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# THE THEATRE

Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Dramatic and Musical Art

VOL. XVII, 1913



NEW YORK

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

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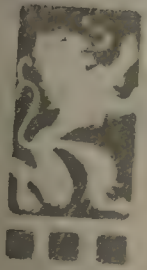


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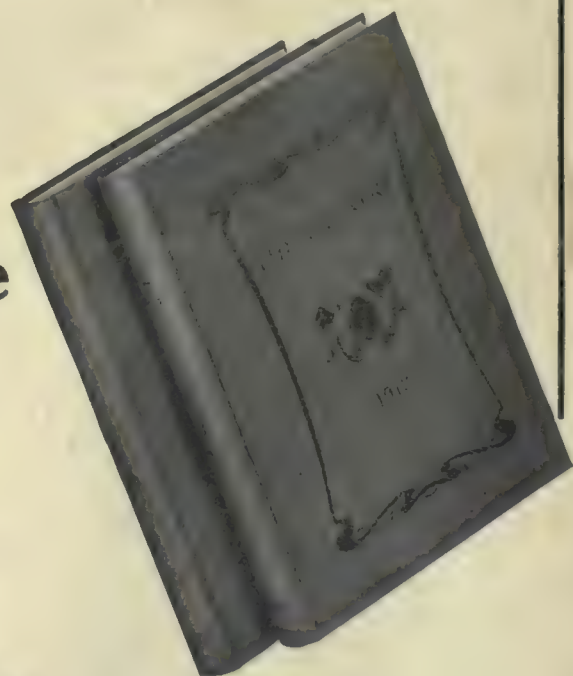
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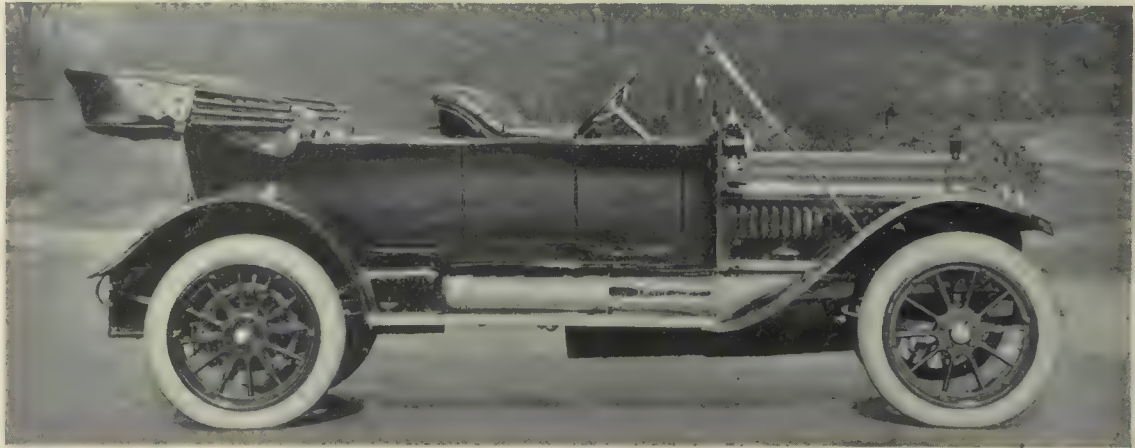
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White

MME. SIMONE AS BETTINA IN "THE PAPER CHASE," RECENTLY AT WALLACK'S THEATRE



Marion la Vivandière (Sarah Bernhardt)

SCENE IN "UNE NUIT DE NOEL SOUS LA TERREUR," IN WHICH MME. BERNHARDT IS NOW APPEARING IN VAUDEVILLE

HUDSON. "THE HIGH ROAD." Pilgrimage in five parts, by Edward Sheldon. Produced on November 19th last with this cast:

Winfield Barnes.....	Frederick Perry	Cornelius Murray.....	Aldrich Bowker
Alan Wilson.....	Charles Waldron	Leslie Farley.....	Joseph Selman
John Stephen Maddock.....	Arthur Byron	James R. Kenyon.....	F. Van Rennselaer
Silas Page.....	Charles Fisher	Lect.....	H. Holliday
Harvey Lawrence.....	Barrett Clark	An Expressman.....	Charles Burleigh
Martin Denison.....	Lewis Howard	Mary Page.....	Mrs. Fiske
Scott.....	Harry J. Holliday	Esther.....	Nina Melville

Mr. Sheldon's play, "The High Road," devotes two acts setting forth the early pilgrimage of a woman before she finds herself and her place in the world. Three acts are then devoted to the play proper. We have seen the girl driven away from her country home by its sordidness and narrowness of opportunity; we have seen her living a life of refined luxury in meretricious relations with the man who lured her from home, and then her sudden resolve to redeem herself, to go forth in the world, to be good and do good. She refuses the offer of marriage that would have glossed over her own mishap or mistake of conduct. She becomes known for her efforts in behalf of underpaid labor. She has had a bill prepared that is now before the Governor. The Governor has known her from childhood, but is ignorant of that part of her pilgrimage where she turned aside from an unworthy life. He loves her, he forgives her, he marries her. These first two acts, with their frankness of revelation, may not be necessary to the mechanism of the play, but they establish the woman in our respect and sympathy. Mr. Sheldon knew what he was about when he adopted this rather daring method of handling his material. Moreover, these acts are short, and one does not become impatient with them, for they are interesting and picturesque. The interior, in the second act, of the richly-furnished apartment is the last word in modern decorative refinement. It is worth the while, for the luxury that the awakened woman leaves emphasizes the sincerity of her resolve to lead a better life. In the last three acts we have the "big scenes," which Mr. Sheldon handles with a skill excelled by no one. If they remind one of "Mrs. Dane's Defense" or any other play it is a coincidence of life, and it in no wise detracts from the originality and force of the play. A newspaper proprietor, with overwhelming opportunities to discredit and damage an opponent, having large financial interests also in factories against which the labor bill is directed, recognizes in the Governor's wife the woman who lived unmarried with the man now dead. He threatens to reveal her past unless the Governor kills the bill. The situation is a nat-

## THE NEW PLAYS

ural and not entirely unfamiliar one, but its scenes are worked out in a way that sustains the liveliest uninterrupted inter-

est. With Mrs. Fiske in them they could not be merely theatrical.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "HINDLE WAKES." Play in three acts, by Stanley Houghton. Produced on December 9th with this cast:

Mrs. Hawthorn.....	Alice O'Dea	Ada.....	Kathleen MacPherson
Christopher Hawthorn.....	James C. Taylor	Alan Jeffcote.....	Roland Young
Fanny Hawthorn.....	Emilie Polini	Sir Anthony Farrar.....	Chas. F. Lloyd
Mrs. Jeffcote.....	Alice Chapin	Beatrice Farrar.....	Dulcie Conry

"Hindle Wakes," by Stanley Houghton, much heralded before its production in New York, proves not unworthy of the praise bestowed on it. It is not an unusual play in its subject, but it is unusual as a study of local character. In other words, it could have been written from living models only. Again, it could be acted only by actors familiar with the life depicted. The company was organized and rehearsed in England by Lewis Cassen, stage director of Miss Horniman's repertoire company, of Manchester. The new idea of the play, if it may be called new, is that a girl who has compromised herself with a young man may act within her rights, and wisely, in refusing the marriage which is arranged in order to right her "wrongs." The girl certainly takes an unconventional view of the matter, but the importance and correctness of that view is open to various opinions. However, the play is what is now commonly described as a "slice from life." The scenes are capital. We do not find them uninteresting at any point. Some of them, perhaps, move slowly, but the dramatist meant them to be slow, and an audience acquainted with the people would be satisfied with the incidental minute portrayal of character. The girl has been away from home for the "week's end." Her parents demand an explanation. She is forced to admit the truth of the charge they bring against her. Her companion was the son of the owner of the mills in which the father works, an old friend who has made a successful career. The two men had begun at the bottom together. The mill owner, when the case is laid before him, decides that his son shall marry the girl. The boy's mother objects. An engagement with another girl of social position has to be broken off. In a scene between these two we have the real philosophy of the piece. She refuses to marry him, holding that the boy's relations with the girl of the mills already constitutes marriage. The girl of the mills refuses to marry the rich owner's son because she does not think he really loves her, and that she might destroy her own hap-

piness by marrying him. The acting of the play, uniformly good, makes all this convincing. The actors, imported from London, were new to our stage. A highly favorable impression was made by Herbert Lomas as the stern, blunt mill owner.

**LYRIC. "THE FIREFLY."** Comedy opera in three acts with book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach, and music by Rudolf Friml. Produced on December 2d last with the following cast:

Sybil Vandare, Vera De Rosa; Suzette, Ruby Norton, Pietro, Sammy Lee; Geraldine Vandare, Audrey Maple; Jack Travers, Craig Campbell; John Thurston, Melville Stewart; Mrs. Vandare, Katherine Stewart; Jenkins, Roy Atwell; Herr Franz, Henry Vogel; Nina, Emma Trentini; Antonio Columbo, Irene Cassini; Correlli, George Williams.

This "comedy opera," to which Rudolf Friml, a retired piano virtuoso, has written the music, is one of the best things of the season. There is not a coarse nor a vulgar thing in it; not an act nor an actor that hurts your finer sensibilities; there is something more than vacuum where a plot should be; the music is good, the libretto is clean and amusing, if not startlingly clever or funny, and the singing is excellent. The piece is obviously built around the leading lady, but when that leading lady happens to be Emma Trentini, a little person with a big voice, much charm and an abundance of good spirits, this cannot be set down as an objection. Though Miss Trentini has excellent support in Roy Atwell, Vera De Rosa, Ruby Norton, Sammy Lee, Audrey Maple and Melville Stewart, she has to carry the greater part of the responsibility of making her audience like the play, and she does it.

**WALLACK'S. "THE PAPER CHASE."** Comedy in four acts by Louis N. Parker, founded on Henry Mountoy's novel, "The Minister of Police." Produced on November 25th with this cast:

Duke of Richelieu.....	Edgar Kent	Langlois .....	Henry Duggan
Marquis of Belange....	Julian L'Estrange	Dubois .....	Alec F. Thompson
Marquis of Joyeuse....	Dallas Anderson	Leseur .....	Frank L. Davis
Lavenne .....	Geoffrey Stein	Duchess of Senlis.....	Belle Starr
Gaspard .....	Charles Francis	Marchioness Joyeuse..	Pauline Frederick
Bertrand .....	Douglas Ross	Countess Harlancourt..	Edith Cartwright
Boehmer .....	Pedro de Cordoba	Bettina .....	Madame Simone

In "The Paper Chase," by Louis N. Parker, who, in his more earnest moods, has furnished us with some very agreeable come-

dies, Mme. Simone, as the Baroness, is delightful; and she alone makes the play worth seeing, but it is to be regretted that she is compelled to spend her talent on anything so insignificant. The production and the performance have many pleasing aspects, but the dramatic action of the play is too tame and meaningless to promise more than a complimentary public patronage for a short time in recognition of the fine qualities of our French

visitor. Mr. Parker describes his play as an "irresponsible comedy" and "an all but historical play," which latter definition means that it may have happened. It may have happened, but not quite in the way that the happy-go-lucky author says it did. The Baroness of Schoenberg, a lady-in-waiting on Queen Marie Antoinette, intercepts some papers from the Duc de Richelieu (who desires, for political reasons, to discredit the Queen in the King's eyes), and thereby saves her mistress incidentally placing Monsieur le Duc and his intimate friends in an embarrassing position. The Marquis of Belange, who loves a married woman who will be compromised if the papers are discovered by the wrong persons, essays to recover them. In the meanwhile, his fickle nature has unwittingly transferred his affections to the lovely Baroness. This lovely unknown admits that she loves him in return. Upon discovering her identity, and believing she has lied to him as to the where-

abouts of the papers, he turns against her, and determines to secure the papers at any cost. She now agrees to return the papers and the documents to Richelieu provided that Belange will marry her and return with her to her native Austria. Belange consents with good grace; the Baroness, by threat of exposure, compels her enemies to purchase her trousseau, and they depart together. The ominousness of undefined papers! Mr. Parker has relied too much on it. No one knew what they contained—not even the author, who declined responsibility at the very beginning. They had as well been waste paper. At best, the play is an exceedingly shoddy piece of work, hanging together by the most obvious of theatrical devices.



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White Roy Atwell Audrey Maple Emma Trentini Katherine Stewart Ruby Norton Craig Campbell

SCENE IN "THE FIREFLY," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



From a painting by Ed. Simmons

JOHN KELLERD AS HAMLET

HARRIS. "MERE MAN." Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced on November 25th with the following cast:

Mary .....	Helen Hancock	Trowbridge .....	William Sampson
Annie .....	Fan Bourke	Dr. Pierson .....	Orlando Daly
Judson .....	Tom Graves	Kinsley .....	DeWitt C. Jennings
Mrs. Fanwood .....	Kathryn Decker	Esther Lennard .....	Chrystal Herne
Margaret .....	Helen Orr Daly	Molloy .....	Charles Sturges
Ada Hawley .....	Minnette Barrett	Shoenbock .....	Robert B. Kegerreis
David Hawley .....	Clifford Bruce	Dan Riardo .....	Sedley Brown, Jr.

"Mere Man" was so unsatisfactory, as a whole, that it was withdrawn after the first week. Recent managerial policy abandons a production if the receipts of the box office fall below a certain weekly figure; in other words, below expenses. There was a time, not long distant, when this rule was not followed, when adverse newspaper criticism was disregarded, when further trial was hopefully expected to reverse that opinion. A manager should have judgment of his own and not adopt arbitrary rules; but in this case we think the rule was properly applied. As to the play

itself, interest in it was centred nowhere. The opening scenes, in which a maid is accused by her mistress of stealing a pair of gloves, in which the lie was passed, the servant, although guilty, finally throwing the gloves to the floor as a present to her mistress, were by no means pleasing or in the spirit of comedy. To give a detailed account of the story and its events would prove that Mr. Thomas was more intent on delivering his philosophies eloquently than on unfolding a logical, real and dramatic story. The play was unquestionably a failure; and yet its individual scenes were in the usual entertaining manner of Mr. Thomas. The cast was of exceptional excellence.

BROADWAY. "THE SUN DODGERS." Fanfare of frivolity in two acts with book by Edgar Smith, lyrics and music by E. Ray Goetz and A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced on November 30th with this cast:

Praline Nutleigh .....	Bessie Wynn	Hiram Hubbs .....	Nat Fields
Mrs. Honoria O'Day .....	George W. Monroe	Todd Hunter .....	Denman Maley
P. V. Hawkins .....	Harry Fisher	Sam Porter .....	Jerry Hart
Rose Hubbs .....	Ann Tasker	Vera Light .....	Nan Brennan
Wakeleigh Knight .....	Harold Crane	Trixie Turner .....	Maud Gray

At last it has come out in the open; at last it has crystallized: the whole vicious organization of perverted and anæmic minds that devise nothing but ways to escape the ennui of business or any wholesome work—tolerated only because it is a necessary evil—to find a continuous, joyous dissipation of the things requiring effort; lo! "The Sun Dodgers." They live in the night in their dives and rathskellars, their lobster palaces and their whirling cars; they rise when the sun sets and go to bed when it glides up in the east. Wakeleigh Knight is the dominant spirit of this enterprise, and his widowed aunt, rolling in wealth and *embonpoint*, the financial backing. Together they found Sunless City; and after the supposedly mirth-compelling qualities of that idea are exhausted (and the audience not yet having their money's worth of killed time), the Widow O'Day sells the city and purchases an automatic restaurant, and, to make the connection logical, gives an imitation tabloid melodrama with the assistance of her fiancé and a stagehand, says the Sun Dodger idea was never good anyhow, sees the nephew united to Praline, a vaudeville star, and takes the arm of her fiancé, assistant eccentric comedian. Is everybody happy? If not, it really doesn't matter, for the time is up and our use of other people's originality has run out. George Monroe, as the Widow O'Day in this amazingly bad piece of theatrical craftsmanship, is the same as ever, with a healthy laugh and a contortionist's ability to say yes and no. Harry Fisher, as the fiancé, is only mildly amusing. Bessie Wynn is called Praline, but she really is only herself, an infinitely better identity, for she is pleasing of voice and manner, although her songs are foolish.

GARDEN. "HAMLET." Tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Produced on November 18th with this cast:

Claudius .....	Chas. A. Stevenson	A Priest .....	David George
Hamlet .....	John E. Kellerd	Marcelus .....	Robert Vivian
Horatio .....	Harvey Braban	First Player .....	Harry Calver
Polonius .....	Elwyn Eaton	First Gravedigger .....	Theodore Hamilton
Leertes .....	Edward Mackay	Second Gravedigger .....	Arthur Edwards
Rosencrantz .....	Nicholas Joy	Gertrude .....	Amelia Gardner
Guildenstern .....	Edwin Cushman	Ophelia .....	Margaret Campbell
Osric .....	Aubri Percival	Ghost .....	Theodore Roberts

Mr. John E. Kellerd is giving a series of classic plays at the Garden Theatre. His personal fitness for such serious work is to be conceded. His principal play has been "Hamlet." The production has been very simple, but accuracy in scenery and costumes has not been disregarded. It is possible that, of recent years, the public has become accustomed to elaboration in these particulars, but, as Hamlet himself says, "The Play's the Thing," an utterance that plainly included the acting.

HARRIS. "THE INDISCRETION OF TRUTH." Comedy-drama in four acts by J. Hartley Manners, founded on Wilkie Collins' novel "Man and Wife." Produced on November 18th with this cast:

Donald Tweedle .....	Richard Purdon	Truth Coleridge .....	Anne Meredith
Capt. Wm. Greville, R.N. .....	Henry Mortimer	Mrs. Radnor .....	Muriel Starr
Kate Stirling .....	Violet K. Cooper	Bruce Darrell .....	Walter Hampden
Lady Stirling .....	Nina Herbert	Henry Marston .....	Alexander Frank
Sir George Stirling, Bart. .....	Frank K. Cooper	Ben Knivett .....	Dan Collyer
		Thomas .....	William Eville

"The Indiscretion of Truth," by J. Hartley Manners, was quickly withdrawn. The play was founded on Wilkie Collins'

novel, "Man and Wife," from which a number of plays have been written and have been seen on the New York stage. Naturally this play lacked novelty in spite of a certain originality of treatment. The attempt was made to impart more comedy to the story and to avoid any agonizing emotion. This was not entirely successful. A middle-aged guardian of a girl engaged in a love affair, if it might be so called, with a young girl, the real love scenes coming only in the last act, could not give importance to this part of the transaction. Three acts are devoted to getting the girl out of her entanglements. The play lacked novelty and for that reason failed. It was well acted. Mr. Frank Kemble Cooper is an actor of distinction, not only in his fine art, but in his history. We hope that other and better opportunities on our stage will speedily come to him. Players of excellence were employed in the performance but nothing availed.

**THIRTY-NINTH STREET.** "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." Comedy in three acts by William Shakespeare. Produced on November 25th with this cast:

Don Pedro, Percy Lyndal; Dan John, W. Mayne Lynton; Claudio, John Westley; Benedick, Frank Reicher; Leonato, Fred W. Permain; Antonio, Holland Hudson; Balthazar, Clifford Devereux; Borachio, Edward Longman; Conrade, Harold Meltzer; Friar Francis, Thomas F. Fallon; Dogberry, George Giddens; Verges, Sidney D. Carlyle; Seacoal, Littledale Power; Oatcake, Robert Murray; Hero, Rose Bender; Beatrice, Annie Russell; Ursula, Henrietta Goodwin; Margaret, Mary Murillo; A Lady-in-Waiting, Sybil Maitland.

Neither temperamentally nor physically is Miss Annie Russell suited to Beatrice. With her intelligence and training she naturally could not wholly fail in the rôle, but in a part of such brilliancy, fire, truth and poetry, something more than capable mediocrity is needed. And so "Much Ado About Nothing" has, for the time being at least, been temporarily retired from her repertoire. The method of presenting the comedy, pseudo-Shakespearian, was distinctly novel, sufficiently illuminative and artistically appropriate; while the costumes were beautifully rich and picturesque. Frank Reicher was a capable Benedick, nothing more; Percy Lyndal, a sound and imposing Don Pedro; while the droll humors of Dogberry were brought into vital relief by George Giddens, a stirring artist and delightful player.

**WINTER GARDEN** "BROADWAY TO PARIS." Musical causerie in two acts. Book and lyrics by George Bronson-Howard and Harold Atteridge;

music by Max Hoffman, and additional numbers by Anatol Friedland. Produced on November 20th with this cast:

Apollo .....	George Austin Moore	Anne Trelawney.....	Gertrude Hoffmann
Momus .....	Henry Awd	Hilary Ravenshaw.....	Lee Chapin
Stuyvesant Van Cortlandt.....	James C. Duffy	Alfonse .....	Mr. Maurice
Isabelle Montclair.....	Marion Sunshine	Fifi .....	Florence Walton
Lafe Sherlock.....	Ralph Austin	Mr. Montague Potash.....	Sam Mann
Rafe Holmes.....	James C. Morton	Miss Leonora Longacre.....	Louise Dresser
Heinrich Le Nois.....	George Bickel	An Artiste.....	Mlle. Bordoni

A lively show this and one that lives up to the best traditions of the Winter Garden. There are hosts of pretty girls, no end of songs and some feverish rag-time dancing that brings down the house. With such favorites as Gertrude Hoffmann Florence Walton and Mr. Maurice as special features, little wonder that the box-office is besieged nightly.

**WEBER AND FIELDS.** "ROLY POLY." Burlesque by Edgar Smith, E. Ray Goetz and Baldwin Sloane. Produced on November 21st with this cast:

Reuben Hayes, Arthur Aylsworth; Mollie Maguire, Helena Collier; Garriek; Percy Fitzsimmons, Jack Norworth; Hiram Fitzsimmons, Frank Daniels; Bijou Fitzsimmons; Marie Dressler; Michael Schmatz, Joe Weber; Meyer Talmann, Lew Fields; La Froligue, Nora Bayes; Gerita, Bessie Clayton; Katrina, Hazel Kirke; Herr Blotz, Thomas Beauregard.

Weber and Fields have come to be a recognized national institution. No matter what they offer, be the program good or bad, you always must laugh in spite of yourself. Their latest offering excels in elaboration of *mise-en-scène* anything heretofore attempted and the program presents such a formidable array of talent that it is practically an all-star cast. Marie Dressler, Frank Daniels, in addition to the stars, keep the house in an uproar. Bessie Clayton does some graceful dancing.



Byron Mary Page (Mrs. Fiske) Alan Wilson (Charles Waldron)

Mary Page: "There are some who have even heard the songs they sing!"

SCENE IN EDWARD SHELDON'S PLAY, "THE HIGH ROAD," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

**MANHATTAN.** "THE WHIP." Melodrama of

English sporting life in four acts by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Produced on November 22d with the following cast:

Earl of Brancaster.....	John Halliday	Lord Clanmore.....	Basil West
Rev. Haslam.....	Lumsden Hare	Alac Fraser	Alac Fraser
Marquis of Beverley.....	Robert Jarman	Hon. Mrs. Beamish.....	Marie Illington
Captain Sartoris.....	Charles Blackall	Lady Sartoris.....	Evelyn Kerry
Harry Anson.....	Dion Titheradge	Mrs. D'Aquila.....	Leonore Harris
Tom Lambert.....	Ambrose Manning	Myrtle Anson.....	Mona Morgan
Joe Kelly.....	John L. Shine	Lady Antrobus.....	Lillian Keller
Sir Andrew Beck.....	W. Croft	Miss Carlyon.....	Miss Michael
Captain Rayner.....	Horace Pollock	Mrs. Purley.....	Lois Arnold

This is a stirring old-fashioned melodrama such as delighted theatre-goers of two decades ago. A sporting drama, much after the style of "In Old Kentucky," the big scene in "The Whip" is a remarkably realistic train wreck.



White Gertrude Hoffmann George Bickel  
SCENE IN "BROADWAY TO PARIS," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE WINTER GARDEN

## Settling a Case of Disputed Authorship

THE twenty-sixth of November last was made a red-letter day by David Belasco in the history of disputed plays.

In the morning he gave a performance of "The Woman," by W. C. DeMille, and in the afternoon he produced for the first time on any stage "Tainted Philanthropy," by Abraham Goldknopf, who claimed that the DeMille play was a plagiarism of his own.

It was a most interesting occasion. In point of fact, it was the most curious event that has ever been recorded in stage annals. It was unique. The audience that was assembled was as critical as could possibly be collected. Such an audience naturally scented entertainment. For that matter, its keen intelligence needed no further hint than the invitation to come and sit in judgment. For the first known time the deadly parallel of performance was to be instituted. Mr. Belasco gave to this play as competent a cast as he could put his hands on, and that means the best. He followed the stage directions of the author, and not in the slightest shade of the interpretation was there anything but entire good faith.

"The Woman," as we know, concerns the efforts of a group of Congressional landgrabbers to kill the opposition of a fellow member of Congress by revealing a scandalous incident in his life. They had learned that he once spent a week at a country hotel with a woman of good society, her name unknown to them; that this woman was now married, and that he would probably surrender to them rather than disgrace her. This woman turns out to be the wife of one of the group, and the daughter of another one of them. Without this condition of affairs there would have been no play. "Tainted Philanthropy" concerned the effort of a young man, made penniless in a Wall Street transaction by the treachery or design of a millionaire manipulator, to divert the affections of a young woman from himself to this same millionaire in order that she may be richly provided for, while he himself submitted to hopeless ruin and renounced all claim on her.

Mr. Goldknopf's cerebral activity is not to be disputed. He is, in fact, and as appears in his play, a Socialist, and it is not to be imagined that he wrote the play with any marked placidity of feeling or that he was not hitting at something. He sets up as his type of the American millionaire a vulgarian without conscience, who ruins everybody in his immediate neighborhood and

makes it impossible for the victims whom he robs ever to make another dollar as long as they live. He forces the young man to take to the bottle and drink himself to death in full and almost constant view of the audience. It may be remarked that the men in "The Woman" are the most singularly abstemious people we ever saw on the stage, considering that their activities were carried on in a fashionable hotel with a convenient bar, and that they were American Congressmen. None was rich; each wanted to get rich by stealing something from the Government. Mr. Goldknopf's multimillionaire had already stolen everything he could lay his hands on, and he was now devoting his time, attention and energies to marrying the beautiful maiden.

The curtain rose on "Tainted Philanthropy" with the Mother of the Maiden primping herself at the glass and considering the possibilities of her charms if industriously exercised on a man of money. The character and the sordidness of the Mother were not unpromising in a dramatic way, to begin with, although the colors were laid on crudely. It was only when a messenger came and delivered "a paper," which the Mother read and dropped with an agonized exclamation that "the mortgage" had to be paid that the humor of the morbid and entirely serious play asserted itself.

It was not that Mr. Goldknopf was without ideas. Some of the observations of the characters were philosophic and shrewd, but inevitably morbid. His point of view was so un-American that it could only be laughed at. For instance, he has it said that we have a day on which to celebrate our independence, when in reality we have lost our independence. There is some truth in that if you look at it with your eyes asquint. But what was absurd in the matter of common sense was that he made the Fourth of July the occasion for the introduction of the confidential clerk of the multimillionaire, a helpless creature who did everything his master bid him to do, contenting himself with the expression, "A nasty world." A curious figure he was as a kind of chorus.

Mr. Goldknopf's characters were grossly overdrawn, but his purpose was serious. That "Tainted Philanthropy" was found amusing is a small matter. The one thing of moment that was decided by the Judge and by the audience is that there is not the slightest resemblance between "The Woman" and "Tainted Philanthropy."

W. T. P.

Scenes in J. Hartley Manners' Comedy, "Peg o' My Heart" at the Cort



Photos White    Emilie Melville    Laurette Taylor    Clarence Handyside    Peter Bassett    Christine Norman    Hassard Short

Act I. Peg (Miss Taylor): "She has her dog in here"



Laurette Taylor

Act I. Peg arrives at the home of her wealthy relatives

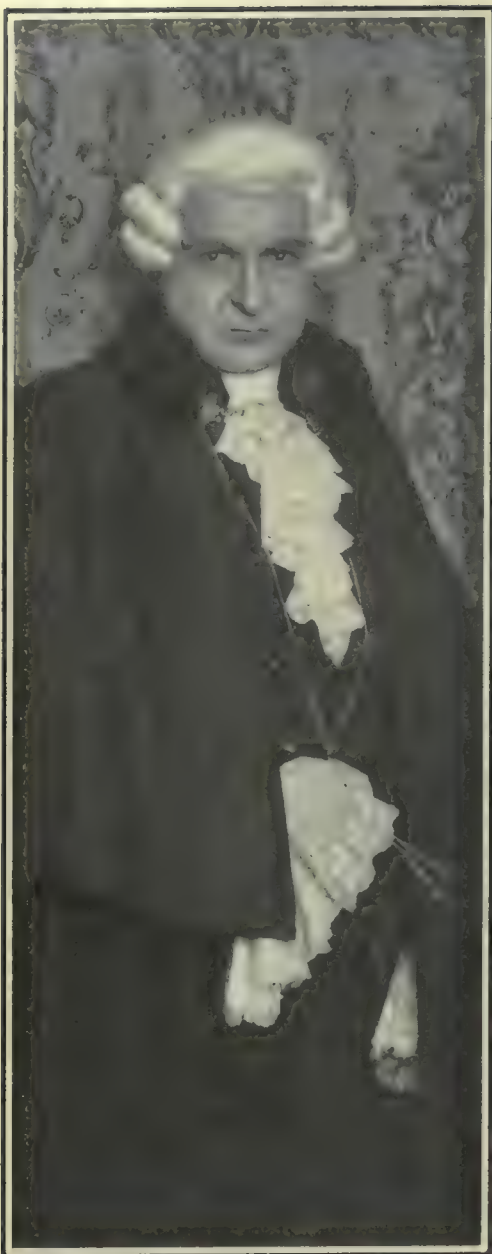


H. Reeves Smith

Laurette Taylor

Act I. Peg: "I'd have gone back to him only I couldn't swim"

# AT THE OPERA



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SIGNOR SCOTTI IN "TOSCA"

A FULL month of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House has proven that the New York opera-loving public is as eager as ever for opera, and it has also shown that the artistic reign of Giulio Gatti-Casazza is uncompromising in its high ideals. It has not been a sensationally exciting month, save for a few instances; and it has not been crowded to its length with novelties, or even with new productions of revivals. Some of these latter have suffered postponement because of the delayed arrival of Frieda Hempel, German coloratura, who has been a victim of tonsillitis. Nor has Arturo Toscanini, famous Italian conductor, yet arrived, although he is on the high seas at the time of writing. Once these artists arrive the promised list of revivals and novelties

As for singing artists, there were ten Americans in this big cast of singers, which bare statement alone should silence some of the silly complaints that, like the prophet, the American artist is without honor save in his own country. One of these new American singers, Edward Lankow, a bass, created a mild sensation. He is a member of the Boston Opera Company, and has a remarkably beautiful, deep voice, which thrilled his listeners in the rôle of the High Priest, Sarastro.

Another of these Americans proved a keen disappointment, however, Ethel Parks, singing the "Queen of the Night" in a manner that was little more than amateurish. She sang the staccati high notes in tune, but there praise rests, for her voice is too small, and its quality hardly entitles



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SIGNOR DE SEGUROLA IN "LA BOHEME"

it to be heard at the Metropolitan. Still, it was by accident that she appeared in this production at all, since this rôle was to have been sung by Frieda Hempel.

For the rest, the cast was admirable. Destinn, as Pamina, has never sung so well. Slezak, as Tamino, surprised his oldest listeners by the lyric charm of his singing. Goritz, as Papageno, was simply unapproachable in his comedy. Reiss, as the Moor, was a close second. Bella Alten was excellent as Papagena. Griswold was nobility itself in the small part of the Priest. The "Three Ladies" were sung by Vera Curtis (who made her début then), Mulford and Homer. The "Three Youths" were taken by Sparkes, Case and Mattfeld. It was such an admirable performance that it has at once earned a new operatic lease of life for Mozart's immortal music. The public greeted and accepted it enthusiastically, and it promises to remain in fixture for years to come in the repertoire of this opera house.

Titta Ruffo, much heralded Italian baritone, has been heard at the Metropolitan, singing the title rôle in Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet" in the first performance given here this season by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. The whole event centred about Ruffo, so much having been dinged and donged into the public's ear about this eminent baritone who drew the princely salary of two thousand dollars a night—a sum hitherto unheard of by baritones. Ruffo is a sensational artist. He has high tones that any tenor would be proud to possess, he has an endless supply of breath, and boasts an agility of voice that is amazing.

The rest of the performance may be dismissed briefly. Zeppilli, as Ophelia, showed improvement over her former singing, but she was still inadequate for the florid music of the "Mad Scene," which has been the stalking horse of really great singers of her class. Eleanora de Cisneros, as the

will then come in profusion, and we shall fairly revel in music.

As it is, the month has not been barren of artistic high lights, for during this time was produced the revival of Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte," which stands prominently forth as one of the greatest achievements of the Metropolitan during the present dictatorship. Mozart's work has languished here for years. The reason for this neglect was not far to seek, for, despite the heavenly beauties of some of its music, the libretto is the most inane and uninteresting compilation of rubbish ever glorified by music. Efforts have been made in the past to convert this opera into a spectacle, but these were futile, for it was never approached with the right cunning. In Germany the opera has recently been revived in various cities, and Gatti-Casazza viewed these productions, took from each the most desirable points, discarded the rest, and then placed the whole scheme into the hands of the Berlin scenic artist, Kautsky. The latter allowed his imagination to run riot in this wilderness of a tale created by Schickaneder.

The result, as produced at the Metropolitan, is little short of a miracle, for, instead of proving an endless bore, "Die Zauberflöte" in its present revival speeds along amazingly fast. Fourteen big scenes are shown within a production time of two and a half hours. And these scenes are among the most beautiful ever shown here. Gorgeous costumes, properties and crowds all lend their share to the scenes of pageantry. Merely as a spectacle, it is a glorious performance.

Musically, it is even more than that. The fact that the eye is ravished does not in any way diminish the artistic offering for the ear. Highest praise should be accorded to Alfred Hertz, conductor, who has lavished such infinite care upon this production and who proved for the first time that he could conduct Mozart with reverence for that master's delicacy.

(Continued on page xxii)





White

FRANCES STARR  
Who is now appearing in Edward Locke's play, "The Case of Becky," at the Belasco Theatre

## Becky's Point of View

IT was Sunday afternoon. Frances Starr and the present writer sat at one of the broad windows of

her eyrie on the highest floor of a hotel that looked straight into the winding drives, the autumn browns and belated green plots, and the splashes of liquid silver of Central Park. The young actress sat with hands crossed resignedly upon her silver gray velvet lap, a pensive look in her thoughtful eyes. A trim French maid in black and white hovered about her mistress with tender solicitude.

"Doesn't it look conventional and laid out, as though it were a real estate map of a town that is going to be?" said Miss Starr, referring to the park. "In a little while, when we drive through it, it will seem far more imposing. The trees will look bigger and the statues greater. It is a great lesson in the relativity of things to live where one can look down upon them from the sixteenth floor. The point of view is always an

important element in everything."

Despite her brief age, about the middle twenties, this actress is a sage young person, of confirmed, thoughtful habit.

"For instance, your point of view about Becky?"

"I read one hundred and fifty books on similar subjects and have thought continuously about her for eighteen months."

"Then what do you think of her? Was she insane?"

"Not a bit. Absolutely not. Most decidedly no."

"To the lay mind she was a girl who, vulgarly speaking, went 'off her head' now and then. Why don't you agree with the layman?"

"Because I have accepted the well-known fact that you can't hypnotize a lunatic. He can't be hypnotized because he cannot concentrate. The difference between the insane person and all others is his inability to focus his mental powers long enough to pass into the hypnotic state. Becky was hypnotized, not once.

but often, which proves that she was sane. She was mentally affected but not a lunatic."

"The line of cleavage between the two states being——?"

"Being the susceptibility of being hypnotized."

"Accepting that, how do you class Becky?"

"She was a girl of the tents. She had lived a wandering life with this Balzamo and had taken on some of the outward coarseness of her environment. When the hypnotist who had lured her mother from her home, and whom she had been taught to believe was her father, began to make love to her she was so shocked and terrified that she ran away and her brain was affected by the strain upon it. Under the gentler influences of her new surroundings the actual girl, Dorothy, manifested herself more and more.

"But she is still in a state of hypnosis under Balzamo's influence, and when he follows her to her retreat he brings her into his presence in a curious way that few notice and understand. You can't sit in one room and will a person to come into it. That can't be done. The students of the influence of a stronger mind upon a weaker, which is hypnotism, all agree about that. There must be a visible or audible reminder that connects the present state with the past. Balzamo, when he enters Dr. Emerson's office and tosses off his coat, coughs slightly and looks up the stairs. During his conversation with Dr. Emerson he coughs again, slightly, and she comes into the room saying, 'You called me and I come.' He had said to her long before 'Wherever you are, when you hear me cough you will come to me and obey me.' That command remained at the back of her mind and she obeyed it. On such trifles the control of lesser minds is secured.

"Becky lived in the subconsciousness. She was always there. The subconsciousness works twenty-four hours a day, be its owner waking or sleeping, it is always active. The superconsciousness is at work, say eleven hours a day. Dorothy represented, we will say, the superconsciousness."

"Do you believe in the theory of dual personality?"

"Most emphatically, yes. I see it exemplified in myself. I find myself Beckying. I surprise myself by what I do and say at times. I call up someone by telephone and wonder afterward why I telephoned a person in whom I had no interest, sending a message that had no purpose. I get into unexplainable moods. That is my other self become active after slumbering. My contradictions and inconsistencies I explain in that way, and the explanation is perfectly satisfactory to me.

"We hear of some man, 'He is a fiend down town and an angel at home.' Recently in a famous murder trial the prosecutor said this was claimed of the prisoner, but that it was impossible. 'A man can't be a demon for twelve hours a day and a seraph the rest,' he sneered. No, I don't at all agree with him. Ask a man's employees what they think of him, and then go to his home and ask his family. You will be amazed at the difference in the replies. That difference does not prove that he is a hypocrite. It proves my theory of the two selves living in all of us. We hear of elopements of lovely girls from refined homes with men far be-

neath them. Those girls are hypnotized. The other and inferior self has been summoned.

"There are many instances of this dual personality known to the psychologists. The case of Anson Bourne, referred to in the play, is a famous one of two characters in one person. That of Luracy Vanum is another. She insisted that she was Mary Roth and went to live with the Roths, staying there three months. The case of Sally is the most remarkable one of multiple personalities. Sally had four distinct characters. In her usual person she was a sensitive rather æsthetic person. In another she was intensely practical, in a third frivolous and in the fourth dull, colorless and neutral. She recovered in time and became permanently the original Sally. She is living in Boston still."

"Isn't it true that every part you create is a liberal education or a step in education?"

"I am sure of it. 'The Rose of the Rancho' taught me how poetry and romance may be made to beautify life. In 'The Easiest Way' I learned how every sort of life may be possible under certain conditions. Before that I had been inclined to think of girls like Laura Murdock as uninteresting and simply 'not nice.' Solving the problem of her character taught me to concentrate upon every situation in life, and understand it. 'The Case of Becky' is the most difficult character because it requires the continual activity of the imagination. Art, as I regard it, is successful imagining.

"It seems to me one of the most difficult rôles ever played."

Miss Starr smiled. "I think so," she said. "Other actresses may think what they are doing is the most difficult. But dealing, as it does, with the mind, it is subtle and evasive, hard to grasp, and, having grasped, to hold. A part that is one of feeling and

appeals to the heart is not so hard to play. But for this the mind must be perfectly fresh at every performance. I have noticed, as I have heard others say they have, that there seems to be a break in a part when actors leave the stage. A scene is played, the actor leaves the stage and when he comes back you feel that he hasn't been living the part, that he has to catch up the thread and begin living it again, in other words, there is a sense of disconnection. That I've tried to avoid. I have the feeling when Becky is being psychically murdered, mentally assassinated, that her personality oozes from my finger tips. So when Dorothy is transformed into Becky there is a fluid-like sensation as of something escaping at the tips of my fingers. Whichever of these girls has left the stage I keep her in the foreground of my consciousness. I feel what is passing within her until she appears again. The rôle is exacting and exhausting."

The star of the strangest play on the American boards looked very wistful and very young.

"Is it worth the sacrifice?" I asked.

A slender hand descended upon mine with a firm grasp.

A pair of earnest eyes squarely met mine. The mantle of girlish personality dropped disclosing the woman of brain and power and inflexible determination.

"Yes," she said. Her voice rang with conviction. "Yes and yes again. Achievement is the one thing wholly satisfying in life." M. MORGAN.



Bangs  
MADGE TITHERADGE  
Playing Peggy in "The Butterfly on the Wheel," on the road



Photo Strauss-Peyton

MRS. ROBERT MANTELL (GENEVIEVE HAMPER)  
Who is appearing with her husband in Shakespearian repertoire on the road



"War is a peaceful occupation compared with managing a grand opera company," says General Manager Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera House. "Sometimes I think I would like to go to war for a vacation!"

## Rehearsing Grand Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House

FEW opera devotees have the slightest conception of the enormous work necessary for the preparation of a season of grand opera. Running a Presidential campaign, such as the three-ring political circus with its many party side shows that provided amusement for the nation during the last few months, is as child's play compared with getting ready for the grand opera season. Not even the staging, auspicious opening and telling run of the Bulgarian War, in planning and executing, is to be compared, except in the toll of life, to a season's campaign of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"War is a peaceful occupation compared with managing a grand opera company," says Impresario Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company. "Sometimes I think I would like to go to war for a vacation!"

And this general of the greatest grand opera army in the world did have a war training before taking up the more artistic work of grand opera management. He attended the Italian naval college in Leghorn, Italy, for three years and was graduated a midshipman. Then he studied civil engineering for five years before taking up his present work.

Mr. Gatti—that is what his friends call him—said he would like to go to war for a vacation. That is exactly what he did at the conclusion of the last season at the Metropolitan. As soon as the big opera house closed its doors he remained here long enough to arbitrate some important labor troubles. Then he fled abroad—but not to rest. For months he haunted opera houses of France, Germany and Italy, seeking novelties, hearing an army of singers, conferring with costume-makers and scenic artists.

As soon as the first new production was settled upon, scenery



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SIGNOR GATTI-CASAZZA

and costumes were ordered and shipped to New York. The opera selected for the first big new production, Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte"—("The Magic Flute")—though a revival, so far as scenery and cast are concerned, is practically a novelty. Entirely new scenery was painted by Hans Krautsky in Berlin, and came over here in rolls. Some of the scenes in this revival were designed and painted from photographs taken in India by the Crown Prince of Germany about two years ago. The canvas was mounted on frames, and then hung and put together, lighted, criticised and adjusted until it would pass muster with the high Metropolitan standards, under the supervision of Mr. Edward Siedle, the technical director.

Hardly had the doors closed on the last night of the last season of grand opera at the Metropolitan than a flooring was built over the orchestra seats about on a level with the stage. This platform at once became the opera carpenter shop. With the stage cleared for action a force of thirty-five carpenters scene painters, electricians and helpers were turned loose in this impromptu carpenter shop under the direction of Mr. Siedle. Every shabby bit of old scenery was brought from the various storehouses, put up, inspected, and wherever there was any sign of wear the painter's art and brush were applied.

Early in the fall Mr. Gatti returned from his quest for singers and novelties abroad, one of the first on the scene. Like in the navy when the admiral arrives the squadron fires a salute, so when Mr. Gatti stepped on the stage he received one also. Suddenly the lights went out and all the theatrical thunder and lightning of the place were turned loose. The giant cannon balls which are used to represent the destruction of Klingsor's palace in "Parsifal" were allowed to drop from their place in the

highest flies to the stage pit, and men stationed in the fly galleries blew trumpets in odd keys. All the time the lightning flashed. The effect, which was awe-inspiring, had been advised by Assistant Stage Manager Loomis H. Taylor, the young wizard who last year staged the American grand opera, "Mona."

After this rousing reception, Mr. Gatti spent days and nights in the opera house, viewing and discussing the new sets of scenery with Mr. Siedle. Then Mr. Alfred Hertz, the German conductor, arrived, and he, too, was greeted with plenty of stage thunder as a salute.

Without a moment's delay these three executives began to plot and scheme, try out scenery, experiment with lighting effects, and attend to a thousand and one troublesome details. When all the scenery had been built, the false flooring was taken up from the orchestra seats, the stage was rid of carpenters, and rehearsals began in earnest—first, scenery alone; then scenery and lights.

Under the careful scrutiny of Mr. Gatti and the direction of Mr. Siedle, the lights were arranged down to the finest *nuance*. Then with the scenes set, all the technical business was gone through—thunder, lightning, sunshine and shadow. Mr. Anton Schertel, stage manager for German opera, and young Mr. Taylor, were in charge of the stage.

In the meantime the rehearsals of the chorus and soloists were going on under the various conductors in the different rehearsal rooms. Then came the first *arranger* rehearsal,—placing the chorus, ballet and supers—with piano only. They were taken through all the entrances and exits, gestures, and movements necessary for the big procession at the end of the first act of "The Magic Flute."

Next came the *arranger* rehearsals with soloists, going over all the business with the "props" they have to use, with piano only. Charles Ross, the head property man, must see that every "prop" is on hand for every rehearsal—spears, knives, armor, and a hundred little things. Then the soloists and chorus came together with the ballet and supers, and all worked together with the piano.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hertz had been rehearsing the orchestra upstairs on the roof stage, and when everything went well on the stage with the piano, the soloists, chorus, ballet and supers rehearsed with the orchestra and with full set scenes and lights.

After this combined rehearsal which was repeated several times, came the first dress rehearsal, at which the minutest details of the costumes were scrutinized by Mr. Gatti and the stage managers. There were three dress rehearsals, the first to see the costumes; the second, for the management; and the third, the invitation rehearsal, for the critics. This was given about two days before the opening performance.

For about three weeks before the opening of the grand opera season rehearsals were held every night, as well as day. The entire company began rehearsing at ten o'clock in the morning

and continued right through, often until midnight or after.

The principals began to arrive about two weeks before the opening of the season. As soon as they landed they hurried right up to the opera house, before going to their hotel, and got a rehearsal slip from Mr. Schertel, telling them when to appear to "tune up." Assistant Conductor Francesco Romei writes down the rehearsals of the singers in a big book—the rehearsal book.

There was a wealth of detail that had to be worked out by the stage managers before the final rehearsals, such as the positions, entrances and exits of all the people; and "The Magic Flute" called for many intricate mechanical contrivances. One of these was an invisible platform on which The Queen of the Night, a rôle taken by Mme. Ethel Parks, first descended from the heavens and then ascended. It was raised about twelve feet above the stage, and lowered to about six feet from the boards. After her aria, The Queen of the Night is let down, and Mr. Taylor, standing in the wings, has to give a warning to the mechanic under the stage about ten bars ahead, through a speaking tube. Then, about one bar ahead, he has to direct the mechanic to "go" on the thrill. It requires considerable judgment to give the warning and command at the right time, as it must be taken into consideration whether the singer is taking longer than usual, or pausing at times more than others, so as not to have her hoisted into the air in the middle of the thrill! Over and over this was rehearsed, but without The Queen of the Night—just mechanically.

There also is lots of thunder in "The Magic Flute," and to tear off the peals at the right moment is most difficult. Mr. Taylor, the thunderer of the Metropolitan, has to keep a close watch for cues in both the dialogue and the music. This was all carefully gone over at rehearsals.

But more interesting even than witnessing the workings on the stage was watching the executive and artistic mainspring of all this activity, Signor Gatti. Outwardly very calm, seldom raising his voice above a speaking tone, he guarded every detail of the monumental opera production. His orders were given in

a low, musical voice, and he refused to get ruffled, an admirable quality in a man who has to contend with all sorts of "artistic temperaments."

Sitting behind the manager as he stood in the centre aisle about three or four rows from the orchestra pit during a rehearsal, though we could not see his face nor catch his words, we nevertheless soon understood what he was directing. No more eloquent or convincing



White

SCENE IN MOZART'S OPERA, "THE MAGIC FLUTE"

ing shoulders ever addressed an audience!

Just as the conductor directs the orchestra with a baton, Mr. Gatti directs a rehearsal with his shoulders. The popular impresario has his shoulders trained along musical lines, a crescendo movement indicating the affirmative and a diminuendo shrug standing for the negative. When he wants a scene flap hoisted higher he gives his talking shoulders an *elevatezza* shrug, and if he summons a singer down stage he does it in a coquettish or *glissicato* way with those same

(Continued on page viii)



Photo Gould & Marsden  
DOLLY SISTERS



White  
MIZZI HAJOS



FRANCES CAMERON



Moffett  
JOSEPHINE VICTOR

## THE HUNGARIAN INVASION

Havadtak rendü letlenuel  
Leggyhive, Oh Magyar!  
(Wherever you wander  
your thoughts turn to  
home.)

THESE, the opening lines of a national air, pierce the many-tongued chorus of Broadway. They are stanzas of the "Star-

spangled Banner" and "Marseilles" of a little oval land, whose longest axis lies along parallel 46° North Latitude, and is encompassed by the bowl-like curve of the Carpathian Mountains and the Danube River. The greatest amusement street in the world has opened its tired and somewhat exclusive arms to a brilliant flashing creature in scarlets and yellows, one nimble of toe and vivacious of manner, a singing, dancing creature of smiling allurements and abundant temperament, the spirit of Hungary.

Through all these products of the Hungarian mind and pen ran the gold and scarlet threads of exotic temperament. Tourists, knowing the rich land of adventure that awaits them a night's travel along the Danube from Vienna, take train or steamer for Budapest, that gay capital which out-Parises Paris. There not necessarily the fittest, but the gayest, survive. There the czardas, most spirited of national dances, is given while the joy of life tingles in every nerve of the dancers and the beholders. There women are chic as the women of Paris, more beautiful, more brilliant, more audacious. There the men are more gallant, more thoroughly permeated with the spirit of medieval romance. In a throng of Hungarians one sees dark eyes, nearly almond-shaped, glowing above high cheekbones, amidst a complexion of the warm, creamy tones of the tropics. These faces are living monuments to the romantic natures of Hungarians. They speak, as do the dark eyes and hair and complexions of the West Coast Irish, of the romantic natures of the crew of the Spanish Armada wrecked off those shores, and who dwelt, married and died on the detaining shores. The Hungarians have an intense admiration for the Turks, whose neighbors they are. They, Sabine-like, rob the harems of their beauties, and wed the daughters of the Moslems beneath their heretic noses.

Thence comes the Oriental strain in the Hungarian blood that reveals itself in the features. Always in the lands where marriages are arranged, there is, as the reverse of the shield, romance, even though it be sought outside the conventional circle of the marriage ring. Therefore is romance in Hungary oftentimes subtle and sometimes charged with tragedy.

The intense patriotism of the little oval land had an exemplar in Louis Kossuth. An unconquerable land, the spirit of its people is untamable. 'Tis this untamable spirit that pulses through

The Hungarian invasion followed the Russian invasion and will probably be as sweepingly successful. Quietly it began with Franz Molnar's subtle, powerful drama, "The Devil," that arrested Broadway's vagrant attention and gripped her interest in a night and held it for many months, while rival "Devils," one of the keen, metaphysical kind, the other of the broader, more obvious order, the Satan of comic opera held the stage in two theatres. "The Devil's" heels were trodden upon by "The Merry Widow," gayest, most fascinating of her kind, for whom Franz Lehár provided music that still echoes from the road. An encore being demanded by the public, the composer returned to us this season with "The Count of Luxembourg," containing the novelty of the dance up and down stairs, which proved almost as popular as the famous waltz.

Fericke Boros, an Hungarian actress, came to this country bringing with her Franz Herzeg's comedy, "The Seven Sisters," which Edith Ellis translated into popular success for a long term on Broadway and later into repeated success in the stock theatres. The news that "The Seven Sisters" had been regarmented



White

Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne  
(Douglas Fairbanks)

Act IV. Hawthorne bids the Princess adieux

Princess Irma Augusta Elizabeth Overitch  
(Irene Fenwick)

SCENE IN JAMES BERNARD FAGAN'S FARCE "HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A.," AT THE ASTOR



Unity Photo Co.

Margaret Knox  
(Gladys Harvey)

Dora Delaney  
(Eva Leonard Boyne)

Fanny O'Dowda  
(Elizabeth Risdon)

THREE CHARACTERS IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY, "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

its music, kindling fires of patriotism and love in the hearts of those who hear. To the mainstrings of human nature is the appeal of Hungarian music made.

And this applies also to the literature of which Dr. Jokai, the Slav Dickens, and Petoffi, the poet of nature, are the most celebrated contributors.

In its people the naïveté of the child combines with the vital expressiveness of manhood and womanhood. Mizzi Hajos, the little star of "The Spring Maid" company, seemed by her fervor

actress of the National Theatre at Budapest and an artist of Hungary. At nineteen these dancers in "The Merry Countess" have had five years of stage experience and the credit of many inventive dances.

Frances Cameron, who plays the second female rôle in the Franz Lehar opera, "The Count of Luxembourg," is by descent Hungarian. Olga Helvai in "The Merry Countess" and Duse D'Irimy in "The Belle of Brittany," breathed into lesser parts the fervid spirit and instinctive artistry of their romantic country.

The Hungarian spirit and presence have invaded, and to a great extent pervaded, the managerial element. Martin Beck, one of the kings in the divided domain of vaudeville, is of the little land of romance, and well known among his countrymen as a man of urbane manner and great versatility in the world of music and drama. Close at his right elbow sits Carlos Feleke, his prime minister, and owner of one of the largest libraries of Hungarian literature on this side of the Atlantic.

To gay Budapest has gone news that America welcomes her plays, her players, her dancers and singers, and consequently to the United States are coming further recruits to the army of invasion, an army whose banners are supple bodies, brilliant eyes and faces that reflect emotion as a mirror flings back a sunbeam.

A. P.



Apeda FLORENCE NASH  
Now appearing as Agnes Lynch in "Within the Law"



White MADGE KENNEDY  
Recently seen in the title rôle in "Little Miss Brown"



I F "a great tenor voice is a disease,"

## Titta Ruffo—An Extraordinary Singer

nothing. His offer was promptly accepted. It is

as we are told, then a great baritone must be classified as an exceedingly rare ailment. For, while looking back over musical history, one can recall a number of really great tenors, from Vanelli to Caruso. The great baritones one notes in the same space of time are wonderfully few. Mozart was the first composer who considered it worth while to write any important music for that register, although Handel had introduced a new obsolete "baritone clef." In our own day, since Edouard de Reszké and Victor Maurel made their triumphs, we have some shining lights, such as Amato, David Bispham, Scotti and Renaud; but, in the baritone world, as in the contralto, it is decidedly the case that there is much "room at the top."

Signor Ruffo is still young, as artists go, counting only thirty-five years since his birth at Pisa. He is married and has a son and daughter, but his family are remaining at his Roman home for the six weeks of his American tour. His brother, Ettore, a music teacher, resides in Milan. It becomes doubly interesting, in view of the rarity of the phenomenon, to watch the rising above our horizon of a brilliant baritone star. Titta Ruffo's is, though, no new name either to European or South American audiences. As "the Caruso of baritones," he has held his place in both countries for some years; and no great cast, especially in Italy, has been considered complete without his wonderful voice and his skill as actor. At Monte Carlo, last spring, for instance, he ranked as "special star" with Chaliapine, Carmen Melis and Caruso; at Deauville in the summer, with Marguerite Carré, Delna and Smirnoff. In South America, in the smaller towns, we are told it became customary, before the nights when he appeared, simply to post "Ruffo" on the billboards.

Whereupon the impetuous inhabitants of our sister-republics promptly bought tickets without stopping to ask what opera they were to hear!

Wild stories are told to account for his amazing and rapid success.

As a matter of fact, Ruffo's career, as much as is known of it, shows on investigation the same characteristics of hard work, indomitable will and real genius that are so invariably found lurking back of apparently sudden recognition. He was born in Tuscany and when quite young entered the Santa Cecilia Conservatory in Rome. Here the only really unusual feature of his career presented itself. The entire staff of teachers unanimously declared that his vocal equipment was not fitted for the opera. So dismissed, after two years' hard study, with his money all spent, he faced despair. Promptly he turned his back on it and made his way to Milan, to consult Signor Cassini. This teacher, formerly himself a singer, made a specialty of fitting others for grand opera. To Ruffo's joy, Cassini not only reversed the judgment of the Santa Cecilia faculty, but offered, so strong was his confidence in the young man's ultimate success, to teach him for

pleasant, in view of the many stories of the ingratitude of geniuses, to be able to record that Signor Cassini has long since been repaid by his distinguished pupil.

At Rio Janeiro, on leaving Cassini's tuition, Ruffo made his first great success. He extended it rapidly to the other South American cities, notably Buenos Ayres. There, last summer, he was paid \$2,000 a night. Europe, like Kipling's Mulvaney, who "thought small of elephants," looks sharply at new musical celebrities, particularly of the South American brand; so when Ruffo returned to Rome to sing, he was offered \$200 for his first performance. His acclamation by the Italians was so remarkable that on his third appearance he was paid \$1,400. Since then he has been able to command his own price, not only in Rome, but in Paris, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and London. Mr. Dippel, the impresario of the Philadelphia-Chicago Company, was only able to secure Ruffo's services through the generosity of Mr. Edward T. Stotesbury, of Philadelphia, who personally guaranteed Signor Ruffo's salary.

His voice is what is known as a "high" baritone of wonderful mellowness. To this tone-quality he brings the most facile execution, handling florid scores with the ease of a coloraturist. In "Hamlet," where the composer Thomas has presented for the baritone singer's consideration every variety of work, from the wild abandon of the drinking-song to the tense declamation of the play-scene, Signor Ruffo has made some of his greatest successes. The enthusiasm with which the Paris Opera received his conception of that rôle has caused it to rank among his best parts. In it, he made his first New York appearance on November 19th last, but with



TITTA RUFFO—THE "CARUSO OF BARITONES"

Alice Zeppilli as Ophelia; Mme. de Cisneros as the Queen; Gustav Huberdeau, the King, and Henri Scott the Ghost.

The New York music critics, who are not the easiest in the world to please, concede the newcomer to be one of the foremost baritones of the day. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, in the *Tribune*, says:

"He is unquestionably an extraordinary singer, extraordinary in the volume and range of his voice, in his command of the technics of singing, especially in his breath-control, in the vitality and vibrancy of his tones, his ability to give them dramatically expressive color, his finished diction. He is extraordinary, too, in his dramatic action—extraordinary from the viewpoint provided by the opera."

In the *Sun*, Mr. W. J. Henderson writes:

"This Italian baritone has certain gifts which will insure him popular favor while time spares him. His voice is a high baritone, and like most voices of its kind is hollow and cold in the low register. But in the middle and upper range it is a voice of magnificent power. It is not warm in quality, but it has vitality and dramatic value. Mr. Ruffo sings with great freedom and without forcing.

CLARE P. PEELER.



"Buster"  
(William Collier, Jr.)

Dionysius Woodbury  
(William Collier)

Act II. "Buster": "You can't put Herman anywhere; you've got to stay with him"  
SCENE IN "NEVER SAY DIE," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE 48TH STREET THEATRE

## The Manager's Comedy of Errors

**T**O err is only human. No one can hope to be infallible. The judgment of most of us is apt to be at fault sometimes. But of all persons as a class who seem to specialize in the gentle art of making colossal blunders, commend us to our friend the theatrical manager.

If a manager launches a play which proves to be a big money maker, the public pats him on the back and says, "Smart fellow!" when the plain truth is that no one is more surprised at the success than the manager himself. It can, in fact, be taken as an invariable rule that the play which the manager is confident will be a sure winner turns out a dismal failure, while the piece which he regarded with contempt and merely tried "on the dog," so to speak, takes the town by storm.

This sounds paradoxical, yet it is absolute truth, and to explain it is simple. There are innumerable kinds of buyers of plays, but there are only two kinds of sellers. Of these latter, one is the genius—the man who can always turn out the play the public will pay to see,—and the other is the person who merely has a manuscript to dispose of. It is obvious that the genius is he whose piece is successful, and equally obvious is it that the other person sells the failure. The average theatre manager is one of the most guileless, innocent creatures on earth,—a mere toy in the hands of the wiley person with a play manuscript up his sleeve.

The manager's besetting sin is hero worship. Tell him beforehand the name of the author, and he considers it quite unnecessary to read the play. He professes to know all about it, for or against, merely by hearing who had written it. In other words the manager is a good deal like the race-track gambler, who bets on the jockey and not the horse. The manager "puts a bet down" on the author—and the race horse-man often discovers that the jockey has less brains than the horse. There is an old saying which tells us that certain things

sell like hot-cakes. But a hopeless play by a distinguished author has a

velocity of sale, that makes all mere speed of the hot-cakes variety like unto the difference between a snail and a flash of lightning.

Some of these managerial errors of judgment could happen only in the show business. Take, for instance, that manifestation of intelligence of a certain manager who recently declared that his first night's audience should be by invitation only, on the ground that this was a play for "intellectuals" and not for the "tired business man," etc. Now as the purely "high-brow" element among theatre-goers who pay for their seats is about one in ten, this management was a clean-cut invitation to the submerged ninth to remain away from this purely intellectual play—an invitation that was promptly accepted on the spot, and the play and the company have now gone back to England whence they came, probably to denounce the lack of an intellectual paying public in America. But we dare not print what they may say about that manager.

Then there is another manager whose penchant is for the foreign-made play—anything labelled: "Made in Europe." It is like some men who must have their clothes made in dear old Lunnun, ye know. This manager's estimate of a play's value is of a bad or indifferent play built about a good part and then produced with a popular star as the real attraction. There was a time when this sort of thing "got over," to use the vernacular of the show business, until he was brought up with a sharp turn by producing in New York fifteen foreign-made failures in one season. Since then he has been more careful.

Take also the case of "Within the Law." This piece was produced in Chicago and "did get over," to again recur to the vernacular. But the shape it was in did not entirely please the manager, so he employed another and better known dramatist than the

### Opera Porteri

O carmen jadlowker dalmores  
O lucia sextetta bizet;  
O dippel caruso dolores,  
Gioconda, o andré-caplet.

O conti, o eames tetrazzini,  
O scotti mascagni farrar.  
O gadski busoni puccini,  
Calvé constantino, maquarre.

Ah, verdi, pagliacc' trovatore,  
Aida fremstad meyerbeer;  
Pol plançon—and that tells the story,  
The opera season is here.

H. E. PORTER in *Life*.



White

VIVIAN RUSHMORE

Famous two years ago as a beautiful show girl, and now appearing as The Fairy Godmother in "The Lady of the Slipper" at the Globe



Matzene

LAURETTE TAYLOR

This favorite actress is now appearing in "Peg o' My Heart"

original author to write up the play, upon the basis of a percentage of the author's royalty. But as the original author, it is said, had arrived at a point where he had lost faith and was willing to get out, he was induced to sell out for a lump sum, said to be five thousand dollars. After the manager had bought outright the play and had it fixed up, he too lost faith in it, and declared he would sell out for ten thousand dollars, which offer was promptly accepted by the agent. The latter took a fast train for New York and peddled out interests in it to various people. Then the play came and made the great hit of the season. It is further said that every word put in by the "fixer-up" dramatist has been

cut out and yet he is the only one who draws any royalty, and that the original manager has a percentage of this.

Imagine, if you can, a play called by preference "The Beast." A gentle, alluring thing on a billboard, is it not? A curious phenomenon, often remarked, is that when a play-title is put on a dead wail it looks quite different from what it does on a page of manuscript. Now, whether "The Beast" is or was a good or bad play is beside the question. What appeal can there possibly be in such a title as "The Beast?" Still it had possibilities. "The Beast" might be a fighter or a wife-beater, which is what he really was in this case. He shook his wife up, broke up the furniture, and all this the manager decided was to be accomplished by a mild-looking youth, whose personality would not indicate any inclination to swat a fly. Miscasting plays is a favorite pastime in some managerial offices.

There is no doubt that there is a mental obsession about the production of a play by which the manager is hypnotized by some unseen force. There was a play this season called "The Other Man," which grew out of the performance of a one-act play at The Lambs. A firm of successful managers gave the dramatist an order to build a play out of it. He did. After it was all over and the scenery was in the storehouse, some one asked the manager how it happened.

"Well, we put a bet down on the author and his one-act play, which he used as his third act; he wrote two other acts and by the time the original story was re-acted, it was dead."

There is nothing so mysterious about any play that may not be discerned by any intelligent and impartial observer. The obsession in this particular case was that other successful plays had come out of other one-act plays, and this, without any tangible reason must be another. Well, he guessed wrong.

In this same connection take Bernstein's plays. The only success he has ever had in this country was "The Thief," and yet everything that he has written before or since has promptly failed. It is safe to assume that, had these selfsame plays been presented without Bernstein's name on their title pages, no one would have given them a thought. In fact, if all manuscripts were submitted anonymously, ninety-five per cent of all the theatres would be dark continuously. Here is an illustration of how this obsession of past performances works: A coterie of managers were seated at luncheon and naturally the conversation turned upon the supply of available plays. And the shortage in supply was much deplored. One of the party regretted that such and such a dramatist was not more prolific, and that there was the hallmark of genius stamped upon all of his work. One manager demurred and said he was just as capable of writing as bad a play as anyone—given a fair field and no favors. This almost created a riot and instantly led to bets, that this same author's work could be recognized anywhere by anyone.

"All right," said the dissenter, "I'll send you fellers five anonymous manuscripts, one of which I guarantee shall be one of this author's and I'll bet you five hundred dollars you can't pick it out."

"Done!" yelled the chorus.

The manuscripts were sent in and after they had been read the verdict was unanimous that the author in question had not written a line in any one of them. Whereupon positive proofs were submitted that the dramatist in question was the sole author of the worst piece of the lot. The money was promptly paid over and as the winner pocketed the spoils with a chuckle, he said:

"Boys, now listen, if I had read that play anonymously as you have done, I wouldn't have looked at the second act."

The play was afterwards produced out-of-town for two performances and then straight to the storehouse. Which goes to show that the fetich "of what he has done" causes the manager to discriminate against the author and not the play.

Just what the manager is liable to do is like watching a flea jump. Last spring an important manager, just before sailing for Europe, issued a sort of foreword in which he announced that henceforth he could devote the rest

(Continued on page vi)

## Music in the Modern Drama

MUSIC and the drama have always been allied, more or less closely, since the inception of the latter art. In modern opera, shaped by the giant hand of Richard Wagner, they are, perhaps, more inextricably interwoven and mutually dependent than ever before. But in the realistic theatre of to-day—a room, as Ibsen would have it, with the fourth wall removed—which mirrors the prose facts of daily existence, and from which the romantic is too rigidly excluded, there would seem to be no place for music. Yet a place for it has been found, and several contemporary American playwrights are now employing it, not merely as the accompaniment and adornment of their scenes, but as the very essence of their drama. It becomes, in their hands, almost a character—at least a commentary. The old Greek chorus makes its reappearance in the guise of music. And here, again, may be discerned the influence of Richard Wagner.

When Wagner perfected his system of leading motives, upon which, as a framework, the structure of his great music dramas is reared, he gave to the world a technical method—it is too fundamental to be called a trick—which has since been adopted and utilized very generally by composers; more rarely, but no less significantly, by dramatists. The American playwright, while studying ever more attentively the technique of the best foreign models, is no longer applying his acquired knowledge to lifeless imitations of his masters, but to first-hand reproductions of the familiar life about him. And in these reproductions technical methods brought from the Continent often suffer a sea change which effectually cloaks their origin. Eugene Walter himself might be surprised to learn that in "The Easiest Way" he has made use of the Wagnerian leading motive.

The mere introduction of songs and music into the drama is, of course, no novelty: Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists of the Elizabethan age—pre-eminently an age of music—have studied their plays with exquisite lyrics intended to be sung to music. Shakespeare's scanty stage directions abound in such orders as "music and a song," "flourish," and "hautboys." Now and then his songs serve to point a contrast, as when Iago trolls his merry catch, "Let me the canakin clink," in the midst of black villainy, or mad Ophelia sings a few gay snatches; but for the most part they are nothing more than unpremeditated outpourings of the poet's own exuberant love of beauty. In like fashion, songs are found in many of the old English comedies. "The School for Scandal" is enlivened by "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen" and "She Stoops to Conquer," by Tony Lumpkin's ditty. But in all these instances the music is inserted frankly for its own sake. It plays only an episodic and incidental part, and is never concerned directly with the dramatic action.

Music is also used frequently to create atmosphere. Clyde Fitch was particularly fond of employing it for local color. When he wrote "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," such songs of the period as "Champagne Charlie," "Those Tassels on Her Boots" and "Captain Jinks" itself had an important share in evoking the vanished atmosphere of old New York. And when he staged the old-fashioned street of Fredericktown, in the dusk of a summer evening, the voice of Barbara Frietchie singing "Maryland, My Maryland" added the final touch to the charming picture. In his delicate comedy of the early sixties, "Trelawney of the Wells," Pinero's insistence on the old song, "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," kept constantly before his audience the sentimentality of those crinoline days.

The more dramatic use of music, like so many other good things, had its germ in melodrama. Incidental music from the orchestra, heightening the effect of certain scenes, was formerly the invariable rule in melodrama, and is still to be met with in stock productions and "thrillers" of the cheaper sort. Who has not heard the orchestra break softly and tremulously into "Hearts



White

JULIA DEAN  
As Virginia Blaine in "Bought and Paid For"



White

Tilly von Eberhardt (Dolly Castles) Major John von Essenburg (Walter Lawrence) Camillo (Joseph Santley)  
 Act I. A heated meeting of The Woman Haters' Club. The men absolutely refuse to have anything to do with the ladies  
 "SCENE IN "THE WOMAN HATERS," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

and *Flowers*" when the stalwart hero begins to tell the fair heroine the old, old tale, forever new? Who is not familiar with those minor chords, plucked out on the strings of the violin, whenever the villain tiptoes stealthily across the stage on mischief bent? For a long time this obvious artificiality was complacently accepted as a stage convention. Indeed, even to-day, it is tolerated to an amazing degree in costume drama, where the sense of actuality is not keen: many recent Shakespearian revivals, otherwise excellent, have been marred by the obtrusiveness of the orchestra and the poet's perfect word music blurred by the strings. Eventually the absurdity of the practice became too patent, in plays which laid even the slightest claim to realism, and nowadays the more intelligent audiences will have none of it. They have repudiated the convention. Incidental music, as such, has gone out of fashion, with the soliloquy and the aside.

Yet the incidental music of melodrama, for all its absurdity, had been undeniably effective. "A really good melodrama is of first-rate importance," says Bernard Shaw, "because it only needs elaboration to become a masterpiece." And the wise playwrights began to elaborate, to cast about for a means of preserving the

effect whilst eliminating the absurdity. An early example of the means adopted may be found in Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance." A soft musical accompaniment was needed for an important scene. The effect sought by the aesthete did not differ essentially from that employed time out of mind by the crudest melodramatist; but, whereas, the latter snatched at it by the means nearest to hand, and simply set his orchestra to work, Wilde placed his scene at an afternoon reception where a new violinist was to be heard. At the proper moment the notes of of the violin were introduced, without the slightest strain

upon the credulity, and the audience, its intelligence no longer insulted, was delighted with the result.

There are many instances of a similar use of music in modern drama, where it is of incalculable service to the playwright in sounding the emotional key of his scene. By means of music he may glorify a passage, may endow it with a dignity or a pathos which the bald speech of every day is powerless to impart. And music is peculiarly adapted to such a purpose, since it appeals directly to the emotions, instead of reaching them circuitously through the intellect. Pantomime itself is scarcely more direct or forceful. Perhaps the most familiar illustration is the well-worn scene, perennially popular, where the hero marches off to war, to the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle" or "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the spectator thrills with an excitement and patriotic ardor which nothing less than music could arouse.

Of course this practice has its abuses. In "The Princess and the Butterfly" Pinero deliberately relied upon it to win emotional acceptance for an unconvincing conclusion—the union of lovers so unlike in age that there seemed little prospect of happiness for them. Yet he contrived to cast a meretricious glamor about the situation by smothering it in the joyous, sparkling music of an Hungarian band, which was intended to suggest to the audience that the heart may be eternally young, despite advancing years. No doubt it did suggest something of the sort, but the impression could not have lasted for more than the moment that intervened before the curtain fell. Music is no substitute for sincerity, although it is the powerful ally of an honest situation.

Edward Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" furnishes a masterly example of how music may reinforce and emphasize a situation already powerful and sincere. A Salvation



Bangs

DONALD MacDONALD  
 Seen in "The Red Petticoat" at Daly's



Otto Sarony Co.  
 GEORGE A. McGARRY  
 Now appearing in "The Waltz Dream"  
 in vaudeville

Army girl is striving to save the wretched heroine, who is hesitating on the threshold of a life of shame. Hopeless, miserable, her intelligence stunned by misfortune, she must be saved, if saved at all, through her emotions. And as she stands, undecided, at the crossroads, the Salvation Army band blares out "Onward, Christian Soldiers," with a crash of brass and thumping of drums. The strong emotional appeal of the music decides her: she joins the Army. The audience feels the call of the music as Nell feels it, and is made to understand and share in her emotion.

In a scene of this character music attains a position of real dignity as a technical tool. It was not mere chance that the dramatic use of music was discovered after the soliloquy had been discarded as unnatural, for in many respects music has taken its place. How many of our playwrights now reveal to us, through music instead of words, what is taking place in the minds of their characters? An illuminating instance of this externalization of emotion—to coin a phrase for it—appeared in Sothern's old success, "An Enemy to the King." The Huguenot hero has been led to suspect the faith of his lady-love, who is, in reality, a spy in the service of Catherine de Medici. Doubt comes upon him in an old, moonlit garden, through which a troubadour wanders singing of woman's love, now praising it as "true as the stars above," now complaining that it is "deadly as marsh-lights prove." The wavering emotions of the hero are communicated to us through the agency of the song.



DOROTHY WEBB AND HARRY CLARKE IN  
"TANTALIZING TOMMY"

In all the examples hitherto cited the music employed has either possessed a perfectly definite and unmistakable connotation, or has been purely descriptive. "Onward, Christian Soldiers," through long association, has come inevitably to suggest religion. Sheldon was as certain that the audience would grasp its meaning as was Puccini when he attached the opening bars of "The Star-spangled Banner" to the hero of "Madama Butterfly" as his representative theme. Military or sentimental music is as descriptive, as easily recognized for what it is, as Wagner's storm music in the first act prelude to "Die Walküre" or the forest music in "Siegfried," which requires no knowledge of leading motives for its complete comprehension.

But not all of Wagner's leading motives are, or in the nature of the case could conceivably be, descriptive. He uses them to represent things and ideas which it is impossible to characterize exactly in music, such as the "Tarnhelm" or the "Dusk of the Gods." Unless the dramatist uses music in precisely the same arbitrary fashion to represent abstract ideas, his claim to the title of Perfect Wagnerite is incomplete. Well, in "The Easiest Way" Eugene Walter has done exactly this. His own stage directions show how closely analogous to Wagner's is his use of music.

Immediately after Laura's frightful line at the end of the play, "Yes, I'm going to Rector's to make a hit, and to hell with the rest," Walter writes:

"At this moment the hurdy-gurdy (Continued on page vii)

THE coming theatrical season in Paris may go down to green-room

## The Apotheosis of "Blague"

history as the American season, so many plays that originated in this country are to be seen there in translation and adaptation. So many? Well, three or four of which "Excuse Me" and "Baby Mine" come first. It is, therefore, the farcical sort of play that Paris deigns to take from us. To make over "Excuse Me" into a genuine Palais Royal farce no less an author than Sacha Guitry has given several of his vacation mornings. His own success of last season, "Un Beau Mariage," will be seen here in exchange, and exchange, as the proverb long ago taught us, is no robbery.

Sacha Guitry, of the tribe of actor-authors, is *sui generis*. For several years a favorite comedian among the Gauls it naturally occurred to him that knowing—as who should know better?—what kind of rôle the Parisian public liked him in, there was no theatrical tailor who could fit Sacha Guitry so well as Sacha Guitry himself. It ought to be difficult to impress a reader of his first attempt at self-fitting "Voleur de Nuit" that it owed its origin to any higher motive. M. Guitry is the founder of the school of "blague," and up to now he hasn't enrolled any scholars. His plays are a kind of improvisations in slang—polite

Parisian slang (and a little that isn't so polite), that can be compared only to a conversation between Weber and Fields. His second piece, which had a brilliant series of representations at the Renaissance last winter, decided the point in the affirmative as to whether or not the Parisians liked this kind of improvising.

"Un Beau Mariage," however, was made to be played and not to be read, and, although M. Sacha Guitry may justly be called a writer for the theatre he gains very little more than an acute attention, and he loses a great deal from the perilous experiment of publication. The story is so slight, the romantic element so slender that in reading it one has to recall the thousand little delicacies, to give them that name, of Guitry before comprehending the enthusiasm of French critics who have found reasons in it for likening the author to Molière. Not, indeed, the Molière of the *grandes comedies*, but the Molière of the farces.

In brief the play recounts the efforts of a rich bookmaker to relieve himself of a daughter of marriageable age returned on his hands by the death of a relative. This interrupts the current of his life and he proceeds to marry her off, selecting for parti an impecunious young nobleman who rents an apartment (but does not pay the rent) in one of his



SACHA GUITRY

This favorite French comedian writes his own plays—improvisations in slang that can be compared only to a conversation between Weber and Fields

houses. The obstacles to the plan are: first, the natural reluctance of the gay, young blade to part with his liberty for even much-needed money; and second, the disinclination of the girl. Each is attracted by the other, however, when the wily bookmaker throws them together and when love, as Guityr conceives it, awakes in their hearts, the girl in a sentence or two confesses that an imprudence has put her out of the class of women that men marry. The count then invites her to elope with him to the Tyrol without further ceremony, and when the heroine consents joyfully, he realizes that she really and truly loves him and he forcibly declares that he means to marry her.

"Oh, why?" cries Simonne, "why marry me?"

"Because," says Maurice, "because I have just this moment realized it,—because getting married is a matter of no importance!"

And so the play ends. It is absolutely plotless, depending entirely on the witty dialogue between these two, and for lack of a more modern name their talk, which is strictly up-to-date, must be termed witty. It has spicy turns—how could it be otherwise—considering that Guityr has uttered *mots* ever since he has been on the stage and knows no other language; it is quick, nervous, living, and what the French call *étincelante*. Moreover, it is as natural as the best kind of improvisation, and if Guityr may not be saluted truly as a new Molière, he may be safely called another Goldoni.

Guityr's success with his feminine public was to be expected. He dominates the Parisian feminine *elegante*. Why not? Under thirty, pleasant to look at, if not handsome, with all the tricks of the *jeune premier* added to a true experience of the theatre, and of a sparkling speech that isn't too intellectual, having tried his speeches over and over again, softened them, turned them inside out, invested them with another meaning, he knows the way to the female heart of Paris. His success with the critics is a more surprising matter. They rather scorned the actor's first attempt as *écrivain* as if he were caught poaching on their preserves; they exclaimed, and they could in decency exclaim over the lack of that trait in his first piece. In the new play they had no equal

opportunity to blush, for except for the incident which is embraced in two or three speeches, that of Simonne's confession, the play, while shocking enough to suit the Gallic fancy, is not enough so to warrant their waving the flag of virtue. In fact they passed over this incident hurriedly as the hero Maurice does, who evidently considers it a matter of no importance—like marriage! They were not shocked at the scene which opens the second act and discloses Maurice (in his pyjamas) throwing pillows at his mistress; they singled it out, indeed, to comment that it was handled with drollery and art. How would that scene go on in our theatre? Probably Maurice would have to put on his clothes—but that isn't a great concession to make in the transfer from French to English.

Messieurs, the interviewers, did not treat Guityr so well. They did things in their hurried way which made him angry and he reflected in a vein of satire: "Do I find the work of writing a play easy? Yes, I swear it. Not only easy, delicious even, and indispensable to my happiness. The proof of this is that the hour or two that I spend getting a new piece on paper, I call my resting time."

One scene of "Un Beau Mariage" will recall similar scenes by Goldoni and Sheridan—recall them by differences which reflect the modern spirit. Those antique playwrights chuckled as their heroes pulled the wool over their creditor's eyes; the Maurice of Guityr "jollies" his importunate collector in the style of the twentieth century. As this scene has been repeatedly signalled as one of the hits of the play I give it in full. The creditor has forced his way into the apartment and interrupts Maurice and Paulette in their merry pillow chase.

The Creditor (in a loud voice): Monsieur, as I have just told your valet, if you don't pay me in full by Wednesday morning— Maurice (still louder): In the first place, who are you, and why do you shout like that?

The Creditor: I represent Kahn & Vibert.

Maurice: You have a superb situation; that does not explain your bad temper.

The Creditor: You don't answer our letters, and you never come to see us.

(Continued on page viii)



White SALLIE FISHER Recently seen in "The Woman Haters" and to appear shortly in the title rôle of "Eva," a new musical comedy



White Mr. C. O. Drudge (Sam Edwards) Mrs. C. O. Darlington (Ffoliot Paget) Mrs. C. O. Dusenberry (Adelyn Wesley) Mr. C. O. Darlington (Charles A. Murray) Mrs. C. O. Drudge (Clare Krall) Mr. C. O. Dusenberry (Charles Brown)

Act III. A general mix-up of husbands and wives in the farmhouse SCENE IN FREDERIC CHAPIN'S FARCE "C. O. D." RECENTLY AT THE GAITEY THEATRE





Sarony

JULIE OPP

As Portia in William Faversham's production of "Julius Cæsar"

THERE are not many novels of theatrical life that grip one with the impression of

## The Author of "Carnival"

greatness; they all err on the side of the garish, sacrificing character for the sake of external detail. Hence, it is all the more gratifying to read "Carnival," by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, and to feel that one is in touch with life as well as with the forlorn existence of a Gaiety girl. The story is remarkable because of its uncommon psychology, because of the simple poetry of Jenny's nature—a nature brought in contact with all the coarse, loose elements of the chorus profession, and coming out of them with the strength and beauty of innate refinement. On reading the book, one asks instinctively, "Where did Mr. Mackenzie get the opportunity of studying this particular life so minutely?"

Now comes the double announcement that the novelist has turned playwright and actor; that, having converted "Carnival" into a drama, he himself will play opposite Miss Grace George, who has approached the rôle of Jenny as something of a Trilby. "Where," we again query, "did Mr. Mackenzie learn his trade of dramatist, and get his experience as actor?"

Then our misgivings are silenced when we hear that Compton Mackenzie belongs to a family boasting of about fifty actors; that he has the blood and talents of the Siddons and Kembles in his veins on one side, his mother's, and that by his father he is descended from a famous low comedian of Bath named Montague. That, I think, fairly well accounts for his histrionic lineage, furthermore accentuated by the fact that his father, Edward Compton, who was in America some thirty-odd years ago with Adelaide Neilson, still ranks high in the profession as a comedian.

How, then, does he account for his playwriting talents? His mother, Virginia Bateman, daughter of Col. Bateman, who, as former manager of the London Lyceum Theatre gave Henry Irving his first start, was the daughter of the Mrs. Sidney F. Bateman who wrote "Self," a three-act comedy of New York life, revealing the manners, customs, and economics of the early 50's, when Burton, Placide, and Charles Fisher were at Burton's Theatre. This piece contrasts admirably with a comedy of an earlier period by Anna Cora Mowatt, entitled "Fashion."

Col. Bateman was a Virginian, and Compton Mackenzie's mother was born in New York the year that "Self" was produced.

Hence, we see that the author of "Carnival" may claim kinship with America. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was J. Cowell, who left behind him such an interesting volume of reminiscences. In passing, it is well to note that R. C. Carton, of "Lord and Lady Algy" fame, is an uncle, by marriage, of Mr. Mackenzie. This phase of the pedigree, therefore, accounts somewhat for the playwriting.

Finally, it is of interest to trace the literary traditions of the author of "Carnival." His maternal grandmother, Evelyn Montague, who was a famous Juliet in 1837, and who died in 1911, was a great friend of Queen Victoria. It was she who became so closely associated with Charles Dickens in his amateur theatricals—theatricals which brought them all in touch with the one-time famous actress, Fanny Kelly,—a crochety woman

in her old age whose boast was that she had been loved by and had refused Charles Lamb. Dickens and Thackeray were constant visitors at the Mackenzie house. The author of "Carnival" has still another and a closer literary tie. His grandfather, Charles Mackenzie, the first to adopt his mother's maiden name for the stage, was the son of John Mackenzie, whose wife, Elizabeth Symonds, was sister of Dr. John Addington Symonds, a famous scientific writer whose son, John Addington Symonds, occupies a permanent place as a man of letters. This scientific strain may be followed through several generations of throat specialists and surgeons.

But, despite this interesting genealogical glimpse, it must be some satisfaction to Mr. Compton Mackenzie that interest in him came rather from the excellence of "Carnival" than from the variety of his forebears.

Compton Mackenzie has just turned thirty. It was not so very long ago that he was a student at Oxford, and though, while there, he took a very active part in the life of the University Dramatic Society, it was farthest from his desire or intention to go on the stage. The charter of the society allowed the club every year to take the town theatre for one week, provided a Greek play or Shakespeare was presented. The one exception to this rule, probably, was Browning's "Sordello." A distinctive feature of this organization was that professional actresses were allowed to assume the women rôles provided no salary was demanded. Thus the privilege began to be regarded as a mascot, and many an unknown rose to "star" position because of her Oxford début. At Cambridge the rules and regulations for the Dramatic Society are different. All the female rôles are assumed by undergraduates, and they are not allowed to play Shakespeare.

In this pseudo-theatrical atmosphere Mr. Mackenzie found himself. His first year, 1902, he was playing Duke of Milan in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." "Strange," said Mr. Mackenzie, as we talked together, "looking back on that time, I find that all the men who acted with me have turned parsons!" During the following summer, he appeared in pastorals; and as Sir Toby in "Twelfth Night," he played with the present Mrs. Cosmo Hamilton as Viola. The second collegiate year saw him as Gratiano in "The Merchant of Venice," which, he said, "was somewhat of a come-down, since I played Shylock at the age of eight." In 1903, he was rehearsing Touchstone in a performance of "As You Like It," in which Maude Hoffman was Rosalind, when his Don at Oxford sent for him, claiming that if he was to "go up" for honors in history, he would have to drop theatricals. Whether or not his opposition to this plan was sufficient to keep him from taking his fourth year at Oxford, I did not inquire. But the fact is that when the 1904 academic year began, Mr. Mackenzie was not enrolled, contenting himself with minor recognition from the university, rather than a full degree. But when the Dramatic Society reached the period for their play, it was found that Mr. Mackenzie's experience could not be dispensed with, so he was asked, not only to produce Aristophanes' "The Clouds," but to take the part of Phidippides.

In 1904, which year saw him out of college, Mr. Mackenzie went into retreat in Oxfordshire,

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Photo Hoppé

COMPTON MACKENZIE  
The author of "Carnival"



PROF. T. H. DICKINSON  
Organizer and director of the  
Wisconsin Dramatic Society



SCENE IN WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD'S PLAY "GLORY OF THE MORNING"



MRS. E. P. SHERRY  
Director of the Milwaukee Pro-  
ducing Group

## Dramatic Insurgency in Wisconsin

**T**O build a Greek Theatre on the campus of Wisconsin University, to establish a dramatic conservatory in Milwaukee, to produce and publish foreign and American plays possessing literary value and the modern spirit, to create a more spiritual culture in the midst of Wisconsin's economic and social advancement—an intellectual insurgency sprouting from the same soil on which political insurgency has grown—these are some of the aims, ambitions, purposes and hopes of the dramatic movement centering about Prof. Thomas H. Dickinson of the University of Wisconsin and Mrs. E. P. Sherry in Milwaukee.



WILLIAM E. LEONARD  
Author of "Glory of the  
Morning"

Like all things in Wisconsin, the dramatic movement has taken its constituents by storm; it has gone forward by leaps and bounds, for it was only in November, 1911, that Prof. Dickinson published his first call to arms in the shape of an article entitled "The Case

of American Drama." In this liberal-minded paper, Prof. Dickinson declared that when our new drama comes it will be the drama of Young America; that for a century we have been learning the world's lessons, writing exercises in the schools of the old nations. As evidence, he calls to witness the work, in literature, of Hawthorne, Irving, Emerson and Longfellow; and on our stage, of Dunlap, Payne, Howard and Fitch, "skilled journeymen and conformists, who traced carefully the copybooks of their continental masters."

We are told, moreover, that the new art, when it comes, will go below the "culture line," that it will reach fundamentals, that it will aim at substance rather than form, and that it will be throbbing with life and grandly unconscious of itself as art.

Working upon these principles and convictions, Prof. Dickinson organized, less than two years ago, the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, a group of men and women who have no official connection with any institution, but many of whom are students or instructors in the University of Wisconsin. The society has already produced ten plays, six by continental dramatists, including "The Intruder," by Maeterlinck (the first play rehearsed); "The Master Builder," by Ibsen, and "The Mistress of the Inn," by Goldoni, and four plays original in English, including Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband," Yeats' "The Hour Glass" and an American Indian drama by William Ellery Leonard entitled "Glory of the Morning." Two of these, previously unpublished,

have been issued by the society in small paper volume form, and others by Björnson, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Augier, Zona Gale and several others are shortly to appear.

Madison, Wisconsin, the birthplace of the movement, is a peculiar little city. It is filled to the doors with what we of the East, who are not altogether unsympathetic, have begun to call "progressivism." La Follette, Ely, Ross and Commons are its arch priests. The plays written by native poets like Mr. Leonard and Miss Gale are earthy and countrified. They deal with simple folk, genuine "humans," as the latter calls them, and they have a "grip" that is too often absent from our more sophisticated and perhaps technically better productions.



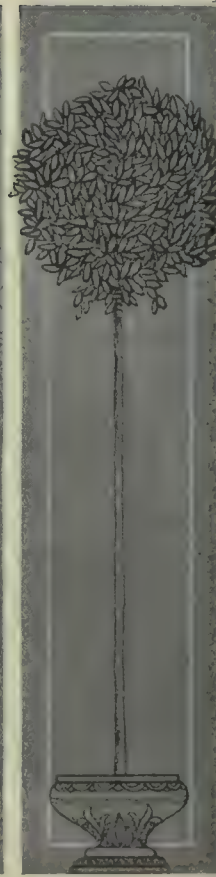
ZONA GALE  
Author of "The Neighbors"

It is, really, the very naïveté of the society which has permitted it to spread across the State, establishing groups for reading and production in many towns, starting libraries, holding meetings, and formulating, without a quaver, purposes so ambitious as those put forth in its little circular in the following "set terms":

- (1) To raise the standard of dramatic appreciation in the community.
- (2) To encourage the support of the best professional plays.
- (3) To encourage the reading of good plays in English and in translation from other languages.
- (4) To encourage the translation, composition and publication of plays of a high literary standard.
- (5) To establish a semi-professional playing group which should present high-class plays at cost price.

The society aims to attack the audience itself, rather than the managers or writers, and so it has begun by organizing its work into three departments. The first of these is the educational department, made up of reading groups; the second the producing department, made up of those necessary for the carrying on of practical theatre work, and the third the publishing department, which is chiefly in the hands of a very few who write, translate, and read proofs. The main library of the society contains all new and important plays and is brought up to date regularly by a fund established for that special purpose. Its contents are at the disposal of any group formed in any part of the State, the members of which pay annual dues of fifty cents. Lectures, given by authorities in various literatures, are offered by the society to the public free of cost and the translation of plays from foreign tongues by members of the

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BILLIE BURKE ON THE TERRACE OF HER HOME, "BURKELEIGH CREST," AT HASTINGS-ON-THE-HUDSON

## FIVE minutes' spin in your hostess' pearl-hued car, or twenty

# The Lady of Burkeleigh Crest

but nine years separate their ages, to say daughter,—of a morning in the quaint Jap-

minutes of pedestrian dawdling from the little station along the quaint streets of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, bring you to two low, square, white pillars surmounted by an arch on which is inscribed in neat, brown letters, "Burkeleigh Crest."

Passing beneath this low arch and, spinning, or dawdling, up a narrow, curving drive, you are at the entrance of an old-new stone house, square and broad and low, and many gabled, before a wide and hospitable door from which the mistress of the "Crest" is more than likely to issue to give you hearty welcome.

She is an informal hostess. To her home at Hastings she bids only such guests as dislike ceremony and seek the instantly radiated atmosphere of home. If you are one of these she will greet you with both hands outstretched, and, whatever the hour, you are likely to find her in a runabout suit of broadcloth, perhaps a burr or two sticking to her skirts, a lump or so of red clay adhering to her stout boots, and she will be wearing a sweater. The suit may be white, the sweater pink, and the boots russet, but they are vastly becoming on our hostess and seem to belong, somehow, to the welcome.

"I don't ask anyone to come here who is not homey and informal," says the little Titian-haired mistress of Burkeleigh Crest, "and who doesn't care for space and out-of-doors."

To test our eligibility she is sure to whisk us down the hill, like an inverted bowl, to look at her play places, a Japanese house high in a tree, and a swimming pool. Last summer she stationed the tall, dark-haired, gray-eyed girl whom she has adopted as a sister—it seems absurd when

anese-tree house while she took her morning dip in the pool. If "Cherry," leaning from her tree-top house, whispered excitedly, "Billie, dear, there's an automobile behaving as though it meant to come in here," the splashing stopped, Billie darted through the water and presently a dignified figure in a blue kimono walked in leisurely fashion by a side path to the house on the hill. There are other Japanese houses, five of them dotting the sloping lawn. One on the side of the hill is a tea house, where chat and tea are served on a hot afternoon. That sometimes the tea drinkers, suddenly grown prankish, set down their tea-cups to dash across one of the tiny bridges that cross the little stream that feeds the pool, or that some, grown sentimental, lean above the bridge railing and quote verses, never disturbs their hostess, who, though so young, wears the mantle of a placid manner.

The grounds of most country homes acquire a sombreness from stately old trees and from the changeless background of other hills. The young mistress of the estate at Hastings corrected this. Youth prompted the half-dozen Japanese huts and the wee bridges, no two of the same color, giving an aspect of playfulness that defies the trees, heavy with the weight and dignity of their hundred years.

With two white poodles, Tutti and Frutti, and a black, Sammie, imperiling one's life and limb by romping around her feet, the guest follows Billie Burke into a wide foyer, from which a white staircase on the right leads upstairs, and the end of which, through an open, square arch there is view of the dining room, square-tabled, with high-backed, carved chairs and broad, low



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BILLIE BURKE WITH HER PET DOGS



Moffett, Chicago

A NEW PORTRAIT OF BILLIE BURKE

This popular young actress is now playing the title rôle in "The 'Mind-the-Point' Girl"

windows everywhere. The young mistress, abominating heavy effects and dark colors, this entrance hall is white, as to woodwork; and the walls, ceiling and the doors light, for a stream of light pours from a drawing room at the left, through doors that are long, many-paned windows, screened by curtains of pale, transparent silks.

The long drawing room, with its piano, its tall, Venetian lamps, its chairs and davenports, sumptuous but comfortable, in ivory and gold, looks at end and side into the long, curving room that is half conservatory, half sun parlor. White wicker chairs, upholstered in light-tinted chintzes, mingled their invitation with rest-offering palms and the wholesome odors of chrysanthemums.

The light colors and joyous tone of Burkeleigh Crest appear strongly accented in the handsome dining room, where sideboards perform their function of flashing back silver and glass instead of oppressing one with sombre color and enormousness of weight. High at the windows swing hanging baskets of ferns. Wide friezes in green and white show woodland scenes, nymphs bathing, naiads dancing, and sunlight flooding forests of young trees.

Passing the upstairs suite in pale yellows occupied by her mother, the blue room of her "little girl Cherry," and the guest rooms in cream and mauve, one reaches the suite of Burkeleigh Crest's young chatelaine.

Marie Antoinette in her Petit Trianon had not such a chamber as this. Pink like a rose's heart or a sea shell's core, touched here and there with white, it holds all the luxury any girl could ask or wish.

Beside the ivory and rose-colored bed, canopied and lace draped, is a desk in those colors. Along the long French windows that form one wall of the room stretches a white cane divan piled high with pink and white silk cushions. A few athletic strides from the luxurious couch is a white dressing table, lace draped and ribbon tied.

In the large, white room beyond is sunken the huge marble tub, shining with the brass fixtures of its deluging shower. At the right is a room bewildering as a shop on Fifth Avenue or the Rue de la Paix. Delicate girlish gowns, those in pink and white predominating, hang here, gowns like still-blooming roses enmeshed in a first frost; gowns counted not by one, but by



Sarony  
DORIS KEANE  
As Mimi in "The Affairs of Anatol," recently at the Little Theatre

the dozen or score. And beneath them, along low shelves, satin shoes smug on their trees and above on shelves hats and hats and hats, hats plumed and hats flowered, hats of shining splendor and hats of Quakerish simplicity, all becoming and Billie Burkish, a multitude past counting, for she has admitted that she buys at least one new hat every week.

There is a large library, not gloomy, but to which light is admitted by many a skillfully contrived window. There's a billiard room and bowling alley. There are twenty-two apartments, six bath rooms and countless windows.

"It's worth driving forty-five minutes every night after the play," asserts Miss Burke of the ancient house she has transformed into a modern abode, and who so hardy as to question her wisdom? The tramp in the woods, the packing lungs with fresh, leaf-scented and Hudson River tinged air, the sleeping where rain falling upon the roof sings your lullaby, the being far enough from the modern Babel to escape frequent telephone calls, absence of shriek of trains and whistle of engines and clangor of backing bells, these are worth a midnight dash along the road where Ichabod Crane rode, even though one be exhausted after a performance of "Mind the Paint Girl."

Especially if one loves wide spaces and wood scents, the heart of quiet, and the companionship of the real in people and things, as does the lady of Burkeleigh Crest.

ADA PATTERSON.

Commenting on the enacting of sacred subjects in the "movies," the *Church Times* of London says:

"The old feud between the Church and the Stage has brought us to a curious development when we are tickled by the very condescension of the drama in touching the things which belong to our faith. I am sure that this lies behind much of the enthusiasm which has been shown by many clergy for the cinematograph representations of Scriptural events. But if we think it out, the real value of the Scriptural events lies not so much in the outer manifestations of the Scriptural incidents as in the profound meaning which lies behind them. The mere outer events may excite a sort of sentimental attention and interest, but so far from this being the sole end of religious development it is a positive danger."

## TWO BROTHERS

IT was after a somewhat indifferent performance of "Hamlet" that I left the trolley at Grove Hall Station, resolving to walk home, a mile farther on, and muse on the great players I had seen enact the Prince of Denmark.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and all the old villas and newer apartment houses were flooded with a silvery radiance. Many changes had come over the landscape since I knew it first as a boy, when the farmers hereabouts drove into town with their produce to retail at the early city market. Then it appeared far distant from urban life, but now it is within easy reach of the centre of the New England metropolis, of which it is a part. Dorchester is no longer a country town, it is losing much of its rural beauty, and, it may be said, much of its Puritan narrowness, now that it is the district of a great city. It has, however, a place in history that even the fame of Boston cannot shake.

As I strolled on thinking of Macready, Murdock, Davenport, Forrest, and other celebrated histrions I had seen, I found myself in front of a two-story, red, wooden farmhouse, an incongruous relic of the past, with narrow-paned windows and an antique porch. It stood on the brow of a hill, and I halted a moment, to contrast its old-style humbleness of architecture with that of some of its more pretentious neighbors, with their well-kept lawns and wide-spreading driveways. While thus engaged I became conscious of the approach of a man whose almost noiseless tread reminded me more of spirit-land than solid earth. As he came near a low, musical voice said:

"The air bites shrewdly, neighbor, it is very cold."

Replying in the same vein and wishing to humor the strange intruder I said:

"It is a nipping and an eager air."

"Ah! I see you know your Shakespeare," returned the voice, the owner of which I had not thoroughly scanned.

I turned to look fully at my uninvited, weird companion and beheld a man of hardly medium height, with glorious dark eyes, set in a pale, intellectual face, and with a wealth of silken hair falling from beneath a picturesque sombrero. He was wrapped in a voluminous cloak of a kind long out of fashion, which added to his romantic and novel appearance. His movements were singularly graceful, and his walk had something of the measured tread of the old school classic tragedian, who in stately blank verse recited the aspirations and desires of the character he portrayed.

"I live here temporarily," he said, "for I love the country. I was brought up on a carelessly ordered farm in Maryland, and the associations of boyhood cling around one often, after one has advanced into the wide world and has to fight life's battles upon the mimic scene and elsewhere. I am an actor, as my father was before me, and with the unconventionality of my profession, I always give a stranger welcome. Will you come in?"

I hesitated and he continued, "My friend, I am not playing Iago to-night, but I am lonely and feel the need of male companionship, and but for Mary, my wife, who is sick upstairs, I would find the earth very stale, flat and unprofitable. I have met with many triumphs, but I stand aloof from ordinary intercourse with my fellows, as most men of genius do, but to-night I long for intercourse with one of my own sex, and I divine you have a sympathetic nature."

My curiosity overcame my reluctance to accept the unexpected invitation, and he, seeing that I no longer held back, threw the front door of the cottage open, and, as he did so, said:

"And what so poor a man as Hamlet may do to express his love and friendship to you, God willing, shall be freely given. Let us go in together."

We entered a room cosy and comfortable, and befitting in its



White

GAIL KANE

As Bianca in Schnitzler's play, "The Affairs of Anatol"



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White  
ELIZABETH NELSON  
Seen as Margaret Elliott in "Ready Money"

Moffett  
WILLIAM COURTENAY  
Played Stephen Baird in "Ready Money" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

furnishings, the simple character of a rural home, and he threw aside his cloak and revealed a figure that lacked pronounced masculinity, but was perfection in its beautiful and sinuous outlines. Where had I seen it before? In what far-distant period of a youth that I now no longer possessed?

When my host had returned from a neighboring room with a decanter and glasses the present had vanished, and I was a guest of Edwin Booth in the early days of his marriage with Mary Devlin, who, from his Juliet on the stage, became in reality his wife.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," he said with humorous pensiveness. "I seldom now apply hot and rebellious liquor to my blood, but in my earlier manhood, not so far distant, I was a somewhat reckless bacchanalian, and was wont to listen to the cannakin clink, clink, clink far past the chimes of midnight. I bought my experience early, for I soon discovered that too much conviviality in my profession spelled ruin, and that the quiet companionship of a good woman, that one really loves, is far more alluring than the noisy revel and the wanton jest; but alas, nothing lasts. The law of change is inexorable. Its enforcement goes on with tireless severity. I am by nature a moody man of imagination all compact, and to me there is no past, no present, no future; my whole life is spread before me indefinitely, like the landscape yonder which reveals shine and shadow at the same time."

"It is a beautiful view you have from this site," I remarked, not knowing exactly how to reply to his strange assertion.

"You may well say that," he returned. "Come and look at it from the back of the house. You see

hills and dales stretching to an arm of the sea, with scarcely a habitation save here and there an old homestead which speaks of the early settler, yet all this will disappear as with a wave of Merlin's wand."

"Not, I think, in my day" I faintly remonstrated, somewhat awed by the spectre-like appearance of my host, that fascinated while it repelled.

He evidently noticed my timorous attitude for he replied: "Thou lily-livered boy, thou shalt see much more."

Was I indeed the boy he called me, and not the aged man who had passed his portal a little while before? I wondered if youth

had come back to me like it did to Faust at the behest of Mephistopheles, for I felt many years younger than I had for a generation. Was there some potent quality in the liquor I had drunk that imparted a youthful vigor to my frame and sent my blood tumultuously through my veins? At any rate, he treated me with an amiable condescension that showed me he regarded me as his junior by many moons.

"Have you seen my younger brother, John Wilkes Booth, now playing in Boston? His is a sad destiny I fear, for he has something of the fervor of my father, about whose frenzy before the footlights so many fabulous stories have been told. John is jocund and buoyant now, but wait. Mary and I saw him perform Richard, Duke of Gloucester at the Museum the other night, and he certainly has the rare dramatic instinct of his great sire, but he is still crude, and his pronunciation! Well, it does not betray the student, and at times grates harshly on the scholarly ear. He is a man of reckless activity, who must be doing constantly something good or ill. (Continued on page x)



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## Manager's Comedy of Errors

(Continued from page 20)

of his life to elevating the stage by producing musical comedies. In midsummer he returned and with a great blare of trumpets announced the coming production of four of these stage idyls. As we write it is still early in the season, and all four of them are in the storehouse. This, of course, is tragic, but here is the comedy:

"Dearie," said the same manager to an agent, "don't bring me any more musical things. I wouldn't produce one if you gave it to me. If you have any good plays, send them to me."

Of course, every one has noticed the epidemic of "sheep mind" that breaks out perennially in the managerial world, particularly in the spring of the year, when sheep are troubled with "ticks." It broke out a year ago in the form of the Oriental drama, the first of which was "The Garden of Allah"; helped by an extraordinary production and a collaborator it really achieved a triumph. Immediately there came "The Arab," about a Bedouin. Its fate proved that there was just as much draft in an Arabian hero as in a red Indian, a negro, a Japanese or an Esquimaux. This year it is all about the Flowery Kingdom. The fashion for the atmosphere of these plays sort of came in with Mandarin coats for the ladies. So we have "The Daughter of Heaven," of gorgeous costumes, and a "Romeo and Juliet" story from the French, without Shakespeare. Its early unfriendly reception cut off the production of another Chinese play, but "The Yellow Jacket" is with us, and we are threatened with "Turandot."

Then there is the book obsession. So long as the book has been "a best seller" it is deemed available for stage use. Any careful analysis of what is good on the printed page and what may be good drama does not seem to be a factor in deciding upon the merits of the proposition. Judging from the results of these "book-plays" their demerits seem to be the manager's point-of-view. The latest example of this sort of thing was "The Ne'er-do-Well," an unfortunate title for a play, in any case. So far, all of the novels written by Mr. Rex Beach, when translated to the stage, have turned out to be melodrama, and not overly good drama at that. It is inconceivable that a successful melodrama may be written unless the action turns upon a strong woman's part. However, there is an old classic called "Julius Caesar" by a man named Shakespeare, in which there is no such woman's part. But this is the exception that proves the rule, and it is not an exception that extends to anything Mr. Beach has written. In "The Ne'er-do-Well" there was a married woman, the heroine, almost old enough to be the hero's mother, and a little South American señorita, so colorless that no manager would have paid over twenty-five dollars for the part. This señorita Mr. Klein wisely cut out, leaving only the wife, who falls in love with the hero, whom she should have truly regarded as a brother. The dramatist's job is never to fight the prejudices of the public, but always to enlist its sympathy; particularly if he has his hands full in fighting the prejudices of the manager. Why look for more trouble? we ask. There being no sympathy enlisted for the principals in this play, whence comes the success? And yet all these conditions in the novel should have been so clear to any expert mind that it seems incredible that so much capital, time and energy should have been wasted upon so hopeless a proposition. Mr. Klein's verdict as the production is gathering dust in the storehouse is this:

"It made a rotten play." But he is cheerful and optimistic, and says: "Never again!"

Of course, we do not pretend that there is any fixed standard by which the failure or success of a play may be predicted, but most of the bad plays are so obviously bad that the wonder is what any manager had seen in them.

"The Trial Marriage," for instance, notwithstanding that it runs counter to public sympathy—inasmuch as the principals defy the laws of marriage, and as a sop ends with the conventional wedding ring.

