribble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

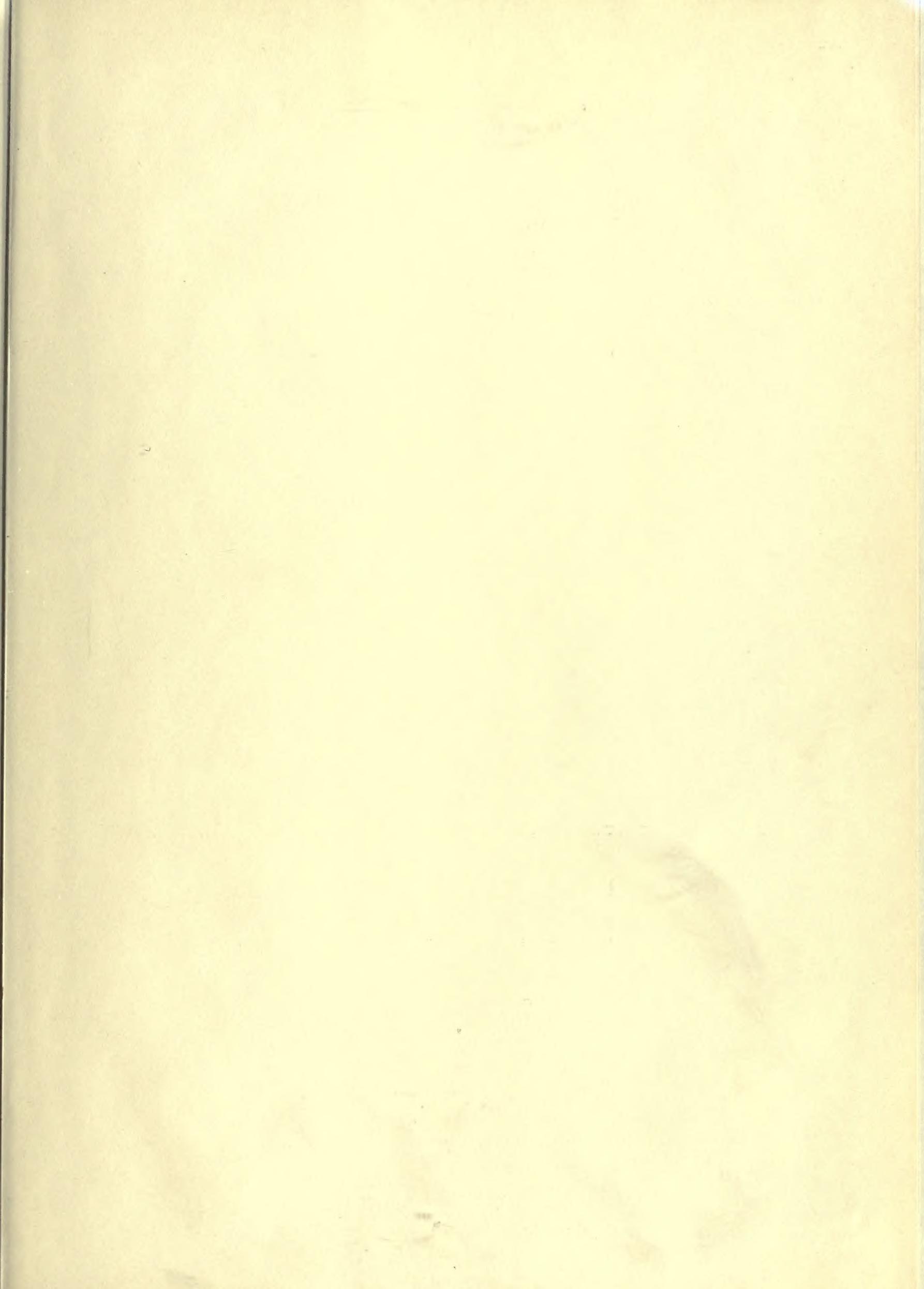
This interesting book by Francis Gribble gives an admirable insight into the life of the aged Emperor Francis-Joseph. Mr. Gribble deals with a good many matters besides the political manoeuvres of the Emperor and his Ministers. "John Orth" pelting the Emperor with the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece, "Herr Wulfling" cracking nuts in a tree with Fraulein Adamovics; Princess Louisa of Tuscany, first bicycling with the dentist in the Dresden Park, and then appealing to her sons' tutor to come and "compromise" her in Switzerland—all these are matters which may suggest, says the author, "reflections quite as far-reaching as anything that we read about Francis-Joseph's skill in extricating his country from embarrassments with rival Powers and keeping the peace (in so far as it has been kept) between Ruthenians and Galicians." Cromwell, it will be remembered, insisted that the artist should paint him "warts and all." In this spirit the life of the Emperor has been written.

SARDOU AND THE SARDOU PLAYS. By Jerome A. Hart. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

This is a valuable book in itself, and all the more valuable in that no other book with a succinct record of the dramatist as a man and of his plays, including those of his plays not familiar to the American public, has been published in English. It is indispensable in the library of everyone who wants to have reference to a book of precise information. All Sardou's failures are enumerated as well as his successes, the statement being in a way superfluous when it is said that the record is complete. The record is complete, for it enables one to identify all the adaptations that have been made in English. The history of every play is there, with dates of production and many interesting details. Very interesting is Sardou's history, often given in his own words, of his trials and final success. His methods of work are set forth. The book is divided into three parts. The first part gives his personal history, the second part gives the plots, in considerable detail, of all the plays. The third part gives an account of the use of the Sardou plays in America. The book is as interesting as it is valuable. Mr. Hart has done his work well.

The Vitagraph Players, under the direction of James Young, are working on what promises to be a most elaborate production of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

Clara Kimball Young will play Ophelia; James Young, Hamlet; Roger Lytton, the King; Charles Kent, Polonius; Harry Morey, the ghost. The Scenic and Property Departments at the Vitagraph Studios have been busy for weeks past preparing for this presentation.



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Theatre magazine

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