Is there a remedy for the elimination of these queer plays from presentations? Hardly. There will always be failures, because it is human to err. But there is an underlying cause for the unusual conditions prevailing in the theatre today. In the first place there has been an insane over-building of theatres, and consequently an over-production of plays by the individual manager. Instead of one manager pro-

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ducing fifteen plays in a season, there should be five managers producing three plays each. Our readers may inquire why there are not more managers. The answer to that is, that the theatrical business is a trust-ridden business. The aim of each trust is to keep it a close corporation, in which the principals reserve the best opportunities for the insiders and all the worst of it is given to the small dealer. After a man has handled the hot end of the poker for a little while he naturally lets go.

As to over-production by the individual manager—think of a manager who rehearses one play at 10 A. M., a second at 2 P. M. and a third at 8, all with one stage manager, whose brain is reeling from fatigue and overwork! Can any one doubt the fate of the majority of the plays so produced?

Mr. Belasco is accounted a genius in staging a play, but the greatest mark of his genius is that he does not allow himself to be over-produced. Mr. Belasco lives with a play at least six months before it is rehearsed, and by that time he has gotten himself inside the very soul of the play, and becomes the *alter-ego* of the original author. If Mr. Belasco allowed himself to produce fifteen plays a season, he would turn out just as many hopeless plays as any other manager.

There are some managerial mistakes that have become classics. We might mention again Mr. Daniel Frohman's error of judgment in the case of "The Lion and the Mouse," the profits of which built three theatres for Mr. Harris and enabled Mr. Charles Klein, the author, to build a motor boat fifty feet long on Long Island. The melodramatic farce, "Officer 666," looked to be such a joke that even the author had no confidence in it, and after the first rehearsal Mr. Cohan wanted to put it in the storehouse, and even objected to having his name attached to it as one of the producers. We might also mention "The Butterfly on the Wheel," which, after having been produced by Charles Frohman with the wrong woman in the cast, was sold by him, including all the scenery rights for the play, for \$4,500 to Mr. Lewis Waller, who produced it in New York and who is now making a fortune out of it on the road. The whys and wherefores of these humorous errors of judgment on the part of managers is one of the fascinations of the game of producing plays. X. X.

**Music in the Modern Drama**

(Continued from page 23)

in the street, presumably immediately under her window, begins to play the tune of 'Bon-Bon Buddie, My Chocolate Drop.' There is something in this rag-time melody which is particularly and peculiarly suggestive of the low life, the criminality and prostitution that constitute the night excitement of that section of New York City known as the Tenderloin. The tune, its association, is like spreading before Laura's eyes a panorama of the inevitable depravity that awaits her. She is torn from every ideal that she so weakly endeavored to grasp, and is thrown into the mire and slime at the very moment when her emancipation seems to be assured. The woman, with her flashy dress in one arm and her equally exaggerated type of picture hat in the other, is nearly prostrated by the tune and the realization of the future as it is terrifically conveyed to her. The negress, in her happiness of serving Laura in her questionable career, picks up the melody and hums it as she unpacks the finery that has been put away in the trunk."

Here Walter has used "Bon-Bon Buddie," so to speak, as a "Tenderloin motive." Not otherwise does Charpentier introduce "the call of Paris" into his opera "Louise." Yet "Bon-Bon Buddie" would not necessarily suggest to an audience all that it suggests to the author, just as the mysterious strains with which Wagner represents the Tarnhelm would have no exact meaning for an auditor unfamiliar with "The Ring." The association of the idea with the music is not already formed in the mind of the audience. The author himself must establish it. How does Walter accomplish this? In precisely the same way that Wagner accomplished it.

Bernard Shaw gives a concise description of Wagner's method: "The main leading motives are so emphatically impressed on the ear while the spectator is looking for the first time at the objects, or witnessing the first strong dramatic expression of the ideas they denote, that the requisite association is formed unconsciously."

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**Dramatic Insurgency**  
(Continued from page 27)

society is especially managed. Besides the plays already mentioned as having been produced, the directors announce that they are preparing to give Rostand's "The Romancers," Hauptmann's "The Weavers," and one of the plays of Rutherford Mayne, of the Irish National Theatre Movement. Additional plays, typical of the history and traditions of Wisconsin, are also in preparation.  
B. RUSSELL HERTS.

**Rehearsing Grand Opera**  
(Continued from page 18)

animated shoulders. Right at the outset it was apparent that Mr. Gatti's shoulders were several laps ahead of his vocal apparatus, for while he was framing instructions in so few words they would shoot out a wireless message which told everything he wanted to say to those on the stage. His assistants and the singers on the stage have learned to watch his shoulders the same as the orchestra players watch their conductor's baton. Really, Signor Gatti's shoulders can carry on an extended conversation in a dozen different languages.  
When asked how long he rehearsed his artists, the director replied:  
"Until they are perfect in every detail of the performance to be presented. That's where the hardest work is done. Before the season opened we had as many as forty-five rehearsals in one day. We started in at nine o'clock in the morning and were still at it at midnight, not even being interrupted for meals.  
"Sandwiches are the best we get on such occasions, and we are mighty grateful for that much. The public would have a grand laugh if it could see its favorites pouring out their golden notes to a slice of bread and ham. But the artists never make a protest. They are willing to repeat a thing over and over again while there is a chance of improving the production.  
Mr. Gatti had no sooner said this to me at one of the final rehearsals of "The Magic Flute" than he jumped up from his seat like a skyrocket. His eyes glowed like live coals, and his shoulders, *fuocoso*, did a fandango that threatened to send his waistcoat up over the top of his head. It took ten minutes for him to get them under control again.  
WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

**The Apotheosis of "Blague"**  
(Continued from page 24)

Maurice: You never give me a chance, you're here all the time, but don't bother about that; what is it you wish?  
The Creditor: The money you owe us.  
Maurice: Where is the money?  
The Creditor: I know nothing about that.  
Maurice (looking in his pockets): Neither do I. How much do I owe you?  
The Creditor (fumbling in his pockets): Nine hundred francs.  
Maurice: Are you going to lend me that sum?  
The Creditor: I'm looking for the bill.  
Maurice: I'm not making a collection.  
The Creditor (produces it): Here it is, nine hundred francs.  
Maurice: Nine hundred francs of what?  
The Creditor: Of furniture.  
Maurice: What furniture?  
The Creditor: Chairs—  
Maurice: What chairs?  
The Creditor: These two armchairs and—  
Maurice: These two? It's dear!  
The Creditor: Dear?  
Maurice: Yes, dear, very dear!  
The Creditor: When you bought them a year ago—  
Maurice: Did I buy them a year ago?  
The Creditor: You certainly did.  
Maurice: Then they're mine?  
The Creditor: No.  
Maurice: Then they're not mine?  
The Creditor: No!  
Maurice: Oh, if they're not mine then I won't pay for them.  
The Creditor: They are yours because you have used them.  
Maurice: They've been used?  
The Creditor: Certainly; they're unsalable now.  
Maurice: Unsalable? Then, I won't buy them.  
The Creditor: It's too late.

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Maurice: What time is it?  
 The Creditor: You chose them, they were delivered to you—you've used them—now, you've got to pay for them.  
 Maurice: Who can prove that I haven't paid for them?  
 The Creditor: What's that?  
 Maurice: Surely you've 900 francs in your pocket?  
 The Creditor: Of course I have.  
 Maurice: Perhaps they're mine!  
 The Creditor: Oh, come now!  
 Maurice: I would as soon pay twice as once. Where is my check book? (He goes to his desk.)  
 Would you prefer a check or silver?  
 The Creditor: A check, if you please.  
 Maurice: I, too (he tears out a check). Here is a check for 900 francs.  
 The Creditor: Thank you, sir.  
 (He extends his hand to take the check, but Maurice puts it behind him.)  
 Maurice: On second thought I prefer to pay all at once.

In our day the first duty of an author is to be sympathetic. The people of Guitry's play haven't any ideals, neither do they speak ill of life. They are optimistic always, and very indulgent to the most erring men. They say whatever comes into their heads, like spoiled children. They are always laughing—indeed, they find goodness extremely amusing, and faith and virtue, too, are awfully funny things. Perhaps as they do not censure, they should not be censured. Paris enjoys "Blague," and encourages Guitry to keep in the full tide of it. He has surely arrived. *Il plait aux femmes et aux dieux.*

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### The Author of "Carnival"

(Continued from page 26)

during that time writing poems, which later, in 1907, found their way into print. It was in 1906 that he was married, and in 1907 "The Passionate Elopement," his first novel, was begun. In 1910, meeting Hall Caine, the latter considered Mr. Mackenzie just the type wanted for a priest in "The Bishop's Son," a dramatization of "The Deemster." "That was my first professional appearance," he claimed. Then he modified the statement, for he recollected how, in 1906, when he was nearing twenty-four, he was called upon hastily to play Charles Surface while his father's company was appearing in Edinburgh, the next evening applying himself to Bob Acres with scarce sufficient preparation, meanwhile rehearsing Young Marlow for Wednesday and superintending a play of his own—an eighteenth century comedy, "The Gentleman Gray," which his father had accepted.

After his experience with Hall Caine he wrote the book for a "Revue," somewhat similar to the *mélange* given us at the Winter Garden, and he helped to rehearse the corps de ballet. There it was that he found Jenny, the heroine of "Carnival"; there it was he learned his background so well.

"I wrote 'Carnival' twice over in three months," he ventured. "I believe, after a piece of work, in resting, but when I do once get down to my desk I write very rapidly. In six weeks I have written seventy thousand words, and subjected them to close revision. The dramatization of my book was suggested to me by Gerald Du Maurier. Obviously, it was a play for a woman, and Miss George's interpretation is all I want. I have been interested, all during the preparations for my play, in watching the graciousness of Mr. Brady; whatever suggestions he has offered have been good ones. I suppose I have managerial blood in me which makes me sympathize with a producer.

"Now, there is one thing certain. In no Bohemian tale can you ever hope to have a conventionally happy ending. Look at 'Trilby' and 'Old Heidelberg.' My play ends as the book ends, with Jenny's death. In the first act the scene is in the theatre behind the scenes, just as the curtain is going down on the ballet. Beginning in a blaze of light, the act ends with the one lone gas jet in the centre of stage, symbol of the poor girl's life. The second act is the studio of Maurice during the celebration of Jenny's birthday. Herein the audience sees the tragedy of poor Jenny's love brewing. The third act is a dramatization of the chapter entitled 'The Tragic Loading,' wherein Jenny marries Trewhella, the man whose jealousy and coarseness results in the girl's final scenes with Maurice and the final tragedy. In bare outline 'Carnival,' does not seem particularly original. The mere plot is drab and disagreeable. But as



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in the novel, so in the play, the effects depend on delineation, on close psychology and poignant refinement. Those who read 'Carnival' and those who go to see the play, expecting sensation, will be disappointed. As a book, 'Carnival' is a greater plea for the humanness of the chorus girl than Pinero's 'The "Mind-the-Paint" Girl.' There is poetry in the part, not stark realism, or even sheer theatricalism. The novel is rich in character—a most difficult story to put in play form. It even is not fortunate enough to have such a distinctive stage personage as Svengali, nor has it such picturesqueness as Trilby. Mackenzie by temperament is not as Bohemian as Du Maurier; tragedy is imminent from the first page of 'Carnival.'

"My next book," said Mr. Mackenzie, "will be called 'Sinister Street,' and will deal with the underworld of London. This time I shall try to give an elaborate study of a man, carrying him through Oxford and through the usual intellectual and romantic adventures of his kind."

I did not ask him whether the new book would be brighter than "Carnival" and more hopeful. But, looking back on the personality of the man himself, with his gleams of humor and his serious approach toward all things, I believe his answer to such question would be something like this: "Life, after all, has no end save in death; and art, dealing with life, must simply break off, giving one a consciousness that life continues after the book is through." Mr. Mackenzie, I believe, is one of the younger group of English writers who sees the ironies of things, and sees them tragically. MONTROSE J. MOSES.

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### TWO BROTHERS

(Continued from page 32)

as an outlet for his turbulent spirit; but he is wonderfully handsome."

The sound of a vehicle stopping at the front door and a manly tread on the threshold soon brought into view a young man, somewhat taller than my host, but bearing an unmistakable resemblance to his elder brother.

"Well, Ned," said the newcomer in a breezy tone, "I told you I would come out, and, like our friend in 'The Duke's Motto,' I am here. What brought you out into this wilderness and into this primitive establishment?"

"Never mind, John," my entertainer replied, as he grasped the visitor's hand. "If you could live long enough you would ride here by electricity, but, my dear boy, you will never comb your crinkly locks."

"So be it, Ned," was the answer. "If the stars have said it, a short life and a bustling one for me. I see you have a young guest. Let me drink to his prosperity. But what makes him from Wittenberg, Horatio?"

"Nay, ask me not; he is a truant disposed student, apparently, who has just dropped in to ease my blueness, and no doubt thinks he is blessed in being in the company of an eminent actor, so called by some, but regarded by others as only a shadow of his illustrious father, Junius Brutus Booth. When he comes to know the footlights as we do he will learn that there is more of prose than poetry in a stage career, and that illusion's perfect triumphs are realized only by hard work and constant study."

As I made no observation the younger man exclaimed:

"I am not a modest daisy. Give me glory at any cost. The ambitious youth, you know, that fired the Ephesian dome outlives in fame the pious fool who raised it."

"Take care, John, said his brother, that is a dangerous belief to entertain; it can only lead to grief and disaster. As for me, give me the man who is not passion's slave and I will wear him in my heart of hearts; you know the rest. The Horatios in life, however, are like angels' visits. I wish you well, John, and would banish from thy footsteps all the shadows of impending evil, but I dread and regret your unchecked impetuosity; it may resist all barriers and drive you far beyond the bounds of reason.

"Away with melancholy forebodings, Ned," was the reply. "They seldom come true. Why, when I faced a Boston audience for the first time I was woefully afraid of failure, for my more distinguished brother, Edwin, had preceded me in the modern Athens. I got through all right, however, with the public, though some of the critics damned me with faint praise. But how is Mary? I hope she is enjoying this retreat."

"Well, waiting and fearing, as we all do in this transitory life. I pray fervently that the end will see her a happy mother."

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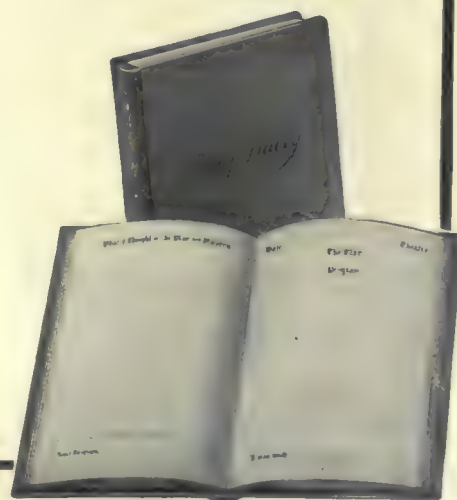
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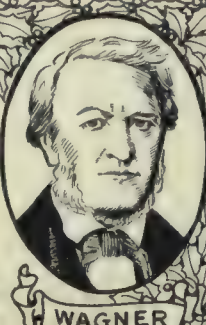
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"Well, hope for the best, Ned. I myself, as I have said, do not care what happens to me, if I leave an imperishable name. Who is this that thus bescreened in night now stumbles on our councils?"

Just then a rap came on the door, and when it was opened a fantastic figure, clad in a garb half masculine and half feminine, stalked in.

"Meg Merilles, by all that's elfish," said the younger brother. "Give you good den, fair gentlewoman, what can we do for you?"

"Dinna ye ken, I'm on my way to market from my farm in Milton," said the woman. "My mare Janet has gone lame, and seeing a light in the house I thought you would not refuse me shelter for awhile, until the dee has really come and I can find some ame to help me with my load. My gude mon is dead, and I must take his place now, even if my neighbors among the Blue Hills do call me uncanny."

"You are welcome to sit here," said my host, "until the morn in russet mantle clad climbs o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill; then we will break up our watch, for we must have a little of the sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care. So they take you for a witch, do they? By St. Patrick it's lucky we are not living a century or two ago, when in Boston women were persecuted for practicing what was called witchcraft. But have a glass of wine to warm the cockles of your heart, old dame."

"Nae, nae, I might take a little of the barley brew an ye had it, but wine is nae for the likes of me who has to travel these lonely, hilly roads at night. I always carry some Scotch with me in my plaid, for I go daft with the cold. So here's to your very good health, gentlemen, though I who am cursed with the gift of second sight can see that there is not much happiness before you. You will meet," she said, turning to Edwin, "great affliction, and that soon; it will not bring reproach upon you; it will sadden your life, but not disgrace it."

"But what will become of me, old soothsayer?" said the younger brother. "I do not think I will ever be bowed down by weight of woe."

"I can see you in a great theatre on a gala night. You are armed, and with the cunning of a madman you slay the head of a nation. It is nae in a play, either, but in direful reality, and your death will come in a hopeless fight for life."

"I think your vision is a little awry from the old Scotch you have imbibed, my good woman. You see some other fellow's fate. I am too good-natured to kill."

"It is so written, mon, and you will think you are a patriot and drag other people down in your ruin, only to create a night of horror which will shake the world."

"Edwin, Edwin!" came a gentle voice from upstairs. "Make the poor creature stop her raving by holding no further parley with her until she is ready to depart. Edwin, Edwin, Edwin!" came with more persistent iteration, and then I found myself on the piazza of my own house, gazing down into the well-populated valley, where Gentile and Jew, Celt and Teuton, Greek and Norseman, were living together in apparent harmony in what was once an old country town. Wonderful is the phenomena of dreams and their rapid action. In my comparatively short walk home I had passed through the scenes just related while I moved on mechanically to my destination. Were there any spirits about that produced this unconsciousness to obviously outward surroundings? Who knows?

My wife was at the door. She said, "Are you not a little later than usual?"

"Maybe so," I answered. "The waits at the theatre were long to-night, and we had to play many selections to keep the audience in good humor."

"Oh, I wish you were anything but a performer in an orchestra, so we might have our evenings together, now that we are declining into the vale of years and the glamor of the playhouse has departed."

"Why, have you felt more lonely than usual to-night, my dear?"

"Well, no, I have found much entertainment in recollections of Edwin Booth and of his first wife, Mary Devlin, who died here in Dorchester nearly fifty years ago, soon after she had passed through the pains of motherhood."

"Do you believe in telepathy?"

"Perhaps; but why do you ask?"

"Because you and I have been in the same company. I slept as I walked, and I knew nothing of the present until I saw the lights in the hall shining on your face."

"That's passing strange."

"Yes, my love, but you know there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

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*This toque of black satin is trimmed with a crown of skunk and a mount of aigrettes placed at the back to shoot still further backward*

IS a woman ever too engrossed with social duties to defy the lure of the shops? The social engagements follow one another in reckless rapidity right after the holidays, pushed somewhat by the fact that Easter is unusually early this year, but to offset them there are eye-opening bargains in the shops\* which tug on the pursestrings so persistently that the normal woman could not resist them though she desired to do so. The shops do not even permit a breathing space after the holiday rush, for before the New Year has been properly heralded they are offering alluring ways of spending the Christmas checks, and many others in addition. One suddenly develops so many wants that she positively can't do without—it would be fairly indecent to attempt to do so.

#### FOR THE SOUTHERN INVASION.

Many women are planning to cut short the social whirl and enjoy the gaities of the sunny South, where the warm sun, the brilliant blue skies, the balmy air laden with sweet scents, and the carol of the birds call one to life in the open. It is so delightful to frolic and be happy in an early springtide when one's friends are fighting frosty blasts, wading through slushy streets and braving all the terrors of winter. As Paris set the pace last summer for furs when the days were warm, and even hot, there is no reason why any woman should forego the pleasure of wearing her stunning new furs during her southern sojourn. Thus the last objection to a trip southward has been done away with, for it was a hardship to send to the storage all one's lovely furs before the trip.

There is nothing more fetching than a gown of the sheerest fabrics partially hidden beneath the enveloping scarf of fur, and the furs this season are so voluminous and luxurious that they give to the simplest creations an air of smartness and chic which could be secured in no other way. Take, for instance, an ermine scarf, such as the one in the photograph; it is quite elaborate and voluminous enough to be dignified by the name of a wrap. The long ends can be draped around the figure until only the merest glimpse of the gown is shown beneath them. One of these ends is finished with skunk, a striking combination with the unspotted ermine, which has now quite ousted from favor the spotted variety, and tails of the ermine add their charm to the other end. A new note is struck by the large collar of the skunk nestling closely to the throat as if it had to protect it from the nip of Jack Frost. Tails likewise finish the white silk cords which draw this collar close to the neck. The muff is a large square one with a bushy tail of the skunk on one end and a cluster of ermine tails on the other. A goodly sum would change hands for a wrap of this type, but it would open the eyes of the god of envy at any fashionable southern hotel.

On the other ermine wrap shown in the photograph the tails are cleverly used to complete the drapings in the back. On this garment the collar of skunk is a most imposing addition, falling in a long end in the back well below the waist line, and in the front to the girdle. The barrel-shaped muff, which many couturiers claim is newer than the pillow muff, is carried with this costume

For those to whom sums of three figures loom large, there are

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*A dual effect is shown in this frock of Nell rose charmeuse combined with gray brocaded velvet. The overskirt of the velvet is finished with skunk fur and falls over a plaited skirt. The upper portion of the waist is of the brocaded velvet, with long sleeves attached to a low shoulder seam. The vest of dotted net matches the collar, which softens the deeper collar of charmeuse*

any number of chiffon scarves, shirred and draped, and finished with bands of the fur, to wear over evening frocks. Large, enveloping ones of brocaded velvets, displaying wondrous colorings in the raised designs, can be draped cleverly around the figure, and are exceedingly becoming when finished with white fox fur.

If one has a well-stocked wardrobe there are not many neces-

sary additions before the trip southward. A suit of serge—preferably white or cream—is always a good purchase. The skirts will be quite as narrow as those worn this winter, the suggestion of additional fullness being simulated by the draperies and plaits which are strong features. So persistent is the vogue for fur that some of these suits are being fashioned with strips of the fur at the neck and finishing the cuffs. One of the well-known shops is making a specialty of these serge suits for the southern exodus, and are fashioning them after their late winter models with suggestions from across the seas. The Eton jackets are asserting themselves and sharing the honors with the cutaway effects and even with the Russian coats.

#### THE EVER-NECESSARY BLOUSE.

You will feel very much more comfortable and ready for any occasion if you provide yourself before the trip with plenty of blouses. There is a charming fad just at present which calls for a blouse of brilliant coloring with the white serge or ratine skirt. A fetching little affair of Nell Rose chiffon has a deep yoke effect of shadow lace, which is embroidered with white beads. The long shoulders are simulated by a pointed collar of Colbert lace which is extended in the back into a very deep collar on the sailor order, enhanced with embroidery of gold thread. Although the description may sound a bit complicated, the blouse is a lovely creation, well worth the \$32.50 asked for it. Another dainty confection which could be worn with a skirt of almost any hue is of flowered chiffon in the soft subdued colorings which are quite as artistic as if an artist had washed them in with his brush. The chiffon is draped in surplice fashion, displaying a vest of lace in the delicate écreu tints. The fullness which is promised in the sleeves this spring is heralded in the soft puffs of chiffon finished by a deep frill of lace. This dainty little blouse is selling for the ridiculously small sum of \$15.00.

Another is just like a cloud of blue, a blue as pure as the robin's egg. The soft folds of the chiffon are draped gracefully over the shoulder, permitting the vest of white chiffon with tiny blue buttons to show itself in the front. These drapings are brought together at the waistline by a buckle-like arrangement of white chiffon, caught on either side by the blue buttons. The elbow sleeves are loose, pretty falls of the blue chiffon finished with a deep cuff of the white chiffon. A prettier blouse to wear with a white suit, whether of serge or charmeuse, would be hard to find, and yet it bears the reasonable price tag of \$15.00.

Another striking bargain is a blouse of cream chiffon, deliciously soft and foamy in appearance like a fleecy cloud. There is a strip of moleskin finishing the high collar, another strip edging the long sleeves, and a third strip intermingled in some curious way with the front fastening of the waist, which seems to be accomplished by tiny buttons covered with the chiffon. It is just as chic as it can be and can be bought for \$6.50. Another in wistaria chiffon, with the new epaulette effect over the shoulders, enhanced with gold thread embroidery and a touch of white at the neck in the V-shaped vest of net, is marked at \$4.50.

#### COSTUMES FOR THE SOUTH.

The suits of brocaded silks, the crêpe meteors and charmeuses, and even the velvet costumes, are in great demand by the woman who is planning her southern wardrobe. While the conservatively dressed woman will choose a suit of gray, taupe, or wistaria, if she has not already decided upon black, the woman who goes in for the latest styles will insist upon one of the brilliant colorings, cerise, sulphur, emerald green, Chinese blue or royal purple. There are several features of the suit shown in the accompanying photograph to recommend it. The drapery in the back is a decidedly new departure, and yet a most becoming one, for women still delight in the straight, unbroken lines in the front of the gown. Motifs of braid mark the drapings of this cerise brocade costume and are used to outline the slightly raised waist line as well as to fasten the coat in the front. The three-quarter sleeve, which is favored over the long sleeve by some of the best French de-

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# Parfum LA VALSE

JUST as the exquisite dancing of Karsavina and Nijinsky in "The Spectre of the Rose," to Weber's "Invitation a la Valse" enchanted the civilized world, so has the fascinating new Morny perfume, "La Valse," captivated the world of fashion. "La Valse" should achieve even wider fame than its well-known predecessor, Parfum "Chaminade," so exquisite and satisfying is its fragrance, and so indefinitely beautiful is it in its complex modernity, its elusive intensity and its delicate and subtle suggestiveness.

PARFUM "LA VALSE" -	-	-	\$3.00, \$6.00
"La Valse" Bath Salts -	\$1.25, \$3.30,	\$7.50	
"La Valse" Dusting Powder -	-	-	\$1.80
"La Valse" Complexion Powder -	-	-	\$1.30
"La Valse" Toilet Soap (3 tablets) -	-	-	\$2.50
"La Valse" Bath Soap Bowls, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$8.25			
"La Valse" Toilet Water -	-	-	\$2.00

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A descriptive price list of the entire "La Valse" series of Fine Toilet Products, with dainty paper sachet, sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope to  
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with the patented Elastic V-shaped Gussets and Elastic Waistband with snap fasteners. They insure the snug hip and waist fit. No strings—no bagging—no puckering.



Every appropriate petticoat fabric in all fashionable shades. Sold by good stores everywhere.

In cotton at \$1.50 to \$3.00  
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CIGARETTE  
of QUALITY

My lovers have left me from time to time—as fickle lovers will—but they always come back.  
—MILO

Price in the U. S., 25 cents.  
Abroad at the regi tariff.

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## Write for a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap

If there is any condition of your hair you want to improve, if it hasn't enough life and gloss, if there is dandruff or too much oil, never forget that the condition of your hair depends on the condition of your scalp.

### Begin now to get its benefits

To keep the scalp healthy and active, shampoo your head regularly in the following way: Rub your scalp fully five minutes with the tips of your fingers to loosen the dandruff and dead skin. Then apply a hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it in, rub it in, rub it in. Rinse thoroughly in gradually cooler water, having the final water really cold. Dry perfectly, then brush gently for some time.

The formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and hair. This treatment with Woodbury's softens the scalp, gently removes the dead skin, keeps the pores active and brings a fresh supply of blood to nourish the hair roots.

Try it. See what a delightful feeling it gives your scalp, how alive it makes it feel. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and use it for a Shampoo.

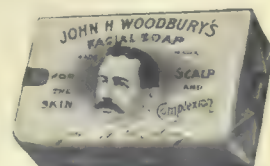
Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.



Write today

## Woodbury's Facial Soap

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 7c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For \$1.00, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. F., Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.



For sale by dealers everywhere



*An enveloping and voluminous wrap of unspotted ermine. One end is finished with a wide band of skunk fur and the other with a fringe of ermine tails. The high collar of skunk is held close to the throat with white silk cords weighted with ermine tails. The pillow muff of the ermine is trimmed on one end with a skunk tail and on the other with a cluster of ermine tails. White osprey decorates the white plush hat.*

signers, is finished by a deep cuff of moleskin, matching the shawl collar.

Vying with the brocades are the suits of silk éponge, charmeuse, silk ratine, embossed éponge and other fancy weaves of soft silks which lend themselves to draping and plaiting in an ideal manner. Some of these suits are made to wear with blouses of chiffon or silk, while others are the so-called three-piece type. The gown shown in the photograph belongs to one of these three-piece suits, and here we have not only the combination of two

contrasting materials—charmeuse and brocaded velvet—but two different colors, gray and the new Nell rose. The Nell rose charmeuse underskirt shows the new plaited effect; over this hangs the overskirt of the gray brocaded velvet, shaped at the sides to display the vividly colored charmeuse veiled with chiffon, and finished with a wide band of skunk. The flat effect, which is so desirable over the shoulders, is procured by having the upper portion of the waist and the sleeves all of the brocaded velvet, the sleeve being attached at the low shoulder seam and confined at the wrist with buttons. The vest is of dotted net, matching the collar, which partially hides a deeper collar of the charmeuse.

Another very simple, but very charming, little gown for the South is of white charmeuse combined with white chiffon. The underskirt is of the charmeuse with an overskirt of chiffon reaching almost to the bottom of the gown, open in the front and rounded at the sides, and bordered with an inch hem of the charmeuse. The blouse of chiffon is draped to display a vest of the charmeuse with buttons of the material, which continue in a straight line to the bottom of the skirt. A bit of color is introduced by a fold of blue satin which edges the charmeuse girdle and a garland of pink roses which serve as a fastening for this girdle. It is youthful, even girlish, yet it is decidedly chic.

#### THE DAINTY TOUCH AT THE NECK.

Above all else have plenty of neckwear on this southern trip. A fresh neck fixing, better still, a novel one, will do wonders in giving a blouse, which may have begun to show wear and tear, a rejuvenated appearance. One of the newest and prettiest collars for the tailored blouse is fashioned from black moiré, and consists of a stock of the moiré, over which falls a plaited frill of écreu tinted lace. The wide bow of the moiré attached to the stock in front is plaited and held on either side by slides of the moiré. It is trig and it is smart, so that the price of \$3.50 is not by any means expensive. On much of the new neckwear bows with long ends of taffeta or moiré in brilliant colorings, particularly the reds and cerises, are very effective. The latest notion is likewise to use the écreu-toned lace for frills at the neck or cascades to fall in flimsy softness over the gown. Another new fad is introduced on an effective neck fixing by having the rolled collar of flowered taffeta, with folds of the blue taffeta extending to the bust line. On either side, plaitings of shadow lace fall in such profusion that they cover the entire front of the waist.

#### FOR LIFE IN THE OPEN.

With every siren of nature calling one into the open there should be a goodly supply of sporting togs. And the women who go in for sports insist upon being correctly attired. With the knowledge that their appearance will not call forth any adverse criticism from the audience, they can go in to win with all their might.

For tennis and golf, the suits of striped flannel are very good to look upon. It is very necessary to buy a good quality of unshrinkable flannel. What is more heartrending than to take the time and spend the money to have a blazer suit made and then find that after the first washing or cleaning it has grown so small that it is impossible to wear it? An excellent grade of unshrinkable flannel is now on the market and sold under a well-known brand name. A large variety of designs and colorings are shown, and a suit of this material, fashioned with the jaunty blazer-style jacket, is just the thing for the courts or the links. If, on the other hand, you prefer a skirt of homespun for the links the waists of flannel are very comfortable, and many ardent sportswomen believe cooler and more healthy than linen or silk. These should be made very plain, buttoning in the front, with a convenient patch pocket at the side, set in sleeves finished with a turnover cuff, and either a low collar or a stiff linen collar or stock.

For that glorious exercise, horseback riding, there is a new habit which attracted all eyes at the Horse Show. It is quite different from the regulation long coat, which is worn with the knickerbockers. The coat, which may be of broadcloth, melton, cheviot, or any of the English cloths used for riding habits, reaches only to the waist line in the front, with the square coattails in the back.

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in vogue for Tailored Suits for Spring, require cloth fabrics of extremely fine quality and distinctiveness.

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Haas Fabrics can be seen only in the Haas Blue Books, shown by the Leading Dressmakers and Tailors.

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## Clement

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THE CHARM and becomingness of Clement hair goods and coiffures lie in the clever adaptation of Fashion's dictates to the wearer's needs.

An exclusive variety of the latest styles in hair goods and ready-made coiffures is now ready for inspection.

An unusually fine selection of hair ornaments, combs, pins, barettes, perfumes, etc., which will delight the fastidious woman, has just been imported from Paris.

#### Liquid Henna

is a recent discovery of mine which beautifully colors the hair. It is absolutely harmless and can be applied without aid. Success guaranteed. Price, \$2.00.

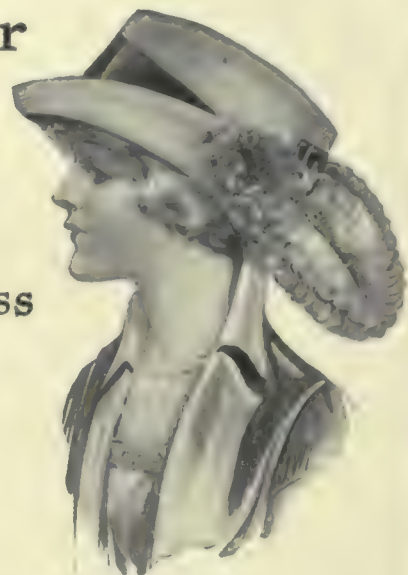
I also have a coloring that will permanently dye the eyebrows. Price, \$2.00.

Spacious, airy rooms with natural daylight for application and rectifications of hair coloring by French experts only.

Visitors are welcome to advice and suggestions. Booklet sent on request.



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combine the quality and style that characterize all models bearing this trade mark.



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Designed and Introduced

by

A. D.

## Burgesser & Co.

Wholesale only

149-151 Fifth Avenue  
New York





*The clever draping of the unspotted ermine in the back distinguishes this wrap. Tails of the ermine finish these draped ends. A contrasting note is lent by the deep collar of skunk. The barrel-shaped muff is fashioned from the spotted ermine*

It fastens with six buttons and is cut in such a way that it displays the waistcoat of white piqué finished with a black satin Ascot. The English apron effect gives an up-to-date appearance to the skirt. Those who prefer the more conventional togs can order the single-breasted cheviot coats and Ascot ties of white piqué. The safety skirt, which instantly releases the rider in case of accident, is always a safe style to choose.

#### ACCESSORIES—DAINTY AND NECESSARY.

It is the little touches that always count—that distinguish the woman with a talent for smart dressing from the woman who just

clothes herself. And it is the former who has bought to take south with her flowers as perfect as those she will find there growing in profusion all around her. The so-called preserved flowers need fear no rivals in Nature. Have they not the same fragrance, the same moist, "alive" feeling, and the same beautiful coloring as those fostered by Nature? And yet they will last years after the others have given their beauty to the world. The process whereby violets and roses are kept as lovely as we find them in the hothouses is a secret one, and has been brought from Bohemia, where it was jealously guarded by the titled people of the Continent.

For \$2.50 it is possible to buy a bouquet of violets whose scent, "feel" and naturalness will defy the closest scrutiny, and just think what a saving on the pocket-book, only \$2.50 for a bouquet that will last for three years at least. For \$1.50 you can secure the most exquisite rose and bud. The women of Paris and Vienna have fairly lost their hearts to this lovely flower, either in the pink or the Maréchal Niel shades. The latter is particularly effective against dark furs. For the same price there is the delicate Cape Jasmin gardenia, with soft blendings of yellow to make it more desirable and newer than the waxy white blossom.

For decoration purposes, there are the glorious American beauties and the beautiful bridesmaid roses which will shed their fragrance in the dining-room or drawing-room every day of the year if you desire them to. Six dollars a dozen is a very modest sum for a perpetual floral decoration.

Into some corner of the trunk you must be sure and tuck a pair or two—as many as you have pairs of slippers if you are wise—of the aluminum slipper trees. They are very light and very easily packed, for though they curve, as the foot does in the shoe, they spring back to a flat position when not in use. This curve, following the natural curve of the foot, keeps the soles lying flat, all the creases pressed from the vamp, and the slippers in a fresh condition, which gives them the appearance of a new pair. It is only the question of a few seconds to slip them into the slippers, or shoes, and yet what a saving on the shoe bill at the end of the year! Cover these trees with ribbon and you have a dainty little gift for a fellow traveler which is sure to be appreciated, at the reasonable sum of seventy-five cents a pair.

Gloves in mocha, glacé, chamois and cape should all be provided in generous numbers, for it is distressing to run short of such necessities. You won't be bothered with tears and rips, however, if you purchase one of the well-known makes, with which are sold a guaranty bond for each pair. All you have to do if the gloves are defective is to return them, and receive a new pair. Naturally to make good on such a guaranty the manufacturers must use the best of leather and insist upon careful workmanship. Those of us who have dressed in a hurry, and then have taken from the drawer a pair of gloves only to have them rip or tear while we put them on, can appreciate what this offer means. Yet the gloves themselves are no more expensive than the other makes, selling for \$1.50 and upward.

#### JUST AMONGST OURSELVES.

To thoroughly enjoy every minute of the southern visit you must feel well, and be inwardly encouraged by the fact that you are looking as well as you feel—perhaps a little bit better. Hence, it is never wise to leave behind the ounce of prevention, and many ounces of prevention will be found in a compact travelling case which one of the most skilled of beauty specialists is selling for just this purpose. It only calls for a five dollar bill, but it contains helps along the highway of beauty that are worth many more bills of that denomination. There is a bottle of skin tonic, to tone up the complexion; keep it white and aid in promoting good circulation; a jar of cleansing cream, which fairly digs out the black heads, prevents the formation of large pores and at the same time nourishes the skin; a bottle of muscle oil, which performs wonders in removing lines and in tightening relaxed skins; a jar of retiring cream, to be patted gently into the skin to work its magic

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## Aluminum Shoe Trees

"Indispensable"

say the well-groomed.



Ladies' Slipper Trees, 75c the pair

A shoe, a slipper—footwear of any kind—needs help if it is to retain its original shapely appearance. A bent sole and creases in the vamp are impossible when "R. P. K." Trees are used. They straighten the sole, press out the creases and actually rejuvenate the shoe each day. The lightest tree made. Particular dressers, here and abroad, pronounce them "Indispensable."

Men's Shoe Trees for Shoes and Pumps, in all sizes and widths.

Ask your dealer to show them—or order direct by mail.

\$1.00 the pair



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**CREME ELCAYA**  
"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"  
The dainty cream of flowers which keeps the complexion naturally beautiful—  
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Fifth Avenue.

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## WOMEN'S HIGH GRADE SHOES

Made on perfect fitting lasts, hand sewed

Our \$4.00 Shoe.....	3.00	Our \$6.50 Shoe.....	5.50
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Of satin, velvet, suede, white or bronze kid, patent or dull leather

Our \$5.00 Slipper.....	3.50	Our \$6.50 Slipper.....	5.50
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## "PARFAIT" CORSETS and BRASSIERES

Made exclusively for Franklin Simon & Co.

### ABOUT ONE-HALF FORMER PRICES

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Our \$6.00 Corset . . . .	3.50	Our \$3.00 Brassiere . . . .	1.45
Our \$10.75 Corset . . . .	5.75	Our \$6.75 Brassiere . . . .	3.75

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This facilitates in replenishing one's supply of toilet necessities whether at home or abroad. Under the personal guidance of experts in Mrs. Adair's correspondence department, at her New York Salon, ladies throughout the country are experiencing the benefits of Mrs. Adair's Ganesh home treatment preparations. A few follow and you are invited to try them; they will be found efficacious. Your order received by mail will be promptly filled and full instruction for home treatment will be sent.

**GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE OIL**, bottle, \$5, \$2.50, \$1. Braces sagging muscles, renews wasted tissues, fills hollows and wrinkles. **GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC**, bottle, \$5, \$2, 75c. A splendid face wash, strengthens the skin; closes pores and alleviates skin flabbiness, and puffiness under the eyes. **GANESH EASTERN BALM SKIN FOOD**, \$3, \$1.50, 75c. For tender, dry skins. **GANESH EASTERN BALM CREAM**, \$3, \$1.50, 75c. Can be used for the most sensitive skin; unequalled as a face cleanser and skin food. **GANESH LILY LOTION**, \$2.50, \$1.50. Whitens and smooths the skin; protects face when motoring; prevents sunburn. **GANESH CHIN STRAP**, \$6.50, \$4. Removes double chin, restores lost contours; keeps mouth closed during sleep. **GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP**, \$5, \$4. Eliminates deep lines between brows, corners of eyes and over forehead. (Note illustration.)

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A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.



*Reception costume of cerise brocade with novel drapings in the back, the effect on the skirt being continued in the jacket. Motifs of braid are used as trimming to mark the slightly raised waist line and to fasten the coat. The three-quarter sleeve, set into an enlarged armhole, is finished with a cuff of moleskin to match the shawl collar*

while we sleep; a bottle of liquid powder, which is so nice for the neck and shoulders, as well as the face; a bottle of liquid rouge, so natural in tint that it defies detection; a packet of fine face powder, half a dozen antiseptic face cloths, and two of the delightful face sachets. All of these are well packed, so that the jarring during the journey will not work havoc.

In the desire to protect and beautify the complexion you should not forget the hands, for it is in the hands quite as quickly as in the face that age gives away our secret. In fact many observing men have declared that they could always tell a woman's age, despite the youthful appearance of her face, by her hands. A woman doctor who has realized this truism is endeavoring to keep her sex from a betrayal of this kind by her excellent preparations for the hands. Her thorough knowledge of medicine has enabled her to compound pure and efficient preparations in which only the best of materials are used. Amongst the number is a lotion to keep the hands soft and white and to heal any chapping or roughing. This sells for fifty cents a bottle. Another preparation will remove any stain under the nails and keep the cuticle in a good condition by removing the dead cuticle, which should never be cut except by an expert. It will also remove the stains which often come from kid gloves, especially black gloves, when the hands are carried in a muff. A bottle is well worth fifty cents. To tint the nails and polish them at the same time, she sells for fifty cents a liquid to be applied by a camel's-hair brush. It not only gives to the nails a pretty, rosy tint, but strengthens them as well. For the traveller, who is naturally on pleasure bent, it is most convenient for the polish it lends to the nails will be retained for two or three days. If you prefer the powder a box will only cost you twenty-five cents, and you will find it free from all grit and an exceptionally attractive rose tint.

The prettiest face in the world can be spoiled by a poor figure. It seems such a pity that anyone should suffer from a bad figure these days when ingenious contrivances are found everywhere to give good lines. Some of them, to be sure, are more or less awkward, others are uncomfortable, but there is one on the market which is well worth trying because it is ideally comfortable, easily adjusted, and produces the long lines which nature in her happiest moments gives to a selected few. For the stout woman it serves as an admirable brassière, while to the slender figure it gives the curves which may be lacking. It can be worn with any corset, and there is a flexible inside brace which makes it possible to adjust it any distance away from the body, thus allowing for deep breathing. As there is no pressure—how could there be, for the brace is flexible and comes in contact with the front corset bone only—it has found great favor with singers.

It has another good feature in that it does not cave in, either under or over the bust, as is so often the case with bust supporters, especially when the wearer is seated. As there are no straps over the shoulders—it is fastened by means of safety pins at the sides of the corset under the arms—it can be worn with the most décolleté gown. A dollar seems a very small price to give for an article which can do so much in improving the appearance of the average woman.

#### THE CULT OF THE BAG.

The very newest idea in bags is the bag of black moiré. While there is a certain sameness in the material there is a wide variety of shapes and sizes from which to choose. The majority of the recently imported bags are blessed with very frank openings so that you can see the entire contents of the bag at a glance. One particularly good-looking bag is fitted up with all the little vanity necessities. As the bag flies open the mirror is revealed on one side, while on the other side there are compartments for the powder puff, cardcase, etc. Such a bag can be secured for \$18 to \$20, at least this is the price, in Paris, and our shopkeepers generally manage to about duplicate them.

A round bag—or rather one resembling a flattened circle—has an inch-wide plaiting of the moiré all around it as a bit of decoration; others have a very much deeper plaiting. In fact one bag, which was hardly larger than an oblong purse, had a plaiting of the moiré fully eight inches deep. To add the finishing touch you should have one of the new marquissette monograms.

The bags, which take their shape from the old-fashioned reticule, are likewise exploited in moiré with gold, or French gilt, frames at either end and a gold bracelet to slip on the wrist.

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Cents a Year. **THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS.** FEBRUARY, 1913 VOL. XVII NO. 144

# THE THEATRE

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Hosiery  
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**\$2.00 per pair**

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**No. 217**—Men's “ONYX” Black and Colored Silk; Extra Heavy Weight with “Stop Run Top”; High Spliced Heel and Reinforced Heel, Sole and Toe; Special Intersplicing. The most remarkable value ever shown at

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**\$1.50 per pair**

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FEBRUARY 1913

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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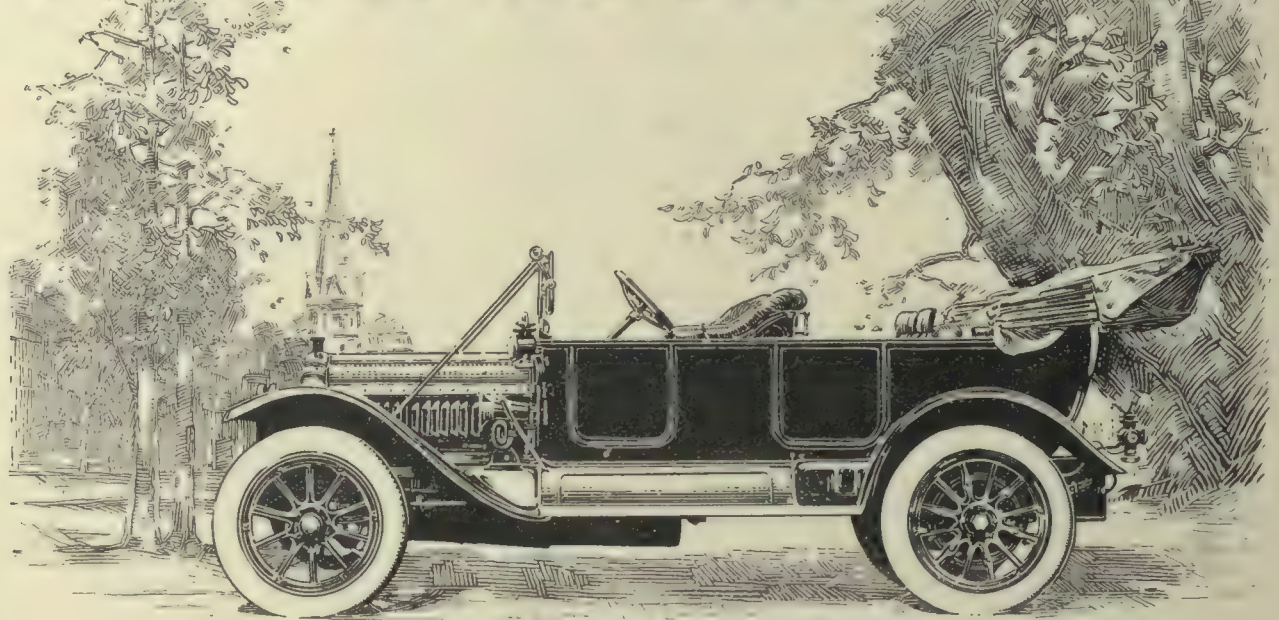
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# THE THEATRE

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White

Joseph (Brandon Tynan) makes himself known to his brethren  
SCENE IN LOUIS N. PARKER'S PLAY "JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS," AT THE CENTURY THEATRE



White

PAULINE FREDERICK AS ZULEIKA IN "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHERN," AT THE CENTURY THEATRE

ASTOR. "FINE FEATHERS." Play in four acts by Eugene Walter. Produced on January 7th last with the following cast:

Mrs. Collins.....	Rose Coghlan	Dick Meade.....	Max Figman
Mrs. Reynolds.....	Lolita Robertson	John Brand.....	Wilton Lackaye
Bob Reynolds.....	Robert Edeson	Frieda.....	Amelia Sumers

"Fine Feathers," the latest play by Eugene Walter, lacks the compactness, from start to finish, of "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way," the two plays that firmly established his reputation, but it has in it much that is characteristic of his thought and artistic expression. It lacks the sympathetic touch, so that some of its "big" scenes halt between the dramatic and the theatric. Mr. Walter is never disposed to be merely romantic; he chronicles passing conditions after the dramatic fashion, objectively, making his characters speak a good deal of practical wisdom and drawing them, without compromise, just as they are. This is the true attitude of the dramatist toward his characters. The play is not pleasant, which might be said of the other two plays mentioned, but there is a difference. It is in this difference that "Fine Feathers" falls short. The story is simple enough, and no doubt belongs to the life of the day.

A young husband, honest in his point of view of business, is overpersuaded by a rich man of affairs to participate in a dishonest scheme, not so much that he might improve his own condition in life as that he might relieve his wife of poverty. Love is a very potent tempter. He substitutes an inferior cement in the construction of a mill dam. In this way he finds himself in possession of forty thousand dollars, and then begins to speculate. He disposes of his cheap bungalow on Staten Island and possesses himself of a fine country house near the city. Why he should abandon Staten Island as a matter of fashion and improved circumstances is not clear, and perhaps it is immaterial in a dramatic way, although it might furnish animated discussion among real estate agents. The material thing is that he is not any happier on Long Island. It is there, however, that fate begins to get busy with him. His capitalistic friend gives him tips in certain transactions. At first there is profit, and then

## THE NEW PLAYS

there is a disastrous loss. The young man had consulted his broker and not the capitalist; but it was the capitalist

who had instructed the broker so as to cause the loss. As a result the young man makes himself criminally liable in overdrawing a check. Mr. Walter then issues a few checks and counterchecks of his own which look a bit artificial, but which bring about situations. A demand is made on the capitalist for a division of the profits of the original transaction. An exposure is about to be made in the newspapers. The upshot of it is that the young husband loses in his fight with the capitalist and blows out his brains at the telephone, announcing through it that he was about to commit suicide. At the same moment he had turned out the lights. This is an ingenious device, but it does not make the termination of a career less horrible. The wife wails in the dark until she is comforted, in the light now turned on, by a friend of the family, a merry young newspaper man.

Of course, the lesson is taught that one should not substitute inferior cement in building mill dams and that speculation is a dangerous thing, and perhaps there is no way of making that lesson in a play pleasant. Mr. Max Figman does the best possible to that end in the circumstances, but toward the last he is as glum as anybody. In point of fact, all the other characters with any outlook on life that could be described as cheerful had abandoned the play before the end. An amusingly innocent and ignorant maid of all work held to the action as long as she possibly could, but Rose Coghlan (Mrs. Collins, a neighbor) got out after the second act.

The cast was small, six, with the addition of a nurse, who lived for two minutes in order to announce the condition of her patient, the young husband, and then faded away. The action is too slow in beginning, but the last two acts and the ending of the second act were in the virile manner of Eugene Walter. Mr. Wilton Lackaye, slim and relieved of his rotundity, impressive and even graceful, was at his best. He felt, looked, talked and acted the capitalist, with authority and with indifference as to



SAM BERNARD  
As Leo von Laubenheim in "All for the Ladies"





Photos White  
 1. Old Nick, Jr. (Etienne Girardot), Betsy (Iva Merlin), Old Nick, Sr. (Edward Connelly), Mrs. MacMiche (William Norris), Charles MacLance (Ernest Truex), Act I. Mrs. MacMiche plans to send Charles to the horrid black school. 2. Act I. Charles is sent to bed without his supper. 3. Act II. Juliet (Mary Pickford) waiting for her lover's return. 4. Act II. The search for Charles by his wicked old aunt. 5. Act III. The fairies restore Juliet's sight. 6. Act III. Charles gives up court life and returns home

**SCENES IN THE FAIRY PLAY "A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL," AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE**

results—to others. Mr. Robert Edeson, as the hapless young husband whose fortunes crumbled, and who in seeking the easiest way paid in full the penalty, was also at his best. Miss Lolita Robertson, in the play the wife, ambiguous of fine feathers, is the one entirely agreeable character in the play, because she was very human and held your sympathies. The play is filled with incidents, and may be described as a good acting play that grips theatrically at moments, but leaves no deep impression. It is likely, however, to make a popular appeal.

Designed and built by Edward B. Corey, the new Cort Theatre is a beautiful playhouse, with sweeping, commanding lines, comfortable seats and admirable acoustic properties. If any exception is to be taken, it is that pink is too delicate a shade for such an expanse of decoration.

Mr. Manners' comedy makes a delicious entertainment. Call it conventional if you will, admit the probabilities are stretched if necessary, the fact remains that his output is graciously human, distinctly pathetic and wittily ingenious. Peg is the



White Mrs. Brinton John Strong Michael Doyle Mrs. Howard Christopher Dallas Metz  
(Alice Putnam) (Herbert Kelcey) (Bruce McRae) (Effie Shannon) (Lyn Harding) (E. M. Holland)

Act I. The widow with her two cavaliers about to go to her first dinner at Sherry's  
SCENE IN "YEARS OF DISCRETION," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

CORT. "PEG O' MY HEART." Comedy in three acts by J. Hartley Manners. Produced on December 20 with the following cast:

Mrs. Chichester.....	Emilie Melville	Christian Brent.....	Reginald Mason
Footman .....	Peter Bassett	Peg .....	Laurette Taylor
Ethel .....	Christine Norman	Montgomery Hawkes.....	Clarence Handyside
Alaric .....	Hassard Short	Maid .....	Ruth Gartland

To find the bull's-eye of success this year has caused the local managers a vast amount of troublous consideration. But Mr. John Cort, from the far West, bravely invades the metropolis, erects a beautiful playhouse of commodious dimensions, decorated in admirable taste, presents a new star in a new play and scores an emphatic success in every particular.

Miss Laurette Taylor, whose artistic creation of the Hawaiian princess in "The Bird of Paradise," earned her such encomiums last season, is the player who has been raised to the stellar lists. She deserves the honor and is likely to reap the just rewards of her graceful talents and unique and charming personality. And romance, too, enters into this combination for the theatrical medium of her display, a comedy of youth in three acts entitled "Peg o' My Heart," was written for her by J. Hartley Manners, who is now her husband.

daughter of an Irish visionary who married an English girl. The mother dies and so does a rich brother, who was not kind to her in her hours of poverty. He wills that Peg shall be his beneficiary, but that she must be brought up by people of culture and refinement. Mrs. Chichester, her English aunt, apparently bankrupt, unknown to Peg, assumes the bringing up for "what there is in it," and Peg appears to take up her new English life. There she goes through her troubles and her triumphs, saves her cousin from an elopement with a married man, is much misunderstood and even persecuted, but wins out and secures a husband in a middle-aged "Jerry," who has sympathized with and befriended her through her troubles.

This delightfully drawn character of Peg is acted with exquisite charm, sensibility, humor and pathos by Miss Taylor. Jerry is played with suave politeness and dignity by H. Reeves-Smith, while Clarence Handyside and Reginald Mason are appropriately and happily cast. The Chichester family are well taken care of by Emily Melville as the dowager, Hassard Short, splendidly characteristic as the son, and Christine Norman as the daughter. "Peg o' My Heart" is the comedy hit of the year.



Photos White "I reinstate you for the same reason" "Just try one little word, l-o-v-e" "Eva! You are not afraid of me!"  
SALLIE FISHER AND WALTER PERCIVAL IN "EVA," RECENTLY AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

CRITERION. "THE ARGYLE CASE." Play in four acts by Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins, written in co-operation with William J. Burns. Produced on December 24 with the following cast:

Asche Kayton.....	Mr. Hilliard	Thomas Nash.....	John J. Pierson
Bruce Argyle.....	Calvin Thomas	"Bob" Vincent.....	E. J. Righton
James Hurley.....	Alphonse Ethier	"Jim" Baynes.....	Daniel Murray
Dr. Kreisler.....	Bertram Marburgh	Mrs. Marlin.....	Selene Johnson
Simeon Gage.....	John Beck	Mary Masuret.....	Stella Archer
William Skidd.....	F. R. Russell	Mrs. Wyatt.....	Agnes Everett
Augustus Leischmann.....	Robert Newcombe	Nancy Thornton.....	Elizabeth Eyre
"Joe" Manning.....	Joseph Tuohy	Mrs. Beauregard.....	Amy Lee
Samuel Cortwright.....	W. H. Gilmore	Kitty.....	Wanda Carlyle

"The Argyle Case" has been added to the very entertaining plays of the season which revolve about crime. It is to be remarked about these plays that they have the novelty and the merit of being innocuous. In them crime is incidental, and there is no criminal intent of authorship. Most of them are as harmless as peep shows. At all events, in "The Argyle Case" it is the hunter who is running down the criminals which chiefly interests us. The play attracts attention, in no small degree, because it serves Robert Hilliard, one of the most capable and popular actors of the day, and because in it we see, it may be said for the first time, a revelation of the most approved methods in detecting crime. Much of the story and many of the incidents were furnished by W. J. Burns, the most noted detective of the hour. Such high authority stamps the play with unusual genuineness.

It is a busy play. Not only is a murderer run down, but a den of counterfeiters is unearthed. We see suspect after suspect eliminated by means of finger prints, adroitly procured, until the right clue is obtained; and finally confirmation and proof of the various clues are obtained by means of the dictagraph. The story, which gives opportunities for the showing of the detective in action, is less important than the incidental scenes, but it is sufficient. A millionaire has been found murdered in his home. Members of the household are suspected, in particular an adopted daughter, to whom the estate has been willed. The detective questions all in the house, one by one, and becomes convinced of the innocence of the adopted daughter. The

love affair that springs up between the two is subordinated, for the play is realistic rather than romantic. Nevertheless, the detective's personal motives in running down the murderer are reinforced by sentiment. Circumstances pointed to her. The real murderer is a lawyer, but it is only by sifting down until almost the last moment that the detective reveals to the audience that he has had the right theory for some time. There is a succession of thrilling scenes, and "The Argyle Case" promises to acquire popularity.

CENTURY. "Joseph and His Brethren." Pageant play in four acts (based on the biblical narrative) by Louis N. Parker. Produced on January 11 last with the following cast:

Jacob.....	James O'Neill	Asher.....	Franklyn Pangborn
Reuben.....	Harvey Braban	Issachar.....	F. Wilmot
Simeon.....	Howard Kyle	Zebulun.....	Edwin Cushman
Levi.....	Frank Woolfe	Joseph.....	Brandon Tynan
Judah.....	Emmet King	Benjamin.....	Sidney D. Carlyle
Dan.....	Charles Macdonald	Zuleika.....	Pauline Frederick
Naphtali.....	Arthur Row	Asenath.....	Lily Cahill
Gad.....	John M. Troughton	Pharaoh.....	James O'Neill

If the production at the Century Theatre, "Joseph and His Brethren," were merely spectacular it would not be profitable to its audiences; but it is something more than a pageant play. Louis N. Parker, who has given dramatic form to the biblical narrative, has treated it with proper sincerity and reverence, adding only such details to the story and to the happenings as are consistent with the possible facts. It is hardly necessary to say that none of the available incidents and happenings of the biblical tale are omitted in representation. There are thirteen scenes. The pictorial opportunities of the localities may be readily imagined. Some of the pictures are exceedingly beautiful. The time and

skill and research bestowed on them provides such a multitude of details that we shall not attempt to describe these scenes. One scene of the Pyramids, another of the Wells of Dothan, the gardens and the interiors of Potiphar's House and other scenes of Oriental life could be singled out for description in order to give an idea of what the enterprising management of the Lieb- lers has put on view. The acting corresponds in sincerity with

### "The Yellow Jacket"

The delicate sound of a tinkling bell,  
A soft-falling silence—the Orient's spell,  
An exquisite odour of bright cherry flowers,  
A fantasy whispered in fairyland's bowers.

The blood-giving love of the mother, "Chee moo,"  
Brave "Woo-hoo-git's" journey "Plum Blossom" to woo,  
Insouciant daffodil and fox-like Chow-wan,  
Who said the ages of fancy had gone?  
D. M.

the aim of the management to have the production convey the spirit of the story. Mr. James O'Neill, first as Jacob, and then as Pharaoh, was exceedingly impressive. That the twelve sons of Jacob required to be acted with discrimination is a matter of course, and the selection of actors for the purpose was admirably successful. Brandon Tynan was Joseph. Pauline Frederick, as Potiphar's wife, acted with the baleful fire of the kind desired, and was entirely satisfactory in a difficult part. In the nature of the case the cast is a very large one, and scores and scores of people are employed in representing the multitudes necessary to such a large action. The play, pageant as it is called, is too large to admit of being reported in detail.

**THIRTY-NINTH STREET.** "THE RIVALS." Comedy in four acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Produced on December 16 with the following cast:

Sir Anthony Absolute, Fred. W. Fermain; Captain Jack Absolute, Frank Reicher; Faulkland, John Westley; Bob Acres, George Giddens; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Percy Lyndal; Fag, W. Mayne Lynton; David, Littledale Power; Thomas, Thomas F. Fallon; Mrs. Malaprop, Ffolliott Paget; Lydia Languish, Annie Russell; Julia, Henrietta Goodwin; Lucy, Mary Murillo.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Annie Russell's venture with the old English comedies will meet with that success that makes for permanency. Each succeeding production under her intelligent treatment shows an advance in spirit and polished detail. For the third of the series she revived the immortal "Rivals." Not the edition which Jefferson used to play in which Bob Acres was raised to a prominence out of proportion to the true balance, but the old-time five-act version as it came from the sparkling pen of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It was a splendidly adequate performance which she and her associates gave. There was genuine atmosphere to the setting and in the rendering of the text. The old familiar points all got over, the action was spirited and graceful and it was altogether a production which satisfied the old-timers and gave genuine delight to the very large number who were hearing the brilliant comedy for the first time.

Miss Russell's Lydia Languish is a most engaging personation, thoroughly attuned to the times, alert, graceful and spirited. Bob Acres was rendered with cheerful unctious and discreet humor by George Giddens, and the verbal vagaries of Mrs. Malaprop were comically realized by Ffolliott Paget. There was choleric vigor and variety to Fred. W. Fermain's Sir Anthony and rollicking capacity to the rendering which Percy Lyndal

gave to Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Littledale Power, a good actor in old comedy, was an excellent David, and the remainder of the cast was in every particular sound and sure. The settings were ample.



White  
Lina Abarbanell and Robert Warwick in "Miss Princess," recently at the Park Theatre

**GARRICK.** "THE CONSPIRACY." Play in three acts by John Roberts. Produced on December 21 with this cast:

Winthrop Clavering, John Emerson; John Howell, Francis Byrne; Samuel Shipman, Guy Nichols; Col. Schultz, C. Krauss; Prof. Kaufman, W. L. Romaine; Mr. Christopher, Warren Cook; Dr. Jennings, Edward Wade; Capt. Ryan, Wm. J. Kane; Uncle Mark, Lawrence Edinger; Enrico Savelli, Giorgio Majeroni; Gus Weinberg, Boyd Agin; Victor Holt, Willet Barrett; John Flynn, John Williams; Detective Murray, C. Krauss; Margaret Holt, Jane Grey; Rose Towne, Ann Leonard; Juanita Perez, Helena Rapport; Martha, Julia Blanc.

"The Conspiracy" was written by John Roberts, unknown hitherto as a purveyor to the stage. That he must have "covered Police Headquarters" for a Metropolitan daily is more than probable. This new play of New York life fairly reeks with an intimate knowledge of Mulberry and Centre streets. It reveals a thoroughly minute understanding of crime and its ramifications; dealing as it does with the victim of a band of white slavers. Released from their toils she kills the leader in a struggle. The police decide that the murder was committed by a jealous woman. An eccentric writer of detective stories, the woman in the case, Margaret Holt, has become his stenographer, works it out that it was a victim who perpetrated the deed. From his imagination he dictates a story that fits in so closely with the real facts that Margaret acknowledges her guilt. To save her from the police and to rescue her brother, who is also a prisoner, becomes

the purpose of the eccentric littérateur, Winthrop Clavering.

The conclusion is ingenious, exciting and satisfying and what goes before is replete with moments of thrilling suspense.

Clavering is acted by John Emerson with characteristic skill and telling eccentricity of purpose.

**LYCEUM.** "BLACKBIRDS." Comedy in three acts by Harry James Smith. Produced on January 6th with this cast:

Suzanne .....	Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly	Leonie Sobatsky.....	Laura Hope Crews
Page Boy .....	Robert Young	The Hon. Nevil Trask...	H. B. Warner
Mrs. Edna Crocker.....	Ethel Winthrop	Howard Crocker.....	James Bradbury
Arline Crocker.....	Jean Gailbraith	Barclay .....	E. L. Duane
Mrs. Bechel.....	Sydney Valentine	Grandma .....	Ada Dwyer

"Blackbirds" was the second play of Mr. Harry James Smith, who with "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh" gave evidence of capacity for humorously satirical comedy. The play which provided Mrs. Fiske with one of her most entertaining (Continued on page xi)



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Dinh Gilly in "The Huguenots"

Geraldine Farrar as Marguerite in "Faust"

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Umberto Macnez in "Rigoletto"

THREE POPULAR SINGERS HEARD RECENTLY AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

SOMEHOW or other, to lapse into the vernacular of the indefinite, the past month of opera at the Metro-

## AT THE OPERA

politan has proven beyond any doubt just how great a public institution is opera in New York. Few of us (meaning the much-abused critical tribe) ever pull ourselves together during the coursing music season and ruminate. We are so hounded by opera, concert, recital—or recital, concert, opera—so harassed by this continuous performance of music that we take the great public for granted. We are so busy listening if Caruso is losing a pennyworth of gold from one of his brilliant tones, so intent to note whether or not Fremstad has thought out some new dramatic angle to her reading of Isolde or Brünnhilde, so busy wondering why some conductors never have a single new idea during the whole season, that we almost forget the most important part of opera—namely, the audiences.

Don't start—for I mean it. Without audiences grand opera would be physically impossible. Deprive an opera artist of his listeners and he usually grows as flat as the proverbial pancake. It was the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, I believe, who once ordered and heard a performance of "Tristan und Isolde" played and sung for his own private ear. And, without wishing in the least to emulate the privilege of that majesty, I have heard the same work at rehearsal, hidden away in the dark corner of the Metropolitan, with no one else to keep me company in being an audience save the charwomen who were tidying the parterre boxes for that night's invasion of the fashionables that were to occupy them. If you will believe me, the effect is not the same. The artists leave you with the impression that they are only rehearsing mood and voice for the performance itself. Heard in absolutely cold blood, truth compels me to admit that this rehearsal was probably the greatest performance of "Tristan und Isolde" that ever I had heard, but that is only because I am a critic who is trying to be youthfully enthusiastic and welcomes with glee any thrill that will parade up and down my spine in response to the call of music. As a hardened opera-goer I know that something vital was absent from that performance, and that vital element

was, and is—the dear, patient public.

So, half closing my eyes and squinting back at the past four weeks of music—

—particularly the opera—the most amazing point of interest appears the manner in which audiences have flocked to the Metropolitan. The period has been that of the much-hymned holiday season, the time of the year that hangs like a pall over the joy of theatre managers, for they know they cannot vie with the counter attraction or counter duty of Christmas shopping and visiting. And yet the Metropolitan has been filled with eager listeners at every performance. Its capacity has not been taxed on every single occasion, but the audiences of late have always been of a size that spell artistic appreciation and financial success.

And there really has been no especial lodestone to draw the opera-goers to the Metropolitan—several revivals, no distinct novelties, and for the rest just artistic productions of standard operas, given with artistic excellence, that makes foreign visitors gasp in admiration. Now it is the great public which is keen for these matters artistic. One hears it said and reads it still oftener that in New York fashion is the mainstay of opera. That may be true, but only partially. Fashion certainly does not persuade hundreds to stand nightly, often packed four deep behind the brass rail, while in the upper galleries the standees look like lines of flies about a sugar bowl. Fashion fills parterre boxes and many orchestra stalls, but the remaining spaces of the Metropolitan are filled with eager devotees of opera who go there to hear and see artistic performances, which Gatti-Casazza certainly gives to the very best of his ability and power. All this has come home to me during the past month, making interested observers realize that grand opera here has ceased to be a fad—if ever it was only that—and that now it is an institution and one of high standards and culture.

Scribes who adore patronizing the public declare that opera is the very lowest form of musical art. All of which may be true, or it may not. Surely anyone with half an ear and an ounce of ideals can readily determine that the average Metropolitan opera performance is miles above the average symphony concert heard

here to-day, when the chief aim of some conductors appears to be to perform classics in a most dry and perfunctory manner, while the rest of their program is loaded down with novelties that have never before been heard here, and, being heard once, arouse in the hearer a sincere hope that they will never be heard again, and should never have been heard in the first place. The Metropolitan Opera orchestra is one of the best opera orchestras in the world, and at its head stand some of the world's greatest conductors. Among the singers are the very pick of Europe's and America's artistic forces. These points are being appreciated by the big public. And they probably explain in some measure why so many concerts are poorly attended while the opera house is crowded.

It really looks to me as though the mass of music lovers were waking up and beginning to discriminate, as they do abroad. Gatti-Casazza has moved with unerring footsteps ever since he has been at the Metropolitan, aiming for the highest goal, eliminating nepotism and favoritism, striving to treat each series of subscribers with absolute impartiality and trying to give as good performances as are humanly possible. He has made some mistakes, of course, but he has rectified them as soon as possible. But, above all things, he has never ceased considering the most important factor in the whole game of opera—namely, the public.

That brings us exactly where we started on this little digression. So far as the news of the Metropolitan's doings are concerned for the month, the chief item was a revival of Meyerbeer's "The Huguenots," sung in Italian. It has been about seven years since this bombastic opera has been heard at the Metropolitan, and thus the present revival partook something of the nature of a novelty. Remarkably beautiful new scenery had been imported, both the first and second act sets being really artistic pictures. The cast was all-star, and interest centred mainly upon Frieda Hempel, noted German coloraturo, whose arrival had been delayed for nearly two months by reason of a cold contracted last summer. She made her debut singing Marguerite de Valois, displaying a voice of phenomenal height, with accuracy as to intonation, much agility, and, above all, a voice of wonderful beauty. Instead of being a thin, bodyless, florid voice, this organ has real foundation and lovely quality. Where she disappointed was in the paleness



of her highest tones. She took these easily but they were without much charm and were also devoid of volume. But as these vocal conditions did not prevail with Miss Hempel when she sang abroad, it is only just to believe that they are the result of her prolonged indisposition.

To return to "The Huguenots," Caruso sang Raoul, and while this part is not the happiest one for this eminent tenor, yet he sang gloriously, particularly the opening solo, and he acted it well. Destinn was Valentine, but was not at her best until the final act, or the fourth act, rather, for the final act is happily omitted in the present version. Scotti was De Nevers, costuming and acting this rôle with courtly grace, and singing well. At a repetition of the opera, this rôle was taken by Gilly, who sang it with much more freedom but did not act it in so noble or dignified a manner. Bella Alten was the Page Urbain, a rôle usually sung by a contralto but really heard to much better effect when sung by a soprano, as Bella Alten proved. But she lacked dignity. Rotherier was a conventional Saint-Bris. Didur was the greatest disappointment, singing Marcel quite inadequately. Polacco conducted ably and lent

as much interest as possible to this threadbare score, always excepting the fourth act which still throbs with emotional intensity. But the performance was too long to be enjoyed at its fullest, lasting four hours.

Frieda Hempel was heard a few nights later in a second rôle, Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," which was revived after three years of neglect. She showed slight improvement in the quality of her high notes and held forth the hope that in a few weeks this voice would measure up to its European reputation. At the same performance Umberto Macnez, new Italian tenor, made his New York debut, singing Almaviva and proving that he was possessed of a voice of extraordinary flexibility and lightness and of pleasing quality. It may have been that he was nervous, for the volume of his voice disappointed his hearers. He has good stage presence and should prove valuable in this ensemble. Amato sang Figaro on this occasion, for which part he appeared to be vocally a bit logy, but it was the first time in his career that he had essayed it, so future performances

(Continued on page 5)

1. Johanna Gadski as Brünnhilde
2. Frieda Hempel as Gilda in "Rigoletto"



Photos Gilbert & Bacon

No 1. Joe Manning (Joseph Tuohy), Asche Kayton (Robert Hilliard), Mary Masuret (Stella Archer). Act I. Detective Kayton secures Mary's finger prints. No. 2. Stella Archer and Robert Hilliard. Act II. Detective Kayton explains to Miss Masuret the workings of the dictograph. No. 3. Detective Asche Kayton who solves the mystery of "The Argyle Case." No. 4. Act IV. Detective Kayton accuses Mrs. Martin (Selene Johnson) of having been present at the murder of Mr. Argyle. No. 5. Robert Hilliard and Stella Archer. Act IV. Detective Kayton busy on his most urgent case.

SCENES IN "THE ARGYLE CASE," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

# Oliver Morosco—A Manager Who Looks Ahead

A FEW weeks ago when a splendid new playhouse was opened in New York with a new star and a new play there was great enthusiasm after the second act. The first audience wanted very probably to see the author, or, at all events, someone who was behind the achievement. No one appeared for many encores except the members of the cast. Finally, after a pause, the curtain went up to discover the star walking in from the wings, escorted by a well-built man, erect, of middle height and less than middle age clean shaven and with a bright expression and buoyant manner. He stepped to the footlights to explain himself.

"I am only the producer," he said.

He was Oliver Morosco, the California manager and perhaps the most prominent theatrical figure on the West Coast.

The audience applauded feebly. The speaker was new to them. Only a few in the auditorium had any idea that they were looking at a man who would very probably occupy a large and important place in the theatrical future of New York. The program explained that he was presenting "Peg o' My Heart," but it did not say that he owned a half interest in the new playhouse, nor did it give an inkling of the things he has planned to do in and for New York.

"I am only the producer. If you like our little play to-night I hope you will let me come again."

The speech was like the man and his methods. No display of personality, no sensations, no heralding of coming events. The determination, courage and sane judgment that are behind his modest manner and alert expression only those who have been associated with him can describe.

Oliver Morosco has come to New York to stay. There can be very little doubt of that. And when his plans for New York are known there will be a general desire on the part of playgoers to have him do so.

The general theatrical scheme which he is at present working over is almost a transcontinental one with a focus in New York. The West Coast end of it is already completed. Oliver Morosco has just built a playhouse in Los Angeles. Its opening date is January 6th, and its name the Morosco Theatre. This is the fifth playhouse belonging to the enterprising manager in Los Angeles, and it is the culmination of his plan for making the little California city an important producing centre.

For years he has been producing plays at his other Los Angeles theatres. He began by importing plays from the East here, but the number of good ones was too limited. He decided to discover new playwrights and supply the audiences, which had come to him for regular and well-staged amusement, with plays that had never been seen by any other

audiences. The city of 400,000 people soon became a city of theatregoers, who often support a play that pleases them for as long as a ten-week run. Many of these plays have been bought by Eastern managers and produced in New York. One of them, called "Juanita San Juan," was produced for a long run in New York under the name of "The Rose of the Rancho," by David Belasco. "The Spendthrift" was also originally a Morosco production, as were "Kindling," "The Arab" and "The Country Boy."



OLIVER MOROSCO

Although this making a specialty of finding and producing new plays has been one of Oliver Morosco's chief interests at his famous Burbank Theatre in Los Angeles, his new theatre there is to be devoted to this purpose alone. It is to be in a sense a garden for the cultivation of the drama, the flowers from which are to be sent to New York. As a producing house for the exploitation of new plays only, it will be unique in America, and, as far as is known, in the world.

A stock company, chosen with the greatest care, will present these new plays. In selecting his players the young manager has tried to collect a company that will have the balance and the charm of the old Daly and Empire stocks. It will be composed, however, of a double personnel of actors. For instance, instead of one leading man there will be two, a

"character" and a juvenile lead. There will be two light comedy men, two leading women, and so on through the company. George Ralph, who is now playing in "The Yellow Jacket," and who last year attracted a great deal of attention as the black slave in "Kismet," has been engaged as juvenile lead for the new Morosco company. Harry Mestayer and Robert Ober will be the comedians. Others are being engaged from day to day.

Manuscripts addressed to the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, will be received by a selected corps of twelve readers and given the most careful consideration possible. The manager himself is a voracious manuscript reader. He examines hundreds every week. Already, and especially since Mr. Morosco's dictum, published last spring in a New York daily, that he has no use for the "punch" play, he has been besieged with manuscript not only from American but from European playwrights.

Oliver Morosco claims that by using his new Los Angeles theatre as a producing house in his transcontinental scheme, he

will have ten chances to one of success in New York, where New York managers have only one chance in ten. The method used here of producing a play in New York and then taking it out to jaunt about on the road as a means of getting it into shape, is in his estimation a confusing and unsatisfactory one. His plan is to produce a play with his permanent organization in his permanent theatre



AUDITORIUM OF THE NEW CORT THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY





Photos White

1. "What are you doing at that safe?" 2. Louise Woods as Madge Carr. 3. "I have a warrant of dispossession." 4. Nell (Mary Ryan) and Jack Doogan (Richard Bennett). The crooks at bay. 5. The sergeant of police loses his warrant.

SCENES IN CARLYLE MOORE'S FARCE "STOP THIEF" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

before satisfactory audiences, and to continue working over it after production, changing and strengthening it from day to day. When it is finished in every detail and has justified itself before Los Angeles audiences he will bring it to New York perfected and polished to offer for the approval of "Broadway." Although he will not send his entire stock company to present one of his plays, if an individual actor makes a hit at Los Angeles and wants to try his fate in New York, Morosco will send him on and give him his opportunity.

In this way New York will be supplied with a number of new plays each year, not plays which are rushed to production in order to fill an empty theatre, but plays that have been thoughtfully chosen, studiously worked over and carefully produced.

This is one of the manager's plans for New York, but considerable as it is, it is only one.

A second plan is to be worked out from its inception right here in this city. It is nothing less than the building of another theatre and the running of it on a profit-sharing basis. A company of players will be engaged, each one of whom will be a prominent star. They will not be paid sensational salaries, but they will have an interest

in the business, they will share profits with their manager. Their names will be inscribed in the theatre and at times the most celebrated of them all will be cast for the part of a maid or a butler.

The theatre itself will be comfortable with wide spacing and probably armchairs for seats. It will be broad and not more than fifteen rows deep, so that everyone shall be near the stage and the players will not have to raise their voices above natural pitch.

What will be offered in this theatrical paradise is not yet hinted, but Mr. Morosco has two theories about the kind of plays that should be produced. If his audiences want to see a certain dramatic work, say a Shakespeare play or a play that has won a reputation abroad, he will give it to them. That is one of his theories: a manager should give his public what it wants. His other theory concerns the kind of play he likes himself. This is the play of sentiment and poetic atmosphere with a modern appeal. The two plays he has already personally offered in New York, "The Bird of Paradise" and "Peg o' My Heart," illustrate in a measure

Oliver Morosco's favorite theatrical offering. If a play contains both feeling and an opportunity for acting, the chances of its appealing to this enterprising California manager are strong.

Not that his interests are entirely limited to plays of the one sort. His recognition of "Kindling" and his coming production of a new searching

play by Paul Armstrong show that he can see afield. But the "punch" play for the sake of the punch alone he will have none of.

While talking to a friend in the lobby of the Hotel Astor recently Mr. Morosco divulged the general formula he uses when selecting a play.

"When I am considering a manuscript for acceptance I look for certain points. In the first place, as you know, if it is a 'punch' play I rule it out, because I try to produce only plays that will live. 'Punch' plays are things of the hour. They don't live. They cannot, because they deal with some passing problem. The plays that live are those in which a dainty air of comedy prevails, or if they have tears, too, they should be the tears that are quickly followed by laughter. That is life. A person weeps over a misfortune, but in a moment or two, either consciously or unconsciously, says something funny. And people like the plays that reflect these lights and shadows of mood. That is what accounts for the deathless popularity of such plays as 'Kentucky' and 'The Old Homestead.'

"Another point I study in a play is the manner in which its comedy is worked up. Are characters dragged in to make comedy? If so, I throw the

play aside. The cast must be cut down to its necessary characters and the comedy must be legitimately developed by them out of the story of the play.

"These are the main points I watch for when reading manuscript."

Oliver Morosco's success has been in great measure due to his ability to know what theatregoers want to see. He is in line with the majority of Americans in his belief in the theatre as an entertainment place and he has the innate American love of light comedy and playful sentiment.

About twenty years ago Morosco left his father's theatre in San Francisco in the atmosphere of which he had been brought up. He had had a falling out with the elder Morosco, whose life-work had been the presenting of melodrama in the cities of the West Coast. He saved \$39 and going to Los Angeles secured the Burbank Theatre. He got a company together, produced a play of the type that suited him and from its first curtain rise it

was a success. The great simplicity and genuine Americanism of his ideas have before this blinded people to the new and revolutionary activities of the manager who has now advanced so quietly upon New York. It is hardly realized now that he has come and that he is working out theories which are very likely to pave the way for a future American drama.



ARLINE BOLLING

Clever young actress recently seen in a leading rôle in the "Modern Eve" company in Chicago



Michael Schmalz (Joe Weber) and Meyer Talzman (Lew Fields) in "Roly Poly," at Weber and Fields

Scenes in "Rutherford and Son" at The Little Theatre



Photos White     Martin     Rutherford  
(J. Cooke Beresford)     (Norman McKinnel)

Act II. Rutherford: "When men steal they do it to gain something"



Martin     Janet  
(J. Cooke Beresford)     (Edyth Olive)

Act III. Martin: "I was true to him till you looked at me wi' love in your face"



Mary  
(Thyrza Norman)

Rutherford  
(Norman McKinnel)

Act III. Mary: "It's for my boy. I want—a chance of life for him"

THE children's play's the thing to-day. The managers in their favorite

## Racketty-Packetty House

happy pretending that the nothing they had was a something they wanted, and they had such fun in

little game of "Follow the Leader," are taking their orders just now from William A. Brady, who dramatized the most popular girls' book, "Little Women," and made a Broadway success out of it. Winthrop Ames, when his turn came, put on a play for the nursery audience in producing Grimm's fairy-tale "Snow White," Belasco, in his careful avoidance of imitation, went to France for his play for the children, Mme. Rostand's "Good Little Devil," but the Lieblers, in doing their stunt in the game, went the others all one better by building a Children's Theatre before they produced their children's play.

Overlooking Central Park, New York's biggest playground, high up on the roof of the Century Theatre, the biggest of its kind in the world, is the smallest theatre in the world, built for the pleasure of the small people. Everything about it, from the hours it keeps to the size of its chairs, is planned to meet the needs of the "littlers." If you are one of the younger clan who has been very good in school all day, your Aunt Susan may take you down there some afternoon (poor Uncle John, he can't, you know, because he's a hard-working business man, who never has time to

play when you have), and after you have bought your ticket from a very big man sitting inside a very small house that looks like the picture of the gate-keeper's lodge in the old English story book, do you remember?—you go up and up and up in an elevator until you arrive high in the sky somewhere in a room that looks as though it were made of gray clouds. At one end is a big curtain festooned with garlands and garlands of roses, and music that seems to come from all over everywhere, fills the air. You have just decided that this must be heaven, when Little Red Riding Hood comes up and asks you to show her your ticket—and then, of course, you know that this is fairyland. Sure enough, there's Little Bo-Peep and Miss Muffett (you're sort of glad she hasn't brought the spider) and Cinderella and the Queen of Hearts and, yes, that must be Jill, because she is carrying water. Your seats are in one of the little house-like boxes built in at the other end of the room, opposite the curtain, and bears the name of Blue Beard on the door. You're sort of scared to sit in his house, but you haven't time to think about it because the curtain goes up and there's the most extraordinary picture of a lot of bees making honey and a man—the program says he's Ben Greet, but you can't see him to be sure—telling you all about what you are supposed to be seeing. And then there are more pictures of ostriches and beavers and soldiers and other exciting and wonderful things unrolling before your eyes until a very pretty little girl comes out and promises you that now you are going to see and hear the story of the Racketty-Packetty House.

This is the story of the two doll houses that stood in Cynthia's nursery. The one was Tidyshire Castle, a gorgeous, brand-new house filled with lords and ladies which had been put into the best corner of the nursery, and the other, the Racketty-Packetty house, once just as elegant and gay, but now, because time and the Newfoundland puppy had allowed it to become all shabby and worn and torn, Cynthia had had it tucked away into a corner of disgrace in the alcove. The lords and ladies wore such beautiful clothes that they always had to be on their best behavior lest they spoil them and so they never had any fun and were all as solemn as judges. They were horribly haughty, too, and whenever they saw a Racketty-Packetty person, they sniffed so vigorously that one almost thought they had influenza. But the Racketty-Packettys didn't care. They were so

their rags and tatters and in that patchy old house, that nothing mattered, not even the stuck-upedness of their neighbors.

But one thing that belonged to the castle they did care about and that was Lady Patricia Vere de Vere, for she was different. She got into their house through the fault of a snobby footman, who held his nose so high, he didn't see where he was putting her the day she came back from the doll doctors. But she wasn't angry at him for his stupidity, because she straightway fell in love with all the jolly Racketty-Packettys—especially Peter Piper,—and when the cross old Duchess came to take her home, they were all very sad. It wasn't for long, however.

One fine moonlight night, Peter went over to the castle with a rope ladder Dr. Gustibus had fashioned for him and fetched Lady Patsy, as she was called in the home circle, back to his house with him. Here there was great rejoicing until the news came that Cynthia had given the Duchess and Lady Gwendolen and Lady Muriel and Lady Doris and Lord Hubert and Lord Rupert all scarlet fever and then left them raging in delirium with strong mustard plasters on their chests. The groans of the sufferers as they reached the ears of the Racketty-Packettys were so heartrending that, though they were their haughty, stuck-up neighbors, and though it was the middle of a very black night, they all got out of bed and armed with water bottles and medicine bottles and cough syrup and ipecacuanha, they went over to the castle to bring relief and good cheer.

"There's nothing cures scarlet fever like cheering up," said Peter Piper, and sure enough, it was true.

So everyone was happy—not forever after, *yet*, but until they heard that Racketty-Packetty House was to be burned in the morning, because the Princess was coming to see Cynthia and the Princess mustn't see such a shabby old doll house in the nursery. And that's just where the Fairy Queen Cross Patch comes in.

With her little green workers, she teased nurse (who because she hadn't any sense, couldn't see them, of course), undoing everything she had done so that she became so flurried and flustered that she forgot all about the old house and left it standing where it was. There the little Princess found it and she loved it, of course, just as soon as ever she saw it, and so when Cynthia said she might have it, she accepted it immediately with great joy.

So that is the way the Racketty-Packettys came to live in the Royal Palace and were all patched up again and made beautiful and dressed in silks and laces as exquisite as any the fine folk in Tidyshire Castle ever wore. Of course Peter Piper married Lady Patsy in the toy church and *then* they all lived happily ever and ever and ever after.

So that was the end of the play, but it needn't be the end of your afternoon at the Children's Theatre. On the program it says, "and then you can stroll around and peek into the little dressing rooms and watch the wheels go round, and enjoy yourself as you like till it's time to go home." If you do this, you can see little dressing rooms fitted up with tables and mirrors and books and chairs, so small that you, who can't look over the dining-room table, can use them without stretching. Swarming about, in and out of the corridors, giggling and chattering, talking and tumbling are all the little people you just saw in the play—and my, how tiny they are! They looked full grown when they were in the Racketty-Packetty House, but here—why, some of them aren't higher than Aunt

(Continued on page ix)



Scenes in "Racketty-Packetty House" at the Children's Theatre



Photos White

CYNTHIA RECEIVES A NEW DOLL'S HOUSE



RIDLIKLIS SWEEPED INTO RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE

# THE western world looks up on my Stradivarius the thoughts of

## Efrem Zimbalist—the Artist and the Man

on Russia as a country half barbaric, of violent contrasts and crude products; it sometimes neglects to see that this last stronghold of despotism, this home of scientific anarchy, has proven to be one of the most prolific progenitors of genius. It is the land of Tolstoi and Dostoiewski, of Pushkin and Tschechoff, of Tourgenieff, of Tschaikowski. Russia has given us Alla Nazimova, Pavlowa, and little Lydia Lopoukowa; we are indebted to Russia and Poland for some of the greatest virtuosi of our time: Paderewski, Kubelik, Mischa Elman, and Efrem Zimbalist, the world's youngest master of the violin.

Only twenty-three years ago Zimbalist was born, not far from the shores of the Black Sea, at Rostow, the son of a modest orchestra conductor. At the age when other children dream of toys the little boy astonished his father with remarks on music that showed an extraordinarily keen insight. When he attained his twelfth birthday his craving for the development of his artistic tendencies had become so strong that his parents sent him to Saint Petersburg, where he entered the Conservatoire to study the violin under Leopold Auer.

He also joined a class of harmony and composition, and as soon as the theory of music began to reveal itself to his understanding it captivated his interest. During the six years he attended the Conservatoire he spent the best of his time in the study of it. Even now, that he has come to count among the greatest living violin virtuosi, you will find him much oftener reading and writing music than practicing on his instrument.

"What a fascinating thing it is," he said the other day, "to feel growing in your mind the knowledge of all the 'hows' and 'whys' of music! It is so much greater and more interesting than the perfecting of one's execution. At the Conservatoire I devoted much less time to practice than to theoretical study. Whenever I hear now people give me credit for good technique I always wonder how it came to me. I suppose it is simply a question of nimble fingers."

When, at the age of eighteen, he had graduated from the Petersburg Conservatoire, he went to Berlin to give his first two violin recitals. He scorned any suggestion of self-advertisement, and the first of the two recitals, announced in the quietest way possible, was attended by the critics and a small number of music-lovers who had come on the strength of the program. The boy-virtuoso's success was instantaneous. For the second recital the great hall of the "Philharmonie" was packed, and this Berlin concert audience, the most *blasé* and critical in the world, rose in hot-blooded enthusiasm.

Since then he has gained recognition of the highest order in all the musical centres of Europe and of this country. His Carnegie Hall audiences have given him their most enthusiastic tribute of applause; but nothing will efface in him the memory of that first triumph won in Berlin.

"I love it," he says, "because it spurred me on toward greater efforts and higher achievements. What the Berlin critics said about one or two of my own little compositions gave me courage to continue expressing myself musically. It makes me happy to interpret

giants such as Beethoven, Bach, Liszt; but, although I feel as if I could never find in my own soul anything to compare with the least inspired phrases of the great composers, still I take my keenest delight in creative work, however humble it may be. I began composing when I was quite a child. The other day I found a melody I had written at the age of fourteen to one of Pushkin's Cossack songs. Its quality gave me an agreeable surprise, and I think I shall have it published. Aside from songs, character dances and other short pieces, I have published a 'Suite

*in alter Form*' for piano and violin; and there is somewhere among my papers a concerto for orchestra and 'cello, which you may hear my younger brother play some time in the near future. I am very fond of modern music and always endeavor to bring new things before the public. Sometimes they are not accepted favorably at first, but the pieces that I consider really fine I intend to play and play again, until they win just recognition. I have succeeded with a few compositions by Cyril Scott, of which a New York critic wrote not long ago: 'We did not think much of them last year, but, by repeating them, Zimbalist makes us like them.' Now I am trying to do the same for John Powell's *concerto in E major*, which I think is brilliant and interesting. Yes, some of our contemporaries have composed such music as will make them rank with the best of the old masters. Think of the wonderful works we owe to the gigantic mind of Richard Strauss, whose *sonata for piano and violin (op. 15)* is one of the great things in music. Think of Debussy, his strangely fantastically charming tone poems,

his 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' which, combined with Maeterlinck's text, leaves you the impression of having taken a deep draft of perfect poetry. Never was there, to my judgment, a more harmonious collaboration between poet and musician than that between Maeterlinck and Debussy. Their thoughts and feelings are as intimately related as their mediums and they work synchronously and in beautiful harmony."

Zimbalist's appreciation of modern composers does in no way diminish his veneration for the old masters. Testimony to this is borne by a collection of autographs that cover the walls of his New York study, framed between two panes of glass. He shows them proudly to his visitors: a sheet of music by Liszt; letters from Robert Schumann, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Spohr, de Bériot, Vieuxtemps, and one from Paganini.

"And I have many more at my house in London. But the other day I met with a sad disappointment. I had found in a little New York shop a manuscript by Beethoven. I did not have enough money with me to pay for it, and had to go to the bank to get some. When I returned, an hour later, the manuscript was sold."

He is a devout worshiper of Beethoven.

"Of course, I know that he lived, that he was a man, but I can't believe it! Some of his music, one concerto for piano especially, is so superhuman, so far above the reach of human understanding, and yet so divinely simple and clear, that I can find nothing in me to respond to it but tears.

F. C. FAY.



Mishkin

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LUCIA FORNAROLI, DANSEUSE AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

MODERN French satirists, of whom Robert de Flers and G. A. de Caillavet have been the most

## The Green Coat

applauded, spare none of the time-honored institutions of art and literature. Not so long ago it would have been sacrilege to put on the stage the sacred "Academy," and authors who dared to laugh at the Comédie or the Beaux Arts would have written themselves down barbarians. Daudet began the disillusioning process in "L'Immortel," and the lively collaborators named above have followed his lead by poking fun at the Beaux Arts in "Le Bois Sacré," a success of two seasons ago, and again in their latest play "L'Habit Vert," produced at the Variétés near the close of November, they have driven the wedge of satire still further in.

"The Green Coat" is a little difficult to class, but it may be defined as a satirical fantasy. The argument chosen by the authors is only a thread on which they string their witty sayings and clever situations. They treat their subject with a cavalier lightness which, it must be supposed, will worry the members of the French Institute even more than the degrading fact that it has been put upon the stage at all. The Duke of Mauleuvrier, senator from Calvados, member of the Académie Française and one of the greatest names in France, is the champion of all the prejudices and traditions of the past. He has sacrificed himself so far to the modern spirit by marrying a sentimental American lady possessed of an enormous fortune. The Duchess cannot adapt

herself to the manners of a chatelaine of the eighteenth century, and especially to conjugal solitude *à deux*.

One fine day chance put in her path at an opportune moment Count Hubert de Latour-Latour. He is a splendid specimen of masculinity, trained in all sports, and of book learning deliciously ignorant. Yet he becomes a candidate for admission to the Academy. How? In precisely the same way in which his ancestor, at twenty-four years of age, became Archbishop of Bordeaux. That Latour-Latour, who served in the dragoons and scarcely knew a church from a library, was surprised by Louis XIV. at the feet of the Montespan. The illustrious marquise kept her head and said to the King that M. de Latour-Latour was beseeching on his knees for the archbishopric of Bordeaux, whereupon Louis immediately appointed him to that sacred office.

In the case of Hubert history repeated itself; discovered making deep love to the Duchess he was saved by a young

woman's presence of mind, a certain Brigitte Touchard, who is the Duke's secretary, filing his historical papers and keeping his archives in order. Nobody is as familiar as she is with the anecdotes of the old families, and, remembering the archepiscopal episode of the Latour-Latour history, she explains to the Duke that at the moment of his ill-timed appearance M. de Latour-Latour was soliciting the interest of the Duchess upon his candidature for the Academy.

The Duke, relieved of his jealousy, warmly espouses this candidacy. Hubert arrives triumphantly at a seat among the Forty;

his lack of everything which should pertain to a reasonable candidate insures his election.

As he is the work, the creation of clever and pretty Brigitte, she naturally falls in love with the new academician; she assists, nay prepares, his speech of installation, that "discours" which has been for so many years the crowning literary effort of so many famous men. All goes swimmingly until the Duke, on rising to respond to Latour-Latour's speech, finds among the pages of his address a letter quite foreign to it. This letter begins: "Coco, my dear Coco." The letter is in the handwriting of the Duchess and is addressed to the new academician. There is a chance for a great scandal, a scene unprecedented under the dome of the Academy; the Duke at first is minded to speak out and drive the impostor from the temple. But the traditions of the place are stronger than his passions;

with an effort he masters these and finishes his oration.

It was foreordained that Brigitte (played by Eva Lavallière with irresistible *espièglerie*), who makes most of the trouble and much of the comedy, should win for her own the man for whom she had taken so much pains. The American Duchess, as a decorative Duchess, absolutely un-American, was played with spirit by Jeanne Granier, who made so great a rôle of the authoress in "Le Bois Sacré." In the new play she has not an equal opportunity.

In Act II. occurs a scene which demonstrates the satirical fantasy as well as anything in the play. It shows the Duke of Mauleuvrier at his home with Baron Bénin and General Rousay des Charmilles, his colleagues at the Academy. They receive a visit from Pinchet, who has been secretary of the Institute for three generations. The gentlemen discuss the coming election of an academician.



White

MARGUERITE SKIRVIN

Recently seen as Betsy Blake in "What Ails You"





The Duke: Sit down, Monsieur Pinchet. Are there any other candidates to succeed Curlet-Brezin?

Pinchet: Alas! no, your Grace. It's the same old story—the five candidates that you know—the same perpetual candidates.

The Duke: We must reinforce these by others, or interest will die out of the election.

Benin: I thought they spoke of General Baringer?

The General (excited): Ah, no; no general! One general at the Academy—yes; two would turn it into a war office.

The Duke: My dear friends, this situation is serious.

Pinchet: Worse, it is grave!

The Duke: Why do you say that?

Benin: What has happened? Explain.

Pinchet: I will, since you do me the honor to interrogate me—but no, I dare not.

The Duke: Speak! speak!

Pinchet: Permit me, then, to tell you, very respectfully, that for a long time I have not been satisfied with the Academy.

Benin: What's that you say?

Pinchet: The spirit that is creeping in insensibly—little details, innovations. Another might not remark them, but I—Secretary for three generations—I remark them, and I am disturbed—I am afflicted.

Benin: Be precise.

Pinchet: I will try. Last Thursday was a date in our history. You did not assist, gentlemen, at the séance which was consecrated to the Dictionary. The three Academicians who were present discussed it in a very interesting way—very profoundly. In the midst of the discussion your colleague, M. Rebeillard, arrived—oh, in what a state!

Benin: Was he drunk?

Pinchet: If it had been only that! There are precedents for that. No, gentlemen; Rebeillard came into the hall of the Academy in tan shoes!

Benin: Tan shoes?

Pinchet: Yes, Monsieur the Duke, in tan shoes. Never have I seen the like. But that is only one of the little things that indicate demoralization. Another—you know M. Poudrier, professor of religious history at the College of France, who succeeded to the seat of M. de Vieil-Castel?

The Duke: Of course.

Pinchet: He is going to have a baby!

Benin: What! He?

Pinchet (sadly): His wife is. A disaster, gentlemen, a disaster! Formerly when a man had arrived at the honor of the Academy he had no more children; he stopped all such follies!

The Duke: It's indecent.

Pinchet: Another symptom, quite confidential, one of our members, elected a long time ago, recently surprised his wife—you know!

Benin: Hear, hear!

The Duke: Come, now. Have you nothing more interesting to tell me?

Pinchet: I know, but this happened on a Monday night—a Monday!

Benin: Well?

Pinchet: I tell you it is something unique, hitherto unheard of. For three hundred years when a member of the French Academy was deceived by his wife it always happened on Thursday, the night of our séance. This regularity has invested the fact with a certain respectability. It was a tradition!

Benin: And she broke it?

The Duke: Sad epoch!

Benin: To what, my dear Pinchet, do you attribute this relaxation of Academic customs?

Pinchet: To many things, to many influences.

Benin: Scepticism!

The General: Irreligion!

The Duke: Indiscriminate reading!

Pinchet: Yes, we owe our dangers to the authors—to the writers of fiction—to dramatists. Beware of them!

Benin: Then for our candidates we must fall back on the historians.

Pinchet: How can we? To-day the historians all write a kind of romance.

The Duke: On men of the world, then?

Pinchet: Men of the world make all the history.

The Duke: It is frightful!

Benin: What do you consider the ideal candidate?

Pinchet: The ideal candidate for the Academy is he who has done nothing, who has not yielded to the mania of authorship, that has destroyed so many remarkable men; it is he whom nobody knows, and who on entering the Academy will owe everything to it, for the Academy can gain nothing from him. That is beautiful, for thus alone shall we preserve a noble institution!

"The Green Coat" won an instant success in Paris chiefly on account of this and similar scenes characterized by amusing criticisms of the Institute. Because Frenchmen laugh with these comedy writers at their Academy it by no means follows that they are not proud of its history and traditions. Other countries have similar institutions hidebound by custom to the point of ridicule and this may make universal an otherwise strictly Parisian satire.



White

HELEN LOWELL

Now appearing as Sophie Brush in "The Red Petticoat"



Photo Strauss-Peyton

VERA FINLAY  
Recently seen as Emily Martin in "Our Wives" at the Gaiety Theatre



In Sudermann's "Johannisfeuer"



As Shylock



Rudolf Schildkraut



As King Lear

## Rudolf Schildkraut—Character Actor

THE public, as a rule, takes more interest in female than in male artists of the stage. Especially so when they are foreigners. There is scarcely an American who is unfamiliar with almost every

phase of Sarah Bernhardt's career. Signora Duse, Réjane, Terry, are all household names with us. We have adopted Nazimova quite and Madame Simone almost. But Coquelin? Oh yes, he came here once, with the great Sarah. Novelli? Orlenieff? East side audiences are interested in them. Possart? The un-Americanized Germans went to the Irving Place Theatre to see him. So did they for Rudolf Schildkraut, while he was playing there, two years ago. But few Americans have ever heard of this last-named artist, and yet an important firm of American managers has made a tempting offer to this greatest of all German character actors to play Shylock in English on Broadway next season. Warfield, it is said, will be seen in "The Merchant of Venice" about the same time. It will be interesting to compare both performances.

The present writer found Schildkraut the other day in his comfortable dressing room at Sarah Adler's Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, resting between matinee and evening performance of an interesting play in the Yiddish jargon, the idea of which takes its source in one of Roberto Bracco's one-act dramas. The actor offered me a seat, a glass of tea *à la Russe* and a cigarette, his face all curiosity to know how in the world an American interviewer could have found him there. I myself thought

it far more interesting to ask him how he had gotten there.

"Quite simply," he began in English, speaking rather slowly and seeking his words, but without any of that dreaded, hard German accent. "After my engagement at the Irving Place Theatre, I received offers from Yiddish managers, and I accepted them, because they gave me time and a chance to learn English and prepare for the English-speaking stage. I did not want to return to Germany. A disagreement between my manager, Prof. Max Reinhardt, and myself had made me come to your country, and when I saw the great opportunities it might offer to my boy, who is now a senior member of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, I decided to check my roaming disposition and remain here. Shall I ever be able to gain the attention of Broadway audiences? I sincerely hope so, I work hard for it, although I am rather timid about it. But my American friends give me so much encouragement! I think every artist needs that.

"My aim is to move the American public with my interpretation of Shakespearean and other characters, as I have moved the people of other countries—as I was fortunate enough to move Mr. Belasco, who came down to the East Side one night of last summer and whose words of appreciation for my Shylock I shall never forget."

"Are you preparing to play Shylock in English?"

"Yes, Shylock and King Lear, and also a modern drama. You see, the teacher I am studying with has great ambition for me," he added smilingly. "My young son will play with me, for by the time I am ready he will have graduated from the Academy, and the splendid training he is receiving there from teachers who are artists will have fitted him well for serious, conscientious work by my side."

"What are the principal rôles that have won you such high recognition from the



In "Gott der Rache"



In "Caprice Mortale"

(Continued on page vi)



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SIGNOR CARUSO AS DES GRIEUX IN "MANON LESCAUT"

# Annie Russell and Her Unique Venture

ANNIE RUSSELL is like the scent of lavender. She is a reminder of rare old lace, or the strain of a sweet, old-fashioned ballad of love. She is girlhood embalmed in imperishable amber. Quaintness, sweetness and youth that persists are the three attributes that give her unlikeness to anyone else on the American stage. They, and other qualities, the greatest of which is restraint, caused a cold-eyed, even-pulsed British critic to guide his pen-point in the fashioning of the sentence, "She is the Duse of the English-speaking stage."

Poetry, pathos and pensiveness are an inherent part of her personality, inseparable from her as the scent from the violet. Delicacy of perception, an exquisite sensibility to the finest, most elusive things of life and the drama, are hers in greater degree than anyone who comes before the curtain. These being her undisputed possessions it is fitting that by her was made the experiment which managers, bulwarked by a million or two of dollars, have contemplated, have fondly considered and have reluctantly relinquished.

"I want to do the old comedies," David Belasco said once with a sigh at thought of attacking a new play, either his own or that of someone else so made over and Belasco-stamped that the author, bewildered, gasped in a so-called curtain speech: "I take credit only for the idea, Mr. Belasco has done all the rest." Yet, season after season, the new was announced instead of the old. Mr. Belasco would have done the old comedies, but he couldn't, for he had a prescient sense that his public wanted from him, not the new, but the old.

Yet, where doughty and distinguished managers feared to enter, Annie Russell, slim, girlish, wistful, went. She leased the Thirtieth Street Theatre in New York, secured subscriptions from her faithful patrons, fine old relics of the Knickerbocker age in New York, persons who do not go to the theatre any more save when Annie Russell plays, because her presence is to them a guaranty against vulgarity. The responses encouraged her to inaugurate a midwinter season. She opened with "She Stoops to Conquer," which was succeeded by "Much Ado," following this with "The Rivals," and each week of nine she gave one of the delightful old laughter-makers by masters of mirth.

It was an intrepid adventure. The perennially girlish actress manager knew this, but with the gaming spirit of the player, she said:

"I've put every dollar I have into it. But it's worth it to for once have my own way, to act as I like, direct as I like, without restrictions or hindrance."

She laughed, with the glee of a schoolgirl playing truant, her hair shining in

the sunshine and ruffled by the free wind, her feet scarcely touching the ground as she fled from duty.

She had come upon the stage at a morning rehearsal, a slight figure clad in brown from head to foot, the brown velvet hat smart but inconspicuous, the brown broadcloth suit well cut but not obtrusive. As she flitted among the players, conferring with her husband, Oswald Yorke, lately seen as the bachelor friend of Anatol at The Little Theatre, but who attended his wife's rehearsals to help when he can, directing the prompter at his seat at the table, nodding and smiling at the other actresses in the cast, receiving the obeisances of the actors, she seemed, as she always does, on the stage, a human watercolor, of delicate tints and subtle shadings. Her voice, even when she said to her maid, who was plucking at her sleeve, "Go away, Dora," was the voice of a gentle girl.

We talked of girlhood when a few minutes later we met in the Thirtieth Street Theatre's green room. "There is no need for the spirit to ever grow old," she said in that convincing voice. "Everyone can keep the essence of youth if she tries. It is a matter of looking at everything from the point of view of a girl, and even in times of greatest anguish that spirit saves and heals. I have

known as great agony as can come into any life, but the spirit and vision of youth have conquered it.

"I have been on the stage since I was seven."

"The right age to go on, isn't it?"

"Yes; I think so. Although I put three women on the stage when they were as old as I am now and they became successful. They were Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, Mrs. Sarah Cowell Lemoyne and Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh. Mrs. Lemoyne had been a teacher and had had a little experience ten years before, but Mrs. Clara Bloodgood had had none at all. Of course they were unusually well equipped."

"Your brother isn't of your opinion, I fancy. The Tommy Russell, who was the sweetest of Little Lord Fauntleroy's is a business man, a broker, isn't he?"

"No. He is in the insurance business. But I don't think he should have left the stage, and I don't believe he has permanently left it. His stage experience spoiled him as a business man, and his leaving has put him back as an actor. I believe that

having adopted the stage one should remain on it to the end."

"And the end is—"

"Not retiring in their prime as so many actresses are doing, or talking of doing. I think it should be the end of all things."

"Then you intend to play all your life?"

Annie Russell bowed a graceful, reverent head.



Lydia Languish (Annie Russell) and Bob Acres (George Giddens) in "The Rivals"



White

Captain Jack Absolute (Frank Reicher)

Lydia Languish (Annie Russell)

Bob Acres (George Giddens)

Act V. Captain Absolute: "Come on then, sir"



Photo White

ANNIE RUSSELL AS BEATRICE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"



Bangs FRITZI VON BUSING  
Playing Ilka, the prima donna rôle in "The Merry Countess"

"I will play as long as they will let me. I said in a paper I read before my club, the *Cosmopolitan*, that the actress is born, then made, and I believe she owes to the influences that fashioned her before birth and after, to remain in the player's profession as long as she lives or the public wants her.

"It is a very hard life. I heard Mrs. Kendal say that it is like a prize fight. Certainly, one is always hitting out at the punching bags of difficulties. One of them is personal criticism. For instance, it took a long time to recover from a sentence which one of the greatest American critics bestowed gratis upon me after I had played Elaine in 'The Lilly Maid of Astalot.' I had done my best. I had poured into the part all the poetry I could. I had given every ounce of energy and every pulse and thought, for weeks, and I sat up all night after the performance to read what this critic, William Winter, should say of me, and I read: 'An adventuress need not be a bundle of skin and bones, like Annie Russell.'"

"What should be the standard of criticism?"

"I think a critic should know the work that is being produced, especially if it be an old one, so that he will be competent to criticise it, and he should consider how that work is reflected through the medium of the artist's personality. He should not, because he has always seen a comedy part played by a large woman, say the small one is not adapted to it. Perhaps the author had in mind a little woman. If the critic knows the work he will know whether this is true. Then a critic should consider the player's conception of the part. She may have a new conception of it and she may be right. Tradition is not infallible."

"Of course women ask your advice about going on the stage."

"Oh, yes. They clasp their hands and raise their eyes to heaven and say, 'Oh, Miss Russell, I know that I could act.' I try to tell them gently that there is a great difference between the desire to act and the ability to act. When they ask me about going on the stage I always say, 'Don't,' and I explain the discomforts of travel, the lack of a chance to take root anywhere, the transient character of our work and success."

"When girls have temperament and intelligence what do you advise them to take up as a substitute for the stage?"

"The profession of being a woman. They will have every opportunity as a wife and mother and friend and home-keeper to reflect all the beauty in them and to inspire other lives."

"You have been true to your ideas and ideals of the stage."

"I have always tried to reflect all of beauty and poetry there is in a character. I have had many offers to play a wicked character, but I have never played other than a spiritually good woman. Sue was such a woman. She was the victim of circumstances."

"It was when you played Sue in London they called you the 'Duse of America'?"

"The Duse of the English-speaking stage," she corrected with the pride of the honor girl of her class. "Of course, that made me very happy, for while I consider Sarah Bernhardt the greatest actress in the world, Signora Duse is the greatest artist."

And the slim brown figure flitted back to rehearsals.

ADA PATTERSON.



Bangs FRITZ LEIBER  
Appearing with Robert Mantell in Shakespearian repertoire

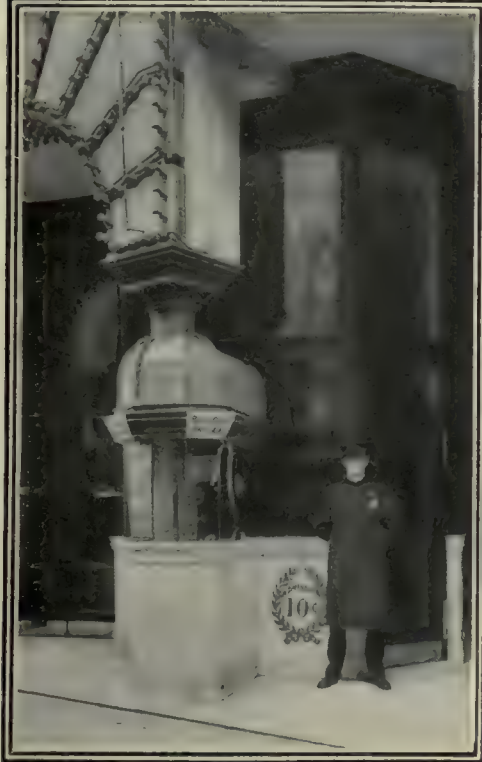




Josephine Clement in her Office



Entrance to the Ladies' Room



Entrance of the Bijou Dream



Lobby of the Bijou Dream Theatre

## Boston's Model Moving Picture Theatre

same elaborate, aristocratic lines as a first-class theatre?

Josephine Clement, manager of the Bijou Dream of Boston, has proved that it can. Mrs. Clement is well known as an authority on "human uplift" problems. She is the wife of Edward H. Clement, for years the editor of the *Boston Transcript*, now retired and contributing "The Listener" to that paper. She is a member of many of the exclusive clubs of the Hub and frequently opens her Brookline home for a musical or a literary entertainment, the proceeds to go to some charity, at which the lecture or music is contributed by the artists appearing at the Bijou Dream.

When Mrs. Clement assumed the management of the Bijou Dream in July, 1908, it had been running as a ten-cent house since the previous February. The entertainment offered had been of the regulation sort—moving pictures, illustrated songs to the accompaniment of a bangy piano, and a perfunctory travel lecture which seemed to act as a signal for everybody to get out. As Mrs. Clement approved of ten-minute lectures on worth-while subjects, she first turned her attention to the lack of interest those on the program created. She discovered that the trouble lay in the stupid treatment of the subject and the dull way in which it was presented. To remedy this defect she sought out trained lecturers, experts in their subjects, and she called the ten minutes each agreed to give four times a day for a week "Camera Chats," which name is attractive in itself. During these four years there has been scarcely one expert who has come to Boston who has not been captured by Mrs. Clement and a week contract signed.

CAN a moving picture place be run on the

Next she turned her attention to the moving pictures. She cut out all those that were over-stimulating, "boozy" or just inane. She chose only those which held a telling story combined with competent acting and good photography. Many of the pictures passed by the Board of Censorship are thrown down by Mrs. Clement, not because they are immoral, but because they are merely useless. She selects her educational pictures first, then she sprinkles in enough humorous ones to relieve the monotony. But even the humor must be substantial—not mere horse-play.

After the lectures and the pictures, she turned her attention to the music. She first did away with "traps" and drums. She bought a new high-grade piano which she keeps perpetually in tune. She secured three competent pianists whom she forbade to play the lower grades of music. Mostly she designates the selections herself, choosing a range which is neither so elevated as to bore the unskilled listener nor so commonplace as to distress a trained ear.

It was not so easy, however, to secure adequate singers at salaries a ten-cent show would warrant. To get around this difficulty, Mrs. Clement inaugurated her "Try-out Wednesday," which is known among amateurs all over the country. She is then "at home" in her mahogany office at the Bijou Dream to anyone who thinks he or she has a voice. She refuses no one a hearing. Many an amateur has passed through "Try-out Wednesday" onto the stage of the Bijou Dream—thereby gaining confidence in herself and her powers that has later carried her triumphantly through a more exacting "try-out" by a less considerate judge.

It was not until the beginning of the second year, after "Standing Room Only" had to be

(Continued on page viii)

# How Success First Came to Edwin Booth



Edwin Booth at 16

EDWIN BOOTH went to California in 1852, an ambitious, handsome boy, and at the Jenny Lind Theatre in San Francisco appeared in the company supporting his celebrated father, Junius Brutus Booth. It was during this engagement that the young actor, together with his father and brother, "took a benefit," and it being Edwin's first appearance on such an occasion, the event was of great importance to him. The play produced was Otway's "Venice Preserved," the elder Booth playing Pierre while Edwin played Jaffier.

It had been the custom to dress Jaffier in a black velvet tunic, in a fashion not unlike to Hamlet's traditional garb. Seeing Edwin in that dress, his father, in one of his grave, pathetic moods, looked at him for a long time, curiously and sadly, and at last said:

"You *look* like Hamlet, why don't you play it?"

"Perhaps I may sometime," replied the young actor, "if I should ever have another benefit."

The scene and the words he uttered came vividly back upon his memory in after days, when the opportunity arose for him to play Hamlet, and when, in fulfillment of this implied pledge to his father, he acted the part, which proved the chief means of his development, his fortune and his fame.

After the departure of Junius Brutus Booth for the East in October, 1852, Edwin lingered about San Francisco waiting for an engagement, which he got presently from D. M. Waller, who was about to begin a starring tour in the mining country. Grass Valley and Nevada City were to be their chief strongholds, and it was in the former town that Edwin first played Iago.

The enterprise was most unfortunate from the beginning and the party encountered storms, disappointments and disasters. Hemmed in by a terrible snow-storm at Grass Valley, the wandering players were brought to the very verge of starvation. Days passed in this prison in the mountains and food sold at famine prices. Already lonely and disheartened young Edwin Booth received one stormy night the news of his father's death on a Mississippi River steamer en route from New Orleans to Cincinnati. The tidings were brought by a hardy and adventurous mail carrier who managed to burst through the snow blockade with letters from the outer world.

How to get to his brother Junius, who was living in San Francisco, became now a serious problem to young Booth. There was no sort of conveyance out of Grass Valley. The nearest town was Marysville, fifty miles away. The snow lay thick and heavy upon the mountain trails. In this desperate dilemma, Booth chanced to overhear the talk of a group of men at a street corner, who spoke of their design to walk out of the town rather than stay there and starve. The men were rough and their project was full of peril, but the plan they announced opened the sole road to deliverance, and the actor instantly joined fortunes with the adventurers. Each man contributed what he could to the common purse and larder; a chief was chosen, and the expedition set forth. Their journey to Marysville consumed two days and a night. They found rest occasionally at wayside cabins. Often they floundered in snow to their waists. Cold, hungry, tattered and wretched, they arrived at Marysville, and scattered to their several destinations.

Booth, who was now penniless, borrowed enough money to pay his passage to Sacramento and thence to San Francisco, and one can imagine with what joy he at last found rest and peace in his brother's cottage on Telegraph Hill. Junius had received later news from the East, and as their mother's wants were neither many nor pressing, the sons determined to remain in California.

Soon after this Edwin became a member of a dramatic company under his brother's management, and was engaged to play

"utility" parts at the San Francisco Hall. Farces and burlesques were popular at the Hall, and in these the ready and versatile player took an active part. One of his "hits" was made as Dandy Cox in a negro farce produced by the Chapman family. Another was the personation of a local character named Plume, who was so delighted at the caricature that he presented Booth with his hat, coat and gaiters. A more important "hit," however, was made by the young actor as Petruchio.

One night, for the benefit of a friend, Booth acted Richard III. The city rang with his praises on the following day and Junius urged him to take up Shakespearian plays. In consequence, Edwin undertook Shylock, which he followed with Macbeth. The result was a popular excitement unprecedented in California's dramatic life. Crowds applauded him and the press cheered him with encouraging words. Toward the close of his series of Shakespearian performances he obtained a benefit, and it was now, mindful of his father's significant suggestion, that he acted the part of Hamlet. The performance brought him crowning honors. Through all the inequality and crudeness of the impersonation the power and fire of the rising dramatic genius was recognized.

Then hard times came to the Booths, for the opening of a new theatre turned public attention elsewhere and the brothers were finally compelled to convert their theatre into a minstrel hall. This was in 1854, and Edwin, discouraged by affairs, determined to go with a stock company to Australia. It is a long story, that of his failures there and of his return journey. With three or four companions he stopped at Honolulu and remained there two months "barn-storming." They played "Richard III" and "Lady of Lyons." Booth's friend, Joe Roe, was young and handsome, and in default of a leading lady acted the part of Pauline as well as the rôle of Lady Anne. They were so poor that they all had to sleep in hammocks rigged up near the miserable shed they called a theatre. Booth himself went about and pasted posters on the fences.

After they had managed to reach San Francisco again, Booth obtained an engagement with Mrs. Edwin Forrest at the Metropolitan Theatre. His first rôle was Benedict in "Much Ado About Nothing," and presently Booth and Mrs. Forrest formed a business partnership to travel and act. Their first play was produced in Sacramento; and it was here that Edwin Booth made his first great success, winning his laurels as Raphael in "The Marble Heart." The piece was kept on every night for three weeks, an unprecedented run in the history of early California theatricals. Encouraged by this success he again tried "Hamlet," the rôle which was to earn for him the plaudits of the universe. The newspapers of that day told how the miners came from El Dorado and Placer counties, and even from Shasta, to see his performance.

Things went badly with the Forrest-Booth Company when they left Sacramento for the interior. Then the partners quarrelled and Booth was left in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada with scarcely a penny in his pocket. However, a strolling manager named Moulton had organized a company, which travelled about in a big wagon with three brass instruments played by wretched musicians to attract custom. Booth joined the troupe and rode a broncho, halting at the various towns to act.

Then he rose to the dignity of a star again, being assisted by Sacramento friends, and reappeared at the Forrest Theatre. He met with great success and was given numerous benefits. His fame quickly increased and the outer world began to clamor for him.

At San Francisco they gave him another benefit, at which he played for the first time the part of King Lear. He left for New York by the Panama steamer September 10, 1856, and when he arrived in the East he found to his astonishment that he had become famous simply from the reputation he had gained in California.



ESTELLE WENTWORTH AS ELIZABETH IN "TANNHAUSER"

Miss Wentworth, who is a dramatic soprano, is a native of Chicago. She went to Europe after studying singing only a year, and made her debut at the Ducal Court Opera House at Dessau in "Madama Butterfly." Her success was such that she immediately secured a three-years' engagement. She will sing in the Vienna Festival next May and in Berlin in June.

IN the Chinese play, "The Yellow Jacket," an

## An Actor with Not a Word to Speak

manner as Marceline "helping" the stage-hands roll and

actor performs an unusual feat. With not a word to speak throughout the three acts of this original and novel drama, and without the aid of a place in the story or a costume other than the plainest attire, such as is worn by the Chinese laundryman so familiar to us all, he has made of his difficult part—which in the play, as drama, is no part at all—the one big rôle in the piece.

Most actors make their reputations by repeating effectively the words placed in their mouths by playwrights. But here is an actor with a part hardly more than a stage-hand, who is more effective while silently doing nothing than many an actor is when mouthing in basso-profundo Marc Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar.

With Arthur Shaw words do not count—it is "business."

"The average actor of ability and experience never realizes how much there is in 'business' until he plays a part like this," said Mr. Shaw as he fastened his queue on his head in his dressing-room in the Fulton Theatre.

"By 'business' I mean the things other than words used by a player in creating a stage character. 'Pantomime,' perhaps, is the word I should have used. At any rate, just at present, that is what I mean by stage 'business.'"

"Everyone has seen an actor spoil a scene by a movement of the hand or some other gesture made while another player was speaking. If this gesture were made to help rather than to hinder there would be a positive rather than a negative effect of pantomime.

"Pantomime is like painting, in a way. A celebrated landscape artist once told me that his success lay in knowing what to leave out of his pictures, rather than in knowing what to put into them. Pantomime depends on what you don't do, rather than on what you do. When you have nothing to say—no lines to speak—there are more than the usual opportunities for doing other things. The good pantomimist is the actor who doesn't do them.

"It is not what I do but what I don't do that counts in this play. If, instead of attending to my business, I went around the stage being funny—tantalizing the dragons on the sun-colored garments of my honorable fellow-actors—I would spoil the piece. If I took a notion to get interested in the audience the whole illusion would be lost. Or, if I were to allow myself to become interested in the play or anything save my own work as a property man, my part would fall to pieces.

"I don't dare look out into the audience with other than the blankest expressions else I come out of the picture. I don't dare do anything except loll around and pretend to do nothing in a lackadaisical way. But, in reality, I am working all the time. I have to. I have to respond to 480 cues—to anticipate everything about a minute before it happens, to hear everything without seeming to, to smoke one cigarette after another throughout the performance and act as if I liked them—in fact, to be a nonentity on a stage filled with living, talking, scheming, loving, fighting human beings. It's not the easiest job I ever had, even though I haven't a word to say.

"I'm glad you dropped in, for it's seldom I get a chance to talk!" and our interview ended, as Mr. Shaw hurried out to take his place to the right of the stage—from the audience—by a large box containing the properties used in the piece. There he sits, calmly smoking his cigarette, until the occasion demands that he and his three assistants spread out on the stage a piece of brocaded cloth to represent luxurious surroundings. This he does in much the same

unroll carpets on the stage. Suggesting work he does nothing.

Dressed in the plainest of Chinese clothes, in violent contrast to the splendor of the Chinese actors, he sits apart, bored to death by the speeches and episodes of the play, which he knows too well, but which he ever must keep in his mind a little ahead of their actual occurrence, performing his duties with an air of languid and mechanical indifference. No climax, no eloquence, arouses him from his state of weariness and ennui. When he is not engaged in his actual work as Property Man he reads the Chinese newspaper, the while smoking a cigarette, detached from everything.

When murder is to be done, the Property Man approaches with a weapon, and presently supplies a cushion of red stuff to represent the dissevered member. Later, when the hero would hang himself from a weeping-willow tree, he comes forward with a tall bamboo pole to which is attached a rope and noose all prepared for the act of self-murder. At another time when the August Tai Fah Min tells him to take away his horse the Property Man walks around this honorable and venerable personage, grasps an imaginary halter in his hand, and leads the imaginary steed away, only to return to his property box for a feather duster to dust off the celestial's robes as unconcernedly as if he were twirling a cigar and making dreamy smoke wreaths.

His big scene is when he walks on with a snow-storm—a handful of fine bits of paper, which he carelessly scatters about. Such a thing might seem foolish if it were not done as Shaw does it. It is his utter unconcern, his absolute naturalism, that saves the things he does from being nonsensical, and makes them suggest what they represent, stimulating the imagination of the audience.

To do these things in a bored and unconcerned manner and in such a way as not to intrude on the story or plot of the piece, nor interfere with its action—to be a part and yet not a part of the play and get what you do over the foot-lights when you apparently are not doing anything, and without the aid of a single spoken word, requires considerable skill as a pantomimic actor, and is unusual. This, and more, Arthur Shaw has accomplished—he has given an extraordinary piece of acting that long will be remembered.

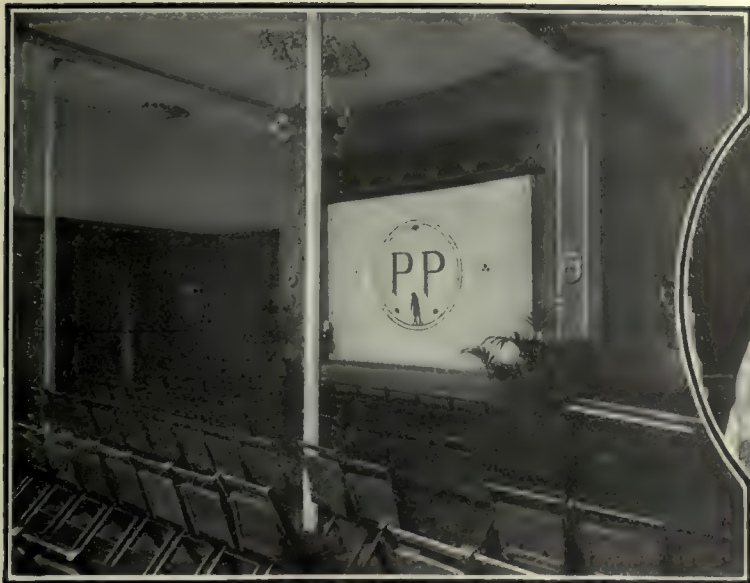
And Shaw says he learned how to act in silence and with utter unconcern when a volunteer fireman out in Michigan. He says when he plays the Property Man he goes about it just as he used to go about putting out a fire—doing his part of the work without saying a word to anybody and with no other thought in his mind.

Shaw received a good training for such a part while in college. He went to most of them, and in each played football, being a clever quarterback. His forte in the game was his ability to disappear from mix-ups, always with the "property," otherwise ball. No one ever knew where Shaw was, but all knew that wherever he was the ball was there, too. He played without regard to the others in the team, yet with them. It was this peculiar knack of his that made him score touch-down after touch-down and goal upon goal. Always, he was the same as the Chinese property man in a Chinese theatre, so when "The Yellow Jacket" came along and Shaw was invited to play the part, he went at it as he always had gone at anything—in his own care-free way, without paying any attention to anyone else, yet not working against the efforts of the whole.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.



Arthur Shaw as the Property Man in "The Yellow Jacket"



The Playroom



Scene in "Learned Ladies," as presented at Bryn Mawr College



MRS. W. YORKE STEVENSON  
One of the organizers of the society "Plays and Players"

## The "Plays and Players" of Philadelphia

THAT body of talented amateurs and intelligent theatre-goers recently organized in Philadelphia under the name "Plays and Players" seem to have solved the problem of how amateur actors may best serve the public, and at the same time reserve for themselves an unusual amount of pleasure.

The club is organized on a very practical basis, with a limited membership divided into three classes, viz.: active members, associate players, and associate members. Of these three divisions the last-named are of prime importance, since it is to them the active members look for financial and appreciative support. Many of the most influential citizens of Philadelphia are among the number—men and women interested in various artistic and civic affairs who believe that the amateur actor has a mission in giving his services for charity, and also is to be encouraged in the producing of plays interesting to a limited public and therefore not always possible on the professional stage.

All the public performances given through the season are for the benefit of a worthy charity or institution; and for the selection of the particular beneficiary a committee is formed from the associate list to make the decision.

The active members number about sixty, and among them are to be found several men and women who have once played professionally, and there are others who might, with reason, have sought their fortunes in the theatre.

The associate players are those who have not yet passed the required test for active membership. They may be called upon to act as supernumeraries if occasion demands, or they may be asked to take part in a private entertainment given in the Playroom, and, having passed the test, are elevated to higher rank.

For it is in the Playroom the private, and often delightful, entertainments take place. The room is furnished with a small, but comfortable stage where one-act plays, dances, pantomimes

and songs make up the programme for a club night.

The public performances of last season, their first, included such plays as Oscar Wilde's "Ideal Husband," Sudermann's "Far Away Princess," Yeats' "Shadowy Waters," Quintero's "Pepita Reyes," and Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes."

It was in the Molière comedy that the real ability of the club was shown, and faith was established that the players might be judged by a high standard. This significant performance took place in the cloister of Bryn Mawr College where "Plays and Players" had been invited to give their services for the benefit of the Students' Building Fund.

The founding of the club was the culmination of years of good acting and faithful service on the part of many Philadelphia players. But if any one person deserves special credit it is undoubtedly to Mrs. Yorke Stevenson that honors must be paid. She is a beautiful and a talented woman who might well have become professional, but she has preferred to devote her services to presenting plays for charity. Her voice is rich and clear, and she has the rare gift of reading verse well. It is perhaps for this reason she is best remembered in plays that require poetic treatment. She designs her own productions, and Philadelphians like to recall that long before "Sister Beatrice" was played professionally Mrs. Stevenson had made her own translation, produced the piece and played the leading rôle in a manner creditable to any "actress-manager."

The president of the club, J. Howard Reber, is a successful lawyer who finds recreation in acting. Both he and his beautiful wife play well, and it is to Mr. Reber's excellent judgment that the club is so well organized. The

(Continued on page vii)



MEMBERS OF THE "PLAYS AND PLAYERS" OF PHILADELPHIA IN A SCENE FROM MOLIÈRE'S "LEARNED LADIES"

## Behind the Scenes

THAT region "behind the scenes" is, to those who have never visited it, a place of gossip-tinted mystery. To those whose business takes them there every day or night, it is a commonplace affair, complicated only by scene-braces jutting out to trip the unwary; by recumbent or madly rushing stage-hands, and by the necessity for dodging traps, ropes and "props." But to those who make an occasional excursion behind the scenes, and who are privileged to watch the intimate working of a performance, it is a region full of human interest; the scene of many a drama or comedy not guessed at by the audience of the play itself.

An incident which left an indelible impression on at least one person who witnessed it, occurred nightly in a New York theatre during the run of a play in which the heroine was supposed to be a violiniste of marked ability. As the actress knew nothing of the instrument, the music was played "off stage" by a member of the orchestra. He was a man past middle age, stooped and fragile; his clothes gave evidence of long wear; his face was patient, almost stolid. Night after night, he stood there in the wings, in the glow of a calcium, pouring out his very soul in melody. What did it mean to him? Often one would fear that in his absorption he would forget to break off at the cue; but he never did forget. Then he would pick up his rack and move quietly away toward those mysterious depths known, it seems, only to theatre orchestras. Still, unseen by the audience, his music credited to the woman on the stage, when the spontaneous applause burst forth he had his little moment of triumph to recompense him for years of failure. At any rate, one would like to feel that he did.

From the wings, it is remarkable to study the audiences; though invisible, their presence can be heard and felt. Their temper carries over the footlights, just as that of the players is carried to them. Rustling programs, a sudden epidemic of coughing or sneezing, a ripple of laughter, or the quick intake of breath at an unexpected movement on the stage—all distinctly carry. Perhaps the most impressive thing is the absolute silence of an audience; and there seems to be something cumulative about it, for an audience of 1,000 can be, it appears, much more than twice as silent as one consisting of half that number. The peculiar effect of this tenseness of concentration on the part of a great number of human beings is especially noticeable to the watcher behind the scenes. Fortunately, these silences are seldom of long duration; the tenseness, if prolonged beyond a certain point, has caused to more than one actor an acute attack of stage-fright. And after one of these moments, an audience is prone to give way to hysterical laughter on very slight provocation.

In one play, after just such a moment, a small black cat marched out onto the stage one evening. The audience began to titter; the actors, not realizing the cause of the laughter, became nervous, and stage-hands stood in every available entrance, making the subdued noises supposed to appeal to felines. The cat, undisturbed, walked calmly about the stage, and finally, seating herself in the exact centre by the footlights, proceeded to wash her face. The audience was uncontrollable and the actors cut parts recklessly until the welcome fall of the curtain. Kitty was smuggled out of the theatre under the coat of the property-



ANN MURDOCK

Who will play the leading rôle in Thompson Buchanan's new comedy

man, who thus saved all of the nine lives of his pet. Every theatre possesses a cat, and every player is obsessed with the fear that sometime the cat will spoil his or her best scene. Even Ellen Terry has had her experience of that, according to a story told by her. In the first act of "Madame Sans Gêne," one night, she was disturbed by giggles from the audience. Her first thought—as every actress's would be—was that something had gone amiss with her costume. At length she discovered the cat and continuing her scene the while, she picked it up, petted it and set it down on the first available place. She was congratulating herself on her presence of mind, when suddenly the giggles grew into a roar of mirth. Turning, she saw that she had laid the cat on the supposedly red-hot stove, beside her irons, where the animal had placidly curled up to go to sleep.

It is from the stage-hand that one may hear many tales of the vagaries of stars and of accidents humorous or tragic. He is a philosophic being, unimpressed by actors and much given to falling asleep, during acts, in any convenient or inconvenient place. From one such came this story of a certain star, now dead, who was notorious for his bad temper. (Continued on page vii)



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## RUDOLF SCHILDKRAUT

(Continued from page 54)

critical German public, so blasé in the matter of art and artists?"

"I have played many great parts, as we do in European countries where your fantastically long runs are unknown. It is hard to say which were the principal ones. In Shakespeare there were, aside from Lear and Shylock, Richard III, King John, Othello and Iago both. Among his comedy characters Falstaff, Malvolio. From the German classics I played Lessing's Nathan the Wise; Schiller's Phillip of Spain in 'Don Carlos'; Franz Moor in 'The Robbers,' and ever so many more. My Mephistopheles in Reinhardt's production of Goethe's 'Faust' gave quite a shock to the old traditionalists! Among the modern authors, many of the greatest have given me some very wonderful parts to create: Gerhardt Hauptmann, Sudermann, Halbe, Dreyer, Bahr. I played Bernstein's Samson, which Guitry created in Paris; and Zola's Coupeau in 'L'Assommoir.' Among those who write in English, I have acted in plays by Pinero and Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Synge."

"Did you not create the part of the Hunchback in 'Sumurun'?"

"Indeed I did, and, believe me, I felt it in black and blue all over me. Oh, that was a devilish experience! One of the Berlin critics called the pantomime: 'Sumurun, or The Traveling Hunchback.' It was rather rough travelling! But, *que voulez-vous*, if I do a thing at all, I want to do it right. So, in this case, I had to put up with being tossed and knocked about very, very roughly."

"Which of all your parts do you prefer?"

"I love to act in any good play—drama or comedy, classic or modern—any character that is human, throbbing with human passion, human joy, human pain. My one ambition is to bring out through my acting all that lies deepest underneath the surface of a man, and to reach the innermost heart of those who watch me with the truth of it."

Here the dresser came in to warn Mr. Schildkraut that it was time to get ready for the evening performance. The man spoke Yiddish, and to my astonishment, Schildkraut answered in German.

"I do not speak the jargon," he said, excusing himself as he sat down before the long mirror over his dressing-table. "I have really never tried to learn it, because I want to give all my spare time to English. I study my parts in Yiddish, just as I would study any dialect part."

It seems to amply satisfy the Yiddish public, who pay him the most enthusiastic tribute of admiration and who dread the future that will take him away from them.

And while with the least bit of make-up and most astonishing skill he was transforming his face to that of an unmistakable old Russian, he asked:

"Do you really think the 'difficile' Broadway public will ever listen to me, in spite of the foreign intonation I may not be able to lose so soon? Of course I hope I will, by and by, as I lost it in German. For, you know, I was not born to the German language, never heard the first word of it until I was almost a man. My cradle stood away down in the Balkans, near the Turkish-Roumanian border, in Wallachia, if that conveys anything to you. . . . And when my wife is angry with me"—here the most impish little smile you ever saw—"she always says I am nothing but an old Turk anyhow!"

F. C. F.

### Maude Adams

Charles Frohman has completed a plan for the organization of a Maude Adams Stock Company. Miss Adams will take the nucleus of her stock company out of her present "Peter Pan" company, and from time to time add to this nucleus until she has an organization sufficient for her appearance in a complete cycle of Barrie plays. Miss Adams will not be seen in New York again until next Christmas. By that time she will have completed the roster of her stock company and will reappear at the Empire Theatre for a season of six months entirely given to the performance of Mr. Barrie's plays. At least three and possibly four new Barrie comedies will during that season be acted for the first time. Mr. Frohman's and Miss Adams' intention is that each play shall be acted for a certain number of weeks, regardless of its financial success. British Columbia has been added to the territory that Miss Adams will visit during the season.

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**"PLAYS AND PLAYERS"**

(Continued from page 63)

head of the play committee is Miss Emily Perkins, who has written verse and plays, and has had the satisfaction of acting in one of her own plays. She is perhaps the most versatile member of the club for she has played as many kinds of parts as Polonius enumerated of that talented troupe at Elsinore. Mrs. Jasper Yeats Brinton, the loveliest young matron of Philadelphia society, is the principal *ingenue*. Miss Sophia Norris, also prominent socially, might well have turned her talent towards the professional stage. The best comedians of the club, Charles J. Mitchell and J. J. Gould, are well-known illustrators.

Maud Durbin, who is Mrs. Otis Skinner in private life, was the club's first president, but resigned after the organization was well established, but still remains a member of the advisory board.

**BEHIND THE SCENES**

(Continued from page 64)

The star was playing in a Middle West town, where the stage and the "apron" (that part of the stage between the curtain and the footlights) were both very small. In setting the stage, some rugs had projected onto the apron. At the end of the act, the star stepped before the curtain to make a speech, and necessarily stood upon the edge of a rug. A stagehand behind the curtain pulled the rug, and the star sat down suddenly and noisily in the footlight trough. When he returned behind the curtain a few seconds later, not a stagehand was in sight; and to add insult to injury, he was forced to assist members of his company in setting up the next scene.

An almost equally disastrous accident occurred not long since, when two co-stars were appearing in "Romeo and Juliet." As Romeo made his poetic entrance, in the balcony scene, he tripped over Juliet's flower garden, and not only fell, but also rolled completely out of sight beneath the back-drop. Quickly regaining his feet, he made a second and more dignified entrance—only to find that the balcony was deserted, Juliet having retired to have a laugh. After the scene, he called the two stage managers, the house manager and the carpenter, who stood trembling before him. Evidently this was a situation beyond profanity, for he glanced them over, remarked with a strong English accent, "You have frightfully marred my performance," and stalked haughtily away.

But it is not all comedy behind the scenes. Perhaps the man who is now making hearty laughter for the audience will come off the stage and hasten to the door for news of some one near and dear, who is ill, even dying—though he well knows that any message will be withheld until the play is over. Possibly you will notice in the wings an alert doctor, standing ready to minister to some player who should be at home in bed. Out on the stage, the actor catches a glamour from the lights and the *mise en scène*. When he comes into the wings, the glamour departs, and the real man or woman shows forth from beneath the grotesquerie of grease paint. It is a place of contrasts—such a one as occurred when a rather *risqué* farce was delighting a New York holiday audience several years ago; as each player came off the stage, there was a burst of laughter; and each one had tears in his eyes, for news had come that day that the well-beloved author had died abroad. It was during the run of this same *risqué* farce that the present writer was in the dressing-room of one of the women of the company, and even as the laughter of a Broadway crowd punctuated the conversation, was read a hearty and sincere lecture for not attending church regularly.

A place of contrasts, surely; of petty jealousies, of fine generousities, of pride and vanity and a stern sense of duty; of tears no less than laughter—and always and ever quick with warm human interest.

ANNE PEACOCK.

Discussing the alleged overproduction of plays in New York, Charles Frohman said recently: "There is no such thing as an overproduction of plays. There is a relentless law that takes care of bad plays; they quickly go to the wall. That is the law of supply and demand. The only thing to be feared is an overproduction of bad plays; but to complain about the overproduction of plays in general is like complaining about the oversupply of good things in life; we can never have too great a production of anything that makes life more livable."

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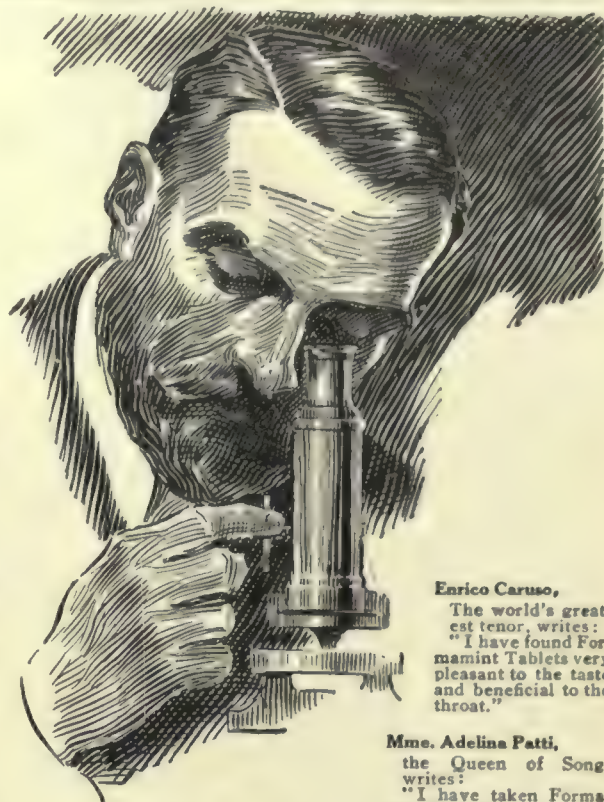
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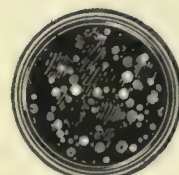
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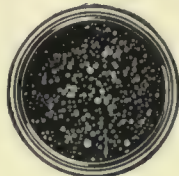
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See page xxvii for particulars

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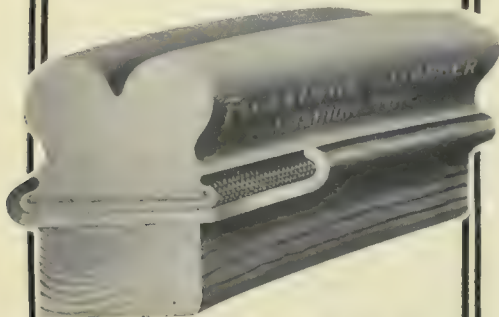
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**Model Moving Picture Theatre**

(Continued from page 59)

posted almost every afternoon that Mrs. Clement felt justified in inaugurating a unique attraction for a ten cent show—a one-act play, which has come to be one of the most popular regular features at the Bijou Dream. Almost without exception, these playlets have been produced directly from the original manuscripts; often proving to the author and to managers of other theatres, who are invited to the initial performance, that the play is produceable.

While it could not with whole truth be said that the Bijou Dream has a stock company for the acting of these one-act plays, yet such is the personality of Mrs. Clement that she has succeeded in surrounding herself with a capable coterie of young actors and actresses, some half-dozen of whom are always at her command when she announces the title and the nature of the next play. Unintelligent or careless interpretation of the author's meaning is not tolerated. Mrs. Clement and the author and the selected company have many conferences over setting and costumes, poring over plates of costumes of the periods depicted and biographies of the historical characters mentioned—that the intent of the play may be fully brought out.

Another feature of the Bijou Dream is Folk Song and Dance. The costumes representing each nation are technically correct and for the exactness of the pronunciation, an expert linguist is employed at every rehearsal.

Such is the manner of a ten cent moving picture show, four performances daily with the whole bill changed once a week and the pictures twice a week, that Josephine Clement is giving the public of Boston—a high-class cheap show in the Bijou Dream, which is said to be one of the most artistically appointed smaller theatres of the United States.

The entrance and lobby are of marble, with growing plants and fresh-cut flowers in the recesses. The furnishings are mahogany upholstered in leather. There is a moving stairway to the auditorium floor, close to which are the foyer and reception room. The reception room is equipped with checking facilities, writing desks and telephones. There are innumerable arm-chairs and couches. A maid is in constant attendance to look after the comfort of the women and children.

Across the hall is the men's smoking room, which is also fully equipped, so that many a business man drops in for a smoke and to write a few letters during his noon hour, afterward taking in a little of the show.

Another high-class arrangement at the Bijou Dream is the rule that no patron is allowed to take his seat while a play is on the stage or during the rendering of a musical number or the reading of a lecture. Another interesting feature is that the entire house is well lighted throughout the performance. Mrs. Clement has long ago proved it to be a fallacy that lights injure the pictures. She uses violet-colored lights with splendid success. An æsthetic effect is that the ushers are women and dressed in uniform—gray cloth dresses with white muslin aprons, kerchiefs and caps. They, as well as the women chosen to furnish the entertainment, are expected to be womanly in bearing and in speech. The men helpers are also uniformed, and there is a premium put on their courtesy to patrons. And above all else, no one at the Bijou Dream—either on the stage or off it—is permitted for an instant to indulge in coarse or vulgar conversation.

Unlike the ordinary house showing moving pictures the Bijou Dream is officially licensed as a fully equipped theatre, so that a wide latitude is possible in staging one-act plays, operettas and musical numbers.

All this makes good reading, but there are some illuminating questions which have besieged Mrs. Clement since she assumed the management of the Bijou Dream:

"Do the masses of the people appreciate the high-class show that you provide?"

Mrs. Clement answers by reminding her questioner that she has never advertised an inch-worth's in any publication and then she points to "Standing Room Only," which hangs out at the entrances two or three times every day.

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A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

## Racketty-Packetty House

(Continued from page 46)

Susan's knees, and she has to bend way down to talk to them. You stop to examine their costumes and their wigs, and before you've seen half of what you want to see you heed the call for supper and reluctantly go home.

And if you're Aunt Susan you wonder a little why there must be a Children's Theatre, and though you think it's a very lovely place, and though you think the play was staged very prettily, you do give a thought to the children who have amused your nephews and nieces. Isn't it really work for them, this acting? True, they do frisk about sometimes, totally ignoring cues and becoming so interested in the audience that they forget their parts that have been so carefully drilled into them, and true, too, they are sometimes so unmindful of the publicity of their position that they will button rebellious underwear in the glare of the limelight and blow their little noses when they should be dancing, but—doesn't all this become drudgery to them when they have to go through it day after day? And should such little people be subjected to drudgery? Doesn't someone, somehow, rob them of the heritage of their babyhood?

And if you're Aunt Susan, who has read and read stories, and more stories, to all her "neffers and nieces," you know how you have to explain and repeat, and repeat and explain, until their wee minds can grasp the story and catch its point. That is why you wonder how many of the youngsters who see a play, the story of which they have never heard, have a clear idea when they leave of what it was all about. You have to explain: "Now they're inside the doll-house you saw standing in the nursery before." "Yes, they're dolls." "Now there's a grown-up coming—see how they stand still and behave?" "No—now we're outside again—there's Tidy Castle and here's the Racketty-Packetty House." "That's Peter Piper—don't you recognize him in the pretty clothes the Princess gave him?" And the whispering all around you indicates that other aunts and mothers are making like explanatory remarks to their little neighbors.

No matter how little you may care whether the theatre is educational and whether the drama of to-day is uplifting, you do feel, somehow, as though a children's play should be thoroughly wholesome and even, perhaps, have a moral woven through it, if not tacked on at the end. This play by Mrs. Burnett has all the moral one could possibly want, and a very good lesson it is for the limousine children who scorn those of pedestrian parents, but one questions the example Peter Piper, the hero, sets, and the need of so much love talk as there is here. He's a cheerful, lively, charming little fellow, as Master Gabriel presents him, but there is just a bit too much of Buster Brown's supersmartness in his make-up to make him likable and the kind of a boy you would like your boy to be. We want the goody-goody neither in our books nor in our plays, for none are quicker than children to scorn the type as unreal and unhuman, but we do want well-mannered, respectful children as the heroes and heroines of our children's books, for they, after all, are the most influential examples in their lives.

So it is rather annoying to have him pat himself upon the back continuously, and presenting himself with a metaphorical bouquet, say of the Lady Patricia, to whom he has lost his heart (of all situations, the one in which one should be most humble), "Only twice has she seen me, and no titled lady could ever get over that," and "I will while away her tedious hours with a clever repartee," or "I am a true Turkish Delight, I am." It's all a bit too clever and a bit too old. The love theme is so ever present in the adult drama that one sighs for a release from it in the juvenile. Isn't there enough stuff in the child-world out of which to make thrilling, fascinating stories without dragging this in, too? It seems like overworking the little blind god.

Master Gabriel, of course, carries the play, which he seems to do with great ease, even in the trying situations which a company of little people who have not yet reached the age of responsibility sometimes put him. His best support from among the child-actors he gets from the members of his own household. William H. Platt, as Dr. Gustibus; Ynez Seabury, as Peg, who is as round as she is high; Meg, who is Helen Millington, and Maxine Sickles, who, as Killmanskeg, "the accomplished doll," does a funny little dance well. Leila Cautna, as Ridiklis, was by far the most successful in catching the spirit of doddism, and succeeded in making you forget she was human.

E. E. v. B.



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**AT THE OPERA**  
(Continued from page 40)

will prove whether or not it is to be one of his star rôles. Pini-Corsi was excellent in the amusing rôle of Bartolo, and de Segurola did a remarkable bit of character work as Basilio. Sturani conducted, and while the performance had spirit it was a trifle heavy.

One of the most delightful presentations of the month was Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Suzanne," sung for the first time by the Metropolitan artists, although this opera—or "Intermezzo," as its composer calls it—has been given here by the Philadelphia-Chicago forces. Scotti sang and acted Count Gil simply admirably, while Geraldine Farrar was delightful as the Countess, whose great secret was her love for a quiet puff of a cigarette. Polacco conducted and did probably the best work he has done since his arrival here.

Arturo Toscanini, distinguished conductor, joined these forces later than usual, and made his entry of the season with a performance of "Orfeo ed Euridice," which simply showed his masterhand in every detail. The orchestra played as if inspired, Homer sang Orfeo as she does nothing else, Rappold was satisfying as Euridice, Anna Case sang the Happy Spirit for the first time, and did it extremely well, and Lenora Sparkes was Amore.

Toscanini then conducted a memorable performance of "Tosca," in which Geraldine Farrar sang the title rôle as she has never before sung it, and Caruso was ario, singing with an opulence of beautiful tones. Scotti acted Scarpia with thrilling intensity—all told a wonderful presentation of this opera.

Another performance that will not soon be forgotten was the season's first "Die Walküre," which Alfred Hertz conducted. Fremstad as Sieglinde, Burrian as Siegmund—this artistic pair sang and acted the first act in a manner that made all criticism seem mere cavilling. Matzenauer made her first appearance of the season as Brünnhilde, singing excellently. Griswold was an impressive Wotan, Ruysdael an admirable Hunding, and Sara Cahier made her only appearance this year on this stage, singing Fricka in an adequate manner.

Gadski has also come back to the Metropolitan fold after a concert tour, singing a brilliant Brünnhilde in a repetition of "Die Walküre," and later appearing as Isolde in the season's first "Tristan und Isolde." "Aida," too, had a brilliant representation, with Caruso and Destinn, and Mozart's "The Magic Flute" has continued to draw crowds at every performance. Such familiar operas as "La Bohème," "Butterfly," and "Faust," have been given spirited performances, and the month has been crowded with opera worth hearing. Although there have been concerts and recitals they have suffered from the lull attending the holiday season.

**Victor Records**

TITTA RUFFO, BARITONE—Zaza, *Buona Zaza, del mio buon tempo (Act II)*, Leoncavallo. In Italian. Leoncavallo's setting of the unhappy story of the loves of Zaza and Milio was first given at Milan in 1900. The American première took place at the Tivoli, in San Francisco, November 27, 1903. The opera has had some success in London, Paris and Berlin, but has never been given in New York, although several Zaza excerpts were given at the Leoncavallo concerts in 1906, when the composer visited America. The story is quite familiar to American audiences, however, through the performance of the play by Mrs. Leslie Carter.

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W. T. PRICE

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**The New Plays**

(Continued from page 88)

rôles was crude, "Blackbirds" showed an improvement, but it, too, suffered from those artificial means incident to satirical comedy. The idea of the play is rich in opportunities and without being entirely new it was handled with a good deal of novelty. Some of the material was old, as where some vulgar newly rich are put through the customary paces.

LITTLE. "RUTHERFORD AND SON." Play in three acts by K. G. Sowerby. Produced on December 24th with this cast:

John Rutherford, Norman McKinnel; John, J. V. Bryant; Richard, L. G. Carroll; Janet, Edyth Olive; Ann, Agnes Thomas; Mary, Thyra Norman; Martin, J. Cooke Beresford; Mrs. Henderson, Marie Ault.

"Rutherford and Son," at the Little Theatre, is not a little play, but is entirely in keeping with the high artistic purpose of Mr. Ames. He wants the best, and certainly of its kind there is no recent play that is comparable to it in compactness and force. There is a completeness about each character that is quite unusual. The idea that absorbs a man in England to perpetuate in his family his business name is not unknown here, but it may be doubted if there are many American men of business who will deliberately sacrifice family in order to perpetuate the business name. John Rutherford substitutes everything to his idea. He obtains, by unfair means, control of his own son's invention, intending to give him the benefit of it in due course. The injustice, however, is there. The son robs his cash box, thereby freeing himself from the harsh dominion of his father, leaving behind him his young wife. In the end it is the young wife who brings the old man to his senses. Her child, a boy, is the only one who can perpetuate the name of the house in business. She drives a bargain with her father-in-law, whereby he is not to have control of the child's training for a certain period. It is seen that the new Rutherford, the new head of the house, will be a different man. In the meanwhile, the old man's domestic rule has worked ruin to his family. The son is a fugitive. The daughter has made a slip and is in disgrace; she has fallen, at the best, to the share of a workman employed in the establishment. The father had blighted her life with his own ambitions and kept her unmarried until she had reached an age of crabbed spinsterhood. It is in the domestic details that "Rutherford and Son" points best the brutal truth. The meals are kept waiting the master's pleasure and convenience. There is no conversation. His mind is occupied always with business. His comforts must be attended to first. His boots are to be taken off and his slippers brought before a morsel passes the hungry mouths of his family. It requires acting of the first order to make such a character tolerable, but Mr. Norman McKinnel accomplished this result with a finish in his acting and a simplicity that brings conviction as to the actuality of such a person as John Rutherford.

GAIETY. "STOP THIEF." Farce in three acts by Carlyle Moore. Produced on December 25th with the following cast:

Nell, Mary Ryan; Mrs. Carr, Ruth Chester; Joe Carr, Vivian Martin; Caroline Carr, Elizabeth Lane; William Carr, Frank Bacon; Arthur Willoughby, M. D.; William Boyd; James Cluney, Percy Ames; Jack Doogan, Richard Bennett; Madge Carr, Louise Woods; Clergyman, R. C. Bradley; Jamison, Robert Cummings; Jos. Thompson, James C. Marlowe; Sergeant of Police, Thomas Findlay; Police Officer Ryan, Edward J. McGuire; Police Officer Clancy, James T. Ford; Police Officer Casey, William Graham; Chauffeur, George Spelvin.

The success of "Officer 666" naturally paved the way for "Stop Thief." Both pieces are written in the same amusing vein and acted in the same rapid-fire style. The Carr family—about to celebrate a wedding—is keyed up to the highest pitch of nervousness and excitability. The bride's father is hopelessly absent-minded; the prospective son-in-law believes himself an incurable kleptomaniac. Into this interesting household a new maid smuggles a professional thief. Valuable articles, jewelry, bonds, etc., begin to disappear, only to be found in the pockets of the millionaire kleptomaniac. The complications that ensue are many and mirth-provoking. The police are called in and the crook, arrested, threatens to expose the kleptomaniac. Finally a compromise is reached and the farce ends by a triple marriage. Richard Bennett plays the thief and Mary Ryan the maid. Frank Bacon deserves credit for clever work as the absent-minded Carr.

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- Children's Fashions** August 15  
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BELASCO. "YEARS OF DISCRETION." Comedy in three acts by Frederic Hatton and Fanny Locke. Produced on December 25th with the following cast:

Christopher Dallas, Lyn Harding; Michael Doyle, Bruce McRae; John Strong, Herbert Kelcey; Amos Thomas, Robert McWade, Jr.; Farrell Howard, Jr., Grant Mitchell; Metz, E. M. Holland; Mrs. Howard, Effie Shannon; Mrs. Brinton, Alice Putnam; Anna Merkel, Mabel Bunyca; Lilly Newton, Ethel Pettit; Bessie Newton, Grace Edmondston.

"Years of Discretion" is not very serious in a philosophical way. A rich widow, who has pursued her life remote from the gaieties of the frivolous, and who has not experienced any of the romance that usually attaches to youth, determines not to go beyond her meridian without a taste of what she has missed. In other words, now thirty-eight years old, she intends to make up for the losses of the past by getting back her youth in every way possible to those artistic tradesmen whose business it is to keep women young. On a visit to Boston she confides this purpose to a friend, a woman of fashion, and soon appears before the admirers provided for her as a charming person in her thirties. From this beginning she has a series of affairs, a number of impetuous suitors, one of them a socialist. She is making game of her admirers, enjoying the sensation caused by her purchased youth, but her affections become engaged and she feels forced to confess the truth to a really available admirer. This does not put an end to her frolic, as she expects it will; for he admits that he, too, has dissembled his years.

The lines and the situations are amusing, the piece is acted in a playful spirit, but the final impression left on the audience is not exactly agreeable. The spectacle of the mother of a grown boy forgetting her dignity and sense of decorum, and carrying on so many flirtations as to call for indignant protest from her scandalized offspring, is not particularly edifying.

The play is produced with all the elaboration of detail characteristic of Belasco's methods. The scene in which the widow confesses to her deception takes place in a garden, which for poetic and picturesque setting is one of Belasco's triumphs in stage realism.

The part of the rejuvenated widow is played by Effie Shannon, a charming and sympathetic actress who has not appeared in New York prominently since the days when she was our most popular ingénue.

LYRIC. "ALL FOR THE LADIES." Farce with music in two acts. Book and lyrics by Henry Blossom; music by Alfred C. Robyn. Produced on December 30th with this cast:

Marie, Louise Meyers; Alphonse Clemente, G. A. Schiller; Georgette Clemente, Alice Gentle; Ernest Panturel, Teddy Webb; Nancy Panturel, Adele Ritchie; Charles, Max d'Arcy; Hector Renaud, Stewart Baird; Leo Laubenheim, Sam Bernard; Madam Suzette, Margery Pearson; Finette, Lillie Leslie; Blanche, Marta Spears; Augusta, Maxie MacDonald; Baroness Herbettes, Amy Leicester; Marquise Calvados, Edna Caruthers; General Villefranche, Jerome Uhl; Gaston LeBlanc, Arthur Webner; Duchess Alexia, Lena Robinson; Francois, Henry M. Holt.

If ever a piece were aptly named, this one assuredly is. Undoubtedly it is all for the ladies. Firstly, it presents a bewildering array of beautiful gowns and dainty lingerie—an exhibit ever dear to the feminine heart; secondly, all the ladies love Sam Bernard, who, as someone said, has spent his life trying to overcome a German accent. One expects to laugh when one goes to see this popular comedian, and certainly in this piece you get all you pay for. He appears as Leo von Laubenheim, a little German designer of dresses, who comes on the scene just in time to save the failing fortunes of a fashionable dressmaking establishment. The fun rages fast and furious, and as a spectacle the show is a delight. Adele Ritchie sings well as Nancy, one of the partners of the dressmaking firm; Louise Meyers makes a cute soubrette and Margery Pearson is exceedingly funny as a lovesick and tearful dressmaker.

PARK. "MISS PRINCESS." Operetta in two acts. Book by Frank Mandel, lyrics by Will B. Johnstone, music by Alexander Johnstone. Produced on December 23d with this cast:

Senator Caldwell, Charles P. Morrison; Baron Gustav Vetter, Ben Hendricks; Baroness Vetter, Isabel C. Francis; Hypatia Caldwell, Margaret Farrell; Prince Alexis, Henri Leon; Countess Matilda, Louise Foster; Frau Katrina, Josephine Whittell; Lincoln T. Creery, John H. Pratt; Princess Polonia, Lina Abarbanell; Capt. Merton Raleigh, Robert Warwick; Sergeant Tim McGrew, Felix Haney; Corporal Stephens, Donald Buchanan; Private Ryan, Albert Borneman.

It is doubtful if in the season's musical shows there is a prima donna more graceful, more dainty and more delightful of accent than little

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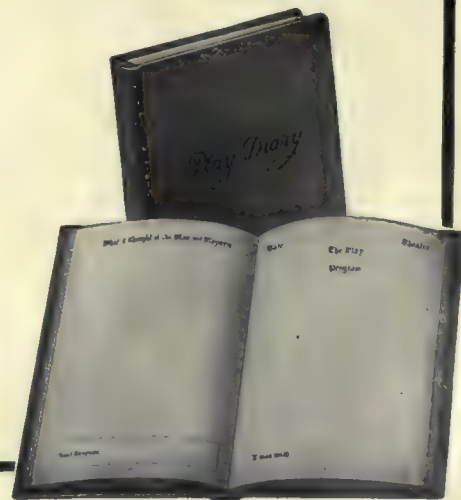
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Lina Abarbanell. She is a Portuguese by birth, the wise ones tell us, of a talented family, the head of which is distinguished as a musical conductor in Berlin. She was known and endeared to the patrons of the German theatres of America long before she emerged upon English-speaking New York in "The Student King," in "Madame Sherry," and now in the title rôle of "Miss Princess." This last-named piece was well adapted to the manifold accomplishments of this little warbler, and she did not slight her opportunities in the least.

**NEW AMSTERDAM.** "Eva." Musical play in three acts by Glen Macdonough (based upon the original of Willner and Bodansky); music by Franz Lehar. Produced on December 30th with the following cast:

Larousse, T. J. McGrane; Antoine, Wallace McCutcheon, Jr.; Voisin, J. D. Murphy; Dagobert Millefleurs, Walter Lawrence; Pipsi Paquerette, Alma Francis; Eva, Sallie Fisher; Octave Flaubert, Walter Percival; Elsie, Marie Ashton; Lizette, Marie Vernon; Freddie, Alden Macclaskie; Edmond, W. T. Ford; Hortense, Fawn Conway; Matthew, John Gibson; Maid, Viola Cain; Yvonne, Edna Broderick.

The great public who thought that Lehar in "Eva" would equal the wonderful popularity of his score of "The Merry Widow" were disappointed. It is not so much that the Viennese has fallen below his standard as it is that he has set out to compose something entirely different. Musically the accompaniment to "Eva" was of a very high order, not as melodious, perhaps, as its predecessor, but a score of fine originality, admirable orchestration and really sustained importance. The true fault with "Eva" is its book. A semi-serious concoction, its adapter, Glen Macdonough, gives a very poor account of himself. Its serious side is presented with much theatrical pretension, and its humor is tenuous thin when it is not stupidly stodgy. The title rôle is acted with moderate archness by Sallie Fisher. Her deficiency, however, was in vocal tone.

**HARRIS.** "CHEER UP." Comedy in two acts by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Produced on December 30th with this cast:

Minnie Waters, Frances Nordstrom; Mike, William Vaughn; Senator Biggs, Billy Betts; Mr. Moody, George Le Soir; The Bishop, William Eville; Jane Brooks, Sybilla Pope; Mr. Brooks, Eric Blind; Sam Van Alstyne, Harold Salter; Billy French, Alan Brooks; Robert Thornburn, Sedley Brown, Jr.; Alan Pierce, Walter Hampden; Doc. Barnes, Royal Byron; Dickie Carter, Effingham Pinto; Dorothy Carter, Fayette Perry; Mrs. Biggs, Amy Veness; Miss Cobb, Selma Maynard; Julia Summers, Lotta Linticum.

It is sometimes difficult to be cheerful, even when one is told to cheer up. Particularly true is this when one has to do with a bad farce. A number of people are isolated in a health resort in the mountains by reason of a raging snow-storm. The deceased owner of the sanitarium has bequeathed his money to his grandson on condition that he take charge the very evening of the blizzard. Out of this idea grows a series of situations, some of which make for mirth, but most being preposterous and stale.

**REPUBLIC.** "A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL." Fairy play in three acts by Rosemonde Gerard and Maurice Rostand, adapted by Austin Strong. Produced on January 8th with this cast:

A Poet, Ernest Lawford; Betsy, Iva Merlin; Mrs. MacMiche, William Norris; Charles MacLance, Ernest Truex; Old Nick, Sr., Edward Connelly; Thought-From-Afar, Georgia Mae Fursman; Old Nick, Jr., Etienne Girardot; Juliet, Mary Pickford; Marian, Laura Grant; Queen Mab, Wilda Bennett; Lord Colington of Pilrig, Henry Stanford; Lady Rosalind, Jeanne Towler; Hon. Percy Cusack Smith, R. J. Bloomer; Lord H. De Mar, Conway Shaffer; Lady Cavendish, Katharine Minahan; Hon. Miss Letterblair, Amy Fitzpatrick; Lady Ralston, Edna M. Holland; Lady Molineaux, Augusta Anderson.

David Belasco, in announcing that "The Good Little Devil" "is a fairy-tale for grown-ups," disarms the critics who may now judge it neither as a play for children nor as legitimate drama for their own contemporaries. But as either, or as both, it is entertaining and well done. The play which Austin Strong has adapted with the prose of our tongue from the French of Mme. Rostand and her son Maurice, developed from the favorite fairy-tale which this mother wove for her son in the twilight nursery hour. It tells the story of Charles MacLance, a Scotch orphan boy, who might have been good had his ogre of an aunt, Mrs. MacMiche, not teased and mauled and starved and beaten him into being bad. But his badness wasn't very bad badness—it was good badness that only meant mischief, not harm. There was love in his heart, and that is why everybody loved him, from Betsy the maid and Oliver the poet to Juliette, the little blind girl, and the fairies.

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Such a plot affords Mr. Belasco all the opportunities he needs for the display of that theatrical art of which he is a master. There is every mood represented, from broad farce in the scenes between the ogre aunt and her confrères, the Old Nicks, to pure, sweet sentiment in the childish love scenes between Charles and his Juliette, and for these every degree of lighting is demanded. There is a starry night, when the fairies are floating from planet to satellite; twilight for lovers' trysting and broad noonday sun for the frolics of schoolboys and garden friends.

If Mary Pickford, who plays the blind little girl, is a product of "the movies," then commend us to the photo-play posing as a school for acting. Contrary to expectation, her facial expression was restrained rather than overemphatic and her diction was rarely fine. But both these qualities and her winsome prettiness are as nothing compared with the spirituality, the sweet childish simplicity with which she played her part. Had Ernest Lawford, who played the part of the poet, and Ernest Truex, the boy hero, shared her earnestness, her true feeling for the meaning of the lines, they would have been more convincing. As it was, they both were in their parts, not of them; they had the semblance but not the soul of the people they represented. And if Ernest Lawford had the art to conceal his identity with his former parts he might also fare better. One who succeeds in doing this capitably is William Norris in whose crotchety, gnarled, maliciously hateful, deliciously comical Mrs. MacMiche one could never recognize the blithely singing hero of "Toyland." A better old witch woman one couldn't imagine in or outside of a story book.

EMPIRE. "THE SPY." An English version in three acts by Henry Kistemaeker's play, "La Flambee," by Peter Le Marchant. Produced on January 13th with this cast:

Colonel Felt, Cyril Keightley; Marcel Beaucourt, Julien L'Estrange; Bertrand de Mauret, Edgar Norton; Julius Glogau, Chas. B. Wells; Monseigneur Jussey; Ernest Stallard; Baron Stettin, Douglas Gerrard; Henri Cartelle, Chas. K. Gerrard, Paul Rudiet, Isidore Marci; Justin, James Furey; The Mayor, E. J. Brady; Dr. Dufot, Thomas Turnour; Monique Felt, Edith Wynne Matthison; Yvonne Stettin, Essex Dane; Therese Deniau, Vera Finlay; Annette, Jane May.

When Henry Kistemaeker's play, "La Flambee," was first produced in Paris, Moroccan politics were at their height. Its patriotic note struck an immediately responsive chord. Rather laboriously translated for local consumption by Peter Le Marchant, its production here at the Empire is not calculated to stir much enthusiasm. Its heroics are too distinctly provincial and its domestic complications too Parisian to make strong appeal to American hearers. But most positive of all is the fact that "The Spy" is not a good acting play. Its technic is clumsy, its dialogue redundant and extraneous. The abbé and his views on divorce make a scene with the wife that has no bearing on the piece or its conclusion. Half a dozen of the characters could be entirely dispensed with. Its humor is tenuous and irrelevant.

Monique, wife of Lt.-Col. Felt, and he have drifted apart. She wants a divorce to marry Marcel Beaucourt, a radical member of the ministry. Felt, however, resolves to win her back. For her benefit he has become heavily involved. His principal creditor, Glogau, insists on immediate payment, and suggests that as a means of wiping out the debt he give him, Glogau, secret agent for a foreign power, a copy of the plans of a certain fortification. In his rage Felt strangles him to death. He comes to his wife's boudoir to establish an alibi, then the lover arrives for a platonic interview, recriminations, etc., but things are temporarily adjusted and she promises to shield him. In the last act there is a clash as Beaucourt, when he finds he is likely to lose Monique, threatens to show up Felt, but as it was a "spy" who was strangled he agrees to hold his tongue for patriotic reasons.

Monique was played with splendid skill and illuminative resource by Edith Wynne Matthison but the performance was entirely unemotional and moving in its effect. The husband was acted with dignity, repose and a singular personal charm by Cyril Keightley, and Julien L'Estrange enacted the lover with graceful fervor. There were two very rich and handsome sets, unnecessarily elaborate.

CRITERION. "CHAINS." Play in four acts by Porter Emerson Browne, founded on the English play of the same title by Elizabeth Baker. Produced on December 16 with this cast:

Ruth Wilson, Olive Wyndham; Richard Wilson, Shelly Hull; Jackson Tennant, Clifford Bruce; Betty Mason, Desmond Kelley; Percy Mason, Edwin Nicander; Charley Mason, Clinton Preston; Morton Lane, Edward Fielding; Sybil Frost, Ruth Boyce; Howard Dunn,

(Continued on page xxvii)

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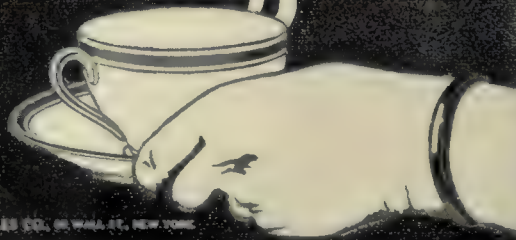
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# THE LATEST FASHION FANCIES FOR SPRING

IS there ever really a lull in the clothes world? Almost before one has completed the winter wardrobe the shops are tempting us with fresh allurements in the way of new fabrics and new



A FETCHING BRIDGE GOWN

This fascinating dress from Bechoff-David displays to excellent advantage the supple draping qualities of broche crêpe trianon in the café au lait shade. It is a wonderfully simple frock with the new note in the undersleeves of printed silk. A collar of the printed silk may be substituted for the fur, if gown is intended for the spring

models fashioned from these same new stuffs. Although it will be several weeks—unless one pays a visit to the South—before these costumes can be worn, the appeal is too seductive to be resisted. Then, too, there is a story about the luck of the early bird which many women act upon, and the days when the weather makes a stay indoors more inviting than a venture into the sleet and snow are just the best times for planning, and perhaps making, the early spring wardrobe. Certainly if one cannot have the joys of actually wearing the new frocks and hats in the South, the next best pleasure is planning them. Then when spring in all its glory bursts upon us, and the siren call of the open thrills our very being, we are ready to blossom forth in our new dresses, while the foolish virgins who have waited until the last minute are pleading for the overworked dressmakers and tailors to hurry with their clothes.

While there is little that is actually new in the realm of fabrics, the old favorites are more fascinating than ever in their new guises. All of us are well acquainted with crêpe de chine and its sterling wearing qualities, but few of us would recognize it in all its richness in the new crêpe chinois. To begin with, it is heavier than the crêpe de chine of other days, and consequently richer and more elegant, and it boasts the dull finish now so fashionable. The vogue for brocaded effects is answered by the new broche crêpe trianon, which has the added charm of brocade combined with the crêpe weave. Like the crêpe chinois it has the dull finish and is quite heavy enough for the tailored costume. The charming styles for these materials are displayed in the accompanying photographs.

The demand for moiré has increased all during the winter months, until it has reached the crest of the wave of popularity—the popularity of an exclusive fabric—in the new moiré serb, which has the most alluring of frosted effects. There is something delightfully cool-looking in this frosted finish which is going to appear even more inviting when the thermometer is performing stunts with the high record temperatures. The Paris dictum which calls for corded weaves is developed by the good-looking faille de Paris, which is particularly appropriate for the costume tailleur.

All of these materials reflect the new colors which make the rainbow of the coming season an unusually attractive one. There are first the tan shades, with *café au lait* at one extreme and nut and saddle brown at the other, the covert tones and those with more suggestion of gray, such as twine and putty. Of the blues, the Persian blue is the favorite, and also the darker tones known as midnight and raven's wing, which are almost black though with more iridescence than is usually noticeable in a dead black. The yellows are represented by the amber, and for evening, the combination with red which blends into a geranium. The red with more of a purplish hue, which has been named "Nell Rose," in honor of Miss Wilson, promises to vie with the brick-red in the red series.

In worsteds, the matelassé is really the only novelty, and we have already made its acquaintance in a silken texture. This stunning fabric is combined with the plain material of the same shade; in some models the matelassé is shown in the coat, in others in the skirt, with the coat of the material and trimmings of the figured stuff. Not only in worsteds but in cottons, the matelassé weave is receiving all the attention paid to novelties and promises to be used extensively in suits. It is so very good-looking and comes in such an interesting array of colors that it is quite impossible to resist its appeal. The matelassés are also combined with the pin Ottomans, and in the same way the pin Ottomans are matched to plain materials of the same shadings. The needle cords, which are similar to the pin Ottomans, except that the ridge runs up and down with the warf instead of across, are likewise matched with the plain materials, for the new style features of the spring are more in the combination of fabrics than in the exploitation of new ones. A model for fashioning materials in the plain and figured goods is shown in the photograph.

The Bedford cords are particularly smart in the covert shadings, both in the plain and in the mixtures, and the soft, supple côté de

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90

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## Special Productions for Southern Winter Resorts

### Exquisite Creations in Gowns in the Most Favored Materials

Advanced Styles in Parasols — Parasols Covered to Match Gowns

**No. 90.** Copy of a recent Spring importation; Gown of white French cotton crepe, combined with striped Eponge trimmed with real Cluny lace and handsomely hand-embroidered. Finished at waist with kid belt and fancy buckles in back. Sizes 34 to 42 bust. Price **45.00**

**No. 90A.** Nell Rose—Parasols of black and white striped silk, with long, plain ebony handle trimmed with black and white loop cord. Price **6.75**

**No. 91.** Imported hand-made dress of fine white Batiste daintily hand-embroidered and trimmed with Cluny and Valenciennes lace. Sizes 34 to 42 bust. Price **19.50**

**No. 91A.** La Champignon—Parasols of very soft silk, a combination of colors shading from an Alice blue to a golden brown, finished off at edge with fringe; handle is enameled in colors to match silk. Price **10.50**

**No. 92.** Hand-embroidered Marquise Gown, trimmed with real Cluny lace, Dresden girde sash. Price **59.00**

**No. 92A.** Palm Canopy—Parasols of bright red taffeta silk, with black binding on edge; long ebony handle with red silk loop cord. Price **7.50**

**No. 93.** French Batiste Gown, trimmed with fillet Venise lace banding, flower ribbon girde with sash end. Price **35.00**

**No. 93A.** La Volant—Parasols of white taffeta silk, finished off at edge with fancy black silk tape; long black, carved wood handle. Price **7.85**

**No. 94.** Copy of a recent Spring importation; Gown of white French Eponge effectively hand-embroidered and trimmed with crochet buttons. Collar, cuffs and sides of skirt trimmed with real Cluny lace. Finished at waist with girde of Egyptian silk. Sizes 34 to 42 bust. Price **39.75**

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A SMART RECEPTION COSTUME

Although the original model is shown in velvet, it would be equally smart in the new moiré serb in the putty coloring. This material drapes in a graceful manner, giving the same lines as those shown in the photograph. The bodice is cut with the V-shaped neck to display a fine maline lace yoke which is finished on the back by a collar of Bulgarian embroidery. The long sleeves are attached to the low shoulder line, and fit closely the arm. The bag shown is one of the new styles which open flat

cheval is more alluring than ever in the covert tones. All of these fabrics come in the new colors already mentioned, and are particularly chic in twine and putty tints, which are really newer interpretations of such neutral tones as the popular taupe. Shepherd's checks are considered standards, and are sold to more or less an extent

each season, but the combination of checks and a plain goods is so good-looking that they are enjoying a new lease of popularity and are quite as well liked in the navy and white checks as in the black and white.

In the heavy cotton materials suitable for suits, the éponge is a strong leader, and there are wonderfully good-looking striped ratines. The novelty here is the zig-zag cloth woven from threads of graduated size, alternating thick and thin and pulled while on the loom to give the zig-zag pattern. The effect is so stunning when three colors are combined that it rather overshadows the monotone patterns.

The crêpe weaves are as stylish in cottons as in silks, and the embroidered crêpes are positively so enchanting that one just must have a gown, or at least a waist, of one of the neat printed floral designs in the bright reds and greens, or the more subdued pinks and blues, which sell for \$1.25 a yard. The bordered crêpes are, perhaps, more ambitious, and are certainly novel, for what could be more revolutionary than plush or velvet with every thread of cotton? Yet a soft, graceful cotton crêpe has a deep border of plush, as silky in appearance as panne velvet, and sells for \$2.50. The crêpes with the ratine borders can be bought as low as \$1.50, whether checked or striped. More striking, perhaps, are the crêpes printed with conventional figures developed in the brilliant Bulgarian colors and set in tiny frames of ratine. These cost \$5 a yard, but even at this price a gown would not be expensive, because the material is very wide, requiring only four or five yards, and the goods are so decorative in themselves they require no additional trimming.

#### FETCHING COSTUMES FOR THE SOUTH.

The trip South is usually planned so hurriedly that there is very little time to devote to dressmaking, and it is a comfort to be able to visit one of the reliable shops and pick up costumes so individual in line and cut and so distinctive with the little new touches which make a frock smart, that they give the appearance of having been made to order. Is it not far simpler to buy for \$25 a suit of crash—particularly when time is money—than to bother with having one made, especially when the costume has all the trig and jaunty appearance of the suit which would be turned out by the tailor with the same severe tailored lines and the same simplicity of cut? The skirt is perfectly plain, and the jacket a one-button cutaway with a buttoned belt in the back and a line of pearl buttons outlining one of the side back seams from the waist to the bottom. There are also buttons on the square revers and long, straight sleeves.

A more dressy two-piece suit of linen, selling for \$39.50, has a wide border of embroidery and cutwork on the skirt. This border is repeated on the upper part of the jacket, on the square revers, and also on the three-quarter sleeves. On a suit of white terry cloth there are three graduated borders to lend the appearance of trimming to the skirt. These are likewise introduced onto the body of the jacket, which is given a slightly high-waisted effect by the belt of black satin. There are a black satin collar and cuffs and draped revers of the supple terry cloth. It is a simple costume and yet a very chic one, and sells for the same reasonable sum of \$39.50.

For the morning, in the land of flowers, there is a charming

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All Sizes, White or Black, 3 on a card, 10c.

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A SIMPLE STREET SUIT WITH MANY NEW STYLE POINTS

*This costume by Drecoll could easily be developed into one of the new fabrics such as matelassé, with the plain material, matching in color the matelassé, for the undershirt. The slight draped effect of the coat follows the lines of the skirt. The collar of fur in a spring costume would be cast aside for one of silk ratine, or of the plain material. The hat of velvet would look equally smart in maline*

little oyster-white linen frock with touches of sky blue in the linen at the belt, the cuffs and the revers, which graduate from the belt to the neck and disclose a dainty lingerie vest. Over the blue linen collar there is a smaller one of the lingerie embroidery, which adds a simple but pretty finish to this love of a frock, selling for

the modest sum of \$18.50. There is a distinct suggestion of drapery in a gown of deep blue ramie linen, the drapery being carried to the side opening and the fullness taken care of with narrow pin tucks. The fastening is almost hidden under the large buttons of black satin covered with crochet dyed to match the blue of the gown. These buttons form an important decorative feature on the blouse, outlining either side of the lace vest, in addition to the narrow revers of black satin softened with a tiny lingerie frill. The yoke in the back is extended over the shoulders to lend the fashionable long shoulder line and the sleeves are long, reaching to the wrist, where they are faced with black satin. A slightly high-waisted effect is given by the wide girdle of black satin, finished at one side by a knot and short end. It is a very useful little frock for various occasions and can be bought for \$29.

A gown which would be quite "dressed up" enough for an informal afternoon tea is fashioned from the white terry cloth. There is a simulated overskirt, slightly draped toward the bottom, and a front panel enhanced with embroidered latticework in soft shades of tan and green, with the distinguishing lines of black. This embroidery is used on the blouse to give the effect of a crossed vest, displaying a fine shadow lace yoke edged with tan chiffon. The sleeves, which are set into an enlarged armhole piped with the tan chiffon, are long and finished with a cuff of the lace veiling a deeper one of the chiffon. There is a clever little buttoned strap of the embroidery at the back which adds one of those knowing little touches so suggestive of a French origin. Forty-five dollars is a very reasonable price for this smart frock.

#### A NEW DEPARTURE.

One of the largest shops which has made a pronounced success of its suit and dress departments has now added a new one, catering to women desiring costumes made to order. The work is under the supervision of a very clever designer, who has a fund of original ideas. A varied selection of French creations are constantly being imported from which copies may be ordered, or original models will be fashioned for any customer wishing costumes with individual touches. It is the idea of the designer to work with his customers and to develop for them their own suggestions with careful consideration for the personality and individual style of the woman who is to wear the costume. In this way he hopes to create frocks and suits and wraps which are different from the great mass turned out by many of the department shops. One of the most comforting thoughts is the fact that the prices are to be kept moderate.

#### WHEN BUYING LINEN.

It is so very difficult to distinguish linen from cotton, and harder still to know the different grades of cotton, that the really only reliable method of buying sheets and pillow cases is to purchase a brand which you know is satisfactory. Time and experience are the best teachers, if hard masters, in telling us the brands which will make good on their assertions. Could you ask for better test than the millions of washings since 1848 which have given to one well-known brand the cherished name it bears for general all-round satisfaction? It has taken years of hard work and honest dealing to get this brand as favorably placed before the public, and the manufacturers are insistent that it shall always bear the same enviable reputation. When you ask for this brand in the shops you know that you are receiving uniformly good quality for your money. The sheets may be bought plain or hemstitched and in any size you may desire. It is economy to buy goods of this kind, for you pay no more for them than for others, and you are assured that they will give you your money value in wear and quality.

#### JUST AMONG OURSELVES.

Considering that so many of the nerve centres are located in the feet, it is not surprising that many poor mortals are constantly complaining of tired, painful pedestals. It is really shameful the way in which we abuse our good friends who carry us hither and thither over many miles each day, and the least we can do is to give

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THE CHARM and becomingness of Clement hair goods and coiffures lie in the clever adaptation of Fashion's dictates to the wearer's needs.

An exclusive variety of the latest styles in hair goods and ready-made coiffures is now ready for inspection.

An unusually fine selection of hair ornaments, combs, pins, barettes, perfumes, etc., which will delight the fastidious woman, has just been imported from Paris.

#### Liquid Henna

is a recent discovery of mine which beautifully colors the hair. It is absolutely harmless and can be applied without aid. Success guaranteed. Price, \$2.00.

I also have a coloring that will permanently dye the eyebrows. Price, \$2.00.

Spacious, airy rooms with natural daylight for application and rectifications of hair coloring by French experts only.

Visitors are welcome to advice and suggestions. Booklet sent on request.



them such treatment at night that they may be able to repair damages while we sleep. Toes which have become bent through ill-fitting shoes, or joints which have become enlarged, may be corrected by a new patented spring, which gently but firmly persuades the different parts of the feet to take on the lines Nature intended them to have. This method of correction takes place at night when the owner of these misshapen feet is far away in dreamland, and there is no unpleasantness connected with it. The results are so beneficial and the comfort derived so welcome that the man or woman who has suffered from troubles of a pedal nature should at once investigate these little bands. There is a larger spring, or band, which is used as an arch supporter for the fallen foot.

#### TO SMOOTH OUT THE TELL-TALE LINES.

The woman who is really interested in preserving her complexion gives a certain amount of time, night and morning, to the care of her skin. She may—and if she is wise she does—pay a visit to her beauty specialist at stated intervals, but in the interim she aids the work of the specialist with massage, creams, etc. It requires expert skill to massage the skin with the fingers so that it will not be stretched, and for this reason many women prefer a vibrator or roller of some kind. After much experimenting a roller has been perfected which smooths the skin without stretching it, stimulates a good circulation, which brings about a healthy, normal skin with good natural color and fills in the hollows.

The roller consists of twenty York ivory balls, which revolve from the pressure against the skin, and is surprisingly simple to manipulate. It is by far the easiest method of applying creams to the skin, for the cream is then thoroughly worked into the skin in the shortest space of time. To rub away the ugly double chin it is ideal, for this unsightly protuberance will not eliminate itself by strenuous massage unless it is strenuous. The comfort and aid which this roller will give is worth many times the selling price of \$3.00. A cream especially prepared to use with the roller is sold by the same Beauty preserving company.

#### AN IMITATION OF NATURE.

Where is a woman who does not envy her lucky sister with curly hair? And yet it is within the power of every woman to curl her hair in such a way that she can defy Nature, and by means so simple that the old-fashion process of curling the hair becomes as onerous as walking when one can ride in a motor. The method is, of course, electricity, that time-saver in so many daily tasks. The curler is attached to an electric light socket, and in a few moments is just hot enough to use.

The curler is destined to give the lovely, soft, fluffy effect which is so desirable and which is really such a clever imitation of the pretty wavy hair as curled by Nature that it is almost impossible to detect the difference. You will find out what a great convenience this new hair curler may be when you are travelling and are lodged in a hotel where capable hairdressers are scarce, or so popular that you are kept waiting for hours before your turn arrives. During the season at Palm Beach, on the nights when a ball was scheduled, many of the women were compelled to miss their dinners, or have

them sent to their rooms, so popular was the demand for hairdressers. It is an inexpensive affair, for the hair may be curled ten times for a cent, and the initial cost of \$3.75 is surely a reasonable one.

Nature is also niggardly in her gifts of beautiful, thick eyebrows and lashes, and yet they can make or mar a face. There is something lacking, almost a weakness of character, in a face on which the eyebrows are thin and indistinctly marked and the lashes short and scraggly. The poets realized these defects many years ago, and have written numerous pretty sonnets to a beautiful eyebrow and long, curling lashes. When these two features in good condition can add so much that is beautiful and youthful to the face, is it not surprising that all women do not insist upon thick, luxuriant eyebrows and pretty long lashes? There is just one excuse, which is really not an excuse at all, and that is, it is difficult to procure any really satisfactory method for inducing the hair to grow more plentifully on the eyebrows and lashes.

It took a woman, a woman who was brave enough to admit that she would be better looking with thicker eyebrows and longer lashes, to discover a combination of remedies to stimulate this growth of hair. By experimenting she found that the salve she had compounded would thicken the eyebrows if applied at night, and that the lotion she used during the day caused the lashes to grow long. It is guaranteed that the preparations are both harmless to the eye and the sight. The combination treatment costs \$3.00, but it is a very meagre sum when the results are considered and the improvement in our looks.

#### IN THE AID OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Everyone watches with dread and a sinking sensation in the region of the heart any accumulation of flesh under the chin, for the double chin is not only an unsightly disfigurement, but a horrible reminder that time is fleeting. There are various methods of suppressing it, but one of the most satisfactory is a good chin strap. This strap, if properly constructed, performs its important function during sleep, when the muscles are relaxed and naturally



A CHIC BETWEEN-SEASONS HAT

*This is an excellent model for the hat to be worn between seasons as it can be made from silk or maline. The draped crown is one of the new features, and the fantastic placed a little to one side of the front is very generally becoming*

## We Want to See You at Our Spring Opening

It will take place the week beginning March 3rd.

The couturiers in Paris are particularly kind to us this season, sending us cablegrams, sketches, suggestions, which are worked up into enchanting creations for the Opening Display, almost as soon as received.

The number of requests for invitations to our Opening last Fall so exceeded our supply that we have decided to omit the sending of printed invitations this season and invite you instead through the voice of L'ART DE LA MODE.

Your visit will be more than repaid in the endless variety of suggestions and ideas which you will gather. We are counting upon *your* presence. *Do not disappoint us or yourself.*

## Delightful Surprises in "The 'Twixt Season Number" (April Fashions)

Filled with so many adaptable suggestions that you will keep this book for many months.

It will solve the problem of the early Spring bride with its ravishingly effective models designed for the all-important event.

It will contain—

Creations in smart and attractive walking suits and evening wraps—

A practical sewing lesson—

Valuable talks on Interior Beautifying and Decorating—

A little Parisian gossip—and—

*No! We shall tell you no more, for then they would not be surprises!*

*Hereafter for the convenience of those who desire their patterns in a hurry, we shall send all orders so indicated at letter rate.*

*To a house sending out hundreds of patterns daily, this is an expensive undertaking. We therefore know that our patrons will not ask us to rush orders on which more time can be allowed.*

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**T**HE definite expression of the season's exact fashion in hats is in the Gage creations. The result is not only ultra-latest in shape and design, but is harmoniously beautiful, giving authoritative finish to the costume, whatever the time or occasion.

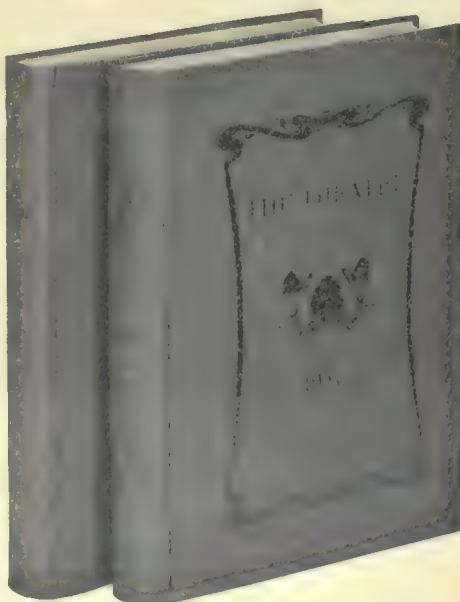
The leading milliners show Gage hats. We will mail you our current book of the new styles just as soon as it is ready, if you will write us for it. Your name, once received, becomes part of our mailing list, to receive subsequent fashion literature.

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### The Revue of 1912



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A complete record in picture and text of the theatrical season of the past year.

It contains over 720 pages, colored plates, 1500 engravings, notable articles of timely interest, portraits of actors and actresses, scenes from plays, and the wonderfully colored covers which appeared on each issue.

It makes an attractive addition to your library table, and is the source of much interest and entertainment not only to yourself but to your friends.

*Only a limited number of these sets have been made up this year, owing to the enormous sales on each issue, which left comparatively few reserve copies.*

**The Theatre Magazine, 8-14 West 38th Street, New York**

droop and sag unless held in position. Such a strap is quite as valuable an aid to health, for it will hold the lower jaw in the proper hygienic position, so that the breathing will be through the nostrils and not through the open mouth. All sorts of diseases can attack the throat and lungs of the sleeper who breaths through his

or her mouth, not to mention an affliction which is perhaps more troublesome to others within hearing distance—snoring.

One of the most scientifically constructed straps is made from light, pink, ventilated silk elastic, made especially for this purpose. It fits over and under the chin, hooks on the top of the head and passes over, not behind, the ears. It is not a disagreeable harness which is a trial to wear, but is quite comfortable enough to wear while reading or writing, when the face is inclined to droop. These straps vary slightly in price from \$5 to \$6.50, but, of course, they can be worn for any length of time.

The dull gray weather we have had lately, and which threatens to continue, fills us all with a desire to escape to more sunny climes, to fly towards the Riviera, or even farther still.

In view of this flight we now seek our favorite couturiers to choose whatever may please us among the pretty things they have invented.

For our tailor-mades this winter we have been wearing woollen, plain, striped and checked, or whipcord; we shall now have them in velvet, in soft satin and in silky cloth.

For trimmings, a number of little stuffs have made their appearance—the novelty whereof consists in an old-fashioned look and rather false colors. They are mostly silk epinglina with designs more suited to men's cravats than to anything else. The peculiarity of these materials is that the patterns brochés in matching shades on the right side stand out on the wrong side on a ground of a totally different color. It is a curious effect of weaving, which may be found in certain taffetas, satins, and also in materials of silk and wool. Thin silks in checks or stripes are also used for the large collars of jackets, which are surmounted with a wide band of woollen material, similar to that of the jacket. The collar is sometimes made broader by the addition of epaulettes. This is becoming to rather thin ladies.

The woollen velvet in use is smooth, reminding one of the felt of English carpets, or else with the nap lying flat, like zibeline cloth.

As for the shapes in favor for jackets and long tailor-made mantles, they are of infinite variety. The latter are either long wraps or half-length coats—resembling, though more graceful in effect, the *visites* worn by our grandmothers. Jackets are short and fanciful, either of the same stuff as the skirt or totally different. Add to this an extreme variety in colors, and you will own that you need not fear either monotony or ennui.

We have double-breasted redingotes, to which kimono sleeves lend an appearance of novelty. The lower part of these garments is of unequal length, shorter in front so as to show the skirt and the buttons that fasten it. It is full enough to form *godets*, rounded folds that allow the lining to appear here and there.

These *godets* are charming for jackets; we have been so long confined to scanty skirts and mantles that a little fullness at the bottom is quite welcome, and it seems as though this novelty is going to "take."

One must know how to choose the shade of the lining; and the variety offered increases the difficulty of choice. We are shown light linings and dark linings, linings matching the stuff or in shades of the same color, and others of a totally different hue from the jacket. The latter kind requires most taste in its selection; we may harmonize blue and mole-gray, cherry color and iron-gray, or golden-brown with the greenish-blue of dear turquoises.

Silk velvet will be especially used for trimming woollen velvet, for nothing can be prettier than the combination of the dull tint of the one and the deep shot sheen of the other. This mingling of colors will afford a pretext for delightful harmonies of color.

For instance, there are very soft, grayish, English green with a lark linen blue—a kind of dark washed-out blue; or brown woollen velvet with lavender silk velvet; or again brown, almost as dark as skunk, with turquoise blue or malachite green.

It is well to mention dresses lately seen in navy-blue satin, in black satin and *bleu denuit* satin enlivened with a panel and narrow borders of velvet striped with divers shades of pink, crossed by lines of blue. In fact, every mingling of color is permitted, provided the effect procured be a successful one.



AN EFFECTIVE BRIDGE FROCK

This delightful little frock from Drecol would serve as a charming model for the new *crêpe chinois*, or even one of the bordered fabrics. The underskirt of chiffon may be enhanced with a deep border which would match the empiecement on the bodice. The yoke of creamy net is finished with a deep frill of the same net, and a square collar in the back of the *crêpe* matching in color one of the shades in the embroidered border

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Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept., 8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.

## The New Plays

(Continued from page xv)

Bernard Merfield; P. J. Mason, Robert Fisher; Miranda Mason, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

The original play entitled "Chains" was written by an Englishwoman who happened to be a stenographer, interested in playwriting. Her success with her first effort created a good deal of talk at the time the play was produced. The idea of the piece is that life among the clerks in London is without freedom of opportunity, in short, that the employed are slaves, not only slaves to their employers, but to their own fears and to hopeless circumstances. A young husband is about to give up his position with its meagre salary and seek to better himself in Australia. He is just on the point of making the plunge for fortune when his wife whispers to him that a child is coming. He must give up his venture for freedom. That is the play. However, it was not Miss Baker's play that was given at a special matinee at the Criterion Theatre. It was a play of the same title, "Chains," founded on the original, and written by Porter Emerson Browne. It is proper, without going into detail, to record that Mr. Browne utterly failed to reproduce the spirit and the philosophy of the original. It was substantially the same play in story and in form; but Mr. Browne was handling something entirely foreign to American life, and naturally his work was perfunctory.

DALY'S. "THE DRONE." Comedy in three acts by Rutherford Mayne. Produced on December 30th with this cast:

John Murray, Robert Forsyth; Daniel Murray, Whitford Kane; Mary Murray, Margaret Moffat; Andrew McMin, Joseph Campbell; Sarah McMin, Margaret O'Gorman; Donal Mackenzie, A. F. Thompson; Sam Brown, Stanley Gresley; Kate, Nellie Wheeler; Alick McCreedy, John Campbell.

The introduction to us of Scotch, Irish and English plays, representing the revolt against theatricalism, is desirable, and it is to be regretted that such an earnest little play as "The Drone" failed to get a foothold. It was a play of character, without great strength, but pleasing enough. The title of the play indicates that the chief character is a shiftless person, a dreamer. He lives on his brother, who is asked to believe that an invention soon to be completed, but never finished, will be profitable and change the situation. The man's character and circumstances never change, but he finally does something to excuse his existence. Mr. Brady brought over the original company for the performance, which was entirely in the new spirit of simplicity on the stage. The temporary closing of Daly's for repairs put an end to the engagement after two performances only.

DALY'S. "THE QUESTION." Play in four acts by Sherman Dix. Produced on December 19th with this cast:

Colonel Chilton Carter Thornton, G. W. Wilson; Corbin Thornton, Richard Sterling; Chamoney Thornton, Ellen Mortimer; Lucilla Thornton, Helen Gillingwater; Duchess of Beauborough, Olive May; Dorothy Stuart, Ottola Nesmith; "Mammy" Theo, Margaret Lee; Burton Carpenter, Edwin Arden; Preston Warren, R. T. Haines; Brice, Ernest Joy; Peters, Charles Dowd.

"The Question" (not a definite or happy title), is the question of drink. In no way can a story concerning an inherited taste for the intoxication of liquor be made pleasant. As a dramatic treatise on the subject it may be thrillingly realistic, but not entertaining. The temperance plays of a generation or two ago belong to a widespread movement and emphasized the evil conditions of the time. This play does not prove the recognized fact that intemperance leads to penury, unhappiness in many forms, in death; but essays to show that the desire for drink may (or may not) be inherited, and that the habit may (or may not) be induced by having bottles of whiskey on the sideboard. It is neither one thing nor the other, only a succession of highly dramatic inconclusive situations. With George W. Wilson, Edwin Arden, Robert T. Haines and Ellen Mortimer the play was unusually well acted. Miss Olive May was intrusted with the comedy.

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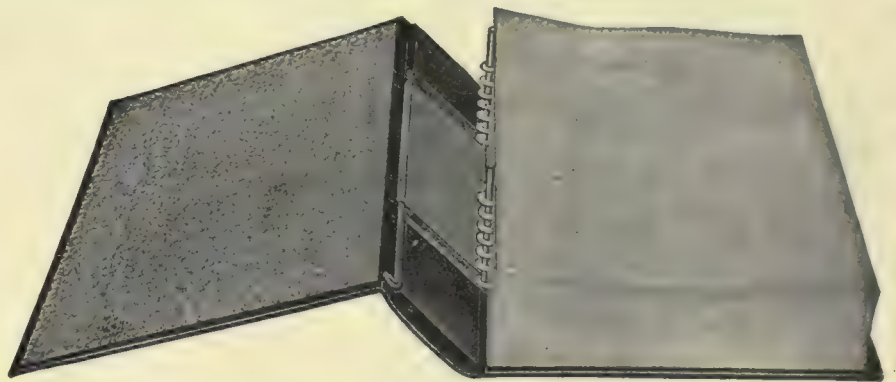
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This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naively that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirshoff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

**Francisque Sarcoy**, 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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**New Dramatic Books**

**THE NEXT RELIGION.** Play in three acts by Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Rev. Stephen Trame, an English vicar, rebels against the doctrines he is supposed to represent and goes to London with his wife and boy to publish and distribute copies of his book, "The Next Religion." After many hardships, he meets Sir Thomas McFadden, a gun manufacturer, who buys up Stephen's edition and endows him or rather his cause, with some fifteen million dollars with which to build a church. Incidentally, Sir Thomas has disinherited his son, Stephen's friend, who was the first to bring about his change of heart. The church is not completed until after the death of Sir Thomas. Stephen becomes blind. He has taught that immortality is in our children, not in ourselves. The son of Sir Thomas appears. Now he has changed his religious attitude from the revolutionary thinking of his early days to one of the old conventional form. He bears Stephen no malice for supplanting him in his father's will. A fanatical blacksmith, an old enemy of Stephen's, who has vowed destruction to all non-believers in the established Church, endeavors to kill Stephen, and, failing in that, kills Stephen's son. Stephen, by his own religion, compels himself to become reconciled to this loss; but his wife, who has refused to believe in his teachings all along, denounces him, and rises in his own temple as a champion of the Resurrection and the Life. Israel Zangwill is an exceedingly able dramatist, but he has lately become more concerned with what he has to say than with how he says it. But if a man wants to accomplish something new and startling, rather than what is eternally true, he is evading his obligations, and not true either to his underlying purpose or his art. Certainly there can be no emphasis too great placed upon either the duty of having something to say or of saying it well; but there should be no lack of proportion; both divisions should stand for the best. Frankly, this piece is merely a tract, with a definite purpose contained, perhaps, but none clearly presented. There is probably some symbolism concerned as well, for that is the charitable way nowadays of excusing the aforesaid deficiency and the presence of things one cannot understand. Its main claim to consideration seems to be the fact that it was barred by the British censor. Now that we have read the play ourselves, the placing of this ban seems to us a wholly unnecessary proceeding (unless the censor desired activity), because, had the piece been presented upon the stage, it would have failed promptly, the failure being induced by a fit of sheer nothingness.

**THE HAMLET PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION.** By Emerson Venable. Cincinnati. The Stewart & Kidd Co.

Here comes "the sphinx of literature" to rack our brains again. Or rather, it would seem that it comes to rack the brains of others, for we enjoy Hamlet without seeking to reduce his character to a rule of thumb. All of which may be vague to the reader until we say that the topic of discussion is: "Why did Hamlet hesitate about avenging his father after his solemn promise to the ghost that he would do so?" Mr. Venable first responds to the question with a review of the so-called "sentimental" idea that Shakespeare intended to show a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it. Then he goes on successively over the remaining four representative theories, the "conscience" theory that the melancholy Dane was unable to convince himself that it was right to avenge his father; third, the "irresolution" or Schlegel-Coleridge idea, that Hamlet argued the matter in his mind for too long a time; the fourth, that excuses Hamlet as insane, and the fifth, the Klein-Werder theory, or idea that he was restrained by the force of actual circumstances. Evidently Mr. Venable objects to any solution of the matter because he wants, as he implies, to answer the question and still find the question remaining. Somewhat of a paradox, think we. The key to Hamlet's character, says the author, is found in a conflict between his personal and impersonal motives; in other words, Hamlet's absolute duty and the special duty imposed by the Ghost. Certainly, this is merely a negative way of restating the "irresolution" theory. When a man enters upon any line of discussion, he should keep faithfully to his form of attack. Clearly Mr. Venable has told us nothing new. His book does not seem complete. It jacks résumé. Whatever discussion assumes the argumentative form should be arranged as a brief.



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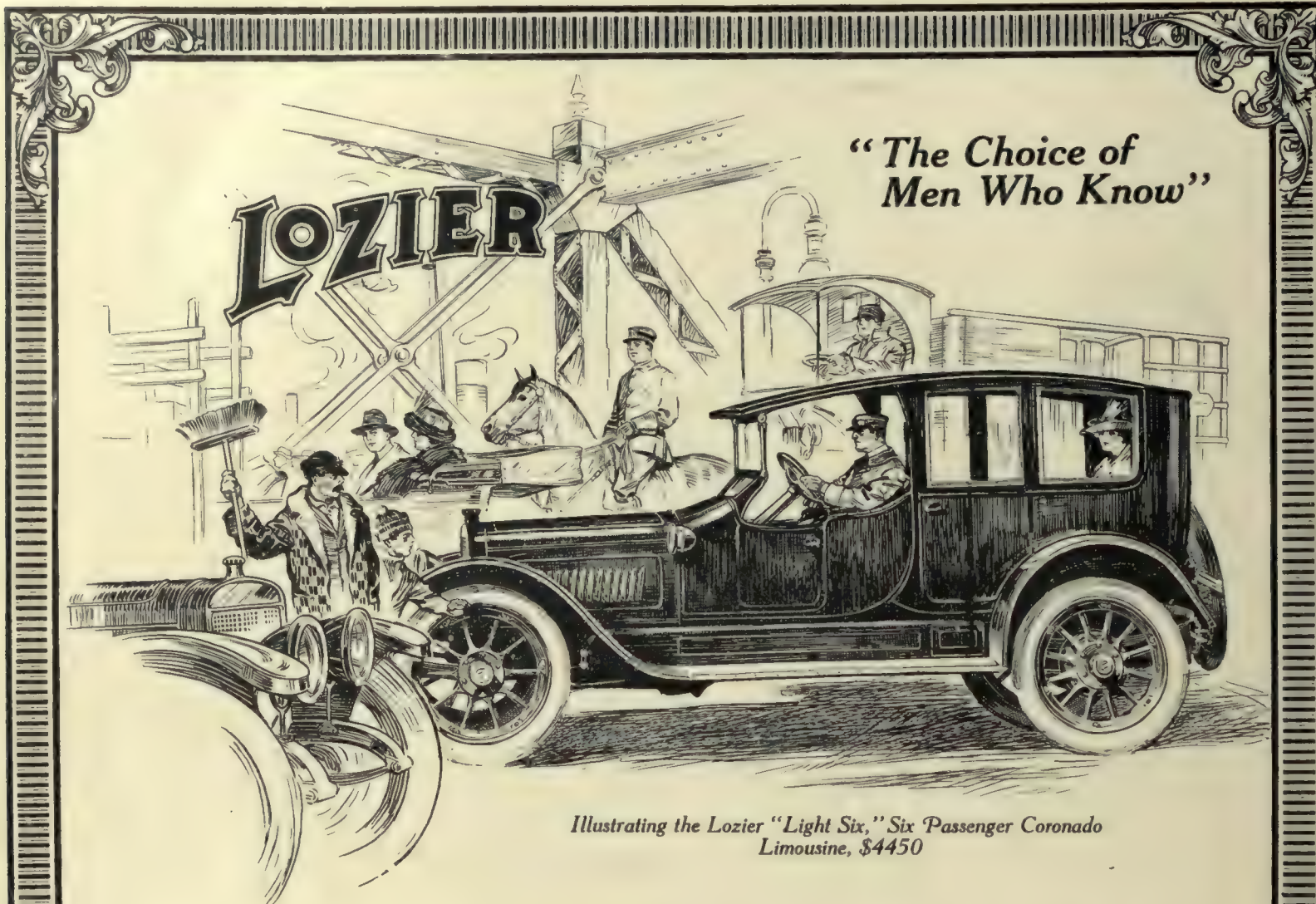
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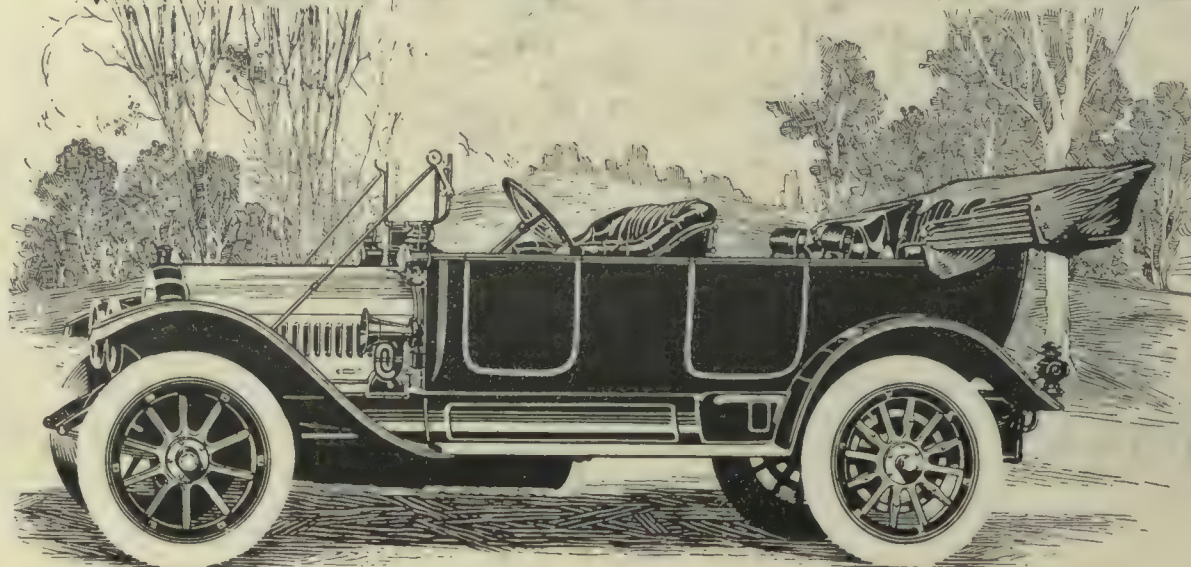
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# THE THEATRE

VOL. XVII

MARCH, 1913

No. 145

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White

DORIS KEANE AND WILLIAM COURTENAY IN "ROMANCE" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE



# AT THE PLAYHOUSE



**KNICKERBOCKER.** "THE SUNSHINE GIRL." Musical play in two acts. Book by Paul A. Rubens and Cecil Raleigh, and music by Paul A. Rubens. Produced on February 3d with the following cast:

Lord Bicester.....Vernon Castle  
Vernon Blundell.....Alan Mudie  
Schlomp.....Joseph Cawthorne  
Steve Daly.....Tom Lewis  
Hudson.....E. S. Powell  
Stepnyak.....J. J. Horwitz  
Dora Dale.....Julia Sanderson

Lady Merrydew.....Eileen Kearney  
Mrs. Blacker.....Eva Davenport  
Marie Silvaine.....Flossie Hope  
Lady Mary.....Ruth Thorpe  
Kate.....Flossie Deshon  
Alice.....Eleanor Rasmussen  
Sybil.....Irene Hopping

A. E. Anson; Susan Van Tuyl, Gladys Wynne; Miss Armstrong, Grace Henderson; Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Charles de Kay; Mrs. Frothingham, Edith Hinkle; Miss Frothingham, Claiborne Foster; Mrs. Gray, Dora Manon; Miss Snyder, Mary Forbes; Mr. Fred. Livingstone, Paul Gordon; Mr. Harry Putnam, Geo. Le Soir; Signora Vanucci, Jennie Reiffarth; M. Baptiste, Paul Gordon; Mme. M. Cavallini, Doris Keane.

Musical comedies that come to New York by way of the London Gaiety are not apt to stray far away from the conventional. Conservatism is a dramatic quality much appreciated in the English metropolis. So it is that they who go to the Knickerbocker to see "The Sunshine Girl" need hardly be disappointed if they fail to see anything that they haven't seen before. The original bases of this style of entertainment are all there, some of the treatment takes on fresh forms of originality, however, and there is a life and sparkle to this particular entertainment that many of its predecessors have lacked. It will be much improved, however, if two or three of the musical numbers are eliminated, for polite, tuneful and musicianly as is Paul Rubens' score, it lacks the life, vitality and sensuous quality that marked his namesake's, Peter Paul's excursions into the realms of art.

But it is good, wholesome jingle which lends itself to fleet-footed accompaniment, and that is its principal aim and purpose. The real gem of the opera is a wonderfully clever song, "You Can't Play Every Instrument in the Orchestra," words by Joseph Cawthorne, and really witty ones they are, with music by John Lionel Golden. Cawthorne is the true star of the show, who, as a former London cabby, learns an important secret and profits materially thereby. He is constantly on view with his German accent, but his work is so neat, artistic and unobtrusive that he never bores. On the contrary, his nearly every utterance is hailed with roars of laughter.

The title rôle is assumed by Julia Sanderson, who is thus elevated to the rank of star. She never looked prettier in her life, and by her modest demeanor makes a most favorable impression. She sings well, too, and dances with an easy grace very compelling in its charm. Vernon Castle is extremely happy in the leading role; and with his lissom and pretty wife sounds the last note in the turkey trot world. Flossie Hope, too, shows a supreme and intimate knowledge of the choreographic art, and those stable old-timers, Tom Lewis and Eva Davenport, are really funny.

The plot? A young man inherits a soap factory, but forfeits it if he marries within five years. He gets a friend to pretend he is the owner, and as a simple workman loves and is loved by the Sunshine Girl. Complications, follow, to be later cleared up when it is discovered that the conditions of the will are not valid. The costumes are very numerous and beautiful and the scenery all that the most exacting could ask for.

**MAXINE ELLIOTT'S.** "ROMANCE." Play in three acts by Edward Sheldon. Produced on February 10th with the following cast:

Bishop Armstrong, William Courtenay; Harry, William Raymond; Suzette, Louise Seymour; Cornelius Van Tuyl,

What the ultimate fate of Edward Sheldon's play, "Romance," will be is a difficult thing to determine. Many will regard this latest effort of the author of "Salvation Nell" as the best from his pen. There will be others who will consider it as an inept though original treatment of an old and hackneyed subject. In a prologue a young man tells his grandfather, a bishop, that he is about to marry an actress. The cleric advises against the move and recites an incident of his early life, which becomes the next three acts of the play. Then comes the epilogue. The young man refuses to be persuaded, and the bishop promises to perform the ceremony. The beginning and end of "Romance" are finely and neatly sketched, but it is, of course, the drama of the bishop's life that makes for action.

As the rector of St. Giles, in the early sixties, Thomas Armstrong, at the house of one of his parishioners, Cornelius Van Tuyl, a banker, meets Mme. Margerita Cavallini, Patti's only rival, and a great diva at the old Academy of Music. He falls madly in love with her. To him she represents all the graces and virtues. He refuses to believe the stories which link her name with Van Tuyl. But touched by his ingenuousness, and really in love with him, she reveals all the sordid wretchedness of her early life, as well as her relations with the banker. With marriage apparently impossible, Armstrong resolves to save her soul. But passion again seizes him. He goes to her rooms at the old Brevoort, surprises her at supper with Van Tuyl—she is breaking with the banker—reproaches her bitterly, only to express his passion with a fervor quite Scarpialike in its intensity. The woman now pleads for his soul, and his choir singing without the spiritual in his nature again becomes ascendant and they part.

How real, how sincere and how dramatic all this is must appeal to the individual tastes of each hearer. The action moves swiftly and logically, the dialogue is happily selected for the expression of character, and there are thrills, but except for the costumes and accessories there is not much that provides atmosphere of the days before the war.

Doris Keane as the Cavallini gives an impersonation of sustained character, instinct with the spirit of the spoiled darling of the public and moving in its emotional sweep.

**WINTER GARDEN.** "THE HONEYMOON EXPRESS." Farce with music in two acts. Book and lyrics by Joseph W. Herbert and Harold Atteridge; music by Jean Schwartz. Produced on February 6th with the following cast:

Henry Dubonet, Ernest Glendinning; Pierre, Harry Fox; Baudry, Harry Pilcer; Gardonne, Lou Anger; Gus, Al Johnson; Doctor D'Zuvray, Melville Ellis; Achilles, Frank Holmes; Eduard, Robert Hastings; Gautier, Gerald McDonald; Constant, Jack Carleton; Yvonne, Mlle. Gaby Deslys; Mme. De Bressie, Ada Lewis; Marguerite, Yancsi Dolly; Marcelle, Fanny Brice; Marcus, Gilbert Wilson; Noelle, Marjorie Lane.

The Winter Garden is giving a massive entertainment, filled with pleasing evanescences blended with something that gives the impression



GABY DESLYS

Appearing in "The Honeymoon Express," at the Winter Garden

at times of real drama. It has a ballet that is pretentious enough for grand opera, a moving picture scene as animated and comically effective as may be imagined, and a race between an automobile and an express train equal to anything in a "Whip" or two. Under the generalcy of Mr. Ned Wayburn it has battalions of swaying and gliding dancers that display the latest sinuosities of motion. In Mr. Al. Jolson it has the blackest and most amusing of minstrels. In Mademoiselle Gaby Deslys it has a pretty butterfly. The entertainment is described as a spectacular farce, although the spectacular is not at all farcical, and none of the farcical is exactly spectacular. However, its audiences are not going to trouble themselves with fine distinctions. The story of the dramatic happenings is not important. It is enough that Gaby Deslys has to overtake an express train in order to bring to book a fleeing

Didier Morel.....	Heinrich Marlow	Madame Roucher.....	Marie Buhrke
Madelein.....	Mathilde Brandt	Mathilde.....	Annie Rub-Foerster
Francoise.....	Rose Lichtenstem	Juliette Dornoy.....	Elsie Gardner
Verdier.....	Aug. Meyer Eigen	Yvonne Platin.....	Constanze von Zeekendorf
François D'Allonne.....	Christian Rub	Corbett.....	Ernst Robert
Teddy Kimberly.....	Rudolf Christians	Billy.....	Ernst Auerbach
Jacques Bertin.....	Otto Stoeckel	Aline.....	Cenzi Goetzer

Theatre-goers who like to see good acting, by players trained according to the best European traditions, should not miss the performances at the Irving Place Theatre. In this German-speaking playhouse the drama is cultivated as an art, not as a business to be exploited only for profit. Under the Continental system, an actor is able to acquire a versatility and experience which in America, where our actors often appear for two consecutive years in the same rôle, it is practically impossible to attain. The German actor is compelled to work hard, one week in modern comedy, the next in classic drama, and, as a result, his art takes



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JULIA SANDERSON AND CHORUS IN "THE SUNSHINE GIRL," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

husband, that a high-powered automobile is at hand, and that she starts in pursuit of it, accompanied by her maid and Mr. Al. Jolson, who acts as chauffeur. A moving picture shows the automobile cutting across the country on a rough road, wobbling from side to side with its frantically spectacular and farcical burden. Time is lost. The machine has to be cranked up. Mr. Jolson has the time of his life in jabbering at his passengers and being jabbered at. At the top of the mountain appear the headlights of the express, disappear and reappear. As the miles of distance decrease these headlights get larger and larger. Back in the distance suddenly shine the lights of the automobile, intermittently coming into view. The two lights diverge and then come together from time to time. The race is close, but as the automobile glides into the station the express, with its panting engine headed for the footlights, slows down, and the race is won. Similar races have been seen on the stage, but none more interesting as an effect. Among the goodly assemblage of players at the Winter Garden are Mr. Harry Pilcer, Miss Ada Lewis, Miss Fanny Brice, and Miss Yancsi Dolly, who does some seemingly impossible things in the way of dancing.

IRVING PLACE THEATRE. "MY FRIEND TEDDY." Comedy in three acts by André Rivoire and Lucian Besnard. Produced on January 17th with the following cast:

on an authority and a *finesse* that is too often lacking on Broadway. Dr. Baumfeld, the present lessee, is keeping the house well up to its best standards. So far this season he has presented a varied and interesting program, with novelties from Germany, France and Italy. On January 17th was seen for the first time "My Friend Teddy," a piece by André Rivoire and Lucian Besnard, which has had considerable success abroad. The central figure is that of an American millionaire, named Teddy Kimberly, played with much humor by Rudolf Christians. He is introduced by a young artist into the family circle of his married sister, Madelein, an unloved, neglected young wife. Teddy is a primitive American with homespun morals and reverence for the sanctity of the marriage tie. He falls in love with the neglected wife, played charmingly by Mathilde Brandt, but instead of adopting the French method of a *ménage à trois* he determines to marry the lady by divorcing her from her unfaithful husband. He invites the entire family, including the husband's innamorita, to his magnificent villa, and here he pulls wires with such cleverness and diplomacy that he ends eventually by winning the object of his affection. The character of the American is, as usually portrayed by foreign authors, a caricature, yet it is not a libel. Underneath a rough exterior and a habit of blurting out "brutal" truths, Teddy has a sense of humor and a nobility of

character, for which we must thank the French authors, even if they had an eye to business and the American market. The love episode between Herr Christians and Fräulein Brandt were played with a spontaneity which was most refreshing. It is not unlikely that we shall see "My Friend Teddy" again in an Americanized form.

"GIANNETTA'S TEARS." Comedy in three acts by Francesco Pastonchi. Produced January 31st with the following cast:

Paolo Aloisi, Georg W. Pabst; Giannetta, Mathilde Brandt; Philippo Aloisi, Heinrich Marlow; Leo Sanfre, Otto Stoeckel; Gege Sogliano, Ernst Robert; Bice, Annie Rub-Foerster; Toto Franci, Christian Rub; Elena, Iffi Engel; Lucie, Constance v. Zeckendorf; Giorgio Vettori, Gustav Olmar; Murrura, Ferdinand Martini; Lanteri, Aug. Meyer-Eigen; Sauli, Paul Dietz; Varena, Ernst Auerbach; Giuseppe, Louis Praetorius; Benedetto, Heinrich Falk.

This comedy, translated from Francesco Pastonchi, a young Italian dramatist, presents the old three-cornered situation set in modern Italian society, with the scene laid in a villa in Turin. Giannetta, the frivolous, who has never shed a tear, is finally persuaded to send away her lover, while her husband, whom she has never loved, leaves her, and she, thus deserted, returns to her mother Mathilde Brandt in the title rôle as guest star showed in several scenes that she is an emotional actress of high order. Her personal charm and physical beauty, with a sincerity of manner, make her a figure of unusual appeal. She was well supported throughout by the members of this stock company, whose acting is excellent and difficult to equal on Broadway for seriousness of purpose and versatility.

"Das lauschige Nest," a farce in three acts by Julius Horst and Arthur Lippschitz, produced on February 7th, also provided good entertainment. The complication is novel and amusing. A newly married couple, having spent their allowance and finding themselves hard up at the end of three months, plot to get a large sum from their father, but encounter all sorts of troubles. The piece constantly provokes the audience to laughter.

LYCEUM. "THE NEW SECRETARY." Comedy in three acts by Francis de Croisset, adapted by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Produced on January 23rd last with the following cast:

Robert Levaltier.....	Charles Cherry	Ducray.....	Conrad Cantzen
Baron Garnier.....	Frank Kemble-Cooper	Georgie Garnier.....	Mac Macomber
Paraineaux.....	Ferdinand Gottschalk	Helene Miran-Charville.....	Marie Doro
Falozze.....	Claude Gillngwater	Mme. Flory.....	Mrs. Thomas Wiffen
Miran-Charville.....	Wilson Hummel	Mme. Miran-Charville.....	Annie Esmonde
Bourgeot.....	A. G. Andrews	Irma.....	Kitty Brown
Marguis de Sauveterre.....	Harry Redding	Julie.....	Edith Wyckoff

Was it not Octave Feuillet, who after writing numerous novels calculated to please even the advanced Parisian taste, was challenged to produce something that a *jeune fille* could read, evolved "Le roman d'un jeune homme pauvre"? Well, it would seem as if some of the recent Parisian writers for the stage had been put to a similar test. Francis de Croisset has been largely concerned in the composition of "the white drama." It is an adaptation of his "Le Cœur Désire," by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, under the title of "The New Secretary," that Charles Frohman is pre-

senting with Charles Cherry and Marie Doro at the Lyceum.

"The New Secretary" ought to prove an admirable offering for the Lenten season. There is in it nothing to shock, and consequently nothing to thrill. It is an amiable presentation of a dramatic idea that is as old as the hills. A presentable young man is engaged to look after the affairs of a French family. In it is a daughter as proud and haughty as she is fair. Her parents wish her to marry well, and in their contented innocence nearly become the prey of sharpers; but the alert secretary is on the job. He circumvents the predatory, develops the unknown resources of the family, and although he started out with mercenary intent, by the sheer force of his personality puts all at rights and wins the heart of the proud girl, who resists his fascinations but fails to overcome them.

This secretary, Robert Levaltier, is played with much personal charm and agreeable address by Charles Cherry. It makes no real demands on his histrionic capacity. But personality is what is needed in a rôle like this, and Mr. Cherry supplies it. Miss Doro's part is purely conventional, but she looks it well and acts with an easy grace that satisfies her admirers. The chief sharper is entrusted to Ferdinand Gottschalk who makes of Paraineaux a character study, subtle in delineation and admirable in makeup.

Frank Kemble-Cooper as his associate, Baron Garnier, is sterlingly competent, and some careful if not brilliant work is contributed by Mrs. Thomas Wiffen and A. G. Andrews. The stage settings are adequate and in admirable taste.

WALLACK'S. THE IRISH PLAYERS in repertoire.

The Irish Players have returned, finding a home this time at Wallack's, after having shown themselves in various States without arousing much of the turbulence that greeted the performance of one or two of their plays in New York on their first appearance here. They still retain two of the plays that were thought to be objectionable by many who either doubted the truth of them or were unwilling to have it so frankly expressed. These two plays are "The Birthright" and "The Playboy of the Western World." But all the plays are equally frank, representing life in Ireland as it is. Of course, Lady Gregory and her associates are loyal to their land. The literary movement is in no wise vicious. It is certain that the spirit of democracy rules in them. No deference is paid to social distinction. The characters belong, for the most part, to the peasantry or to the villages. Some of the stories are almost childish, and they seem so remote from ordinary experience that they would appear unreal and invented if they did not bear full evidence of their actuality. The acting has much to do with this. Certainly these people act. They are not amateurs taken direct and

(Continued on page xxix)



Photo White

Kate Wilson  
(May Buckley) Dan  
(Tommy Tobin)

Act I. Dan: "What is a miracle, mother?"  
SCENE IN "THE UNWRITTEN LAW," AT THE FULTON





Frieda Hempel as the Queen  
in "The Huguenots"



White  
THE BARCAROLLE SCENE IN OFFENBACH'S OPERA, "THE TALES OF HOFFMANN"



Copyright Mishkin  
Dinh Gilly as Amonasro in  
"Aida"

## AT THE OPERA HOUSE

OPERA at the Metropolitan has run more than half its course of the twenty-three-week season, and the pall of Lent has descended upon the ultra-fashionables who populate parterre boxes. But there has been no cessation to the artistic activities—to the contrary, it has been a month crowded with interest, and with public interest at that.

Last month in this department I taxed your patience with a screed on how the public has awakened to the fact that Metropolitan opera is worth while. Since then another pound of evidence has been added to the ounce of argument, for the Metropolitan has begun a series of popular-price Saturday night performances with overwhelmingly satisfactory results. In former years this Saturday night problem has always been a bug-bear. While Saturday was the busiest night of the week at any of the theatres, yet the Metropolitan on that evening always presented the appearance of a poor relations' party. The auditorium was generally half empty, half of the boxes were empty, and a general air of gloom and yawns hung over the evening. Metropolitan impresarios tried every means of bringing success to these Saturday night opera performances. They charged half prices and gave half artistic performances; they charged full prices and gave productions of higher artistic standard, and they charged half prices and gave regular subscription casts—all to no avail. But this season the public is flocking to these Saturday night subscription performances in such droves that they cannot all find admittance. A liberal sprinkling of stars in the cast, chorus, orchestra and production up to the Metropolitan standards and the audience is delighted. So another battle had been won by Mr. Gatti-Casazza.

Offenbach's fantastic opera, "The Tales of Hoffmann," was added to the regular repertoire during the past four weeks, which have hurdled by at breakneck speed, so crowded have they been with music and incident. This Offenbach masterwork is not a novelty to the present generation of theatre-goers, having been played early and often at the Manhattan Opera House

when that stage was still trampled under the feet of opera stars. Then the visiting Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company presented this work at the Metropolitan with the same cast as had been seen at the Manhattan.

But now it has become part and parcel of the Metropolitan repertoire and given a handsomer pictorial presentation than ever it has had here. The first picture, the Tavern of Master Luther, is as cozy a students' quarters as ever a German university man would love to slake his thirst in. A big, German tiled stove oozes forth cheer, the thirst-producing, consoling inscriptions on the walls exert their spell, and the gaily

uniformed members of the various student corps lend the right touch of color to the picture. The Venetian scene is one of the prettiest shown on this stage, and the interiors of the houses of Spalanzani and Crespel are effective.

But the fly in the amber is that this is a French opera, and that very few of the participants are French. So there is a Babel of accents of the tongue of France sung in this performance. But a still greater blot upon it is the casting of Fremstad in the rôle of Giuletta, Venetian beauty. She looks the rôle, every inch of it, for seldom has this artist appeared handsomer than she does lolling on the couch of her gallery against a background of the moon-bathed Venice canal. But her voice is too heavy, too dark in color, for her share in the most famous number of this work, the Barcarolle, the air of which has escaped the opera house and has found its way into every table d'hôte. Despite this, the Barcarolle remains an inspired bit of tuneful music.

And now, having so frankly set forth weak and strong points in this production, let me admit that I have a very soft spot in my heart for the work. Offenbach was surely a master, a Parisian composer, if not a French one, and in this, his one surviving serious work, he has so cleverly characterized the various points in these three weird tales written by that genius, Hoffman. I like the students' songs in the first act, the punch bowl parade, the pompous ball music at Spalanzani's, the waltz song of the Doll Olympia, the interpolated aria of Dapper-



Mishkin JACQUES URLUS  
As Tristan in "Tristan und Isolde"

tutto, the haunting music of Miracle's incantations, and then the return to the mood of the tavern with its sentimental, bibulous students.

The best of the participating artists was Gilly in the rôle of Dappertutto. He sang the "Mirror" aria, as it is erroneously called, for he really sings to a diamond in his ring admirably. Rother, as Miracle, was another surprise, this being infinitely the best work he has ever done at the Metropolitan. Hempel sang the Doll Olympia brilliantly but not sensationally well; and Bori was excellent as Antonia, save when she forced her voice and emitted rasping high notes. In the title rôle Macnez was graceful, and he sang just that way, never offending his hearers, never stirring them. Jeanne Maubourg as Nicklausse was acceptable. Polacco conducted a good, routine performance.

And then there were some minor parts that were capitally taken. Reiss, as both Cochenille and Franz, was remarkable; De Segurolo, as Spalanzani and Schlemil, did good character acting, as did Didur in the part of Coppelius. So, in detail rather than in its more important features, was the performance of "The Tales of Hoffmann" commendable.

Chief among the revivals was Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose"—"The Inquisitive Women"—with almost the same cast as at last year's première. I spilled a great deal of ink over this opera and performance last season. Hearing its revival the other night has brought home the conviction that it is the highest artistic achievement of the Metropolitan. Its monumental difficulties are as child's play to the master mind that shapes the ends of this performance, namely Arturo Toscanini. Giving all possible credit to the unusually intelligent artists concerned, yet it is Toscanini that keeps spinning the musical thread of this comedy. It is all champagne, all laughter and sunlight, under the baton of this tremendous man. And the manner in which the orchestra played the overture at this revival was worthy of nothing less than the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Geraldine Farrar, as Rosaura, was a picture of beauty and a paragon of singing. This artist has improved wonderfully during the present season, shedding her former vicious trick of shrillness in her song and now seemingly striving constantly for beauty of tone. Macnez was the one newcomer in the cast, singing Florindo very well indeed and looking a romantic lover. Alten, Maubourg and Forna—they were all three admirable—and the work of Scotti,

Didur and Pini-Corsi was of the artistic kind that demands full recognition. De Segurolo as Arlecchino was wonderful. Armed with slapstick, wearing the conventional black mask over his face and garbed in motley, he introduced into this delightful work the real spirit of the Harlequin without any exaggerated buffoonery that might break the thread of discourse in this delicate comedy.

It is not cheerful to record that the Metropolitan audiences fail to respond enthusiastically to the charms of this opera—possibly because the auditorium is a trifle vast for



Carl Braun as Hagen in "Götterdämmerung"

artistic efforts of Sparkes, Alten and Mulford. Matzenauer was an impressive Fricka, and Weil a noble Wotan. The character work of Goritz and Reiss as the two Nibelheim principals was, as ever, notable. As Loge, Carl Burrian did the best work ever seen here, his impersonation having the quality of subtlety. The weakest in the cast was Vera Curtis as Freia, and the two giants were not remarkably portrayed by Witherspoon and Ruysdael. Alfred Hertz conducted a splendid performance in general.

Two new singers made their initial New York bow at the Metropolitan at a matinée of "Tristan und Isolde," namely, Jacques Urlus and Carl Braun. The former is a Dutch tenor who has won fame in his own land and in Germany, and last season he sang some "guest" performances at Boston, winning laurels there. He had the misfortune at his Metropolitan début of losing his voice utterly during the first act, and as there was no other Tristan available he concluded the opera in pantomime. What could be heard of his voice indicated a fine, noble quality, with lyric beauty of tone. His appearance is a joy, being a sharp contrast to the average German tenor, for Urlus is of good physique, has a wide range of expression in his poses and movements. It will rest with future performances what fame this artist will win for himself here. The sentiment at his début was entirely that of pity for the man who obviously suffered much. Carl Braun, the other newcomer in this cast, is a German basso of rather pleasing voice that seems surcharged with sentimentality. But he, too, must have suffered from the effect of Urlus' breakdown, so judgment in his case, too, must be reserved. Gadski, Homer and Weil filled usual rôles excellently, and Toscanini conducted with tremendous dramatic surge.

Slezak, the giant Czech tenor, sang his farewell in a memorable repetition of Verdi's "Otello." This tenor is not to return to us next year, and his farewell was the conclusion of a four-years' stay at the Metropolitan. It was one of the best "Otello" performances ever seen here, as Slezak was tremendous in

(Continued on page vii)



DAVID SAPIRSTIEN  
American pianist whose work gives exceptional promise



Mlle. BETTY ASKENASY  
Young Russian pianist who recently made her American début at Aeolian Hall

a work of this intimate genre, or possibly again because many operagoers cannot reconcile humor and grand opera—to wit, the failure here of Verdi's immortal "Falstaff." But I predict that the day of wholesale recognition for "Le Donne Curiose" must come, for its presentation is artistically well-nigh perfect.

Another "first time this season" opera was "Das Rheingold," produced at a matinée, the opening of the series of Wagner "Ring" performances. Considering the fact that this work has no regular place in the Metropolitan repertoire, and that it is given but once or twice during an entire season—considering all this, it was a good production. It was marked by earnestness, the scenery did as it was told—which is an important factor here, since this music drama is produced à la Bayreuth without any entr'actes—and the principals enlisted the best of Metropolitan material. The Rhine Maidens swam in time and sang in tune, thanks to the



White Frank Currier Viola Dana  
Act I. Gwendolyn (Viola Dana): "This is my best friend"



Viola Dana Frank Currier  
Act II. Organ Grinder (Frank Currier): "See, here's a Roman nose"

## IN "The Poor Little Rich Girl," now playing at the Hudson Theatre, Eleanor

Gates has succeeded in "getting something over." She calls it a whimsical fantasy, a title that is sufficiently indefinite to cover all the elements of comedy, tragedy, allegory, morality play and satire which it contains. In the second act she makes her audience think of two things at once—of what the child sees in her delirium and of what her family and the doctor experience through her illness. For an audience, loath to think once, this is an extraordinary feat—but they do it every night.

It is the story of a little seven-year-old girl, rich in material things, but poor in the possessions of childhood. Her parents have provided her with everything save their own companionship—a retinue of servants and governesses, who arouse her curiosity by the strange things they say and don't explain any more than they teach her what she ought or wants to know. On her seventh birthday, as a special treat, all the tutors and governesses are to be dismissed and there's to be a big dinner for the grown-ups in the evening. What she would really like for her birthday is to be allowed to go to day school with a lot of other children, to play in the country the way she did once with Johnny Blake, or, at least, to take a walk—but all she gets is a merry-go-round for dolls, a jumpity rabbit in a cabbage leaf and a ride in the stuffy limousine with Jane and Thomas, who threaten her with all sorts of things she has never seen. They tell her her father is made of money, which she won't believe because she has seen his sleeves rolled up and knows his arms are covered with skin; they tell her that there are bears in the street where he does business, that there are kidnappers with curved knives waiting on every corner to steal her because she is a very rich

## The Poor Little Rich Girl

little girl. Thomas says the policeman is heels over head about Jane. Jane says Thomas

is all ears, and they both say the governess is a reg'lar "snake-in-the-grass." When Gwendolyn asks what they mean by these terms, when she looks for the eyes Jane says she has in the back of her head or when she wants to know where the lights go after they go out, they only laugh at her and threaten her to be quiet or they'll send for the policeman, whose club is all shiny with blood, or the doctor, who will take out her appendix and charge her father \$1,000 for it too.

Whenever they can, they leave her alone to amuse herself, which she does by playing pretend. She has two pet pretends—one is that she's back in the country with Johnny Blake and Rover, going fishing and playing in the mud, and the other, which is "the dearest pretend," is that when the lights are out and she's in bed, father sits on one side and mother on the other.

On this birthday, she didn't like playing alone, so she called in the organ-grinder man to keep her company. While they are having the jolliest old time the plumber-man, who's been fixing a leak, joins them, and they have high jinks until Jane and Thomas come to put out "the piper" and the organ-grinder man, who hadn't even been given a chance to show how he could make faces. But the dinner guests are coming, so she gets out of the way, too, by hiding in the alcove. And while she's there she hears the strangest talk—they say her mother's got a society bee in her bonnet; they say her father's making ducks and drakes out of his money; they say he's in harness all the time with his nose to the grindstone; they say he burns his candle at both ends; they say his brokers warned him he's on the edge of a crash;



Al. Grady Viola Dana  
Act II. Gwendolyn: "Puffy, my Puffy!"

they say—but then mother and father and the doctor come in, so they don't say any more just now. Instead they gush silly things about Gwendolyn, pat her on the head and proceed in to dinner, which interests them much more.

The governess having been given the evening out, there's really only Jane and Thomas and Gwendolyn who are left out of the dinner party, so the first two settle it between them that the best way for them to spend a nice evening, too, is to give Gwendolyn a sleeping powder and then hie them off to a movie or a theatre. Jane, being a two-faced thing, you know, is one of those who make assurance doubly sure. So she gives Gwendolyn a second powder and then—

Everything grows dark and funny, there's a horrible thundering, a rumbling and a roaring, the big hall of the mansion melts away and instead there are trees and rocks and a waterfall and flowers, a big grassy meadow and—mud, nice squashy mud!

It's the tell-tale forest, where everything is as it really is, and Gwendolyn's in it without her shoes and stockings, in a gingham dress without any horrid stiff bows. The organ grinder is there too, swinging a big curved knife. "Ears to sharpen, eyes to sharpen, edges taken off tongues," he shouts, for, sure enough he's the Man-Who-Makes-Faces. And surer than enough, here's his shop. It stands between two lime trees with lights in 'em—lime-lights, of course—and in the back there are rows of eyes—wall eyes, to be sure, and on the counter are all sorts of chins and noses and cheeks and tongues—tongues in all languages; smooth tongues, rough tongues, tongues of shoes, tongues of flames. Gwendolyn is for buying a whole assortment, but the Man-Who-Makes-Faces reminds her that she's the poor little rich girl, who really has nothing, though everyone thinks she has everything.

"Things will improve," he assures her, however, "if you follow



White Joseph Bingham Gladys Fairbanks Howard Hall Viola Dana Harry Cowley  
Act II. Doctor (Howard Hall): "Jane, what have you given her?"

but call on the police, who comes in heels over head. He does it well, too, because his head is level. He turns out to be a very nice policeman, however, one who protects squirrels in the park, and blind folks and old people and—best of all, for Gwendolyn—helps lost children to find their parents.

The forest is actually becoming peopled, for here's Thomas, really and truly, all ears, and Puffy, the Teddy-Bear, who's bigger'n Gwenny and losing some of his precious stuffing to replace which they call in the doctor. He takes Gwendolyn's measure and finding that she's pretty low, he sends for a dozen bread pills, dispatches the policeman with an extra sharp eye in search of the people who gave her the powders and calls in her father. She doesn't know him, however.

"Is he Sam Hill or Great Scott?" she asks. She doesn't know him, even though he is made of money.

Neither does she know her mother, who comes to the forest, carrying her pet bee in its bonnet and followed by five people, who look and act and dress quite alike.

"Are you they?" asks Gwendolyn.

"We are."

And then in chorus—they always talk in chorus.

"We do the proper thing."

"I've heard things you've said," says Gwendolyn. "Aren't you always saying things?"



White

Act II. Organ Grinder: "She's very fond of the bee"

my advice. Find your mother and father and get rid of those servants."

Jane is the first one to tackle. She comes waltzing in, her red hair evenly divided between her front and her hind face. Why not—isn't she the two-faced creature who would have to laugh with the back of her head? Why can't she stand still? Foolish question! She's dancing attendance on Gwendolyn isn't she?

When she sees that Gwenny isn't going to pay any attention to her, what does she do



White Frank Currier Al. Grady Howard Hall Viola Dana Boyd Nolan Laura Nelson Hall  
Act II. All: "He's pulled her through!"

"Saying things? Well, we get the blame, but the talking is done by the little Bird. I blame her and he blames me. In that way we shift the responsibility. And as we always keep together, nobody ever knows who really is to blame."

Hardly are they gone than Jane and Thomas begin their nagging again and insist on Gwenny's taking a ride.

After many more adventures Gwendolyn calls to the doctor for help. He leans out of the window of the barn.

"Reach up, I'll pull you through!" he calls.

She holds on tight to her stiff upper lip and climbs up and up until he pulls her through.

And then you are back in the land of plain facts again. But they're better facts now. They're facts with the pretend come

true—even the "dearest pretend"—do you remember? She's still a pretty sick little girl, but she wants to grow well just as fast as she can, because the doctor prescribes "scuffing" in the mud, and Johnny Blake and fishing, and days and months and years in the country, as soon as she's strong enough to stand all this joy. But for the present, for the very immediate present, she must go to sleep and rest. So when father has pulled down the shades and drawn the curtain, she goes on another journey—it's to the Land o' Nod this time—and because you've been a good audience that has caught on, or thought it caught on to all the tricks, you're let into the secret of the dream she found at her journey's end—a dream of a little girl in a gingham pinafore, going fishing with a sun-tanned boy and a happy, shaggy dog. XX.



White Howard Hall Laura Nelson Hall Viola Dana Frank Andrews Boyd Nolan  
Act III. Gwendolyn: "What kind of a bird is that?"

# WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE AMERICAN STAGE?

By CHESTER T. CALDER



Sarony  
Edwin Booth as Richelieu



Copyright Falk  
Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van W

ARE we approaching a serious crisis in theatrical affairs? Some of our leading managers think that we are. Long ago Mr. Belasco, Mr. Frohman, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger predicted disaster if the present incontinent rage for theatre building continued, and, more recently, W. A. Brady and other managers in a number of newspapers interviews declared frankly that box-office business is

of course, is nonsense, because the speculator is allowed to purchase the seats long before the general public gets a chance at them. Managers realize that the system hurts the general box-office business, but they claim that no business man could afford to reject such a guaranty as the speculator gives them. In our opinion managers make a serious mistake when they deny regular patrons their best seats at the regular box-office rates. This short-sighted policy as much as anything else has hurt the theatrical business.

now so bad that theatre managers are completely discouraged. "What's wrong with the American stage?"

That is the ever-recurring question which presents itself to the minds of thoughtful theatregoers. Of late dissatisfaction with the contemporary theatre has become wide and so prevalent, criticism of modern conditions has grown so penetrating and so caustic that the issue can no longer be dismissed with a laugh or a wave of the hand. That something is the matter can no longer be open to doubt. Where is the trouble?

The manager is not alone to blame. The love of the new generation for extravagance and luxury, unheard of by our grandparents, has made the cost of theatre-going well nigh prohibitive. No longer is Miss Débutante satisfied to have her admirer purchase two seats and escort her modestly to and from the playhouse. She expects flowers, insists on taxicabs, brazenly suggests expensive suppers, all of which entails a cost of possibly \$20 for the evening's outing. Only a fat pocketbook can stand the strain. What is the result? The sensible, practical young man is hardly likely to be enthusiastic about the drama.

One thing that has antagonized the public and helped to keep hundreds of would-be theatregoers away from the box office is the present iniquitous system of taking out the best seats long before the sale begins and giving them over to a speculative agency, which imposes an additional tax of fifty cents a seat. The public would not mind so much paying \$2.50 a seat if that were the box-office price, but it is irritated and annoyed to find that the box office is really a farce, inasmuch as the best seats are never on sale, no matter how early you go, but were taken out weeks before and given to the said speculator. Out-of-town people, who are in the city only for a night or so do not object to this imposition, and probably welcome it, because, unfamiliar as they are with the locations of different theatres, it is more convenient for them and they get choicer seats at a slight advance. But why should out-of-town people be favored to the prejudice of New Yorkers, who are the real mainstays of our local playhouses? The New Yorker will pay as much as anybody else for a seat, but he wants the price of that seat to be the prevailing box-office price and not an arbitrary price fixed by an outside speculator. Managers prefer to sell to the speculator because the latter

The evolution of the modern theatre has been slow but steady and substantial. From its origin in the old morality plays presented upon platforms bare of scenery to the present day with its magnificently appointed playhouses and its elaborate productions, the theatre—on the purely physical side at least—has made a long stride indeed. And the intellectual advance no less than the physical has been marvellous. The efforts of over three hundred years and of as many dramatists have given our stage a rich fund of dramatic literature. The theatre has grown in dramatic, in ethical and social significance. Its influence to-day is broader, deeper, richer than ever before. The theatre in its best estate commands the respect of every broad-minded person. Playhouses are subsidized by governments and millionaires; actors are no longer marks for bitter vituperation, but are given their true rank as artists and gentlemen. The stage is a recognized force in our modern social life. This, in brief, has been the

is willing to purchase \$8,000 or \$10,000 worth of tickets in advance of a production on the mere chance of its being a success. The agency is willing to take this risk, and sometimes it gets badly stung. But in this way the manager is sure of at least so much return on the outlay made, and he argues that he only sells to the first comer who happens to be a speculator willing to take a chance. This,

progress of the theatre through the centuries. And yet, in spite of this tremendous advance as an art and as a social institution, comment on the decadent condition of the American stage is heard upon nearly every side. After making due allowance for a difference in standards of judgment we shall have to admit that while the material advance in our theatre has continued during the last fifty years



Augustin Daly Lester Wallack Copy't G. G. Rockwood  
A. M. Palmer  
"Whose admirable stock companies produced the best in contemporary and domestic drama"



Sheridan Goldsmith Shakespeare Bulwer-Lytton Tom Taylor  
("The Rivals") ("She Stoops to Conquer") ("Richelieu") ("Still Waters Run Deep")  
"The plays of the period included dramas of literary as well as dramatic distinction"



Charlotte Cushman Edwin Forrest  
"Two players who saw the American stage in the full flush of its greatness"



Sarony  
E. L. Davenport



Sarony  
John McCullough



Mrs. John Drew



Ada Rehan

there has also been a steady intellectual decline. The decade between 1865-1875 saw the American stage in the full flush of its greatness.

Neither before nor since has such a coterie of players graced our stage. Our theatre boasted of such tragic actors as Booth and Barrett, Forrest and Davenport, Cushman and Janauschek.

Sarony

Mrs. Fiske

Among the notable comedians were John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, Wm. J. Florence, E. A. Sothorn, Wm. Warren and Lester Wallack. The plays of the period included those of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Taylor and Bulwer-Lytton, dramas of literary as well as dramatic distinction. Moreover, these plays demanded actors possessing fire and imagination.

They were heroic in theme and poetic in spirit. Nor was the best in contemporary and domestic drama neglected. Plays of this nature were produced with taste and care by the admirable stock companies of Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer and Lester Wallack. There was a business side to the profession then as now but it was subservient to the artistic.

John Mason

Each manager was too much concerned with the presentation of his own plays and the development of fine acting to think of destroying a healthy competition by cornering the theatrical market. It was essentially an age of big ideals and genius and ability reaped rich rewards. But new times, new men.

As the older players and managers died new ones came to take their places, and this new material was not of the same stamp as the old. A commercial taint crept in and slowly ate its way into the hearts of our dramatists, our actors and our managers.

The love for art gave way to the lust for dollars and cents. The resident stock companies of the sixties and seventies broke up. They were replaced by the special casts and one-play companies of the present day. As the old and experienced actors died or retired no expert players filled the gaps in the ranks. The younger players lacked the all-round training given in the old stock companies. The absence of competent stage managers to drill the actors in the older forms of the drama caused the abandonment of Shakespeare and the classics, the influx of modern plays and the development of players efficient in modern drawing-room comedy but wanting in versatility.

The rise of the theatrical syndicate in 1895, the successful attempt to commercialize the theatre which followed—and the down-



Robert Mantell Julia Marlowe E. H. Sothorn

"Who for some years past have been the sole standard bearers of the classic drama in America"

fall of the American stage from its once honorable and enviable position was complete.

For ten years all artistic development in the American theatre was practically brought to a standstill. An unnatural limitation was put upon production. The importation of plays and players from abroad stifled the development of American actors and dramatists. The few remaining capable native players were forced into ruts from which many have not even yet escaped. Happily the day of one-man domination of our stage has passed, probably never to return, but the appearance of a second theatrical trust has done little to better matters. Our theatre is still in the throes of materialism. Where ten or fifteen years ago there was an unnatural check put upon production and consequent stagnation, to-day there is overproduction and its attendant evils. Artificial stimuli have been applied and the effect on the theatrical business has been ruinous. Theatres and plays have multiplied. In New York alone the number of first-class theatres has doubled within fifteen years. Cities which can with some difficulty support one first-class playhouse have two. It does not take a profound economist to determine the result.

Sarony

Maude Adams

White

David Warfield



A. L. Erlanger Lee Shubert Charles Frohman David Belasco William A. Brady  
America's leading theatrical producers—the men to whose hands is confided the artistic and material development of our stage

A tremendous amount of energy is expended by our managers, but feverish activity is hardly synonymous with substantial progress. Too frequently trivial plays occupy our theatres. Careless and slipshod methods are used in staging productions. Important parts are given to players with agreeable personalities, who possess neither the ability nor the training to visualize the characters entrusted to them. A familiarity between audience and players has arisen which would not have been tolerated by men like Augustin Daly. And if behind the curtain conditions have been revolutionized the change on the other side of the footlights has been correspondingly great. The older generation of theatregoers has practically been eliminated. The new element in the theatregoing population is too often composed of the devotees of the "lobster palaces" who delight in the risqué or vulgar, the members of "smart" society who desire only the flippant and inconsequential, and the ignorant *nouveau riche* who often is a better judge of whiskey than of Shakespeare and the classics. To such people do our managers cater. This is the general aspect of the situation in the American theatre

Margaret Anglin

Nance O'Neil



Charles Klein Margaret Mayo Aug. Thomas Eugene Walter Ed. Sheldon Martha Morton Geo. Broadhurst  
"Real significance is to be attached to the steady progress of our playwrights in a period which has been notorious for the low level of its acting"

to-day and it is such a condition of affairs which makes a high artistic standard in the playhouse an utter impossibility.

So far we have but studied conditions on the surface. Now let us delve into the heart of our problem. The stage is naturally divided into the three distinct yet closely related departments of playwriting, acting and management, and, in considering our problem in detail, it will be convenient to discuss in turn the American dramatist, the American actor and the American manager.

The primary factor in things dramatic is the playwright, and so it is he who

is the logical starting point in our discussion. To say that the great majority of dramas produced to-day are largely trash is to attach no stigma to the playwright's art. The majority of plays in every age are worthless and soon forgotten, and if this condition is aggravated in America to-day we must bear in mind the general theatrical situation. There has been an enormous increase in the number of theatres everywhere during the last few years, and the simple fact is that excellence among our dramatists has not kept pace with the building of playhouses. Nor is this surprising. It stands to reason that in a country where two or three hundred new productions are made yearly, much which reaches the boards is mere drivel. It is simply a case of demand and supply. The demand is greater than the supply and our stage is surfeited with worthless plays.

But if the increased demand for plays has encouraged mediocrity the impetus given dramatists with genuine talent has been equally great. In America to-day we find literary men writing for the stage who never thought of doing so before. Men imperfect in the technique of the drama, but who possess the dramatic instinct coupled with the capacity for literary expression, are developing their powers slowly but surely. Edward Knoblauch, Percy MacKaye, Joseph Medill Patterson, Edward E. Sheldon and A. E. Thomas belong to this group of writers who are still developing, refining and polishing their art. Crudities in their work are still patent. Lack of logical development, inconsistencies of character and situation often intrude to mar originality of idea and vigor and power in handling characters and climaxes. At present Mr. MacKaye's poetic plays are lyrical rather than dramatic, his prose dramas, too subtle and elusive in style to be effective in performance, but it cannot be gainsaid that his plays combine verbal richness and fine feeling, beauty of diction with the noble passion of the poet. Mr. Knoblauch has written several stimulating dramas. His play "The Faun" displayed originality of idea, capacity for imagination and felicity of expression. Mr. Thomas has a number of clean and wholesome comedies to his credit, and in "The Rainbow" he has happily united delightful romance, piquant



THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE NEW ÆOLIANT HALL, NEW YORK CITY

humor and delicate pathos. Mr. Patterson and Mr. Sheldon are two playwrights who have found the stage an effective medium for the discussion of social problems. They have shown an appreciation of the larger phases of American life and its ideals. Lofty of aim and sincere of purpose they have vigorously attacked the sores which are sapping the strength of this republic. Mr. Sheldon in particular has shown a knack for vivid characterization, incisive, climatic situations, and if his dramas have lacked the finesse and polish of a Pinero, Shaw or Jones, they have not been found

wanting for good, red blood. These men are still in the formative period, the estimates of their work may be diverse, yet it cannot be doubted that pervading all their work there is a sense of latent power and ability struggling to be free. Theirs has been a record of solid, substantial even brilliant achievement.

And what is to be said of those American dramatists who have arrived at the fruition of their powers? What rank shall we assign to David Belasco and Clyde Fitch, to Charles Klein and Wm. Vaughn Moody, to Augustus Thomas and Eugene Walter? It is a significant fact that during the ten years following 1895 hardly a play of distinction was produced by an American dramatist. Since 1905, however, more than a dozen plays of marked literary and dramatic merit have been added to our stage literature. What plays written by Americans during the nineteenth century can compare with the productions of the American dramatist during the past decade? The plays of

Bronson Howard, of Augustus Thomas, James A. Herne, Martha Morton, Clyde Fitch, David Belasco, and of William Gillette perhaps, but little else. A meagre output indeed, if we compare it with the splendid showing of the younger generation of native dramatists in more recent years. It is a genuine stride forward and an accomplishment worthy of remark that our foremost dramatists have written such plays as "The Great Divide," "Leah Kleschna," "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way," "The City," "Salvation Nell," "The Witching Hour," and "As a Man Thinks."

These dramas are as diversified in theme and style as it would be possible to conceive, yet each in its way is of such excellence that it deserves a niche in our dramatic literature. Best of all, these dramas are not only built upon the bed-rock of dramatic principles as regards play construction, but they may successfully combat literary criticism as well. Mr. Moody and Mr. Thomas have been especially happy in bringing their plays within the domain of true literature.

The truly American drama is still young, and real significance is to be attached to the steady progress of our playwrights in a period which has been notorious for the low level of its acting and for the advent of



M. JEAN NOTÉ

This distinguished French baritone, who received the Cross of the Legion of Honor some years ago for bravery shown in stopping a runaway freight train, has again received official recognition, this time in the shape of a gold medal awarded for saving life by stopping a frenzied horse. M. Noté is well known in America, having sung at the Metropolitan Opera House some years ago with great success



managers deficient in ideals and devoid of dramatic ability. The future of the American dramatist is one of brilliant promise. He no longer finds it necessary to imitate the foreign playwright. He may lack the polish of style and the niceties of technique which the European craftsman displays, but as a rule his plays reveal a freshness of theme, a virility and vitality unknown to the Continental dramatist. At last our playwrights are awakening to a consciousness of the possibilities before them. They are portraying American people, their problems and ideals; they are discovering the more vital phases of our national life, the things genuinely worth while. Much has been accomplished, much more remains to be done.

And the art of acting—what of that? Wm. Winter, dean of American dramatic critics, bewails the fact that all our great players are gone. He points out that we have no English-speaking actor at the present time who can equal Edwin Booth or Henry Irving. He tells us that no actress of the contemporary stage has ever revealed the supreme power of Charlotte Cushman. Mr. Winter's statement is all too true. We have many fine players such as Robert Mantell, Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothorn, David Warfield, Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner and John Mason, but we have no actor or actress whose genius transcends all others. The dramatic profession in America cries out for a real leader.

If it is possible to overvalue the present, it is equally easy to overestimate the achievements of the past. It would be folly to advocate the standards of fifty years ago unreservedly. There was much to admire in the acting of that period, but there was also much to censure. Many of our modern players are infinitely nearer to human nature in the details of their acting than the players of half a century ago, but it is also true that the actors of to-day lack the vigor of conception, the emotional fervor and the fine frenzy of feeling which these actors of long ago displayed.

There is a great deal of talk about great acting or rather the absence of it upon the American stage, but how many of us really have a definite idea of what we mean by the phrase? Is it an absolute or a relative term? Is there a single goal which every player must attain, or is greatness in dramatic art merely the superiority of one artist over another? If the latter, it is always possible to witness a great performance. The logic of it would be that David Warfield's Music Master is worthy to be dubbed "great," because it is relatively better than the average characterization visible on our stage. But the unsoundness of such a definition must be apparent to all. Greatness is hardly relative. If, then, it is absolute, our next problem is to discover how we are to recognize great acting when we see it.

We must remember that acting is not strictly a creative art. To say that an actor "creates" a part gives rise to confusion. The art of the actor is interpretative rather than creative.

In the dramatic world it is the playwright who is truly the creative artist. The dramatist provides the framework upon which the actor builds his character, and it is the task of the player with aid of make-up, speech, gesture and action to convey to the eye and ear of the spectator the conception lodged in the brain of the dramatist. The art of the playwright and the art of the actor are mutually dependent. Without the one the other is incomplete. The drama is not unlike photography; the dramatist provides the play or negative, the actor the character or printed picture. A good negative may be wasted by poor printing, and likewise many an excellent play has been spoiled in the performance. But unlike the photographer's art the actor is not dependent upon his play to the same extent that a good picture is dependent upon a good negative. Great acting is to be found in poor plays as well as good ones.

Henry Irving made Mathias "great," Charlotte Cushman terrified her audiences and held them spellbound with the fury of her Meg Merrilies, Joseph Jefferson reincarnated the Rip Van Winkle of Washington Irving, yet none of the plays containing these characterizations could be called "great." It matters little how commonplace the drama if the leading part in it will permit the display of intellectual force, the



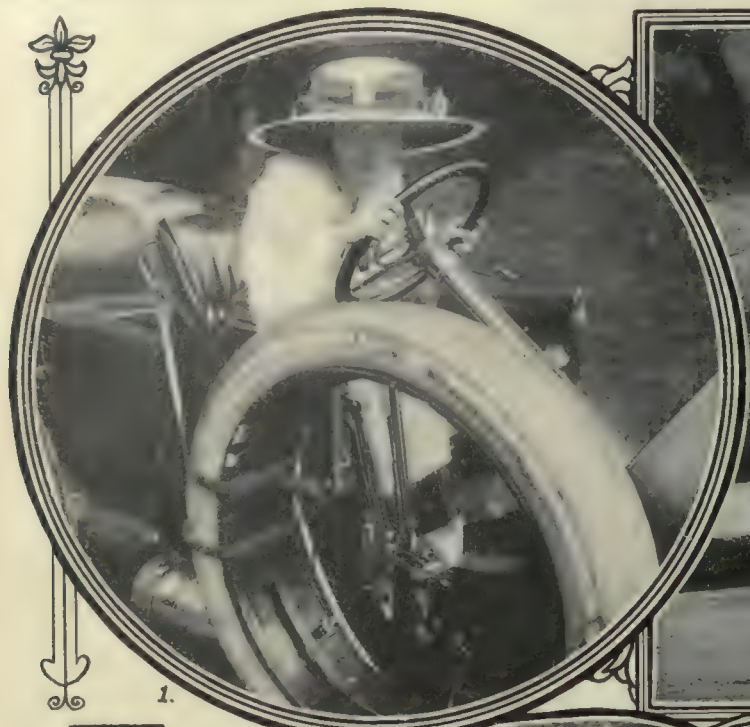
MARIANNE FLAHAUT

Belgian dramatic soprano who has sung with great success at the Metropolitan. Mme. Flahaut is seen here as Andromaque in "La Prise de Troie"

broad sweep of emotion and great imagination, the first requirement of great acting, is present—a great acting part. Hamlet, Lear, Iago, and Othello are all great characters as well as great acting parts. What makes them so attractive to the ambitious actor are the boundless possibilities for dramatic expression which they present. It is a part demanding completeness of expression which the actor needs rather than a great character.

But given the great acting part we still require the man or woman to bring the character to life. What an equipment the player demands! A distinguished presence and a mobile countenance, a nature sensitive to feeling and emotion, the power to conceive characters and the ability to execute them, mastery of technique—all these qualities and more even the ordinary player must possess. But vastly more than this is required of the great actor. The great artist must look the part, think the part and feel the part he is playing. Jefferson was noted for the breadth and power of his imagination, Cushman for her personality at once magnetic and dominating, Booth for his tremendous nervous force, Irving for his keen and penetrating intellect, for his comprehensive knowledge and understanding of life and human nature. Only a player with the spark of genius—

FAVORITE ARTISTS WHO ENJOY



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2.



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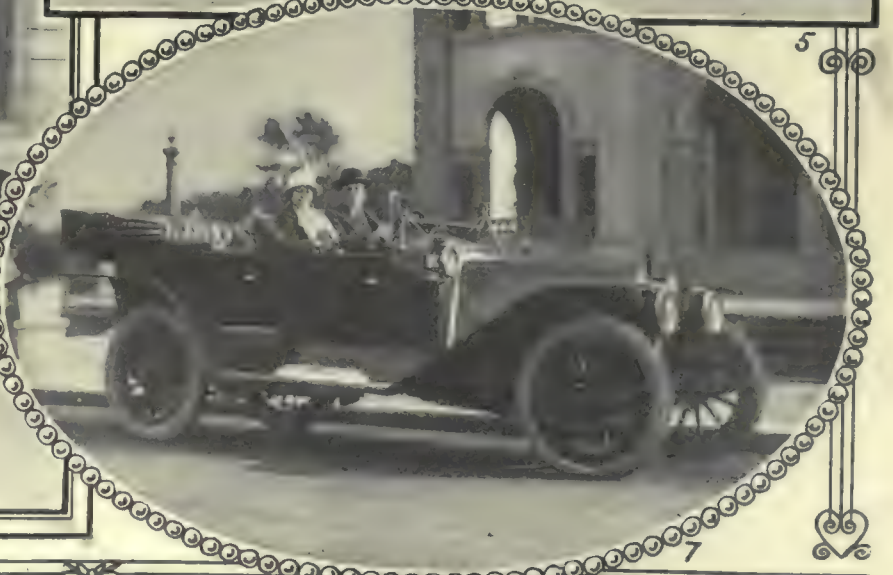
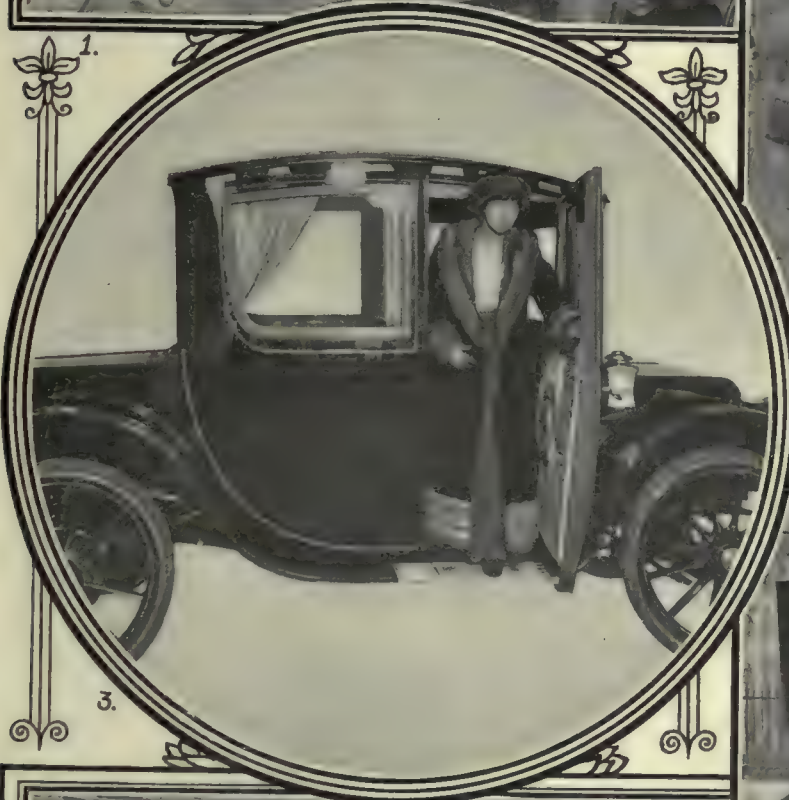
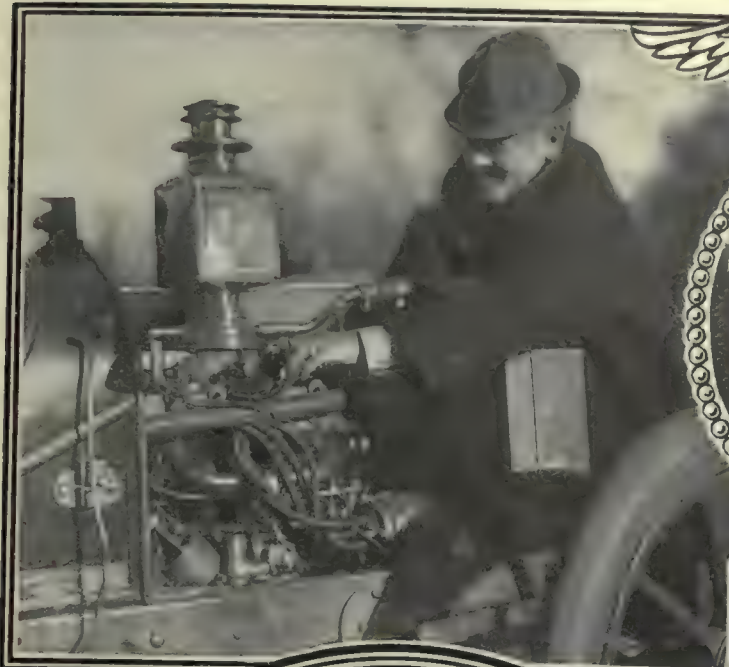
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1. Chrystal Herne driving her own automobile. 2. Walter Hale and Dustin Farnum in Mr. Hale's Studebaker car. 3. Richard Bennett and his children accompanied by his brother-in-law, Lieut. Victor I. Morrison, son of the late Lewis Morrison, of "Faust" fame, in Mr. Bennett's Stern 60 H. P. automobile. 4. Kitty Gordon and her Grinnell Electric. 5. Blanche Bates in her Anderson Electric

# THE PLEASURES OF MOTORING



1. Frank Daniels his own chauffeur. 2. Signor Caruso taking his son for an automobile ride. 3. Gladys Caldwell leaving her Waverley Electric Limousine. 4. E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in their Packard. 5. Gertrude Hoffmann about to enter her Peerless. 6. Stage kiddies of "The Lady of the Slipper" company in a Rauch & Lang car. 7. Raymond Hitchcock and Flora Zabelle in their Lozier

that quality so hard to describe yet none the less real and existent—can bring a great character to complete expression, and it is the resultant of these two forces which we call great acting. Few actors of our time possess this gift.

Having determined the essentials to great acting, what can be said of the players upon the contemporary American stage? A majority of the more notable creations by our players in recent years have been strictly comedy performances — Warfield's "Music Master," Skinner's

"Brideau," Sothorn's "Dundreary," Russ Whytal's "Judge Prentice," John Mason's "Dr. Seelig" to name a few which come to mind. The American theatre has a number of distinguished comedians of the modern school, but it is lamentably wanting in classic and poetic actors, and therein lies the chief weakness of our stage. It is the poetic tragedy and the comedy of manners which is the acid test of a player's true worth. There it is that mentality, nervous force and capacity for imagination are vital.

The list of American players capable of acting poetic rôles is small indeed and it is dwindling every year. But even fewer in number are actively identified with the presentation of poetic plays. For some years past Robert Mantell, E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe have been the sole standard bearers of classic drama in America. To such a state has the American stage come which once boasted of Mary Anderson, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough Helena Modjeska and a host of other classic players. We should be duly grateful for the mature and resonant acting of Mr. Mantell, for the arch and piquant brilliancy of Miss Marlowe and for the exquisite passion of Mr. Sothorn, but it bodes ill for the American stage that none of the younger artists in our theatre are inclined toward Shakespeare. Only two new classic stars appear upon the horizon—Wm. Faversham and Annie Russell. The pity of it is that the few players capable of really big things are wasting their talents upon the vapid and sensational. Otis Skinner, Margaret Anglin, Walter Hampden, Edith Wynne Matthison, Nance O'Neil, Walker Whiteside, Henrietta Crosman, Viola Allen, Wilton Lackaye—these are some of the actors who, either by training or native ability or both, should be appearing in poetic or classic drama.

At the present time we hear much of the intimate theatre and the realistic play. Generally it is looked upon as a distinct step forward in the growth of dramatic art. And so it is when the idea back of the movement is to bring players and audience into closer contact. But frequently the idea is carried to excess. In no small degree the decline in acting is due to the naturalistic



BESSIE ABBOTT IN HER WHITE SIX-CYLINDER TOURING CAR

play. Drama is not the literal expression of life. It never can be. If it were, it would be dull and uninteresting. It is life with the essentials retained, the commonplaces left out. But drama of the intimate type more than any other school aims at the reflection of actual life upon the stage, life stripped of its larger meaning but with as many of the commonplaces retained as possible.

The realistic drama is not a poetical fancy of the inner vision, but a photograph of actual life and the tendency in real life

is to repress emotion. Great acting requires the expression of elemental emotion, the display of feeling unrestrained by the conventions of modern society. Compare the men and women of Shakespeare and the classical writers with those of the average modern playwright. The characters in the old plays are so much bigger, the situations so vastly more significant that in comparison the realistic drama of to-day seems a mere scratch on the veneer of life. A play like "The Easiest Way," for instance, will not permit of great acting because the people in it are not great. They are sordid, selfish and mean. They are as incapable of great hate as of great love. They are self-contained, cold, conventional, bloodless creatures. Far too frequently the players of to-day suffocate all dramatic genius with their realism and repression in acting such characters as these. It must ever be kept in mind that the fundamental thing in acting, its *raison d'être*, is expression. As long as the intimate theatre and the realistic drama are an aid to the complete expression of the actor's art well and good, but if they go further (and the tendency is to do so) they are a positive menace to dramatic art. It means that petty details are to be substituted for largeness of conception and execution, and it is only through the latter that we can achieve greatness in acting.

Through the disappearance of the old-time actors, standards and traditions, the phenomenal increase in the number of theatres and the consequent excessive demand for new plays public attention has been diverted from the actor and undue emphasis has been given to the play. Formerly, when comparatively few new plays were presented, people went to the theatre to see acting. The theatrical novelty of fifty years ago was the assumption of an old part by a new player. To-day the primary interest of the public is in the production of a new play by some notable author. The large number of starless productions is striking evidence of this fundamental change in the point of view. Play production has been overstimulated and the effect upon the art of acting has been correspondingly detrimental. Plays are presented with such

(Continued on page xi)



Vaughn Glaser and Fay Courtenay in Mr. Glaser's Garford 40



Grace Field, of "The Red Petticoat," in an American Tourist car



Strauss Peyton

HATTIE WILLIAMS  
Now appearing with Richard Carle in "The Girl from Montmartre" on the road



Moffett In "Alias Jimmy Valentine"



Matzene In "Peg o' My Heart"



In "Peg o' My Heart"

## Laurette Taylor — A New Star

IT was but a few years ago that a child with remarkable eyes and a 'cello quality of voice went about to church entertainments, and while her mother waited on the steps of the extempore stage to toss her a forgotten handkerchief or a lost word, recited "*Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night*" and, when the audience was especially appreciative, favored it with "*The Wreck of the Hesperus*."

Crossing the bridge of intervening years the child has arrived in the land of stardom. While New York was hanging up its Christmas stockings and swinging its wreaths of holly into place in its windows it paused in its holiday preparations to go to the new Cort Theatre to see a new play and a new star, and the star outshone both.

Laurette Taylor arrived through no "influence." She does not cajole managers. She flouts and quarrels with them. To the office of one of the most powerful arbiters of theatrical destinies she went one day in a shabby hat, the sides of her purse meeting, because there was no substance between, and her chin uptilted, her eyes defiant, and said: "I'm going to fight you. I can't be any poorer than I am, so I'm going to fight you."

She fought them, and others, fought before and after, in the courts and out of them, about contracts, about salaries for rehearsals, about any actorial right she deemed such. Often she won. Sometimes she lost. But it was not because she brought peace into their minds and their offices that managers sought her for their companies. She recalls what has been said in the Scriptures of a Presence that brought not peace but a sword. Always she fought without fear, because she is of a doughty race. While she was born in New York, there is but a generation between her and the bogs and banshees, the jaunting cars climbing the intensely green hills and skirting the clear lakes. the quickly alternating mirth and melancholy of Ireland.

The same mercurial-spirited, warm-hearted, hot-tempered, generous, open-handed race that gave us Clara Morris, Ada Rehan, James O'Neill and William J. Florence has bestowed the welcome gift of Laurette Taylor. Ask her how in "Peg o' My Heart" she embalms all the swift and varying moods, the dream tenses and the tricky, elfish phases of the lovable Irish girl in which character she rose to stardom, and she will reply, with a tantalizing remnant of the family brogue:

"That girl, ye must know, is me grandmother. When I play Peg I am playing Grandmother."

And she will talk to you long about the Irish character as she knows it by an instinct unerring as the rod of the water witch.

She has been sought by foremost managers to head their plays because she is the foremost young exponent of naturalness on the stage. Members of her own profession, which is always generous to merit as it is condemnatory of "pull," acclaimed her for the same reason. Temperament and beauty and an intelligence that guided her to sure paths and certain steps are hers.

"How did you learn to act?" I asked her as she sat in a drawing room where nut-brown shades abounded in wall and pictures, in furniture and in the bearskin at her feet. She sat on a hassock near the open fire, and as she stretched her arms to its blaze and bent her shoulders to the firelight, she reminded me of a big, beautiful cat of the jungle, stretching its muscles relaxing its power, sheathing its claws and purring



Laurette Taylor in "Mrs. Dakon"

in momentary content, in the warm sunshine.

"How did you learn to act?" The question puzzled her. She turned on me the wide-open eyes that send such shafts of power into the minds and hearts of her audiences.

Unusually large, unusually round, brown with a golden glow in their depths, are those eyes, but it is none of these qualities that make them the most unusual eyes I ever saw. It is their peculiar fullness and their power to project their laughter or sorrow to long distances, the great distance that often lies between souls.

"Perhaps you were not trained. Are you, do you think, the Topsy among actresses? You just grew?"

The eyes of power, golden-brown eyes, eyes of power, narrowed half closed in reflection.

"I don't believe I ever was taught," she said. "My training seems to have been self-training. Except"—the eyes softened and smiled as she uttered the name of the man who wrote her play, the man whom she had promised to marry—"Hartley helps me. He has the quiet sense of the fitness of things and of proportion that I lack."

The system of self-training was a hard one. She began her theatrical life in vaudeville. Stock claimed and held her for years. To play one part well one must have played many parts as well as she could. Big on the horizon of her memory is the Pine Street Theatre in Seattle, where she played twice a day, for what seemed to her a long and painful time. Occasionally, to help the enterprise in its competition with the more fashionable playhouses, she sold tickets. They were poignant but developing times, as are all growing times. She will not return to Seattle, she says, until she is a permanently established star. Contrast is dramatic—and human.

The self-training went unconsciously on, as she observed how some persons act and how all persons live and the usual unlikeness between them. Her first flash of vision of natural acting came when she played Juliet in the Pine Street Theatre. She did not stand and declaim to the moon, but nearly tumbled from the balcony in her desire to reach the heart and the arms of her Romeo. The critics gathered to watch this new Juliet confessed they were thrilled, but complained that by her conversational reading and her leaning so perilously far from the balcony she smashed the traditions. The intrepid daughter of the land of hills and jaunting car and mirth and melancholy said the traditions might be —, she used a stronger term than smashed. Her vision broadened, she said, when she saw Nazimova in the Ibsen plays. There was courage in these performances, the courage of one who was willing and able to tread unknown paths, and the fact inspired her.

"And I studied Bernhardt. No, not studied her, drank her in. I think her the most natural actress in the world. And that reminds me"—with a whimsical smile she took the descent from the grave to the gay—"don't go to teas. They will prejudice you unless you are a rebel, as I am.

"Before I had seen Bernhardt I went to a tea and heard her talked over. 'She's a great woman,' said some languid person, 'but, my dear, don't sit near the front. Her teeth aren't good and they spoil the illusion.' And another said: 'Since she's grown older her stomach is so large.' Great heavens! when I got to the theatre I happened to sit near the front, and when that marvelous woman lived on the stage as I had seen people live, I didn't know whether she had teeth or a stomach. Her spirit mastered and swept me away."

We talked while the gas logs crackled, of her upward flight since a girl proposed to a man in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and did it so deliciously that New York acclaimed something new in actresses, and repeated and strengthened its verdict when she was the Luana of "The Bird of Paradise." I asked her to account for her success. A personal version is always interesting, usually because it is so far from the truth. Again the likeness to the beautiful beast of the jungle obtruded, for she stretched her long, lithe limbs toward the fire and smiled and meditated.



Matzene

LAURETTE TAYLOR

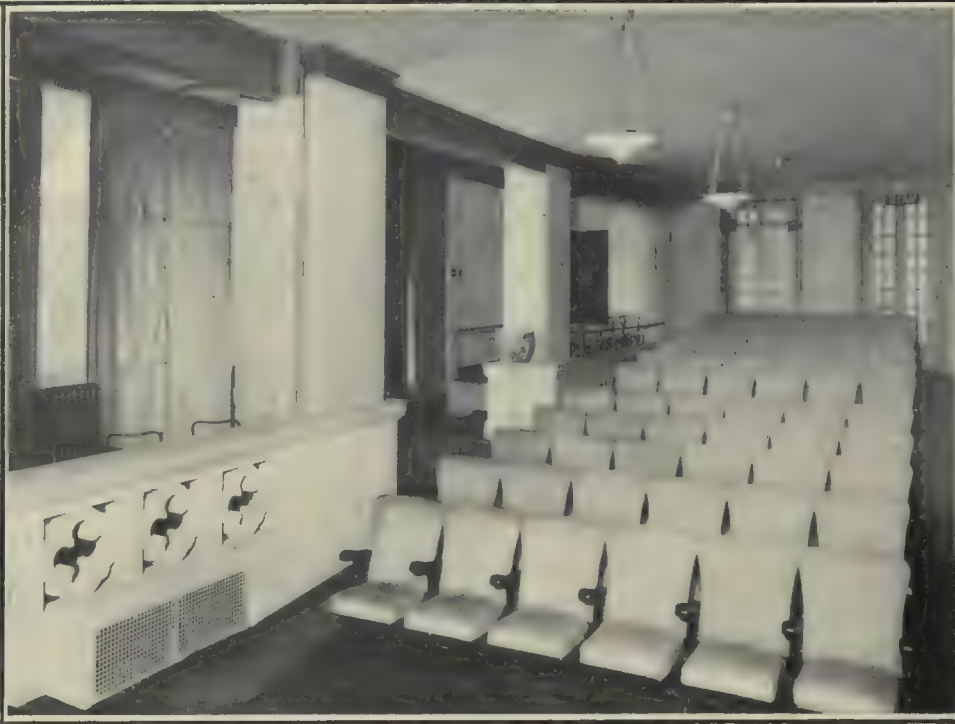
In the title rôle of her next play "Barbareza"

"My mother says it was an accident of prenatal influence," she said. "She went to see 'Richelieu.' A lovely blonde played Julie. She doesn't remember her name, but she said, 'I want my little girl to be like her.' Mother made a serious mistake in the color scheme." Miss Taylor wagged her dark, thickly-thatched head, "though she won in the choice of my profession. But that is mother's reason. Mine is that I have always played a part as I thought and felt"—tapping her temple, then her bosom—"it ought to be played, not as anyone else wished me to play it. I never would be 'stayed.'"

David Belasco once named the three most natural actresses on the American stage. They are, he said, Lurette Taylor, Elsie Ferguson and Janet Beecher. And he knows. ADA PATTERSON.



Corner of the tea room



AUDITORIUM OF CHICAGO'S LITTLE THEATRE, WITH A CAPACITY OF NINETY-ONE



Corner of the tea room

## WHENEVER a man has an idea yet can keep his feet

# The Little Theatre in Chicago

on the actual solid fact of mother earth, he will never lack for those who will hold up his hands in the attempt to do something worth while. The Chicago Little Theatre, which for some years merely floated in the brain of Mr. Maurice Brown, is now expressed in tangible wall of brick, with chairs, lights, and all the practical paraphernalia, in attestation of this truth. Also the official title was rightly chosen, since the seating capacity of the auditorium is less than one hundred, ninety-one to be precise, which certainly may be said to constitute a "little theatre."

The movement for "The Elevation of the Drama," in all its manifold manifestations, with the blowing of horns, the beating of drums, the adhesion of learned societies, the literary propaganda, and the varieties of calamitous failure, might well have deterred the most ardent enthusiast, but Mr. Maurice Brown, though not tall of person, succeeded in the extraordinary feat of keeping his feet firmly planted on the earth while his head was up in the clouds. Thereby he was enabled to avoid two cardinal errors by establishing his enterprise on a financial scale which could be maintained, and retaining the absolute direction under his own hat, though this latter statement should be explained as including Ellen Van Volkenburg in full copartnership, but as she is also Mrs. Maurice Brown, it amounts to the same thing.

Some years ago the two met in Florence, and when Miss Van Volkenburg came home to Chicago Mr. Brown followed, leaving England to make his abiding place here by the lake, where he found an atmosphere, not

merely that for which we are so justly famed, but of open-mindedness and opportunity, that he is now a part and parcel of us with the desire to build his future here. Of course, it will take some generations yet before the name Chicago will materially alter its significance for the American people, but meanwhile things are being done here which will tell their own story.

Mr. Maurice Brown is no idle dreamer of Art, spelled with the largest A obtainable, but a human being, one with whom you can talk in comprehensible terms, finding out what he purposes to do and how he proposes to go about it, who felt that there was a place for intimate plays given in a suitable environment, and that whatever the outcome might be the undertaking "would be fun." He had no notion of revolutionizing the stage, of opening the eyes of the public to the charms of the "literary drama," but merely of choosing plays which had value as plays, because they illustrated some fact in life, and giving them in such fashion as would interest people, trusting that in this way they would be supported, for, as he said,

"If in the long run the thing be not good enough to gain the attention of the public, it will fail, and quite right too."

"I hate that term 'literary drama,' for what it has come to mean, but I cannot conceive of a really fine play without literary merit, because you cannot put down any essential fact in convincing manner without that truth of expression which is the basis of literature. There certainly has never yet been such a play written, and I do not believe there ever will be. But the first thing about a play must be its playable-



Maurice Brown as the Fool in Yeats' play, "On Baile's Strand"



Second Woman (Elaine Hyman)

First Woman (Alice Gestenburg)

Third Woman (Florence Reckitt)

SCENE IN YEATS' PLAY, "ON BAILE'S STRAND," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE





Sarony

ANNE MEREDITH  
Recently seen in the title rôle of "The Indiscretion of Truth"

ness, its getting at some truth in a way to drive it home to people, not a propagandising thesis, or these horrible 'problem plays,' which are a kind of moral tract for the Sunday-school which somehow went wrong, but with actual relation to life so expressed as to mean something."

By last February Mr. Brown had found enough people interested in his ideas for him to feel that the time was ripe for the attempt, so he began active rehearsals with the company he had selected, which consisted of five professional actors, about a dozen amateurs who had had considerable practical experience, and half a dozen more, who looked promising but were quite green. They rehearsed practically every day from the early part of February until the time for the first performance, November 12, and this without any financial return, or immediate hope thereof, in fact, most of the men of the company were employed during the day in business, but so interested were they in the experiment that each one of them put in his vacation time rehearsing all day, and pretty much all night. It is, in a way, a sort of school of drama, though Mr. Brown strongly resents the term, also for what it has come to mean, with its "elocutionism

and staginess," but was obliged to admit that he had not yet found a better term. "In the sense of the Moscow Theatre, or of the Irish Players at the beginning of the Abbey Theatre," he said, "I am willing to call it a school of drama, since actors must come from somewhere and learn their profession in some place, and it is our hope that in time every member of the company will receive a living wage, but at present only five people are paid anything at all, and they merely enough to make it possible for them to give all their time to the work."

A kind of supporting club was formed to pay the expenses necessary in providing a theatre, and a nook was found on the fourth floor of the Fine Arts Building, where it was possible to construct a theatre, seating ninety-one people, with a stage about the size of a room in an ordinary home, and a reception room where tea is served. About forty per cent. of this original cost has already been paid off, within the next two weeks forty more will have been liquidated, leaving so small a debt as to be negligible, and during the two months that the theatre has been open, the receipts have exceeded the expenditures by \$100 each month. Mr. Brown was frank in explaining ways and means.

"We had to figure it out so that the income would be larger than the outgo, for if the institution does not pay its way it will have to smash, and, as I said, if we cannot make it interesting enough so that people will care to come, it ought to smash."

The first production was "Womenkind," by Wilfred Wilson Gibson, given for the first time in America, and "On Baile's Strand," of William Butler Yeats, which found the people of Chicago somewhat dubious as to what to think, though with an increasing consciousness that it was really worth while. The plan was to run a play a month, with two evening performances and one matinee each week, but that was at once found inadequate, so the number has been increased, though the utmost limit is four evenings and two matinées.

The second production was Granville Barker's paraphrase of Arthur Schnitzler's "Anatol," and during the same month of December Mr. Winthrop Ames was to bring his company from The Little Theatre of New York to the Fine Arts Theatre, in Chicago, which happens to be in the same building, and Mr. Brown owned the Chicago rights. He willingly gave Mr. Ames permission to bring the play, and



Copy't Chas. Frohman Winthrop Clavering (John Emerson) Margaret Holt (Jane Grey)  
Winthrop Clavering, dictating: "Gray eyes, brown hair—why, just about your height!"  
SCENE IN "THE CONSPIRACY," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

there was the interesting coincidence that the same drama was being given simultaneously in two theatres in one building.

Of course, comparison was inevitable, yet at first thought altogether unfair, for on the one hand were some of the best known actors of the American stage, and on the other a band of half amateurs, together as a company less than a year, and giving their second production, yet they did not fare so badly. Mr. Brown gave a special matinee for the New York people, over which Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Yorke were so outspoken in praise as to attract more attention to this Little Theatre than anything the Chicago people had done. "I cannot express to you how fine they have been in what they have said and done for us, but I shall always remember it, and the effect was noticeable at once at the box-office," was the way Mr. Brown put it.

They have plans laid and plays contracted for which will keep the company busy for the coming two seasons, and a mere list of titles shows the kind of purpose animating Mr. Brown. Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides "Trojan Women," which has already been given, a new play of Maeterlinck, several of Gilbert Murray, translations of

(Continued on page vii)

# Percy Mackaye on the Civic Theatre

MR. PERCY MACKAYE has just issued his second volume of essays which he has entitled "The Civic Theatre." In this book he continues his earnest plea for a drama of democracy which he began several years ago in "The Playhouse and the Play." Both volumes consist of addresses delivered broadcast through the country and published in diverse magazines. Mr. Mackaye claims for himself the invention of the term "Civic Theatre," and it is because that term has in the popular mind been wrongly applied that his new book drives home repeatedly the essential characteristics of his idea—an idea, so he declares, which has been warmly accepted by the commercial manager and by the actor as possible of fulfilment.

We turn to "The Playhouse and the Play" for his defining of "the drama of democracy." He has therein much to say of the segregated drama, based on European ideals—drama as a fine art for the few; and of the vaudeville which he designates "as a heterogeneous entertainment for the many." Of the former, he writes:

"Our creative dramatists, our intelligent public opinion, are guided and enthused by European ideals, which, however admirable to their germane conditions, here, when transplanted to us, are at best a delight to those restricted few whom they thus educate, while at worst, their advocacy by that few permits of one mighty danger to our many; namely, that *by importing a fine art which does not, of its nature, appeal to our masses, our masses shall remain without a fine art, and so retrograde. . .*"

Furthermore, he deplors the vitiating elements of vaudeville "as a substitute for a true drama of democracy." And because of a lack of fine art for the many, Mr. Mackaye pleads, in his first volume of essays, for a drama of democracy, and he mounts to heights beyond the dreams of theatrical avarice when he writes:

"A new drama, for though of necessity its main roots will strike for nutriment deep into English tradition and language, and permeate the subsoil of the centuries as far as the age of Pericles, yet trunk and branch shall spread themselves over the nation as indigenous and beneficent as our American elms."

Then, as poet and dramatist himself, he reaches his ultimate conclusion as to the dramatist of democracy:

"Dramatic poet he must be, for in the very nature of its ideal the drama of democracy will be a poetic drama. Not a revival of old forms, not an emulation of Elizabethan blank verse, but a fresh imagining and an original utterance of modern motives which are as yet unimagined and unexpressed."

In this slight synopsis of Mr. Mackaye's plea, are we not prepared for the next step in the evolution of his argument? The full title of his new book is "The Civic Theatre in Relation to the Redemption of Leisure." The civic theatre idea, he avers, "implies the conscious awakening of a people to self-government in the activities of its leisure," the civic theatre itself being "the efficient instrument of the recreative arts of a community." He selects as his motto in the movement for the reorganization of the people's leisure, the simple phrase "imagination in recreation."

Then Mr. Mackaye proceeds to outline what he means by constructive leisure. "Fundamentally," he writes, "the civic theatre idea is concerned with the problem of leisure: to extirpate the baneful habit of mature human beings—the habit of 'killing time.'" He would cope with the problem as a national one and has even suggested the establishment in Washington of a federal Public Amusement Commission, "whose duties (whether the

civic theatre idea as here set forth be adopted or not) should apply immediately to the pressing needs of constructive leisure in the nation, in a way analogous to the Country Life Commission, in relation to rural district needs."

In other words, Mr. Mackaye seeks for a drama which appeals to the many in the way that the folk song and folk tale appealed in days gone by. He would vindicate the art of the theatre, expressed differently in "The Playhouse and the Play," though in accord with Gordon Craig's theories in "On the Art of the Theatre"; he would likewise make room in the civic scheme of things for "a ritual of the people."

There is nothing chimerical in his claims; there is a possibility of accomplishment in all he suggests, even though the poet's imagination runs faster than accomplishment. There are ample evidences everywhere of a communal awakening of interest in dramatic expression. Mr. Mackaye is right in scoring our tried institutions such as the school, the library, and the church—all of which generally ignore the heritage of an art for the many. And he supports his thesis at every point with examples of actual accomplishment, which would indicate how widespread the movement is toward constructive leisure. In many churches, pageants and miracles are presented in which the church members participate; in the schools, as Mr. Percival Chubb has described in his book on "Festivals," our national holidays are being properly observed and celebrated; while civic authorities are caring for a sane Fourth of July and for typical yuletide observances which are open to all the people. Some day, every city may support an ideal cathedral of communal expression; the State may appropriate money for the care of its citizens' leisure, as it now does for the education of its youth and the maintenance of its highways. Already we have had educational theatres which have furnished better entertainment in congested quarters of the city, and, what is more, have called into co-operation the mimetic powers of the people themselves. If, argues Mr. Mackaye, the College of the City of New York can flourish and perform its functions, endowed by civic appropriation; if the University of Wisconsin can fulfill its highest ideals, as a State institution, why may not theatres, similarly created, flourish and maintain high standards, not measured by commercial requirements? There are university players in existence to-day, exemplified by Mr. Coburn's company, that suggest the future possibility of a University Theatre Association; there are outdoor theatres, such as the one in Berkeley, California; while the pageant stage is to be seen in many small villages reclaiming the dead spirit of the inhabitants. Drama leagues are spanning the country, and schoolhouse plays reinforce the year's curriculum.

The experiments have even progressed so far that Mr. Mackaye claims for the technique in the art of the civic theatre that it conditions the use of the mask. Though his imagination exceeds practical results, the author of this new book of potent suggestions speaks from actual experience; he has been the prime mover in many of the pageants which have been given in the East and West, and these have included the Gloucester celebration, the Saint-Gaudens Masque at Cornish, N. H., the High Jinks of the Bohemian Club in the Red Woods of California, and others of a larger and more civic nature. He writes:

"The redemption of leisure by an art participated in by the people on a national scale would create such a counter demand



PERCY MACKAYE

Author of "Canterbury Tales," "The Scarecrow," etc.

for craftsmanship in the humblest things as would revolutionize the present aspects of the machine-made world." This suggests the return to that method of co-operation which characterized the guild celebrations in mediæval times. Mr. Mackaye continues: "During the two months of preparation for the Gloucester pageant, the wives, sons and daughters of fishermen and tradesmen co-operated with their fathers, amid pleasure and excitement, in a festival for which their town voted a special holiday." Such is the ideal effect of communal constructive leisure!

The civic and State recognition of the theatre suggests to Mr. Mackaye an official post for the dramatist. In a later essay, "The Worker in Poetry," he more fully outlines the scope of the new drama, of the new expression offered by the acceptance of the civic theatre idea. Pageantry and its offshoots open an infinite field of technique for the poet. But Mr. Mackaye does not clearly differentiate between poets, and we begin to distrust his enthusiasm when he deplors that no theatre has yet been willing to offer to the public such strictly poetic attempts in dramatic

guise, as Olive Tilford Dargan's "The Shepherd," and Ridgely Torrence's "Abelard and Heloise." He does not clearly define what method the State should adopt in selecting its poets to be servants of the public. For there are many poetic plays written which are not deserving of theatre presentment—Tennyson and Browning included!

What will pageantry and other art forms of the civic theatre do for the people? They will encourage ancient prowess in athletics and necessitate such a stadium as has been given to the College of the City of New York; they will take care of foreign and native folklore—elements being ignored by our other educational institutions; they will develop and encourage native music such as Walter Damrosch composed for the Gloucester pageant, like F. S. Converse's score for the Pittsburgh pageant, and Arthur Farwell's efforts in the direction of municipal concerts in the parks for the people of the City of New York.

In his chapter on "Scope and Organization," Mr. Mackaye further differentiates. He says:

"The Civic Theatre is not merely the (Continued on page vi)



White  
CHRISTINE NORMAN  
Appearing as Ethel in "Peg o' My Heart"

## THAT acting in Germany is really a profession for everyone who goes on the stage and that it is often no more than an intermittent activity in America, is the contention of Carl Sauermann, who is now appearing as Professor Bhaer in "Little Women." As he received all his training in the Vaterland, where he played the lead under the management of Brahm of the Lessing Theatre and of Max Reinhardt in Berlin, and as he has been in this country for five years at the Irving Place Theatre and playing in a vaudeville skit all over the country with the Orpheum circuit, one may well believe that he knows whereof he speaks.

"The conditions over there make it possible for any actor, from the time he first goes on the stage, to build up a career for himself," he said, "and that is because there is system and order in the theatrical world and because the actors and actresses have succeeded in forming a union which helps them to regulate their affairs and to guard their rights. This union, the 'Deutsche Bühnengenossenschaft,' publishes an almanac, a directory, if you will, in which each and every actor and actress is recorded with a list of parts they have played, the theatres they have played them in and the number of times they have played them. Besides this, it publishes a weekly paper which contains the program of each theatrical performance in any theatre in the entire empire. Thanks to this, if I want to, I can tell just exactly what rôle Meyer in Oldenburg is appearing in and what Schmidt is doing in Würzburg. This enables also the managers and the agents to watch you. I know that my contract expires in a few months, so I write to my agent in Berlin or Hamburg that I shall be free at such and such a time; he reads up in these papers what I am doing and by the time I come to him, he knows just exactly what it is that I want and he finds it for me. The same way with a manager. He is looking

he do? Refers to the directory to find such a one and then communicates with him through the weekly.

"Of course, you must remember, the stage is older in Germany; it has established more traditions, and education in the arts is much more each person's portion than it is here. Then, too, there are better and more opportunities for learning stagecraft through the system of repertoire theatres. At each there are a few practised and experienced repertoire actors and a much larger number of 'volontaires'—what you might call apprentices—who receive perhaps 100 marks a month and the privilege of learning from watching rehearsals and taking small parts here and there. They are the little satellites about the stars, but if they are diligent, they grow up to be planets, too. As each company has a vast collection of plays, modern and classic, always in readiness, you can imagine how versatile an actor in one of the 'Residenz' or 'Hoftheater' (the municipal theatres with their permanent stock companies) becomes. Then these various troupes visit each other's towns, perhaps, and so their actors become known to the other managers and to the people in another town—and that, in turn, creates other openings.

"But here—what sort of a schooling do you offer your young people? You get a part by chance; you play it for six months or a year and then—what? You played one thing well, but what manager will take the risk that you can play something else just as well? You are a 'type' and until you can find something else just in 'your line,' as they say, you may go tramping for a while. And if you play on the road who knows your work? I do not say that this is always so, but it is pretty general. See all the young men and women sitting around in the agencies from the time they open until they close



White  
CARL SAUERMAN  
As Professor Bhaer in "Little Women"

at night, waiting, waiting for someone to come in who is looking for their "type." They are sitting there, hungry and unhappy and eager for work, but the manager, who has a very definite idea in his mind of the person for whom he is looking to fill, let us say, the part of a waiter, passes them all by and goes on. On the street, he sees the man he is looking for; he hails him. What is he doing? He is a waiter in so-and-so's. Good! What does he get there? Would he be willing, for a few dollars a week more, to take the part of the waiter in this play? Surely, and why not? If one can make a little more money at acting a waiter than at being a waiter, what harm to substitute the theatre for the restaurant for a while? The play is over; there are no more parts for waiters and our friend goes back to the restaurant again. That is not fiction I am telling you, it is the truth; I know of such a case and others like it, too. When you are changing professions like that continually, what incentive is there for doing your best work?

"How different all that is in Germany, where you know always that there is something ahead for you to work for; that everything you do or leave undone will count for or against you and that, so long as you do well and keep on improving, there will never be a need of your taking to bootblackening or manicuring to make a living. You may make the hit of your life here, on the road, one year, and not have a thing to do the next. That could never happen with the system abroad, where the least little thing that you do becomes known—there, if you made a hit, you would go like hot cakes!"

"But how does the system keep the market from being overflowed?"

"At these repertoire theatres there are always



Copyright, Charles Frohman

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AND CYRIL KEIGHTLEY IN "THE SPY"

only so many positions and no more, and when a vacancy occurs it is filled by someone who held a like position in another theatre or a trained *volontaire*—seldom with a chance newcomer. The older actors all have contracts for several years, and every year there is always a general shift between the various theatres, so that though they have a feeling of safety for a few years, because they know where their bread and butter is coming from, they do not stagnate by being in the same place all their lives.

"I scold about these things, only because I know how they could be better, and because many people are suffering from conditions that should be changed. I could have talked to you all this time about the excellencies of the American stage. Although I had always heard that we of the foreign stage were more cultured, I have not found that to be the case. I have found, also, a much greater courtesy here, and in the production companies a much finer *esprit de corps* than one finds abroad. There is none of that bitter jealousy among the players, that arrogance and haughtiness which you find in the stock-company player."

If you expect Herr Sauermann's accent which he wears in "Little Women" to be a part of him as his whiskers are, you will be very much disappointed, for as soon as he is off the stage he drops it for a faultless English. He came over to play a "Gastrolle" at the Irving Place Theatre for a year, which means that he was to be guest of the American audience for that time before signing a ten-years' contract at the Municipal Theatre in Vienna. That was five years ago, but instead of returning to close the contract, he stayed to master our language, and to play in our theatres.

E. E. v. B.



FLORENCE FLEMING NOYES  
A new exponent of the revived art of classic pantomime

## Another New Art of the Theatre

AT the Rodin Conference in Paris last summer, held in connection with the Carpeaux-Ricard Exposition at the Tuileries Gardens and presided over by the great sculptor himself, an unexpected feature of the program was the appearance of a new exponent of the revived art of classic pantomime and dancing. A special platform was erected and a replica of Carpeaux's famous "Groupe de la Danse," from the façade of the Paris Opera House, was a part of the background. The dancer was an American woman, Florence Fleming Noyes, of Boston, who is to impersonate Liberty in the pageant organized by Hazel Mackaye at Washington on March 3 in connection with the inauguration ceremonies.



Like that of her predecessors in this field, Miss Noyes's art relates itself first of all to sculpture. It has distinctive qualities and application, however, which contain promise of what may be called virtually a new dramatic art. And the theatre in America will become acquainted with it this season, for Miss Noyes will shortly appear in New York.

The name for her art creed, Miss Noyes says, is "The gospel of the spirit of things"—a gospel which, indeed, is the ultimate thing in all art, whether veiled in visions of romance or cast in the hard faces of realism. It is true there are times when this gospel seems to have been lost, confused or obscured by the very forms of its utterance. Just then it is, however, that the enduring ideality, struggling for purer expression, asserts itself to point back to its own simplicity. The cycle is complete, and we find ourselves in the age of symbolism once more.

Such an impulse moves, indeed, like a miraculous world intelligence. The same generation sees its Maeterlincks, Hauptmanns, Ibsens, Kennedys, D'Annunzios—to which priesthood we may add, with due meekness for America's belated honor to her chief prophetess, the name of Josephine Preston Peabody, and, of the same kindred, Percy Mackaye and Edward Knoblauch. There is Puvis de Chavannes in painting, and Rodin, great realist but greater symbolist, in sculpture. And there is Gordon Craig, with his new art of the theatre, a symbolic mystic setting

of the stage which has brought to the drama a new significance.

More striking, however, than any other response to this world impulse is the development of an entirely new art out of one that had been lost for centuries. Here, moreover, it is interesting to see that America takes foremost place, and through her women. Two of them, Isadora Duncan and Maud Allan, independently inspired and each working out an individual art, revived the classic dance. Now, more recently, a third, not a follower of either of the others, but developing independently her kindred talent, has appeared to lure us back farther still, to pure lyric pantomime. Max Reinhardt brought us pantomime in "Sumurun," with his German players. But Florence Fleming Noyes offers a pure symbolism in a return to the Greek spirit of abstract beauty, expressed in the rhythm of the human body.

To the true artist, art is a religion. The art of the Greeks was inseparable from their religion and from their patriotism as well. Beauty was a deity; the creation or expression of beauty was a service to the state. *Mens sana in corpore sano* was an æsthetic as well as a practical ideal, in pursuit of which the Greeks left to the succeeding ages a model of physical perfection never since approached. It was through their physical perfection, the response to their mental concepts and emotions, the action and interaction of mind and body upon each other, Miss Noyes believes, that their art spirit found the beautiful means of expression which has left us the wonderful sculptures of the Phidian age; and we, by our own right thinking, can be



physically perfect as were they; producing likewise a perfect and new art of our own. Therefore, to her the perfection of the response of the human body is both a religion and an art, imposing upon the individual the high obligation both of noble thought and of means to express it. Keeping ever in view the ideal, the body and its perfections become the beautiful instrument which shall sing the soul within it. It is the symbol of a beauty which transcends the mortal image.

So mystic a conception seems perhaps to elude the purposes of the drama. At the beginning of all art, however, is rhythm. The beginning of the drama is pantomime, which is expression in bodily motion, bodily rhythm. And to have the definition quite clear, let us quote Arthur Symons, who says, in his "Studies of Seven Arts": "It is an error to believe that pantomime is merely a way of doing without words, that it is merely the equivalent of words. *Pantomime is thinking overheard.* It begins and ends before words have formed themselves, in a deeper consciousness than that of speech." There is that in the drama—indeed, the essence of the symbolistic drama is that which no words can express. "And pantomime has that mystery which is one of the requirements of true art," says Mr. Symons again.

It is the supreme expression of this mystery that Miss Noyes is seeking. In "Sumerun" it is the definite, the concrete, the earthy, human passion and impulse that the actors show. Contrasting with this, it is the direct, abstract, distilled emotion of the classic spirit that the lyric pantomime of this dancer expresses.

In exposition of her theories, this artist has developed a technique which rivals Isadora Duncan's. Essentially, their basis is the same, namely, the principle of training every muscle of the body to perfect responsiveness, and that other principle of a dominant centre for all movements, the folding and unfolding of all parts of the body from that centre. That exquisite delicacy of movement which makes the hand into the drooping petal of a flower, that lightness and grace of limb which lift the body as on wings and make of it a poem, these are achieved by the smooth and perfect development of every muscle, every part, which is given its every normal function in response to a mental concept of beauty. A new standard of beauty, of course—not our fettered, artificial, conventionalized standard of the human figure, but the classic outline and even grace of the ancient Greek. And how altogether desirable is such a standard may be



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Tanagra dance derived from the  
poses of famous figurines



Copyright F. F. N.  
"HEBE" DANCE

realized when Miss Noyes dances. She dances, however, not to interpret music. Rather is she Hebe, dancing her innocence, or Galatea, in her joy of new-found life. Then, indeed, is she truly the spirit of things, a lyric, rhythmic loveliness in human form etherealized, translated into the ultimate purity.

It is not in her dancing, however, that this artist will achieve her aim. Her art is so practical a religion that its external expression, its voice, as it were, is but a means to her greater purpose, which is to teach rhythmical bodily expression for its combined ethical and artistic value. She would spiritualize the body, mentalize it with pure thoughts and emotions, for the sake of human happiness, creating this beauty for beauty's own sake and for its reaction as inspiration to humanity.

"It is not what you think but the thoughts

that you respond to, not what is impressed but what is expressed, that registers in outward form." Especially in these days of overdevelopment of the mental faculties, the emphasis should be on physical training to restore psychical and physical co-ordination.

The keynote of these precepts is spontaneity, the method is primarily that of Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson, whose pupil Miss Noyes was. The first principle is complete relaxation and the destruction of muscular habits, then the perfection of muscular responsiveness. The healthy, evenly developed, natural human body is a beautiful object which is correlative to a healthy and therefore noble mind, which in its turn has its expression in the body. The cultivated, imaginative mind conceives images of beauty to which the body responds, and to the measure of its responsiveness is the sublime beauty and the great art work accomplished.

"For the soule the bodie forme doth take,  
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make."

At this point, however, enters a new school of aesthetics, the teachings of Mrs. Lucia Gale Barber, who saw in Florence Fleming Noyes what she termed her "dream-come-true." Her art creed embraced the fundamental muscular responsiveness taught by Dr. Emerson's expressive physical culture but far more essentially it dwelt upon culture of the imagination. It would train the mind to concepts not of modern materiality, but of the universal spirit, divesting itself of tradition and civilization, and traversing the ages back (Continued on page viii)

# The Greatest French Dramatist Since Moliere

AT last Eugene Brieux's sensational play, "Damaged Goods," is to be produced in the United States. This piece, by one of the most unconventional of French dramatists, is perhaps the most startling propagandist drama that has ever been written. In fact, it is one of the very few plays that has ever been suppressed by the French Government. Under the supervision of M. Brieux the original play, entitled "Les Avariés," was produced privately a few years ago, and afterwards further performance was denied. Later a private performance was given in London. Now it is announced that those two popular American actors, Richard Bennett and Wilton Lackaye, have assembled a capable company which will shortly produce "Damaged Goods" in New York before a select invited audience at the Astor Theatre.

The play was first given to American readers in a volume of three translations, published last year with a preface by Mr. Bernard Shaw. It deals with the effect upon a family of a disease handed down by the father. Pathological subjects of this nature have for some time past been frankly discussed in the lay magazines and newspapers, and also on the lecture platform, so it is doubtful if the authorities could consistently interfere to prevent a private presentation on the ground of public policy. The publication of the piece in book form created a considerable stir at the time and forced Brieux upon the attention of a very large number of American readers. Even before this, however, the name of this dramatist was looming very large.

In common with that of Granville Barker, Brieux's work possesses characteristics that have not always been associated with the stage, for many of his plays are, at least in part, purely discursive. And in the subjects treated, moreover, his plays represent a radical departure from the methods of other European writers.

It was Mr. Laurence Irving who first brought Brieux to the notice of American theatregoers. The critics had heard of him as a strange Parisian who, because of his choice of subjects, was hailed by a few as the legitimate successor of Ibsen. The general public, however, preferred to regard him as a sociologist rather than primarily as a playwright. At all events, they did not believe that he was to be taken very seriously.

This was certainly the standpoint of even the French public at the beginning of Brieux's career. In 1909 Mr. Irving translated and produced "Les Hanneçons," which he entitled "The Incubus," and which began its short career in New York with mild praise from some critics as an enjoyable but trivial comedy and with very little attention from theatregoers in general. The following year Mr. Irving changed the name of his play to "The Affinity," and this may have gained for it a strengthened interest, for soon afterwards he produced his own adaptation of "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont," which may be considered one of the greatest of Brieux's plays and one of the most notable productions which New York has seen in many years. It was this play among others which led Shaw to remark that Brieux was the greatest French dramatist since Molière. Mr. Irving himself declared that he regarded Brieux as the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare—astounding praise from one who has been schooled from babyhood in the great works of dramatic literature, and whose father was responsible for some of the most adequate productions that these great works of literature received.

"The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont" is terrific in its onslaught on the conditions of marriage at the present day. The smaller and more particular of these conditions are distinctly French. But below these characteristic superficialities, behind these circumstantial facts, are the truths that are as significant in New York as in Paris. For many of them hit home very hard was evident to anyone who looked around the audience at a performance of the play. This play deals with three types of the modern woman: the typical old maid, the typical marriageable girl, and the typical woman who has gone out into the world to find some kind of work and follow it.

There is also the splendidly drawn character of the talkative old French father and his silent little wife, and the strapping, stupid, masculine husband whom the young girl marries, and his fat, masterful mother and cringing, henpecked little father. Each of the characters is set forth with exceeding accuracy and fineness of touch. The drama centres about the marriage of the youngest daughter, a marriage of convenience, in which the chief actors begin to know each other after the ceremony has been performed. Out of this situation Brieux builds a most dramatic scene.

Among the most vital of the Brieux dramas is "Maternity," which Mr. Irving wished to produce during his sojourn in America, but which he did not dare to risk before a mixed public. This play deals more specifically with the conditions both of womanhood and of marriage. It shows more conclusively perhaps than anything that has ever been written that this is a man's world. It forces home more convincingly than any tract could do the unfairness of the position not only of the mother who is husbandless, but of the wife who is childless through her husband's wish, and of the wife who has borne a dozen children against her will.

Altogether M. Brieux has written twenty-five plays, one of which, "The Deserter," was done in collaboration with M. Jean Sigaux; another, "The Chain," was dramatized from a novel of M. Paul Hervieu.

"Blanchette," which was first produced at the Théâtre Libre in 1892, set forth the folly of educating people above their station in life. It was this play that first brought Brieux to the attention of a foreign public, although it has never been produced in English. Following this play were many of equal force and effectiveness, and even greater dramatic vigor, embracing a great variety of social subjects. "The Benefactors," for example, shows in a keenly ironic way how futile is charity as ordinarily dispensed. "The Result of the Races" traces the steady decline of a good workman's family because of the allurements constantly held out to his one weakness, his fondness for horse-racing. "The Red Robe," which received the signal honor of being crowned by the French Academy, treats in an absorbingly tense drama of the manner in which some of the judges of France are forced to be unfair—sometimes cruelly and criminally unfair—in order to make a record for many condemnations and so stand in line for promotion. "The Substitutes" tells of the horrors inflicted on the wives and families of certain workmen by the abuse of the system of nursing. "Simone," one of his latest and best works, attacks the immorality of so-called "smart" society and its results; while "The Lonely Woman," Brieux's latest play, condemns society's unfair attitude toward the unmarried woman.

It has been said that Brieux is a (Continued on page ix)



EUGENE BRIEUX  
Author of "Damaged Goods," etc.





White

JULIA MARLOWE AS OPHELIA IN "HAMLET"



White

JOSEPH (Brandon Tynan) LEADING HIS FATHER'S FLOCKS TO PASTURE

## "Joseph and His Brethren"—a Pageant Play



White

Joseph (Brandon Tynan) Zuleika (Pauline Frederick)  
Scene in Act I. Zuleika: "Thou shalt be my lord's slave—and mine"

TO describe the pageant play, "Joseph and His Brethren," were to enumerate the shades of color in the rainbow and to recite from the pages of an art manual; to criticize its authenticity as a pictorial Biblical drama were to assume the authority of an archæologist. Mr. Parker has treated the narrative we find in the Book of Genesis—expanded it here, contracted it there. He has added incident to complete his story, he has ignored detail to simplify it. To meet the demands of the drama, for instance, the playwright

has subordinated incidents made prominent in the Bible, such as the repeated visits of the brothers to Joseph in the days of the famine when he is governor of Egypt, and enlarged the love interest and the villainy. To this end he has introduced Asenath, daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On, into the household of Potiphar at the very beginning of Joseph's career. In the Bible, she is referred to, for the first time, after Pharaoh made Joseph governor over his lands "and gave him to wife Asenath." Similarly, he has made of Zuleika, Potiphar's wife, the demoness *ex machina*, about whom the dramatic interest of the play centres. Her co-villain is Simeon, son of Leah, mentioned in the Bible only as that brother whom Joseph held as hostage when he bade his other brothers return to Jacob and fetch him Benjamin but distinguished by Mr. Parker as the meanest, the most jealous of the brothers, the leader in all the plots connived against Joseph.

The play is divided into four acts with thirteen scenes. It opens upon a shaded plateau from which the tents of Shechem may be seen in the distance through a frame of waving palm trees. It is the stilly moment just before dawn. Slowly the rosy light of morning creeps down the sides of the mountains until the whole landscape is baking in the glare of the Eastern sun. Gradually the scene comes to life. Slaves in picturesque

scantiness of attire pass to and fro carrying water in skins from a well; women in dark-colored garments, balancing water jars saunter by; camels and a herd of young asses are driven past by more brown-skinned slaves. Finally the sons of Jacob come upon the scene, swarthy, muscular full-grown men whose costumes declare them to be shepherd warriors, whose bearing proclaims their lineage and power. From their speech one gathers that they favor Joseph, the first-born of Rachel, not so much as does their father, who would commemorate his coming to manhood by the gift of a coat of many colors and a proclamation that there shall be great feasting and dancing when evening comes. Scorning Joseph as a foolish dreamer of dreams, they yet fear his power of interpretation and are jealous of his favors.

Asher, the son of Zilpah, brings the news that a caravan is approaching their wells in Dothan, whereat Jacob bids them begone with fruits, rich woven stuffs and spices rare to barter with the wayfarers. So we see them again at



Pauline Frederick as Zuleika, wife of Potiphar

the wells of Dothan, an oasis in the desert vastness, where they busy themselves arranging the display of their riches with which they mean to beguile the travellers. Reuben is sent on, as Jacob's eldest born, to meet them. Joseph, having been detained by his mother, who feared his going forth, the brothers hold counsel and goaded by Simeon, determine that "what is not done for us, we must do for ourselves." There is a dry pit at hand, wherein dwell evil things—the sides are smooth, "we have no rope. If he fell in, by mischance"—the suggestion is enough.

A gorgeous caravan draws near; first runners on foot, then bronzed slaves carrying weighty burdens, warriors heavily armed on horse and on foot; two camels bearing women closely veiled and a third, magnificently caparisoned with a howdah more variegated in its coloring than Joseph's coat which takes its stand near the dry well. The rear of the caravan is filled with more warriors, some in blue and white striped hoods and jackets, others in terra-cotta and bright blue and yet again others clad in the skins of leopards bearing large shields decorated in motives of Assyrian geometrical design. Heru, the captain of the caravan, barter with Simeon for his display of treasures, when a voice from the depths of the pit is heard to chant:

"The Lord, my God; the Almighty God,  
He shall lift me out of the mire."

It is Joseph's voice.



White Brandon Tynan Pauline Frederick  
Act II. Zuleika: "My eyes are bound into thine"



Brandon Tynan Pauline Frederick  
Act II. Zuleika: "Thou art mine!"

"Who mocketh at my gods? Who singeth of a god that is greater than mine?"

demands a woman's voice resounding in anger from behind the curtains of the howdah.

She orders her slaves to bring the blasphemer of her gods forth and have him slain. As the knife is raised in obedience to her command, she stays it, crying,

"Wait, I would see!"

The curtains of the howdah part, revealing the most beautiful of women, pale and dark, peering forth from underneath rosy, purplish scarfs that look like the seven evening stars. Joseph turns toward her; their eyes meet.

She changes her command, ordering Neru to buy Joseph from his brothers that she, Zuleika, may bring him as a slave to Potiphar, her betrothed.

Twenty pieces of silver pay for Joseph's freedom and the caravan moves on. But how shall the brothers tell Jacob of what has befallen? Simeon has prepared the way. It is to leave Joseph's precious coat of many colors, dabbled in the blood of a goat's kid where Reuben will find it upon his return. He will tell his own tale—"Are there no lions in Dothan?"

It is evening. Guests and minstrels and dancers are gathered in Jacob's tent. The wind so blows that the yellows, reds and greens of the silken draperies mingle into an indistinct pattern with the vibration. Oil lamps cast their dim lights over the scene, which is lighted up now and again by the flickering flashes of torches. Serving maids in long, dark robes and scarfs of contrasting colors wound about their heads and shoulders, pour wine for the guests into shallow cups from huge earthen jars. Strange fruits—



White

Brandon Tynan Frank Losee Pauline Frederick  
Act II. Joseph sent away to prison on the accusation of Potiphar's wife

melons, grapes, pomegranates—are piled high in great heaps about the room; there is an air of gayety and festivity mingled with a sense of apprehension.

A dance, accompanied by weird music and chanting, is interrupted by the wild raging of the storm and the sudden entrance of Reuben, frenzied, and bearing the blood-stained coat of many colors that tells the revellers its own tale of horror and sorrow.

It is in Egypt, in the house of Potiphar, that we find ourselves in the second act. Through the square pillars of the porch, at one side, one sees the heavy blue sky of night purpling the shadows of the dying sun. Within, the reds and greens of the mural decorations are offset by the green bronze incense stands and the dark green and gold of a high-throned chair. To the lavenders

and pinks and blues of slave girls, the greens and browns of the men is added the Tyrian purple of Potiphar's robe, bordered with emerald green. But the climax in color effect is not reached until Zuleika arrives, a glittering, shimmering being, a rainbow set in jewels.

Potiphar, being summoned by Pharaoh to go to war, departs, reluctant to leave Zuleika, and puts his entire household in charge of Joseph, who has become his most trusted servant. The next evening in the garden where acacias and sycamores stand boldly forth in the silhouette against the moon and the starlit sky, Joseph finds his love, Asenath, overhears a plot to kill Pharaoh, made out between his chief baker and the lord treasurer and receives a summons to come to Zuleika. To the maid who brings the message he replies. *(Continued on page 5)*

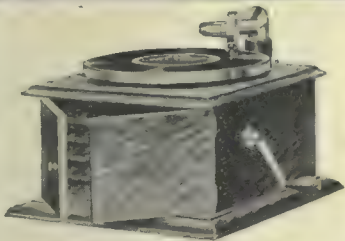


White

Horace James Charles Herman Brandon Tynan Frank Woolfe

Act III Joseph interprets the dreams of the butler and baker

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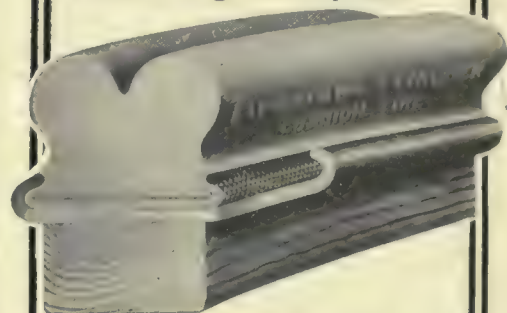
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**PERCY MACKAYE**

(Continued from page 88)

commercial theatre, reformed; it is not an art theatre for art's sake alone; it is not the municipal theatre of Europe transferred to American soil; it is not an organization on the precedent of the New Theatre in New York (which in a later chapter Mr. Mackaye says failed because it was not an endowed institution, and was not dedicated to a definite policy of public service); it is not primarily a repertory theatre, though it probably would be; it is not necessarily a theatre owned by a community—though it preferably should be."  
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**What's Wrong with the Stage?**

(Continued from page 80)

rapidity and such frequency that much of the acting must needs be slovenly. If the manager can get the right "type" for the part, that is the actor or actress who fulfills the physical qualifications of the rôle, he thinks he has done his duty by the public who comes to see his play, and unfortunately this would seem to be true when we consider the high rating which is often given really commonplace acting.

Through the abandonment of the repertory and stock company systems, our players have become specialists in various lines and lack the ease, the flexibility and breadth which come from a vigorous training in a round of parts. Our actors present types, they are not versatile, well-rounded artists. The realistic actor accustomed to repression is wanting in variety and resourcefulness and he fails utterly in the realm of the imaginative drama simply through a lack of the proper training. How can we expect our players to grow in artistic stature if we do not give them the chance?

If we would have great acting once more, we must pay more attention in the future to that type of drama which calls for the display of im-



William Montgomery and Florence Moore in a National car

agination, fire and dramatic power—for expression rather than repression. What our players need is an opportunity to play many parts and many kinds of parts in the course of a season. If we provide this opportunity the truly great actor will come once more to grace our stage.

We have now come to the last division of our problem—the producer. The average manager more than any other one individual is to blame for the present low ebb of dramatic art in the United States, and it is the "commercial" manager in particular who has ground acting and the drama into the mire, commodities to be bought and sold like any ordinary bits of merchandise. The average American manager to-day is nothing but a money-grabbing tradesman whose sole thought is the reaping of a golden harvest, and there is no dramatic ideal or code of ethics he will not sacrifice for the sake of the American dollar. What a contrast to the American manager of a generation ago! There were commercial managers then—men who made their living by producing plays—men like Daly, Palmer and Wallack, but to them the stage was first of all an art, the business side was of minor importance. A reasonable profit on their investment of time and money was all they asked. Not so with your modern manager. A play must have unlimited drawing power regardless of artistic considerations to appeal to the showman of to-day. The cheap, the vulgar, the meretricious play—if it succeeds in attracting the public, the managers let loose a flood of similar productions

(Continued on page xii)

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**The Little Theatre in Chicago**

(Continued from page 86)

Euripides' "Medea," "Hippolytus," and "The Bacchæ," plays of Donald Breed, Alice Brown, Swinburne, Strindberg, including a number of first performances in America, with the producing rights invested in Mr. Brown, "and in every case without one cent of advanced royalty. Not one play that we asked for has been refused us, and several have been given where the authors could have received much larger returns from other managers than we could possibly offer, because they were in sympathy with our aims."

"The Little Theatre" is the outward expression of Mr. Maurice Brown and Ellen Van Volkenburg, with the plays to be given, mode of production, and every detail determined by them. "Only once has there been the slightest attempt at dictation by any of our supporting members, which was quite easily settled by returning the subscription of the dissatisfied one, for whatever is done in this world, whether it be the running of a railroad, a butcher shop, or a theatre, must have one responsible head. We have made mistakes, and, of course, shall make many more; but we are learning all the time, having wit enough to know a stone wall after we have bumped against it a few times, but without the paralysis that comes from seven heads, each one with different ideas and all pulling in opposite directions."

"We have no special purpose to make propaganda for American playwrights, though, other things being equal, we should give the preference to America over Europe, and to Chicago over any other place; but the important thing is that the play shall be worth something. If we give interesting productions, the future will take care of itself, and we welcome the general public to the full extent of our seating capacity. For our members we charge fifty cents, while the public is asked to pay only a dollar, and if we cannot give them the value we have not the slightest intention of asking for support on the grounds of patriotism, of the elevation of the drama, or in any other form of charity. Meanwhile we are having 'the time of our lives.'"

"The Little Theatre" is established on a plan of such intelligence, and giving such interesting performances, that its future seems assured, and Mr. Brown has the heartiest good wishes of all who have had the pleasure of visiting the home of his enterprise.

KARLETON HACKETT.

**AT THE OPERA**

(Continued from page 70)

his jealous scenes, and Alda has never sung so well as she did in the heavenly music allotted to Desdemona. Scotti sang and acted Iago in a manner that betokened him a master among artists.

In the rôle of Violetta, in "La Traviata," Frieda Hempel disclosed a new side to her art, proving that she is an actress of exceptional ability—for a coloratura singer.

Then the visiting opera company from Philadelphia-Chicago gave a single performance—the first of a series of four—and revived Charpentier's "Louise," which had been neglected for a season. It was Mary Garden's first appearance here this year, but the title rôle of this opera is scarcely her best rôle. She acted it with all the Garden mannerisms, never conveying the least illusion, and her singing was really sad. Dalmore as Julien was not at his best either, so the honors went to Dufranne in the rôle of Father, and Berat acting the Mother.

So much for opera. With the Christmas holidays safely behind them, concert artists have spurred themselves to great activity, filling afternoons and evenings with song sonatas and symphonies. Chief among these events was the return of Elena Gerhardt, famous German Lieder singer, who captivated her audiences completely both in concert and recital. As a challenge to her art came Julia Culp, a Dutch Lieder singer of great renown who is also mistress of her art.

Among a host of pianists, too numerous to mention, there was one of exceptional promise, deserving of encouragement. He is an American, David Sapirstien, still a youth, but very earnest, very ambitious. His playing has some of the faults of youth, but his interpretations show a thinking musical brain. He has technique, a good tone and ideals. These, combined with his ambition, should prove valuable assets in his struggle for artistic recognition. Miss Betty Askenasy, a young Russian pianist, who made her début before this public at Aeolian Hall, on January 25th, played with understanding and feeling and displayed a finished technique.



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**Another New Art of the Theatre**

(Continued from page 91)

to antiquity and the original purity of the primitive soul. The body would become no longer the human form, but a lyrical ideal of physical beauty, carving in air with its rhythms, as Botticelli limned on canvas, pure melodies in line. The winds of the heaven would play upon it as a divinely attuned instrument, sounding the marvelous harmonies of all-pervading mystical purity and transcendent loveliness. Not things themselves, but the spirit of things, is what this art strives to express.

That such a creed and its practice has high significance in the arts is self-evident. It would seem also to be to the drama, especially the symbolistic, mystic drama, that it has its most immediate application. And from this viewpoint the subject offers interesting and stimulating suggestions.

At a glance, and with recollection of Sarah Bernhardt, the great exponent of Delsarte, one sees the value of technical physical training for the actor. It means the perfection of pantomime, spontaneous expression of the mental concept by all parts of the body—and this is, or should be, the foundation of the acted drama. After that, but not without it, come the superstructure and adornment of words.

But particularly consider the poetic drama. Its personages spiritualized, their pantomime itself a lyric, the lines would be truly the musical wings of the action which they are intended to be. And of the poetic drama, consider the elusive Maeterlinckian conceptions thus presented. Suppose our actors were all so trained in lyric pantomimic expression that we might see all of a cast as mystically poetic as was Miss Gwendoline Valentine as Water in "The Blue Bird"? Or as much the spirit of Youth as was Miss Patricia Collinge in "Everywoman"?

And then suppose—at the risk of ostracism for our presumption, no doubt, but still—suppose that Gordon Craig were to stage a Wagnerian opera, as Mr. Symons suggests, and then suppose that pantomimists of Miss Noyes' school should fill the stage, giving us in a visual, silent rhythm the action of the drama while the orchestra gives us the music? There are people, as Mr. Symons reminds us, who prefer Wagner's music in the concert room to Wagner's music even at Bayreuth, and he thinks that Mr. Craig might perhaps reconcile them to a stage performance. There are other people who can never reconcile themselves to opera—can never conquer the sense of incongruity and even absurdity in dialogue sung. To such people the intensely material presence of the singers works against the enchantment of the music. The Wagner personages were beings of no time or place; they were symbols of ideas. They need, then, symbolic interpretation, the mystery of pantomime. A silent picture, enveloped in the atmosphere of heavenly orchestral voices, would seem to be near the poetic expressiveness the Wagner music-drama was designed to have, but, to many people, never attains when sung.

Without looking so far ahead as a revolution in the presentation of Wagner, however, there is importance in the fact that Miss Noyes' ambition is to make her art a basic thing of permanent value. She believes that it is needed as an element of dramatic training, and it is primarily to professional actors and singers that she wishes to teach it. In the establishment of this principle we shall owe to her a new quality in dramatic art and new artists of a school which will meet the needs of the symbolist movement in the theatre—a movement for which as yet the poet playwright finds all too few players to interpret him.  
ETHEL M. SMITH.

John Drew lately dropped in at the Players Club after a tiresome railroad journey from the city. Contrary to his usual custom the actor dashed past the door tenders, without checking his coat or hat, much less taking pains that his name on the club list should be pegged as present. But there were new attendants at the door. Mr. Drew started quickly upstairs, but he had not reached the top before his coat tails were seized by a stout hand and his ears struck by a loud voice saying, "What name, please?" "Drew," was the answer. "What Drew," the attendant persisted, still holding on to the coat tails. "Oh, Drew blazes!" answered the actor, getting nettled. "Very well, Mr. Blazes," said the attendant, releasing his grip and returning to the printed list on the club door to place a pin opposite the name O. Drew Blazes as present or accounted for.

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## Greatest Since Moliere

(Continued from page 92)

pessimist. But only those who see nothing but the surface could really believe that. The man himself is a contradiction of it. His earnest face possesses eyes that light up with love and enthusiasm when he grows interested in his subject. And his anger is never directed against individuals, but against wrongs. It is indeed because he loves people so thoroughly that he so strongly wishes to improve their condition. A pessimist, seeing no good in human nature, contents himself with grumbling about it. It is only the great optimist who is not baffled by a multitude of troubles, but goes bravely out to fight them one by one. It is because he believes in humanity that he believes it can improve, and that it is worth while trying to help it. In these plays, every evil that the author points out is one for which he sees and suggests a remedy—sometimes briefly, sometimes in detail. The plays are not depressing; they merely deal with depressing conditions. Really they are invigorating, because they show how these conditions can be done away with.

Not all of his plays treat of the ills brought about by wrongs. In some, Brioux shows people who, realizing these wrongs and knowing what to do to overcome them, succeed in becoming happy. "The Evasion" is a story of a girl condemned by medical authorities to suffer from heredity, and a man who staunchly believes that will power can overcome the inherited troubles, who marries her, and who succeeds gloriously in helping to contradict the physicians' prophecy and triumphantly to evade her evil inheritance. In "Suzette," another of his works, he shows how truth and love triumph over the conventional idea of what is right, and how thus two lovers are restored to happiness in a union that was for a time seriously threatened by a separation, which outsiders thought should be, but which neither of the two chiefly involved desired. In "The Frenchwoman," the author has written a delightful comedy showing how lovely and lovable the real woman of France is, as opposed to the idea of that woman that foreigners conceive from tales of "wicked Paris."

In spite of the fact that Brioux writes not merely to amuse, he always entertains. Some of his dramas get a little lost as drama because of the author's interest in the doctrine he is to preach. But most of them are absorbing stage vehicles and free from staginess. He is probably now the most widely known French dramatist and the most often produced. In the smaller cities of France, too, he is popular. Even amateurs perform his works. This is a proof that he knows how to make a good drama as well as how to develop a valuable theme. His pieces are theatrically effective without being theatrically tricky.

And yet, in spite of all this, it was years before he managed to procure a production—and then not through ordinary means, but through the keen insight of one who has been a great benefit to the French stage, M. André Antoine. To him Brioux wrote, in regard to "Blanchette": "My dear friend, for ten years I carried my manuscripts around to all the theatres of Paris; most often they were not even read. Thanks to you, thanks to the Théâtre Libre, I can now learn the profession of dramatist."

B. RUSSELL HERTS.

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Marcella Sembrich. *Waltz Dream—Waltz Aria*, "Non sai mia bella," Straus.

Three New Farrar Records. *Königskinder—Lieber Spielmann (Dear Minstrel)*, Humperdinck; *Love's Like a Summer Rose (From "The Ring of Haroun-al-Raschid")* (Lyrics from "Told in the Gate"), Chadwick-Lindermann; *Bohème—Adio! (Farewell)*, Act III, Puccini.

Three New McCormack Records. *My Dreams*, Weatherly-Tosti; *Where the River Shannon Flows*, Russell; *Manon—Il sogno (The Dream)* (Act II), *(In Italian)*, Massenet.

A Delightful Jensen Song by Alda. *Murmuring Breezes (Murmelndes Lüftchen)*, Jensen.

Paderewski Plays Chopin's "Maiden Wish." *The Maiden's Wish (Chant Polonaise, G major)* (Transcription by Franz Liszt), Chopin.—*Adv.*

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**Joseph and His Brethren**

(Continued from page 96)

"I will not come."  
 "I cannot carry so rough an answer."  
 "Speak it gently; I have no other."

When this answer is brought to Zuleika she renews her summons under the guise of having news of a plot against Potiphar's life. This ruse brings him to her chamber, a blue-green room, decorated with a frieze of Assyrian warriors, hung with heavy silken curtains and filled with incense and the heavy perfume of lilies and lotus flowers. In the centre stands a towering statue of Astarte, the protectress of hapless women, and round about it mysterious agents of magic and incense-bearing tripods. At one side is a long, low couch, at the other a mammoth crystal that reflects the changing light of the flickering, colored lamps. Before it, studying these changes, stands Zuleika, her face, transparent in its paleness against the ebony of her soft, waving hair that serves her as a garment better than her dress of silver tissue. She is very beautiful; she is very lonesome, craving sympathy; the lilies and the incense cast their spell upon the air. There have been few men stronger than Joseph; there have been few women more alluring than Zuleika. Yet the man's strength is greater than all the woman's charms and wiles. He wrests himself from her embrace, leaving his cloak in her hands and flees his temptations.

Upon Potiphar's return his first inquiry is for Zuleika. A handmaiden knocks on the door of her chamber that opens upon the court where the household has assembled to welcome its master home. There is a sound of weeping from within. In answer to a call from her lord, she appears at the doorway, haggard and worn, crying out in hollow, tragic tones:

"He came in unto me to mock me. I lifted up my voice and cried, and he fled and got him away."

It is in the prison we see him next, where, as the Bible says, "the keeper . . . committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison." In one corner of the courtyard that is edged with the prison cell stands a sphinx-like form towering even above the prison wall. The bit of sky visible from the court suffers all the changes that come as the glow of the burning day gives way to the soothing coolness of the calmer night. The head-baker and the head-butler, Joseph's fellow-prisoners, come forth from their cells, harrowed and racked by dreams, the meaning of which they cannot fathom. The interpretation Jacob's son puts upon them is proven true when Pharaoh summons these two prisoners to appear before his tribunal of justice.

The voice of Asenath is heard chanting a love song to break the stillness of the night. The keeper has prepared a surprise for Joseph—the door in the wall is thrown open and a purple-clad figure enters. Joseph impassioned throws himself at her feet, and as she raises him for embrace, a second veiled figure, which had followed the first, utters a low cry and flees. It was Asenath. Joseph tears the purple veil away. Zuleika, menacing, terrible, stands before him. She calls the guard.

"Who bade thee give this slave his freedom? Into the nethermost pit with him or Pharaoh shall hear of it."

"And it came to pass at the end of two full years that Pharaoh dreamed . . . and he slept and dreamed a second time."

Is there, then, no one who can rightly read a dream? The head-butler, reinstated, is mindful of one in prison with him who had the power. Pharaoh sends for him and Joseph, haggard, gaunt, dazzled by the light of day, comes before him to tell him the meaning of his strange dreams. He even brings proof of his power by predicting the distant events of the moment, quickly substantiated by fleet messengers.

As a reward Pharaoh sets him over all of Egypt, and gives him Asenath as wife.

The years of famine follow, and Jacob's sons go to "the Deliverer" to beg succor. Joseph knows them, but speaks roughly to them. He accuses them of being spies, and to give them a chance to prove themselves true men, has them leave Simeon as hostage with him while they return home to fetch him Benjamin—so great is his desire to see his real brother. When they return the second time he makes himself known to them and there is great rejoicing.

EVA E. VOM BAUR.

Charles Frohman has arranged for H. B. Warner in a new comedy entitled "The Ghost Breaker," to succeed Charles Cherry and Marie Doro at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on Monday, March 3rd.

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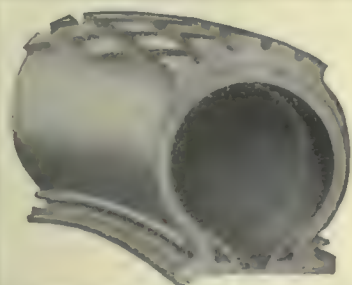
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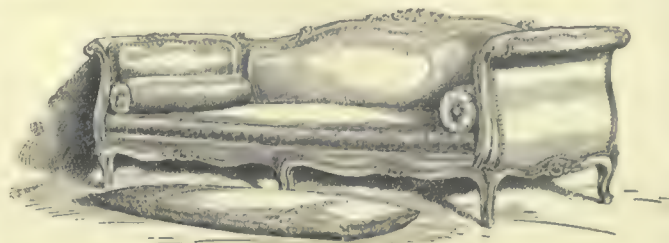
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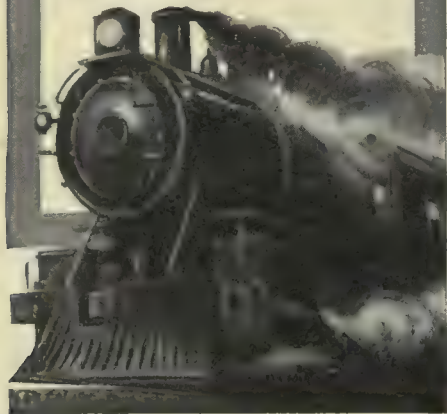
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## What's Wrong with the Stage?

(Continued from page vi)

in the hope of duplicating the success of the first play. In the mean time, the dramatist with a good, clean play must perforce wait until the easily satisfied public tires of salaciousness. Fertility and originality of idea are not two of the assets of the American manager of 1913.

There are, of course, exceptions. The Shuberts have shown astonishing vigor in breaking up the monopoly of the old syndicate. Two of the most prolific producers, Charles Frohman and George C. Tyler, are men of taste and discrimination, and in spite of the variety and extent of their activities their productions attain a high level of excellence. Their failures are numerous, but so are their successes, and whether successful or not their productions reveal an intelligence in their staging which is deplorably lacking in the productions of other of our managers. But both Mr. Tyler and Mr. Frohman attempt too much. Many of their plays deserving a better fate fail because of miscasting and hasty production. Were these men to distribute their tremendous energy and unquestioned ability more wisely upon fewer plays the artistic level of the American theatre would be raised appreciably. If this is the result of applying "business principles" to the stage by two of the best managers in the country is it surprising that the manager with less lofty ideals produces so much nonsense?

If the average theatregoer were asked to name America's foremost producer he would probably answer David Belasco. It has become a maxim that a Belasco play never fails. This is a reputation achieved by hard and unremitting labor, not by mere chance. David Belasco is a dramatic artist from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes, but he is more than that—he is one of the shrewdest and cleverest business men alive. He keeps abreast of the times and even a little ahead. He is ever on the lookout for dramatic material which his ready hand can turn to good advantage. A list of his productions would read like an index to the prevalent thought and fashion of American life. Now it is historical drama, now romance, now the grim realistic play. Politics, the social evil, spiritualism and multiple personality are but a few of the themes he has employed for stage effect. Lavish display or simplicity are equally well presented by this master craftsman.

But Belasco, being human, has his defects. No manager panders to the "public taste" more frequently or to better effect than he. If a play in his opinion is not strong enough to win on its merits, he immediately proceeds to gloss over the "danger points." Many are the ways by which he accomplishes his purpose. Now it is the cheaply comic schoolroom scene in "The Girl of the Golden West," now the abrupt and happy ending of "The Lily," now a scenic tour de force as in the last act of "The Governor's Lady." When it is a case of logic and the truth will not serve this adept stage artist supplies pseudo-realism in place of the genuine article. His productions are often theatrical rather than dramatic. The central idea is too frequently befogged and obscured by an over-elaboration of detail. By such methods he has made a popular success of many a play which in less skillful hands would have failed absolutely.

Yet in spite of these faults it must be remembered that this man has stood sponsor for much that has been the most sincere and striking, the noblest and best in our dramatic art. "The East-est Way" and "The Concert" have revealed this master of stage production stripped of his defects. Here he could afford to be sincere so great were the intrinsic merits of each of these plays. Nor must "The Music Master" and "The Girl of the Golden West" be forgotten. They were noteworthy as giving us three of the most gripping performances of this generation—the Von Barwig of Warfield, the Girl of Blanche Bates and the Sheriff of Frank Keenan. Belasco is a queer mixture of the practical, hard-headed business man, the affected poseur and the sincere, lofty, idealistic dreamer. But there can be no doubt that he is a man of tireless energy and marvellous ability, the foremost producing manager in America to-day.

But, if Belasco is the manager of to-day, Winthrop Ames is as surely destined to be the producer of to-morrow. Ames is a new element in the theatrical world. Most of the men who guide the destinies of our stage are self-made and self-educated, but here we have a college man, a man of luxury and refinement, attempting a career in the stage world. Endowed with a university training and several years' experience as director of a stock company in Boston, he was made the head of the most ambitious movement yet attempted for the betterment of the American stage, the New Theatre in New York. Had the circumstances been more propitious he would un-

(Continued on page xv)

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doubtedly have made a brilliant success of the venture. But the odds were too great. Hampered by the board of directors and a divided responsibility he was unable to work out any definite policy for the theatre and a worthy enterprise went down to defeat. But if the New Theatre was a failure, Winthrop Ames was not. In his short term as director he demonstrated anew the fine results to be obtained from a permanent company of players, and in two seasons he introduced more new dramatists to the American public than any other one of our managers had ever done in the same space of time. Mr. Ames is now in possession of his own metropolitan theatre, the Little, with still another under construction. His last season's production, "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy, proved the value of having a man of fine instincts, high ideals and sound and penetrating discernment in the managerial field. Mr. Ames is a force to be reckoned with in the American theatre. He has the requisite brains and ability, the artistic discrimination and the courage of his convictions which will one day make him our foremost producer of plays.

There is still another force in American management yet to be considered—the actor-manager. This is a genus more common to England than to America, but our stage has not been altogether deprived of his influence in the past. Booth, Barrett, Lester Wallack and Richard Mansfield—all these were actor-managers in their day. It is pleasant to record the fact that the actor-manager is becoming the rule rather than the exception among the leading players of our stage. Sothorn and Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, William Faversham, and Walter Whiteside are some of the illustrious examples now before the public. The actor-manager has his faults—sometimes he overvalues his own importance and abilities—but on the whole it may be said that the artistic results of the efforts of an actor who directs his own destinies are more considerable than those of the star who is subject to the dictates of a manager. The self-managing star is more apt to depart from the hard and beaten path, he is generally ambitious and he is able to give rein to his ambitions. The stage is distinctly the gainer by his presence, and the results in the past have been most gratifying to serious lovers of the drama. It has been the actor-manager who has made many of the most notable productions of late years. To him we are indebted for "The Great Divide," "The World and His Wife," "Herod," and others too numerous to mention. His plays, as a rule, combine literary with dramatic excellence; they are well produced, and the acting, both individual and ensemble, is of a superior order. It is worthy of note that on becoming managers there has been a perceptible growth in the artistic stature of our stars; the scope of their art has widened and they have displayed powers of expression undreamed of before.

The achievements of these actor-managers and producers like Belasco and Ames will bear careful analysis. Why have these men succeeded where the millionaires of the New Theatre have failed? The answer lies in the fundamental differences in the nature of their appeals. Ames, Belasco and the actor-managers have made their appeal for support to the great theatre-going public; they have produced plays which would amuse people, not educate them. On the other hand, the express purpose of the New Theatre—if the millionaire directors could be said to have any one definite aim—was to elevate the drama, to present plays which would not be suitable for production in the Broadway houses. These well-meaning but inexperienced men overlooked one of the chief canons in dramatic art—i. e., drama must make its appeal to the crowd.

There is much absurd discussion about those worthy plays which are marvels of literary and dramatic expression, but which are limited in their appeal because of their intellectuality. Such an idea is untenable. It is untrue and unsound, as Mr. Clayton Hamilton has carefully pointed out in his able and discriminating work, "The Theory of the Theatre." The appeal of the acted drama is diametrically opposed to that of the essay or the novel. The novel appeals to but a single mind. Not so with the play in performance, which depends for success upon the immediate response of a thousand or more minds, minds which have lost their individuality and are fused during the time of presentation into a single consciousness. Drama is first of all something to be seen, only secondly to be heard. The spoken word is of minor importance. If the reader wish conclusive proof of this, let him go to a moving-picture house. A play must always tell a story; it may stand for an idea—all the great dramas do—but movement and action are vital. If the dramatist can embellish his story by fine writing, so much the better, but his first task is to satisfy the eye of the spectator.

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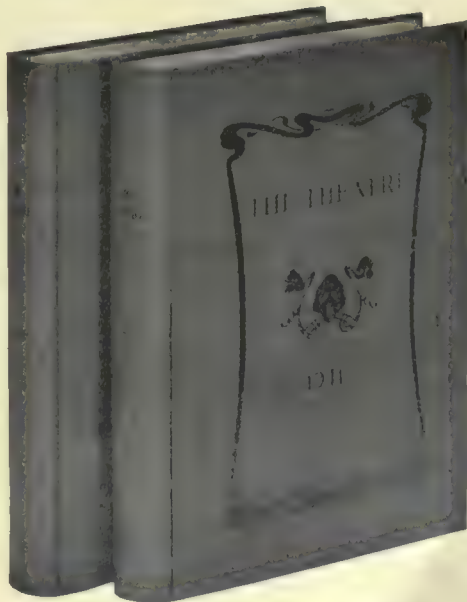
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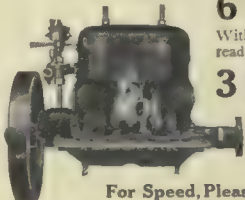
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## Students in Interesting Plays

On Jan. 16th the American Academy of Dramatic Arts gave at the Empire the first of their exhibitions of the season. The program announced two short plays in extreme contrast to each other: "The Love Game," a comedy in two acts from the French by Mm. Aderer and Ephraim, and "The Dawn," a poetic fantasy by Lucine Finch.

The little French comedy is conceived and written in the charmingly inconsequential style of the eighteenth century, and the students of the Academy made a laudable effort to suggest what only experienced French actors can succeed in playing. Miss Carree Clarke came nearest to giving an illusion of old-worldliness.

"The Dawn" is a delicate piece of real poetry. There are three scenes and four characters: a Princess, her Handmaid, a Moon Goddess and a Faun. The Moon Goddess seeks the Faun in the woods, where "all day he plays upon his pipes, with none to hear, save wildest woodthings creeping near," and she brings him a human soul. He rebels against the gift, wildly, fiercely, fearfully—until the Goddess hangs around his neck a golden chain with a single pearl, the symbol of the soul. The second scene is laid in the garden of the Princess. The Faun has become a man, a Prince. He meets the Princess and they love. But the Princess sees the chain he wears and playfully asks to have it. His refusal only redoubles her craving, and finally, with a last broken-hearted appeal, he gives her that which made of him a human being. Immediately his faunish nature returns to him, his love has gone with his soul. As the wild thing he was before, but with a sob in his laughter, he runs back into the woods, where he is discovered in the third scene. He endeavors vainly to regain his freedom of spirit and feel again the thoughtless, animal joy of living. But all things are changed to him; even his pipes will yield no more their weird, fantastic music.

The Princess comes into the woods to seek her lover and return the pearl to him. But he will not take it for fear of more suffering.

Miss Wollersen as the Moon Goddess and Miss Lilley as the Princess looked and spoke well. But a special mention must be made of Joseph Schildkraut, who played the part of the Faun. He is a boy of not quite seventeen and the son of the great German character actor Rudolf Schildkraut. He has now finished the junior and senior courses at the Academy and will shortly make his debut in the profession. If he remains unaffected by his early success; if he continues to develop his faculties and to grow inwardly, we may expect him to become a great artist.

The second performance by the senior members of the Academy took place on January 23rd. A bright little English comedy, "The Superior Miss Pellender," by Sydney Bowkett, was preceded by "Separation," a one act playlet from the French by Mortimer Delano. The students succeeded in bringing out all the gloom conceived by the author.

The three acts of "The Superior Miss Pellender" were a continuous ray of sunshine and excellent English humor, remarkably well presented by a cleverly selected cast. Miss Madeleine King showed great ability in her acting and her future work should be watched. Giles Lowe was the most delightful half-grown boy one can imagine.

The third matinee took place February 6th, Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" being given. It is difficult even for experienced players to awaken the interest of an American audience in the best of the great Norwegian's dramas. "Pillars of Society" is decidedly one of his weakest, and the students of the Academy are very young. It is all the more to their credit that they should have proven capable of holding the attention of their audience.

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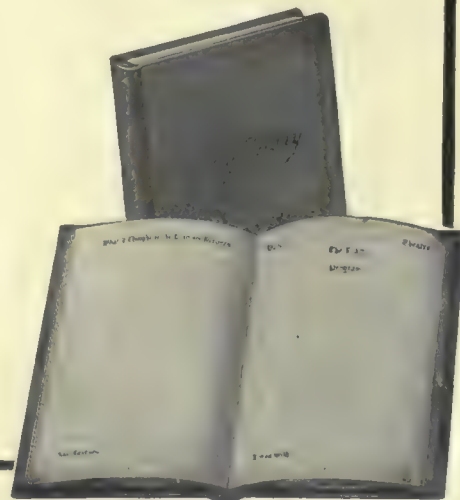
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## TIMELY FASHION TALKS



(Fig. 5) THE CHARM OF THE RUSSIAN BLOUSE

The vogue for Russian blouses in various modifications is one of the most interesting spring modes. The blouse in this model could be exploited in "Brocade Crêpe Trianon," or one of the printed crêpe meteors, the long skirt of the plain material sounding the dominant color note. The blouse is delightfully simple with trimmings of the plain material. The yoke is of a fine real lace and matches the sleeves, which are delightfully graceful and pretty. The large Milan straw hat matches in color the blouse, and the brim is softly rolled back in the front and caught by a cluster of exquisitely shaded roses blending with the colors of the blouse. A wreath of ostrich encircles the crown.

# PREPARING FOR THE EASTER COSTUMES

WHEN Easter comes before the April sunshine and showers, as it does this year, we must glean some of our inspiration for the early spring costumes from the clothes show at the Riviera. To be sure, the great couturiers of Paris hesitate to exploit any of their really new ideas, but the adaptations of the late winter styles can boast many interesting phases.

One of the most interesting features of the spring modes, which is pretty sure to be inculcated in the final exhibition of spring models, is the combination of plain materials with figured goods of the same color, and the combination of materials of different textures and contrasting colorings. The manufacturers of materials have prepared for this innovation by presenting the plain material with the broche fabric in the same coloring, in woollen, silk and cotton textures. Some of the best-looking street costumes display a skirt of the plain material and a jaunty cutaway jacket of "metalassé" in the same shading with the plain material repeated for the revers and cuffs.

This idea is carried further by the costumes displaying a skirt of striped serge with a jacket of moiré, or a skirt of black and white check goods and a coat of black charmeuse with oddly shaped revers and cuffs of the checked cloth. This fad, by the way, has brought back into favor the good old standbys black and white checks, and also blue and white and brown and white checks, with coats of the plain material and waistcoats of the white fabric. Sometimes, by way of variety, this order is reversed and the plain material is used for the skirt with the jacket of the checked goods. The charm of these combinations is clearly demonstrated by the models shown in the photographs, particularly Figures 1 and 5.

The motif of the early spring modes is similar to that of the winter, namely, drapery. Those who expected to see more fullness in the skirts are doomed to disappointment, for the actual circumference of the skirt, instead of being increased, is decreased, the additional fullness necessary for an untrammelled step being procured either by plaits or by a slashing of the side or front of the skirt. The greatest amount

of fullness now falls between the hips and the knees, the lower portion clinging closely to the figure. This recent innovation has brought into existence a novel flare on many of the new tunics, which is a bit trying unless one has succeeded in banishing all semblance of hips.

A certain freedom is permitted in draping the new skirts; sometimes this drapery appears on the sides, again in the centre-front, but more often in the back. The drapery arranged as in Fig. 2 is very generally becoming; the long line in the front is preserved and the fullness is restrained between the hips and the knees. The drapery in Fig. 4 is also carried well to the back, though a little is allowed to creep toward the centre-front. In both of these models the closely fitting, lower portion of the skirt is noticeable. The extreme suppleness of such materials as the new "Crêpe chinois" and the "Moiré serb" make it possible to retain the slender, clinging silhouette even though liberal drapery is used.

Even the tailored suits are now draped, the tailors not hesitating to drape such materials as velours de laine, rep, ottomans, Bedford cords, poplins and "Needle cord." When drapery is not adopted, plaits are sure to be used. The plaits at the sides have been found to be the most satisfactory, though one finds inset plaits at the back of the skirt near the bottom, and likewise directly in the front. The slashing of the skirt at the side, or in front, is now so universal that it does not cause even the quiver of an eyelid. It is certainly a better idea to give women sufficient freedom to permit graceful locomotion rather than to compel the hobbled, awkward gait of the past two or three seasons.

The new coats are extremely jaunty creations. The tendency, despite the popularity of the Russian blouse, is toward much shorter garments, and it looks very much as if the Eton and bolero were to have their innings. At any rate, many of the new models show a tendency to stop at the waist line, where they may blouse over a belt, though they extend twelve inches or so longer in the back. Even the cutaways are fashioned very much shorter than during the winter, and are cut on broader lines. The extreme



(Fig. 2) A CHARMING STREET FROCK FOR SPRING FROM DRECOLL  
This effective model would be charming in "Crêpe Chinois" as a frock to be worn on the street, to luncheons, afternoon tea and such semi-formal functions. The drapery of the skirt is carried well to the back, giving the close-fitting, clinging effect around the feet. The simple little blouse is daintily enhanced with folds of white tulle, arranged in the new V shape, and a revers of crêpe in a contrasting color, which is drawn through a slit in the front. Pearl necklaces are worn in all kinds of ways by the chic Parisienne. The straw hat matches the color of the crêpe and the feathery fantasia blends with the shade of the revers. The Tam o' Shanter crown is of "Malinette," which is crisp and lustrous, even after it is wet.

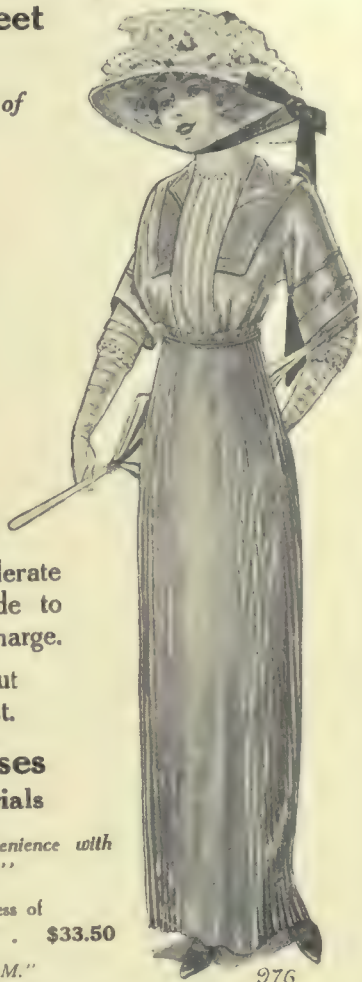
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### In the Shoe Department

on the third floor additional room has been provided for the accommodation of women customers, so that when footwear is being purchased for the little ones their mothers may also choose from a varied stock of popular models and styles for morning, afternoon or evening wear.

In the infants', children's and misses' departments the same high efficiency prevails as to style and quality which has been so long synonymous with the name of Best & Co.

## New York

Fifth Avenue

At Thirty-Fifth Street

bagginess of many of the new coats is an interesting development which has resulted from the general adoption of the Russian blouse. Not only do many of the coats blouse liberally over the belt in front and in back, but at the sides, giving that much-desired slouchy effect.

There are numerous modifications of the genuine Russian blouse. Poiret shows it in all its baggy fullness, and again in an adaptation which displays a cleverly shaped skirt portion little longer than a peplum. The more usual style is that shown in Fig.



(Fig. 3) A HANDSOME AFTERNOON GOWN BY DRECOLL

The new "Moire Serb" is the ideal fabric for a model of this kind, its novel frosted effect showing to excellent advantage on the skirt. The upper part of the waist shows the vogue for transparent materials, and the drapery of chiffon on the sleeves suggests the old-time angel sleeve. The sash, which is such a prominent feature of the new costumes, is finished with a large, loose bow at the side and comparatively short ends.

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5, where the blouse fastens at the side and the normal waist line is marked by a belt. Other modifications feature the very low waist line, the wide belt frankly encircling the hips in the manner of the Orient. This style, by the way, is charming on young girls, or women blessed with a slender, lithe figure.

Just a word about the hip sash which is a feature of the corsetless gowns. It is borrowed directly from the East, the source of much of the inspiration for the late winter and early spring modes, and has been adapted largely in its original form. In a more modified style it is shown on nine out of ten of the gowns worn at the Riviera. It may fasten at the side, with long ends finished in embroidery, beads or fringe, or directly in the front, the ends brought together in drapery fashion and caught with a large tulle choux, or again with ends carried to the back, where they fall in some mysterious manner into the back drapery.

It is well to say to her that not only is the Oriental sash fashionable, but all sorts of sashes and sash ends.

The waists of the spring gowns are just as charming and delightfully simple as that shown in Fig. 2. There is almost a Puritanical severity in the simple folds of net or tulle which form the vest of this waist and the dainty ruffled edge outlining one side. These frills, by the way, are no longer accordion plaited, but lightly gathered or shirred, in the careless manner so prevalent this season, but so very difficult to imitate successfully. Sometimes the vest is simulated by folds, as in this model, but more often it is frankly exploited in lace or a tucked sheer material, as in Fig. 4, with the color note sounded in the buttons or cravat.

The majority of the new sleeves still boast the low shoulder seam, as is also shown in Fig. 4, but there is an unmistakable tendency toward more fullness. The lower part of the sleeve in this same model shows a certain fullness, as it drapes gracefully over the shirred undersleeve of lace, and there is certainly a suggestion of fullness in the chiffon drapery of the sleeve in Fig. 3. The good old standby, the kimono sleeve, has not been entirely ousted for Drecoll shows it in his fetching spring gown (Fig. 2).

The daring transparency of the upper part of the waist knows no bounds, and we are promised V-shaped, low-necked frocks for the street this coming season. In an evening gown, similar to Fig. 1, the effect is charming, for when one is in evening costume she is generally in an assemblage of men and women of her social set, but on the street, where one may be stared at by the *hoi polloi*, the extreme décolletage, displayed in many of the most recent importations, is in questionable taste. The vogue for the Medici collar may be answerable for this effect, but it is possible to enjoy the Medici collar and the Romney bodice without indulging in an extreme low neck.

One of the well-known shops is making a specialty of the short coatees in brilliant-hued brocaded crêpes, such as the "brocade crêpe Trianon." These jaunty little creations are semi-fitting, sometimes with sleeves, but quite as often sleeveless, and reach to the hips. The smart little touch is in the trimming of ermine or ostrich banding. They are quite the choicest complement to the lingerie frock, and have come to us straight across the big pond, where the smartly gowned women have been wearing fur-trimmed garments with lingerie frocks for the past two summers.

Speaking of the thin frocks for the summer, one should not overlook the new "D. & J. Anderson Gingham" which may be fashioned into good-looking trotteur frocks to wear into town on a hot day. These genuine old Scotch gingham are the best, as their reputation has been growing for the past century. They are woven from the finest Sea Island and Egyptian cotton yarns and the quality has never cheapened, despite the change in conditions of manufacture, during all these years. The reputation for fast colorings, the best of quality, and exclusive designs, which these goods have earned for themselves during all this time, has won for them many enthusiastic admirers. Those in the brilliant and richly colored plaids are very smart when combined with the plain coloring, while those who fear the plaids might not be becoming may choose a stripe or check.

## Examine your skin closely

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

These conditions of the skin are a natural result of the constant strain imposed upon it during the winter months, when we eat heavy foods and take almost no exercise. Each Spring, the skin needs refreshing.

### How to refresh your skin

Wash your face with care and take plenty of time to do it. Lather freely with Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub in gently till the skin is softened and the pores open. Then rinse several times in very cold water, or better still, rub with a lump of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. It contains properties which are beneficial to the skin in its continual effort to rebuild the finer texture. This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, then closes them and brings the blood to the surface. You feel the difference the first time you use it. Follow this treatment persistently and it will not be long before you have a skin that will bear the closest scrutiny, a radiantly healthy complexion that will be a constant source of satisfaction.

Follow the treatment below and you can keep YOUR skin so that you can always be proud of it.

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Go to your dealer's today and get a cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder.



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# Kleinert's

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Stunning ribbon-trimmed model in the approved elongate line, made of pliable straw and taffeta ribbon. All colors and combinations.

"Nimrod" 588



Dress hat of hemp, with soft satin crown and plain satin facing. Curved quill and ombre neuwadi trimming. All colors and combinations.

"Costa" 580.



Walking hat in the new elongated side line, accentuated by the use of paradise fancies. Velvet applied on brim. All colors and combinations.

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## Through the Shop Window

The parcel post and the efficient shopping service provided by the magazines and shops bring the women living in the most distant parts of this big country into easy communication with



(Fig. 1) A STUNNING EVENING FROCK BY BUZENET

This effective model would be beautiful developed in "Brocade Crêpe Trianon." The underskirt is of the plain crêpe, matching in color the brocade. The upper part of the corsage is delightfully transparent and shows the charm of the style calling for contrasting sleeves, chiffon being used for one and the brocaded crêpe for the other. The headdress of pearls and aigrettes is decidedly novel.

the clothes marts of the large cities. All the novelties, the smart, little accessories which lend a knowing touch to the well-conceived costume, even the fundamentals of the wardrobe, can be purchased as satisfactorily, often with far less trouble, than by a personal tour of the shops. This fact is worth remembering when you are preparing your spring wardrobe, for why get along with old duds when you may enjoy the latest and newest offerings of the metropolitan shops? And there are such lovely new things in the shops, so unusual, so artistic, and so completely alluring.

### The Color Note in the Blouses

If you were making a personal tour of the shops your eye would surely be attracted by the new blouses, for it has been many a season since the shirtwaists have been as cleverly designed, as lovely in coloring, and as appealing in the beauty of material and trimming, as this spring. The all-white blouse has a serious rival in the blouse sounding the color note. This color note may be subtly and faintly sounded as in the fetching new waists of chiffon or lace with an inner lining attached to the waist line and straps of ribbon extending over the shoulders. In form these wisps of lining are reminiscent of the corset-cover or brassière, and, like them, are fashioned from lace, embroidery, or beading, through which ribbon is run. The color of the ribbon glimmering through the sheer outer material of the blouse is simply fascinating. Some of these bewitchingly dainty waists are fashioned from chiffon, accordion plaited, as so many of the new blouses are, while others are developed in one of the fine French laces. It is surprising to find a novelty of this kind priced as low as \$7.95, but the simpler ones can be bought for this price.

The blouses in the new embroidered crêpes are very stunning when worn with the ratine suit, and they are not expensive. A charming model in a creamy tint with tiny pink rosebuds and green leaves scattered all over it can be procured for \$15.50. There is a jaunty little tucked vest of white batiste and trimmings of pink braid to match the rosebuds. Another for \$18.50 is developed in the new bordered ratine, the wide border in bright orange forming the chief trimming. For the ridiculously low sum of \$8.75 you can revel in a dainty little creation of white crêpe with plaited muslin vest edged on either side by triangular-shaped points of rose-colored linen embroidered by hand in white floss. The color note is likewise sounded in a trig. tailored waist of Tosca crêpe with a lavender stripe which can be secured for \$6.75, while for a five-dollar bill you can enjoy a simple, but very dainty, white crêpe waist embroidered by hand.

### Bulgarian Colors in the Neckwear

The newest neckwear is fairly ablaze with color; all the brilliant reds and greens and blues and yellows of the Balkan countries are combined in a wonderful array. Despite the crudity of these colorings, they are so perfectly blended that the result is an artistic and harmonious whole. Some of these collars have a net foundation on which the design is worked, while others are in the form of heavy-embroidered lace. The separate collars are sold for \$2.40 up, and the collars with cuffs to match for \$3.95. The addition of a set of this kind will be the making of a suit in neutral coloring, whether fashioned from one of the new silk or woollen materials, or from ratine.

### The New Belts

The same color note is sounded in the new belts which are too artistic and lovely to be passed over hurriedly. The vogue for shirtwaists has brought in its train a demand for belts, and the manufacturers have answered this demand in a most interesting manner. Imagine a belt of blue—a rich, greenish-blue—stone

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SILK FABRICS

### "Crepe Chinois"

an unusually rich silk Crepe of dull finish

### "Brocade Crepe Trianon"

a handsome Silk for Street and Evening wear, in all the latest Parisian shades

### "Moire Serb"

a distinctive silk, adapted to the new draped styles, in the new colorings, including Bulgarian Blue, Amber, Putty, Café au Lait, etc.

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BLUE BOOK of MODELS  
for the Spring of 1913 are now  
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## LOVE IN FRIENDSHIP

(A Nameless Sentiment)

With a Preface in Fragments from **STENDHAL**

Translated from the French by **HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS**

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naively that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirshoff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

**Francisque Sarcoy**, 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."

**MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers**

8 to 14 West 38th Street, New York

combined with solid silver, with a curious Eastern-looking buckle and chains of the silver. These belts are made from a certain chemical combination which produces a stone formation similar to jade, and can be bought in various vivid colorings. The belt, just described, costs about nine dollars, while one displaying a glorious purple tint combined with silver can be bought for \$14.50. A lovely one with light-green stones showing an embossed design in gold can be purchased for \$12.50. It would be hard to con-



(Fig. 4) A FETCHING BRIDGE FROCK

A simple but effective gown which may be developed in "Crêpe Chinois," charmeuse, or any of the soft, supple silks. The embroidery may be carried out in silk or wool in the long tapestry stitch and may display all the vivid Bulgarian colorings. The drapery of the skirt is kept well toward the back over the hips. The blouse is made very lovely by the square chemisette of lace matching the shirred lace undersleeves. The sleeve falls slightly full from the low shoulder seam. The dominant color note is repeated in the collar and cravat.

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Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept., 8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.

ceive of a more stunning belt to wear with a linen or crêpe costume in white, *café au lait*, sand, or one of the neutral colorings.

### Novelties in Gloves

Even if you are not planning for a new Easter costume, you will surely pay your homage to custom and invest in a new pair of gloves. There are real novelties in gloves these days, and if you would be right up to the minute you will need a pair of white kid gloves fastening at the side. These gloves are stitched with black and have a simple little trimming of black at the wrist, and while they are interesting first as a novelty, they can boast practical advantages. They are not expensive, costing only \$2.25. The regulation white kid glove with trimmings of black at the wrist can be bought for \$2, and the white glove with heavy black stitching for \$1.50.

### The New Stockings and Shoes

The smartest stockings you can wear with your tailored suit are the black silk ones with clocks consisting of three embroidered strands either in white, royal blue, a vivid purple, or grass green. These designs will be kept exclusive as long as they are only shown on the best grades of silk stockings and sell for \$3.25. The black silk stockings with white embroidered dots can be yours for \$2.95, and for the very modest sum of ninety-five cents you can buy a good grade of silk stocking in black, white, tan, and certain colors, with a dainty little embroidered design.

The conservatism of the shoe realm has been broken by the introduction of the fancy tops. The newest shoes boast a top of black velvet with a fine hairline stripe of white, giving a grayish tone, with patent leather for the body of the shoe, and buttons very closely placed of smoked pearl; \$8 is not an expensive price for shoes of this type. For the same price there is a buttoned shoe of scarlet kid to wear with the white frocks which are enhanced with belt and collar, perhaps hat and parasol, in red; a similar style in shantung; also a leather shoe in the shantung coloring, and a gray cloth shoe with the lower part in gray leather of a matching shade. The low shoes for the same price have the upper part in a colored leather, but they all pale beside the stunning new slippers of black and gold brocade which can be worn with gowns of almost any hue.

### To Complete the Costume

To add the finishing touches, which as every woman knows mean so much to the *tout ensemble*, there are most effective shadow lace veils in black, black and white, black and flesh color to bring a flush to pale cheeks, and in taupe and brownish tints. The latter shades are now worn quite as much as black or white with hats of various colorings, and are, undoubtedly, a little newer. The shadow lace veils can be bought for seventy-five cents a yard, and the taupe and brown lace veils, with and without the chenille dots, for fifty-five cents a yard.

For the motor, the chinchilla veils, so called because of the crinkled effect produced in the chiffon, are the newest and can be bought in various pretty colorings for \$2.25. One of the most unusual veils is of a coarse white net with a deep edge of shadow lace closely accordion plaited. When the veil is adjusted this border acts like a plaited frill around the neck, and is particularly fetching when worn with a collarless coat or blouse.

You mustn't omit the purse in which to carry the Easter offering, not to mention the handkerchief, vanity case and a hundred and one other things a woman just must have in her purse. You will be able to find room for them all in one of the postillon purses fashioned from black velvet or moiré. This quaint purse is caught in the centre by a ring, which may be slipped on the arm, and opens at either end. It is a charming little accessory for \$3, which is a very small amount.

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It stands alone, unrivalled — the most delicate, the softest, purest and most exquisitely perfumed talcum powder ever offered American women.

It is more expensive than any other talcum powder made — 75 cents a jar — but it is infinitely superior in every way.

You will find Halcyon Rose Talcum Powder in Flesh and White tints at all good shops.

If you are not entirely pleased with it, take it back; the dealer from whom you bought it is authorized by us to refund the purchase price without question.

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**Hair Goods for the Gentlewoman**

**T**HE CHARM and becomingness of Clement hair goods and coiffures lie in the clever adaptation of Fashion's dictates to the wearer's needs.

An exclusive variety of the latest styles in hair goods and ready-made coiffures is now ready for inspection.

An unusually fine selection of hair ornaments, combs, pins, barettes, perfumes, etc., which will delight the fastidious woman, has just been imported from Paris.



**Liquid Henna**

is a recent discovery of mine which beautifully colors the hair. It is absolutely harmless and can be applied without aid. Success guaranteed. Price, \$2.00.

I also have a coloring that will permanently dye the eyebrows. Price, \$2.00.

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Visitors are welcome to advice and suggestions. Booklet sent on request.

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**New Spring Model**

**Misses' Russian Blouse Dress**

**OF SILK CREPE DE CHINE**

in navy, black, white, peony, brick, cafe au lait, taupe, copenhagen or brown; collar and cuffs of embroidered batiste, crushed silk belt in contrasting color, large novelty buckle and buttons; waist silk lined. Sizes 14 to 20 years

**29.50**

Value \$39.50.

**SAME MODEL OF EPONGE**

of washable eponge, in white, copenhagen, rose, leather or golden amber, with crushed silk belt in contrasting color.

**18.50**

Value \$24.50.

**SAME MODEL OF SERGE**


in navy, black or white English serge, with crushed silk belt in contrasting color.

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"CORRECT DRESS"**

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# VOGUE

You may not need Vogue the whole year. But you *do* need the next five numbers—now that the time for new Spring clothes is at hand. In these five numbers you will find Vogue a complete guide to a Spring wardrobe of individuality, distinction and *correctness*.

Vogue may be a luxury at other times, but these five Spring Fashion numbers coming at the moment when you are planning to spend hundreds of dollars on the very things they describe is a straightforward, self-supporting, business economy.

Remember, please, that Vogue for a whole year

would cost you but a tiny fraction of the waste on a single ill-chosen hat or gown. And that any *one* of these five numbers may possibly save you a whole series of such expensive and mortifying mistakes. Vogue's expert advice during these weeks of planning, therefore, amounts practically to Spring Clothes INSURANCE.

Here are the five special Spring Fashion Numbers that you ought to have to secure this insurance, and the dates on which they will appear on the newsstands.

<b>FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS</b> <i>The earliest authentic news of the Spring mode.</i>	<b>February 10th</b>
<b>SPRING PATTERNS</b> <i>Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe.</i>	<b>February 25th</b>
<b>DRESS MATERIALS AND TRIMMINGS</b> <i>How the Spring models shall be developed.</i>	<b>March 10th</b>
<b>SPRING MILLINERY</b> <i>The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures.</i>	<b>March 25th</b>
<b>SPRING FASHIONS</b> <i>The last word on Spring gowns, waists, lingerie and accessories.</i>	<b>April 10th</b>

You can get any one or all five of these numbers from your newsdealer. Order now—the very next time you pass the stand. Any newsdealer will tell you that the increased demand for Vogue just now makes it probable that those who fail to reserve in advance will be likely to miss the very numbers they want most. For your convenience a handy memorandum blank is printed below. All you have to do is to check—tear off—and hand it to any newsdealer. He will be glad to save your copies.

Mr. NEWSDEALER: Please reserve for me, as they appear, one copy each of the numbers of VOGUE I have checked below:

<input type="checkbox"/>	Forecast of Spring Fashions	Feb. 15
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<input type="checkbox"/>	Spring Millinery	April 1
<input type="checkbox"/>	Spring Fashions	April 15

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The well-dressed woman blesses and benefits herself—and the world—for she adds to its joys.

### NAIAD DRESS SHIELDS

add the final assurance of cleanliness and sweetness. They are a necessity to the women of delicacy, refinement and good judgment.

Naiad Dress Shields are hygienic and scientific. They are absolutely free from rubber with its unpleasant odor. They can be quickly sterilized by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. The only shield as good the day it is bought as the day it is made.

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c. Every pair guaranteed.

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We monogram and decorate to order the finest imported china and crystal ware. Your own ideas carefully executed, assuring a distinctiveness to your table impossible with ordinary china.

Pure coin gold and Meissen colors used by skilled artists in all decorations. Each piece guaranteed to wear.

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is imparted to the nails by the use of

#### COGSWELL'S SEA SHELL TINT

Lightly applied with a camel's hair brush, it remains on the nails for several days. Price 50 Cents

**COGSWELL'S FOOT TONIC** comes as a welcome friend to tired, aching feet. Allays inflammation, reduces swelling. An excellent remedy in the treatment of chilblains and inflamed bunions. Its ingredients are so pure and soothing that it may be used with perfect safety on any part of the body. Price \$1.00

**REDUCING SALVE** is a scientific discovery for the reduction of excess flesh. It necessitates no change in one's diet or daily routine of living. Unlike other reducing salves, it is a most beneficial tonic for the nerves. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. \$2.00 a jar

Personal attention of Dr. E. N. Cogswell given all letters requesting information

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On Sale in New York at Franklin Simon & Co. and James McCreery & Co.

Surgeon-Chiropody and Expert Manicuring

### The New Plays

(Continued from page 68)

without training from life. If the Irish Players do nothing more than help to restore simplicity in writing and acting their visit will have accomplished much in the direction of the needs of our stage.

**FULTON.** "THE UNWRITTEN LAW." Melodrama in four acts by Edwin Milton Royle. Produced on February 7th.

The unwritten law is a very uncertain thing to go by. It has no universal force, is not recognized by all the courts, and is always subject to the revision of the written law. In the facts in the case of Mrs. Kate Wilson, who put a knife into Larry McCarthy, she probably was justified; but that is not so easy to prove, either to a jury of twelve or twelve hundred. Our sympathies are undoubtedly aroused in her behalf. Mr. Royle has written a good play in "The Unwritten Law." It is filled with comedy and touches of untroubled sentiment of such quality and quantity that would make the fortune of any play not otherwise over-weighted with misery.

**THIRTY-NINTH STREET.** "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY." Play in four acts by Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced on February 3d.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's performance of Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," was an interesting event. Her distinction was gained in more showy and less emotional plays. In coming into comparison with other Paulas she suffers no material loss in public credit, and yet an often acted part has its disadvantages for use for the best of actors after an adequate standard has been set by the original possessor of the part. In the matter of artistry Mrs. Carter is superior to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and in emotion she strikes a truer note than Miss Nethersole, who, however, is effective enough. Comparisons are really not called for. Mrs. Carter's performance is not a finished one, but being at times theatrical and in other passages very true and impressive. In the supreme moments of the action she gathers her forces and acts with thrilling intensity and effect. Thus, in the scene of her first meeting with Ardale and later in her farewell speech to Audrey, when she realizes that her power over him is gone and that fate has cut the ground from under her, she brought home to us the lesson of the play.

**WEBER AND FIELDS.** "THE MAN WITH THREE WIVES." Operetta in three acts by Franz Lehar. Produced on January 23d.

The local adapters of these foreign farces seem to have lost their cunning. There is little wit in the piece, nor do the lyrics sparkle with anything approaching Attic salt. The piece is handsomely mounted, three elaborate sets being needed to set off its happenings. The cast and chorus is a large one, and much money and good taste have been expended in dressing up the handsome young women in elaborate and becoming gowns.

**THIRTY-NINTH STREET.** "THE WOMAN OF IT." Play in three acts by Frederick Lonsdale. Produced on January 14th.

"The Woman Of It," by Frederick Lonsdale, is a pleasing little comedy of philandering, of the kind that is always innocent in the results of vagrant love-making when written by an Englishman, and always naughty when written by a Frenchman. We are pleased to believe that the English husband in pursuit of his neighbor's wife is always foiled by a complication of farcical happenings. The incidents are playful and harmless and amusing. Miss Janet Beecher and Miss Josephine Brown as the wives, and Mr. Dallas Anderson and Mr. Cyril Scott as the husbands, were the four principals who carried the diverting comedy to success.

**VICTORIA.** "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT." At Hammerstein's Victoria, on February 15th, an interesting experiment was tried, a one act play, serious and religious in tone, being introduced in a program of variety acts. The innovation was a decided success, the play being received with an approval and applause greater than is accorded to the acrobats and the slapstick performers. It is entitled, after one of the most touching of religious songs, "Lead, Kindly Light," and written by John Lait. The effectiveness of the little play is not diminished perhaps by the reflection that its similarity with parts of Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" is striking.

Malcolm Williams played the pickpocket well and Beatrice Maud was sympathetic and effective as the Salvation lassie.

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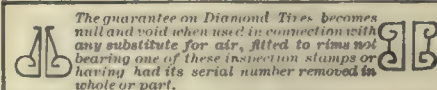
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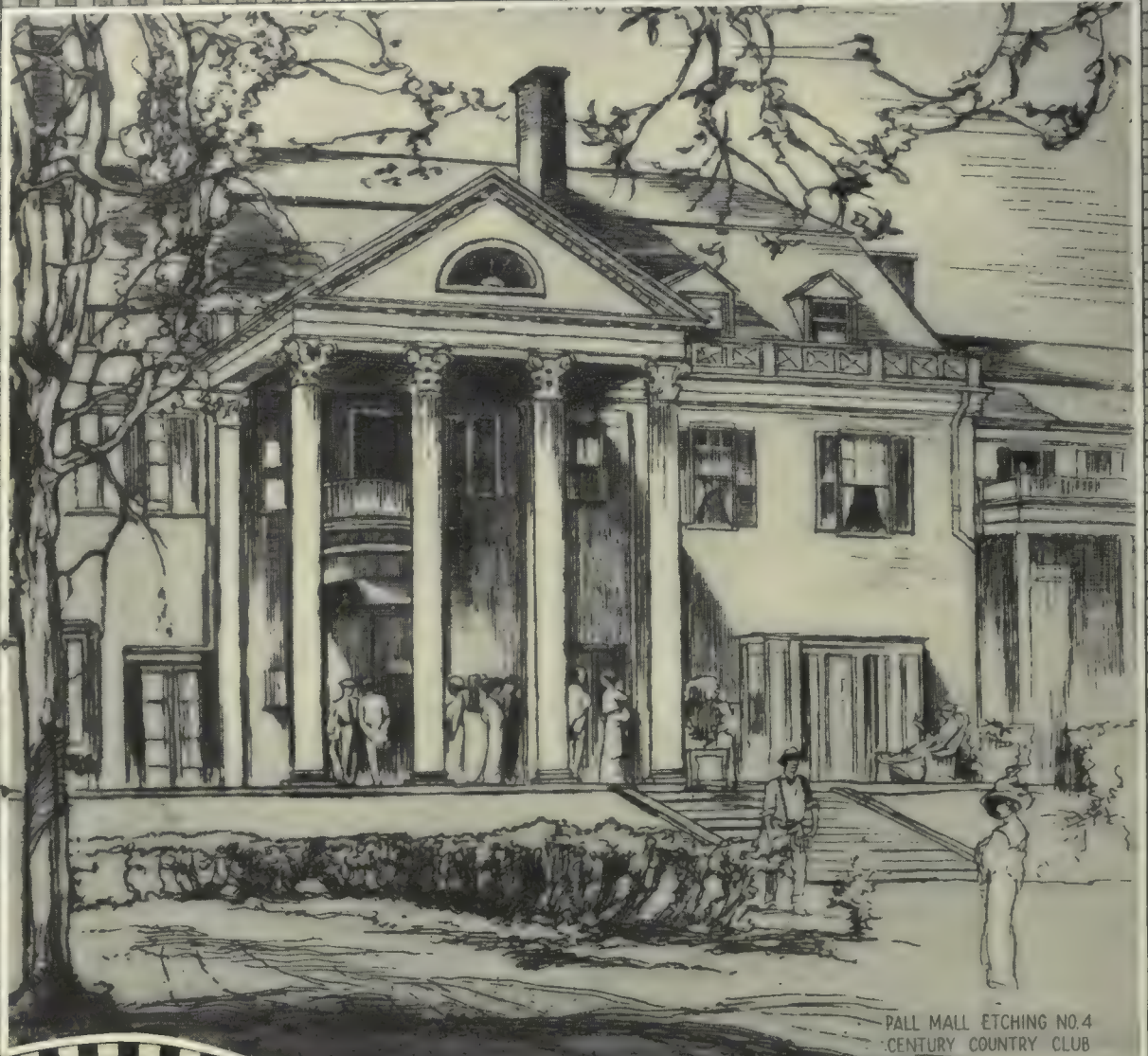
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*By R. E. Olds, Designer*

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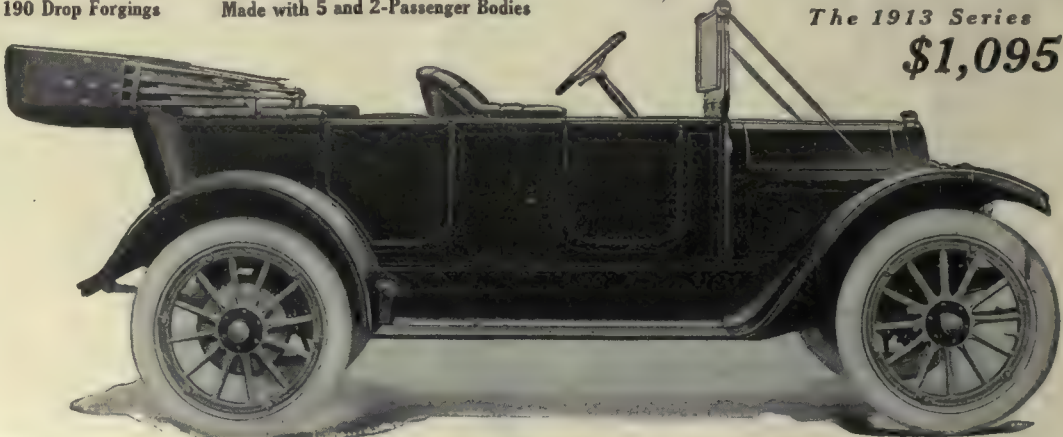
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# THE THEATRE

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APRIL, 1913

No. 146

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MARTHA HEDMAN AND JOHN MASON IN "LIBERTY HALL," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



White FRANCIS WILSON AND JOHN BLAIR IN ACT II OF "THE SPIRITUALIST" AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "THE FIVE FRANKFORTERS." Comedy in three acts by Basil Hook; adapted from the German of Carl Rosler. Produced on March 3d with this cast:

Frau Gudula.....Mathilde Cottrelly  
Anselm .....Edward Emery  
Nathan .....John Sainpolis  
Solomon .....Frank Losee  
Carl .....Frank Goldsmith  
Jacob .....Pedro de Cordoba  
Rose .....Lois Francis Clark  
Lizzie .....Evelyn Hill  
Charlotte .....Alma Belwin  
Boel .....Noel Leslie

Gustavus .....Edward Mackay  
Prince Christopher....Walter Kingsford  
Prince Klausthal....Henry Stephenson  
Count Fehrenberg....Henry Mortimer  
Baron Seulberg.....H. David Todd  
Herr Van Yssel.....E. L. Walton  
The Canon of Rouen ...E. F. Herbert  
Servant .....Nicholas Joy  
Princess Klausthal....Suzanne Perry  
Princess Evelyn.....Eleanor Woodruff

## THE NEW PLAYS

A really good and entirely satisfactory play is in itself a novelty in these days. "The Five Frankforters" answers a wider demand for a comedy of the right type than anything we have had for some time. Satisfactory as have been some of the unusual types of plays of late, here is something that is unusual without reaching out into the fantastic, and in that way is an unexpected relief. The play is romantic, but altogether humanly so; it is picturesque, but in keeping with the times and the locality of it; it is full of color in costume, but those costumes have a quaintness and a charm belonging to a period when dress had beauty and dignity; it is historic without any of the dryness of history; it has sentiment, but in situations that are entirely simple and tender; it has, above everything else, the qualities of common sense.

The title of the play is the only forbidding thing about it. One can only be reconciled to it after seeing the piece. The action does concern Five Frankforters, and they are five of the

most remarkable men in the history of affairs in the world. To interest an audience in five men is no easy matter;

but these five men happened to be the Rothschilds just at that part of their career when, with a firm hold, gained in this play, they began to dominate the financial affairs of Europe. For obvious reasons the bill of the play does not contain the name Rothschilds at all. The mother and grandmother in the story is designated as Frau Gudula, and the names of her sons are given as Anselm, Nathan, Solomon and Carl, and that of her grandson is Jacob. The four sons, at the invitation of the ablest of the sons, come from the different capitals of Europe, where they have their banking houses, in order to undertake the financing of a German prince.

The beginning of the great wealth of the Rothschilds, according to the story or legend, is that it was based on information secured in advance of the result of the battle of Waterloo. The action and the scenes that might be developed from this form no part of the play. It is really a love story. Certainly, the trait of men with such a keen vision for business are brought into play. Each of these brothers is characterized, with their qualifications of master of finance, and they are very human. One of them, indeed, is a comedy character. His fondness for the things that his mother "used to make," and his perhaps silly gratification in the declaration which he receives from the Prince, make him very amusing. No time, however, is he not a business man. We assume

### Shakespeare

"Obiit Anno Domini 1616.  
Aetatis 53, die 23 Aprilis."

Dead are thy artist hands; to clay, long since,  
Thy heart has turned—dead to all love or hate—  
But Portia lives, and Lear, and shrewish Kate,  
And Antony, and Denmark's gloomy Prince.  
Upon thy worthy brow no Virgin Queen  
Bestowed, in life, the gracious laurel wreath;  
Safeguarded by a curse thou sleep'st beneath  
Thy Warwick stone—the ivied wall is green.  
Fame's chaplets are posthumous recompense  
For human martyrdom, or patient deeds;  
And Art survives when culprit human needs  
Have slain her slaves—(Art is no slayer to sense!)  
Forever in her courts, thy praises ring,  
Thou Poet-prophet—dead, uncrowned, yet King!

ELEANOR RAEBURN.

that he can see a dollar as far as any of his other brothers. All the characterizations are made with skill and delicacy by Mr. Carl Rossler, the original author of the Simon-pure original play.

The business transaction finally involves the taking over the revenues of the Prince, the leading banker making the condition that the Prince marry his daughter. It is the complication coming from this that really makes the play. The business episodes are exceedingly interesting, but the heart of the play is in the love affair. The mother and grandmother, beautifully played by Mathilde Cottrelly, sets herself up against this, unalteringly faithful to her race. Admirable sentiment, and acted with a lovely sincerity. Perhaps the girl would not have hesitated, but her cousin, the grandson, was slow in declaring himself. Perhaps the girl would have consented. Diamonds and rank and many advantages would come to her from marrying this comely young Prince. A fine young fellow he was, the Prince, a Prince Charming, although he was in debt.

The love affair is managed with few words of sentiment, but there is plenty of sentiment in it. The climax, to speak in theatrical terms about a very natural play, is well handled. The father of the girl assures the Prince that his daughter will accept him and do as she is bid, for in his family the children obey their parents; whereupon the lovely old mother and grandmother bids her son obey him.

The cast is unusual in its evenness of performance; and this is very unusual, for there are 21 speaking parts, and each "part" is not a part but a whole. To speak of all these actors in detail would require considerable space. However, there will be few theatregoers who will not see and enjoy "The Five Frankforters."

EMPIRE. "LIBERTY HALL." Play in four acts by R. C. Carton. Produced on March 11th with the following cast:

Mr. Owen.....John Mason	Mr. Pedrick.....Wigney Persyval
Blanche Chilworth.....Martha Hedman	Mr. Hickson.....Sidney Herbert
Amy Chilworth.....Charlotte Ives	Miss Hickson.....Emily Dodd
Gerald Tanqueray.....Julian L'Estrange	Robert Binks.....John Dugan
William Todman.....Lennox Pawle	Crafer.....Ada Dwyer
L. Briginshaw.....Wilfred Draycott	Luscombe.....Willis Martin

With the twentieth anniversary of the Empire Theatre came in celebration a revival of the play with which the theatre was opened, "Liberty Hall," by R. C. Carton.

The great test of a play is its ability to stand the wear and tear of time. Here is a play that counts only twenty years and yet is so old-fashioned, so transparent, so simple with its soliloquies and its obviousness that it might just as well be a hundred. One of the first functions of any play is to create such an element of suspense that the public is constantly waiting for something. In "Liberty Hall" one waits for that which is perfectly clear and tangible within ten minutes of the rise of the curtain on the first act. Nothing in art dates itself like a play. A picture, a statue, architecture, the art of the silversmith, even the composer and wine improve with age, but a play may date itself in a season or two. We take it this is because a play is a reflex of the manners of its period more than of thought itself which is constantly turning over from one age to its successor. In other words *autres moeurs autres*

*gens*. And there is also the changing taste for plays, which dates a play more quickly than anything else. To-day public taste demands plays that are all action, whereas "Liberty Hall" just ambles along. Nevertheless, its homely sentiment, its felicity of dialogue and the interest in seeing an old stage friend, give it some value to the public of to-day.

Here is an outline of its story: The master of Chilworth having died insolvent his title and property go to a distant cousin under the English law of entail, leaving two daughters unprovided for. The girls are preparing to leave their old home to make room for the new baronet, when a person, who describes himself as a commercial traveller, arrives. He says he is a friend of the new owner and brings a message from him to his unknown cousins inviting them to stay at their old home as long as they like, as he does not intend to return to England for many years. This friend in reality is the new baronet himself. The elder sister haughtily refuses the hospitality offered and goes to live



Sarony

MARTHA HEDMAN

Supporting John Mason in "Liberty Hall," at the Empire Theatre



White SCENE IN ACT I OF JOHN PHILIP SOUSA'S NEW OPERA, "THE AMERICAN MAID," RECENTLY AT THE BROADWAY



White Courtland Wainwright Lucene Blount Andrew  
(Elliott Dexter) (Katherine La Salle) (Edmund Breese)  
Act III. Courtland: "Love is the only thing that is greater than hate"  
SCENE IN DANIEL D. CARTER'S PLAY "THE MASTER MIND," AT THE HARRIS

with their uncle, a second-hand book seller, in whose house the last three acts are laid. The pretended commercial traveller takes rooms in the bookseller's house and the romance begins.

John Mason is starred in the part of "Mr. Owen." There is nothing to the part and Mr. Mason just walks through it, as Henry Miller did on its original production. Martha Hedman, a young Swedish actress, playing her second part in the vernacular, her first appearance here being in "The Attack" early in the season, did not show any marked advance over that in her first attempt. Indubitably she has presence and technique to make and hold her points, but her diction still leaves much to be desired. Why is it that the foreign-born actors master our language so much more easily than the women of the profession? Take, for instance, Mr. de Belleville (Belgian), Mr. Max Figman (Austrian), Mr. Frank Reicher (a German whose English diction is a model even for any English or American-born actor), these gentlemen are always intelligible, whereas Mesdames Modjeska and Rhéa rarely were, nor is Madame Nazimova. The first imperative need of the actor is to make himself understood.

The best part in this play for the actor, as it is in human interest, is that of the old bookseller Todman, delightfully played now as twenty years ago, by Lennox Pawle, pleasantly remembered in "Pomander Walk." Grateful mention is also due to Mr. Sidney Herbert as Mr. Hickson, Miss Emily Dodd as Miss Hickson of

the original cast, to Miss Ada Dwyer as Crafer, to Wilfred Draycott as Briginshaw, Julian L'Estrange as Harringay, Miss Ives and Amy Chilworth and Master John Dugan as the shop boy in love with Amy Chilworth.

HARRIS. "THE MASTER MIND." Play in four acts by Daniel D. Carter. Produced on February 17th with the following cast:

Parker, Harry Neville; Walter Blount, Morgan Coman; Andrew, Edmund Breese; John Blount, William Riley Hatch; Mrs. Blount, Dorothy Rossmore; Lucene Blount, Katharine La Salle; Courtland Wainwright, Elliott Dexter; Professor Forbes, Walter Allen; Freeman, Archie J. Curtis; Jim Creegan, Sidney Cushing; Mr. Marshall, Edward Gillespie.

There is a new crook in town. His alias is "The Master Mind" and he hangs out at the Harris Theatre. He is a very remarkable specimen. His equal is not likely to be met in even Lombroso's famous and comprehensive work on criminology. This moving and dominant figure in the underworld is named Allen. Whether he started "bad" or not is not very clearly revealed, but he had a brother sent to the electric chair on what he considered dubious evidence. It therefore becomes his life's work to get even with the District Attorney who conducted the prosecution. And very painstaking, ingenious and patient was this worthy in his efforts to bring about his revenge. Time was no object with him for he had a girl educated first that she might be the main factor in his hated one's undoing. The District Attorney fell in love with her and married her, the Master Mind having first supplied her with a bank robber for a father, a confidence queen and white slaver for a mother and a bunco steerer for a brother. His idea being to show them all up and thus ruin the District Attorney's social and political ambitions. It took a very considerable time to establish all this and then for further variety he rang in another crook in his efforts to make the District Attorney believe his wife was unfaithful

But the Master Mind's revenge fails in the end, because he has learned to love the girl he educated, and so goes out into the open a chastened and very melodramatic man.

"The Master Mind," written by Daniel D. Carter, is pretty crude and far-fetched melodrama.

But in this era when everything associated with the underworld has its following of admirers, it is not surprising that the show at the Harris Theatre is attracting large audiences who seem to like the piece.

The acting in the play is very characteristic of its content. Every emotion is expressed in broad and sweeping values. The title rôle is played with intensity and reserve by Edmund Breese, who seems to thoroughly enjoy his task, while the quartet of crooks are portrayed with becoming dramatic fidelity by William Riley Hatch, Dorothy Rossmore, Morgan Coman and Sidney Cushing. There is an earnest District Attorney in the person of Elliott Dexter; an astute professor in Walter Allen, and a very engaging heroine in Katharine La Salle. The latter, in addition to being very pretty, has a very genuine emotional gift.

PLAYHOUSE. "THE PAINTED WOMAN." Play in four acts by Fred-eric Arnold Krummer. Produced on March 5th with this cast:

"Bull" Ormiston.....	Robert Warwick	Samuel Willoughby.....	Harry English
Portuguese Joe.....	Malcolm Williams	Uriah Cotton.....	Frank Peters
Tench.....	Anthony Andre	Ramona.....	Florence Reed
Long Rogers.....	Eugene Powers	Ann Devereaux.....	Jobyna Howland
De Rocheville.....	Augustus Collette	Susannah.....	Carlotta Marenzo
Graves.....	Charles Fisher	Trix.....	Amy Johnson
John Barton.....	Charles Waldron	Peg.....	Anna Rose

It was evidently water-colors that The Painted Lady affected, for under the rain of criticism which she drew forth her theatrical lure washed off and showed her up in all her thin and

wasted ugliness. It was a pity that Frederic Arnold Krummer's drama of the Spanish Main was so melodramatically futile and impossible because for its production at the Playhouse manager William Augustus Brady must have spent a small fortune on the two superb sets which served as a background for this drama of greed, lust, murder and sudden death. Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1670, when pirates were rampant, should have provided ample material for a stirring drama of those lurid and picturesque days. Movement and action enough there was in plenty in Mr. Krummer's story, but it didn't grip, and so "The Painted Lady" passed away. The title rôle was assumed by Florence Reed.

with such shrieks and epithets that it is no wonder that Schilling is left a gibbering idiot. In the last act he escapes from his keepers and ends his life in the sea.

In this latest product from the pen of Germany's great dramatist, not a trace is left of the poet who wrote "The Sunken Bell," but we find in its stead what we suspect to be a pandering to the sensation-loving palate of Berlin's jaded public. Occasional scenes have dramatic value but they are loosely connected with much irrelevant talk from the minor characters which is commonplace and often slangy.

Rudolf Christians competently met the heavy demands made



Drucker & Co.  
 TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL DINNER GIVEN BY THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN DRAMATISTS AND COMPOSERS AT DELMONICO'S  
 Among those present are Victor Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McKinnel, John W. Alexander, Daniel Frohman, Charles Klein, John Foster Platt, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Roi Cooper Megrue, Rachel Crothers, Alice Harriman, Mary Carr Moore, Col. Harvey, Margaret Mayo, Edgar Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Channing Pollock, Nathan Burkan, Otto Hauerbach, Isabel Kaplan, E. Yancey Cohen, Maurice V. Samuels, Walter McDougal, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Bruner, Augustus Thomas, Douglas J. Wood, J. I. C. Clarke, Norman L. Swartout, Mrs. Mechtold, Manuel Klein, F. W. Morrison, Julius Witmark, H. P. Mawson, Marshall P. Wider, Rita Weyman, Rienzi de Cordova, Rida Johnson Young, Joseph Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Voegtlin, John Philip Sousa.

Hers was an impersonation of variety and tropical warmth. Then there was a lusty pirate, the Firebrand acted with breadth and vigor by Robert Warwick, and a very villanous lieutenant, a "Portugee," realized with faithful detail by Malcolm Williams. Charles Waldron was the good-looking New Englander who rescued the enslaved heroine, and Geoffrey Stein, as a hunchback, was her devoted servant. Had "The Painted Lady" been as good as its *mise-en-scène* it would be running still.

IRVING PLACE. "GABRIEL SCHILLING'S FLUCHT." Play in five acts by Gerhart Hauptmann. Produced on February 18th with this cast:

Gabriel Schilling.....Rudolf Christians	Doktor Rasmussen.....Heinrich Marlow
Evelyne.....Marie Buhrke	Klas Olfers.....Willy Frey
Professor Mauerer.....Otto Stoeckel	Kuehn.....Aug. Meyer-Eiger
Lucie Heil.....Annie Rub-Foerster	Der Lehrling.....Iffi Engel
Hanna Elias.....Mathilde Brandt	Schuckert.....Paul Dietz
Fraulein Majakin.....Rose Lichtenstein	Mathias.....Louis Praetorius

This play in five acts by Gerhart Hauptmann, the winner of this year's Nobel prize in literature, was produced for the first time in America at the Irving Place Theatre on February 18. It depicts the downfall of a talented weakling caused by the conflict between a humdrum wife and a vampire mistress—a theme which Hauptmann has used before this. The artist, in desperation, flees with a sculptor friend from the two women who have ruined his life and takes refuge in a small fishing village on the Baltic sea. But already the nervous strain has so affected Schilling's mind that when the Russian adventuress, his evil genius, discovers his hiding place and comes to reclaim her victim, he is seized with attacks which necessitate calling a physician from Berlin. He, kind soul, brings with him Evelyne, the quondam wife. The discarded drab and the hectic harpy meet in the presence of the raving patient and engage in a hand to hand fight,

by the rôle of the pathological Schilling and Mathilde Brandt gave a subtle impersonation of the cat-like Hannah Elias. Marie Buhrke's interpretation of the matter-of-fact wife was characterized by realism, almost too faithful. The other members of the company adequately rendered their allotted rôles.

COHAN'S. "WIDOW BY PROXY." Farical comedy in three acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Produced on February 24th with this cast:

Gloria Grey.....May Irwin	Angelica Pennington.....Helen Weathersby
Dolores Pennington.....Clara Blandick	Captain Pennington.....Orlando Daly
Gilligan.....Alice Johnson	Jonathan Pennington.....Lynn Pratt
Saphronia Pennington.....Frances Gaunt	Alex Galloway.....Joseph Woodburn

Miss May Irwin is that rare individuality on the stage, less rare than formerly, a woman with the irrepressible spirit of humor in her and the capacity for fun-making. She would not be altogether irresistible, perhaps, if she did not have a training in her profession that enables her to make everything count. "Widow by Proxy," of no magnitude as a play, is pieced out from her individual resources. Certainly, the author of the piece, Catherine Chisholm Cushing, has been ingenious in devising a series of opportunities for Miss Irwin, but there are few actresses who could carry it all off so successfully. Gloria (an appropriately triumphant name for Miss Irwin in the play), Gloria Grey, overburdened with debt, but always resourceful in meeting it, has living with her, as friend, companion and help, a dolorous pseudo widow, with plenty of obstinate pride but no initiative. When the money troubles are at their worst, and when the fashionable dressmaker is most threatening about her bills, a letter and then a lawyer comes to announce that the widow can obtain a legacy if she would visit the family of her late husband. She is too proud to do this, for they had

(Continued on page xv)

# Mary Garden Makes Tosca a Human Tigress

WHEN that unleashed tigress of Sardou's play, "La Tosca," was let loose on the dramatic stage years ago, Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport, each in her way wonderfully qualified to interpret such a type, earned marked success in her exploitation. Transferred to the operatic stage in 1900 through the adaptation of the play musically by Puccini, the heroine continued to afford, for those singers who were gifted with the proper vocal and emotional endowments, an equally remarkable vehicle. So thought Ternina, who created it here; and so thought Emma Eames, Olive Fremstad, Carmen-Melis and Geraldine Farrar, who have all interpreted it wonderfully—and very differently. Last September in Paris it was added to the already lengthy repertoire of Mary Garden, who, despite the long list of her predecessors in the rôle, has succeeded in marking it uniquely with the amazing gift of her personality.

Possibly few parts have ever made the demand of Tosca on the versatility of the artist. A woman who combines the chastity of a Lucrece with the freedom in love of a Josephine; one whose tenderness for her lover in adversity is only equalled by her vicious jealousy of him in prosperity; a murderess whose horror of her own deed is accompanied by joy in its accomplishment—such a part gives its interpreter something "to set her teeth in," so to speak. Nothing could better suit the complex intellectuality of a Mary Garden and not one of its opportunities has she lost. Her Tosca is furious in her jealousy on entering, but she melts to a look from her lover. In her shimmering blue-green robes, her moods, as varicolored, shifting with every sign of love from her adored, she is a study in the possibilities of a woman. When she smiles on Mario, it is for an exquisite instant only; when she storms at him, there is latent sunshine back of the storm.

In the second act Miss Garden reaches a height that it will be difficult for her to equal in the future. Not only does she hold the listener breathless in her portrayal of emotion; the wonderful variety of facial expression, the pictorial grace of her movements, the amazing little individual touches of her interpretation all keep him spellbound; but the beauty of her singing in itself would entitle this performance to especial admiration. The *Vissi d'arte* is delivered exquisitely, and in the third act duet on the ramparts her vocal execution equals her dramatic skill.

The third act arouses almost too poignant emotions. In the second act Miss Garden is almost throughout the tigress, deprived not of her cubs but of her mate. Her feline movements, her stealthy approach to the table, her cruel joy are all tigerish. But in the last act she is again a tender woman, lavishing once more all her heart on her lover, almost frisking about him in her joy at his supposed release. Like a child, she laughs with him over his pretended death; like a child playing hide-and-seek, she calls to him to "lie low"—to "play dead" a little longer. The transition to her horror and agony when she finds him really a corpse is almost unbearable in its intensity, and her subsequent leap over the ramparts gives the onlooker actual relief.

It is good to see such work. Horrible as the opera is occasionally in its mixtures of lust and sacrilege, it cannot for instance be compared to "The Jewels of the Madonna" on either score, and its music is incomparably superior. The old Greek rule for



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MARY GARDEN AS TOSCA

tragic productions, to "purify the mind of the onlooker by pity and terror," certainly is carried out in Tosca's construction. But the great thing is to see such individual conscientious artistry in a rôle calling for every variety of the singer and actor's technique. Also the wonder of it is to see the unvarying excellence of Miss Garden's work as compared to the decidedly varying quality of her support. In France the singer was given every help that could be afforded her by other artists excellently qualified. In America the support has been changed from time to time with occasionally trying results.

It is not, for instance, at all necessary to the interpretation of Scarpia's rôle that he should be all brute. The refined and exquisite devilishness of a Scotti, the equally subtle villainy of a Renaud, justify one in complaining of Mr. Sammarco's painful exhibition of the part in Philadelphia, and even of the artistic but particolored performance with which Mr. Marcoux grated on Boston. The susceptibilities of the latter city having been greatly aroused, it is however only fair to record that Mr. Marcoux's work in his later or expurgated manner lay beyond criticism.

Miss Garden's art has unquestionably deepened of late years. Something—indefinable but most beautiful—has been added to the brilliant intellectuality of it; a something which goes further and makes its final strong appeal—straight to the heart of the observer. It may be that this is responsible for the widening of her appeal to the general public. Popularity of a certain sort is readily gained; in order to win the suffrage of one kind of hearer, one needs but to be "different," and Miss Garden's work has been "different" enough to divide the casual operatic audience promptly into her adherents and her non-adherents. But for that real greatness which shall outlive discussion—outlive indeed the artist herself—for that reverence which shall keep a name enshrined for the generations that shall come after, one needs more than the halo of a mere unusualness. Those who have given Miss Garden's art, not only in "Tosca" but in its predecessor, a thought which has gone deeper than the details of costuming or the tricks of a facile technique, realize in it the noble feeling, deepening every year, of the great artist. Mary Garden carries the heavy responsibility of the greatly endowed.

In the costuming of "Tosca," Miss Garden has displayed three of her best known characteristics—a cheerful indifference to precedent, an absolute fidelity to historical detail, and a regard for the proper adornment of her own beauty. In the first act, only the well-known staff has been retained to give her appearance a resemblance to the noted Toscas of the past. Miss Garden wears an exquisitely embroidered green trailing gown of the First Empire with a tiny jacket of blue chiffon. A long scarf of blue is draped about her shoulders and a splendidly plumed blue velvet hat rests on her hair which, in adherence, one is told, to historic fact is a brilliant red. When she makes her first appearance, her arms full of flowers, she is superb in her haughty loveliness.

In the second act, the singer's appearance suggests her own Thais more than any other artist's Tosca; possibly because her hair is dressed in a manner faithful to the First Empire. Her wonderful evening gown is of silvery tissue, and by the very unobtrusiveness of its color shows that painstaking regard for detail which distinguishes this artist's work. CLARE P. PEELER.





Maurice Donnay

# Paris Stirred by a Patriotic Play



Henri Lavedan

WHEN we hear that a play has made a sensation in Paris, the American public is too apt to associate the new piece, as well as all recent works by contemporary French dramatists, with faint recollections of highly spiced comedies in which the eternal triangle of wife, husband and lover form the one stereotyped and monotonous complication, flimsy, inconsequential pieces quickly forgotten as soon as the season that gave them birth is ended. This, of course, is because the sexual drama is the one type of play which Frenchmen alone can write gracefully, and the kind of play most frequently imported from Paris by our astute managers, who are sure they know just what sort of piece is suitable to Broadway.

But do not let us forget that Brioux, whom Lawrence Irving declares to be the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare, is also a Frenchman. Brioux is a playwright with a message, and the success he has had in making of the Parisian stage a pulpit, or at least a platform, from which to thunder his sociological and physiological theories, has encouraged many thoughtful French writers to work out their theories in the form of serious plays. And, strange to say, the Parisian public, reputed to care only for idle pleasure and the lighter side of life, has taken kindly to these dramatic sermons and shown approval of this Ibsenish tendency.

Three plays have met with pronounced success in Paris this season, and we are startled to see that they all deal with grave problems. Their authors are Henri Lavedan, of the Académie Française; Maurice Donnay, who combines in his dramas, as no one else, solidity of thought with tender poetry and the sparkling of true French "esprit"; and Henri Kistemaekers, whose indomitable optimism leads the characters of his imagination through conflicts and catastrophes toward a reposeful ending.

In his earlier work, Henri Lavedan applied his brilliant gifts to themes of the lighter kind that allowed him to give full vent to his good-natured, caustic wit and to make thoroughly inconsequential people speak of nothing in the most entertaining manner. Since then, he has attacked many a serious subject and carried it through with superior philosophical understanding and masterful dramatic ability. His drama, "The Duel," will rank among the fine things in the French drama of all time. His latest play, produced at Sarah Bernhardt's magnificent theatre, is a military drama in two acts, entitled "Servir."

Who says that two acts do not make a play? Paul Hervieu's "Enigma," also in two acts, is counted among the masterpieces of recent years and will live as an example of dramatic power and concision for future generations. And did not Aristophanes cast the most delightful of comedies into that same narrow mould of two acts?

Lavedan's "Servir" is a virile tragedy of modern French militarism. Coming as it does at a moment when France, not to be left behind by Germany,

is feverishly adding to her war strength, the subject could hardly be more timely.

The play was offered to the Comédie Française and actually accepted for production by Jules Claretie, but scruples arose at the eleventh hour as to the fitness of its presentation on the stage of the national theatre and Lavedan, in a moment of pique, withdrew it. The danger of possible complications with foreign powers seems to have been somewhat exaggerated, for Lavedan has handled his situations with perfect tact. If his characters seem at times exaggerated, it is only that we may understand them better in the limited frame of his heroic sketch. As a matter of fact, the Corneillian characters of this stirring patriotic drama find even better opportunities for their development in the scientific atmosphere of the twentieth century than they did at the time of the great Corneille.

The first act takes us to the living-room of the Eulin family, full of souvenirs of the Franco-German war. A map of Morocco that hangs on the wall is marked with a black cross before which Mme. Eulin kneels to pray for the soul of her eldest son. In the drawer of a desk she keeps the letters of her second son, also fighting for France in Africa. The third is a lieutenant in the artillery at Orleans. Mme. Eulin is the daughter, the wife and the mother of soldiers. Colonel Eulin, whose one ideal was his country and one anxiety to serve her, has been forced, by a network of base intrigue, to resign his post in the army. Civilian life is insufferable to him. His enforced leisure threatens to drive him to madness. The happy family life of thirty years past is suddenly disorganized. The colonel goes about restlessly, disappears for several days at a time on unexpected journeys. Mme. Eulin is beginning to stifle in the all too military atmosphere of her home. From her window she sees the dome of the Invalides that towers majestically above Napoleon's tomb; she

hears the military music from the near-by barracks, every hour she is feverishly expecting news from her second son, whose duty has taken him to precisely the same perilous post where the eldest has fallen. Her only comfort is her youngest son, Pierre. He understands her sorrow, for in his heart he does not sympathize with his father's rigid principles. Pierre is an adept of the anti-militarist theories which are spreading in France. He is said to have told his subordinates that in case of war every man should act according to his own conscience, by which declaration he incurs his father's violent disapproval. He is more of a student than a soldier, and while he was stationed in one of the military depots near Paris he devotes most of his time to scientific research in the laboratory of his isolated cottage. By mere chance, this young apostle of peace discovers a more formidable explosive than any known. He tells his mother how he blew up a deserted little island on the coast of Brittany with no more powder than would hold in a nutshell.



From *L'Illustration*  
Scene in "La Chienne du Roi," one act play by Henri Lavedan, at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt

Mme. Du Barry (Jane Hading) in prison before execution. She has confessed to the priest and appears resigned to her fate when suddenly her fevered brain conjures up the grim spectacle of the guillotine. Instantly there is a revulsion of feeling. Headless of the priest's exhortations she throws herself on the floor in a paroxysm of fear and the whole prison shakes with her screams of terror.

But he wants to destroy the formula of his terrible invention which, he says, would only make war more horrible. He will entrust to his mother the few cartridges that are left, and she promises to go with him to get them at his cottage the next morning. At the same time, Colonel Eulin is advised by an officer that the Secretary of War wishes to see him secretly, and he agrees to meet him, at day-break, in his son's cottage, which he believes unoccupied. The clouds of tragedy are gathering at the end of this first act, especially after a passionate argument between father and son, which leads to a definite break between them.

At the opening of the second act, we see the colonel entering into the cottage in the furtive manner of a burglar. He searches the room for keys, papers and the very cartridges which Pierre wants to entrust to his mother. The old soldier, knowing his son will never give his invention to the world, has come to steal it and turn it over to the Secretary of War. His resignation from active service has not broken his desire to work for his country, but the only way for him now is to devote his heroism to humble and anonymous tasks. The

Secretary of War comes to the meeting-place and brings the colonel the news of the death of his second son in Africa. Complications have arisen, and there is an impending danger of war with another European nation. The Secretary of War takes Pierre's formula, but leaves the cartridges to Eulin, with a written order in a sealed envelope. There is no doubt but that the colonel will obey it strictly, even though it is to lead him to a sure death. He will die in silence and without glory, to serve his country to the end. When he is left alone, he locks himself up in an adjoining room to prepare for his mission.

Then comes the fateful arrival at the cottage of mother and son. Pierre sees immediately that the place has been burglarized and at once investigates. He finds the door locked:



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Louise Edvina as Maliella in "The Jewels of the Madonna"  
(Boston Opera Company)



Vanni Marcoux as Scarpia  
(Boston Opera Company)

PIERRE: There can be no doubt. The burglar is in that room. He heard us coming and went in there to hide.

MME. EULIN: In your bedroom?

PIERRE: He is in there!

MME. EULIN: Come away! Don't let us stay here!

PIERRE: Of course we must. We'll see! *(He goes toward the door.)*

MME. EULIN: Pierre!

*(He tests the door with the weight of his shoulder, observing its strongest point of resistance.)*

PIERRE: I thought so. It is not locked, it is bolted from within.

MME. EULIN: Oh, God!

*(He turns and speaks toward the closed door.)*

PIERRE: Whoever you are, thief or assassin, open this door, or I will break it!

*(Complete silence.)*

MME. EULIN: He may be gone.

PIERRE: Impossible! This is the only door.

MME. EULIN: But the window?

PIERRE: Barred. He can't escape us.

MME. EULIN: Shall I call for help?

PIERRE: For the police to come, and find my . . .

MME. EULIN: That's true, but what then?

*(He goes to the outer door and gives her the key of it.)*

PIERRE: Wait for me outside, please.

MME. EULIN: I shall not leave you!

PIERRE: Then stand over there—and don't be afraid. *(He points at the far end of the room; she goes there and waits apprehensively.)*

MME. EULIN: I am afraid only for you.

*(Pierre goes to the table, takes a revolver out of a drawer and goes toward the bolted door.)*

PIERRE: And now . . .

MME. EULIN: What are you going to do?

PIERRE: Make the bandit come out of his hiding-place!

*(The bolt is heard being withdrawn.)*

You see? It is an easy job! He is scared! He opens the door! There he is coming!

*(The door is opened slowly.)*

MME. EULIN: Take care!

COLONEL EULIN *(appearing on the threshold)*: No danger.

The following scene rises to the highest accents of tragedy. To Pierre's infuriated accusations the colonel calmly opposes his unimpeachable patriotism. Yes, he admits he has burglarized his son, he has spied on him, watched the progress of his invention, and, just now, delivered it to the Government. He tells to what shameful, abject tasks he, this perfect man of honor, has devoted



Photo Dover St. Studios  
Vanni Marcoux as the Father in "Louise"  
(Boston Opera Company)

*(Continued on page vii)*



Photos White  
 1—Act I. Frau Gudula (Mathilde Cottrelly) welcomes her granddaughter, Charlotte (Alma Belwin). 2—Act I. Carl (Frank Goldsmith), Solomon (Frank Losee), Frau Gudula, Nathan (John Sainpolis), Jacob (Pedro de Cordoba), and Anselm (Edward Emery). Jacob denounces Solomon's ambitious project to marry Charlotte to the Duke Gustavus. 3—Act II. Charlotte goes with her father and uncles to lunch with the Duke (Edward Mackay). 4—Act II. The Duke and the banker's daughter. 5—Act III. Frau Gudula warns the Duke that unhappiness will come of the match.

SCENES IN "THE FIVE FRANKFORTERS," NOW AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE



Photo White

Pasquale Amato as Cyrano

Frances Alda as Roxane

STAGE SETTING FOR ACT II OF WALTER DAMROSCH'S OPERA, "CYRANO"

## "Cyrano" Heard at the Metropolitan Opera House

LIKE troubles, operatic novelties appear never to come singly. Take our own season of opera as an example: For fifteen weeks it has wandered on without a single really new work and then, suddenly, three new operas are produced in two weeks. Two of these, "Conchita" and "Le Ranz des Vaches," were heard for the first time in New York, while one, "Cyrano," was given for the first time on any stage. So it has been the busiest fortnight of the entire season thus far—busy in the way of expectancy and excitement, for no première at the Metropolitan is without its thrill these days. And yet—but that would be anticipating.

First to "Cyrano," music by Walter Damrosch, libretto by W. J. Henderson, after the familiar play by Edmond Rostand. Its first presentation on any stage occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday evening, February 28, and here follows, as a matter of record, the original cast:

Cyrano, Pasquale Amato; Roxane, Frances Alda; Duenna, Marie Mattfeld; Lise, Vera Curtis; A Flower Girl, Louise Cox; Mother Superior, Florence Mulford; Christian, Riccardo Martin; Rague-neau, Albert Reiss; De Guiche, Putnam Griswold; Le Bret, William Hinshaw; First Musketeer, Basil Ruysdael; Second Musketeer, Marcel Reiner; Montfleury, Lambert Murphy; A. Monk, Antonio Pini-Corsi.

No opera première in years was attended by such wholesale demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of the assembled public as was this

initial performance of "Cyrano." There were enough flowers for the principals to stock a Fifth Avenue florist's window; there were two speeches by Walter Damrosch, and curtain calls without end that brought to view all the principals, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, Walter Damrosch and W. J. Henderson. So the public—or that part of the public which was friendly to composer and artists—left no stone unturned to have this interesting première go down in operatic history as a gala event.

The opera was sung in English, a continuation of Gatti-Casazza's policy to give each season at least one work in the vernacular. Last year, it will be recalled, there was "Mona," the result of a \$10,000 competition for the best opera in English. This work died a natural death after a few performances and it is not likely that it will be resurrected again this year. This season there was no expensive bait offered by the Metropolitan to the shy American composer, but "Cyrano" was accepted early in the season and months have been spent upon its preparation.

"Cyrano" is not a new work. The libretto was fashioned and the music composed about eleven years ago. But it rested tranquilly in the composer's portfolio until recently when Walter Damrosch rewrote portions of it and made such changes as he deemed necessary or advisable. Since the rehearsals began there have been a terrific number of cuts made in the original score, reducing



White

Putnam Griswold and Frances Alda in "Cyrano"

its performance to about three and a half hours. And it is still too long.

The music lacks inspiration. It sounds labored, "made," all save a few places such as the Gascogne Cadets chorus and the Pastry Cook's patter song. But these instances suggest good comic opera. The score is reminiscent—which is easily to be accounted for since its composer has conducted concerts and operas for so many years that his brain must of necessity be charged with the melodic thoughts and the formulæ of orchestration employed by other composers.

This music is tuneful and it has interesting moments—but that about exhausts the possibilities of honest praise. The second act in the Pastry Cook's shop is probably the most engaging of the four acts, and the intermezzo preceding this act is quite tuneful and pretty. But the balcony scene music is flat, the music of the battle scene is almost entirely without interest or dramatic vigor; and the final scene of the opera, Cyrano's death, is chiefly impressive because of its action. The orchestration is brilliant and generally quite skilful. Mr. Damrosch lacks, all told, a feeling for the possibilities of dramatic music, accompanied by action. He draws out recitatives needlessly, he interrupts, by musical padding that is to no definite end, phrases that have dramatic import. The result is that the action is tardy, that the listener becomes bored.

And what a pity 'tis, 'tis true, for a better libretto than "Cyrano" has seldom been set to music. Rostand's play simply teemed with life and interest, and W. J. Henderson, music critic of the New York *Sun* and author of many books, has made an effective condensation of the five acts into four, letting the death scene follow directly after the battle. The dramatic pace of the libretto is swift, and it is none too long—or would not be if set to music by one skilled in dramatic writing.

The performance was a proof of the sincerity of purpose with which the Metropolitan management treats opera in English. The four scenes were handsome; costumes and properties were all that could be desired artistically. The cast was assembled from the best available artists of the Metropolitan roster of great singers, but the English sung could only be understood now and again in disjointed words or phrases.

Mr. Amato sang the title rôle very well and acted it with skill. Those who saw and distinctly recalled Coquelin's famous interpretation of this rôle, found much that was lacking in Amato's conception. Still, he was handicapped by singing in English, a language which he does not even speak. Mme. Alda as Roxane was admirable, singing well, enunciating clearly and acting with arch grace. Mr. Griswold was a noble De Guiche, Mr. Reiss a nimble Pastry Cook, and Mr. Hinshaw a sympathetic Le Bret. Mr. Hertz conducted conscientiously a score over which he had slaved for so long; orchestra and chorus acquitted themselves with credit. But, taking it by and large, "Cyrano" will scarcely mark a new era in American composition, nor will it be a great advance in the cause of opera in English. It was better than the other operas in the vernacular produced by the Metropolitan, but the reason for this advantage is to be attributed to its libretto.

Both of the other novelties, "Conchita" and "Le Ranz des Vaches," were given by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company at the Metropolitan. The New York première of "Conchita" occurred on Tuesday, February 11, and the cast is here recorded:

Conchita, Tarquinia Tarquini; Don Mateo, Charles Dalmores; Dolores, Helen Stanley; Ruffina, Ruby Heyl; Estella, Minnie Egener; La Sorvegliante, Adele Legard; L'Ispezzore, Frank Arthur Preisch; Banderillero, Vittorio Trevisan; Venditore di Frutta, Emilio Venturini; Una Guida, Francesco Daddi; Madre di Conchita, Louise Berat; Una Voce, Emilio Venturini; La Gallega, Rosina Galli; Le Danseur, Luigi Albertieri; Una Madre, Esther Grimm; Tonio, Desire Defrere; Morenito, Marie Hamilton; Garcia, Constantin Nicolay; Sereno, Vittorio Trevisan; Uno Giovanotto, Piero Orsatti; Una Donna, Anne Sullivan; Una Ragazza, Elsa Garrette; Due Inglesi, Giuseppe Minerva, Rocco Franzini; Enrichetta, Minnie Egener; L'Amica D'Enrichetta, Elsa Garette; Due Spettatore, Nicolò Fossetta, Michel Zwibach. General Musical Director, Cleofonte Campanini.

The music of this opera was written by Riccardo Zandonai,

the libretto by Maurice Vaucaire and Carlo Zangarini. The story is founded upon Pierre Louys' famous story, "La Femme et le Pantin" ("The Woman and the Puppet") but the string has been extracted from this rather frank story. In fact, so much of the sting has been taken that the story proves rather a farce, depicting the heroine as a girl who sits upon a man's lap, dances a brazen dance of exposure in a public dance hall, admits another man to her garden while her wooer pines without and, finally, comes to the man who adores her. (Continued on page x)



White      Cyrano      Roxane      Christian  
(Pasquale Amato)      (Frances Alda)      (Riccardo Martin)

SCENE IN WALTER DAMROSCH'S OPERA, "CYRANO"



SARA ALLGOOD, LEADING WOMAN OF THE IRISH PLAYERS, AS OLD MRS. GROGAN IN THE "BUILDING FUND"

## IT is an auspicious name, Allgood, and it is her own. There is a story

# The Making of an Irish Player

of a French family of similar name settling about Dublin way several centuries ago and bequeathing to its daughters a quick wit which the climate of Ireland has mellowed and the association with Irish folk has sharpened. Hundreds of good folk in Dublin know her as "Sallie" Allgood, and she responds readily to the name since she is an exile from Erin in America.

The leading woman of the Irish Players has made a deep and pleasing impression upon audiences in the United States. The owner of a Chicago newspaper and a patron of the arts in his own rights said while toasting her at a dinner: "She has the same divine spark that lived in the breast of Richard Mansfield. I discovered him in his youth and poverty. I fought for him for a year while critics said 'He is full of mannerisms. His talent is overweighted and smothered by his conceit.' But I said of him: 'He will yet be the greatest actor in America,' and I say of Miss Allgood: 'There will be a time when America will have no greater actress.'"

H. Kohlsaet ended his encomium by saying: "Miss Allgood, we bid you remain with us!" Managers have seconded that invitation and Miss Allgood is in a state of tremulous uncertainty, the new land with its larger opportunities drawing her, while afar she hears the cry of the green isle and the musty old theatre whose luck she turned.

She doesn't know how nor why it happened. "I have thought that perhaps they came to see us fail" is her explanation of that revolutionary event. Dublin had been indifferent. Houses had been small. The Irish Players were discouraged. The Abbey Theatre was about to lose Frank and Willie Fay. The loss of the Fays was a stupendous one to the movement. Those excellent stage

directors had grown a bit autocratic it seemed to the actors. The actors had grown insubordinate it seemed to the directors. The directors demanded of the trustees of the movement that they be allowed supreme control of the stage. "We want the right to dismiss an actor when we think it proper" said they, whereupon the trustees replied: "It would grieve us to lose you, but we

cannot permit you complete power. What if a sudden whim should prompt you to dismiss without good cause, for instance, Miss Allgood?"

The Fays resigned and evil prophecies were in the air. The Irish Players, the naturalistic school of acting, the school of modern playwrights, Yeats' exquisite poetic drama would be lost to the world. What could be done? The trustees summoned Miss Allgood and said: "We would like you to produce the next play!"

Miss Allgood was seized with vertigo and resolution. Black spots danced before her fear-stricken eyes, but being Irish she is doughty and more than all else she feared to be afraid. She put into rehearsal a play different from any yet produced by the Irish Players. Heretofore the dramas they enacted had been pictures of peasant life. Miss Allgood chose a society drama. Human nature craves change. Also the news that a woman had

lifted the load of dramatic direction upon her shoulders had gotten abroad, and there be suffragettes in Ireland. Miss Allgood's explanation may be correct or all three may be correct. At any rate the house was filled from pit to dome and the beskirted stage director, peeping through a hole in the curtain, had another and worse attack of vertigo.

Moreover that great event was greater by reason of the discovery of a dashing young leading man, a modern-spirited D'Artagnan. Four leading men had passed through the furnace of rehearsal and came out worthless slag. Then entered Fred O'Donovan in much the same devil-may-care manner in which he bounded into the town hall for his "Showing Up" as Blanco Posnet, and the Irish Players had the leading man for whom they had sought and suffered, and who by his work in America has upheld the Bruce McRae's contention that while the leading man may not be the spine of the company he

is at least its pair of shoulders. Miss Allgood continued to be the stage director as well as leading woman of the company for a year. She had shown what she could do but she didn't want to do it any longer. Buxom, red of cheek and brilliant of eye as she is, she had learned that there is a "Thou shalt not!" a limit of physical endurance for a woman.



SARA ALLGOOD



Sarony.

JULIA SANDERSON

This popular young actress is now playing the title rôle in "The Sunshine Girl," at the Knickerbocker

Her tenet is that an actress should be able to play anything. Her recipe for the making of a good actress is "Three-fourths dramatic instinct and one-fourth brain, but don't leave out the brain!" "First sincerity, then repose, and least of all beauty" is another of her dicta of the boards.

Nature provided her the dramatic instinct and the brain. It favored her, too, with a wholesome attractiveness that is the complement of beauty, if not itself beauty. Mayhap the dramatic instinct was an inheritance from Catherine Hayes, the Irish prima-donna, who was her kinswoman of another generation. But she is Irish, and to be Irish is to be rich in feeling, and to feel is to possess dramatic instinct. The Irish are the most natural actors in the world.

When she was fourteen her father died. There were four girls and four boys in the family of eight. "Sallie" Allgood was the second in the octette and it behooved her to toil for the family. She toiled with a fresh, sweet-toned contralto, singing at county fairs and festivals airs from popular operas. One of these was *The Amorous Goldfish* from "The Geisha," and her encore number was always the same *Kathleen Mavourneen*. In a feis (Irish for turnverein, or singing festival) she won fourth place among forty-eight singers, for the freshness and beauty of her voice and for her execution.

There broke out a fad for learning Irish and the large-eyed young singer fell into the enthusiasm. She recited in Irish and heard of the Fay Brothers who were giving plays in Irish. She wanted to join their organization, the Irish National Theatre Society, but sorrowfully gave up the plan when she found it involved paying a guinea a year for membership. Frank Fay, who had heard her recite, waived the prohibitive guinea.

Thus she became one of the Irish Players, Thus she turned the luck of the struggling Abbey Theatre. Thus she has shone with starlike brilliancy on the two visits of the Hibernian Players to America. We would welcome her as a permanency. But Ireland, having less than a hundred players, would sorely miss Sallie Allgood, who is at least twenty-five.

The capable leading woman of the Irish Players is an example of the value of the oft sneered at movements for the uplift of an art or a community. It was the wave of reawakened interest

in learning the Gaelic tongue that bent the little wandering singer toward the drama. She might have been content to travel from county fair to county fair singing ballads had it not been for that sweeping movement. Mastering the ancient Irish she learned that there may be more poetry in prose than verse, and that there is no finer outlet for great emotions than the drama. First we aspire, then we climb. She longed for dramatic expression, then sought an avenue for it. The avenue was that propaganda of phrases of Irish life, Irish themes and Irish problems in the form of short plays which eventuated in the Abbey Theatre and the dwellers in its temple, the Irish Players. Curiously, Miss All-

good is dramatically the product of that organization. Her work has been done for it. Her energies have been poured into that channel. Her versatility bespeaks the breadth of the Irish Players' repertoire. Her depth reflects the seriousness of its purposes.

The Irish Players are doing for the life of Ireland what Molière did for his times and country. They give a perfect picture of the time and place. They show forth the Irish character as it is. Miss Allgood's Irish eyes, clear, lakelike, widened as she talked of her conception of it.

"In Ireland there is more spiritual life than anywhere else on earth," she said. "In the nations that are greatly concerned with wealth and commerce the spiritual life slumbers or dies. Some day, as manufactures and commerce and material wealth crowd the little island the spiritual life of Ireland may vanish, but while it lasts it is most precious and beautiful and we hug it to our bosoms as a mother her best beloved child. It is the most striking trait of the Irish character as it is to-day and as it has been embalmed in the plays. You need more spiritual life in this country. You would be happier for it and your art would be greater. Great art only lives with great spiritual perception. When a country becomes overrich and overmaterial its art fades." M. M.

### To Sara Allgood

(After seeing her in the various Irish Plays)

How, in one woman, can the shifting years  
Be merged, and all life's scattered visions meet?  
Yet here Youth's sanguine pulses laugh and beat,  
And here wails middle-age, whom nothing cheers.  
Trembling and set upon by haggard fears  
Comes tragedy, and Age with shuffling feet;  
And impudent young womanhood, and sweet  
Warm human singing, like a rush of tears. . . .

Oh woman, you are magic manifold—  
You stab the Silence with a voice of gold  
That throbs with clamorous seas and rolling moors.  
You speak—and Age forgets that it is old;  
The dying moment lives—the hour endures,  
A deathless echo of immortal lures!

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

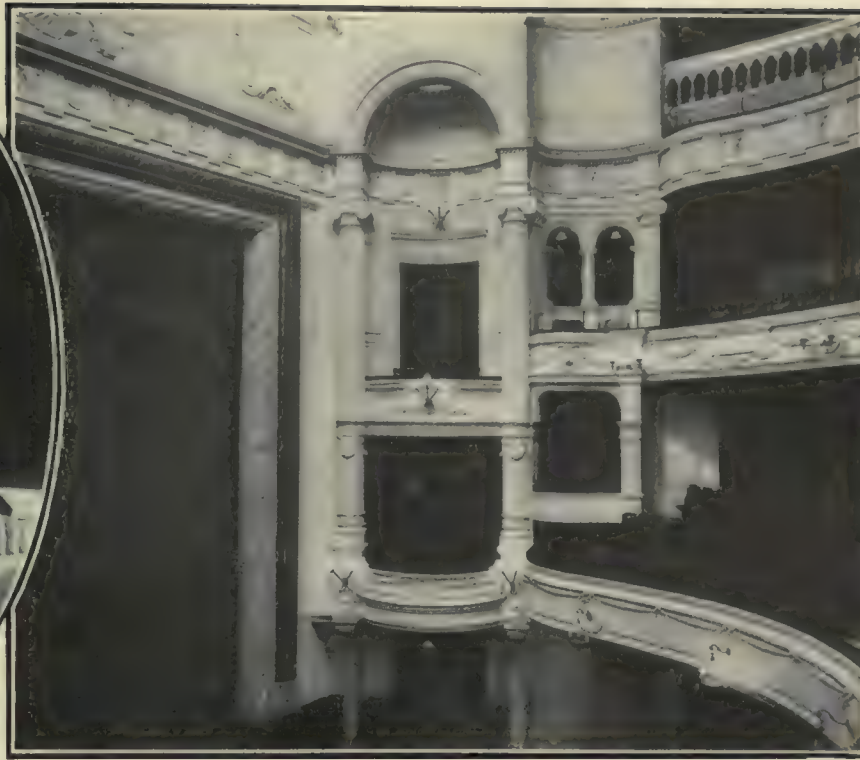


SARA ALLGOOD AND FRED O'DONOVAN IN "THE CLANCY NAME"





MISS A. E. HORNIMAN



INTERIOR OF THE GAIETY THEATRE, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND



NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF



SYBIL THORNDIKE



EDWARD LANDOR



MURIEL PRATT



MILTON ROSMER



IRENE ROOKE



LEWIS CASSON

## Miss Horniman's Model Manchester Theatre

THE *Manchester Guardian* served for a good many years as the single literary tie between that thriving manufacturing town of England and the rest of the world. Now a theatre, a "civic theatre," shares this responsibility with the newspaper. It is The Gaiety Repertoire Theatre, owned, controlled and directed by a woman whose custom it is to sign herself, A. E. F. Horniman. A suffragette (of course), and not so much of course, a lover of the drama from childhood, her public activities for a dozen years have been in the line of intellectualizing the taste of the public for plays. Miss Horniman's first overt act was to subsidize the group of Irish players in Dublin and to provide for them a small theatre, which has been their home ever since.

Five years ago Miss Horniman extended her operations to England, fixing upon Manchester as a fitting place for her experiment. She chose for her manager Iden Paine, a young actor native to the smoke, and he engaged a company which contained not a single famous name. A three-months' experiment at a concert hall enlisted the support of the press and public, and this preliminary canter proved successful. Then Miss Horniman bought and rebuilt the Gaiety, redecorating and refurnishing the interior, taking out 100 seats to render it more comfortable and adding space where scenery is built and painted and where wardrobes are cut out and made. She enlarged the company and set herself to the presentation of plays of a high standard. At the end of two years this woman manager's boldness had won out. The theatre paid expenses, and when she launched into a short London spring season her compact little company and repertoire of fifty plays, most of them new, satisfied the critics and the paying public, and, what's more, gave the manager a world-wide reputation.

For every year following, a short London season has been a feature of Miss Horniman's program, with such a degree of healthy appreciation that she has been urged to establish a repertory theatre in that Babylon, to be conducted with the same aspiration toward high things that she has shown in Manchester.

To-day the little Gaiety organization is at its height, for never has Miss Horniman had so excellent a company and staff. In Lewis Casson she has found a talented director, producer and actor. He was one of the original members of the famous Court Theatre company under Vedrenne and Barker, where so many interesting productions were made, and it is to him that Miss Horniman owes the well-rounded splendid productions which

have kept up the Gaiety's standard in the last two years. "Hindle Wakes" was last spring's London production, which further spread the fame of Miss Horniman her producer and her company. In 1912, also, they played a successful tour through Canada, appearing but once in the United States. Boston was the fortunate city to witness a matinee performance of John Masefield's "Nan," in which Miss Irene Rooke acted the name part.

For the season of 1913 Stage Director Casson decided that improvement could be made of the musical setting of the plays to be produced. He discouraged incidental music and advocated that the same minute attention should be given to the orchestral accompaniment, so to speak, as to the plays themselves. Miss Horniman was easily persuaded, and Mr. Casson hurried over to Paris to bring back as musical director the violin virtuoso, Nikolai Sokoloff. His first work was done on "Prunella," that beautiful, fantastic play with musical accompaniment by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker. Since that production Mr. Sokoloff has remained as conductor, and adding music as an essential attribute to the harmonious atmosphere already established in the Gaiety.

The most important productions of this season have been "Elaine," by Harold Chapin; "Prunella," by Housman and Barker; "Revolt," by George Calderon, and "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy. The last-named play we have already seen and admired here. "Elaine" is described as a brilliant comedy, and "Revolt," what its name

(Continued on page xii)

# Doris Keane—An Actress of Serious Purpose

**D**ORIS KEANE is not a mental relaxation; she is a mental stimulus. If you would gain the most from her acting as from her conversation you cannot afford to leave your

mind at home for, though this actress has youth and beauty, she does not depend upon these assets to win her way. Rather has she hewed out the path to success with the dynamite of her own intelligence. She makes one realize this whether you meet her across the tea-table or across the foot-lights. As you talk with her, you are conscious neither of the finely cut profile, of the well-shaped head and hands, nor of the firm and mobile mouth—only of two big brown eyes, illuminated by the light of a thousand candles, and of a keen, alert mind.



Sarony  
DORIS KEANE

When this chat took place, she had just returned from the photographer's, where she had posed and stood for two solid hours on the unsolid foundation of a glass of milk. According to all the laws of nature and photographers, she should have been tired and wilted. Yet she was not, because she is one of those people to whom sleeping and eating are more of a hindrance than a help—not necessities, but interruptions on the journey to one's goal.

What is her goal? She is perfectly willing to talk on almost any subject, but that she will not divulge. She says:

"There's a natural law against it. Just as soon as you talk about what you are going to do and want to do, all the inspiration, the determination, the belief in it or in yourself are gone!"

But she will tell enough else to help you guess and prophesy what she may still do. Her history, the enumeration of the stepping stones in her career that led up to the part of Margherita Cavallini, which she is now playing in Edward Sheldon's drama "Romance," she regards as scarcely worth the telling. If you insist, she will tell you with polite impatience that it was through Henry Arthur Jones, the distinguished English dramatist, that she was given her first opportunity to show what she could do. One of the first engagements she had after being graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts was in his play, "The Whitewashing of Julia," in which she had exactly two lines to speak, one of which was *Mother*. In the other Jones drama, "The Hypocrites," she made her first real success. The result of the flattering criticisms her acting of Rachel Neve received was that she had to flee the country to escape offers to play similar rôles that rained in upon her. With a hearty laugh she explained:

"I didn't want to be typed as 'a fallen woman.'"

Her present surroundings certainly do not suggest the woman of that character. They suggest rather the woman who has risen to a high plane of intellectuality where she feels quite at home. It was not difficult to distinguish among the tastelessly elaborate furnishings of her room, which even the best of hotel proprietors still regard as spelling home comforts, the personal belongings which created the atmosphere of the present tenant. Piled high on every available desk or table or what-not were books upon books—more on the piano and a few even spilling over onto chairs and the floor. The pictures on the wall had been bought by the manager's third assistant, whose idea of art was quite utilitarian, but the pictures on the mantel shelf, the table and the piano showed that the person to whom they belonged was not only a *connoisseur*, but a modernist. Next to a reproduction of Sorolla and of a Rodin statue was the photograph of a bust of Miss Keane, which Jo Davidson, the American sculptor of the newest school, has made of her. "He anticipates me," she says; "he shows me what I am going to be some day if I keep on going up!"

We were having tea, but her pretense at eating she promptly

forgot through the enthusiasm that seized her with every new subject touched upon. Over the teacups one doesn't talk consecutively on any one theme, but jumps from wisdom to nonsense as the spirit moves and the brew inspires. It was back again now to the matter of being "typed."

"That's the trouble, not only with the managers, but with Americans in general," she went on to say, as she sat very straight on a very stiff little desk-chair which she had drawn up to the table. "They are always trying to put you into a pigeonhole, and once they have you there, there is no escape. We all do it, you will admit, won't you? About a year ago, for instance, everyone was talking about Bergson at the dinner table, you remember? Who was he and what what did he stand for, they all asked. After reading perhaps a book or two they learned that he was a French philosopher, who was popularizing metaphysics or making the religions of India Occidental. I don't want to try to interpret Bergson for you," she broke off with a laugh, "but I think that illustrates my point. He was a vogue until they had him pigeonholed, and, you see—he lasted just one season."

"But are we worse in this respect than the people of other nations?"

She wrapped the loose red velvet, fur-trimmed *matinée* which she had thrown on upon coming in from a cold out-of-doors more tightly around her small, lithe body, while she thought out her answer:

"The Europeans, in spite of the saying that they have become Americanized, are not always in such a hurry as we are. With the centuries of culture and civilization behind them it is quite natural that they should have a better foundation in art which enables them to judge independently, to value an artist for his achievement and to be willing not to come to a final conclusion about his work until—he is dead! There any artist who has achieved anything has his devoted followers who help him with their encouragement and their belief in him to do even greater things. The singers at the Metropolitan will tell you the same. In any European city in which they may sing, they have their enthusiast devotees who wait around at the stage-door to shout acclamation, if not to escort them home. How different it is here, where everyone usually runs out before the last curtain has fallen its full length! The trouble lies in this—the public knows all about us too soon; they think they know what we can do even before we know it ourselves!"

"But, then, why are foreigners willing—if not eager—to come here and play before such an unappreciative audience?"

Miss Keane smiled a knowing little smile. "You know the answer to that as well as I do," she said. "It's not only the money incentive. Wouldn't you think that it added to the glory of your success to have pleased so difficult and impatient an audience? Europe is the place to get your foundations in any art, it is true, but America is the only



Mishkin

Mme. Cavallini (Doris Keane) and her pet monkey  
Adelina Patti

(Continued on page viii)



Mishkin

DORIS KEANE AS MME. CAVALLINI IN "ROMANCE" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S

## Classic Curtain Raisers



Matzene, Chicago

MME. DE CISNEROS AS ORTRUD IN "LOHENGRIN"

IF someone suddenly were to ask you to name which one-act play by William Shakespeare is performed most frequently and with greatest favor, you probably would pause before replying. And well you might. For, of course, the poet never wrote a play of that brief length.

However, one has only to recall which drama of Robert Browning is best known beyond the book shelf to realize the fine distinction between a one-act play and one act of a play. As is generally familiar, "In a Balcony"—which Eleanor Robson, Sarah Cowell Le Moyne and Otis Skinner brought to wide attention about ten years ago, and in which Miss Robson later acted with Ada Dwyer and H. B. Warner in place of Mrs. Le Moyne and Mr. Skinner—was not intended as a drama by itself, but was one scene of an unfinished tragedy. But it gives a complete enough picture of the passion of a queen for a courtier, by much her junior; of her jealousy and chagrin when she discovers that his love was not for her, but for her girlish kinswoman; and finally of her consent to the union of the young

folk. So if we call this fragment "In a Balcony" and treat it as a complete play, why not attach the title "In a Garden"—or, say, "Beneath a Balcony"—to that scene from "Romeo and Juliet," which certainly is the best known and most admired single act in theatredom?

For, after all, Act II, Scene II, of "Romeo and Juliet" has maintained for itself a fame that is wholly independent of the tragedy as a whole. I wonder how many ambitious Juliets have played the entire rôle before their mirrors, but only the balcony scene before the public. Several immediately come to mind. Mary Mannering, Olga Nethersole, Gertrude Coghlan and Viola Allen are prominent instances. And almost all of us have seen the balcony portion presented as a "curtain raiser" by the leading two players of a repertoire stock company. It frequently is incorporated in the bill with "David Garrick," which is short for an entire evening—at least, for an evening at "cut rates." Besides, the leading woman is less apt to be dissatisfied with so colorless and artificial a rôle as Ada Ingot if she has a chance as Juliet first.

The four actresses I speak of may all have appeared in the tragedy in full at some time or another. Indeed, some years after Olga Nethersole's brief essay as Juliet I saw her in the tragedy as a whole. But few audiences have had a chance to see her beyond the balcony.

In just this portion she appeared with James K. Hackett fifteen years or so ago at an Actors' Fund Benefit. The next time Mr. Hackett showed this much of his Romeo in New York—and there never has been any more to show—it was to the Juliet of Mary Mannering, and under similar circumstances. However, this young couple had played the fragment as a "curtain raiser" in many cities of the country when, as leading members of the Lyceum Stock Company, they went on tour in "The Late Mr. Castello." The feminine and more fluttering portion of the public went into ecstasies over Miss Mannering and Mr. Hackett as the lovers, because they were popularly supposed to be about to marry. But when New York finally saw them as Romeo and Juliet they were man and wife.

That, too, was at a "benefit." Gossip had it that Charles Frohman welcomed a sample of the Hackett Romeo in order to decide who should be cast for the character when Maude Adams made her ambitious appearance as Juliet. At another charity matinée about the same time, William Faversham offered a similar sample of his Romeo, the Juliet of the afternoon being Viola Allen. While Mr. Faversham won, being cast for Romeo in Miss Adams's production, with Mr. Hackett as the Mercutio, he did not enjoy his triumph long. His voice failed him and, after a few weeks, he resigned the love-sick hero to Orrin Johnson, originally the Paris of the play.

When Eleanor Robson decided to measure herself as Juliet she, too, proceeded cautiously. Volunteering to appear at a "benefit," she chose the "balcony scene" of the tragedy. A failure under such circumstances would pass with little notice, while the success she did achieve emboldened her for the greater undertaking. She did not have to make any tentative tests of leading actor, however, for Kyrle Bellew offered himself; and Mr. Bellew has been the safe-and-steady, ever-ready Romeo of the last quarter of a century. He has brought the same experienced authority to the part to the aid of many a Juliet—from the ultra-artificial maid of Mrs. Brown Potter to the very matter-of-fact young woman Miss Robson asked us to believe was fourteenth century and Italian.

It is a Continental custom to present the death of Agnes, in Ibsen's "Brand," as a one-act play; but when The New Theatre management undertook the experiment last spring, with Annie Russell as Agnes, the public complained that the scene was unintelligible. I wonder if the two portions of "The School for Scandal," which are often offered as independent plays, would strike us similarly were we less familiar with the Sheridan classic? It seems safe to say that one of them surely would—that traditional running together of two quarrels and reconciliations of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. Elsie de Wolfe gained

considerable favor in this befogging bit when she was still an amateur, and appeared as Lady Teazle—so far, but no further—on more than one occasion after her establishment as a professional actress. The late Daniel H. Harkins was the Sir Peter.

Helen in "The Hunchback" was another abbreviated favorite of Miss de Wolfe's. It strikes one as odd to bring to mind the actresses who have played this part in the Knowles comedy and then compare the list to the Julias. For, of course, the latter is the longer, more prominent, better part. While among the Julias of fairly recent years one thinks of Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe, Clara Morris, Mary Anderson, and Viola Allen. Quite as impressive a list of Helens may be made. There are Ellen Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Isabel Irving, Winifred Emery, Katherine Compton, Elsie de Wolfe and Viola Allen.

Of course, there is an explanation. It might be said that while Julia is the leading rôle of full-length drama, Helen is the chief part in a one-act play habitually made from it. Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving—in London and in one of their early tours of this country—gave authority to a version for "curtain-raiser" purposes. The scene of love-making between the dashing Helen and the shy and timid Modus forms itself readily into such a piece. And Miss Terry and Sir Henry gave notable interpretations of Helen and Cousin Modus. When Miss de Wolfe presented her version the Modus was Edward Fales Coward, the well-known writer and amateur actor.

"The Hunchback"—as a whole, or even just this scene—had not been acted in America for some years when Viola Allen revived it a decade ago. And the part of the performance that called for the greatest praise was the acting of the scene we're speaking of by Adelaide Prince and Jameson Lee Finney. Whether the incident annoyed Miss Allen or not, the next year she presented herself in this bit of the comedy, showing herself then as Helen instead of Julia. The Modus was H. Hassard Short, while in place of Eben Plympton as Master Walter, she had her father, C. Leslie Allen.

The last notable cast to present "The School for Scandal" as a one-act play had W. H. Thompson and Hilda Spong for Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, and Charles Richman and Guy Standing for Charles and Joseph Surface. That was in the so-called "screen scene," which, with a few "cuts," makes a complete, compact and rational little play. The same may be said of the "trial scene" in "The Merchant of Venice," which frequently is given by itself. Indeed, it was with this that Shakespeare pushed his way into vaudeville, elbowing dancing dogs and "educated" serio-comics with blank verse.

But few portions of Shakespeare could be used as one-act plays did not the public know the context. What would the grave-digger's scene from "Hamlet," in which Joseph Jefferson frequently appeared, have meant alone? Sarah Bernhardt has shown us a canned "Hamlet"; and the late Charles Warner, the English actor, best known to America in "Drink" and as father of H. B. Warner, even took such a version of the master tragedy to Paris.

Sir Herbert Tree's abbreviated Shakespeare was more comprehensive, if less Shakespearian, perhaps. His Falstaff was so much admired that he decided to follow up his success in "The Merry



Otto Sarony Co.

VIOLA ALLEN

In the title rôle of "The Daughter of Heaven"

Wives of Windsor" with the Falstaff portions of "King Henry IV." He arranged a two-scene comedy from the history, which, in full, is a rather dull play. It has not been done in this country since 1894, when William Owen was the Falstaff and Robert Tabor, then married to Julia Marlowe, the Hotspur. The reason of the revival, however, was to give Miss Marlowe a chance to play Prince Hal.

VANDERHEYDEN FYLES.

# A Dressing Room Chat With Douglas Fairbanks

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, who as Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne in the play "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." is delighting thousands of theatregoers this season, is a typical American actor, and he is proud of it. There is nothing "stagey," nothing artificial or affected about this young American player from Virginia. He is not addicted to mannerisms, he does not cultivate any eccentricities, nor get



Apeda Douglas Fairbanks is an inveterate smoker and always manages to take a few puffs between the acts

make room for his temperament. He is just a sincere, natural, good-naturedly frank, young man with gracious manners and an air of being always at ease in any situation. At the Colorado School of Mines and later at Harvard University he was popular for his fun-loving spirit and his irresistible sense of humor. He takes his work seriously and is very modest about his unquestioned ability and popularity.

"My path to success," he said the other day, "has been literally strewn with shattered traditions. In the first place I didn't meet with the slightest family opposition when I chose a stage career just after leaving college. Secondly, I can't truthfully boast of any great struggle—never starved in a garret, shivered from the cold, or got buffeted about by a cruelly cold and unappreciative public. Thirdly, I don't indulge in a single interesting or unusual hobby—haven't time or inclination for that sort of thing, as I prefer to devote most of my spare moments to reading. Fourthly, the two questions which all interviewers just do to death I have positively placed under a ban."

"And what are the banned questions?"

"Well, one of them," continued Mr. Fairbanks, "is: 'What is your favorite rôle?' and the other—'What are your views on suffrage?' I don't often answer the first because my favorite part is always my last part. For example, just at present I'd rather be Happy Hawthorne of the U. S. A. solving Balkan problems on gay Broadway than any other character I've ever portrayed. But should you ask me the same question next year it's a safe guess to suppose I'll answer whatever part I'm playing then. I will admit, though, a preference for comedy parts at all times. I'd rather hear my audience burst into sincere and hearty laughter than to move them to tears, or see them in the throes of a harrowing thrill."

"And what about your second banned subject—why bar your views on suffrage?"

"Simply because I value my life."

"Haven't you forgotten to exclude one other question that forms part of our stock in trade? 'What constitutes a great actor?' Isn't that also under the ban?"

But Mr. Fairbanks became serious at once. Flicking the ashes from his second cigarette he wheeled around in his chair and said, earnestly:

"Of course, there isn't any set formula for the stuff that actors are made of, but if I were writing out a recipe I'd put in twenty per cent. natural talent, ten per cent. systematic study along the usual disciplinary lines, ten per cent. determination to succeed or power of sticktoitiveness, and sixty per cent. personality.

The old saying that actors are born and not made isn't altogether true. Acting can be taught to a certain very great extent, but it is personality that must be born and not made. There are many talented young players who, having good looks, good delivery, and a sympathetic understanding of their parts, nevertheless fail 'to get over the footlights,' as we say in theatrical parlance, simply because they lack a certain hidden power—that fascinating, subtle something so difficult to define that constitutes individuality. This inexplicable something which makes an individual stand out as a distinct person is almost indispensable to success on the stage. And not only on the stage, but in many of the professions it plays a similarly important part. The most successful doctors and lawyers, for example, are not at all necessarily those who are more learned than their fellows, but those whose personality makes itself felt the minute they enter a room and talk with the patient or client as the case may be. The doctor's personality creates a certain favorable or unfavorable impression upon his patient and even gives a certain tone to the atmosphere in the sick room. His visit depresses or cheers his patient not so much according to treatment prescribed as to the conscious or unconscious effect of his own personality upon the man or woman who lies ill abed.

"Getting back to the stage," went on the actor, "just think how many playwrights owe the success or failure of their plays to the personality of the men and women who interpret the leading parts. Only recently, personality has had a large opportunity to assert itself in England, where a sort of theatrical renaissance is about to take place judging from the period of unrest now prevailing there. The young literary group of progressive playwrights at present attracting so much attention—Galsworthy, Shaw, Masefield, Barker, MacEvoy and others—owe the popularization and appreciation of their so-called 'New Drama' chiefly to the personality of certain sponsors. In like manner, the torrents of abuse which first fell upon Ibsen were changed to a growing appreciation by the enthusiasm coupled with the charming personality of Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Carrington. Maeterlinck, too, owes much to the personality of certain stage folk who were instrumental in familiarizing French playgoers with the great mystic's works.

"In our own country it is because managers and producers have learned to bank so much upon the personality of certain popular players that we have so many of what is known as the one-star casts rather than a company selected for general excellence."

Just then there came a knock on the door. Mr. Fairbanks arose hurriedly to obey the call. As soon as he stepped upon the stage a loud hand-clapping greeted his appearance, and every time Hawthorne of U. S. A. delivered a bit of good American slang a ripple of laughter rang all through the house.



B. L.

Moffett

Douglas Fairbanks and his son



Photos White

RUTH ST. DENIS IN HER NEW JAPANESE DANCE

## The Art of Ruth St. Denis

LONG before the public applauded her as a successful dancer, Ruth St. Denis was known to her intimates as a creative artist of surprising originality and power. Indeed, in this attractive and interesting personality the artist has always loomed larger than the mere performer. This may seem a somewhat paradoxical

statement since it was as Radha, a new priestess of esoteric dancing, with Hinduism as a picturesque background, that she first made her successful appeal to the public, but those who know her intimately are well aware that the dancing itself is really secondary to her art, which is self-evolved, and the expression of a remarkable temperament together with an intense inner craving for beauty of form and gesture. Ruth St. Denis' Oriental dances will continue to excite much interest even in these days when the stage is invaded with dancers of all kinds from the *haute école* dancing of Powlowa and Lopoukova to the bare feet interpretative posings of Isadora Duncan and Miss Noyes, for Ruth St. Denis is unique in a field especially her own.

Not only does she strike a new and original note, but the form of her dances is constantly changing, and assuming more interesting phases as it becomes bolder and more richly varied. Ruth St. Denis is entirely self-taught. Not only does she create the story, atmosphere and environment of her dances, but the movements are entirely spontaneous and are the expression of her own individuality, her own feelings, quite independent of teacher or instructor. The idea of her dances came to her like a flash. It was born fully grown. Suddenly came to her the inspiration of the particular thing she could do and the form of its expression. One day she saw the picture of a beautiful Egyptian woman used for the humble purpose of an advertisement, and the idea was born. It took years, of course, to work out in all its details, but the thought remained fixed and she has never wavered as to the means of expression or as to her ability to accomplish her purpose. There is no more striking example of the artistic impulse coming to expression unaided by environment or outside influences.

This season Miss St. Denis chooses an interesting form in which to set her dances—the Japanese. Following close upon the "Daughter of Heaven," which, while not altogether satisfactory dramatically, was interesting as to the possibilities of color in the Oriental setting, came the "Yellow Jacket," that most artistic expression of the Chinese idea which delighted those of imaginative perceptions and in a degree prepared the way for the Japanese dances.

These "dances" are really little dramas with dancing interludes. There is a coherent story running all through them which serves as the setting for these curiously fascinating



IN THE JAPANESE DANCE

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Copyright Schulz  
BLUE FLAME DANCE



White  
SCENE IN RUTH ST. DENIS' NEW JAPANESE DANCE



Copyright Schulz  
JEWEL DANCE

movements. Two Indian dances that come before the Japanese are as interesting, if not so novel, as are the Japanese.

There are five principal dances in the little Japanese drama given at the Fulton Theatre. First, there are two flower dances and a sword dance—the warlike and the artistic qualities of the Japanese being strikingly contrasted. Later on, as the story becomes more dramatic, there are two more dances expressing the religious side.

The story opens with the vision of a certain priest of old Japan, who sees the ideal of his prayers in the form of the goddess of mercy, called "The Kwaanon." The message comes from the vision that if the priest would go to the house of a certain Oiran, or courtesan, he will see the goddess in person. Marvelling much at the strange directions he, nevertheless, starts out on his quest. The stage setting of this scene is a *nocturne* in black and white like a rare old Japanese print in some treasured collection.

The second scene is a Japanese street. Here there is an encounter between two lovers of the Oiran, both of whom have an appointment to meet the lady here at the same time. There is a fierce contest which threatens to become deadly when the Oiran herself appears, followed by her girl attendants—charming little maidens without whom she must not appear. She separates the combatants and to pacify them says she will give the Saki cup to the favored one at her home that evening.

Then comes the third scene in the quarters of the Oiran. This is a dainty and charming tea-room in black and gold. It

is a delightfully simple scene, very harmonious and satisfying which accomplishes much toward conveying to us the reality of the little drama. The Oiran enters attended by her girls, who wait on her and help make her toilet behind a screen which hides her from the visitors who are already awaiting her appearance. This is an attractive bit and we are entertained meanwhile by a Japanese solo on a quaint instrument played upon by a slave girl.

When the Oiran appears, resplendant in gorgeous robes of gold and crimson and black, she bears cherry blossoms which she arranges in a bowl. She sits between her guests, who wait for her, kneeling in Japanese fashion. There is a ceremony and a presentation of the pipe, which all smoke in succession. After a short conversation in Japanese, which takes place between the two lovers, one presents a poem, written on a long scroll, which the hostess graciously receives. She now rises, removes the gorgeous outer mantle and is revealed in a kimono of black satin, elaborately embroidered in gold with scarlet skirts. She then dances the cherry blossom dance, which is a wonderful thing expressed in long sinewy, flowing lines and postures. The spirit of the suave, gentle, beauty-loving children of old Japan breathes forth in this exquisite dance. The lovers still wait for the Saki cup which is to show the favored one,

while slave girls perform a simple dance until the mistress returns to give the chrysanthemum dance. Conceived in quite a different spirit this gay flower dance is the expression of youthful joy and pleasure. In a pink and blue and yellow-flowered kimono with a wide hat of chrysanthemums and large chrysanthemum rosettes in each hand, the dancer seems possessed with the delight of living.

There is a most effective dance called the "Samurai" which is warlike in its character. It is one of the most attractive dances of the series. Miss St. Denis here appears in an old-gold satin costume of trousers and blouse with striped blue and gold girdle and front piece. She carries a spear and fights a second Samurai, who has two swords which he flourishes skillfully. He is finally overcome and the tall, lithe form of the younger Samurai towers above the conquered adversary.

The old priest now appears at the door of the house and seeks admittance, he is at first refused, but finally is allowed to enter when he pleads being sent by the goddess. He takes his seat in a quiet corner and watches attentively. The Oiran again enters and gives tea to the priest, dances a lovely fan dance and a second mysterious dance in which she holds the Saki cup or bowl of life. This dance is a symbolic thing and expresses the transmutation of lower into higher. As she dances, the Oiran changes the first cup for another bowl which she carries in the sleeve of her kimono and which is the symbol of the "cup of life." This she gives to the startled priest. At the same instant she drops her



Photo Schulz

RUTH ST. DENIS IN THE BAKAWALI DANCE

outward kimono, typical of the material life, and is shown clothed in the divine garments of a goddess and is transmuted into the goddess herself. The priest sees in objectified form the Kwaanon or Goddess of Mercy. Thus his vision is again revealed and the message made clear which is in the words of a modern poet, "That even in the scum of things something ever, always sings," or that in the lowest person the divine is to be discovered—the Buddha is revealed.

This idea is as old as humanity and as new as to-day. For each must find it out for himself and live to the higher, discarding the lower form. This is no vague abstraction to Miss St. Denis, indeed, if the word does not frighten—it is her message. For she says: "My art is half a religion to me. If it were not, I could not dance. For each artist has but one message to deliver to the world. Search closely the lives and art of all the great artists and you will find that each sees fundamental truth."

Imagine an actress who designs and oversees the making of her stage settings, including the painting of scenery and making of her own elaborate costumes and those of all her company; who writes her own dramas, and produces her own plays and you will have some idea of the intense activity of this interesting woman.

ADA RAINEY.





Photos White Mrs. Howard (Effie Shannon) Mrs. Brinton (Alice Putnam)  
Act I. Mrs. Howard tells her friend that she means to become gay



Michael Doyle (Bruce McRae) Mrs. Howard (Effie Shannon)  
Act II. Michael Doyle explains the condition of his heart to Mrs. Howard

SCENES IN "YEARS OF DISCRETION," AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

IT is an unusual dramatic entertainment that possesses more than one novelty.

## Novelties in a Novel Play

"Years of Discretion" has four. It has a novel theme. Its chief star has risen gloriously at a time when many less active stars are preparing comfortably to set. The play was written by a married pair whose joint first product it is, and who, though collaborators, are still blissfully wedded. Finally, it is a triumph of sentiment over business, or at least of sentiment in business.

The theme is a widow's rebellion against old age, and the astounding results of her revolt. David Belasco, facing the difficulty of interesting an unromantic public in the romance of a nearly old woman, decided to make an experiment within an experiment. Sending it adventuring upon that vague land, the Road, where failure does not hurt so acutely as at one of the nation's pulses, a great city, and accompanying it in its adventures, he directed the performance into three several channels. He tried a burlesque of the emotions, and was convinced that such treatment was brutal and lacked humor. He tried "playing it for pathos" and that human mirror, the audience, reflected fewer snuffles than smiles.

"It must be played for comedy," he concluded.

As a feather light comedy it was an instant success. The public crowded upon each other's heels to witness the tripple flirtations of a widow who had descended from the shelf, and to watch her willingly reascend to that position, which, if not luminous, is indisputably comfortable. It drew from their shelves persons who, from that height, pee. now and then, a bit shamefacedly, into the land of romance, secretly wondering whether it still holds any possibilities for them. The audiences of "Years of Discretion" prove how large a number of middle-

aged persons there are in any community, what latent magnetism is in them, what pathetic

desire to believe that some of the thrilling joys of life remain for them. Because the fear of old age stalks, confessed or unconfessed, in the soul of everyone the play has a human appeal.

It is a universal play, whose universality is in part attested by the women who assemble on matinée days to "see how she does it," "it" being the rejuvenation of her youth by mysteries of the toilet, and other and deeper mysteries of the soul.

Another novelty is the bursting into dazzling radiance of Miss Effie Shannon. Miss Shannon has been on the stage for more than a quarter of a century. She has played the young girl while young girls have been born, have grown up and married and themselves given ingénues to the world, but she has never attained the power of illumination displayed in "Years of Discretion." It is conceivable, and probably true, that Miss Shannon, always lovely, always of dramatic intelligence, always possessing a soft charm distinctly her own, has had for the first time in the multiplying years, her "chance." It has been many years since the metropolis saw her, at any rate, under satisfying circumstances. She has paid



Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hatton, authors of "Years of Discretion"

brief visits in indifferent plays, returning to the dim land, the Road, and she had become resigned to the conditions. Like many persons who with unembittered resignation accept them, there comes about a change in conditions. Certainly for Miss Shannon there came opportunity, and she took it gallantly.

It is a brilliant company that surrounds her. Lyn Harding, who created "Drake" in London, whose touch is sure in Shakespearean character, and for the possession of whom Sir Beer-bohm Tree is pouting masculinely, but still pouting, at David



White

LAURA HOPE CREWS

Who appeared recently with H. B. Warner in "Blackbirds"

Belasco, who refused to release Mr. Harding to him; Bruce McRae, nephew of that other knight of the stage, Sir Charles Wyndham, but a dashing actor in his own right; Herbert Kelcey who, from having been termed the "mantelpiece actor," because he once had the habit of leaning upon mantelpieces while indulging in love or philosophy, has become a man to whom nearly any rôle may be safely entrusted; Robert McWade, who is of the inherited aristocracy of the profession, and E. M. Holland, of method mellow and tasty as fine old wine.

That a critic should write a successful play is almost unknown. But to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hatton belong both distinctions. Frederick Hatton is a critic of the *Chicago Post*, clever, painstaking, of a gallantry indigenous to his native Virginia, which forbids him, or so his wife declares, ever writing a harsh criticism of a woman. Mrs. Hatton, who three years ago was "Mrs. Jack" McKenzie, and prior to that, Miss Fannie Locke, is an illuminant of the fashionable set of Chicago. She knows the bubble-making froth, but knows also the slowly moving deep stream of the reality of life. Her father was Dean Locke, long

the rector of Grace Episcopal Church of Chicago. She received her preliminary training for the broader and deeper education of life, at a girls' school in Stuttgart, Germany. While she was the witty, sparkling, light-hearted "Mrs. Jack" McKenzie she wrote a comedy whose proceeds were used for the beginning of a clubhouse in Michigan. With another comedy she finished the clubhouse.

"How do you happen to know so well the psychology, so to speak, of the widow?" Mr. Harding asked Mrs. Hatton while they rehearsed.

"Oh, I was a widow for six years." Her reply satisfied Mr. Harding.

It was while she was at the theatre one night the brilliant widow met the handsome young critic from the South. The probable happened. Their courtship was punctuated with many discussions of plays.

"Let's write a play," suggested Mrs. McKenzie.

"An excellent idea," assented Mr. Hatton.

Soon after they were united in matrimony the playwriting began.

"Don't," pleaded their Chicago friends, all of whom feared inoculation by the divorce bacillus that thrives in that climate. "All collaborators hate each other."

"We won't," replied they both, and proved themselves prophets of truth.

"We've talked things over, but never differed basically," said Mrs. Hatton. "Frederick is better at play construction and dialogue came easy for me. We talked over every scene and situation, and whoever happened to have time wrote it. The other revised and both discussed. We were seven months writing it."

Belasco, listening in his silent way behind the scenes to the chatter on a Chicago stage after a play, said to the Hattons: "If you write as well as you chat you should write a play."

"We have," they answered.

"Send it to me," he said, and a week later the contract was signed. They are writing another comedy, which is proceeding on the same way. Its genesis was an idea expressed by Mr. Hatton as they drove home from an after-theatre supper party.

"We were so delighted we hugged each other to show our approval," said Mrs. Hatton.

The genesis of "Years of Discretion" was similar. The pair had observed in society the warfare, determined, pathetic and comic, of several of their friends against the encroachment of the years. They made a play of it, a play that is genuinely "the thing."

Playgoers whose hair is white revert occasionally to "the old Lyceum." The affairs of the quaint building whose site, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, is now nearly forgotten were managed by Daniel Frohman. Its stage director was David Belasco. The now nearly forgotten Lyceum company included Effie Shannon, then a slim, golden-haired girl, and Herbert Kelcey, a matinée idol of his day.



TINA LERNER

This gifted and beautiful Russian pianist, who is now making her third tour of the United States, was born in Odessa in 1890. At the age of ten she entered the Conservatory of the Philharmonic at Moscow, winning the highest honors. At fifteen she appeared as soloist with the Moscow Philharmonic Society. After a tour of Russia, appearances followed in Germany and England, and then came her first visit to America

# The Little Theatre and Its Big Director

LIKE a neat tavern at the turn of an English lane, is The Little Theatre. Like a college professor is the man who directs it, who is, indeed, The Little Theatre.

The playhouse, whose capacity is three hundred—that is an institution unique in this country—presents a façade of red brick dully toned, trimmed with chaste, straight lines of white cement. Its windows are many-paned and shine with neatness. There are potted plants on the window ledges, plants arranged in precise, regular rows. Fronts of houses always remind me of faces. That of The Little Theatre is sedate, of exceeding decorum and dignity, as a fair Quaker face looks demurely forth from its gray silk bonnet.

A tall man with the bend at the shoulders which we know as “the scholar’s stoop” gets out of a taxicab, darts beneath the white, shield-like sign bearing the name of the theatre in black letters and strides through the broad, white entrance and up the stairs to the offices that are as compact and immaculately kept as the front of the building with its suggestion of perfect

housekeeping portends. He wears a long snuff-colored greatcoat and soft hat of the same color. He is several inches past six feet in height and of exceeding slenderness. He is pale, and one eyebrow, the right, being considerably higher than the left, lends his face a quizzical, half humorous expression, emphasized by an occasional, quickly-vanishing smile.

His pallor, his habitual gravity, his stoop, add to the appearance of many years to his age. A glance reveals him an old-young man. This is the director, the incarnate idea, of The Little Theatre. He is, indeed, The Little Theatre.

He hung the snuff-colored hat and coat in a closet, closed the door with the carefulness of one of precise habits, sat down at the neatly ordered flat-topped desk, turned on the swift smile, turned it off again and said:

“The theatre is the most elusive of topics. It is a vague subject, because its conditions are influx and what one says to-day may not in two years be at all true. When we talk of it we deal in quarter truths. It is the most uncertain of the arts. A painter knows the size of his canvas. A writer knows what a word, or set of words, will convey. But a director of a theatre deals with human factors, and they are always uncertain. In any of the other arts a man knows what he can do from the beginning, but in the theatre no play is ever given as the author intended it. No character is ever portrayed quite as he intended it. It may be better or worse, but it is different. One starts with something, having a very definite purpose of what it shall be and it develops quite otherwise, because what he wants to do is bent from its purpose by the medium of a personality, and personality no one can control.

“A manager must count the cost of an undertaking more than any other director of art. The painter knows how much time it will take to finish his canvas and about what he can get from a purchaser for it. The writer can publish his own books, say for fifteen hundred dollars, or if the book be one of verse for seventy-five dollars, but the manager faces a large expense from the beginning. He cannot produce anything for less than the minimum of five thousand dollars. I hope I have shown that it is the most uncertain of the arts and that it is difficult to be dogmatic about it.” The glancing smile, then waiting silence.

“Why do you believe in The Little Theatre as an institution?” I asked its founder in this country.

“For two reasons: In small playhouses one can produce plays that require close range of vision and unquestioned acoustics. They are plays of delicate shadings of tone and that require for their points varieties of facial expression that would be lost in

transmission in a large house. Another reason is that you can select your audience. Let me explain that at once. I am not snobbish, and it would be unjust and untrue to accuse me of it. When I speak of selecting an audience I mean that any large city, and especially New York, has many audiences. The different kinds of plays now running, and with equal success, show that there is an indefinite number of them for the sorts of plays that particular audiences like. I set about selecting my audience in two ways. I wanted to open a theatre where I could furnish plays that would be liked by intelligent people. But that was not enough. There are many theatres in New York that do that with success. I wanted to produce such plays as I liked myself and I had faith that there were enough persons resident in and visiting New York who would support it.

“I have never had any foolish idea about educating the public. You can’t educate the public taste in plays. You can only deepen and widen the already acquired taste. When a man has grown to the stature of play-going, say twenty-one years old, his tastes are well defined. If he is the sort of man who likes Peter Pan he will grow to like it more and more. If he isn’t he will like it less and less. Just as there are chemical constituents in our body that, when predominating, cause us to like certain dishes for dinner and to dislike certain others, so there are constituents of the brain or mind that cause us to incline to one sort of play or the other. The way people change and grow in taste for plays is that they demand better productions and a finer grade of acting. But plays they like at twenty-one they will prefer at seventy-one. With the passage of fifty years they will expect better acting of those plays. In a word the taste in plays only changes in that it becomes more pronounced.”

“I see you haven’t any inscription above the door of your theatre. If you had, what would it be?”

“Probably: ‘I want to do my job well.’”

“And that job is?”

“I want to produce plays that will entertain and that will have enough truth in them to leave a residue.”



Façade of The Little Theatre, West 44th Street, New York City



WINTHROP AMES  
Director of The Little Theatre

MAY IRWIN IN "WIDOW BY PROXY" AT COHAN'S THEATRE



Photos White

Alex Galloway  
(Joseph Woodburn)

Captain Pennington  
(Orlando Daly)

Gloria Grey  
(May Irwin)

Act. I. The pretended widow begins her masquerade



Alex Galloway  
(Joseph Woodburn)

Gloria Grey  
(May Irwin)

Captain Pennington  
(Orlando Daly)

Angelica Pennington  
(Helen Weathersby)

Saphronia Pennington  
(Frances Gaunt)



White

ALICE BRADY

Recently seen as Meg in "Little Women," at the Playhouse

I want to entertain the patrons of The Little Theatre, but to give them enough to think of so that they will not feel that the evening is wasted. An evening seems to me to be wasted if we are merely amused and nothing is left for the mind to work upon."

"Will you analyze Anatol from that point of view?"

"First tell me how Anatol impressed you."

"As the portraiture of a youthful, irresponsible character, and how the procession of women through his life affected that character."

"That is what I tried to show. Anatol has never seemed to me to be in the least degree immoral. There is nothing in the play to show that his acquaintance with any of the women had been of that nature. His careless, irresponsible nature furnished the entertainment. The value of the play, the residuum, as I saw it, is the reaction of those various types of women.

"My aim is to produce plays that will generally please my audience. I want intelligent people to know that generally they can find at The Little Theatre the class of plays they like."

"Is there any kind of play you will not produce?"

"There are some classes of plays that the architecture of The

Little Theatre prevents my producing. I will not produce musical comedies nor melodrama. The stage and auditorium are too small."

"Is there any theme you will not handle?"

"No, for I believe the stage can and should produce anything that is human."

"There is a rather general impression that the United States is tired of the sex play."

"I think that is true of one kind of sex play. The triangle of the French play is beginning to bore American audiences. The reason is that the situation occurs with so little frequency here that it does not make a general appeal. I think people want to see on the stage what they know about. Yet, if the sex play were handled in a great way, it would make a universal appeal."

"When you examine a play what do you ask yourself about it?"

"I ask myself first whether it will entertain. Then I ask myself whether it is true. If it is both of these it is a good play. If it leaves the residuum, of which I spoke, it is a great play."

"What are the great plays on the New York stage this season?"

"I wouldn't like to say that for it might seem invidious. The theatres are commercial. They have to be. It is as foolish to complain about that as it would be to sit down and cry because we are not handsome."

"Suppose, then, we go farther back than this season?"

"'Magda' I thought a great play."

"'Ghosts?'"

"Yes, but it didn't draw."

"'The Blue Bird?'"

"Yes, I thought that a great play."

"But the hardest thing in conducting a theatre is not to find plays, but well-trained players. That lack is the greatest hold-back of the stage. I don't know how it can be remedied. A year or two in stock would be of value, but there are few stock companies and many actors. For instance, a few years ago I met a girl who gave, I thought, much promise. She was pretty, intelligent, and plastic. I thought the future held much of success for her. I met her four years later and she had been playing the same part ever since. The best years of her dramatic life she had wasted on one part.

"I don't know what is to be done about it. Our greatest need cannot be met in present conditions. But I think the dramatic schools could do their work better. I do not wish to criticise, yet the fact confronts us that we have a right to expect from actors the habit of clean and careful speech and the schools do not give it them. We have a right to expect a good physical carriage and that the schools do not give them. So it certainly appears that the schools are not doing all they should."

"The English say their actors are recruited from a better class than ours. Do you think so?"

"I think our stage is growing better every year in that respect. Persons are coming from better homes and with better equipment of education. But I think there may be too much stress laid upon the matter of drawing-room drama and tea-table dialogue. Plays are being written for actors who can talk and act as though they were in a drawing-room, and the English-speaking stage is suffering from that and from the repressed school of acting which is exaggerated elegance.

"A girl came in to see me not long ago and assured me at least four times during our interview that she was a college graduate. She had nothing else to recommend her, appearance, charm, tact, nothing. She seemed nonplussed because I wouldn't engage her. 'But, I'm a college graduate,' she repeated as wonderingly as we said 'good afternoon.' Education adds to an actor's equipment as it does to everything, but it isn't all. It merely adds."

"If you were speaking of Winthrop Ames to someone who did not know him, or if you could step outside yourself and have a look at his work, would you say he is a realist or an idealist?"

"I should say he were neither at all times and that he tried to be enough of each when it was needed. For instance, the trend of



Photo Arnold Genthe

BEATRICE MAUD

Who is appearing in vaudeville as the Salvation lass in "Lead, Kindly Light"

For instance, the trend of some of the theatres, especially in Germany, is toward symbolic settings. I am not in sympathy with that. If the play be one of symbolism, then a symbolic setting of course; but, for instance, if I were producing 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' I shouldn't ask her to wear a symbolic gown nor tell her troubles in a symbolic drawing room. I should want her gowns and the stage sets to be in themselves artistic and characteristic of her. I think symbolism may be carried to the point of absurdity."

I tried to sound the depths of Mr. Ames's self-complacency. He had none to sound. Was he not gratified at having discovered and imported "Sumurun"? "Sumurun" was a novelty, to be sure, but it was very well known. If he discovered it he was only one of many, he said. But there was "The Blue Bird," produced at The New Theatre. Yes, but at The New Theatre he was the servant of the men who employed him. He had introduced a distinct novelty in having daily matinées and Saturday morning performances of "Snow White." At mention of this there was a glint, a glimpse of gratification in his eyes.



Maxine Elliott skating at St. Moritz, Switzerland

"I found another public," he said. "I thought the children needed more entertainment than was provided for them, but I am not alone in that. Plans for new theatres are springing up all around us." There were no surface indications of egotism. If any exists it was well hidden in an hour's chat in the quiet inner office on Forty-fourth Street. But there was optimism. He hears no dogs howling for the poor, tattered remnants of the drama.

"The stage is constantly growing better. Recall the plays that were on the boards five years ago and those of this season!" he

exclaimed with enthusiasm. "The number of good plays and worthy productions to-day is greater."

And there is a staunch adherence to the interest that began when at seven he cried for a toy stage and operated it in his nursery. While every feature of the pale, intense face bespeaks sensitiveness, discouragement will not sway Director Ames from his purpose. His intent and the aim of The Little Theatre are one and indivisible. Briefly he expressed it: "To produce plays that will interest intelligent people."

ADA PATTERSON.

MR. DE WOLF HOPPER said that when writing to you I was to tell you that he considered me 'some pumpkins.' What he meant by associating me with a vegetable that I don't hanker after is more than I can tell, but he said that you would quite understand."

The above is an extract from a letter written by Miss Madge Titheradge, the charming English actress, to her father, Mr. George S. Titheradge, a fine old actor of great culture and refinement, who supported Mrs. Patrick Campbell on her American tour some five years ago, and who at present holds a unique position on the Australasian stage. If every matured playgoer, say of 45 or over, could be plebiscited on the question, 90 per cent. would say that Titheradge was the finest all-round actor Australia had seen. The frailty of old age is upon him now, yet he is still inimitable in some of his old parts, namely, Lord Illingworth in "A Woman of No Importance," Aubrey Tanqueray in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and l'Abbé Dubois in Sydney Grundy's fine play, "A Village Priest." In the last-named play the performance of the old actor, mellowed by age and a wonderful experience which few living actors can boast, is like a benediction of eventide. But to return to the letter—the passage was read in the dressing-room of the actor in the Opera House, Wellington, New Zealand, which is some distance from the big White Way. With the letter had come a copy of THE THEATRE, containing an article entitled "An Aristocrat of the Stage," in which the writer freely expressed her opinion of some

## The Old School

By one who has acted with Mr. Kean

of the big actors she had been associated with. The writer had expressed the opinion that Herr Bandmann's Hamlet was a finer performance than Fechter's, which rather aroused the ire of the old actor, then engaged in making up for that blasé old cynic of Wilde's, Lord Illingworth. What was more delightful, it roused his memory of players who were.

"She's not right," said Mr. Titheradge, touching up the end of a wicked eyebrow with the greatest care. "Either her judgment or her memory is at fault. Bandmann a better Hamlet than Fechter? Nonsense! I've seen 'em both—played with Bandmann through more seasons than one—he was twice out here (in New Zealand), you know. In my humble opinion he was not a good Hamlet. He was, contrary to the opinion expressed there (in THE THEATRE), a big burly actor, with a good deal of physical force and weight to help him and a German accent you could cut with a knife to hinder him. Why, dear, oh dear, I remember Mrs. Bandmann saying to me at Bristol—that was in '74—'Are you going to play Othello to that big brute's Iago?' Not very complimentary to him, was it? Of course, I was much slighter than I am now—and a good deal younger by the same token. Bandmann married one of the most charming and attractive of our leading ladies of the time, Miss Millie Palmer, not Minnie, mind! Up till some five or six years ago she was acting in England under the name of Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer. When I was with Bandmann in England the best drawing card he had was a play called



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White

ELSIE JANIS AT HOME

This popular star, who is now appearing with Montgomery and Stone in "The Lady of the Slipper," is not content to rest on her laurels as a successful musical comedy star. She also composes songs, writing herself both words and music, and she is seen here trying one of her new compositions on the piano



Copyright Mishkin

MAGGIE TEYTE

This popular young singer has just completed an extensive concert tour of the United States

'Narcisse' (an adaptation from the French), which Tree subsequently played under the name of Gringoire, or perhaps that was the name of his part in the play, I don't know. But he (Bandmann) was not nearly the fine scholarly Hamlet that Fechter was. Don't you believe it for one moment! I never saw Edwin Booth, but I imagine his Hamlet was infinitely superior to Bandmann's.

"I regard Forbes Robertson as my ideal of Hamlet, though in him one misses the great power of the old-time tragedians—men who could create great waves of enthusiasm by sheer power, physical or mental or both. While Robertson is to me ideal in appearance, manner, and reading, he could hardly lift the people out of their seats as the giants of tragedy in the Victorian era. The style is not cultivated now, and the stage does not breed the type, but all the same Shakespeare wrote for the type, and they used to grip their audiences with a tighter clutch than does your modern actor, who insists on being himself in everything he does.

"Old man Irving had none of the physical power—he de-

pended more on his nervous force and personal magnetism to produce the effect obtained by the old tragedians by more robust methods. His appeal was more psychic than physical. I did not consider Irving a great Shakespearean actor of the first class. In my opinion he was at his best in character parts. I was associated with Irving, Toole, and Lionel Brough for some time in London, and saw Irving in a variety of parts, but he was always at his best in character. I remember how good he was as Bob Gosset in 'Dearer than Life.' Afterward I fancy his best work was done in characters, such as 'Louis XI' and the dual parts in 'The Lyon's Mail.' He was fine, too, in 'Richelieu,' magnificent—up to a point—the big dramatic scene where Richelieu says—

Mark where she stands—around her form I draw  
The awful circle of our solemn church!  
Set but a foot within that holy ground  
And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—  
I launch the curse of Rome!

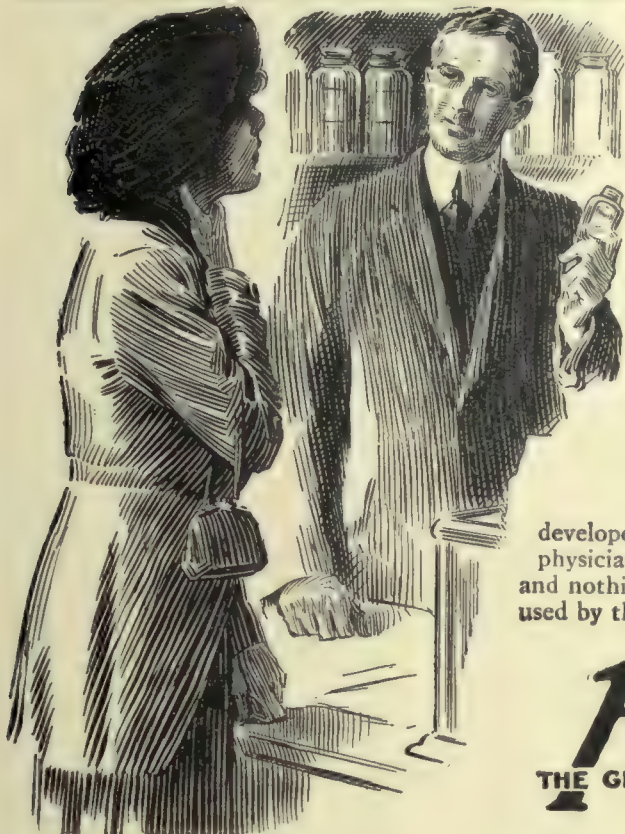
At that point Irving used to fail—he became too shrieky. Good Lord! I remember old Jack Ryder, that sound actor who trained Adelaide Neilson, the finest Juliet the world has ever seen, being in front one night to see Irving's 'Richelieu,' and when it came to the curse scene, his comment was 'Mother Shipton, by God!'

"I'm old enough to have acted with Charles Kean, one of the best of the old-time tragedians. It was his last and my first year on the stage, and we met at Portsmouth (in 1867). In those days he was pretty feeble though not an old man, and did not used to rehearse with us. Old Jimmy Cathcart used to put us through, and I can remember how pleased Jimmy was when I mistook him for Mr. Kean at the first rehearsal. Kean was what I should describe as a classical actor, who worked more on the lines of Irving than the old declamatory style—he acted through his brain more than his brawn. He did not possess a robust physique—I am speaking of his last year on the stage, the one before he died—but I should think that at no time did he possess great physical power. I played Bernardo to his Hamlet when I was a younker at the business, and can distinctly remember how strikingly I was impressed with his thoughtfulness and intellectual discrimination. For instance, in the earlier scene where Hamlet first meets Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo, Kean greeted Horatio effusively as his dear intimate friend Marcellus with a little more reserve, but before he greeted me there was a distinct pause—so much so that I thought there was something the matter with me—and then as if trying to recall if he, as Hamlet, had ever met Bernardo before, and not wishing to make a mistake, said with such grave courtesy, 'Good even, sir!' Kean was, however, much better as

Louis XI, in which rôle I think he was magnificent, chiefly because perhaps at the time I saw him he was very feeble, and drawn in the face which made him a natural Louis. I never imagined I could see anyone as fine in the part until I saw Irving play it, and I had the pleasure of telling Irving so not so long before he died. It was at the Green Room Club in London, when Sir Henry was presiding at dinner, that I told him that I did not think it possible for anyone to disturb my impression of Kean as Louis, but Irving had done it in as masterful a piece of character acting as one is likely to see once in a generation.

"Of all the actors I have known Charles Dillon was the god of my idolatry. He was a man without a single physical quality to recommend him—a short, stubby, thick-set man, with a black moustache like a shoe brush which he would never shave off. There were times when he would act most vilely, but in the vein no actor I have ever seen—and I have seen a few—could approach him. He had a most wonderful voice—vibrant with tones that in pathos or agony used to thrill even those who were acting with him. He was simply wonderful

(Continued on page vi)



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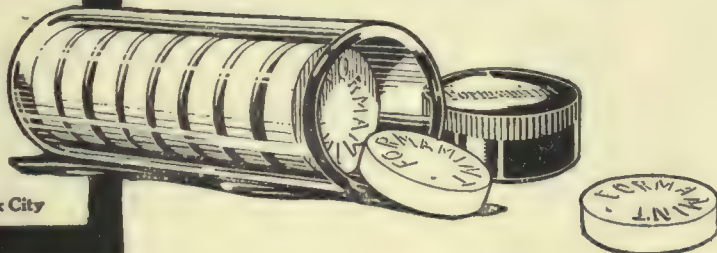
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## THE OLD SCHOOL

(Continued from page 128)

as Belphagor the Mountebank,' and was the fines Othello and King Lear I have ever seen. By the way, it was with Dillon that Lady Bancroft made her first appearance on the stage. That was at the Lyceum and the play was 'Belphagor.' What a man he was—what a thorough-going Bohemian! I remember my first week with him at Exeter. I was getting the magnificent salary of £2 a week—when I got it! The first Saturday I received £1 only, yet before I was out of bed on the following Sunday morning, Dillon had sent round to borrow it back again. Still he was the soul of honor and as soon as the money came in he would immediately pay all his debts—a warm-natured, generous-hearted man as ever lived! I remember the day I was called on to play Buckingham to his Richard III. I knew nothing of the part, but we started in at 10.30 A.M. to rehearse (it was in Glasgow), and we kept at it until 4 in the afternoon. That is to say, we were in the theatre or thereabouts the whole day, but we made little progress, for Dillon would vanish into the adjoining 'pub' whenever he had a wait, there to be the centre of an admiring group of actors (of whom I was one), and as it frequently happened that his call would come in the middle of a yarn the rehearsal had to wait. All I knew of Buckingham that night I learned between 4.30 and 7.30 P.M. Among other good performances of Dillon's were Benedict in 'Much Ado' and 'Don Caesar.' Dillon was absolutely a genius, but was unfortunately for himself a dear dissolute fellow, whose heart was as big as his great brain.

"Dillon was manager with the late Fred Wright (who died a few months ago). I got an engagement with them at Leicester at 18s a week, for which I had to supply six changes of dress for 'The Streets of London,' and dress up nine flights of stairs. The same season I had a row with the 'first old man' (we used to specialize then), and he was sacked, and I had to play his part as well as my own without any increase in salary. One of our bills included the comedy 'Mr. and Mrs. White,' and in that play was a baby, whose name to-day is Huntley Wright.

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BOHEME AND KONIGSKINDER AIRS BY FARRAR.—Bohème, *Mi chiamano Mimi*, Puccini.

This loveliest of Puccini airs is given during the scene in the first act between Mimi and Rudolph. The young poet is alone in the garret of the Bohemian, when a timid knock is heard, and the visitor proves to be Mimi, a young girl who lives on the floor above. She has come to ask her neighbor for a light for the candle, which has gone out. They enter into conversation, and the young girl tells Rudolph of her pitifully simple life; of how she works all day making artificial flowers, which remind her of the blossoms and green meadows of the country; of the lonely existence she leads in her chamber up among the housetops.

Königskinder, *Weisst noch das grosse Nest*, Humperdinck.

Each additional performance of Humperdinck's charming opera serves but to lend new fascina-

The Goose Girl of Miss Farrar is one of the most successful impersonations of her career—the love, terror and pathos reflected in the rôle being highly moving and appealing.

TWO NEW HEMPEL RECORDS.—Variations on an Air from "Daughter of the Regiment," Donizetti-Adam.

The rôle of Marie is one of Mme. Hempel's favorite ones, and it is hoped that she may be seen in it during her present stay in America.

La Villanelle, *Eva Dell' Acqua*.

Of the two versions of Dell' Acqua's brilliant song, Mme. Hempel has selected the most elaborate, one which taxes the powers of any singer. The number is well adapted to the exhibition of the remarkable gifts possessed by this young soprano, and she gives it a dazzlingly brilliant rendition.

THE BEAUTIFUL LETTER DUET BY CARUSO AND FARRAR.—Manon, *On l'appelle, Manon*, Massenet.

This number occurs at the opening of Act II, the scene representing the apartment of Des Grieux and Manon in Paris. Des Grieux is writing at a desk, while Manon is playing looking over his shoulder.

This is among the most beautiful of the Caruso-Farrar duets, and is undoubtedly one of the most exquisite examples of perfect duet recording possible to imagine.

Adv.

## Paris Stirred by a Patriotic Play

(Continued from page 104)

himself of late, in order to serve his country in spite of all. Mme. Eulin, though ready to defend her son, is stricken with admiration at the sublimity of the old soldier's loyalty. And as she sees the two men gradually reach the paroxysm of murderous fury, she seizes a revolver and threatens to kill herself. Immediately they both rush to take the weapon from her and join efforts to comfort the woman whom they both love equally. But when the colonel breaks the last, most terrible news to her of the second son's death and the imminent danger of war, her whole being cries revenge. She orders Pierre to join his post without delay, and the young theorist of universal peace is so convinced of the necessity for everyone to stand by his country in her hour of need, that he rushes off without farewell. And after him, the old colonel goes toward an obscure death in the accomplishment of his mission.

Maurice Donnay's play, "Les Eclaireuses" ("The Women Scouts"), is of an entirely different type. It is a clear-cut comedy, rich in charming detail, with an abundance of *mots d'esprit* that are not set into the text, but come easily, naturally, as the situations call for them. It is very characteristic of Donnay's dramatic art and stamps him, once more, as a writer of great delicacy and originality.

The women scouts are what might be called the suffragettes of Paris society. The author evidently intended to write a play about women's rights. The question is discussed, pro and con, in the most delightfully entertaining way, all through the first three acts. The last act is given up almost exclusively to the love theme, a thing so human, so real, that one would feel sorry it has been somewhat neglected until then, had the first acts been less excellent than they are. Is it, what the French call, a *pièce à thèse*? No, the love story in it saves it from the almost inevitable boredom that goes with the preachy kind of play. There is no feminism, no suffragism; all the grand ideas about women's rights are swept away like milk-weed fluff in the wind before the eternal and sacred appeal of love and a home. That is the conclusion to be drawn from "Les Eclaireuses," the finest, most spirited, most poetical play that this brilliant dramatist has yet produced.

The third among the most noteworthy Paris productions of the season is Henri Kistemaekers' "L'Embuscade" ("The Ambush"). Kistemaekers is a very young man and has already brought before the public a long list of dramas and novels. One wonders when he ever had the time to study, to "take in" before "giving out." His seems to be a considerable gift of facile imagination and clever execution. It is doubtful, as yet, whether he will ever attain the literary and artistic level of Lavedan, Donnay and others; but his work is interesting, always gripping, and after he has put you through all kinds of emotions, he drops his curtain on a nice solution, and you leave the theatre with a smile of comfortable, bourgeois satisfaction.

The story of "L'Embuscade" is purely melodramatic, but Kistemaekers handles it with such deftness that the play is not in the least out of place at the Comédie Française, which is saying a great deal. One hardly perceives the melodrama in the play until all is over and you allow your analytic mind to reflect on it.

Sergine Gueret has been happily married for twenty years to a wealthy builder of automobiles, who is in absolute ignorance about an accident in her life that happened some time before their marriage. She was seduced by a young scapegrace, who left her with a baby, a boy, who was taken away and brought up far from his mother. He has now become an engineer and is about to go to Australia to make his career. Sergine wants to see him once before he leaves, and, through an old friend of hers, Robert is invited to a ball at her house. Gueret, Sergine's husband, is so favorably impressed by Robert, that he offers him a splendid position at the head of his factory. Robert gives up his Australian plans, and complications begin. Shortly after he is installed in his new office, the workmen of the factory begin to strike. As the strike is prolonged, it becomes disastrous to both parties. Robert finds himself in a dilemma. He knows nothing of his parents, his family, and feels at heart closer to the strikers than to the boss, in whose house, however, he is received with warm cordiality. He wants to make a test and find out to which class he really belongs, and for that reason asks the Guerets for the hand of their daughter. Of course, Sergine has reasons to refuse, but she cannot tell Robert the real ones. In her anguished perplexity she says that he cannot marry her daughter because he is only an employee. That answer decides Robert to hold

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*Lillian Nordica*

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### A Correction

The portrait of Miss Elsie Ferguson, on the cover of our last issue, was credited by error to Mishkin photographer, N. Y. The photograph was taken by White, of 1546 Broadway, N. Y.

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frankly with the strikers. He comes to Gueret at the head of a delegation, to negotiate. If the boss refuses, the factory will be blown up by dynamite. Gueret, who has become suspicious for some time past of the affection Sergine shows for the young man, believes that his new attitude is the result of the lover's jealousy of the husband, or possibly the revenge of the rejected suitor to his daughter's hand. He remains untractable. The threat is carried out. A moment of tense silence between the two men is broken by the muffled report of the explosion. Gueret is ruined, but he will not let Robert go without punishment. He jumps at his throat to strangle him, when Sergine rushes in to save her son. The revelation comes down like a thunderbolt on both men. Gueret leaves the room, saying: "Take her, she is yours!" The catastrophe seems irreparable. But the play would not be by Kistemaekers if this were the end. The author has provided a fourth act, amidst the ruins of the factory, full of beautiful scenic effects and respectable sentiments. Gueret has thought the matter over and accepts Robert as a member of the family. They will, all four together, start out in life a-fresh, and the play ends with the happiest prospects.

Kistemaekers has avoided all the doubtful turning points in this play with remarkable skill, and his dialogue is neat and precise. If one takes his lines independently, they are not particularly sparkling. Yet, the whole is solid, and there are some very appealing sentimental developments. His ideas are not absolutely novel, nor are they commonplace or hackneyed. He strikes a happy medium in almost everything, and, above all, he leaves us with the impression that life is good, in spite of all; and that one may find a pleasant refuge in work, in kindness bestowed upon others, in what is often disdainfully called mediocrity. It is not as lofty an ideal as it might be, but it has the precious advantage of not being unattainable.

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## DORIS KEANE

(Continued from page 112)

place to practice it. There is only one place to work and that is America, for here lies the future.

"It is only great mental effort that makes great art, you know! Mme. Vera Komisarshesky, who was here with a company of Russian players a few years ago, made me realize that more forcibly than anyone else. There was a woman with mentality and imagination! She played here for five weeks, but I saw her in everything that she did and at the end of that time I was worn out with the effort of following the subtleties of her mind. I didn't miss a performance, it was the finest course of study I could have had. She was one of the foremost figures in Russia, one of the liberal educators of the stage and more biographies have been written of her than of Tolstoy—and yet only a handful of people realize that she ever visited this country. When she died, fifty thousand people walked behind her bier through the streets of St. Petersburg—you see, she had her following! Do you know of any American who could be so honored?"

Such championing of things European is just what one would expect from the actress who succeeded in playing the part of one of the Viennese demi-monde in "Anatol" while rehearsing the part of a diva of the Italian opera in "Romance" without allowing a word or an action of the one to obtrude upon the consciousness or to intrude upon the atmosphere of the other. Her success in creating a foreign atmosphere, in portraying foreign temperament, leads one naturally to inquire whether this product of our own Michigan felt that she had to reach across half a continent and an Atlantic ocean to find the people with whom she felt in closest sympathy.

"I'm afraid that I must admit that I do," she said, adding quickly, "but that's no harm to America! You see, I was in a convent in Paris for two years, and I've lived in London a great deal, and then—and this, I think, is perhaps the most potent reason of all—I steeped myself in Russian literature when I was still a very young girl. If you'll look at the books on that table, you will see that I haven't deserted the Scandinavians yet. The idea of personal freedom, which is so universal now, really started with the Russians, who within the last hundred years have thrown off all the shackles that bound them through the centuries."

Strindberg was there and Ellen Key and next to them Orliet and Dostoevsky and Tolstoy.

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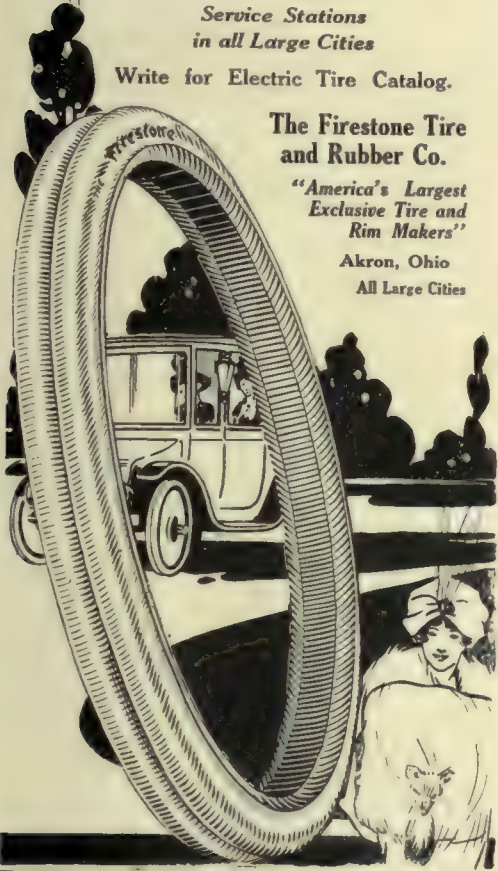
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such direction, I have become a disciple of the realists? Has it ever occurred to you that the dramatic is really the last of the arts to be affected by realism? But since it has entered this province within the last five years it has broken down many of the most cherished stage traditions. "Why, five years ago, plays like "Rutherford and Son" and "Hindle Wakes" would have been condemned as morbid, sordid and utterly impossible. Do you know, I really believe that the failures of the realistic dramatists from Ibsen down have gone to make successes of these present-day realistic plays. There must always be sacrifices."

Two little paroquets, resplendent in the Italian garrishness of their coloring, brought her attention back to her own surroundings with their gentle tweeking. They were a gift from Mr. Sheldon, she explained, but since she could not bear to have them living in the darkness of her dressing room, she had brought them to her hotel to live, thereby sacrificing the "realism" of the last scene in his play. But Adelina Patti, the wee monkey which is the other bit of animal realism in this production, doesn't mind the dark, so long as it has warmth.

"An intelligent appreciation for things theatric is developing all over the country," said the actress. "The people are becoming sincerely interested in the drama; they are not going to the theatre merely to be amused. If they keep this up we shall soon evolve a national theatre like that of Manchester. They can dare and they can afford to put on plays that would not make commercial successes and in this way they better the taste of the theatregoers."

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**AT THE OPERA**

(Continued from page 107)

He brutally beats her. But, then, she tells him that all she has done has simply been to test his love and that she is "pure"—Voila!

Zandonai, the composer of this score, is a young Italian, just thirty, and this is only his second opera. The best that can be said of the work is that it holds forth promise. Because its action is laid in Spain and begins in a tobacco factory, it suggests "Carmen," and the episodic character of some of this music also suggests "Louise." But both suggestions of resemblance are throttled almost before they have had time to crystallize. "Conchita's" music does not invite detailed consideration. It is very disappointing.

The performance marked the first New York appearance of Tarquinia Tarquini, a young Italian soprano who sings fairly well, is supple in her acting and has any amount of temperament. Charles Dalmores acted the enamoured one, Don Mateo, not very happily. He sang mostly with might and main. Louise Berat acted the part of Conchita's mother finely.

Finally, "Le Ranz des Vaches," opera by Wilhelm Kienzl, libretto by Richard Batka after a novel of Rudolph Bartsch called "La Petite Blanche fleur," which was first heard in New York at the Metropolitan on Tuesday evening, February 25th.

The work was sung in French, although it is a German opera that has won success in its native land under the title of "Kuhreigen." This name may be translated into English as "Song of the Cowherd." It is not at all an uninteresting story, dealing with the troublous times just preceding the French Revolution, when the Swiss recruits in the French army were forbidden to sing the "Ranz des Vaches," because it reminded them so strongly of their native land that they deserted the army in droves. The penalty for singing this song is death, but Primus Thaller, one of the Swiss officers, yields to his longing for home and sings the song. He is convicted, sentenced to death, but the king, instead of signing the death warrant, delivers Thaller to one of his court favorites, Blanche fleur, wife of the Marquis Massimelle. She, enchanted with his frankness, proposes that he come with her to her estates and act the shepherd in her pastoral paradise. He refuses when he finds that she has a husband. Now the French Revolution breaks, and Thaller is made a captain. He is enamored of Blanche fleur, and when her husband is killed he offers to save her from the guillotine if she will flee with him to his Swiss village and become his wife. But she, aristocrat to the tips of her fingers, tells him that death as a marquise is preferable to life as "Mrs. Thaller." So she goes to her doom, leaving the heartbroken soldier.

To this story Kienzl has composed melodious

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music, music that would sound far better in a theatre smaller than the Metropolitan. The first act has for its mood the folk song of the Swiss, the *Ranz des Vaches*. The second act is the king's bedroom at Versailles, and here the chief feature is a march and a gavotte, both very pleasing. Then comes the turbulent French Revolution scene with its *sans culottists*, and here the composer misses the given opportunities entirely, showing no trace of ability to write dramatic music. The final act, the dungeon scene, is graced by a charming minuet, danced by the condemned aristocrats. In addition there is some pretty love music scattered through the work.

Its presentation by these visiting opera singers was far from satisfying. Helen Stanley, as Blanchefleur, sang quite well but with a tiny voice, and Dalmore as Primus Thaller was not happy in this lyric music, as he has become a strenuous dramatic tenor. Eleonora de Cisneros, as a daughter of the bloodthirsty revolutionists, was hoisterous. Best of all was Dufrañe in the rôle of Favart, a French officer. He lent this part distinction as he does most rôles. Campini conducted with constant striving for brilliancy rather than for delicacy. The audience was quite unsympathetic and this, the closing one of the series of performances by the Philadelphia-Chicago company, went to its end without any of the usual show of enthusiasm that usually marks these presentations.

Chiefly notable among the regular routine of Metropolitan performances of the month have been the German works. In the Wagner "Ring" series there was a "Siegfried" with Urlus in the title rôle that was one of the best presentations of this opera seen here in a dozen years. Urlus is boyishly buoyant without being in the least like a galloping calf, and he sang poetically and with beautiful voice. Gadski was brilliant as the awakening Brünnhilde. Hertz conducted a beautiful performance. Then came a "Götterdämmerung" that will not soon be forgotten, for Carl Braun, the new German basso, sang a Hagen that was simply overwhelming in its greatness. He set forth so clearly what an important dramatic figure Hagen is in this part of the "Ring," the sinister plotter and schemer. A giant in stature, a voice that thrills the hearer with its intense force and an actor who dwarfs almost all others with him on the stage, Braun achieved a huge success. Fremstad was monumentally great as Brünnhilde, Urlus was a magnificent Siegfried—in fact, it was a remarkable performance.

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## Model Manchester Theatre

(Continued from page 111)

indicates, has been written of as a noble piece of play-making. Both these pieces are to be seen in London this spring and they may be brought here.

For Miss Horniman's company, while repeating its successful tour of Canada, will penetrate this year a little deeper into these United States. Chicago is already scheduled for one of their show places and there remain only certain necessary details to be settled before announcement shall be made of their metropolitan appearances. Mr. Milton Rosmer, one of Miss Horniman's great "finds," Miss Irene Rooke, Miss Muriel Pratt, Miss Sybil Thorndike (whom we saw one season with John Drew) will come over as members of the repertory, not necessarily in leading rôles, for Miss Horniman's Gaiety Company follows the example of the Théâtre Français and the actor who plays a Duke one night may serve as butler in another play on the following night.

New and old plays will constitute the repertory of the Gaiety in their transatlantic visit. Here is the list:

"Miles Dixon," "Makeshifts," "What the Public Want," "Nan," "Candida," "The Silver Box," "She Stoops to Conquer," "School for Scandal," "The Rivals," "Twelfth Night."

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## The New Plays

(Continued from page 101)

treated her with contempt and contumely. Gloria, upon discovering the situation, and bent on securing the money for her friend, determines to take matters in hand and to impersonate the widow, this being practicable because the widow was personally unknown to the family. It is at once plain from this bare suggestion of a story that countless complications could be started into action. As many incidents as could be crowded into an evening's entertainment and made consistent are seen in the play. Gloria, who had taken the precaution, of course, to inform herself of many family details and facts concerning her "husband," is often hard put to it to answer questions and participate in the conversation, but she is adroit and imaginative. She has to overcome the prejudices of the two puritanical sisters of her late husband, and she does win them over. A more serious happening is that the man of the family falls in love with her, the widow, and she is compelled by love, convenience and the necessities of the action to engage herself to him. She is about to be married to him, indeed, is in her bridal dress with the veil when the lost husband turns up. Gloria's friend, the real "widow," has accompanied her on this mad venture, with whom she has exchanged identities as to name. That such wild complications could be carried off with farcical effect and uninterrupted comedy is proof that May Irwin knows how to make the preposterous reasonable, even natural and always comical.

**BROADWAY.** "THE AMERICAN MAID." Comic opera in three acts by John Philip Sousa, book by Leonard Lieblich. Produced on March 3d with this cast:

Jack Bartlett, John Park; Duke of Branford, Charles Brown; Silas Pompton, Edward Wade; Stumpy, Georgia Mack; Col. Vandever, George O'Donnell; Lefty McCarty, John G. Sparks; Annabel Vandever, Louise Gunning; Geraldine Pompton, Dorothy Maynard; Mrs. Pompton, Maud T. Gordon; Mrs. Vandever, Adele Archer; Rose Green, Marguerite Farrell; Nellie Brown, Mary Smith; Hans Hippel, H. Hooper; Pietro Nuttino, Pietro Canova; Gawkins, J. Kern.

Anything to which John Philip Sousa puts his name is likely to be interesting. In his latest comic opera, "The American Maid," he has written some tuneful and charming music, and the book and lyrics provided by Leonard Lieblich leave little to be desired. The piece is superior to the average Broadway musical comedy inasmuch as it contains a real plot. A feature of the performance is a fight between Spaniards, graphically shown by means of cinematograph pictures, which Sousa aptly illustrates with one of his famous marches. Louise Gunning made a charming heroine and sang well, and John Park was well liked in the leading male rôle.

**LYCEUM.** "THE GHOST BREAKER." Play in four acts by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Produced on March 3d with this cast:

Princess Maria, Katharine Emmet; Warren Jarvis, H. B. Warner; Nita, Margaret Boland; House Detective, C. N. Greene; Rusty Snow, William Sampson; Detectives, Joseph Robison and W. H. Long; Hotel Porter, Frank Hilton; Steward, A. M. Buckley; Carlos, F. H. Westerton; Dolores, Sara Biala; Vardos, Walter Dean; Don Robledo, Frank Campeau; Pedro, James Anderson; Maximo, Arthur Standish; Gaspar, Allen Prentice; Jose, Martin Goodman.

Only with an abundance of good will for Mr. H. B. Warner can the play in which he is now appearing, "The Ghost Breaker," by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard, be considered from a favorable point of view. The play is wildly improbable in many of its incidents, and romantic to the extreme verge of unreason.

**WEBER AND FIELDS.** Marie Dressler's All Star Gambol. Produced on March 10th.

Any stranger within our gates going to see this "show" would, for obvious reasons, conclude that the New York theatre-going public is so easy that it just tumbles over itself to get into an empty theatre the moment the doors are open, regardless even whether it is to get its money's worth or not. This potpourri of vaudeville has two acts of "Camille," including the death scene, sandwiched in to give "tone" to the performance. The "show" is made up of some dubious singing, some very good dancing and a one-act sketch in which Charles E. Evans and Jefferson de Angelis figure. It has Mr. George Arliss' name to it, but he has no reason to be proud of it. Nevertheless, the playlet, and the burlesque of "Camille," with Miss Dressler and Mr. De Angelis as "Almond" is screamingly funny.

**PARK.** "THE MIRACLE." It is possible to be very much of a modern and live in the middle ages too, for all you need is a ticket of admission to the Park Theatre. There the Kinemacolor pictures take you back across a space of



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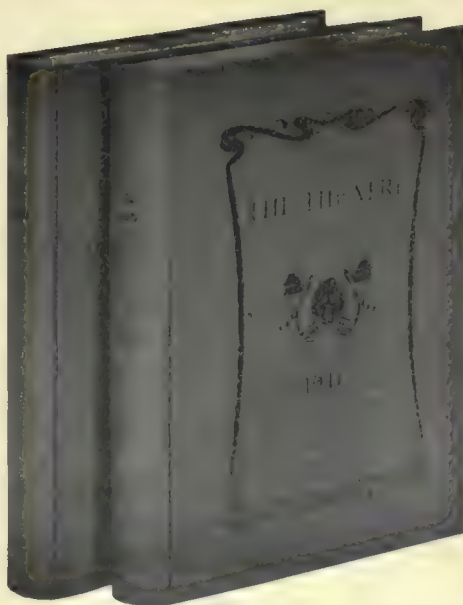
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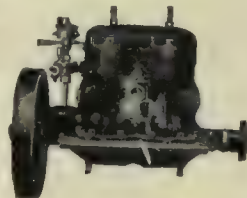
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eight or nine centuries to a nunnery on the Rhine where at a shrine of the Virgin great miracles have been performed. But none was greater than that of which one is told in "The Miracle," the arena spectacle Max Reinhardt produced first in Berlin and then in the Olympic, London. Practically the same company which he trained for the English production played for the Menchen Photo Company amid real scenery far surpassing even that of the manager whose artistry has not been exceeded. The addition of real castles standing high upon hills, approached by long, winding roads, hewn in stone and draw-bridges towered over moats, of wooded glens and shaded brooks, of covert hiding-places in mountain clefts for robber bands, genuine old church gardens blooming in the lavishness of spring—all these things make the American version superior to the foreign ones for which the background was but papier-maché. They must compensate for the realism of the actors in the drama, which we forego here. But as Reinhardt believes in pantomimic training for all thespians, this company of players conveyed their meaning as well through the film as they might have, through the voice.

**PRINCESS.** One-act plays. Produced on March 14th.

The opening of the Princess Theatre, to be devoted to small plays after the manner of the "little theatres" of Paris, was perhaps not regarded, in advance, by the public with any great appreciation of the possibilities of the venture; but the opening night was a triumph and gave assurance that here was something new. The first piece, "The Switchboard," was a simple trifle that had in it more novelty and humor than riskiness. One saw only a girl (Georgia O'Ramey) seated at the switchboard, well to the front, a heavy curtain cutting off the back of the stage. The whole action was in the messages that she received or overheard, her replies to complaints and her observations in passing, and the quarrels and love-making over the telephone. Next came "Fear," by H. R. Lenormand and Jean d'Auguzan, which ran for three hundred nights at the Grand Guignol in Paris. The scene represented an English Army bungalow in India. The cholera had appeared among the natives, and a sweeping epidemic was apprehended. Fear invited the disease and was more fatal than the disease itself. Mr. Blinn bore the most responsible burden of the acting in this little piece, grim and gripping as it was. The heat stifles Beverly (Mr. Blinn). He is brutal to his native servant who draws the punkah too listlessly. Skipton (Edward Ellis), the army surgeon, comes, bringing with him disquieting rumors, and at once sets about examining blood corpuscles through his microscope. Beverly's brutal fear begins to show. Skipton, alarmed at possible infection from an abrasion on his hand, calls suddenly for help. Beverly shoots Skipton in the back, killing him. An officer arrives, notes the absence of Skipton, and finally, after cross-questioning Beverly charges him with the murder, which he confesses and justifies. The desperation of terror possesses him. This fear and its shame culminates in Beverly's attempt to thrust from the bungalow a native, stricken with the disease, and, when in his struggling embrace the two are shot, through the open window, by a file of redcoats. "Fancy Free," by Stanley Houghten, is a delicate little satire. Fancy (Miss Kershaw) has eloped with Algert. They have just reached the hotel, and she is occupied in writing a letter to her husband, Ethelbert (Mr. Blinn), explaining that all was in accordance with their agreement when they married that each could be free whenever the desire for freedom came. Fancy goes out. Ethelbert appears. He has eloped with Delia (Miss Hartz). He is ignorant of the elopement of his wife, Fancy, and Alfred (Mr. Trevor). The dénouement is brought about by the jealousy and love of domination of Fancy. None of the characters is actually incriminated in any immoral act. A very clever little satire, "Any Night," a life study, in three scenes, by Edward Ellis, at once made the quality of this enterprise manifest and individual. It is a frank exposition of the evil night life of the city. It is not an objectionable play, but it is perhaps not for everybody. A girl of the streets, with a hacking cough, a poor, miserable creature, takes with her to a Raines Law hotel a man who is very drunk. To the same hotel we have seen come an innocent girl, lured by a young man of the town. The drunken man with money, who has fallen helplessly on the bed, wakes up, discovers his plight, lectures the girl who brought him there. We see that he is respectable, as he says, a father, unused to such experiences. The hotel is in flames. The innocent girl, panic-stricken, bursts into the room and recognizes her father. The older man and his daughter perish. The moral is clear.

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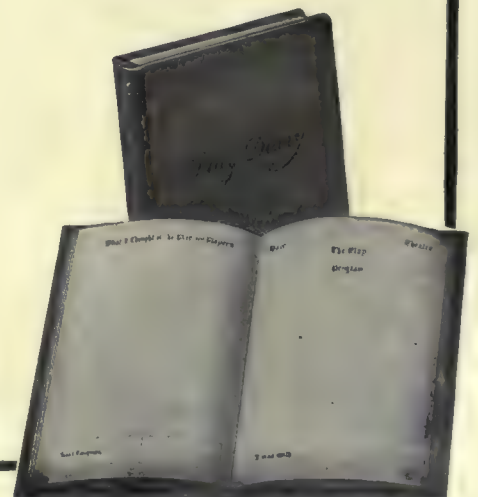
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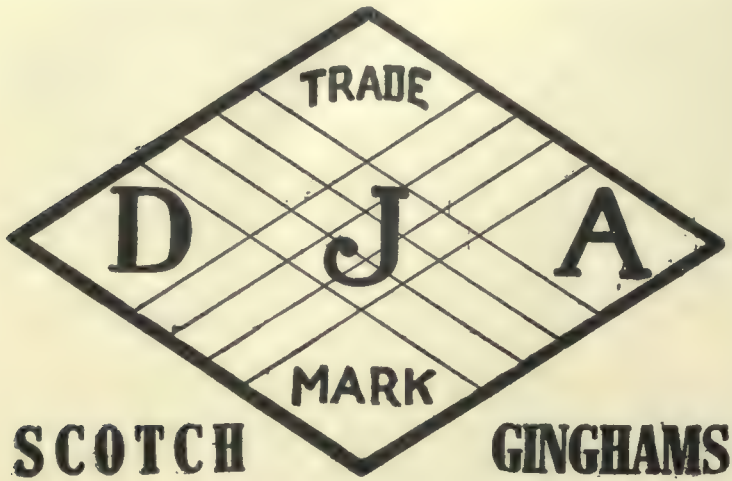
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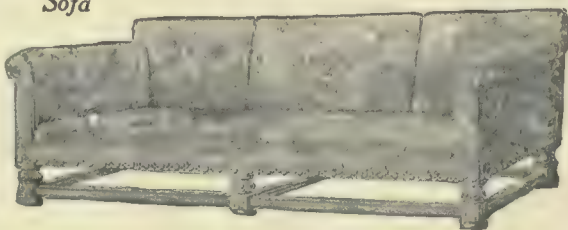
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## TIMELY FASHION TALKS

*Reproductions of the hats and gowns illustrated in this section can be secured in New York. Send self-addressed envelope for any information you may wish regarding them.*



(Fig. 4) SMART TAILORED HAT BY LUCY ET GABY

*This good-looking hat is of "niggerhead" brown straw with the brim rolled slightly at the left side. The moiré ribbon, draped in the old blue shade, is caught in the front by a large gun-metal buckle, from which emanates a goura mount in the natural colorings*

## MANY INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE NEW WARDROBE

THE rumors and predictions that have kept the fashion world on the *qui vive* for the last two or three months have been stilled by the exhibitions of the spring costumes shown across the seas and in this country. The models displayed at these openings are the tentative ones from which the American merchant makes his choice. Later, when the American buyers have returned with their purchases, the canny French designers will bring forth their most choice creations for the delectation of the grande dames of Paris. These are the costumes that will be worn at the races in June, and from them the manufacturers, who must be months ahead of the demand, will gain their inspirations for the early fall costumes. Until June, then, the styles of the present will reign.

What are these new styles? Nothing very new or very revolutionary; more a development of the late winter modes. Even the fabrics, lovely as they are, are all familiar to us under different titles. What novelty there is lies in the curious combinations of materials, and the equally effective combinations of colors. This is to be a color season. To be sure, quantities of white frocks and suits will be worn, but all of them boast the color note persistently struck. And it is to be a silk season as well. With such very good-looking woolen goods as metalassé, rep, éponge, Bedford and needle cords, wool poplin, and covert, it is surprising that silk is so pre-eminent. Yet the majority of costumes shown at the openings were of silk, and if not entirely of silk, of silk and a wool fabric. For instance, a draped black brocaded crêpe skirt was completed with a deliciously inconsequential jacket of khaki cloth, while a skirt of beige metalassé was topped by a jaunty little coat of bottle-green Canton crêpe.

### STRICTLY TAILORED COSTUME

One of the most noticeable features at several of the openings was the unusually large number of severe-tailored costumes. The love of ornamentation is so strong in the French designer that he has declined, hitherto, to create the simple costume that the American woman knows as a tailored suit. This year, however, Poiret and Premet in particular,

made a specialty of these simple and effective tailor-mades.

A slight additional fullness was noticed in the skirts at both of these houses, and the medium for the introduction of this fullness was plaits. Sometimes the result was accomplished by inverted plaits in the back, but more often by plaits let into the front or the side and stitched halfway down the skirt. So cleverly were these plaits stitched and pressed that the lines of the narrow silhouette were preserved.

A large number of the skirts were slashed at the sides, both on the tailored costumes and on the more dressy silk creations. The effect of this slashing can be studied in Fig. No. 1. A similar effect may be produced by the drapings as is shown in Fig. No. 3. This effect is not new; in fact it is becoming so common that it doesn't bring the slightest tinge of color to the face. You must necessarily admire it when the wearer can display shapely ankles and well-shod feet, but both pity and mortification are called forth when the owner is no longer young nor slender, and the limbs have kept pace with age.

### THE DIVERSITY IN THE STYLES OF JACKETS

There is no excuse for any of us to wear unbecoming jackets this season. Fashion has smiled with equal indulgence on short, medium and long coats. Any style may be worn with the satisfying thought that it is fashionable, provided that it is becoming. Both Callot and Premet made a specialty of boleros and Etons. The majority of these jackets opened over dainty white lingerie blouses, and, although they were little, if any, longer than the waist line in the front, they extended twelve inches or more deeper in the back. Some showed a rounded point in the back, others the square tails like a man's dress coat, and still others two saucy tabs.

The semi-fitting coat, either on the cutaway order or with the swagger of the box style, were the choice of Bernard, Beer and Poiret. The first, however, showed several boleros with his twenty-four-inch jackets. The fascinating little jacket shown in Fig. No. 3 must be included in this class. Paquin did not hesitate to show a coat 36 inches long, but this was one



(Fig. 3) A DRESSY TAILORED COSTUME BY BOB-MARIE

This smart costume could be fashioned from a wool metalassé. The model was carried out in black, though this material is particularly effective in colors and in such neutral tints as putty or sand. The skirt is draped to the left side, where it is caught with a black silk corded motif from which depend cords with very long tassels. The jaunty little jacket has the waist line marked by a belt of satin run through motifs of the silk cord. The revers are nasturtium red satin and open over a vest of brocaded silk, in which the red and yellow tones are mingled. The three-quarter sleeves are restrained at the wrist by folds of the satin run through slits in the material and show the fancy silk lining

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of the rippling godet basque, suggestive of the Elizabethan period.

The styles of these coats are as diverse as their lengths. There are cutaways with sloping fronts, the concession to stout women, and cutaways with a very broad effect across the front. Many are given a jaunty appearance and a dash of color by vestees of waistcoats of brocade, or one of the new printed stuffs in silk or cotton. The vestee in Fig. No. 3 is very important in lightening up the sombre effect of this all-black costume.



(Fig. 1) AN EFFECTIVE AFTERNOON FROCK FROM BUZENET

This charming model could be developed in any of the new crêpes, moiré, Shantung, or failles. The model is fashioned from Nattier blue "moiré." The underskirt is slit at the side with the rounded corners and displays the ankle while the wearer is walking. The two narrow flounces are attached to the draped back panel. There is a suggestion of the bolero on the bodice and an empiement heavily embroidered in old gold. There are wrist bracelets of black velvet ribbon with lingerie frills. The hat of brown Milan straw has a soft Tam crown of blue and old gold brocade, with Numidi feathers arranged at the back.

#### THE UNTAILORED COSTUME

The Russian and Balkan styles are used largely in the so-called untailored costumes, the costumes which have all the softness and looseness of a dressmaker's creation in comparison with the severer and harder lines of the strictly-tailored suit. Many of the whimsical little jackets of silk, which blouse so freely over the belt, not only in the front and back, but at the sides, give this delightful untailored appearance.

The Russian blouse differs from the Balkan blouse in that the belt of the former encircles the waist, while the belt of the latter swathes the hips, either literally or with braid to simulate this effect. Both of these models are very smart and very good-looking on tall slender, youthful figures.

#### THE CHARM OF THE AFTERNOON FROCKS

Both the afternoon and evening dresses are very much draped. The most successful designers have taken the drapings of the Grecian tunics as their inspiration, with the result that the drapery this season is graceful, becoming and artistic. It is less bouffant and voluminous, a blessing for which we can thank the Greek goddesses. A large number of the gowns are draped to show not merely the ankle, but, to be frank, the leg. A veil of pink chiffon, in the form of an underskirt enhanced with lace, revealed in a the fullness, adding to the general slouchy poise.

The draping as shown in Fig. No. 2 is more suggestive of the Orient and the brown-skinned Japanese maiden than of a Grecian statue. This style of draping harmonizes well with the new figure, the fullness, slight as it may be, adding to the general slouchy

The vestees are almost as popular on the blouses of costumes as on the coats, but they are generally of a lingerie stuff tucked and enhanced with a row of tiny buttons. The deep collars of lace, similar to the one in Fig. No. 2 are still very much in evidence, and on frocks of a sombre hue those embroidered in the bright Bulgarian colorings are most effective.

#### JUST A WORD ON THE NEW HATS

This is the day of the small hat, and it has certainly never appeared in a more alluring light. The variety of shapes is positively astounding. There is the oblong with the becoming elongated side line, often increased by a flower or feathery mount extended beyond the confines of the brim; the deep telescope; the aeroplane, with wings perched jauntily at the sides, and the becoming oriental shapes indented, slashed, crinkled and twisted until a description of them rivals that of a Cubist or Futurist drawing. There has also been a revival of the mushroom shapes, Georgette in particular making extensive use of this very piquant and becoming shape. Caroline Reboux is another far-famed designer who has aided in bringing back the beloved mushroom.

The new hats are worn at a backward tilt so that the hair may form a soft frame around the face. Nine out of ten of the hats are made more becoming by this sane method of wearing the hat, and the trimming at the back continues the line in a charming manner.

#### THE POPULAR TRIMMINGS

The birds of the air, the flower gardens, even the fruit orchards and the vegetable gardens are represented on the newest hats. Of the feathery trimmings the male goura, the numidi feathers, and the uncurled ostrich are the favorites, though slender pointed wings and quill-like pompons are close rivals, especially on the tailored hats.

It is a joy to see flowers so fashionable at a season of the year when Nature's gardens are putting forth their best efforts. The flowers that blossom in the milliner's gardens, however, would make even Burbank marvel. The desire seems to be to show flowers in the most unusual colorings, rather than in the tones with which Nature has made us familiar. They are particularly effective in mounts and aigrettes and are invariably poised on the crowns to extend outward at the back. The common garden onion, as well as gooseberries, cherries and currants, are arranged in clusters and in aigrettes to add their novel bit of decoration. Worsted bandings in bright colors, ribbons in the Bulgarian and



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(Fig. 5) A PRETTY YOUTHFUL HAT FROM HENNARD

This becoming little hat is developed in white silk, though later in the season linen or ratine could be substituted. There is a decided roll to the left brim and a downward curve to the right side. The soft Tam crown has a drape of white moiré ribbon finishing at one side of the front with a pump bow. A white feather tipped with red is poised at the back.

other Eastern designs, and plumes of remarkable beauty—all are used successfully in the trimming of the new hats.

SOME NOVELTIES IN THE HAT REALM

One of the surprises sprung at a recent millinery opening was the crownless hat, a reproduction of the one worn by a famous actress on the opening day of the Auteuil Steeplechase. The shape is extremely small, suggesting a tam, and is fashioned from black Milan straw with black moiré ribbon draped above what appears to be the crown. At the back a huge mount of black paradise is placed and allowed to

spread in fan fashion. To make this hat becoming, it is necessary to wear it well down on the head.

The newest sailor is covered with covert cloth with an underbrim of hemp, and has a band of gros-grain ribbon in the same shade ending in a pump bow. Another novelty is a material known as "cloth straw." This is a foundation cloth with a little thread looped up to give the effect of straw. The stiff, crinkly mourning crêpe has been dyed, and is used successfully for crowns and the drapes encircling the crowns.

(Continued on page xxv)

**CRESKA FOREIGN DELICACIES**

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**FACTS WORTH KNOWING**

**TO ERADICATE THE WINTER'S DISSIPATIONS**

You can't have the pudding and eat it. This may be a bromide, but it applies with singular force to the woman who has danced until morning, eaten all sorts of rich delicacies at luncheons and dinners, and been foremost in the social whirl, and yet expects her complexion to be as fresh as in the beginning of the season. If she is a wise woman and will take the time to enjoy a social déshabillé and in a leisurely fashion attend to the wants of her toilette, she can eradicate the tell-tale marks of the winter's dissipation and be fresh and lovely for the summer festivities.

She will require a good muscle oil, one that will nourish the weakened tissues of the skin and fill in the lines and hollows which have crept around the eyes and mouth and tell so plainly their own story. There is a particularly good one compounded from the recipe of a famous beauty specialist that really makes good its claims, the different ingredients being therapeutically combined to act in perfect harmony and to augment each other in the process of restoration. As it is not expensive, the bottles selling for \$1, \$2 and \$3, you will find that it is worth investigating.

Another invaluable aid in coaxing back the freshness and bloom of a good complexion is a reliable cold cream. There are so many creams sold everywhere these days that it is very important to find a cream which can be thoroughly guaranteed. This search is made difficult by the fact that many of the finest creams are not sold in the shops. There is one, in particular, which is compounded fresh to fill each order under the direction of a man who has studied the requirements of the skin for years. Only the finest and purest of ingredients are used those which will soften and whiten the skin, cleanse it of imperfections and keep it in a generally good condition. There is nothing that can produce even a growth of down, and the odor is delightful, delicate, but fragrant, and so pleasing that it would appeal to the most fastidious woman. It is a cream well worth the \$1 asked for a generous jar.

**FOR TIRED FEET.**

Lots of running around is entailed in preparing the wardrobe for the coming season, which means that there will be lots of tired, aching feet, for the nerves of the feet have a wise, if painful, method of announcing that they are working overtime. You will be ready to start out again the next morning, however, no matter how tired your feet may have been the night previous, if you have used a good foot tonic. There is a particularly soothing and refreshing one sold by a well-known physician who has studied for years to help her sex. It is easily applied with a brush and almost instantly soothes and stops the throbbing pain in the feet. The women who have suffered with nervous, aching feet have eagerly testified of the relief this tonic has given to them, declaring that if it were priced many times the dollar asked for a bottle they would insist upon having it. THERE IS HEALTH IN THE PERFUMED BATH

The perfumed bath is not merely a luxury; it is a necessity. When you return tired, nervous, and utterly fagged out after a round of shopping dressmaking, social gayeties, etc., you feel as if you just

*(Continued on page six)*

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(Fig. 2) A CHARMING BRIDGE FROCK FROM ELISE PORET

This delectable gown could be developed with equal success in a silk or cotton fabric. A most effective combination was shown in a model of Chinese red crêpe. There is a curious irregular draping of the skirt, with the fullness brought to the waist line in the front. A wide border of Venetian lace enhances the skirt. The waist is delightfully simple, blousing considerably over the belt of Babylonian blue satin caught with an enamel buckle. The vest of tucked batiste matches in color the blouse and is ornamented with tiny white bone buttons, matching the larger buttons of the white bone with red centres. There is a deep collar in the back of the lace and a top collar of the material.

### Novelties in Suits and Wraps

For the tall, slender figures, the Russian blouses, or the Balkan blouses, are decidedly becoming. One should remember, however, that they are very youthful, and unless time has been kind, it is

not wise to risk a caricature. They are fashioned from the soft, supple materials, either of wool or silk, and are delightfully baggy and loose. The skirt is generally draped, with the coat betraying a decided blousy effect. The belt, instead of encircling the natural waist line, swathes the hips. On many of the cloth suits, this belt is braided, but on some of the silk costumes it is finished with a plaited peplum. Young girls and women fortunate enough to have a youthful figure can buy these suits in cloth for \$29.50, while one of the other shops is selling models appropriate for the woman with a more mature figure for \$47.50.

One of the best looking suits for the country or the shore, just the suit for the girl or woman who goes in for the smart sporty costumes, has the coat fashioned on the model of a man's shooting-jacket—the yoke, the box-plaits, the buttoned pockets, all the essentials. In Viyella flannel, which can be put right into the tub and washed like linen, this jacket with a plain tailored skirt can be bought for \$35.00, and in linen, the same model can be secured for \$18.00.

Another garment, which is sure to appeal to the woman who delights in having the latest sporting togs, is the coat made from the French awning cloth. The wide stripes in vivid colors are wonderfully effective in combination with white linen or serge skirts, or, in fact, with lingerie frocks. The models are built on the lines of the hip length and three-quarter Johnnie coats and are just as swagger as they can be. They are very exclusive, and in order to keep them so, the price is kept at \$40.00.

The shop which is making a specialty of the awning coats has a charming imported wrap known as the "Elizabethan." It is developed in a sulphur brocaded crêpe and takes its title from the collar suggestive of the ruff worn by Queen Elizabeth. There are two plaits at the foot of the wide panel in the back which produce a slight drapery, and the fronts are gathered to the waist line, in true oriental fashion, where they are fastened with a jet

### The Latest Models in Waists

The array of waists is so entrancing and so appalling in variety that one hardly knows which of the fair charmers to single out for mention. An exceptionally dainty model of white voile is given a new twist by a deep collar of an artistic hand-embroidered material in white, lavender, green and black. Bands on the waist are decorated with French knots in the same coloring. It is an unusual model and very reasonably priced at \$13.50. For the same price, you may select a blouse of crêpe meteor with discreet touches of gold embroidery, buttonholes piped in blue, and crystal buttons of the same pretty shade. A waist of the washable crêpe de chine, displaying hand embroidery, a vestee of Venice lace and a cascade jabot sells for \$8.50, while another of the same material with a new sailor collar of dotted ratine can be bought for \$5.50.

Among the tailored blouses, there is one of Chinese pongee stitched in black and fastening with black buttons that is priced \$5.50. An excellent model, with the long, close-fitting sleeves inset at the neck, and with the yoke formed by a diagonal line running front and back to the shoulder, has the effect of a man's plain shirt bosom in the front fastened with large crystal ball buttons. A pointed turn-over collar finishes the neck, and there are two small revers in the front with buttonhole and button. This style in white moiré, the new summer material, costs \$14.75, in white crêpe de chine with a plaited edge which sell for \$1.00. A bit of \$5. At the same shop, the white crêpe waists with a gay little Jouy design can be bought as low as \$2.00.

### Dainty Neckwear and Ribbons

The fetching Bulgarian neckwear is now selling for the small sum of \$1.25, and ribbons in the Bulgarian colorings, which are wonderfully effective as cravats or hat trimmings, can be purchased for 55 cents a yard. Delightfully dainty are the collars of white crêpe de chine with a pleated edge which sell for \$1.00. A bit of color, and a world of chic, can be added by a knot of one of the new Cubist or Futurist ribbons. It is quite as difficult to describe these ribbons as it is to find the clue to the paintings which bear these names. Suffice it to say that they are very new, very smart, and as good-looking as they are grotesque. In the eight-inch width they sell for \$1.65 a yard.

### A Word on the Understandings

The very latest idea in the realm of footgear is the gray calf-skin shoe which sells for \$8.00. To be perfectly correct you should wear with it the black and white, or gray and white, changeable stockings in silk which can be procured for \$2.95.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased.  
Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept., 8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.



There are also good-looking stockings in gray silk with white polka dots, similar to the navy blue silk stockings with white dots which accompany the blue serge suits. These stockings are also sold for \$2.95.

To wear with white serge suits when the belt, the parasol and the hat are to reflect the red tone, there are red kid shoes which can be bought for \$8. For the same price one may choose a bronze-buttoned boot.

#### THE FOUNDATION OF THE COSTUME.

The lines of the costumes, though they may follow the newest models, will lose their chic if the gown is worn over an ill-fitting corset. The corset is the foundation of the gown; it must fit the figure if the gown is to show off to the best advantage. The fad for the corsetless figure is not all idle talk. Fashion for the past few years has been demanding supple, light-weight corsets fashioned from the most pliable of materials, yet with body enough to hold the figure, and with as few bones as it is possible to make the corset. Many of the imported tricot corsets are very expensive, but we have been able in this country to manufacture a corset that is the equal—many might say the superior—of the French corset, which can be retailed as low as \$5. So cleverly is this corset drafted that women of ample measurements can wear it with the satisfying thought that it is becoming, and it is surely the most ideally comfortable corset imaginable. There are other models, higher in price and fashioned from more expensive materials—some particularly lovely ones in the pink tricot, but the workmanship on all of them is the same.

#### A FEW FASHION HINTS.

To wear under the sheer blouses, there are the most enchanting corset covers, or underbodies. Some are fashioned from shadow lace with a tracery of a green vine on which blossom pastel colored chiffon buds. A ribbon extends over the shoulder, and glimmers in a most tantalizing manner through the transparent veiling of the blouse. It is such a love of an undergarment that it doesn't seem expensive at \$2.95. For \$1.95 there are similar models in pink or blue crêpe de chine with trimmings of lace, and in net with puffings through which the ribbon is run.

As a petticoat, the crêpe de chine skirt is ideal. It is a gay little creation of pink, or blue, or lavender, with a shadow lace plaited ruffle. The material is so very soft that it clings closely to the figure and gives the minimum of underdressing so desirable to-day. These fetching little petticoats can be bought for \$2.95.

There are gloves of every hue—Nell rose, American beauty, beige, gun metal, taupe, gray and, of course, black, and white. An effective contrast is produced by the stitching, embroidery and wide bandelette of white. These gloves are sold at \$2.25. At this same shop there is a famous bargain-counter where gloves can be purchased for 95 cents. Odd sizes, gloves with a button missing, lines that it is desirable to close out, an overproduction, etc., are sold on this counter, and the bargains are truly amazing.

The women who purchase silk gloves will be surprised to find a long white silk glove with the portion above the elbow tucked. The effect, while novel, is good on the arm, lending very much the same appearance as an embroidered silk glove, only simpler and more in keeping with a street costume. These gloves are priced \$2.25.

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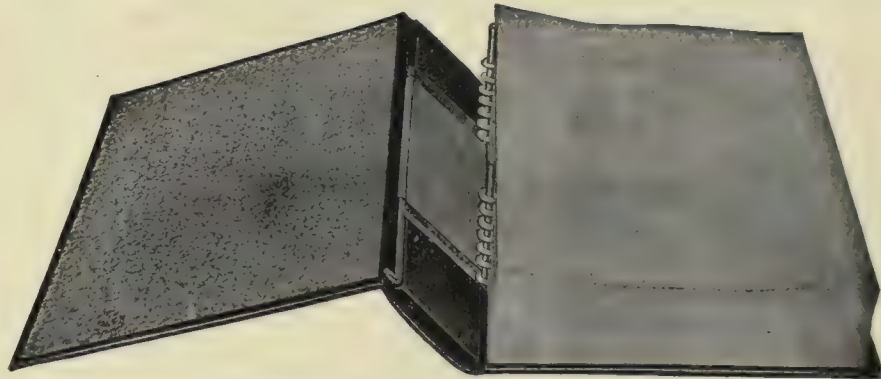
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### FACTS WORTH KNOWING—Continued

couldn't get dressed again and keep going, perhaps well into the morning. But just take a bath into which some bath crystals have been scattered, and you will feel like another woman. A sweet odor is always refreshing and revivifying, it soothes the tired nerves, and seems to banish all the cares and troubles which have been harassing. In addition to the soothing qualities of the perfume, there are certain helpful medicinal properties in the other ingredients of the best bath crystals. One of the most appealing bath preparations comes to us from across the ocean, where the perfumed bath is indulged in daily. The fragrance is delightfully alluring, sweet yet refreshing as the orchards in bloom, and subtle rather than insistent, though it lingers like a happy thought, shedding its delicious aroma for hours. As only a tablespoonful is required for a bath, a bottle selling for 75 cents will last for several weeks.

#### THE COVETED FIGURE

It is useless to cast longing, envious eyes at the new gowns; if you want to wear them and look well in them, you must reduce your figure to the desired proportions. There are various methods of banishing flesh; some are really dangerous and should not be undertaken except under the advice of a physician; others demand so much self-sacrifice that few women are brave enough to continue them to a successful finish. The wearing of rubber undergarments, however, is neither injurious nor disagreeable, and has the added advantage

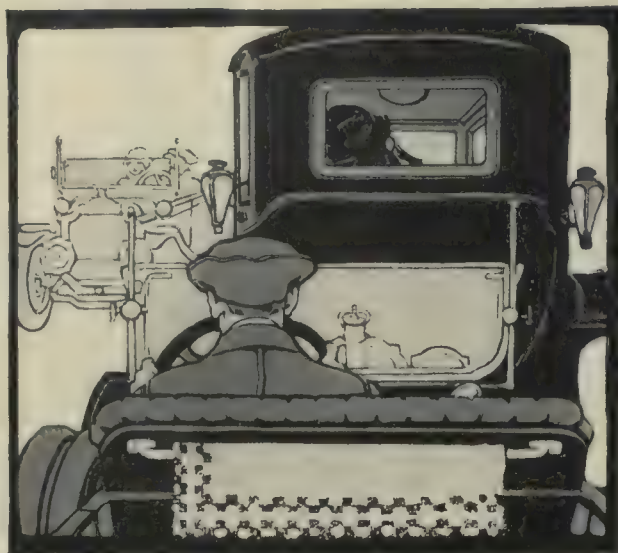
of reducing the flesh in the desired places. Each part of the body has been provided with a rubber covering made from the purest Para rubber and medicated according to a private formula. The idea is that these garments induce profuse perspiration in the part of the body covered which stimulates circulation and eliminates the waste products through the pores. Doctors claim that these garments are perfectly harmless and not weakening. An entire garment covering all the body can be bought for \$30, and the different coverings for the various parts of the body in a proportionate rate.

#### A TRIED INNOVATION

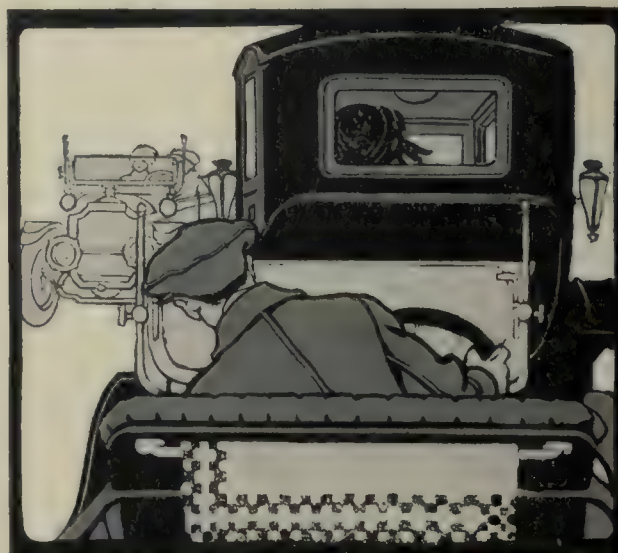
The suppleness of the uncorseted figure is ardently desired by the women who follow the whims of fashion, and, in fact, by every woman who delights in the beauty of the feminine figure. There are, however, few women whose figures are sufficiently lithe and well shaped to permit them to discard corsets entirely. These women will find comfort in the corsets made with a very supple boning that permits of perfect freedom of motion. Instead of being solid, these bones are of wire arranged in a zig-zag manner which makes them ideally flexible, light and elastic, yet they will not take a permanent bend. In other words they train the figure, without restraining it, thus producing a graceful, easy carriage, and giving perfect comfort to the wearer. The corsets have all the style and good lines of the cut-to-measure corsets at a very much lower price.

#### TO AID THE DRESSMAKER

Many women realize that they can have certain clothes made at home at a very much lower cost than at the dressmaker's, and oftentimes very much prettier costumes, because they display certain individual and original touches which distinguish them from the custom-made garment; yet they hesitate to engage a dressmaker because they do not wish to stay at home for numerous fittings. There is no reason why they should not enjoy the home dressmaker, or make fetching little waists and gowns for themselves, without a trace of discomfort, if they will invest in one of the dress forms which is identical to their figure. These dress forms are quite different from those of other days, which were more or less unwieldy and stiff, as they take on the lines of the individual figure, and become just you—you in all your beauty and in all your imperfections. It is sometimes a bit startling to see yourself as others see you, but it is convenient and time-saving when you are dressmaking. This new form is an unbreakable air chamber made of specially prepared rubber cloth, moulded into a general semblance of the feminine figure. It is then placed inside a lining, which has been fitted to you individually, and inflated until solid, and there "you" are. By providing different linings, one form may be used for all the members of the family. Dressmaking certainly becomes a pleasure when you possess one of these improved dress forms that can be yours for the small price of \$14.



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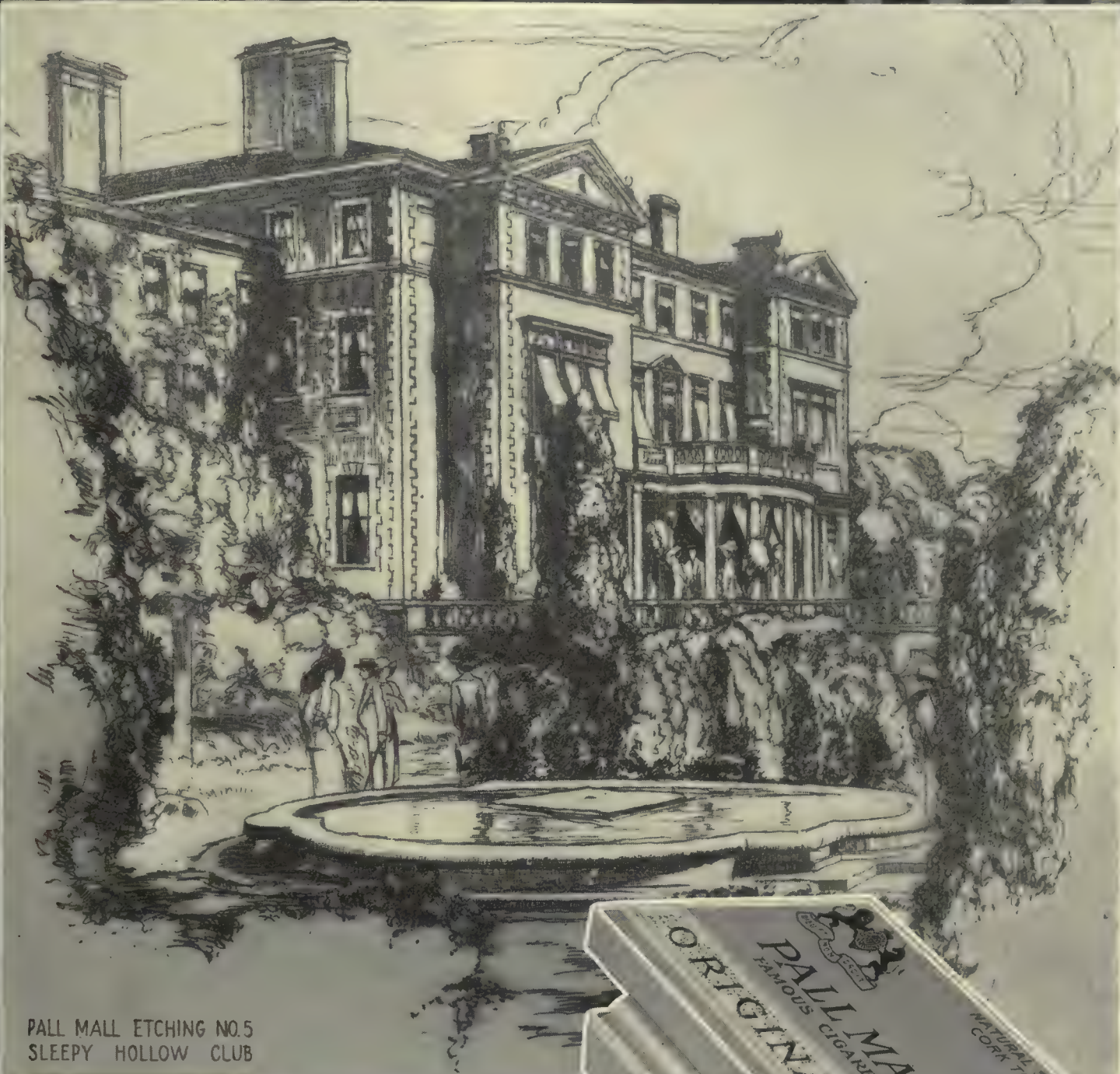
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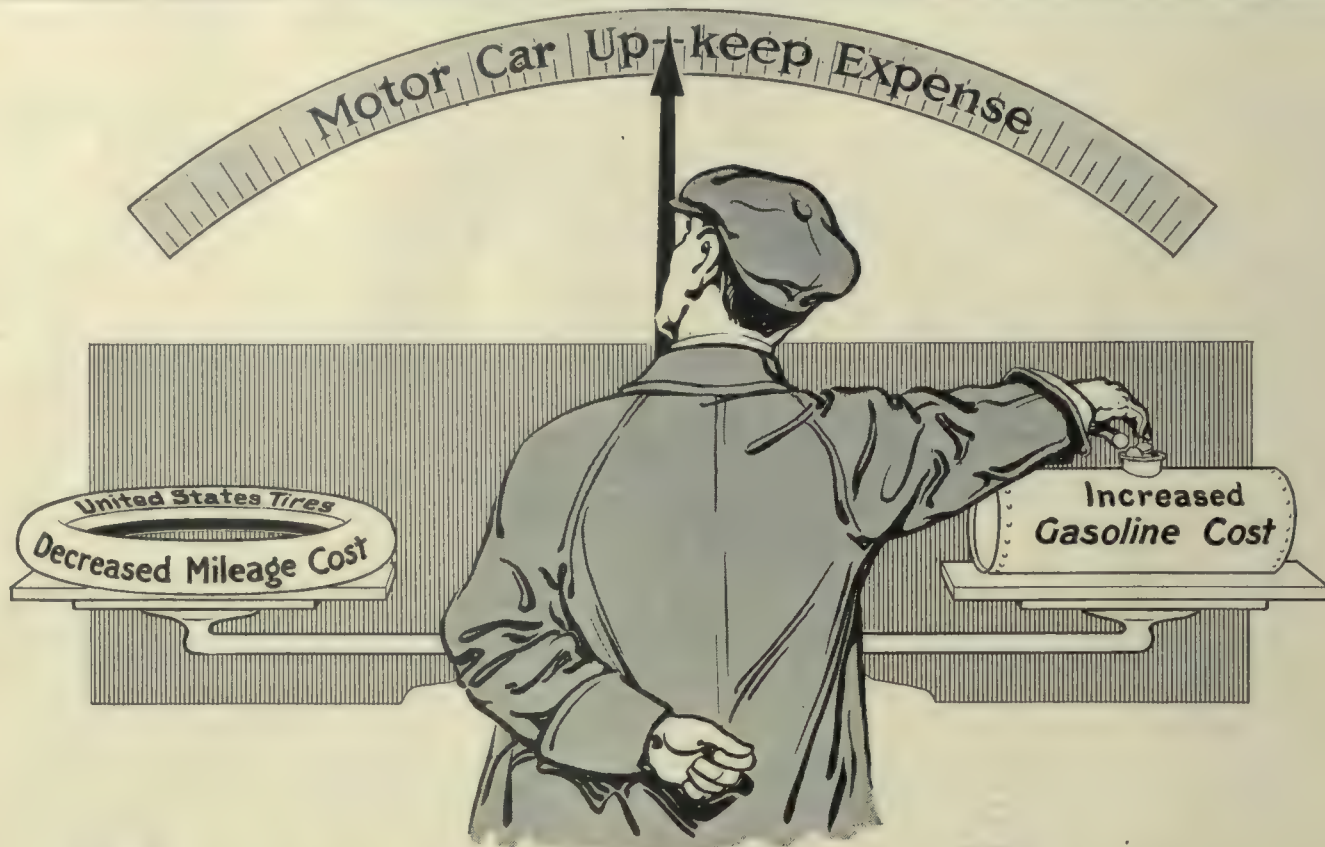


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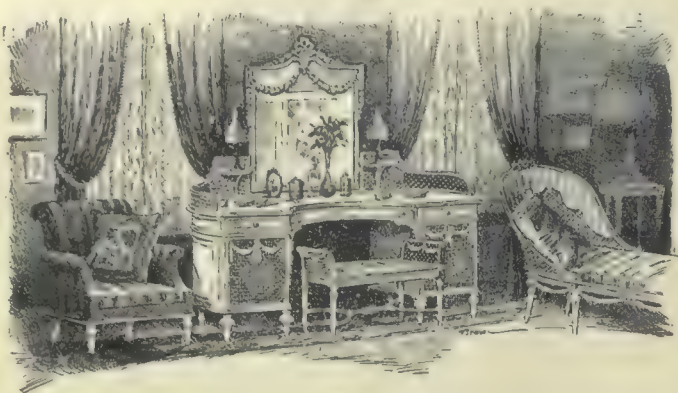
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# THE THEATRE

VOL. XVII

MAY, 1913

No. 147

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White

JAMES T. POWERS AS WUN HI IN "THE GEISHA" AT THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE



# AT THE PLAYHOUSE



PLAYHOUSE. "DIVORCONS." Comedy in three acts by Victorien Sardou and Emile de Najac. Adapted from the French by Margaret Mayo. Revived on April 1st with this cast:

Joseph Bastien.....	Henry Dornton.....	Mme. de Brionne.....	Rae Selwyn.....	Frank Compton.....
Concierge.....	M. Prunelles.....	M. Gratignan.....	Gail Kane.....	Howard Estabrook.....
M. Clavignac.....	Mario Majeroni.....	Mlle. Lusignan.....	Nina Lindsey.....	
Cyprienne.....	Grace George.....	Mme. Valfontaine.....	Maude T. Gordon.....	
M. Bafourdin.....	George Winstanley.....	Joseph.....	Frank Reicher.....	

Somewheres in the early Victorian period Charles Dance, a prolific dramatist of his day, put forth a one-act piece called "Delicate Ground." Dance was a liberal adapter of other persons' ideas and the source of the play was undoubtedly French. In fifty minutes he summed up the entire essence of "Divorçons," "Francillon," "A Woman's Way" and "Sauce for the Gander," all satirical or humorous variations of the perennial and eternal *drame de triangle*.

It was during the agitation for the passage of the present French divorce law that Sardou in conjunction with Emile de Najac, who suggested the idea, wrote "Divorçons," a comedy in three acts which has been acted in many tongues and which, in spite of its age, still holds the boards, for it was as early as 1882 that the piece was first heard in this country, at the Park Theatre, Twenty-second Street and Broadway, with Alice Dunning Lingard and Frederic Robinson in the principal rôles. Some of its action shows the advance since made in dramatic construction, but in the main its characterization and its comedy scenes are as human, witty, true and sure as they were when the comedy had its first hearing.

Cyprienne, the leading female rôle, has always been a favorite part with Grace George, who scored a big success when she first played it here and subsequently repeated it in London about six years ago. It was not surprising, therefore, that in lieu of a novelty she should elect a revival of this comedy for her *rentrée* at the Playhouse. Miss George's art in the last few years has advanced with rapid strides. She is to-day one of the most expert and distinguished exponents of high comedy now treading the American boards. Her Cyprienne is a delight to the eye and ear and its every detail sounded with the instinct and utterance of true artistry. William Courtleigh's des Prunelles is a good if rather solid foil to his volatile wife. Gail Kane in looks and action is genuinely Parisienne as Mme.

de Brionne, while Frank Reicher, somewhat more youthful than the usual exponent of Joseph, makes that discreet *maitre-d'hôtel* a very humorous character.

FULTON. "WHAT HAPPENED TO MARY." Play in four acts, by Owen Davis. Produced on March 24th with the following cast:

Tuck Wintergreen.....	Edgar Nelson.....	Richard Craig.....	Joseph Manning.....
Joe Bird.....	Harry Levian.....	Henry Craig.....	Morris Foster.....
Liza Peart.....	Kate Jepson.....	John Willis.....	Franklyn Underwood.....
Billy Peart.....	J. D. O'Hara.....	Mrs. Winthrop.....	Alma Kruger.....
Mary.....	Olive Wyndham.....	Tom Little.....	J. C. Yorke.....
Captain Jogifer.....	E. M. Kimball.....	Mrs. Gibbs.....	Margaret Macllyn.....

By a slight margin this piece manages to keep its little foothold on the stage. It is described, with a naive apology, as "an old-fashioned" play, which, if it means anything, means that the old-fashioned things are the best or as good as the best of the day. It is possible that the note on the program, one of confession and avoidance, does invite public indulgence; but the real reason why the play may hold its own at all is that, in many ways, it is theatrically effective, not strongly so, but sufficiently so, at least with a part of the public.

Mary is a waif. Of course there is a wicked uncle who, for reasons that are not at all clear, wants to dispose of her. He had placed her as an infant with an innkeeper and his wife on a fishing island, and, we believe, keeps up some payment for her support. Mary lives in a kind of servitude with the selfish old people, finding her only comfort in life in the friendship of an old peg-legged fisherman, who owns a fishing boat. He seems to know a good deal about her identity, but he keeps his secret or half-secret, so that the story can keep alive. Mary is very unhappy because a rude lover, who later, for the purposes of comedy, blossoms out in fancy vests, insists on marrying her. A young man from the city finds her in this unhappy state of mind and pictures the freedom and the lights of the city to her in such a way that she agrees to follow him. The friend of a sailor helps her away on his sloop. The young rascal is about to get her in his toils, having taken her to a boarding house, when a good young man rescues her by opening her eyes to the situation. A victim of the young man who was luring her now enters into the action. Mary takes employment in the office of the good young man, and is there accused by the bad young man and his mistress of having stolen a large sum of money



Sarony  
OLIVE WYNDHAM  
This clever and sympathetic young actress is now appearing in a new play by Owen Davis entitled, "What Happened to Mary"



White GRACE GEORGE AS CYPRIENNE AND WILLIAM COURTLEIGH AS HENRI DES PRUNELLES IN "DIVORCONS" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

from the handbag of a "society woman" who visits the office and who turns out later to be Mary's very own mother. Mary is finally cleared of the charge, and is to marry, not the rude fisher-boy with the waistcoats aflame, but the good young man of the story. This would all seem preposterously old, but the characters are characters (of the stage), and with the various old tricks and effects and incidents and episodes and situations, "What Happened to Mary" is a play of its own kind.

LIBERTY. "THE PURPLE ROAD." Operetta in two acts. Music by Heinrich Reinhardt and William Frederick Peters; book and lyrics by Fred de Gresac and William Cary Duncan. Produced on April 7th last with the following cast:

Napoleon .....	Harrison Brockbank	Kathi .....	Eva Fallon
Col. Stappe.....	Edward Martindel	Lori .....	Anna Wilkes
Major .....	Horace J. Hain	Ophelia .....	Mabel Parmalee
Captain .....	Jerome Van Norden	Paula .....	Annabele Dennison
Lieutenant .....	Joseph Royer	Theresa .....	Elsa Lynn
Pappi .....	Harold H. Forde	Bertha .....	Evelyn Grahme
Bisco .....	Clifton Webb	Mitzi .....	Elsie Braun
Franz .....	Frank Grom	Stephanie .....	Winnie Brandon
The Mameluke.....	Robert Smith	Fouché .....	William J. Ferguson
A Soldier.....	B. Brennan	The Empress Josephine.....	Janet Beecher
Wanda .....	Valli Valli	The Duchess of Dantzic.....	Harriet Burt
Frau Stimmer.....	Elita Proctor Otis	Anita Carina.....	Emilie Lea

Pictorially and otherwise Napoleon is held in the general mind in so many attitudes and in so many phases of character that we find nothing inconsistent in seeing him represented in opera. Opera is an artificial form at best, and singing and dancing are not the ordinary business of life. It is no more absurd for Napoleon to sing a love song or to dance discreetly in an opera than it is for any other human being that was or is. "The Purple Road" is a dignified opera, much better than the usual run of them. It has a story, not an entirely satisfactory one in its ending, but very agreeable in its details, romantic and yet possible. Napoleon is represented as a comparatively young man, at a time when his emotions were certainly alive enough to make it probable that he fell in love with a Viennese maid, kissed her, and told her to come to Paris, where he would "help her" with the Emperor. At any rate,

he did this in the opera, and what happens is a good operatic story. The maid comes to Paris, believing always that the man who kissed and told his love, she giving in return full measure, was a poor lieutenant. There she discovers his identity, overhears a plot between Fouché and Talleyrand, and saves the Emperor's life. Nothing in particular comes of it, except that when Napoleon is known to be dead in his banishment the maid sings a song of emotional and tenderly reminiscent lamentation, as the sun goes down over a wheat field. For a good part of the time the story meant something, while most operas dawdle about in a piffing way. "The production is beautiful in every way belonging to the operatic stage. Everything about it is substantial. This includes the music, which is far above the ordinary, in song and in instrumentation. Mr. Gaites has not stopped halfway in anything in producing "The Purple Road." Small dramatic parts enlist the services of W. J. Ferguson, as Fouché, Elita Proctor Otis, as the village aunt of the peasant girl, and Janet Beecher, as Josephine. Janet Beecher had little

to do, was a mere figure, while her two other associates from the stage proper had little more in hand; but the opera was all the better for their presence. For the songs alone the opera is worth the while, and should obtain and retain popularity. Valli Valli's Wanda was excellent in quality of voice, and she is a capable actress, too. The songs generally are so exceptionally good that of the seventeen numbers not one fell short of providing pleasure. Eva Fallon has several pretty songs and dances. The most ambitious was *The Mysterious Kiss*, in the first act, beautifully done by Valli Valli, with a stage full of the brides and bridegrooms ready

### Spring on Broadway

Spring has arrived for back to old Broadway  
The actor folk have come, and every day  
The puppets of the playwright's brain are seen  
Greeting old friends and making new the while.

Success hobnobs with Failure on that street,  
And Genius passes. You press agents meet  
Bold Notoriety; while Talent, timid—green  
Impatiently awaits their fickle smile.

Thrice welcome, Thespians!—matron, man or maid,  
To dear old Broadway's lights that never fade.  
The winter season's past—God speed the year!  
The actors have returned and spring is here!

LESLIE CURTIS.

for a ceremony that presently was to be interrupted and deferred. Eva Fallon's *Feed Me with Love* was charming. Edward Martindel's "Diplomacy," deep-throated, was carried off with a swing and much applauded. Harriet Burt, as the Duchess of

Dantzig, used a good deal of current slang, but we might suggest that this was not her individual fault, if it was a fault, and as the good-natured vulgarian elevated to rank, she gave a capital contribution to the effectiveness of the opera. Mr. Brockbank's Napoleon is a good enough Napoleon in appearance, in all reason, for the purpose. "The Purple Road" is so free from the customary inane fooleries of the comic opera of the day that it is a relief.

Karl Millocker's masterpiece; and the revival, which is sumptuous in every external way, is drawing full audiences.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "THE SPIRITUALIST." Comedy in three acts by Francis Wilson. Produced on March 24th with this cast:

Stephen Atwell.....	Francis Wilson	Graves .....	F. S. Peck
Gustav Schumacher.....	John Blair	Eleanor Roywell.....	Edna Burns
Dr. John Anthony.....	Wright Kramer	Mrs. Prince.....	Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh
Halton .....	Roland Rushton	Annie .....	Lola Fisher

It is not always wise for an actor to depend for his own pur-



White  
H. B. WARNER AND KATHERINE EMMET IN "THE GHOST BREAKER" AT THE LYCEUM

CASINO. "THE BEGGAR STUDENT." Comic opera in three acts by Karl Millocker. Revived on March 22d with this cast:

Puffke .....	Harry Smith	General Ollendorf.....	De Wolf Hopper
Piffke .....	Parker Leonard	Symon Symonovicz....	George Macfarlane
Enterich .....	Arthur Cunningham	Janitsky .....	Arthur Aldridge
Alexis .....	Leo Frankel	Mayor of Cracow.....	David Heilbrunn
Olga .....	Adelaide Robinson	Countess Palmatica....	Kate Condon
Lieutenant Wangerheim.....	Paul Farnac	Laura .....	Blanche Duffield
Major Schweinitz.....	J. P. Galton	Bronislava .....	Anna Wheaton
Major Holzhoff.....	Jack Evans	Onouphrie .....	Olin Howland
Captain Henri.....	Robert Millikin	Sitzka .....	Louis Derman
Ensign Richtofen.....	C. A. Hughes	Bogumil .....	C. W. Meyers
Lieutenant Poppenburg.....	Viola Gillette	Eva .....	Louise Barthel

The revival of "The Beggar Student" has been very happily made, at the Casino. De Wolf Hopper has the part of General Ollendorf, Governor of Cracow, a boastful, blustering official who gets the worst of every encounter. De Wolf Hopper's speech between the curtains is one of the most amusing features of the entertainment. The beggar student is George Macfarlane. Kate Condon, Blanche Duffield, Anna Wheaton, Louise Barthel and Adelaide Robinson are of the efficient, indeed unusual, cast, with Viola Gillette as a lieutenant. "The Beggar Student" is

poses on himself as a dramatist. Francis Wilson did this successfully with "A Bachelor's Baby," but when it came to a successor he fell down and fell down hard. "The Spiritualist," which recently had a run of exactly one week at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, richly deserved its short-lived fate. It was preposterous in every detail. Its naïve attempt to evolve a plot in which figured a child being slowly poisoned and a protagonist, who Prospero-like could evoke the spirits, together with incidents of incompetent comedy, minstrel horseplay and abortive sentiment could meet with but one ending. With such material it was not surprising that the acting called for little comment. Mr. Wilson is a born *farceur*. He was at times funny, and in the second act, which seemed suspiciously like a wholesale extract from "Our Goblins," which he did more than twenty years ago, he resorted to and revealed all those tricks which made him famous in his comic opera days. John Blair imparted character to a sketch of a German professor.

(Continued on page xii)



Photo White

LINA ABARBANELL AND CARL GANTVOORT IN "THE GEISHA" AT THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE

# "Damaged Goods" and How it was Produced

"DAMAGED Goods" ("Les Avariés") was written by Eugene Brieux, a French dramatist of purpose and distinction; ten years or so ago. It belongs to a series of plays handling sociological questions. It seeks to bring to the general conscience the evils of immorality resulting in disease and the necessity for some concerted action in stamping out the specific disease, after the manner in which tuberculosis is now being taken in hand. Such a movement is practical, but it is so wide in its scope that the production of a play to further it is a mere trifle. The subject is not a forbidden one. On the contrary, the facts call for frankness and action. It is possible that the production of "Damaged Goods" might have been prevented by official interference, but that apprehension was removed when Mayor Gaynor commended it. Richard Bennett was the moving spirit in it. To his aid came *The Medical Review of Reviews*, which organized a Sociological Fund, to which many people of distinction subscribed. A performance of the play was given at the Fulton Theatre on the afternoon of March 14th. The play is largely a discussion of the many aspects of the evil in its relations to eugenics. The arguments put forward in the play are made possible by the action of a story, and while that story might not constitute an entertainment for the pleasure-seeking multitude, a practical purpose is served. The play is less impressive than its

arguments and statements, so that details of them are not essential to this record of a movement, of which the production is but an incident. The acting in the play was marked with entire efficiency. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more competent and in every way fit assemblage of players. Mr. Richard Bennett was the young man who consulted the physician as to his marriage, and who married in spite of warning given. He has emotional power and discretion in his art. Mr. Wilton Lackaye, as the Doctor, was at his best, with that faculty of his of conveying the sense of intellectual force and authority. Miss Grace Elliston was the wife, Miss Amelia Gardner, Miss Laura Burt, Miss Margaret Wycherly, Miss Mabel Morrison, Mr. Dodson Mitchell and Mr. Clarence Handyside were of those who gave their invaluable services without charge.

To a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, Richard Bennett told how he came to produce the play. One night as he sat in a fashionable restaurant toying with truffles and ideas, he heard some men casually discussing it. Deeply interested in the subject, he at once procured a copy of Brieux's book, and after he had read "Les Avariés" the young actor was filled with a determination to produce it for the good of humanity. Prejudice, he knew, stalked in his path, but the world he considered was sorely in need of that particular play. In every town on his western tour he talked of the piece. In every town he heard the same formula, heard it so often that when a local sage opened his mouth Mr. Bennett stopped it with: "I know what you're going to say. 'It's a good play to read, but it is not for the stage.' Nevertheless I intend to stage it. Seen on printed pages the play may be forgotten. With the added emphasis of voice and movement and living presence it never will."

Thus a year's constant combat on western tour was futile, or seemed so, but Browning assures us "There is no lost good."

Richard Bennett was convinced when at the Forty Club in Chicago he was invited to speak and, rising, said: "I've entertained you fellows several times. Now that I've got you where you can't get away I'm going to talk to you."

He told them of the play and he told them that it must be produced and would. "I don't know how," he said, the mighty zeal of unconquerable youth vibrating in his tone, "but it shall."

After his speech Dean Sumner, of one of the leading churches of the western metropolis, grasped his hand. "I want to read that book," he said. "I am interested." Directly after he put the book into circulation in his parish and preached upon its theme.

"The first gun has been fired," announced the knight of the book, and of the eyes and the jaw.

Mr. Bennett came to New York, talked about "Damaged Goods," and made himself a circulating library of the book.

"It's a good play," began his friends of his club—The Lambs—"but——"

"It's going to be produced." Mr. Bennett's warrior jaw was growing.

"I thrust the book, pretty ragged now, under Sam Harris's nose," said the knight of the Brieux play. "Mr. Harris hadn't time to read it but he arranged to let the actor have the Cohan Theatre for the play. Accustomed to battle, the warrior feared this too good to be true. Somebody told Mr. Harris the story of

the play. Mr. Harris said it should not appear in his theatre.

The New Princess was tendered him, accepted, and the offer was withdrawn. The proprietors feared the license might be withheld. He asked Mr. Ames for the use of The Little Theatre for a matinee. Mr. Ames took a day to consider; then wrote that while he admired the play and his inclination was to produce it he feared the effect of the production upon his clientèle. "I hope you understand," he wrote. Mr. Bennett thrust forward his jaw and wrote: "I do understand after your production of 'The Affairs of Anatol.'"

Tidings of his purpose crept into the newspapers in a two-line announcement. The editor of a medical journal saw it and wrote to offer his co-operation. They organized a committee and asked John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to join. He wrote he was too busy with his crusade on a related subject in Chicago. But relenting eventually he joined the committee.

"I'll produce it at a hotel," asserted the knight of Brieux. He engaged the Waldorf-Astoria and set about engaging his company for the production. There being no money for the production the players were asked to play for nothing. A few of them consented. The hotel management wrote that it understood the play to be produced was "Damaged Goods," and declined to permit drama of such nature to be produced in that hostelry.

One of those upon whom Mr. Bennett had pressed the tattered copy of his much read, much shunned book of Brieux plays, was he whom actors refer to lovingly as "Pop" Harris. When Mr. Bennett called at his office the elder man said: "Dick, my boy, Harry intended to produce this play. Before he sailed for Europe he told me he wanted to put it on the stage, out of his desire to do something worthy."

Silence fell between them. Before each rose the picture of the going down of the *Titanic*.

(Continued on page vii)



Copyright Richard Bennett  
George Dupont (Richard Bennett)      The Doctor (Wilton Lackaye)  
Doctor: "Now don't be frightened—we will do all we can for you.  
It is one of the results of ignorance"  
SCENE IN EUGENE BRIEUX'S PLAY "DAMAGED GOODS"



THE first performance of Dr. Wilhelm Kienzl's

## Composer of "Le Ranz des Vaches"

much of his music has been born.

opera, "Le Ranz des Vaches," or "Kuhreigen," on February 25th, in New York, by the Chicago Opera Company, brought to mind one of the first hearings the opera ever had, an occasion unique and charming, at which the present writer was privileged to be present.

In the wonderful valley of the Salzkammergut, in the neighborhood of Ischl, where the Austrian Kaiser takes his summer outings, is a small and very beautiful Kurort, or Bad, which is little known to foreigners, but is very popular with the Austrians of the neighboring cities. All around it rise majestic mountain heights; to the north, the mysterious Mountains of Death, with their cruel barren peaks; to the east, the gleaming white tooth of the Styrian's beloved Dachstein, while on the nearer horizon are the more friendly and approachable Styrian Alps. The village itself is mediocre, and like a dozen others of its kind, but, straggling up the hillsides all about, are charming villas, and beyond them equally attractive peasant houses, inhabited mostly by visitors in the summer months, who adopt the local picturesque costumes still generally worn in that part of the country.

On a little plateau, a good distance above the town, and reached by an appallingly perpendicular road, is a real, unspoiled mountain Inn or "Gasthaus," kept by a widow and her daughter. A few energetic pedestrians from the village climb up here in the afternoons to drink coffee and enjoy the view of the Dachstein, but it is mostly patronized by the peasants from the surrounding farms, who stop there of an evening to drink their interminable steins of beer. Hard by this inn, in summer, lives Dr. Wilhelm Kienzl, whose opera, "Evangelimann," was very popular in Germany some twelve years ago, and whose latest work has just been introduced to us. He lives with his wife, his cook, and his enormous dog, "Tristan," in an incredibly small house, and has done so for sixteen summers. I have never seen all the family inside the house at the same time, and no doubt it must be a difficult matter, but that does not make much difference as everyone lives out of doors as much as possible in that happy country.

A little distance down the road is an adorable peasant house, set perilously upon the steeply sloping hillside, and girdled by apple and peach trees. This is Olive Fremstad's very own, and a haven of rest and refreshment to which she flies whenever her work will permit, donning the peasant costume and forgetting the big world. I was privileged to share this simple, sweet, little home with her one summer, and as we often sought the Gasthaus for refreshment, we saw much of Dr. Kienzl and his doings.

Poor man, he seemed always at work! I do not know why I say "poor man," for I never saw anyone so completely absorbed and contented, only it used to get on my nerves to see him perpetually bending over his orchestrations as one might over embroidery, making each note as perfect as a printed score.

There was a little grove near by to which he used to go every morning at eight o'clock and work there until summoned to dinner by his wife. Good lady, her voice would not carry half the distance as she disliked to walk, so many a time have Madame Fremstad and I, as we passed the grove, taken the message along, and sung out from the road, "Herr Doktor, zum Essen, bitte!" It always amused me about the Doktor's Grove. It did not belong to him at all, but he is so beloved by all the people of the country, and they are so proud of his achievements, that no one said him nay when he put up several signs advising people to keep away from his grove, and built himself rustic seats, desks and tables. It is a beautiful spot, and it is here that

stocky, bewhiskered little man, rather blustering and of overwhelming energy. He always wears a velvet Tam-o'-Shanter in fair weather or foul, I suppose as a sort of subtle compliment to his great master, Wagner, at whose shrine he is a fanatic worshipper. He talks much, easily, and eloquently, but always upon one subject, his work. No matter if the conversation might start with cheese making, or any other remote subject, he will inevitably lead it by gentle stages back to the one engrossing topic. Such enthusiasm as his is really most inspiring, even if nerve-racking. His wife is in every sense his helpmate, living her life for his alone; seeing to the perfection of his meals and all his bodily comforts with touching devotion, and sharing his every disappointment and success in the ruling passion of his soul.

Sometimes of an evening, when the moon would flood the plateau with marvellous silver light, we would come and tear the feverishly working little man away from the flickering lamp on the table in his yard, where he bent over his mystical black notes, "Tristan's" head on his knee, his wife knitting stockings beside him, and a huge stein of beer before them on the table. He would walk ahead with Madame Fremstad, and they would talk so fast and so excitedly and gesticulate so wildly that they could not continue walking, so our progress was full of funny little halts and intervals. I always brought up the rear with the Frau Doktor, and she would tell me in her gentle voice, wonderful culinary secrets, and describe other domestic intricacies, while I listened in what must have been flattering awe. I learned a little of her life, too, how she had once sung Elsa, and many other rôles in a small opera company, but had abandoned all thought of her own career when she married the Herr Doktor, and made his life and work hers.



OLIVE FREMSTAD  
Outside her Austrian country home

All through that summer "the opera" progressed scene by scene, and at last, a week before we were sorrowfully packing our trunks to go back to the world, he triumphantly completed his task, shipped the carefully wrought sheets to Vienna, and—we were invited to a party! We were to be privileged to hear the Meister play through his new opera the next

afternoon at five o'clock, in the big attic room of the Inn, where he always worked on rainy days. There were to be a few other guests also, we were to wear our best clothes, we were to remain to supper at the Inn, and afterward it was *hoped* that Madame Fremstad might sing!

We spent an anxious hour wondering what to wear, and another accustoming ourselves to civilized clothes, but at last, when the time arrived, we walked down the road very spic and span, and feeling most uncomfortable. It was a stiflingly hot afternoon, with a thunderstorm growling among the mountains, but we crowded eagerly into that big, warm room, and sat in reverent silence while the story of the opera was sketched for us; and then the Herr Doktor began to play. I got out my embroidery because all the other ladies were sewing or knitting, we had coffee, too, but the opera went on over and above it all. Madame Fremstad took her seat at the piano to turn the pages, and to better enjoy the music, and sometimes, when the Herr Doktor's rough, but not unmusical, voice grew a little tired on the chorus, she would join in softly, carried away by his enthusiasm.

We followed the sad fortunes of the Lady Blanche fleur no less vividly that afternoon in the dusky attic room than did those who witnessed the performance the other night at the Metropolitan Opera House. In fact it was a performance never to be forgotten, for the footlights were the fires of the composer's en-

thusiasm, the characters were still the obedient children of his fancy alone, and the music had the spontaneity and freshness of a spring at its very source. We sat in semi-darkness at the close of the last act, and no one spoke, only the good Frau Doktor brought the composer a glass of beer and a clean handkerchief. Then we all filed solemnly down to a wonderful supper, beginning with brook trout and ending with American canned peaches, considered a rare delicacy. I sat between two ladies, who, much to

my distress, wished to practice their English with me, while I desired greatly to improve my German.

This was the last time that we saw the Herr Doktor, for he followed his beloved manuscript to Vienna immediately afterward. A few days later we ourselves drove away in the pouring rain, "Tristan's" farewell bark in our ears, and the Frau Doktor waving her apron at us from the door of her tiny house until we disappeared from view.

MARY F. WATKINS.

## NEW YORK is to have another prize play contest. Mr. \$10,000 For An American Play

Winthrop Ames, director of the Little Theatre, this city, offers \$10,000 for the best play by an American author submitted before August 15th next. It is Mr. Ames' intention to produce this play next season at the new playhouse now being built for him on West Forty-sixth Street, near Broadway. The award will be made by a committee of three judges, Mr. Augustus Thomas, president of the Society of American dramatists; Mr. Adolph Klauber, dramatic editor of the *New York Times*, and Mr. Winthrop Ames. As all manuscripts must be submitted anonymously, unknown writers will have an equal hearing with those of established reputations. No limitations as to the style of play are imposed, but in making the award those which in the opinion of the committee promise to appeal to the general body of the playgoers will be preferred to those which appeal to a limited class only.

In instituting this play contest it is probable that Mr. Ames had two ideas in his mind. One was to dispel the widespread belief, engendered by his career as a manager at the New Theatre, that he can see possibilities only in foreign plays. The other is to provide a tremendous *réclame* for his new theatre. It will be noticed, however, that Mr. Ames does not promise to open the new house with the winner, but to produce the play during the season 1913-14. Nor does he actually *guarantee* a production, although the judges may award the prize. The conditions are liberal, yet perhaps less so than they appear at first glance. There should be more than one prize. A play might be as good or better than the play actually winning first prize, yet entirely inappropriate for Mr. Ames' theatre or purpose. If second or third prizes were awarded, it is quite certain that these plays would find a ready market, thus broadening the usefulness of the competition. It is unreasonable, also, to expect that a play can be written in less than four months.

In the nature of things, the play that may be chosen and produced is likely to fail with the general public. A play that has actually withstood the acid test of this competition comes before the public so heralded by its success that it will have to be another "Hamlet" to withstand the criticism that is sure to be leveled at it. Its success in the competition overadvertises it. It is inevita-

ble. Conditions are all against its success. Expectations in the theatre

are rarely realized. The real successes of the stage are accidents. It is to be hoped, however, that the contest may bring forth a play that is worthy. We also advance the hope that this contest may become an annual event—to be looked forward to

as the Prix de Rome is in France for painters and musicians, that even if the play should not make a mere, vulgar success of money, that it be considered an honor to have won the Ames prize, that a medal should go with it, that other grades be established and that the contest be announced far enough ahead so that authors may have time to prepare for it, and that the date of final adjudication be set back at least three months, so that the non-winners may still have sufficient time to market their plays elsewhere for the ensuing seasons.

The conditions of the contest are as follows:

1. Authors must be residents of the United States.
2. Plays must be original, and of the right length for a full evening's entertainment. No translations, adaptations, one-act pieces, or musical comedies will be considered. Dramatizations of novels, short stories, etc., may be entered, provided full rights to make such dramatizations have been secured.
3. Each play submitted must be signed with pseudonym only, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, bearing *outside* the title of the play and the author's pseudonym, and

enclosing the author's real name and address. These envelopes will not be opened until the judges have made their decision.

4. Manuscripts must be clear, typewritten copies, and sent by mail or prepaid express, addressed: "Winthrop Ames' Play Contest, Care The Little Theatre, 240 West 44th Street, New York City." Manuscripts must be received before August 15, 1913. The award will be made and the manuscripts returned as soon as possible after that date; but as Mr. Ames cannot hold himself responsible for possible loss, or damage to any manuscript, authors should keep copies of the plays they submit.

5. No play can be considered which has previously been submitted to Mr. Ames, either at The Little Theatre or while director of The New Theatre.

6. The payment of the award of \$10,000 will entitle Mr. Ames to all rights whatsoever in the accepted play, and shall be considered as advance payment on account of royalties until these royalties, reckoned at 10% of the gross receipts from the play, shall have amounted to \$10,000. Thereafter Mr. Ames will pay royalties of 8% on all additional gross receipts derived from the play.

7. While Mr. Ames engages, in any case, to pay \$10,000 for the best play submitted, he does not promise a production if, in the opinion of the judges, no play of requisite merit is received.



Photo Moffett

JANET BEECHER

This promising young actress, whose work in "The Concert" won considerable praise, is now appearing in "The Purple Road"



Photo Bruguière

MME. GERVILLE-REACHE

Distinguished French contralto who has recently completed an extensive concert tour of the United States

# THAT fiery dramatic Italy is **Giannino Antona-Traversi and His Plays**

dazzling lyricism is incomparable; but even were

capable of bringing forth comedy as delicate, as lightly philosophical and humorously satirical as France and England, Giannino Antona-Traversi will prove to us when he comes to this country next season to supervise some performances of his plays.

The national Italian drama is still in its infancy. It does not count more than two or three score years. In the seventeenth century Italian comedy flourished, and Scaramouche, Harlequin, Isabella and Colombine wandered to Paris to set an example to the French players and become the forebears of many a character in French comedy. Even the great Molière studied them to his advantage. But, since then, Italy went through all sorts of political quandaries, and the theatre had to suffer under them. For years nothing was produced but plays in dialect, comprehensible and interesting only to limited populations. Still, these plays had one great virtue: they became a source everlastingly fresh for the national drama to drink from. There is an ancient symbol that reflects a persistent aspect of life: the legend of Antæus, the giant son of Earth, who always bent down to his mother to take new strength from her. So does the contemporary Italian drama from her mother, the old drama in dialect.

Alfieri, and the Venetian Goldoni, came and laid the cornerstones of the national drama. A little later, Paolo Ferrari tried to rejuvenate the Goldonian style and to approach reality somewhat closer. Torelli, the first Italian naturalist, drew some living characters and stated in his plays the habits and customs of his fellows with simplicity. Then a strong reaction made itself felt. The historical drama became the public's favorite and gave Corra, Cavalotti, Gubernatis, Borio and Corradini an opportunity to become famous.

But the French, the Germans and the Scandinavians had thoroughly overcome the bombastically pompous style that generally characterizes such plays and had progressed to a more human form of dramatic art. Their influence could not be evaded by their Italian contemporaries. Giacosa came, and with his facile, amiable talent he impressed a new stamp upon the theatre in his country. He was sure to find an echo in Italy, where creative as well as destructive passions are more vivid than elsewhere, and where it is most desirable that the stage should present a protest of society against the egotism and the fancies of the individual. One of Giacosa's plays, "As the Leaves Fall," can stand comparison with the best of its kind and was warmly received in Germany and France.

Besides Giacosa there is Verga, a little less plastic than he, less able to follow all the metamorphoses of the public's cravings, but more virile, original and profound. With his "Cavalleria Rusticana," made world famous by Mascagni, he opened the stage to the *fait-divers*. There is also Rovetta, who, however, belongs more to the old school. He began his dramatic work by accident and continued it by habit. His "Trilogy of Dorine" is interesting but in this as in his other plays, even though the curtain falls on the end of the story, the problem is not solved, neither in the soul of the characters nor in that of the audience. Marco Praga has more force and subtlety, and also, in a different style. Roberto Bracco, whose master mind goes at the depth of things. Enrico Butti also stands out as an interesting and original dramatist. He seems to have given himself the mission to illustrate in his plays the struggles of conscience between faith and science. His manner reminds one somewhat of the Frenchman Brioux.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, of course, holds a position quite unparalleled as a dramatist as well as a novelist. His verbose,

his plays of little account by themselves, they would ever live in the minds of those who saw Eleonora Duse act them. And then, had d'Annunzio done nothing else, he found the most beautiful title that ever was: "Mutilated Victories."

Finally, there are the two brothers Traversi, Camillo and Giannino. Camillo the elder, is more of a student than Giannino. He undoubtedly acquired his rather pedantic manner while professor at the foremost Italian universities. He generally chooses serious themes and treats all his plays seriously.

Giannino is quite the opposite. He was born in Milan, the son of one of the wealthiest landowners in Lombardy. His youth and early manhood were spent in the idle pastimes of well-born Italians: gambling and gallantry, and never did it occur to him then to make any profitable use of his brilliant gifts. Financial difficulties arose and obliged Giannino to give a more serious turn to his life. He decided to retire to one of his father's estates in the country and devote his time to the breeding of silkworms. When Traversi senior found that his son was building up a business he at once proceeded to put him on a business basis with himself and demanded a rent for his property, which Giannino was unwilling to pay. He abandoned silkworms, business ambitions and all and returned to Milan to become a professional prestidigitator. The natural deftness of his fingers and remarkable facility of speech soon won him the favor of Milanese society. But his stern father was decidedly opposed to so fantastic a career for his younger son and shut the doors of his palace to him, so Giannino packed up his belongings and moved to the nearest hotel,



Photo Sciotto  
GIANNINO ANTONA-TRAVERSI

declaring gaily that now he was going to open a dramatic shop. Skepticism and laughter responded to this heroic decision, and his friends were wont to tell him: "Your plays will go the way your silkworms went."

But this time Giannino was in dead earnest. In 1892 he came out with a one-act comedy, "For Vanity's Sake," which was soon followed by another single act: "Next Morning." They were both played in Milan and very much liked. At last Italy had an author who wrote about society people, not as outsiders generally treat this sort of play: half with envy, half with an inborn antipathy and lack of real insight, but as one of their own order who had lived among them and had kept his eyes open. His dialogue was crisp, full of *mots d'esprit*, and elegantly turned a point that the aristocrats of Milan are specially particular about.

Giannino Traversi felt decidedly encouraged. After the success of his third one-act play, "The Bracelet," he tried his hand on a more serious four-act play, "Dura Lex," in which he championed divorce. But the lighter vein was predominated in him, and his next big piece, "Flirt," established his reputation as one of the best living writers of comedy.

The love of change seemed to be so deeply rooted in Traversi's nature that once more, for a time, he abandoned his dramatic work. He founded a newspaper which appealed particularly to his faithful followers, the aristocrats of his native city. But two years later the fascination of the drama again took hold of him. He gave a charming playlet, "The First Time," written in the style of Arthur Schnitzler, the author of "Anatol," and, soon after, a comedy in four acts, "The School of Husbands," which the great Novelli played successfully in Paris in 1898. In this brilliant comedy of manners he flays the cynicism and degradation of the rich idle class. Yet Traversi never preaches. His touch always remains light, his speech restrained and courteous.

His next piece, "The Ascent of Olympus," in five acts is a scathing satire against social

(Continued on page ix)

Scenes in the Revival of "The Beggar Student" at the Casino Theatre



Symon Symonovicz (George Macfarlane) and Enterich (Arthur Cunningham)



Bronislava (Anna Wheaton), Laura (Blanche Duffield) and Countess Palmatica (Kate Condon)



Photos White

Act II of Millocker's operetta, "The Beggar Student." Scene 2. In the Palace of Countess Palmatica



Copyright Mishkin Paul Althouse as Dimitri Copyright Mishkin Adamo Didur as Boris Copyright Mishkin Louise Homer as Marina  
 THREE CHARACTERS IN MOUSSORGSKY'S OPERA, "BORIS GODUNOFF," PRESENTED AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

## RUSSIAN OPERA SCORES AT THE METROPOLITAN

TO the utter amazement of the public and to the discomfiture of the infallible lobby prophets, the artistic success of the Metropolitan Opera season of 1912-1913 is "Boris Godunoff," practically an unknown opera by the Russian, Modest Petrovich Moussorgsky. Very little was known here about its composer, and, judging from hearsay, the opera gave little promise of appealing to the great music-loving public, since it had no prima donna rôles, its hero being a basso, and its plot being gloomy and not very interesting or appealing.

But, happily for all concerned, all "guesses went wrong"—to lapse into the vernacular, for "Boris Godunoff" scored a tremendous success, both with the public and artistically. And its production at the Metropolitan redounded more to the credit of Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Arturo Toscanini than any other work they have produced and conducted here.

Its first performance in America occurred at the Metropolitan on Wednesday evening, March 19th. The full cast is here appended, as a matter of record:

Boris, Adamo Didur; Theodore, Anna Case; Xenia, Lenora Sparkes; The Nurse, Maria Duchene; Marina, Louise Homer; Schouisky, Angelo Bada; Tchelkaloff, Vincenzo Reschiglian; Pimenn, Leon Rothier; Dmitri, Paul Althouse (his debut); Varlaam, Andrea de Segurrola; Missail, Pietro Audisio; The Innkeeper, Jeanne Maubourg; The Simpleton, Albert Reiss; A Police Officer, Giulio Rossi; A Court Officer, Leopoldo

Mariani; Lovitzky and Tcerniakowsky (Two Jesuits), Vincenzo Reschiglian and Louis Kreidler. Signor Arturo Toscanini conducted.

The libretto of "Boris Godunoff" was fashioned by the composer after a dramatic work of the same title, written by the Russian author Poushkin. It treats of the fate of the remorseful Czar of the Russians, Boris, who, to satisfy ambition, caused to be slain the son of Ivan the Terrible. This child was heir to the throne, and upon his death Boris is proclaimed Czar. His

conscience haunts him and he retires to a convent for prayer and meditation, and, while in devotional seclusion, his secret passes into the ken of an old monk and chronicler, Brother Pimenn, who embodies these facts in a chronicle he laboriously writes. Pimenn, knowing his earthly term to be limited, confides this secret of Boris to a young monk, Gregory. The latter is unhappy in his seclusion and longs for the life of the outer world. He learns from Pimenn that the murdered Czarewitch, Dmitri, would have been about his own, Gregory's, age had he lived, and this knowledge fires his imagination and his love for adventure. He escapes from the convent, steals across the Russian border into Lithuania, gathers followers and has himself proclaimed Czar.

Learning of the uprising, Boris calls a meeting of the Duma to take action against the Pretender, the false Dmitri. In the spectre-haunted brain of Boris there has always existed some doubt whether



Anna Case as Teodora and Adamo Didur as Boris in "Boris Godunoff"



Photo White

Lenora Sparkes

Adamo Didur

Anna Case and Chorus

CORONATION SCENE IN MOUSSORGSKY'S OPERA, "BORIS GODUNOFF," AT THE METROPOLITAN

or not Dmitri had really been killed, and he is troubled by visions of the murdered child. One of his ministers has spied upon him and has seen Boris in the throes of one of these ghastly séances. This he tells the assembled members of the Duma, and at that moment Boris appears, walking stealthily and chasing imaginary spectres. He regains composure when he sees the members of the Duma. At this juncture there appears the aged monk, Pimenn, who tells of a dream in which a shepherd was cured of blindness by praying at the tomb of the slain Dmitri. The news of this vision completely unnerves Boris. He commands that his son Theodore be brought before the council, and he then proclaims Theodore his heir and follower, after which he collapses and dies an agonizing death.

Even a cursory glance at this bare skeleton of the plot will suffice to convince the reader that here is very little indeed to interest the average New York operagoer. To the Russian this is history, but to the New Yorker it is gloomy operatic material. And yet for three performances, this depressing story has held audiences enthralled by its qualities of simplicity and sincerity. A more impressive work has rarely been heard here.

And now a word about the history of the opera itself, which was written sometime about 1868, when the composer was struggling for recognition. It was produced first at St. Peters-

burg in 1874, and was given twenty times that season, after which it appears to have faded from public view for fifteen years when it was heard at Moscow. In 1889 new interest was aroused in the neglected work by the publication of an edition of the score, revised by the composer's friend, Rimsky-Korsakoff. Attention was redirected to the opera in 1908 when it was given at Paris, with Chaliapine as star. Elaborate scenery and costumes were brought from Russia for this production, and this equipment was bought by Signor Gatti-Casazza and used at the Metropolitan Opera House this season.

Considerable controversy has been waged as to the editing of Moussorgsky's music by Rimsky-Korsakoff, some critics claiming that irreverent hands have been laid upon the work. This can be quickly brushed aside by the retort that "Boris Godunoff," as it now stands, is a masterwork, and that the world probably owes Rimsky-Korsakoff gratitude for having saved the opera from oblivion.

It is not always easy or profitable to analyze one's sensations at the first hearing of a new work, but in this case it is interesting because of the age of this opera. The chief feeling at first hearing is one of absolute amazement at the modernity of this opera. It is almost impossible to believe that this music is nearing its half-century mark. There are effects in it that were hailed as

original and new when exploited a few years ago by Debussy and Dukas. There are pages in the orchestral score that would do credit to any modern master of instrumentation. Many of the melodies are Russian folk songs and church modes, and there are dance rhythms of both Poland and Russia. Here, too, is heard the partial use of that "whole-toned scale" which is generally supposed to be original with Debussy.

But the dominant note of this opera is sincerity. The interested listener feels throughout that its creator was giving utterance to something that simply demanded to be heard. It is ever the note of life, as the composer knew and felt it. There is sombreness and gloom, the key of depression rules the emotional gamut of his tonal palette, save in the coronation scene when the pealing of deep-toned bells, the brilliant processions and the restless surging of the crowds are so marvelously mirrored in tones. And once more does he tap the gayer mood when he takes the false Dmitri to Poland and there introduces a Polonaise and a Mazurka, both lending brilliant musical touches to the scene. I could go on at great length praising the music, but it would all circle about the towering convincing fact that sincerity is the spine of this remarkable score.

No more wonderful scenic background for this music could be imagined than these Russian canvasses and the Russian costumes and properties. Many of the latter are said to have been picked up out of smaller Russian

museums, while some of the costumes were made by the very people they stand to represent in the opera—in other words, they are not the products of theatrical costumers. The flat-painted surfaces of back drops are suggestive of the work of some "Cubists"—but it all adds its mite of interest to the production and makes it ring true.

The Metropolitan production left little room for criticism. Didur, in the title rôle, sang and acted better than ever he has before, emphasizing the melodramatic importance of this part and winning praise for his artistic interpretation. Anna Case, as his son Theodore, was gracious and charming, but she failed to rise to the dramatic significance of her part in the final death scene. As the false Dmitri, really the Monk Gregory, a new American tenor made his début at the Metropolitan, in the person of Paul Althouse. He sang excellently at the dress rehearsal but not so well at the first performance, suffering from indisposition. He gives promise, however, of becoming a useful member of this ensemble, having a high, clear voice and acting with unusual intelligence. Rothier, as the Monk Pimenn, was capital, as was De Segurola as the vagabond Varlaam. Jeanne Maubourg was the Innkeeper, singing her folk song with much spirit. Homer was the lady of the Polish Court, Marina, in love with Dmitri. Other rôles were well taken by Lenora Sparkes, Maria Duchene, Reiss and Bada. The chief soloist of the performance

(Continued on page xi)



Photos White

Tom Whalen (George Fawcett)

John McLoud (Frederick Burton)

Hal Clarke

(Inset), Hal Clarke (Vincent Serrano) and Kate McLoud (Katherine Grey)

SCENES IN ERNEST POOLE'S PLAY, "A MAN'S FRIENDS," AT THE ASTOR THEATRE



EVA TANGUAY arose from the divan in the drawing room of her Morningside

## Undone by a Song

Really, I was very conscientious about that. So I decided to cut out late suppers and devote my time to

Heights home. She drew a scented handkerchief from her waist and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"But I do care!" she cried dramatically. "I do care! There's nobody in this wide world who cares more than I do. I have been undone by a song.

"Ten years ago I sang in a musical play a song called *I Don't Care*. It made such a hit that I have been forced to sing it ever since. In fact, I can't appear on any stage without singing it. I've got to sing:

*I don't care, I don't care,  
What they think of me.*

or I can't live. But I do care what they think. I do, I do."

Out of breath and with tear-stained cheeks the bundle of energy and nerves called Eva Tanguay fell back on the divan. Petulantly she went on:

"That wretched song has been the cause of all my trouble. It has cost me all my friends. It has cost me the respect of everyone who has ever seen me. Everybody thinks I'm crazy or impossible to get along with. The most terrible stories are told about me. And why? Because that wretched song, *I Don't Care*, has pursued me night and day from the first time I sang it. I'm not going to cry any more. But I can't tell you how many hundred times that song has made me weep.

"I never cried when I was a little girl in Holyoke—in Holyoke, Massachusetts," she confided after finding a comfortable place on her divan. "I was the best little girl you ever knew, and yet some people have been unkind enough to say I was headstrong and made my people no end of trouble. I was born in Holyoke thirty-four years ago, if you want to know, although one horrid manager says I'm over forty.

"To be sure, life in Holyoke is not wildly exciting—that's why I came to New York and went on the stage. I started in the chorus, but I wasn't in it very long. Managers are not slow to find out what girls have a good figure. They gave me a chance in 'The Chaperones.' I had a good song, *My Sambo Girl*, and it started me on my career. That was twelve years ago. Of course, now I've got this large apartment filled with bric-à-brac, a limousine and a nice little bank account, yet I'm not the happiest of mortals. Creature comforts can't make a person happy, even if they are fond of luxury. The truth is, I'm not quite happy in my mind. People say such awful things about me. I'm sure you've heard the most dreadful stories. But I couldn't be as bad as all that could I? The stories are preposterous.

"It's pleasanter in the library," she suggested suddenly, and suiting action to word we moved to that room, a cheerful, bookish room overlooking the city. When she found a new position she resumed the conversation.

"Those were wild, care-free days—my chorus-girl days I mean," she went on. "I was quite popular, and there was rarely a night that I didn't go out to supper—my bird-and-bottle nights I called them. I wasn't particularly interested in my work in those days—I was far more interested in enjoying myself. I suppose I was as fond of gaiety as any girl in New York. But when I made progress in my work I realized that I couldn't continue pleasure seeking and still do justice to my managers.

my work. Of course, what I am to-day is the result of that decision, but I tell you I've missed many a good time by it. I've often wished I was back in Holyoke, with my life to live over. I'm quite sure I would not have chosen the stage. But can you picture me as a Holyoke matron with four or five kiddies and a husband with whiskers?"

The famous vaudeville star broke into a hearty laugh. A moment later she was serious again.

"Perhaps it would be much nicer than what I am to-day. Ask anyone what they think of me. They'll tell you I'm crazy, crazy as a bed-bug. People don't come to see me because they think I'm an artist. They regard me as a curiosity. They say, 'Let's go and see Eva Tanguay,' just as they'd say, 'Come, let's go to the Zoo.' I know that's the way I'm regarded. I've heard it on all sides. To be sure, I receive \$2,500 a week in vaudeville, but that doesn't make up for the attitude of the public. I was much happier when I was receiving less than \$200 a week in the 'The Chaperones' a dozen years ago.

"My *Don't Care* song is responsible for my unhappiness. Managers think I'm impossible to manage. Only the other day a manager issued a statement that he was unable to manage me, that I had thrown up my part in his musical production and that I had cost him a large sum of money. I have no press bureau to issue a statement of my side of the story. I've had trouble with nearly every manager in New York, with the result that they have said to all their friends that I'm crazy. Fortunately, they don't know what I think of them. They hear me sing *I Don't Care*, and they go out of the theatre saying, 'You can't do anything with that Tanguay woman.' They really believe I don't care.

"Let me tell you how I first happened to sing that wretched song. After my success in 'The Chaperones,' in which I sang a song called *My Sambo Girl*, I appeared in a musical play of the same name. The part I played was that of a wilful, headstrong girl, and the songs were in keeping with the character. One of the songs was *I Don't Care*. It wasn't much of a song, but audiences seemed to like it, and when I went into vaudeville the manager that booked me asked me to sing it. I did, with the result that it made a big hit. I didn't like to sing it—I didn't like the idea of singing about myself—but managers told me it was a good business. It was a good business for them. People got the idea that what I was singing was really true—that I didn't care, that I was conceited, that I was crazy. They

came to see me because they thought I was a freak.

"When I realized the injury it was doing me I stopped singing it. But I found I couldn't get contracts unless I included it in my act. My contracts to-day specify that I sing *I Don't Care*. I can't get away from that song, for unless I sing it I starve. If people only knew how much I cared they would feel different toward me. They wouldn't tell such awful stories about me. They wouldn't say I was crazy."

"If you please, Miss Tanguay, it's time to leave for the matinée—the car's at the door," said the white-capped maid who entered the drawing room. A few minutes later the actress was on her way to the theatre.

KARL K. KITCHEN.



EVA TANGUAY

### *I Don't Care*

They say I'm crazy, got no sense,  
But I don't care;  
They may or may not mean offense,  
But I don't care;  
You see, I'm sort of independent,  
Of a clever race descendant,  
My star is on the ascendant,  
That's why I don't care.

#### Chorus.

I don't care, I don't care,  
What they may think of me;  
I'm happy-go-lucky,  
Men say I'm plucky,  
So jolly and care-free.  
I don't care, I don't care,  
If I do get the mean and the stony stare;  
If I'm never successful, it won't be distressful,  
Cose I don't care.

THE SONG THAT DID IT

# Greatest Grande Dame on American Stage a German

**F**IFTY-ONE years on the stage, innumerable rôles in drama and opera, partnership with an impresario which included an oversight of the costuming department and the management of a theatre, have gone to the making of that perfection of artistry, Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly's characterization of Frau Gudula in "The Five Frankforters."

Every creation in the world of art is a mosaic of experience tinted by talent or temperament. Because Mme. Cottrelly has watched and participated in the leading events of the stage for more than half a hundred years, because she has been a soubrette and a prima donna, because she was a pioneer woman manager in this country, because she has herself made more than one stage costume, because she has sung and danced for audiences of two continents, she has imbued the widowed head of the house of the world-famous Frankforters with the breath of life, warmed it into a humanity so intense, so true, as to be poignant.

For this reason and because she is gifted with talent and a big, all-comprehending mother heart, she makes everyone in the audiences who see the play whose slightly cloaked theme is the rise of the great house of Rothschild, homesick for his mother.

Fifty-one years lie between "Die Kleine Meyer," who at eight years old made her début in "Three Days in a Gambler's Life," a German prototype of our own shocker, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and the exquisitely played Frau Gudula. She was of Hamburg, the daughter of a musician whom his family had designed and educated for a physician and who withdrew its funds and favor when he elected to lead the life of a wandering orchestra leader. When she was four her mother died. Before she had attained ten years her father's health failed and Mathilde Meyer, whom they called "Die Kleine Meyer," was supporting her father and sister. She could dance and sing. She played comedy and tragedy. When she was eleven she played Lady Macbeth and sung and acted prima donna rôles in light and grand operas. A German dramatist, declaring she was a character actress, and that the way of fame lay through character parts, wrote them for her. When she had compassed but a dozen years she was playing attenuated spinsters and elderly fat women, in which latter rôle she had to be assisted by many pillows.

Emissaries from the great theatres of Berlin visited country towns where she was playing. They urged her to go to Berlin. There the Court, the Folks and a Vaudeville house bade for her services, and because the staid and super-classical Court Theatre required its acolytes to play for a year at one of their out-of-town theatres before making a Berlin début, and she wished a permanent home for her family, and because the Vollnar Theatre, a vaudeville house, paid higher salaries than the Folks, and the family needed that salary, the family's little head



Mathilde Cottrelly as Frau Gudula

chose the Vollnar. At once she became a favorite player of Germany's capital city.

While she was at the height of her childish reign, a little less than fifteen, the Cottrellys, a famous circus family, witnessed her performance.

"You like her?" George Cottrelly asked his sister.

"She is adorable," replied the sister. "I am enchanted by her."

"I am glad," he rejoined, "for I intend to make her your sister-in-law."

"But you have never met her."

"No matter, she shall become my wife."

So she did. At fifteen she was a bride. At sixteen she was the mother of Alfred Cottrelly, who became known in the business world of this country. At eighteen she was a widow. Berlin managers sought her and said: "Come back to the stage."

"Of course," said the young widow. "I must."

She returned in the drama "Teresa Kronens," which told the life story of a beautiful young Viennese actress, Teresa Kronens, the Adelaide Neilsen of Austria, who died at twenty-six, a running-the-gamut play that, immensely popular in Germany, has since become a classic. In a night she won back the old popularity and added a new. For several years she starred in repertoire, playing in the capitals, and provinces of Germany and Russia. At twenty-two, reading of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, she determined to visit it. She dipped into what seemed to her a bowl of Dantean heat, turned about and sailed back with scarcely a glimpse of the Centennial Exposition, but not before she had signed a contract to return to this country.

She made her début in America in "Honest Labor," at the Germania Theatre, which afterwards became Tony Pastor's. She set instantly about learning English, and the next season made her début in San Francisco. Returning from the long tour, she took control of the Thalia Theatre. For two years she was its manager. It was a physician who terminated her contract.

"Nerves, my dear madame," he warned. "Nerves. No man could play a new part every two or three nights and direct a stage and manage a playhouse. You must cease." She turned her back regretfully upon the enterprise, which had been in all senses successful and during which she had sung the chief rôles in "Fatinitza," "Boccaccio," etc. Later she joined McCaull's company, making her first appearance in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." Thereafter she was in all but name partner, her money as well as her time and talents being poured into the organization. After nine years with the McCaull company, and losing in the venture all of her hardly amassed fortune, she played grandames in English drama. She is remembered with Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match," and with Louis Mann in "The Man Who Stood Still."

ADA PATTERSON.



Mathilde Cottrelly at the time she made her first appearance in New York



First photograph of Mathilda Cottrelly taken in America



Copyright Mishkin

**A NEW PORTRAIT OF LINA CAVALIERI**

This well-known prima donna has just completed a concert tour of the United States

# WE have heard how this manager and that 'makes an actress,' said I to Ned Wayburn. "Will you tell me how you handle actors in the mass?"

## Handling Humanity in the Mass

with all." Mr. Ned Wayburn rose from one of the red velvet cushioned

benches that line the walls of the red and white tea-room of the Winter Garden. "We will go there so that no one will find us," he had said, when I found him in his business-like office.

"All I ask of them is that they concentrate," said Ned Wayburn to me. "I will do the rest. If they don't concentrate they lose their jobs. Or rather they don't get any."

I chose to talk with the big man, six feet two in his socks and weighing two hundred and ten in almost any array, because up and down Broadway he is known as "The Chorus King." Perhaps that is the reason he is never addressed even by lawyers sending him documents in long, severe-looking envelopes, as "Mr. Edward Wayburn." At any rate, the name sticketh like a burr and will not be detached. It has been stamped, trade-mark-like, on many a notable Broadway achievement and has become a guaranty of original handling of stage problems. He is young. He is energetic. He rests not with the lethargy of fatuous middle age upon his laurels, but climbs to farther ones. In fifteen years he has produced between ten and fifteen musical pieces, in each of which he has directed the stage evolutions of from thirty to one hundred and fifty girls. Once four hundred and fifty were under his supervision on one stage. He has been, then, successively commander-in-chief of small armies of femininity, punctuated with masculinity, for many campaigns.

"The discipline is army-like?" I suggested.

"Yes, but more severe," he rejoined. "It is system, system, system with me. I believe in numbers and straight lines. I learned to value both when I was a mechanical draughtsman and I apply my knowledge of them with what I believe are good results. I know one critic who doesn't like them. Again and again he protests against the mathematical precision of the work of my choruses. But he might as well complain of the mathematical precision of a military parade.

Can you imagine a spontaneous military parade? For convenience and for thorough effects I always work in eight or multiples of eight. The number corresponds to the beats in a musical score. For instance, I teach the foot movements first by saying 'Left foot, toe, ball, heel, flat,' with then 'Right foot, toe, ball, heel, flat,' then when all know what those movements of the feet mean I count 'One, two, three, four,' for the left foot, 'Five, six, seven, eight,' for the right. Always eight or multiples of eight, you know."

"I have heard that you prefer raw material."

"I would rather have a girl who has had no experience, so that there will be nothing for her to unlearn. Give me such a girl with a fair amount of brains and I can make her an efficient member of the chorus in ten days."

"How?"

"By the same system that I use

into gaps, but a shade less dainty in appearance than the 'A' girl. The 'C' girl is much like the 'A' girl, but smaller and younger, is, in fact, an undeveloped 'A' girl. She is likely to grow into an 'A' girl. She and the 'B' girl are very useful for the picture dances. The 'D' girl is a dancer. She is small, healthy and trained for vigorous dancing. Out West they call them ponies, in Chicago 'broilers.' If the 'D' girl remains small she has a profitable career before her. There is one working for me, Helen Mooney, who came to me when she was seven years old. That was ten years ago. Now she's seventeen and married to a stage carpenter and keeping house. Another 'D' came to me last summer. She is Alma Braham, of the musical Braham family. She had never been on the stage until she appeared in 'The Passing Show.' Now she is one of the best in the chorus.

"I engage all the girls and I never engage one until after the line up." His eye swept the imaginary line as a police captain reviews his patrolmen. I must explain to you that I spend twenty-five hundred dollars a year for an office in a Broadway building, and never get a dollar back from it, just for the purpose of keeping a directory of available girls for productions. Three clerks are kept at work on the card system, with alphabetically arranged, the names, addresses, experience or inexperience and description of the girls recorded."

"And age?" I supplemented.

The chorus king declined the amendment. "Not age," he said with a smile. "That is immaterial. I have eyes. Besides, I don't care how old or young she is. I only care how old or young she looks.

"The names are classified according to the rating we have established. There are four kinds of girl of the chorus: the 'A' type, a tall, good-looking girl, of brains, education and refinement, what we might call a 'well brought up' girl. There's a subdivision of this type. It is the road show girl. She is tall and good-looking, but has less apparent breeding. She will do for the road, but is not quite up to the standard of New York.

"The next grade, the 'B' girl, is a grown-up dancer. She has the attributes of the show girl, but can dance, too, which is very useful. She is good cement, filling nicely



Hall  
NED WAYBURN, "THE CHORUS KING"



White  
HELEN MOONEY  
Ideal type of eccentric dancer



White  
MABEL D'ELMAR  
Ideal type of natural dancer

useful. She is good cement, filling nicely

into gaps, but a shade less dainty in appearance than the 'A' girl. The 'C' girl is much like the 'A' girl, but smaller and younger, is, in fact, an undeveloped 'A' girl. She is likely to grow into an 'A' girl. She and the 'B' girl are very useful for the picture dances. The 'D' girl is a dancer. She is small, healthy and trained for vigorous dancing. Out West they call them ponies, in Chicago 'broilers.' If the 'D' girl remains small she has a profitable career before her. There is one working for me, Helen Mooney, who came to me when she was seven years old. That was ten years ago. Now she's seventeen and married to a stage carpenter and keeping house. Another 'D' came to me last summer. She is Alma Braham, of the musical Braham family. She had never been on the stage until she appeared in 'The Passing Show.' Now she is one of the best in the chorus.

"We pay every girl in the chorus twenty-five dollars a week. They used to receive twelve and fifteen. We do this to get and keep a good class of girls. I try to do that, to get girls who live at home and work hard. The girl of this class is much the better sort. She is a hard worker and ambitious."



White HELOISE SHEPPARD  
Ideal type of fancy dancer

"Why are chorus girls of so much better type than chorus men?"

"I suppose that is because it's a rather lazy life for a man and doesn't develop the best in him, though I have several very fine chaps in the chorus of the 'Honeymoon Express.' When I thought of giving a performance of understudies I selected a young man, college bred, of good family and refined tastes, to take Harry Fox's place. He played the part admirably."

"Then you are not of the school who say: 'Of what use are brains on the stage?' Members of the profession have often told me that!"

Ned Wayburn raised shoulders that are broad and skeptical.

"Brains are of use in every situation and profession in life. The more we have the better we succeed in anything."

"But how do you develop a chorus girl in ten days?" I prompted.

"First I line them up."

He had sat down again, but his eyes, gray, keen, the eyes of a business man one would have called them who did not know that the face in which they are set are those of a gifted stage director, swept the imaginary group. I arrange them exactly as though they were to appear that night on the stage. Usually I place the shortest one at one end of the line and graduate them until the tallest stands at the other end of the line. Or I place the shortest ones at the ends of the line and graduate their heights until the tallest is in the middle. That is so that they will look as though they were the same height from the front. This can be done so that, though there may be a head or more of difference in the heights of the tallest and shortest, they look of one height, whereas if the tallest happened to be placed next to the shortest, the difference would be strikingly apparent.

"I always ask them to remove their wraps and hats. I do this so that I may have a distinct picture of the girl. I can see whether she has a good figure and whether she is cross-eyed. Both of these defects would bar her because they would be apparent to the audience. Some of the girls come here with hats drawn low over their faces, with thick veils on, and even wearing glasses, but the glasses must come off. When I see there are no impediments of that sort I make my appraisal by asking them to walk across the stage.

"If a girl walks well or her carriage is sufficiently good and her face is intelligent enough to show that she will quickly learn how to walk well, there is a chance for her.

"When the required number and types have been chosen I call the roll in my own way. Standing before the chorus I point at each girl and say: 'What is your name?' 'O'Brien,' she may say, and I repeat the name distinctly. It makes a photograph on my brain. For some reason I never forget it. I have called the roll of two hundred strange girls in that way and remembered everyone by name. Years afterwards a girl may come up to me and say: 'You don't remember me.' 'I do,' I say, and surprise her by repeating the name. It is best to know their names and address them by them; it establishes a better working atmosphere.

"After choosing and naming, so to speak, the chorus I teach them the four walls of the stage: the 'front,' the 'left stage,' 'right stage,' and back wall or 'back stage.' I drill them to face each of these at command. The next commands are: 'Half left stage,' 'half right stage,' etc., which signifies that the line is to cut off a corner, so to speak, of the stage.

"The next step is to teach them to walk to music. I stand in the centre of the stage and the chorus forms around me in circles, the chorus men first, the show girls in the next circle, and the smallest members of the chorus in the last circle. The chorus men walk in one direction, the show girls the opposite, and the dancers in their outer circle in the same direction as the men. As they walk they count, the show girls 'beginning at one and counting to eight.' That gives the show girls twice as much time

and gives them the stately effect of their slower walk. This is the final test. If an applicant survives this she is likely to reach the opening night of the performances. Most of them learn quickly to walk to music, and whoever can learn to walk to music can dance. A few are hopelessly out of it. They have no notion of time. There is no rhythm in them. Now and then you meet a girl who is quite deaf. The



White Ned Wayburn in rehearsal costume and the chorus of "The Honeymoon Express"

lack of sense of rhythm is fatal. Such persons must be eliminated.

"Afterwards I teach them the movements of the picture dances —Delsartean movements.

(Continued on page vi)



White GLADYS BRESTON  
Ideal type of show girl

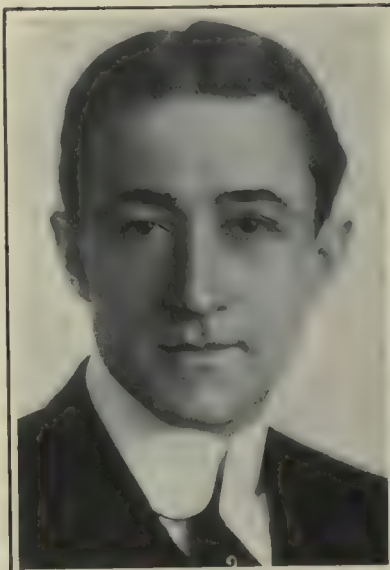
AMONG the most constant of the complaints lodged by

## A New Author-Actor-Director

One can tell them nothing—either they think there is nothing to know or else

professional critics and writers against the modern stage is that concerning the present dearth of competent stage-directors. Managers are frequently quoted as deploring the fact that so few young men of education and ability are willing to take up this interesting and profitable career. And again and again, in reviews of new plays, one finds actors criticized for faults which are obviously due to inadequate and unintelligent direction. It is not too much to say that poor direction can do more harm to a good play, and that good direction can be of more assistance to a poor one, than can poor or good acting.

In view of the importance of this matter to the modern drama, there is particular interest attached to the career of a young man who has recently come to the front and who promises to become a noteworthy factor in the American theatre—John Emerson, actor and playwright, and who, at the age of 35, holds the responsible position of general stage-director for Charles Frohman.



Bangs JOHN EMERSON

Mr. Emerson is an Ohioan by birth. His early ambition was to enter the Episcopalian ministry, but after several years in a theological seminary, he concluded that he had mistaken his vocation, and completed his college course at the University of Chicago. But it must be added that he was not born with the proverbial gold spoon—he worked, and worked hard, to secure an education for himself. After leaving college, there was no cessation of study; attracted by the stage, he taught literature and other branches in a school of acting in Chicago, meanwhile conducting a church choir there—for Mr. Emerson is a skilled musician—and himself taking lessons in the school in which he taught. After a year of this, he played a very small part with Tim Murphy—his first professional engagement—and at the end of the third performance was discharged “for incompetency.”

“I decided that I didn’t know enough to be an actor,” remarks Mr. Emerson, with a reminiscent smile. “So I came to New York and studied for three years more. To support myself I taught, staged amateur plays, and went on as a ‘super’ and ‘extra man’ in various productions. Sometimes I stand aghast at the calm assurance of the average young person—and some who are not so young; they seem to think that acting is a matter of—what shall I say?—inspiration? Luck? Special dispensation? That it requires no preparation, no study. Yet they would be among the first to laugh at a man who tried to paint without first studying drawing, colors and values; or at a would-be writer or musician who was ignorant of the first thing concerning the technique of writing or music.

they think they know everything already. Of course, not all actors are in this class, by any means; but there are far too many for the good of the stage.”

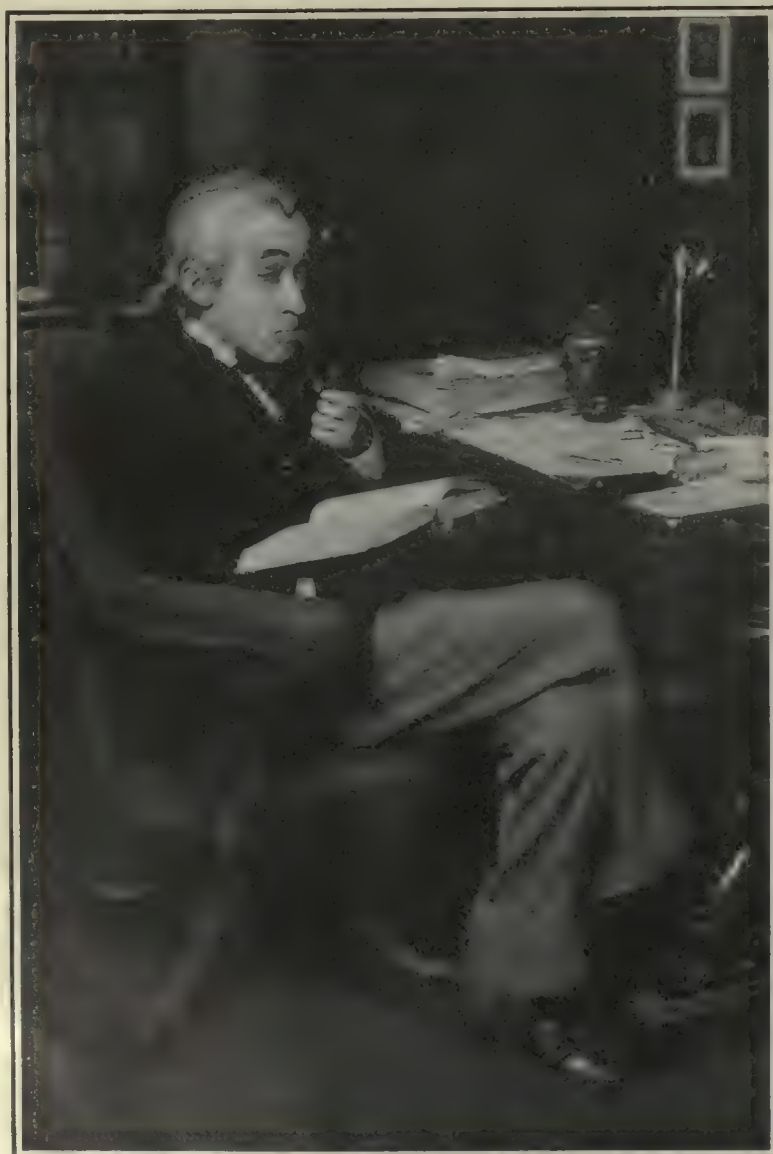
Mr. Emerson’s first New York engagement was as stage-manager for Bessie Tyree and Leo Dietrichstein, and he held this for two seasons, playing small parts also. Then followed a brief season with Mrs. Fiske, as stage-manager and understudy, and his long apprenticeship was over. A valuable professional association with the late Clyde Fitch began when he was engaged as stage-manager for the production of “The Truth.” In accordance with his custom, he understudied an important rôle—that of the mendacious old father—and played the part during the greater portion of the play’s run in New York and elsewhere. After the tragic death of Clara Bloodgood, he had a season with Mme. Nazimova, again as stage-manager, and having understudied several rôles, in a short time was playing such parts as Riccardi, in “Comtesse Coquette”; Krogstadt in “A Doll’s House” and the doddering husband in “Hedda Gabler.” Of his work in the last

named part, Nazimova said in a letter to the present writer: “He is the best Tesman I have ever had.”

The following season, Mr. Emerson assisted in staging “The Blue Mouse,” and when Mr. Fitch died, he was chosen, as the man most familiar with the author’s methods, to put on “The City.” After a season as general stage-director for the Messrs. Shubert, during which he appeared in the support of Marietta Olly, a German actress of brief career here, and also produced

and played the leading rôle in “The Watcher,” Mr. Emerson joined the Frohman forces. He staged “The Runaway” for Miss Burke, “The Attack” for John Mason, “Bella Donna” for Nazimova, and various other plays, and managed to find time to collaborate with Hilliard Booth and Cora Maynard on “The Bargain,” and with Robert Baker on “The Conspiracy,” the latter one of the pronounced successes of this season. The former play was produced at a special matinee, and two managers have offered to star Mr. Emerson in a rewritten version of it; he has thus far refused, preferring to remain with Mr. Frohman. As an actor, he has established himself by his character study of the eccentric newspaper writer in “The Conspiracy.” His talent appears to lie in parts requiring sardonic humor rather than straight comedy, and subtlety rather than force; though in various rôles he has been successful in depicting nervous, hysterical types. It is in his capacity as director, however, that the representative of THE THEATRE found him most willing to talk.

“I have remarked on the dis-



Copyright Chas. Frohman  
John Emerson as Winthrop Clavering in “The Conspiracy”



Strauss-Peyton

JULIE OPP

This well-known actress has been appearing this season as Portia, in William Faversham's production of "Julius Caesar"



James & Bushnell  
FRANKLYN UNDERWOOD  
Playing in "What Happened to Mary"



White  
LOUISE LE BARON  
Appearing as Alan-a-Dale in "Robin Hood"



Sarony  
CLAUDE FLEMMING  
Appearing as Dr. Berncastler in "The Merry Countess"

like many actors have for being 'told,' he said, in the course of a much interrupted interview in his dressing-room at the Garrick Theatre. "And you ask me where, in my opinion, they can learn the rudiments, at least, of their profession. Well, I believe in schools of acting; at all events, theoretically. We have at present several good ones, which are doing all that could be expected of them under a commercial system. Schools of acting should not be conducted on a commercial basis any more than should other schools; like the colleges and universities, they should be endowed. If some of our millionaires who profess an interest in the drama would stop endowing theatres and would give their surplus change toward establishing a school something on the order of the Paris Conservatoire, they would be performing a genuine service to the theatre.

"I do not mean to say that the ability to act—the initial ability, the imagination, the personality, can be given by a school; but certainly one should be taught, whatever his or her native ability may be, what to study, and why, and how. There are so many things to be learned. And not the least of these is the necessity for taking direction; some actors never learn that. I have not a very high opinion of the modern stock company as a training

school; the average stock actor falls into very bad artistic habits, principally through lack of time and lack of direction. Still, for a year or so—not longer—it does give a certain amount of experience, all of which is not harmful. The best thing, to my mind, that a young actor or actress can do is to try for a small position with a good company and under-study one or more of the leading parts. And if an ambitious young man will take up stage management he will learn in a year more about the practical side of the theatre than he will learn in ten seasons of acting. And he will be a better actor for

such experience, and far more valuable to managers.

"To me the stage is very practical, not at all a place for theorizing, either in acting or in plays. For instance, I believe that 'The Watcher' was a good play, but it was propaganda and was not successful. Plays should not propound theories, or even facts, which are not already a part of the public mind.

"Look at the success of the modern 'crook' play; before all these theories concerning criminality were made a part of the public consciousness, through popular books, magazines and newspapers, can you imagine such plays being successful? 'The Witching Hour' came at a time when people were perfectly familiar with the ideas it exploited, while plays just as good have gone to the wall because people do not care for unfamiliar ideas in the theatre. The stage is not the place for propounding new theories; it is, I should say, the place for explanation and visualization of ideas already familiar. And also, for entertainment always, of one kind or another," he added, as a wave of laughter from the audience came through the open door of the dressing-room.

A moment later Mr. Emerson, in his cleverly conceived make-up, was listening to a scene from the wings—alert and watchful in his triple capacity of author, actor and director. An impression of nervous energy, of active mentality and well-developed, well-controlled imagination, is always present, together with what one of his fellow-workers described as a certain "sweet reasonableness" of disposition.

"And you might add, please," Mr. Emerson whispered, with a twinkle in his eyes, as he prepared to make his entrance, "that I am probably unique among playwrights and actors and directors to-day in *not* wishing to have a theatre named after me or to build one of my own!" ANNE PEACOCK.



Sarony  
FRANCES REEVES  
Recently seen as Lady Cudworth in  
"Disraeli"



White  
ANN SWINBURNE  
Appearing in "The Count of Luxembourg"





FRIEDA HEMPEL, THE NEW COLORATURA SOPRANO OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Fräulein Hempel was born in Leipsic, Germany, in 1886. From her earliest childhood she gave remarkable promise as a singer. At twenty she made her début at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Later she was heard all over Europe in the leading rôles of the operatic repertoire. She was first heard in New York, on December 27th last, as Marguerite de Valois in "The Huguenots"

# The Dancer

Illustrated by Mlle. Lydia Lopoukowa



Listen to the dreamy music  
With its rhythmic rise and fall,  
With its strange seductive beating  
Like an oft-repeated call;  
Can you hear it and resist it—  
Does it not your heart enthrall?

When I hear it thus entreating,  
It is like a magic spell  
Binding fast my helpless spirit  
In a way I cannot tell,  
Though it often sounds within me  
Like a solemn-tolling bell.

And I feel my body yielding,  
Bending, swaying, like a flower  
That doth answer to the breezes  
Or a gently falling shower,  
Rhythmically moving, swaying,  
As though urged by secret power.

Light my feet are as a thistle  
Scarcely touching the dull ground  
As in time to the soft beating  
Of the music, round and round  
In a strange and mystic figure,  
They are circling without sound.

Steadily the rhythm quickens,  
And responsive to the note  
Faster sways my supple body,  
Pliant grace from foot to throat,  
Dancing lightly as a flower  
On some eddy set afloat;

While my senses, unresisting,  
Yield to languorous delight,  
Knowing naught but joy and movement  
And the magic of the night,  
Hearing naught but throbbing music  
Urging on to wilder flight.

Keeping time to the mad measure  
Swifter fly my sandaled feet,  
While around me, coiling, twisting,  
Like a thing with life replete,  
Curves my veil of spangled silver  
Shimmering as with desert heat.

Bending, swaying, backward, forward,  
Turning in a giddy maze,  
Round and round in swifter circles  
Whirling, twirling, in a daze,  
Faster, faster, madly spinning  
To the music's madder phrase.

On in frenzied exultation—  
With my brain and heart on fire,  
Nothing thinking, nothing wishing,  
Save with limbs that never tire,  
Thus to dance and dance forever  
In a passion of desire!

DEAN CARRA.





Graham Photo Co.

The garrison at San Diego hailing the return of Don Gaspar de Portola from Monterey

## California's Mission Theatre

THE second season of California's "Mission Play" at San Gabriel, on the outskirts of Los Angeles, has proved a success beyond all expectations, and judging by the crowds that have flocked from all parts of the State to this unique theatre, Frank A. Miller, of Riverside, and those who have aided him in its presentation, have devised a spectacle that will endure year after year and eventually be to California what the Passion Play is to Oberammergau.

For several years, Santa Barbara, Monterey and Carmel-by-the-Sea have attracted tremendous crowds of sightseers with their historical street pageants, glorifying the picturesque early mission days of California. But it remained for wide-awake Los Angeles to build a real Mission Theatre and to find a poet and historian who could write an impressive "Mission Play" that presented not only a brilliant spectacle but at the same time told an interesting, a gripping story. John Steven McGroarty is the author and his play is divided into three parts—first, the dream of colonization, early pioneer struggles, hardships and disappointments; second, realization of the dream, dominance of Spanish rule, the missions' ascendancy, conversion of the Indians, gay social life of Monterey and third, the dream broken, missions forsaken, and last of the early Franciscan Padres.

So successful, in fact, was the first production last April that it was decided to give Mr. McGroarty's pageant drama annually. It will be presented during several months each year, when the tourist season is at its height and is likely to continue a big attraction, for the beautiful stage pictures will give the stranger to our shores a better idea of the powerful faith, the privations, the struggles, the sacrifices, the hopes and the aspirations of the early Franciscan Fathers than if he reads a dozen of the books about the missions that are for sale in every book store and hotel.



The first baptism in California of an Indian child



Indian War Dance on the shores of San Diego Bay



Indian dancers in Act II of the Mission Play

The unique playhouse in which this pageant is presented is designed on the architectural lines of the old Spanish missions and stands across the street from the Mission San Gabriel, which was built in 1771. About the walls of the theatre are crude decorations, such as the Indians designed under the instruction of the Franciscan Fathers. The rafters are wound with rope, and antique ornaments and books given an air of historic reality. The lighting is by great chapel candles and crude iron lanterns. The windows are of stained glass. The Mission Theatre will do more to acquaint the world with the life work of the Franciscan Padres than all the mute ruins scattered through the State.

H. F. STOLL.

# ROBERT HILLIARD, *sauvé*, polished, yet

## Robert Hilliard—a Versatile Actor

In this the critics who witnessed his professional début in "False

Shame" at the Criterion Theatre in Brooklyn, a playhouse which, by the way, he built and owned in consequence of success in his vocation as great as that in his avocation.

New York saw him first at the Standard Theatre, whose site is now occupied by a department store. The play was "A Daughter of Ireland." His part was Richard Sweeney. Georgia Cayvan, fascinating and ill-fated, played the title rôle. Charles Frohman was his manager, and a small, quiet-mannered man, whose black curls framed a pale face from which shone deep, dark eyes, a man who looked like a poet, was the stage manager. Fame afterward named him in her roll call. It was David Belasco. The year was 1886.

Soon he became leading man for Mrs. Langtry, then in the bloom of her first popularity and playing in the most fashionable of the city's theatres, the Fifth Avenue.

Successively he created the leading rôles Mr. Barnes in "Mr. Barnes of New York," Perry Bascom in "Blue Jeans," Gen. Delaroché in "Paul Kavour," Johan in "The Pillars of Society," Victor Stanton in "The White Squadron." He created leading parts in "Elaine," "The Golden Giant," "A Possible Case," "Lara," "Across the Potomac," "Captain Paul," and in his own drama "Adrift." Jointly he starred with Paul Arthur in "The Nominee" and "The Sleep Walker." To London he went with his virile impersonation of Mr. Van Bibber in "The Littlest Girl," of which he gave in this country and in England more than 500 performances. He was the star of "The Mummy" and "A New Yorker," and his vogue reached its zenith when as the Earl of Woodstock he knocked out the professional boxer in the club scene of the Drury Lane melodrama "Sporting Life." As Jim Bludso, based upon Secretary of State Hay's Pike County Ballads, in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "That Man and I" and

striking always the truly manly note, is proof that amateur experience cannot ruin a good actor. Mr. Hilliard served as long in amateur art as Jacob toiled for the lovely maiden he met at the well. The amazing fact is that he waxed a strong player of manly types despite so inauspicious a beginning.

Wall Street was his vocation, the drawing-room stage his avocation. After he had been graduated from Bishop's College, in Lenoxville, Canada, and New York College, he went into brokerage, believing it was his mission to cause tremors of excitement on the neurotic highway. But he reckoned without that interfering muse, Thespis; also without those attractive girls in Brooklyn's exclusive set who, whenever they descried Hilliard's shapely head so well set on magnificent shoulders, and the figure that conformed to the classic wedge of manly beauty, said: "Wouldn't he look just splendid as the hero at our next benefit?"

Mr. Hilliard, ever a ladies' man, to whom a smile was as powerful as a gatling gun, yielded at every siege. For seven years he was a star in the amateur clubs of Brooklyn society. Associate stars were Edith Kingdon, who became Mrs. George Gould, Elita Proctor Otis and Percy G. Williams.

But there was an amateur experience that antedated even that brilliant period. His first appearance was the occasion of the joint début of sweet little Marie Hubert and himself, in a one-act play written by Miss Hubert's father and acted before admiring friends and relatives in the parent's drawing room. The male and female stars fell madly in love with each other and openly declared their intention to marry and go upon the professional stage. Alas, for the insecurity of human hopes! The architect playwright, Philip Hubert, is dead. The female star married another. She is now Mrs. Gustave Frohman. Elderly counsels prevailed! The amateur Romeo and Juliet parted in tears. Neither of them was yet ten years of age.

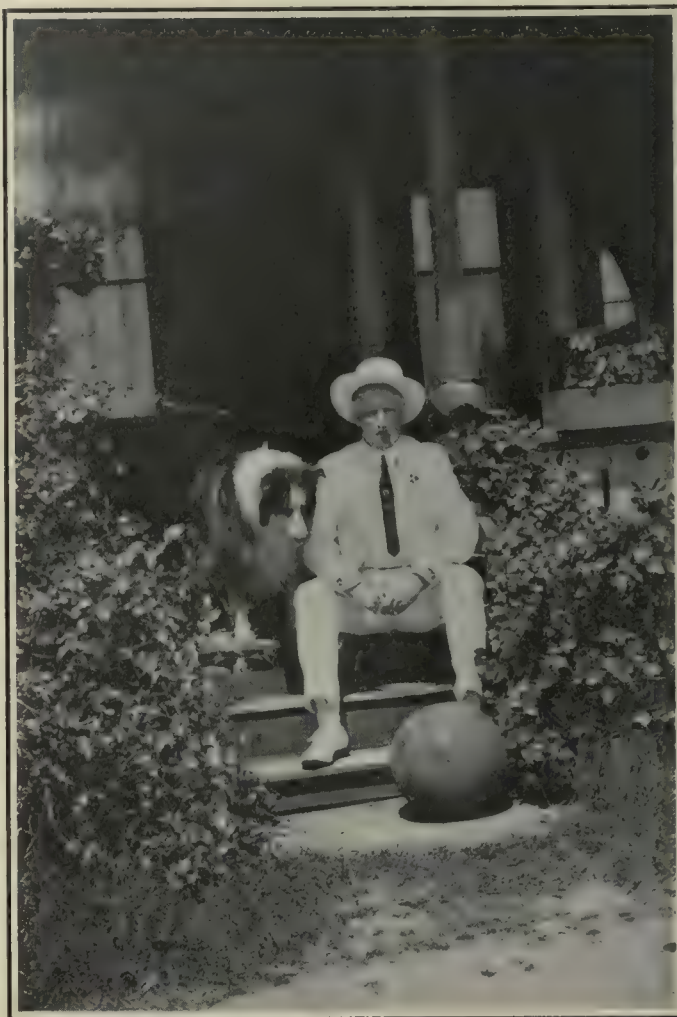
His plans for a broker's career were made, I have said, without reckoning with the prettiest girls of Brooklyn. But there was one older, more world-taught, a little sad, a woman with marvellous eyes and voice, who cast the die of his future. At a Sunday afternoon reception the young man saw a majestic figure clad in a loose, long gown enter the room and move across it with the majesty of an empress.

"Matilda Herron," whispered one of those who always know. The young man was presented, and she looked at him with her curling eyes and said in her unforgettable voice: "If you had curls on your forehead I would love you."

"I might use curling irons," suggested the youth.

"Don't be frivolous, young man," she rebuked. "You look like John Wilkes Booth. I carry his picture in my bosom and when he died they found my picture over his heart. We will never talk of it again but come to see me. You should go upon the stage."

Thus it was that an accident of resemblance secured for Robert Hilliard an ideal training. For four years the great actress set before him her own splendid ideals, imbued him with her masterful technique. Never was young actor better schooled.



ROBERT HILLIARD AND HIS DOG, "MR. VON BIBBER"

"Wheels within Wheels," and as the original express robber in the Belasco play, "The Girl of the Golden West," he was continuously active.

As a pioneer he made a successful excursion into the land of vaudeville, appearing in his own dramatization of "The Littlest Girl," in "As a Man Sows," "The Man Who Won the Pool," and "973," a sketch of a convict character. Four years ago he produced in New York "A Fool There Was," founded upon Kipling's poem of that title. He was the co-author of the play, which gave him the opportunity for the fulfilment of his ambition, for in it he played three distinct phases of one man, running the gamut of acting possibilities. He gave 1,200 performances of the drama, playing it from coast to coast. Followed "The Avalanche," originally known as "The River of Chance and Change."

This season he has established his claim, "A detective can be a gentleman" in the play "The Argyle Case," rehearsed under the supervision of the famous gentleman sleuth, William J. Burns.

More than a quarter of a century of varied experience, largely successful, has left Mr. Hilliard as much in love with the stage as in his first year of boyish exuberance at its novel charm. A. P.



Photos White

1. Georgia O'Ramey in "The Switchboard." 2. Holbrook Blinn in "Fear." 3. Fanny Hartz, Holbrook Blinn and Willette Kershaw in "Fancy Free." 4. Willette Kershaw as the outcast in "Any Night." 5. Frances Larrimore, Edward Ellis Harrison Ford, Willette Kershaw and John Stokes in "Any Night"

**SCENES IN THE FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS PRESENTED AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE**

A new theatre was recently dedicated, in West 35th St., New York, to the production of one-act plays. The auditorium is very small, seating less than three hundred, and the plays are of a nature to appeal to adults only



Photos Apeda

Rudolf's arrival at Ruritania  
SCENES IN THE FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"



The King ignores his ministers

## Leading Managers Join "The Movies"



White  
MARC KLAW  
Of Klaw and Erlanger,  
who are about to enter  
the moving picture  
field

According to figures given to the Chicago correspondent of the New York Times by Alvin B. Giles, treasurer of a Western Motion Picture concern, the growth of the business in the last few years has been simply phenomenal. He says:

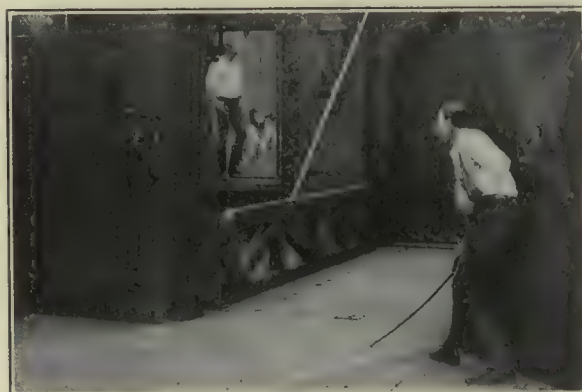
"At the present time the American people are spending \$500,000 daily on motion picture shows. Every day in the United States more than 5,000,000 persons go to see moving picture shows, and on an average each person usually stays an hour. There are at least 20,000 of these moving picture-show houses in the United States, and the number increases at the rate of thirty to seventy a week. There are in the United States 500,000 persons engaged directly or indirectly in the moving picture business, which represents an investment of \$200,000,000."

No thoughtful observer can deny the fact that "the movies" have come to be a tremendous factor, either for good or evil, in the mental development of the rising generation. Their popularity is easily explained. It is a cheap form of entertainment. It appeals to every purse. It requires no great tax on the mental powers. Are these pictures an influence for good? That is another question which only time can answer. Some critics think that unless the standard of the pictures is raised public taste, never very high with us, will sink to a still lower level. That all the moving pictures thrown on the screen in the average cinematograph auditorium are a force for good, few will pretend. Many of the "plays" pictured are childish. Usually they are either lurid melodrama of the dime-novel order or so-called "comedies," so inept as to make one weep. The acting

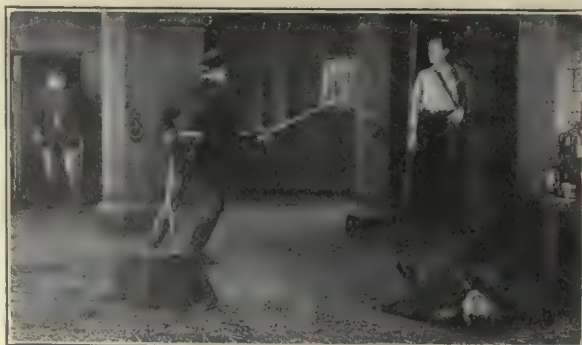
THE popularity of the moving picture as a form of public amusement, far from being on the wane, is increasing by feverish leaps and bounds. Each day the cinematograph enterprises grow in importance and attract more capital.



Rudolf going to his coronation as King



Rudolf witnesses Rupert's escape from Antoinette's room after the murder of Duke Mickael



Rudolf seeking the King at Zenda

is often crude and exaggerated, the grouping clumsily managed, the stage setting in execrable taste. How different the better films, with their admirable acting and grouping, careful and correct costuming, remarkable *mise-en-scène*, and above all their coherent interesting story! Some excellent films are made in this country, and capable players pose

for them, but apparently there are not enough of them to go round for we see them all too seldom. The pictures that have real educational

value, those showing various phases of the world's every-day life—canal building, arctic climbing, hunting in the jungle, troops on the march, breaking bronchos on the plains, yacht and automobile races, etc.—these are not only of great interest, but are instructive as well. If more of this sort of picture could be shown to offset the pernicious effect of the silly, immoral pictures the future of "the movies" as a new form of public amusement would be more hopeful. A move in the right direction has been made by some of the leading theatrical producers, who, realizing that the moving picture constitutes a growing menace to their interests, have taken the bull by the horns and invaded the field as a formidable rival. The Famous Players Company, headed by Daniel Frohman, is already in the field with its films of famous plays, and now Klaw and Erlanger announce their intention of entering the business on a big scale, producing films made from their successful plays. By means of these feature films, made in a huge studio specially built for that purpose, attractions will be furnished for the many theatres throughout the Klaw and Erlanger and Shubert circuits. The organization will be known as the Protective Amusement Company and will include Al. Woods and others. It is the purpose to release two plays per week, and service will be ready by the first Monday in September next, as by that time over one hundred plays will



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DANIEL FROHMAN  
Managing Director of  
the Famous Players  
Film Co.

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White

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

This well-known actress will be seen, beginning in the fall, in a repertoire of classic and standard comedies, including "The School for Scandal," "Madame Sans Gêne," "As You Like It," "Trilby," etc.

have been made up and ready for shipment, thus insuring a change of bill twice a week and a continuous service of one year.

The moving-picture play, when presented with the same care and given the same artistic staging, and with players of equal merit enacting the various episodes that go to make the drama, is in a sense more effective than the same play produced on the stage in the ordinary way. For, whereas in the regular stage play connecting episodes are merely hinted at and referred to offhand in the course of the dialogue, in the same carefully-produced moving-picture play all these essential parts that help to make the main story are shown as actually happening, and the audience sees every link in the drama chain becoming a living part of the play—an actual on-looker of every scene in the drama. The play thus becomes more real.

It is hard to believe this if you are not a "movie" fan. It was hard for this writer to see it at first. But after witnessing the Famous Players' Film Company's elaborate production of "The Prisoner of Zenda," with James K. Hackett as the Red Elphberg—which is the first big production of this concern—he was convinced.

Daniel Frohman, who made the original production of "The Prisoner of Zenda," with E. H. Sothorn, in the old Lyceum Theatre on September 4, 1895, and revived the piece on February 10, 1896, with James K. Hackett in the title rôle, has himself produced the play for the moving-picture screen. He says that this screen revival is far superior to the original production; and who ought to know better? Mr. Hackett is equally enthusiastic over it. Why not, when he knows that long after he has shuffled off this mortal coil he still will continue to be seen as an actor by countless millions throughout the ages, instead of, as formerly has been the case with great dramatic stars, merely to twinkle in the faded memories of but a few soon to follow into the great Beyond, or to rest impassively in cold, gray type and print in book pages? Truly, the moving picture is the living chronicle of the stage.

It would seem that every great thing in the world comes of a dream. Inventors dream their discoveries, musicians dream their compositions, painters their pictures, and so on. Two years ago, Adolph Zukor, who had been in the moving-picture business but a very short time, dreamed of producing on the screen big dramatic successes, enacted by players of the highest rank. To others it was but the wildest of dreams. But this enterprising newcomer, who almost overnight had risen from the very bottom form of amusement enterprise to a position of wealth and power, felt differently. He had seen the people—the great army of "common people"—nibbling at the "movies" as eagerly as a fish seizing bait. He had been so close to the people that he knew what kind of bait to give them. Only eight years ago Marcus Loew, the "Movie King," induced Mr. Zukor to abandon a furrier's shop in East Fourteenth Street to buy an interest in a penny arcade around the corner in Third Avenue. Together, they soon acquired a string of penny arcades, and the coppers

came in so fast that they became more ambitious amusement purveyors, and started small moving-picture shows. Before they knew it they were millionaires.

Not until he related his plan to Daniel Frohman did Mr. Zukor see its realization begin to take shape. Mr. Frohman, a manager of wide experience, at once recognized the possibilities of the idea and then was formed the Famous Players Film Company, which was duly incorporated in March, 1912, with Mr. Zukor as president; Mr. Frohman as managing director; and Edwin S. Porter, long associated with Thomas A. Edison in the making of moving pictures, as technical director.

Mr. Porter was the first man to tell a complete story with moving pictures. That was in 1900, when he made the film of "The Life of the American Fireman" for the Edison people. This original story-telling moving-picture reel began with the fireman's home, where he was seen kissing his wife and baby good-by. Then, successively the pictures showed his arrival at the fire-house, sitting at the chief's desk later at night, dozing off and having a vision of his wife and child, the child saying her prayers at the bedside; the fireman awakens and there is a shift to the bedroom, showing the mother putting the child to bed; shift, lamp upset; shift, fire-alarm box pulled at the street corner; shift, inside the firehouse, showing the firemen sliding down the poles and hitching the horses; shift to bedroom, mother unconscious from smoke; shift, fire engines tearing through the street; shift, arrival at chief's own home; putting ladder up with the rescue of wife, and then the child. This was the first complete story told in



Scene in a moving picture made by the Eclair Company, Fort Lee, N. Y., showing the hero reading his favorite publication, THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

moving pictures, just thirteen years ago. Mr. Porter followed it with "The Train Robbery" and "The Life of a Cowboy," each telling a complete story.

The first pictures to be made by the Famous Players' Film Company were those of Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," which were shown on the screen last June. These were made in the Eclipse Studio, in Paris, last May, while the "Divine Sarah" was playing the piece in her theatre. For posing for this picture Bernhardt received \$20,000. The next films to be made were those of James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo." Then came the pictures of James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Whereas there were five scenes in the original "Prisoner of Zenda" play, in the moving pictures there are 103 scenes, with twenty-eight separate interior stage settings, and twenty-three separate exterior settings. These scenes include ten of the largest settings ever used in an indoor motion-picture studio, such as the Cathedral, showing the Coronation, with 250 persons in the scene; a German street scene, showing the Coronation parade with 300 persons; the court in front of the Cathedral, showing parade, with 200 persons; ballroom at the Coronation, having 150 persons in it; the exterior of the castle, showing a moat filled with water, over which hangs a drawbridge; and the interior of the great hall of the castle, showing wonderful depth. No stage production, not even the great

(Continued on page vii)



## Mascagni's Opera "Parisina"

THE drama "Parisina," written by Gabriele d'Annunzio last year, has been set to music by Mascagni, and will be seen next autumn, probably at the Scala in Milan. Speaking of this work, Mascagni recently expressed his satisfaction that the whole drama was given into his hands complete, so that on beginning to compose the music the idea of the author in its integrity lay before him. This, he declared, had occurred only once before. "Radcliffe," also, was finished when he began to write the music. As a rule, authors give an incomplete work or one that they alter from time to time. The enormous advantage of the first method is obvious, but every poet has not the genius of a d'Annunzio nor the fecundity which presents new work to him as soon as or even before he has finished one.

The tragic story of Parisina is known to English readers by Byron's poem, written in 1816, founded on Frizzi's account in his history of Ferrara and on the curt notice of Gibbon in "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick," and which he concludes in these words, referring to the execution of Parisina and her stepson by order of their respective husband and father: "He was unfortunate, if they were guilty; if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate, nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve that last act of the justice of a parent."

Byron gives a very meagre outline of the pitiful story while d'Annunzio relates in full the whole history, elaborating it with poetic license.

Parisina lived in the first half of the fifteenth century and was of that noble house of Malatesta to which had also belonged the ill-fated Francesca of Rimini, immortalized by Dante. The family, once rich and powerful, had fallen on evil days and Parisina's brothers had become freebooters in France. When Nicholas III (the Arzo of Byron), Lord of Ferrara and Marquis d'Este, asked for their sister's hand, on the death of his first wife, they hastened gladly to grant his request. Parisina went an unwilling and unloving bride to her husband's arms. He was a typical petty sovereign of the period. A humanist, a cultivated man of letters, generous and suspicious, lascivious and cruel, Parisina, so legend tells us, was of unusual beauty. Golden hair, blue eyes fringed with long black lashes, crowned a form of unusual development and elegance.

Nicholas had a son, Hugo, by a former mistress to whom he was passionately attached, and it piqued his self-love and fatherly pride to see that Parisina took the popular attitude of dislike toward a stepson, not perhaps to be wondered at considering the circumstances of his birth.

She was to go on a journey to Loreto, and Nicholas, in the hope, as some think, that propinquity might be successful in bringing his wife and son together, or to verify suspicions recently formed, as others imagine, sent Hugo and a number of armed followers as a part of her train. This is the second act of d'Annunzio's tragedy. The scene represents the primitive Sanctuary with its statue of the Virgin in black cedar wood. In the background, a wood of wild laurels and the Adriatic. This act is full of heroic action, for the poet depicts the assault of the Schiavoni on the Sanctuary, and this war-like scene is followed by a duet between Hugo, who has been wounded, and Parisina, the pair by this time having become lovers. This duet is of sublime beauty.

On their return to Ferrara, Zooes, a servant and spy of Nicholas, who has been in the confidence of one of Parisina's maidens, determined to make sure of the suspicions he had formed before reporting them to his master.

To effect this he made an opening in the ceiling above the matrimonial chamber of his mistress and had ocular proof of the truth of his doubts. When Nicholas heard the story he resolved to have personal certainty, and concealing himself behind a



Moffett

JOSEPHINE BROWN

Recently seen as Lady Emsworth in "The Woman of It"

curtain, caught the guilty pair *in flagrante delicto*. His rage at his wife's infidelity and his son's treachery was terrible. They were instantly arrested and with them a gentleman and lady of the court, Aldobrandino Rangoni and Madama Violante, as well as two of Parisina's maidens, as being accessory to the crime. This was on May 18. The trial began immediately. Ferrara was divided in its opinion. Of the two parties, the most numerous condemned the accused, the others tried to find excuses. The lovers were sentenced to death as was Messer Rangoni, who strenuously defended them, but Madonna Violante and the two maids were liberated.

On May 21, only three days after the discovery, they were led out to die. Hugo was beheaded first and then came the turn of Parisina. By Nicholas' express orders the latter was led to her doom by Zooes, the informer, as he wished to satiate his vengeance by a detailed account of her terrors and sufferings. Blindfolded and clad in her gala robes she stumbled along, not knowing what was to be the manner of her death. Tremblingly she asked if she were to be thrown into the deep well in the castle of sinister renown as the tomb of many before her. When she was told that she was to be decapitated and learned that



Theodor Rocholl as the King's son.  
Ernest Benzinger as the Robber  
Count (left centre)



Florence Winston as the Nun.  
Josef Klein as the King  
(right centre)

Hugo had already suffered the same penalty, she cried: "Now it matters not to me to die."

Her advent at the place of execution was made known to her when Zooes came to a standstill and she heard the murmur of the assembled crowd. With her own hands she removed her jewels and handed them to the servant. Then in a voice of mingled sweetness and firmness she said: "Support me now, Zooes, to the scaffold, for I, being blindfold, cannot see." The priest approached, to whom she made a short confession, and then the executioner drew near to bind her hands behind her back. As he seized one she knew the last moment had come, and raising the other she made a sign of farewell to the people, thus with noble resignation taking leave of her subjects and of life. The bodies of Parisina. Hugo and Rangoni were buried in the cemetery of a convent.

The unhappy father forgot to demand particulars of his wife's sufferings and asked only about his son. In a paroxysm of raging grief he tore wildly about the palace, calling on Hugo with sobs and cries. Later on he wrote an account of the executions and sent it to various states, hoping thus to vindicate his



Madame Carmi as the Madonna  
CHARACTERS IN "THE MIRACLE," RECENTLY AT THE PARK THEATRE

action. Also he decreed the deaths of several women, unfaithful to their husbands, and had them executed. A curious proceeding on the part of a man of his notoriety as the seducer of many wives. This is necessarily a prosaic and short account of the great tragedy.

Mascagni was so impressed by the grandeur and beauty of d'Annunzio's rendering that he confessed he began in great trepidation to put it to music. He has worked at it for months in his lovely villa in the so-called new quarter of Rome, but it is a site hallowed by the memory of Sallust and other great Romans who lived and wrote on the same spot long centuries ago. Many besides the master think that the choruses sung by the peasants in the second act will be one of the most effective parts of the opera. D'Annunzio

has introduced there many excerpts from the Church liturgy, such as the Regina Coeli, the Salve Regina, the Ave Maria Stella, the Litany of Loreto. These, after much consideration and advice from a clerical friend and musician he is proposing to set to music on Gregorian lines, to the ancient melodies used for hundreds of years to the same words.

ROMANUS.

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*Lillian Nordica*

## Handling Humanity in the Mass

(Continued from page 147)

They next memorize the words, then the music, and last I 'routine' the steps and movements of all the numbers. There are usually twenty-four in a production."

"What is the last finishing touch at the rehearsal before the opening?"

"I make them a little speech. I say to them: 'Forget anything unpleasant that has happened. I have been cross sometimes, but forget that. Feel happy, be happy, and do your best. That's all anyone can do.' After giving them that little jolly I stand in the wing and they all smile and shake my hand. The right feeling is established for an enthusiastic first night."

"How long do you rehearse a chorus?"

"Two hours in the morning. Three in the afternoon, and three at night. For five weeks." Verily the life of a chorus girl is not one of ease.

The King of the chorus, it was designed by his father, who was a manufacturer of Pittsburgh and afterwards of Atlanta, to become himself a manufacturer. He was made secretary of the company, but in the panic of '93 the failure overtook the firm. He left the works and became an assistant manager of a hotel in Chicago. That he decided after a month's trial was worse than sitting pen in hand counting profits. He went to that departed saint of the yearning and undiscovered, Col. John Hopkins, and said: "I have been connected with amateur clubs and been managing entertainments in them for years. I want to try a little professional entertaining."

"What can you do?"

"I can play the piano, sing and dance. But the best thing I do is ragtime."

"What's that?" asked the big Colonel.

He explained "syncopated music."

"Don't think they'd like it," said the Colonel. "But you can try it on 'em Sunday night."

Billed as "Ned Wayburn, the Greatest of Amateur Entertainers, with a long list of his clubs following," he made his debut at Col. Hopkins's theatre. He played Mendelssohn's Wedding March as it was written, then syncopated it. With a piece of paper under his feet at the piano, tapping the paper as he played, he explained the fragmentary music of the dark-faced natives of the South. The novelty won. The young man was engaged at twenty-five dollars a week to continue his exposition of ragtime. Soon his salary reached one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Whereupon he, with the intrepidity of youth, he came to conquer New York. It all but conquered him. A dragging spring of inaction and emptying pockets and a friend, now the treasurer of a Broadway Theatre, a fellow victim of a cheap theatrical boarding house said: "I know May Irwin a little. I'll ask her to hear you play."

They went to the hotel, found the sunny haired comedienne dining with her sons, lured her from the table and a half finished dinner, by the siren notes from the South. Ned Wayburn played for hours, played until his repertoire of Southern songs was exhausted. The next night, at the Bijou, she sang one of the songs, *Syncopated Sammy*. Ned Wayburn accompanying her at the piano because the orchestra refused to play "such balderdash." That night ragtime became the fashion in the metropolis.

Mr. Wayburn remained with Miss Irwin for a season, placed the Minstrel Misses on the New York Roof one season, "The Rain Dears" the next. Was stage director for Klaw & Erlanger for five years, served in the same capacity for the Shuberts for a similar time. Eventually he will take a theatre of his own, where we will see Wayburnian dances and hear Wayburnian songs, enjoy Wayburnian productions, owned as well as directed by Ned Wayburn.

MARY MORGAN.

Ethel Charlotte Mantell, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Robert B. Mantell, the Shakespearean actor, has made her professional debut on the stage, and, singularly enough, she appeared in the same theatre where her father made his first American appearance. Mr. Mantell came to this country in 1878, and was seen on the American stage for the first time when he appeared in support of Mme. Modjeska at the old Leland Opera House in Albany, N. Y.

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**THE MOVIES**

(Continued from page 158)

spectacles that have been put on the stage in the last few years has more substantial settings and is made with more care as to mounting and scenic effects. Many thousands of dollars were spent on a scene to be used only ten minutes, the time it required to arrange and take the picture! After that the setting is never used again, as in the case of a stage drama, and yet it is even more solidly and expensively made. It required five weeks to produce "The Prisoner of Zenda" on the screen. During this time before one picture was taken—just a small part of a single scene—it sometimes was rehearsed for two hours. Every picture was posed over and over again from seven to twenty-five times before it finally was taken.

The actors do not have to learn any lines, but are told the story-action of each scene. Their part is to act. In Mr. Hackett's support in the film production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" were Minna Gale Haynes as Antoinette de Mauban, Walter Hale as Rupert of Hentzau, Frazer Coulter as Colonel Sapt, David Torrence as Black Michael, Beatrice Beckley as Princess Flavia, William Randall as Fritz von Torlenheim, Frank Shannon as Detchard, and seventy-five other characters. For "supers" they had equally as famous society folk. A number of young society women, friends of Mr. Frohman, thought it would be fun to appear as supers, so as later to be able to see themselves on the screen. Of course, only their friends and those who know them well recognize them, and so long as Mr. Frohman promised to keep silent as to their names they did not care. Certainly no production ever was made on the stage with such an array of supers. There were a number of society beaux, too. Among the men who acted as supers were Evert Jansen Wendell, who also played a small part in one picture, and Frank E. Richards, the architect. These society folk all appeared in the scene of the Coronation Ball.

The next production to be made is Ethel Barrymore in one of her greatest successes. Then will follow productions of William Faversham and Julie Opp in "Julius Cæsar," and of Blanche Bates, Mrs. Lily Langtry, Henry E. Dixey, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Mrs. Fiske, and many others in their greatest successes. W. P. D.

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**DAMAGED GOODS**

(Continued from page 134)

The men looked at each other quizzically and understood.

"Dick, you may have the theatre."

They shook hands. The younger's eyes were more in evidence than his jaw at the moment. The elder read their message. When the younger walked out with firm tread and without a word there was no need of the word.

Through the medical journal's offices it was arranged that only persons who joined a medical society and proved themselves of age and nature sedate enough for thoughtful auditors should be permitted to witness the production.

The battle was won? Not at all. There remained the actors. "Twenty-five actors ran out on me," said the actor-manager. "They were game enough, but their friends said: 'If you identify yourselves with this play you will never be engaged in a reputable theatre again.'"

When every other part was filled there remained that which by conventional standards was the worst. Mrs. Bennett, who had fought at her husband's shoulder under the standard of the play for two years, said: "I will play it."

On the afternoon when the play was first presented as many persons walked disappointedly away as entered the theatre, and its walls bulged with auditors. There was a second performance under the same circumstances. A third occurred in Washington, a fourth in New York. Later it was put on for a run at the Fulton Theatre, and the box office was literally besieged, the house having been packed at every performance ever since.

"I have the rights to produce it in this country for a year," said the man who won. "I intend to play it in every large city in this country."

That is the reason you would better pause before you say that actors are persons of light purpose, and the reason why I admire Richard Bennett's jaw. M. M.



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## Giannino Antona-Traversi

(Continued from page 138)

climbers of the bourgeoisie, and against those aristocrats who mingle with them for the sake of their money.

In 1900 his play, "The Friend," found great favor in Turin, less on account of its subject, which rather lacked originality—the argument being that a close friendship between a man and a woman is a dangerous and impossible thing—but on account of its exquisite deftness of treatment.

Three years later the public was given another one of those good-naturedly satirical comedies in the writing of which Giannino Antona-Traversi had come to excel, "The Happiest Days." He professes that they should be those between betrothal and marriage, and shows easily, how thoughtlessly they are spoiled by the tyranny of customs and etiquette.

Other excellent plays soon followed: "The Faithfulness of Husbands"; "The Honeymoon Trip," which was produced at the Burg Theatre in Vienna; "Worldly Charity"; "An Honest Wife"; "The Martyrs of Work," a masterful satire on society people whose manifold and complex social duties leave them too exhausted to accomplish anything else; and, more recently, "The Mother," which has been thought by many critics his best work.

Aside from the approval of the public at large, Giannino Antona-Traversi won prizes for most all of his plays in national contests, and next season we shall be able to see for ourselves how well he deserved them.

In all his works tact, good taste and elegance of style predominate. He knows his abilities as well as his limitations, and he never attempts anything he cannot do. He himself once said: "I try to remain within the traditions of true, Italian comedy. They demand an ingenious, piquant, delicate, wholesome theme, and that it be treated with calmly and judiciously in such a way as to leave in one's heart a fragrant perfume of all that is joyous, fresh and intimate in life."

Men and women whose minds are cultured and sensibilities acute are sure to appreciate Giannino Antona-Traversi.

FRANCES C. FAY.

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### Victor Records

An air from Puccini's "Manon," Enrico Caruso. In Italian.

This early Puccini opera was first performed in America by a struggling opera company in 1898, but the performance was so wholly bad that it is scarcely worth mentioning. The real New York premier was, of course, the Metropolitan production in 1907, when Puccini himself was present, with Caruso and Farrar in the cast. Caruso's Second Sacred Number—Agnus Dei, Bizet.

The First Farrar-Clement Duet—Romeo and Juliet, *Ange Adorable*, Gounod.

A Vocal Waltz by Tetrizzini—Grande Valse, Op. 10, Venezano.

This brilliant waltz, displacing the usual Carnival of Venice, was recently introduced by the diva in the "Lesson Scene of Barber of Seville," and made the success of the opera.

A New Cottenet Song by Gluck—Red, Red Rose, Cottenet.

A charming new setting of Burns' immortal poem, by R. L. Cottenet, whose lovely "Meditation," played by Kreisler, was such a success during March and April.

An English Ballad by McCormack—Within the Garden of My Heart, Roberts-Scott.

Mr. McCormack's contribution to the May list is a pleasing English song, which he sings with his usual exquisite tone quality and good enunciation. Advt.

### What the Stage Needs

"The American stage stands in need of American actors. They are scarce. Actresses are plentiful. But when I want men for men's rôles I can't find them. If I send out a call for players I hear from and see a hundred actresses; I hear from and see twenty actors. From the former applicants I can pick, maybe, sixty possibilities; among the men I'm not likely to find one that will do."—W. A. BRADY.

He—I think I'll go and get a drink now.  
She—But, darling, you know you swore off for a year.

He—Yes; but two years elapse between this act and the next!—*The Club-Fellow*.



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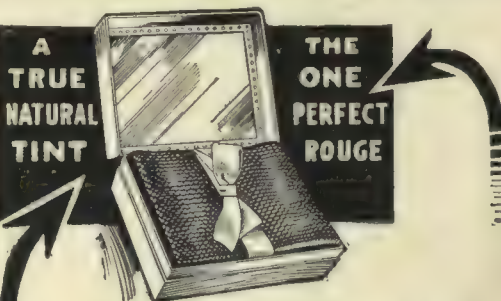
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**AT THE OPERA**

(Continued from page 142)

was the chorus, for such choral singing has never before been heard at the Metropolitan. Under the guidance of Giulio Setti, this chorus simply astounded its hearers—particularly in the revolt scene. It was a triumph of chorus singing.

And what shall be said of Arturo Toscanini, the little wizard who wielded the baton. He charged every moment of this wonderful, exotic, if fragmentary work with that overwhelming spirit of compelling artistic greatness so that it seems out of place to apply to his work the conventional terms of praise usually accorded an operatic conductor. He inspired orchestra, chorus and soloists until the performance of "Boris Godunoff" at the Metropolitan is worthy of an artistic pilgrimage to see and hear.

Another item of importance during the final month of opera was the revival of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," conducted by Toscanini, who made this simple, old-fashioned and generally slighted opera sound like some bit of Italian chamber music. Here again the chorus distinguished itself by its work, singing as never before were choruses at the Metropolitan. Bori achieved new honors as Norina, although she forced her high notes until beauty left them, and Macnez, as Ernesto, was scarcely satisfying. Scotti, as Malatesta, was superb, and Pini-Corsi was vastly amusing in the title rôle.

Another operatic revival of the month was "Rigoletto," presented with entirely new scenery, Gilda being well sung by Frieda Hempel, while Gilly in the title rôle was excellent. Macnez sang the Duke very well.

The new German tenor, Urlus, has added to his artistic stature by his remarkable impersonation of Lohengrin and Tannhäuser. He is to return next year, as are most of the other important members of the present ensemble, and it all promises to be an unusually interesting season in the matter of reviving Wagnerian music dramas.

And finally, as a valedictory to my patient readers, a few words about the opera season of 1912-13. Gatti-Casazza has intrenched himself more firmly than ever in the artistic estimation of those who take opera seriously. During the course of the twenty-three weeks of opera in New York, thirty-six different operas have been sung in four languages, Italian, German, French and English. The novelties presented were the Russian work, "Boris Gudunoff," a remarkable opera, and "Cyrano," an opera in English, which fell short of high ideals and can scarcely be said to have furthered the cause of opera in English, now being aided by the Metropolitan directors.

Then there have been revivals of note of "The Magic Flute," "The Huguenots" and "Don Pasquale," all of which have been neglected here during recent years. "The Secret of Suzanne," made known here by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, was also added to the Metropolitan repertoire this season, and quite a number of the standard operas have been fitted out with new effects.

Among the new stars, Frieda Hempel, Lucrezi Bori, Jacques Urlus and Carl Braun have won their spurs and will be retained, while the great ensemble of familiar artists has not been broken into, but has been strengthened by these new importations.

Indisposition has played tricks upon the management from time to time, and there have been some unavoidable changes of opera or of individuals in the casts, but not enough to cause comment. It would seem that the artistic standard has been raised several notches during the season. And Giulio Gatti-Casazza goes quietly but steadfastly on, accomplishing ideals and achieving general results that make New Yorkers point with pride to the Metropolitan as having no superior in the opera houses of the old world.

Margaret Sayre, Roland Rushton, John Clulow and Frederick R. Seaton have been added to the cast that will appear in Oliver Morosco and Charles L. Wagner's production of J. Hartley Manners' dramatization of Jeffery Farnol's novel, "The Money Moon," which will receive its premier at Powers' Theatre, Chicago, on the 27th of this month. Mr. Manners is personally conducting the rehearsals.

Oliver Morosco's production of Louis F. Gottschalk and L. Frank Baum's big musical fantasy, "The Tik Tok Man of Oz," will remain at the Cort Theatre, San Francisco, but two more weeks, after which it will begin an engagement in Chicago that will carry it through the summer. The New York presentation of the play will take place in September.

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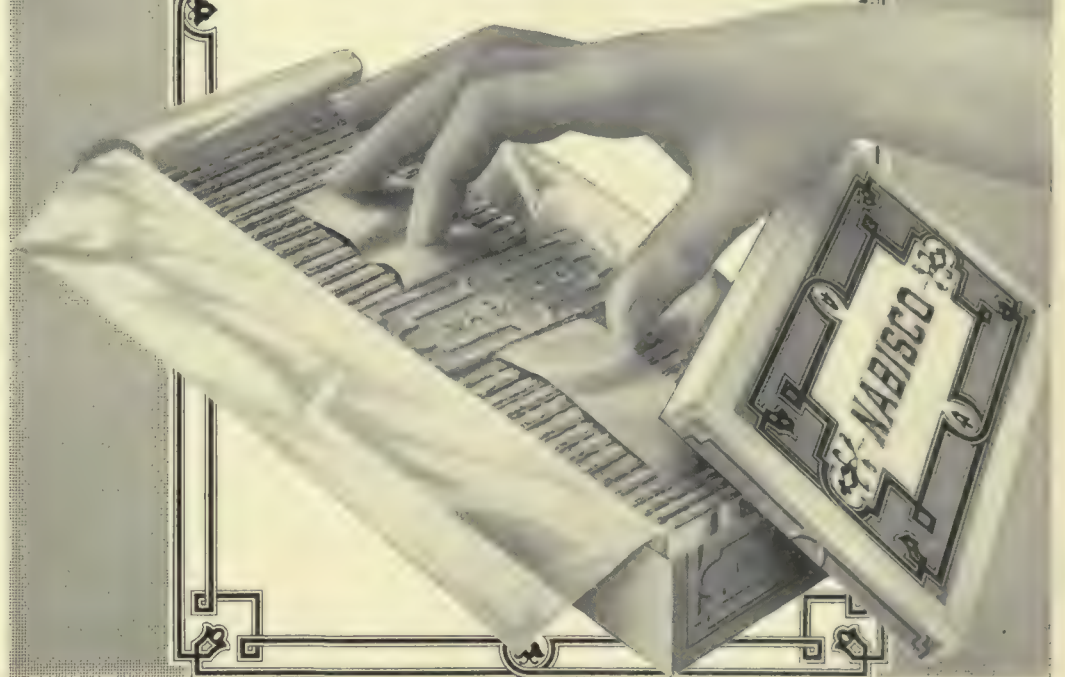
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**THE NEW PLAYS**

(Continued from page 132)

**IRVING PLACE.** "FRÄULEIN JOSETTE—MEINE FRAU." Farce in four acts by Paul Gavault and Robert Charvay. German version by Max Schoenau. Produced on April 7th.

"Mademoiselle Josette—ma femme" was done four seasons ago in English by Charles Frohman, with John Drew and Billie Burke, under the title of "My Wife," so that the story of the play need not be repeated here. In the American version they skated around the salaciousness of the original story; in the German they went at it full tilt, in the heavy-footed German way, with the result that it became a vulgar, noisy farce. Fräulein Mathilde Brandt is much too mature to play a girl of eighteen, but is an experienced and resourceful actress. Herr Direktor, Rudolph Christians, is an actor of fine personality, of finished technique, but, unfortunately, with a faulty diction most unusual in a German actor. The best work was done by Heinrich Marlow as Theodor Panard, Max Jürgens as Joe Jackson, and Ernest Auerbach as a waiter.

**FORTY-FOURTH STREET.** "THE GEISHA." Japanese Musical Play in two acts; libretto by Owen Hall, lyrics by Harry Greenbank, music by Sidney Jones. Revived on March 27th with this cast:

Wun Hi, James T. Powers; Arthur Brownville, Bert Young; Tommy Stanley, Cecil Renard; Dick Cunningham, Charles King; Reginald Fairfax, Carl Gantvoort; Nami, Irene Cassini; Juliette, Georgia Caine; Marquis Imari, Edwin Stevens; Takemine, George Williams; Ethel Hurst, Florence Topham; Mabel Grant, Jane Burdett; Marie Worthington, Grace Bradford; Lady Constance Wynne, Pauline Hall; O Mimosa San, Alice Zeppilli; Churia, Eugene Roder; Captain Katana, Frank Pollock; Molly Seamore, Lina Abarbanell; Blossom, Zetta Metchik; Golden Harp, Olga Harting; Chrysanthemum, Alice Baldwin; Little Violet, Edith Thayer; Koko San, Anna Ailion; Hanna San, Amelia Rose; Reto San, Susanne Douglas; Saki San, Nellie Ford.

Mr. Arthur Hammerstein and the Shuberts are presenting a revival of "The Geisha" at Weber and Fields' Forty-fourth Street Theatre, with James T. Powers as Wun Hi, the Proprietor of the Tea House. It is designated as an all-star performance, and the bill of the play glitters with notable names: Alice Zeppilli as Mimosa San, Lina Abarbanell as Molly, Georgia Caine as Juliette, Pauline Hall as Lady Constance Wynne, Irene Cassini as Nami, with Charles King as Cunningham, Carl Gantvoort as Reginald, George Williams as Takemine, and a chorus of exceptional excellence. The Japanese settings have not been surpassed in any previous production.

**LYRIC.** "ROSEDALE." Comedy drama in five acts. Revived on April 8th with this cast:

Elliott Grey, Charles Cherry; Matthew Leigh, Frank Gilmore; Col. Cavendish May, John Glendinning; Miles McKenna, Robert Warwick; Arthur May, Stephen Davis; Bunberry Kobb, Leslie Kenyon; Farmer Green, George Williams; Corporal Daw, Harry Hadfield; Docksey, J. W. Hartman; Robert, George Wolfe; Romany Rob, Earl Mitchell; Rosa Leigh, Elsie Ferguson; Lady Florence May, Jobyna Howland; Tabitha Stork, Alice Fisher; Sarah Sykes, Della Fox; Mother Mix, Edith Warren; Miss Primrose, Paula Ludlum.

While certain wines improve with age, it is equally evident from recent dramatic revivals that certain plays gain nothing by the lapse of time. An example of the latter is "Rosedale," which W. A. Brady presented on an elaborate scale for a month at the Lyric Theatre. It was on September 30, 1863, that Lester Wallack presented for the first time on any stage at his old theatre, at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, "Rosedale," his own version of "Lady Leigh's Widowhood," which had a big vogue when it ran as a serial in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It was acted then for 125 nights, something quite unusual in those days, and served him valiantly well thereafter whenever he felt need of a stop gap or went on one of his short starring tours.

"Rosedale" never was a masterpiece, and in these days when constructive technic is at its height this weird, lumbering, old-fashioned melodrama, with its asides, soliloquies and "carpenter front scenes," fairly creaks with age. But it is typical of an era and shows in spite of its crudities that the actor-author knew how to write a clever love scene and bring about stirringly effective climatic curtains. Charles Cherry made a dashing and engaging figure as Grey, and in his scenes with Elsie Ferguson as Rosa Leigh, a part which she played with delicacy and variety, there was real charm and humor. John Glendinning showed what a good actor he is as the vengeful Col. May, and Robert Warwick was picturesquely villainous as the kidnapping gypsy, Miles McKenna.

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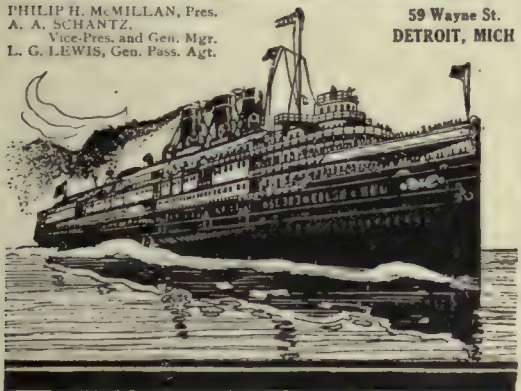
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See page 20 for particulars



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ASTOR. "A MAN'S FRIENDS." Play in four acts by Ernest Poole. Produced on March 24th with this cast:

Tom Whalen, George Fawcett; John McCloud, Frederick Burton; Kate McCloud, Katherine Grey; Hal Clarke, Vincent Serrano; Nicholas Vance, Roy Fairchild; Helen Vance, Lily Cahill; The Governor, Harold Russell; Richard Marsh, George Backus; Alice, Zita Rieth; Grigly, F. S. Whithan; Harry, Robert Clugston; Theodore, H. E. Jewett; Sam, Le Roy Clemens; Gus, Antonio Nash; Ed, Henry Gerard.

The proposition in "A Man's Friends" seems to be "honor among thieves." Anything worse than a "squealer" in the world of corrupt politicians cannot be imagined, in fact, does not exist. A new building code is about to be passed by a Board of Aldermen, and the Boss, Tom Whalen, bribes one of the Aldermen, Nicholas Vance. Through a young friend, Hal Clarke, Vance is discovered, found guilty and sent to jail. Then everybody tries to get him out. Meanwhile the bribe-giver, Clarke, marries the District Attorney's daughter. Finally Mrs. Vance discovers who it is that has bribed her husband, and Clarke makes a belated confession to his father-in-law, the District Attorney, who resigns his place to become his son-in-law's counsel and to reach the man higher up. Wonderful to relate, this is the final curtain on the fourth act. It should have been the first. Some good acting was shown by George Fawcett, Frederick Burton and Lily Cahill. Katherine Grey was welcomed as an old friend, too long absent, but had nothing to do worthy of her talent.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "THE LADY FROM OKLAHOMA." Comedy in three acts by Elizabeth Jordan. Produced April 2d. Cast:

Ruth Herrick, Isabel O'Madigan; Freddy Belden, Frank Dee; Tim, Walter Renfort; Miss Conway, Mary Scott; Mrs. Henry Jenkins, Victoria Macfarlane; Virginia Jefferson, Alice Lindahl; Clarice Mulholland, Maud Gilbert; Arthur Belden, Walter Hitchcock; Mrs. Joel Dixon, Jessie Bonstelle; Mrs. Herbert Gordon, Kathryn B. Decker; Joel Dixon, William K. Harcourt; Birdie Smith, Teresa Michilena; Mrs. Rutherford Dean, Helen Orr Daly; Carrie Jones, Maude Earle; A Temperamental Lady, Lillian Dixon; Robert Pierce, Edward Davis; Senator Kirby, Henry Harmon.

Produced at a Brady Theatre by Jessie Bonstelle, to whom we are indebted for "Little Women" as a play, and written by Elizabeth Jordan, a writer of distinction, "The Lady from Oklahoma" had good sponsorship. The basic idea is similar to that used in more than one recent production. A plain wife, whose husband has outgrown her, beautifies herself and regains him, with the addition of helping him out in a practical way and thwarting her rivals in his affections. The wife is advised to learn deportment and pronunciation, to cultivate herself, and to become outwardly more comely by means of the constructive work done by the masseur and beauty-maker. The scene at the beauty parlor is relied upon, no doubt, as the chief feature of the production. If that scene, amusing enough to many people, were all, the play would have no substance whatever. It does not advance the action to any great extent, but it serves its purpose. It contains so many little incidents meant solely to amuse, and so disconnected with anything but the immediate occasion, that no connected account can be given of it. It is a novelty.

WALLACK'S. "ANN BOYD." Dramatization in four acts by Lucille La Verne, of Will N. Harben's novel of the same name. Produced on March 31st with this cast:

Ann Boyd, Nance O'Neil; Jane Hemmingway, Lucille La Verne; Nettie, Freddie Reynolds; Joe Boyd, Wilson Melrose; Colonel Chester, Richard Gordon; Luke King, C. H. O'Donnell; Langdon Chester, Richard Gordon; Sam Hemmingway, Rapley Holmes; Will Masters, De Witt Newing; Abe Longley, William W. Scott; Gus Willard, Philip Perry; Mr. Wilson, Carle Stone; Mark Bruce, John Dudgeon; Virginia Hemmingway, Grayce Scott; Mary Waycroft, Frederica Slemmons; "Neighbor" Jones, Harriet Bent; Shiphira Jones, Luella Wade; Aunt Maria, Cora Trader.

The failure of "Ann Boyd" could not have been foreseen with any certainty from an acquaintance with the novel, written by Mr. Harben, which has considerable force and which is read with avidity by many people; but it was always obvious that the dramatization of it would be no small matter. The novel is dramatic in many of its passages. If it were not so, no one familiar, from the point of view of an actor, with what enters into the success of a play, could be misled by the grip of it in narrative. Miss Lucille La Verne, as capable an actress as we have in certain lines, undertook the very difficult task of dramatizing the novel, wrote and produced one version in Boston, revised it, and then brought the play to Wallack's, with Nance O'Neil as Ann Boyd. Nance O'Neil gave us thrilling moments and made an admirable and natural character of Ann. Miss La Verne herself, an actress who always makes her points, could make nothing of Ann's "enemy."

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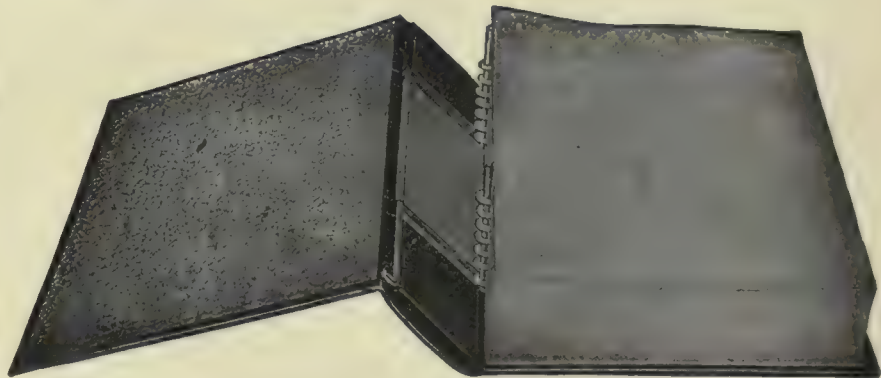
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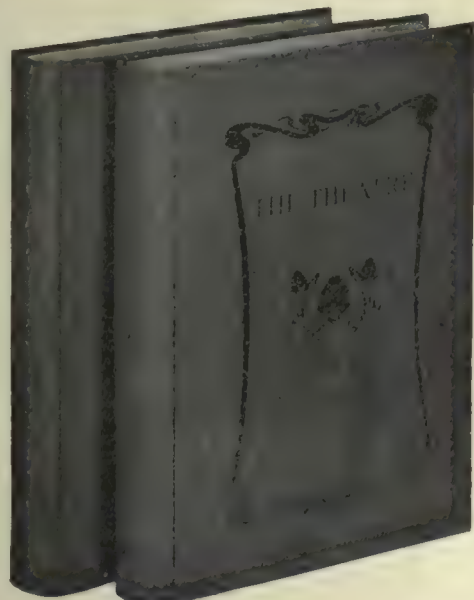


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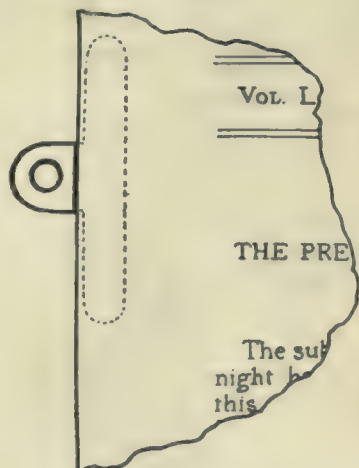
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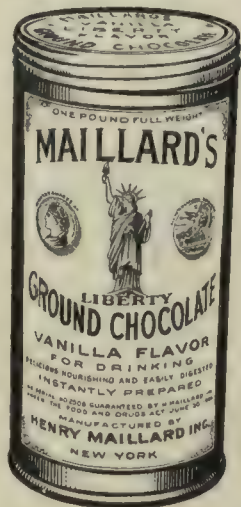
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## Popular "Movie" Actress

PROMINENT among those players of the film drama who enjoy a paradoxical popularity—delighting daily as they do thousands of theatre-goers, and yet the sound of whose voices has never been heard—is Alice Joyce, the leading lady of the Kalem Motion Picture Company.

This young actress, whose personality in real life is just as sweet and wholesome as it looks on the screen, is not an easy person to interview. Unlike many of her sister artists, she shrinks from rather than courts publicity. One of her most noticeable characteristics is that she never talks about herself. Quiet and reserved, she doesn't talk very much about anything, but when she does she has something to say.

She began her career some six years ago as an artist's model. Later she became a photographer's model, which meant a wider field. Everyone was attracted by her photographs, which have been used over and over again all over the world. One day a photographer heard her say she could ride a horse, and when he became a Kalem camera man he sent for her. Practically her only riding experience had been with an old farm horse, who walked very calmly to the watering trough; but she scorned to admit any lack of ability when her chance came. She had said she could ride and she did—over a stretch of railroad ties with a wretched saddle. She was too excited to notice how often she fell off, but the next day she spent near the liniment bottle. The Kalem Co. signed a contract with her, and after a few months' work in New York sent her to California. She expected to be there two months, and was a little frightened at the idea of being away from her mother, yet awed with the prospect of seeing the wonderful West. The fact that she remained on the Pacific Coast nearly two years is an example of the uncertainties of the profession.

In the free, out-of-door life of the plains the young girl grew in many ways. She gathered poise and dignity as well as health and good looks. She left New York a pretty, timid little girl, and returned a beautiful, self-

reliant woman. The California pictures, all taken out in the bright sunlight, brought out every line and curve in her face and form as no artificial light could do. At first she was not much of an actress, but it didn't seem to matter. Later, however, in some of the Indian pictures and the old Spanish legends, she showed real dramatic ability. The energy and skill she displayed when riding over the Sierra foothills and desert sands to rescue Carlyle Blackwell from so many perils meant hard work and perseverance. The rough costumes suited her as also did the Spanish and Indian dress. Of the artistic type, she looks most attractive when very simply or fantastically dressed. Much has been said in print about her making her own costumes. As a matter of fact it is very rarely that she wears her own creations for pos-



Photo Cortwright

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ing. But she is very much interested in having the correct dress for the period of the story and seldom trusts her own skill in working the costumes out.

On her return to New York last spring, she took a little apartment, not far from the Studio and keeps house there all alone. Not that she is what is called a housewife. It was about a week after she moved in that she discovered the gas had not been turned on in the kitchen and absent-mindedly she allowed her pet wastebasket to be permanently swallowed up by the dumbwaiter. But it is a sweet little "Girly" house with a lot of picturesque things from California and Mexico about, and signed photographs of motion picture people on the walls. She likes being at home and looks beautiful in the soft, pretty clothes she wears there. She actually goes to bed early nearly every night in the week, although she isn't exactly the recluse one might imagine from some descriptions of her. She enjoys life as well as anyone, is very fond of going to the theatre and, like all motion picture players, rarely misses seeing a new "release." Screen actors take the keenest interest in watching their own



White Interior of the new Palace Theatre at Broadway and Forty-seventh Street

pictures and those of their friends and acquaintances. They know so many of the players intimately and understand so thoroughly the "business" of each film that they get much more out of the pictures than the ordinary spectator. For instance, there are little movements and gestures which to the film player have a very particular and definite meaning and, far from giving a stereotyped atmosphere to the acting, they are a great help in the illusion if properly done. Miss Joyce watches the films closely (her own pictures and those of others) in order to detect mistakes or profit by a better technique. She, too, has her favorites. Max Linders being one of them. "The only real comedian in the 'movies'" she calls him.

Seeing one's friends on the screen is also a great pleasure to film players. It helps out actors' mothers and other relatives to be able to see pictures of their kin when the actors are away. One boy's mother goes to see his pictures at every performance and when they're shown in her town she feels their reality very strongly. After seeing one in which he had gone astray in business and had been helped out by another man, she wrote to her son, "I could have just hugged that old man when he gave you another chance."

Speaking of some new jewelry that she got not long ago, Miss Joyce said, "I tried to show it off as much as possible in our last picture so that Jane can see it." "Jane" is Miss Wolf of the



California Kalem Co. Miss Joyce has a frank, almost childish fancy for jewelry. She doesn't wear a great deal but she loves to have it and always notices any odd or artistic bit that anyone else wears.

One day a lot of letters came from the Kalem office when I was with Miss Joyce. I said something in a joking way about "mash notes" and she said, "Yes, but I could probably let you read any one of them." She is very proud of the fact that, among her admirers, the ones who write to her are nearly all women and little girls. The letters from little girls are very sweet. Some of them begin "My darling Alice," and all of them show real affection as well as admiration. At Christmas time people from all over the country sent her cards and remembrances and one little girl embroidered a handkerchief case in "A's" and sent it all the way from England. Some other little girl who sent a box of correspondence cards forgot to put her name in it and the actress is very sorry that she is unable to acknowledge it. The beautiful lace mantilla that she has worn in some of the Spanish pictures was the gift of a woman in Ohio who admired Miss Joyce in the films. All these things give her the greatest possible pleasure and, although it is impossible to answer every letter, she enjoys them, every one, and remembers the writer's name if she hears from her a year



White John D. O'Hara Olive Wyndham Ed. M. Kimball  
Scene in "What Happened to Mary" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre

later. She has a very real and unusual appreciation for things done for her and enjoys a gift or any attention in proportion to the giver's sincerity.

It would be foolish to say that she does not realize her popularity. She does, but it has not turned her head. She seems always to realize that there is plenty of work ahead of her and plenty of competition. At the Kalem Studio you are not immediately impressed with her importance as leading woman, but later you perceive that she doesn't lose any dignity by refraining from forcing her position upon her. She seems to be friends with everyone about the place because she really wants to be, not because she is trying to be democratic. She isn't at all in a class with the actor who said "I'm different from most leading men. I speak to the 'extra people.'"

She has very sweet amiable manners and they come from her heart. She is cordial because she really likes people and tactful through a real consideration for others. The longer you know Miss Joyce the greater possibilities you see in her.

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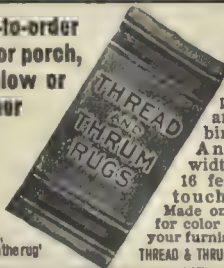
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**Students in Interesting Plays**

The last two performances of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, at the Empire Theatre, on March 6th and 13th, were both creditable. The dominant feature on the earlier program was the first act of an unnamed play by William and Cecil DeMille. The act, played about one hour, held the interest of the spectators.

The students that took part all did excellent work: Miss Wollersen as the orthodox daughter of an orthodox minister; Miss Norden as a poor little worker from New York's tenement section; Miss King as the servant girl, a good character bit; Miss Lilley as the mother; Mr. Ritter as a young clergyman with little faith and lots of money; and others in minor parts.

But the triumph of the afternoon went to Mr. Willard Webster, who had been entrusted with the leading rôle—that of a young rector of the

He carried it consistently through the four acts of the comedy, and from time to time he had some very excellent moments.

Messrs. Cameron as Orgon; Graham as Damis; Ritter as Valère, should be mentioned favorably. Mr. Benton Groce was an extremely well-dressed Cléante, a perfect gentleman in manner and speech, but alas, not French. He was English, very English! Mr. Griffith Lusky lent his handsome, sympathetic personality to the officer of police. The audience positively enjoyed listening to his report. Mr. Ed. G. Robinson attracted notice as Monsieur Loyal, a pocket edition, as it were, of Tartuffe himself. The Misses Ellen Langdon and Caree Clark scored in the parts of Orgon's wife and mother, and proved once more by their work that solid dramatic training is not a thing to be scoffed at. As Dorine, Else



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**EVOLUTION OF THE TALKING MACHINE**

The above pictures are of more than usual interest, showing as they do the evolution of the talking machine. The picture on the right, taken in February, 1896, shows Mme. Sarah Bernhardt listening to a record she made in a New York studio. This, we believe, was the first attempt to record on the machine the voices of famous artists. The picture on the left shows Miss Adeline Francis as the Graphophone Girl, a vaudeville number which has created a great deal of interest lately. Miss Francis spent two years perfecting the novelty in the Columbia Graphophone laboratories, and is the originator of the act. The discs are all made by Miss Francis and the blending of the two tones is perfect. The most wonderful part of the performance is the measure of time kept by Miss Francis and the graphophone. In the songs the voices are never amiss and the intonation is absolutely perfect.

new school, who comes into conflict with his orthodox elders because he is determined to take practical and effective steps toward the betterment of conditions among the poor. Mr. Webster gave as finely polished a portrayal of the character as one may hope to see in any Broadway actor of experience and renown. He had freshness and spontaneity in his work, spoke extremely well and delivered a long and difficult speech with such convincing fervor, yet such delicate soberness, that there could be no doubt about his value as an artist. There was a sort of spiritual light glowing through Mr. Webster's rector, an atmosphere of purity, youth and well-reasoned idealism about him, that appealed perhaps all the more strongly because such qualities are rarely found.

The DeMille act was preceded by two plays in one act: "Sympathetic Souls," by Sidney Grundy, in which Mr. Stief did his best work of the season; and "Nora," by Rachel Crothers, which gave a number of the students an opportunity of showing off their talents to advantage.

For the last performance of the Academy Mr. Sargent's choice fell upon Molière's "Tartuffe." The task was a considerable one, and the attempt to carry it through deserves credit.

Mr. Langdon Gillet showed intelligence in his conception of Tartuffe, the classical hypocrite.

Howard displayed good abilities for modern, ingenue parts.

On March 14th the Graduation Exercises took place at the Empire Theatre.

On February 13th a triple bill was given by the students: "The Stronger," a one-act drama from the French by Emile Veyrin; "The Twig of Thorn," and Irish Fairy play in two acts by Marie Josephine Warren; and the second act of "The Marriage of Figaro," from the French of Beaumarchais.

"The Stronger" is a interesting playlet that illustrates the strength a woman shows in critical moments, however lightly the thread of her life may be spun; and the weakness, the utter breaking down of a healthy, well-constituted man when he is brought face to face with a tragedy. The woman in this case was well played by Miss Virginia Norden, but the best work in this cast of five was done by Mr. Howard G. Robinson, who played an old physician *raisonneur* to perfection.

"The Twig of Thorn" is a well-written little play about Irish peasants, Irish fairies and Irish superstitions.

Miss Gilda Leary's Oonah was a good little Irish girl with very few tones in the register of her voice, she was simplicity itself. Miss Caree Clarke showed ability quite out of the ordinary in the rôle of old Tessa. F. C. F.

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**Facts Worth Knowing**

Why not let us facilitate your shopping? We will gladly furnish the names of the shops where the articles described below can be purchased.

Have you ever stopped to think what a stupendous task it would be to visit all the shops and see all the fascinating novelties? Yet, if the fastidious shopper did not make a systematic tour of the shop, how would she know that she was making wise purchases? As there are limits to human endurance, the clever proceeding is to delegate part of the work, at least, to others skilled in the art of shopping. The articles described in this column are the gems, the "masterpieces" as it were, in the different branches of the absorbing clothes problem. They have been selected because they are smart, with all the distinguishing hallmarks of the season, and because they are the best value for the money.



**When She Graduates**

Graduation day is one of the epochs in a girl's career; she stands then on the threshold of womanhood. School days are to be left behind and society is waiting to bid her welcome, and for such an auspicious occasion she requires a pretty dainty frock. Convention has decreed the virginal white, just as it has for the bride when she stands on the threshold of wifehood, but this year the influence of color is so strong that it just will creep in, either in the foundation, the embroidery, or the ribbon accessories.

The careful mother very often does not feel that she should pay more than thirty dollars for this graduation gown, probably because she realizes that the wardrobe she must prepare the next season for the debutante will be an expensive affair. Yet she wishes a fine, dainty, pretty frock which will look well with the

others. If she can buy this gown already made, she is quick to recognize the boon, but it is not always a simple matter to pick up a well-made, dainty frock for this price. There is one shop where she will find just what her heart craves. At the first glance she will feel sure that the tag is about to reveal a very much higher price, and so it would if the gown were not being featured. The fine Venice lace, the exquisite hand embroidery, and the chic air of the fetching little dress make it worth the \$49.50 asked for similar frocks. It is fashioned from the white French voile, and has the new tunic skirt trimmed with the lace. The bodice is given a very dressy, yet girlish, effect by the embroidery and the jaunty flat collar outlined with embroidered net. The color note is introduced in the sash, and may reflect any of the new shades. To the woman who understands values this frock will be a revelation at \$29.50.



There is very little more hand embroidery, but it is arranged in a different way on a frock of the French voile priced \$49.50. This effective frock is built over a net foundation and is distinguished by a long coat peplum, very much longer in the back than in the front. This peplum is embroidered in small figures and edged with the flat Venice appliqué lace, and the embroidery and the lace are used to enhance the bodice, which has a tiny vest and dear little turnover collar.

**When You Are In Déshabillé  
With Yourself**

Is there any creation in the entire wardrobe as alluring as the négligée? One hesitates to call these creations négligées; perhaps teagown would be better, or the French term, which comes the nearest to being explanatory, "*Robes d'intérieur.*" In other words, they are the costumes into which we fling ourselves when we can snatch a few minutes away from the endless social round and enjoy a bit of déshabillé with ourselves or a few chosen spirits. Some of these bewitching creations are so elaborate that one scarcely knows where to draw the line between the tea robe and the informal dinner gown, and again the bridge frock or the boudoir robe. The adorable robe in the sketch surely might serve for more formal occasions than a boudoir tea, for its lines, though négligée, suggest an appealing afternoon dress. The material is a crêpe de chine in blue, that clear blue which the Mediterranean reflects on a sunshiny day. The drapery of the skirt is kept to one side of the back, only a little showing at the left side of the front. Inside there is a fitted lining of net which holds the figure comfortably if the corsets are discarded, but the outer blouse falls with all the looseness and bagginess of the genuine Russian costume over a draped sash of blue satin ribbon. The revers are of blue crêpe de chine with large coin dots hand embroidered in white floss, while the collar and cuffs are of white crêpe de chine with the dots embroidered in blue floss. The fashionable V opening, which is never shown to better advantage than in an informal costume of this kind, is filled in with folds of white chiffon. The written description does not do justice to the charms of this delectable costume which should be worn by a blue-eyed bride when she breakfasts with the new hubby in the boudoir. And yet it is not an expensive robe, for the tag bears the price of \$21.50.

The bride will be sure to add the fascinating breakfast cap of the crêpe de chine veiled with *pointe d'esprit*. The *pointe d'esprit* frill falls coquetishly around the face, forming a charming lacy frame for the happy little face, and a band of Valenciennes lace holds in the fullness and gives the effect of a second puff in the back, just the place in which to stow away the loosely coiled hair. These caps are too enticing to be resisted after one has a peep of herself in the mirror, and \$3.50 is within the limits of all pocketbooks.

**For the Girl When She Plays**

The girl, or woman, of to-day who knows insists on correct sporting togs, and she is as careful to buy the newest cut in these costumes as she is in her street or evening creations.

The very smartest coats for the paddock, the links, or the casino in the morning, are the dashing awning coats recently brought over to us from across the seas. They come in various colorings, yellow, red, or blue, but the red have a certain chic that has made them the prime favorites—then, too, the awnings in dear old Paris are in red and white with hairlines of black, just like the stuff for the coats. They are cut on the straight, severe tailored lines in the typical double-breasted style, and can be worn fastened closely to the throat, or with the top button unfastened and the front form turned back to a lapel. There are plenty of pockets and big white pearl buttons. As they are very new, the price of \$35.00 may seem a little high, but it will keep them exclusive and ward off the danger of having them die a quick death through their own popularity.



to wear with them there is no skirt as satisfactory as the cotton corduroy, made severely plain, so that it can be repeatedly tubbed without any of the distressing aftermaths of sagging, and fastened in the front. The sketch shows a particularly desirable model that will give good service on the tennis courts and the links, and yet it is very reasonably priced at \$7.95.

If the sailor is not becoming and you are tired of the Panama, it may seem as if it would be impossible to find a suitable hat to complete this sporting outfit, but nothing is impossible to the shopper who knows where to look for the various novelties. The natty little hat on the girl in the sketch is of peanut straw with a drape of printed pongee. The gay colors in the Eastern design, so cleverly wrought on the pongee, blend with the effect is delightfully jaunty and girlish, though the

awning coat, and the cost is only \$8.50.

### For the Country Home

We are beginning to appreciate the charm of simplicity, particularly in our house furnishings, and nowhere is this delightful state of affairs being demonstrated more conclusively than in the country homes of women of taste. The country house has now become a home, and the furnishings are in keeping with this idea, whether they consist of willow furniture, chintz hangings or white porcelain services. The photograph illustrates the beauty of an afternoon tea service in white porcelain with a rim of gold and the monogram in gold. You could not put before your guests china in better taste; the most expensively furnished city houses now use the white china with gold rims and monograms. The teapot, which is equally serviceable as a chocolate pot, suggests a Russian origin in the side handle projecting at right angles to the spout. Even the tray matches the tea set and is rimmed in gold with the cleverly designed monogram.



### Latest Ideas from Paris

Fashion seems very undecided just now; our couturiers are endeavoring to combine old styles with quite new ones, and we are trying to fit in Persian art with that of the eighteenth century (which indeed is quite possible) and the Directoire costumes with Louis XV "retroussis." Several models were seen with very full, much draped, softly falling skirts, made with tight-fitting, buttoned-up waistcoats.

This betrays the vacillating tendency of the fashions, and the trouble of those who start them.

As for the waistcoats, they are seen in coarse damasks, in satin broché in very vivid colors, and in largely flowered stuffs which are essentially modern. Others, on the contrary, are made out of genuine antique waistcoats. Last autumn some waistcoats of this kind were described. They were not very much in favor this winter, but seem likely to come out as a sensational novelty among the spring fashions. One made out of a "chasuble" was wonderful.

These waistcoats are buttoned by means of paste, crystal, agate or cornelian buttons. Some, indeed, are in diamonds, not large, of course, but rose diamonds.

It will be considered very elegant to carry muffs this spring, and to line them with pieces of these old-fashioned silks. The muff will consist of the same material as the dress or the trimming of the dress.

The new fashion will bring no change in the outline of the figure, which will remain slim and graceful in line, merely showing a slight tendency to fullness on the upper part of the skirt, while it grows narrower in the lower part. The charm will consist in artistic combining of draperies and softness of materials, in the light transparency of the bodice, in the vaporous effect of chiffon and beaded tulle, and the brilliancy of mock diamond trimmings.

Quite a new departure is shown in the suppleness of tailor-mades; they often consist of silk ratine or wool broché over a ground of veiling; of gabardine—a new stuff resembling tussor—in crêpe de chine and in soft flowered satin. The colors are bright, green, violet or red, the last in shades of infinite variety, among which stands out with striking effect a coral pink of exquisite tint.

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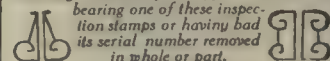
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JUNE, 1913  
VOL. XVII. NO. 148

# THE THEATRE

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

*June 1913*





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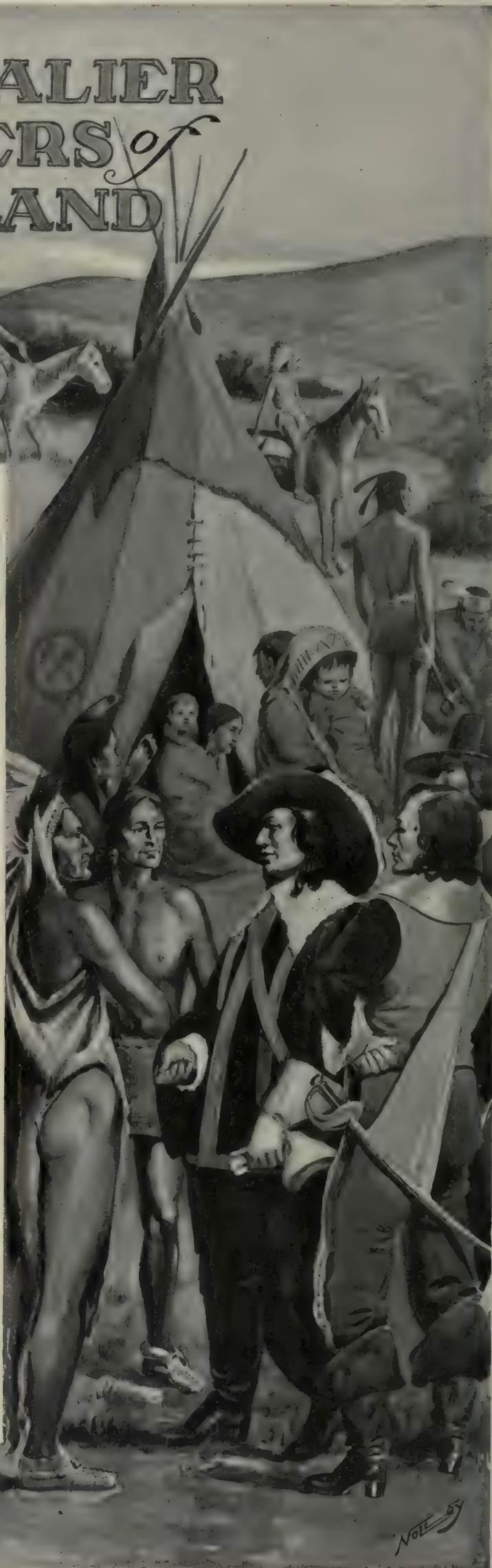
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June 1913



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# Are These Things There?

By R. E. Olds, Designer

In buying a car in 1913 here are some things to look for. By them judge how the car is built, how up-to-date it is.

And judge by them if the maker gives you the very best he knows.

## Outer Features

Note if the car has left-side drive, like the leading cars to-day. Does the driver sit close to the cars he passes, or on the farther side?

Has the car electric set-in dash lights, or the old projecting lamps?

Is it under-tired or over-tired? That makes enormous difference in your tire upkeep.

Is one front door blocked up by levers? Or do levers block the passage between the two front seats? If so, the driver half the time must enter from the street.

Is the upholstering genuine leather? Is the filling the best curled hair? Does the finish show the final touch in every part and detail?

## Inner Features

How many Timken bearings has the car? They cost five times what common ball bearings cost.

In Reo the Fifth there are 15 roller bearings, 11 of which are Timkens.

In Reo the Fifth there are 190 drop forgings, used to avoid the risk of flaws.

The steel is made to formula. It is analyzed twice to prove its correctness.

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Each engine gets five long tests. And each, after testing, is taken apart and inspected.

If you seek a durable car, a trouble-proof car, and low cost of upkeep, these are points to consider.

## Skimping is Now Unpopular

Many a car has gone into obscurity because the maker skimmed.

I go to the other extreme in these days—after 26 years of car building I spend about \$200 per car for features unusual in this type of car.

Men who buy my cars expect it. They expect low cost of upkeep, freedom from trouble. They expect a five-year-old car to run as well as new.

I have built such cars for legions of men. And every Reo the Fifth which goes out this year marks my level best. In the years to come, you men who get them will realize why I do this.

It means slow, careful building. It means endless inspection. It means grinding parts over and over. It means doing in a \$1,095 car what users expect, and what makers must give, in a \$4,000 car.

## Where I Save

Such a car at such a price is made possible in this way:

We have a model factory, so finely equipped that engineers from everywhere come here to inspect it. Here we build the entire car by the most efficient methods.

Then this entire factory is devoted to a single model. Every machine, tool and mechanic is adapted to its production. We

save in this way about 20 per cent. under what it would cost to build two or three models.

Thus we give you a car, built as we describe, at this matchless price.

## The Demand

Our output is limited to 50 cars daily, so cars are never rushed. Last April and May the demand for our cars ran five times our factory output.

We have worked all winter, at fullest capacity, to avoid that condition this spring. But a shortage is inevitable. If you want spring delivery on Reo the Fifth, please see your dealer now.

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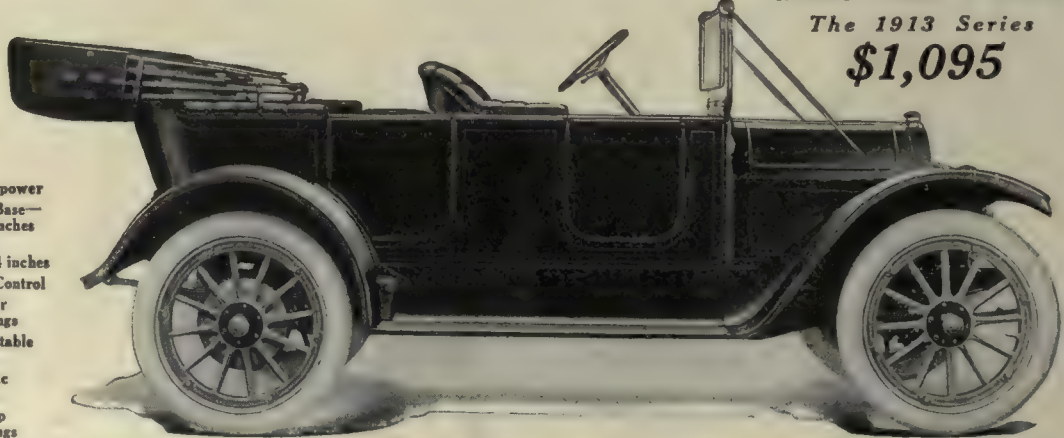
Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there are no levers, side or center. The driver's way is clear.

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# THE THEATRE

VOL. XVII

JUNE, 1913

No. 148

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Photo Moffett, Chicago

## SARAH BERNHARDT ON HER SPECIAL TRAIN

This photograph, just taken in Chicago, is of exceptional interest, it being probably one of the last to be taken in this country of the great French tragedienne. Mme. Bernhardt's American tour began on December 2, 1912 and ended May 25, 1913



White

SCENE IN ACT I OF "THE PURPLE ROAD," NOW AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

EMPIRE. "THE AMAZONS." Comedy in three acts by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Received on April 28th with this cast:

Barrington ..... Shelly Hull  
 Galfred ..... Ferdinand Gottschalk  
 Andre ..... Fritz Williams  
 Rev. Minchin ..... Morton Selten  
 Fitton ..... Thomas Reynolds  
 Youatt ..... Arthur Fitzgerald

Orts ..... Barrett Barker  
 Miriam ..... Annie Esmond  
 Lady Noeline ..... Miriam Clements  
 Lady Wilhelmina ..... Dorothy Lane  
 Lady Thomasin ..... Billie Burke  
 "Sergeant" Shuter ..... Lorena Atwood

"The Amazons" was first seen in New York at the old Lyceum Theatre on February 19, 1894. The story in brief is as follows: Lady Castlejordan, out of respect to her late husband, and disappointed that her only three children are girls instead of boys, brings them up as young gentlemen, attiring them in manly costumes and familiarizing them with all kinds of sports and pastimes peculiar to men. They smoke, ride, hunt and amuse themselves with gymnastic exercises. But the arrival on the scene of three suitors speedily effects a complete revolution in the sentiments of each. Amazons though they are, women they quickly discover themselves to be. The whole action of the play thenceforward resolves itself into the pairing off of the several couples. After many complications and much lively incident.

What the present performance lacks over its original production are the advantages that accrue to any performance of any play from the stock company organization. The latter is a dramatic family, and the *esprit de corps* of such a body of players must be missing in any company specially engaged, no matter how good actors the individual members may be. In this case, Miss Esmond and Mr. Selten are

## THE NEW PLAYS

not substitutes for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott of the Old Lyceum Company, nor is Miss Clements able to maintain

her performance of Lady Noeline Belturbet as was Miss Georgie Cayvan in the same part. Mr. Fritz Williams and Ferdinand Gottschalk resumed their old parts of Count de Grival and Lord Tweenways; the former better than ever, and the latter as the amusing Earl a bit slow. Miss Billie Burke is starred as Tommy Belturbet. There is nothing remarkable about her performance.

Bessie Tyrée (the original) was quite as good as the star, if not better. The play itself is sweet, wholesome and amusing. When the then Mr. Pinero wrote it he must have enjoyed himself, and his joyousness in his work infects the audience with the same spirit. An enthusiastic audience greeted an old friend with acclaim.



White

Interior of the new Longacre Theatre on Forty-eighth Street, west of Broadway

GARDEN. "THE PASSING OF THE IDLE RICH." Drama in four acts by Margaret Townsend. Produced on May 1st with this cast:

Katherine Lyman, Mina Barrington; John Wolcott, E. L. Ferenderez; Mrs. Jones, Marie Burke; Jack Jones, Graydon Fox; Eleanor Jones, Ethel Valentine; C. L. Jones, W. H. Howell; Sherman Rutherford, Horace Cooper; Georgiana Oats, Edna Mason; Cornelia Stuyvesant, Dorothy Quincy; Willie Wistey, Horace Cooper; Hemingway Baldwin, Elis Matin; Caroline Pell, Mary Murello; Lura Duane, Barney Harris; George Lyman, Gauble; Mayor Persomby, Alexander Loftus; Duke of Orford, Leslie Kenyon; Captain of Olympic, Allen Summers; Mrs. Spencer, Victoria Montgomery; Nanette, Viola Osmund; Henry Gaults, LeRoy Pruette; Foreman, Frank Bixby; Towers, Jack Murry.

"The Passing of the Idle Rich" is an original drama in four acts (not a dramatization), embracing the capital and labor proposition as presented in the articles written by Frederick Townsend Martin. The occasion appeared to be, or was sought to be made of interest to

people of fashion and wealth. Of course this was immaterial and incidental, for the play intended to occupy the stage of a theatre even for one brief week must be designed to attract the general public. It is dangerous to put forward any play in any other than a professional way. The piece was acted well by handsome young women and presentable young men, but for the most part they were amateurs. The production was marked by hasty preparation. It is almost inevitable that such productions be described in the newspapers with some derision. It is the penalty of not doing things professionally. We do not think that the play, its acting and its production altogether merits such treatment. The story was loosely put together, but it had an idea in it. It lacked compactness, and yet the elements of a play were there. The plot is not an unfamiliar one, for it concerns the bartering of a daughter for a title. She escapes immediately after the marriage ceremony, and after she returns from her self-imposed exile it is discovered by the lawyer of the family that the marriage was invalid because of her insufficient age at the time. The discussions about capital and labor were not without their points. However, the play as presented and in point of fact is thoroughly amateurish.

CASINO. "THE MIKADO." Operetta in two acts by Gilbert and Sullivan. Revived on April 21st with this cast:

The Mikado.....	George J. MacFarlane	Yum-Yum .....	Gladys Caldwell
Nanki-Poo .....	Arthur Aldridge	Pitti-Sing .....	Anna Wheaton
Ko-Ko .....	De Wolf Hopper	Peep-Bo .....	Louise Barthel
Pooh-Bah .....	Arthur Cunningham	Katisha .....	Kate Condon

The Shubert-Brady revival of "The Mikado" preserves the spirit of the original performances in a gratifying way. De Wolf Hopper is not new to the character in Ko-Ko, and he has never played it better. It is a rôle that cannot well be overplayed, for Gilbert's humor and fantastic drollery reach a height that requires droll expression pushed to the limit. Of course, the effect could be impaired by coarse acting, but Mr. Hopper's spirit of humor is so abundant and vigorous that he justified the most extravagant things that he did. Much of the comedy was Mr. Hopper's own. His reluctance to reconciling himself with Katisha is something worth seeing. It is very important in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas that the words be heard distinctly. Sullivan's music takes that into consideration. More attention to it might be urged in this production. Arthur Cunningham as Pooh-Bah was particu-

larly mindful of good enunciation. George MacFarlane as the Mikado distinguished himself by a new contribution; he made of the Mikado a less potentous person, and he has an exceptionally fine baritone voice. The entire cast was fit. The three little maids were Gladys Caldwell, Anna Wheaton and Louise Barthel. Kate Condon as Lady Katisha, if we should make comparisons, which is wholly unnecessary, sang the part well and acted it moderately.

LYCEUM. "THE NECKEN." Drama in two acts by Elizabeth G. Crane. Produced on April 15th with this cast:

Sven .....	Conrad Cantzen	Astrid .....	Edith Yeager
Brita .....	Kate Mayhew	A Monk.....	George Currie
Toa .....	Alice Newell	Torvald .....	George Cameron
Inga .....	Alberta Gallatin	Svabild .....	Lettie Ford
Sigurd .....	Ernest Weir	First Maid.....	Emily V. Lawshe
Jan, the Necken.....	Laurence Eyre	Second Maid.....	Isabel Calder
Lennart .....	William H. Post	Village Youth.....	Marion Earnshaw

"The Necken" was produced at the Lyceum Theatre by the Sydney Rosenfeld Production Co., as a part of the movement more or less directly related, begun by the Federation of Theatre Clubs to promote native authorship. The comfort afforded in this case concerned individuals rather than the public itself. The idea of the play is too far away from our habits of thought. It was written by Miss Elizabeth G. Crane on the basis of an old Scandinavian legend, wherein a water sprite, in human guise, falls in love with and is loved by the daughter of a farmer in whose service he is employed. His refusal to drink on a certain occasion of a religious ceremony reveals him as a pagan, and he is thrust out. A violin plays a part in this story, but it is not entirely clear to what purpose. In some way it bewitches the goblin sweetheart and draws her to the fountain in which the goblin lives. She escapes the fascination of the water and we believe that the goblin is to return regenerated and that happiness is to be the result. The acting in this little play was better than the play itself. The performance was supplemented by "The Guilty Conscience," a play in one act by Robert H. Davis. This little play was not so well acted, and perhaps with a little revision and better acting it would serve its purpose of entertainment. A detective, whose method is based on a study of psychology, forces the one who has in her possession a stolen diamond necklace to confess and deliver to him the box. (Continued on page 8)



Copyright Charles Frohman Dorothy Lane

Billie Burke

Miriam Clements

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE AMAZONS" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



Photo Bert

SARAH BERNHARDT AS THEODORA

## SARAH BERNHARDT! What a world the name

# The Divine Sarah Again With Us

suggests! What famous stage heroines it conjures up!

Sarah Bernhardt has been with us once more. For the last time? Who knows? There seems to be some superior essence of life vibrating in the fibres of this wonderful woman that supplies her with inexhaustible youth and energy. All the beauty she has felt and rendered plastic to two generations of playgoers seems to have breathed a breath eternal into her fragile form. Our children and their children must receive their most intense and perfect impressions of art and beauty on the stage through Sarah's genius that thrilled our fathers before us.

For her first appearance in a New York vaudeville house, the Palace Theatre Madame Bernhardt chose a one-act play written by her son, Maurice, and Henri Cain. The story of "Une Nuit de Noël sous la Terreur" was easily understood even by those ignorant of French, largely because of its simplicity and directness, but above all because of the great artist's illuminative acting. Marion la Vivandière comes with a company of "sans-culottes"

to a Vendean farm, where the Comtesse de Kersan and her child are hiding

from the terrorists. Marion suspects the identity of the little aristocrat in peasant clothes, and is tempted to betray her to the captain, but the tears of the comtesse soften her and make her hesitate. Presently the count rushes in to embrace his wife and child. He has been defeated and a prize is set on his head. Marion is moved to pity, and in a long speech pleads with captain and soldiers for the count's life. Of course, she ultimately succeeds in saving him. The playlet is a well-presented episode from the French Revolution, yet it seems doubtful whether it would hold the interest of our audiences if anyone but Bernhardt impersonated Marion. She lends new life and color to a somewhat hackneyed type and fills one's heart with enthusiasm over lines that, in cold print, would appear very little better than ordinary. She delivers her plea to the soldiers with such delicate pathos, such mastery of tone and gesture, that she was repeatedly interrupted by salvos of applause.

"They like my play, do you think?" Madame Bernhardt asked



the representative of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE in her dressing room after the first performance. "I am so glad. It is charming and interesting to me, because, you see, my son wrote it for me."

There was a dreamy look of gentle mother's pride in her eyes, and then, with a quick little turn of the head and a charming gesture toward the stage:

"She sings well; she has a beautiful voice," referring to Mlle. Fregoleska, who succeeded her on the bill. "They will like her, too; I hope they will!"

Genuine kindness of heart showed through this little remark, and many others that she made. No wonder this extraordinary woman has captured every heart, no matter where she has been; no wonder that millions of people who have never seen her except behind the footlights feel real affection for her and familiarly speak of her as "Sarah." All the fine qualities in the nature of an artist must needs shine through her art and ennoble and broaden it. Whether Bernhardt is Marion or Lucrezia Borgia, Camille or Theodora, Phèdre or La Tosca—there is always the lovable woman back of the great French artiste. The public not only admires the actress, but also loves the woman.

When one sees Sarah Bernhardt, still, at her age, in full possession of her power and magnetism, still youthful and beautiful on the stage vibrating with energy, full of lively charm in private life, one can hardly believe that she is, after all, but made of human clay, and that in years to come there will be nothing left of this eminent actress but memories—memories of a woman who lent her voice of gold to the musical words of poets; whose eyes conveyed to us the passions and frenzies of all woman-kind; whose lips inspired with humanity the wild imaginations of dreamers; whose hands expressed mute tenderness or silent agony more forcibly than words could do, and whose gestures, whose every movement were a perfect thing of beauty. "*Reine des attitudes et Princesse du Geste*," as Edmond Rostand calls her in his famous sonnet.

Memories of Bernhardt will linger, like precious little gifts, in the hearts of all those who ever saw her. But what will become of the traditions of her grand, poetic art? Will there ever be an artist delicate and big enough to absorb them so completely as to carry Sarah Bernhardt's mission onward to a later generation? Another dramatic genius will be born, no doubt, but it will be different, as Sarah Bernhardt is different from Rachel who came before her.

The Conservatoire National of dramatic art in Paris is the temple where such traditions are kept sacred for young talents to profit by to the best of their abilities. Madame Bernhardt herself, who received her early tutoring at the Conservatoire, was called upon a few years ago to hold a chair there. But at length she found it too ab-

sorbing a duty to combine with all her other activities. Yet, never was there a teacher more beloved! How could it be otherwise? There is a magic spell about her that enralls all those who come in personal contact with her. When you meet her and she smiles at you with sympathy and understanding for all your little unspoken woes and joys, you cannot help but love her.

"*Venez près de moi, ma chérie. . .*"

And she draws you close to her and seems so happy to hear French words from strange lips in this big, English-speaking country, that you are admitted into her intimacy, as it were, right from the start. And when you kiss the wonderfully expressive hand that she has laid on yours, and she smiles at you and offers you her cheek, a subtle relationship is established between her and yourself before you know how it all came about. It is made of your admiration for the artist your love for the woman and of her live interest in every human being. Sarah Bernhardt is related to the whole world through the keenness of her sensibilities and the natural bent of her great big heart to sympathize with others. Every little emotion in a fellow being she finds worthy of her consideration; it is a real, living thing to her—just as through her acting she has made real and living all the emotions



Photo Manuel

AN ARTISTIC CORNER IN MME. BERNHARDT'S RECEPTION ROOM IN HER PARIS HOME

The large picture above the mantelpiece is a painting of Bernhardt by Clairin

of humanity. Passionate tenderness and a great desire to love and to be loved are among the most predominant traits of her nature.

As a child she was put into a convent for her education; and when her beautiful and worldly mother was far away on her long journeys the little girl gave all her heart to Jesus and the Virgin Mary. For many years her only wish was to take the vows and join the community of gentle nuns at her beloved convent. And when her mother came to Paris on one of her short visits, Sarah pleaded with her, begged and cajoled her, until that pretty, passive young woman resisted no longer. All seemed to be arranged to the child's satisfaction, when a family counsel was called to decide definitely upon her future. There were long discussions without any conclusion in view, when suddenly the Duc de Morny rose and said:

"Madame, you should send her to the Conservatoire. That is my advice."

And gallantly he kissed the lady's hand and left the room.

The word "conservatoire" fell like a bomb among the assembly, and Sarah remained as thunderstruck. She did not know what it was, but she felt that it meant giving up her long cherished ideal: the convent.

"Mon Dieu, the bitter tears I wept," she says with a soft little smile as she recalls the day when her future was determined; "and how I hated the Duc de Morny! How I hoped to die before I could be taken to the Conservatoire! I was told that young people studied for the stage there, and I wanted so to become a religieuse!"

But as soon as her dramatic studies began they captivated her interest and flattered her imagination.

"It is the same with all in my life. When a new thing comes I fight against it frantically, and when it is there I throw myself into it with all my passion."

How many, many thanks the world owes to the Duc de Morny for his carelessly dropped advice!

During her three years at the Conservatoire the young student lived with her family, and although her mother visibly preferred her younger daughter, Jeanne, and took but a casual interest in Sarah's artistic development, the young girl's heart went out to her in unflinching love and tender admiration. Even when she was quite grown up and had made her professional debut at the Comédie Française, she used to beg for a caress that had filled her childhood with dreamy delight: the gentle touch of her mother's long, silky eyelashes brushing her cheek like the wing of a butterfly.

Sarah Bernhardt has been much criticized as a woman. But should one who is capable of such devotion, of such abnegation as she has shown publicly during the national disaster, and privately many, many times before and since, be held to severe

account for her little whims and fancies? Assuredly not. Some of them may be the very things that show she is a human being, that is, imperfect. Some others may simply be clever little tricks of *réclame*. For, although she is the representative dramatic genius of our time, she is also a shrewd business woman, and knows that the right kind of advertisement fills the box office.

Not that she is at all eager for money for its own sake, but her tastes are luxurious and her wants, consequently, very large. She has made fortunes and spent them, unthoughtful of the future, never investing a penny. In order to supply her needs she has often been compelled to do things that, under other circumstances, would have offended her sensibilities. It is not likely that she consented to appear on the variety stage for any other reasons but financial. And it does seem sacrilege to find an artist of her calibre in the sanctum of vaudeville deities. But we must not forget that Sarah Bernhardt, although par excellence an aristocrat among her profession, has always been very democratic. Aristocratic in her tastes and democratic in her dealings with others



Sarony

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LA SAMARITAINE"

This becomes evident when one considers the two great causes for her enormous expenses: beautiful things and kind deeds. She has surrounded herself with the finest works of art, the rarest books, the most precious laces and jewels, at any cost, because money counts for nothing with her, and an atmosphere saturated with beauty counts for everything. Her house is open to every man and woman of talent and distinction, and there is many a brilliant writer, many a successful artist now in Paris who would still be starving in a garret of Montmartre, struggling for recognition, had it not been for the great Sarah's kindly help. She never speaks of all these obscurely noble actions, because no sooner are they done than she forgets all about them. And her own disregard for the benefactions she distributes right and left makes them all the finer and more worthy.

But the most valuable help that Madame Bernhardt has given to artists of all kinds was not monetary. She has given them the benefit of her exceptional artistic culture and helped them onward with intelligent advice and encouragement, advice which she herself put into practice when her theatrical work left her a moment's leisure. There was rarely, if ever, a woman who attempted to manifest her personality in as

(Continued on page 17)



MARGUERITE CLARK

This well-known actress recently appeared in "Are You a Crook?" at the Longacre Theatre

# A Toy Theatre to be Managed by Two Girls

MANY men have tried to manage a theatre and many of them have failed. A few women have essayed the same task and, with a few exceptions, the attempt soon passed into the mists of memory. Maxine Elliott's Theatre perpetuates her name despite her prolonged absence from New York, and Philadelphians of mellow memories recall the reign of Mrs. John Drew over local companies. Mrs. Mary Spooner leased two Brooklyn houses and with the aid of her daughters, Edna May Spooner and Cecil Spooner, enjoyed a vogue of several seasons in the city connected with New York by a more or less often-crossed bridge. Sara Allgood managed the Abbey Theatre and directed the work of the Irish Players for two seasons in Dublin, until a physician offered her the choice between suspended activities or shattered nerves. She chose the suspended managerial activities. Playhouse management and the direction of companies has thus far assumed the aspect of a task too huge for the delicate energies of women. Yet this fact has not dismayed the Nash sisters. Mary and Florence Nash are undismayable. They will build their undertaking of a toy repertoire theatre in New York next season upon the cornerstone of their conviction that everyone should take the chance to try to do what she thinks she can do.

They are young and hopeful; but they are, likewise, sage and sophisticated. The education of the theatre is a quick one. In the atmosphere of playhouses talents and character develop as speedily as acquaintance on a Transatlantic steamship. Eight years of such education, plus undeniable talents and the habit of using their brains to good purpose, have equipped them for that innovation in a profession that strives ever for innovations, a girls' theatre.

"We are willing to lose ten thousand on the experiment, but we hope we won't have to do that. Several of our friends are willing to work for nothing, if need be, to play the parts they want to." It was Florence Nash who spoke. Everyone falls after a first glimpse of Florence Nash into the habit of describing her as "cute."

"But we mustn't ask them to do so. This is not to be a charity enterprise. We should run it on business principles." The decision was made by Mary Nash, a stately young woman to whom the term "classic" applies.

"I said 'if need be,'" reminded Florence, who is tiny and fluffy-haired, who has a saucy, pointed chin, and laughing eyes. Mary, a serious young person, who wears her hair in long, sleek black bands, and whose dark eyes and even her smile are grave, crossed the drawing room of the beautiful Nash apartment and kissed the part in her little sister's tresses.

A difference of two years lie between the girls in age. Mary is two years the elder, and a world's width of character and temperament. Their unlikeness in thought and speech is marked, but they've a meeting ground of unusual cleverness and a more than usual sisterly affection.

"I am planning to produce Strindberg plays, and Chatterton, and Oscar Wilde, plays in which no manager would give us a

chance because managers would keep any actress going on as long as the brook, in parts in which she had demonstrated she could play well. I have in mind Strindberg's 'The Stronger.' I want Mary to play the wife. She will do that beautifully, and she shall be the duchess in one of Wilde's strongest dramas. I know she will make a superb duchess."

"It sounds as though Mary were going to play all the big parts." There was a touch of the tenderly maternal as well as sisterly in the smile the "classic" sister bestowed upon the "cute" one.

Little Miss Florence suddenly displayed a shy self-consciousness. "If I told what I should like to play I should be laughed at," she said. By persistence only was it extorted: Nora in "The Doll's House" and Viola in "Twelfth Night."

"I shall be busy managing, anyway. But Mary, as usual, will smile and get her own way."

The little manager cited two old friends, stars both, who would surprise audiences at the girls' theatre by their performances of parts unexpected from them. Frank McIntyre, of "Traveling Salesman" laughter memories, will play serious parts. "Frank can make 'em cry. I've seen him. I worked in stock with him and know," said the diminutive manager to be. Selma Sears, whom we associate with women who have missed matrimony, missed it in both senses, wants to play Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts" and the oral prospectus of the girls' theatre promises that she will please as well as surprise us.

Which house the youthful sisters will take is still uncertain. It will be small. It will be intimate. It will be on Broadway. A five thousand dollar check presented to each of the girls on Christmas by their father, Philip Nash, of the United Booking Offices, made the venture

possible. The fund is being augmented by strict economies on the part of the ambitious young persons; sodas, ice creams, boxes of candy, filmy, fluffy creations so enticing as they hang in Fifth Avenue shop windows—productions and salaries will represent abstemiousness from all of these.

Both girls went on the stage because their parents, whom they treat with the *camaraderie* of chums instead of as representatives of another generation, couldn't keep them off. The "classic" girl applied, unknown to them, for a place in "The Girl from Kay's" company. Marie Doro had left the cast and they chose the tyro because the deserter's costumes would fit her. They wouldn't now, for she has outgrown them in each dimension by a generous number of inches. The "cute" girl asked the stage manager of her father's stock company in Washington to give her a trial. When her father was apprised of her application he said to the stage manager: "Give her a chance, if you wish. You'll have to do it to keep her quiet. But fire her as you would anyone else if she doesn't make good." She was not "fired." Both have since formed an acquaintance with that region remote from New York slightly called "the tall timbers," but which for a limited number of years is so excellent a growing ground for the young actress.

ADA PATTERSON.



White  
MARY AND FLORENCE NASH  
These popular young actresses will make a daring theatrical experiment next season. They will take a New York playhouse and manage it, making their own productions. Mary Nash has been playing the telephone girl in "The Woman." Florence Nash is now playing the part of Agnes Lynch in "Within the Law"

## Some Spring Plays in Paris

IN the Paris theatres the spring crop of plays is as important as the crop harvested in the fall. Not even great successes there have a run that extends throughout the theatrical season; such a run is, at any rate, exceptional. Playwrights do not expect it; they do not figure on it, and accordingly they demand and receive much greater royalties for the use of their property than their English and American fellows are contented with. Rarely it happens that a play which made a notable success in December in Paris can be seen at the theatre where it was produced by people who delay their visit to the French capital until March. The windy month is, indeed, the time when most of the French theatres change the bill.

This year proved no exception, but the new plays were even a little later in appearing than usual. March was quite well advanced when Bernstein's "Le Secret" went on, and "La Semaine Folle," the great success of the year of the Athénée, had its première on the 29th of March. "Le Minaret," compounded of farce and music, began its amusing career almost simultaneously with Bernstein's drama. The spring production of the latter piece should contradict an impression that light works only are put forward in the spring. M. Hermant's play is a comedy, certainly, but it is also more of a drama than the other pieces shown earlier in the year at the Athénée. The complexion of "The Minaret" has been indicated by calling it a compound of farce and music. That piece *pour rire* is a neighbor of the sun—it is hot-blooded, Eastern, full of risks, but the Parisians have not found it shocking. Not likely that we will find it so either when it comes here, as it surely will, for, compared to "Sumurun," the situations of "The Minaret" compose a mild fairy story.

Henry Bernstein's new piece is being done at the Bouffes-Parisiens. It is a play written powerfully on an old theme, and the secret which gives it a title belongs to a woman's past. In it can be seen further efforts on the author's part—he made them first in "The Attack"—toward humanizing his characters. For his excellent work on this line of "humanization" Bernstein has been applauded by certain French critics who have hitherto held aloof. His big, strong, coarse designs in previous work could only satisfy, these critics said, the outer barbarians—that is, us! And it is a fact that the American and British publics have admired this author for the theatrical conflicts he devised which were developed with admirable progression and big effect. The beings who were caught in the maelstrom of situation were not so interesting, really, as the situations. They had to draw upon their full energies in order to withstand the pressure of destiny. They hadn't time nor need, since the events proved so enthralling, to characterize themselves, except in a square-hewn way, and their maker never left them a quiet moment to respond to the ordinary rhythm of life.

Tendencies toward more careful psychology, noticeable in "The Attack," are realized in "Le Secret." It is to be hoped that Bernstein hasn't neglected technic for psychology, for the former is his *métier*. And the new play disarms this far before it is in the field. The movement of "The Secret" is as vigorous as ever but it is better disciplined. The conflict is not due to any cause outside of the personages—nature or their characters provide it. As I have already said, there is nothing exceptional about the story and nothing actually novel in the way it is told; the strength of its interest depends on certain psychological conditions, and relying on these the drama acquires a rare quality. The conditions at moments approach moral crisis, and the people who battle under them do so with intervening periods of relaxation. Thus the piece possesses the accent and allurements of life.

This happy evolution of his playwriting talent has had the richest consequences for Bernstein. It has afforded him time to concentrate his whole talent on characterization; it has given him opportunity to study his people and to show in full, analytical



White

VIOLET HEMING  
Recently seen in "The Deep Purple"

quality that few gave him credit for. The five principals of his drama have each a particular physiognomy. They are veritable creatures of flesh, blood and nerves. The three men, Constant Jeannelot, Denis LeGuenn, and Charlie Ponta-Tulli, are in varying degrees authentic representatives of the male sex. They all belong to the current model. Constant is a sensible fellow, inclined to be artistic and who adores his wife. He sees and does his duty, is straightforward and is revolted by the unworthiness and infamy of his wife. He is contemptuous of the misery of LeGuenn, but feels pity for him and is openly pitiful to LeGuenn's wife. Charlie Ponta-Tulli, who shares the "secret" with Mme. LeGuenn, is a *viveur élégant*; appearances are against him, but he is really a sensible and generous man. Of the three, however, Denis LeGuenn touches us most deeply. This is one of the most complete and the most finely shaded rôles that Bernstein has written. He has drawn it with a firm hand and a remarkable virtuosity. The first scene in which Denis appears reveals him to us clearly. His conversations with Gabrielle Jeannelot, his hesitations and timidity, unveil for us a charming and sincere man. He feels that Nature has been a little unjust to him; he is undersized not prepossessing, and he fears that women will be either hostile or indifferent toward him. In order to have all the chances in his favor he is looking forward to marriage with a young girl without a wide acquaintance who will not be equipped to draw comparisons to his disadvantage. And chance ordains that he shall love a widow! Denis has a kind of "phobia" of the past. His is a case of jealousy, at once retrospective and anticipative. Thus he is as much frightened as joyful when he

marries Henriette Hoyleur. As soon as he feels that Henriette returns his love in kind he eagerly welcomes the future. His jealousy vanishes. It is to have a terrible reawakening.

While remaining natural and even a little laughable, LeGuenn is a tragic figure, and he isn't the only one. The women of "The Secret" occupy the first place in the drama after all. Henriette is assembled of all the qualities, strength and weakness of a daughter of Eve. She thinks that happiness is due her, and when it comes late (for her first marriage was unhappy) she abandons herself to it with fervor in the hope that her union with LeGuenn will efface her painful past. Alas! her life has its secret. This secret is innocent compared to Gabrielle's—who deceives us during the first act and a half—for hidden under charming manners and apparent kindness Gabrielle has an irresistible instinct to ruin the people who surround her. She accomplishes this with a duplicity, a refinement of cruelty quite devilish. She is Henriette's intimate, receives her confidences and betrays them. The spectacle of her friend's happiness with LeGuenn inspires in Gabrielle abominable machinations, the crowning one being to invite to the home of her aunt at the time Henriette and her husband are guests there the man for whom Henriette has had a moment of weakness. It is this that results in the catastrophe, and Bernstein's play reveals a double secret, the most profound being the Machiavellian depths of Gabrielle's nature. The danger of this revelation is that it might render the woman completely odious, which the author avoids by following nature. The drama is written in a restrained style, without redundant oratory or false brilliancy. M. Garry plays the difficult rôle of Ponta-Tulli, carrying it with an extraordinary authority; yet the honors of the piece are divided between Mlle. Lély (Henriette) and Mme. Simone (Gabrielle).

"The Mad Week" (comedy in four acts by Abel Hermant) belongs more strictly to the type of play which deserves to be called *Articles de Paris*. It depends more on the clever dialogue, risqué situation and *décors* than this latest success of Bernstein's. When you add that the author is one who has never had a failure in this *genre*, and that the scenes are laid in Venice, also that the action pauses while two of the principals dance the popular tango, it is possible to measure its kind of success. The plot of "The Mad Week" is exceedingly slight. Serge Kamensky (played by André Boulé) has abandoned his wife, Princess Fedosia (Mlle. Ventura), four months after their marriage. The princess rents a palace in Venice and goes to live there with two of her compatriots, her secretary, Semenov, and her musician, Arteniev, who are interested for their own ends in keeping husband and wife apart. At a costume ball given by the Duchess of Ancenis, Fedosia encounters her husband. In order to arouse his jealousy she starts an intrigue with the Marquis de Mauvière (Jacques de Feraudy) and ends by inviting him to go home with her. Kamensky follows them—jealous despite himself—and succeeds by his taunts in goading Fedosia to elope with the Marquis to the neighboring island of Torcello. Again the prince follows

them (this is in Act III), arriving as soon as they do, and by his entreaties succeeds in persuading Fedosia to dismiss the Marquis, while they weep over the lost happiness and inquire if they will ever find it again. In Act IV they do find it; they become reconciled, but the Marquis, irritated by the Secretary, Semenov, who has loaned him a revolver, confronts the pair and fires point-blank at the Prince. This nobleman is not killed; he pardons the Marquis, sends Fedosia's bad advisers back to Russia, and the final curtain falls with Fedosia in her husband's arms and the pair making plans to enjoy together the remainder of the Princess' lease of the old Venetian palace. You see, it required considerable spice, including the tango dance, to render this simple fare palatable to the Parisians.

In the first scene between husband and wife Fedosia sees Serge running away from her at the Duchess' ball, and calls: "Serge! Serge! are you running away from me?"

Kamensky: Yes. Discretion is my single virtue, and as I can't flatter myself that it pleases you to see me—

Fedosia: What an idea! If we were bourgeois, we wouldn't see the possibility of each going his own way. But we live at opposite ends of the world, and our meetings should be as precious as they are rare. Do you know, Serge, it is four months and four days since you bade me—good-night? Ah! I've counted them. I felt a veritable joy when I read your name on the list of the Danieli. At that very moment I had just received the Duchess' invitation at the palace, Kamensky.

Kamensky: Only an hour ago I heard that you had leased the palace.

Fedosia: But you did know it! And as soon as I arrive you flee like a malefactor.

Kamensky: The word is strong; still, I've used it myself, and let us admit that I deserve it.

Fedosia: Don't exaggerate. You know me little if you think I would try to make you do anything.

Kamensky: I've been spoiled, I admit, yet—when I've been wrong I'm willing to admit it.

Fedosia: And do better?

Kamensky: Well, I don't like anybody to tell me what I'm to do.

Fedosia: Your conscience tells you?

Kamensky: I detest scenes—and if I flee—ignominiously, it is because, after what has passed between us, it wouldn't be in a woman's nature to spare me one. If you spare me—I—

(He takes his wife's hand and kisses it.)

Fedosia: Why are you afraid of me?

Kamensky: Afraid?

Fedosia: Yes. Fear drove you away from me. You were always afraid of me—like our peasants who think I cast spells. *Moujik!*

Kamensky: You're dreaming!

Fedosia: You were afraid at the very beginning, when you felt yourself falling in love. Don't deny it—it's your best excuse, your only excuse. You married me by force—when you believed that I disliked you—out of revenge you soiled what ought to have been sacred between us. Another woman, who didn't fear big words, would tell you

### Melisande

Mystic murmurs from the depths arise,  
Vague as sound at night far distant cries  
Across a waste held hushed by shrouding skies:—  
And yet, these sounds breathe griefs and ecstasies.

Dark, gloomy woods with silence seem to weave  
Some magic spell. Lost from the world of strife,  
In Nature's realm, a girl is heard to weep.

She blindly finds a love, childlike, naïve,  
And in it meets with death—death strange as life.—  
Sounds faintly tremble,—then, in silence, sleep.

R. W. BRUNER.

(By taking the first letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, and so on, the name Mary Garden will be formed.)



Mishkin

EVA SWAIN

Danseuse seen at the Metropolitan Opera House

(Continued on page vi)



ELSIE FERGUSON AND DUSTIN FARNUM IN THE REVIVAL OF "ARIZONA" AT THE LYRIC

White

# From the Chorus to Legitimate Dramatic Star

By PAULINE FREDERICK

IT was a telephone that called me to the first real rôle I ever played. Of course there was a man at the other end of the wire, but just the same it's the telephone that I always think of as having given me my first real start. That little black box on



PAULINE FREDERICK

the wall was the thing that lifted me out of the chorus. Oh yes, I was a chorus girl. And now when I look back I wonder what would have happened to me if the telephone hadn't spoken. Maybe I would have emerged from the chorus cocoon as a full-fledged butterfly of musical comedy. But it doesn't seem possible that without that call I would ever have had the chance to play anything that really counts.

You see, it happened so easily and naturally that at the time I scarcely realized what it meant, I had joined the Lew Fields company that was playing "It Happened in Nordland" in the autumn of 1904. I had just a few words

to say, and they didn't amount to anything. No one had suggested my being an understudy for anyone, much less for Blanche Ring, who was starring in it, but I had paid close attention to her part just because it interested me, I guess. There's always the feeling, too, in the hearts of those who play the minor parts that they could do so much better than the star, and whether you study it or not, constant playing and rehearsals with the big people make you familiar with all their lines. Then one night the telephone rang. Yes, Miss Frederick was there. Well, Miss Ring was ill. Could Miss Frederick take her place? Could she? It was my first big chance—and I haven't gone back to the chorus since.

But that wasn't the actual beginning of my stage work. I'll tell you now, and have it over with, that I was born in Boston in 1884, August 12th, to be exact. I was just the average girl, having a good time, and even following the usual rule of girlhood in holding a hope that some day I might "go on the stage." I found it at the Boston Music Hall in the spring of 1902, when a singing act there needed a girl in a hurry. That was my launching. It led to a place in the chorus of the Rogers Brothers' company, and later to a similar job in "The Princess of Kensington," which was James T. Powers' play and which landed me at the Broadway Theatre in New York.

Soon after this I had landed myself with the Nordland company. Then came my 'phone call to success, and when the company went on tour I was out of the ranks and had a dressing room of my own.

They say the first step up the ladder is always the hardest and the longest to complete. But I've found that every step meant hard work, even when all your heart is in it. Maybe that is the reason though, for it's the same in any kind of work that you want to succeed in, from all I can see. If you want to lay bricks well, I should think it would be needful to buckle right down to it. But if you are interested, the hard work doesn't seem to make much difference. You see what I mean, don't you?

Channing Pollack offered me the title part in his "The Little Gray Lady." That gave me just the chance that I wanted, and right there I dropped into drama for good. The next season, that of 1906 and 1907, I played in "The Girl in White," which never did get into New York. I liked it just the same, all but the travelling for there had been plenty of that in my chorus days, weeks and weeks on end of one-night stands. That fall I was leading lady for Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold," which played at the Garrick Theatre in New York and in January of 1908 I was in "Twenty Days in the Shade." Later there came "Samson," with William Gillette, and "The Fourth Estate."

Then I was married. That sounds awfully final, for some

reason, but it really isn't. It marked the interruption of my work, though, and gave me a chance to look back over what I had done. Did you ever try such retrospection, try to catalogue and arrange in neat little piles all the people who have been of actual help to you in gaining what you wanted, all the opportunities that meant going ahead? It's lots of fun and it's a great help in balancing your mental books to see just where you stand. I can honestly say that it was not only the big shining lights that aided me, but the smaller twinkles as well, people who didn't have very important parts, but who played what they did have with just as much earnestness as though the success of the whole production depended upon them.

There are one or two big debts that I owe. One is to Edward Elsner, who stages the productions for William A. Brady, and who has coached me many times. He has taught me how to put more actual humanity into my acting than I ever thought it was possible to handle and at the same time please an audience. That may sound unusual to the layman, but stop to consider it for a moment. Suppose you went to the theatre and saw the people on the stage going through scenes that are the counterpart of things that you can see in any household almost any day of the week. I don't think you would go more than once, for it isn't human nature to pay for things that are usual and familiar. Of course, there are situations in real life that have the greatest dramatic possibilities, but they are not crowded into a short space of time as a usual thing. That is what makes it so necessary to exaggerate every emotion, every phase of life in the world behind the curtain. But it can be leavened with a distinct touch of humanity, it *must* be to make acting convincing, and the proportion of that touch is the thing that is the hardest to attain. Mr. Elsner opened my eyes to the possibilities of making my characters real people and not feverish, unnatural beings.

He was not the only one, though. When I was working with William Gillette and with Francis Wilson, too, I gained more knowledge of this all-important factor, and now since my return to the stage there have been others, both great and small, who have been equally helpful. It seems to me that it is the same in any of the fine arts—and surely acting can be classed with those. In music, painting or sculpture, it is always possible to learn something new. The study never ends, and I have found that it is exactly the same with the stage, that is, in the purely dramatic rôles.

There were three years that I never saw a footlight except from in front, for my husband was averse to my working. During that time we travelled abroad a great deal, mostly in Switzerland and France. I have always liked the out-of-doors, and when we were in the Alps I did lots of walking. There was a reason, too, besides just liking it. Don't tell anyone, but I did it to keep thin. I, the girl whom a critic once said was nothing but a "stick to hang clothes on." I met him the other day, by the way, and reminded him of what he had said. He denied it, but I offered to get down my scrapbook and show him, so he begged pardon very prettily. I think that while we were in Paris I added a great store to my knowledge of acting. You see, I was still hoping to get back to the stage some day, and naturally I looked on everything in the theatre with an eye to gaining help from it. Oh, those French theatres! Oh, those audiences! Both of them so different from what I had learned to play in and play to in America. Can you imagine an American audience remaining attentive while an actor seated in a big chair with his back to the audience and practically concealed from them except for an occasional gesture, went through a long speech? And can you think of an American actor who would be willing to do such a thing? And yet I saw such situations over and over again, not only in Paris, but in other big cities, Berlin and London.

They surely have the secret of holding their hearers over there, but then too, there is something radically different in the psychology of a European audience. The best proof of that is the





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PAULINE FREDERICK

Recently seen as Zuleika in Louis N. Parker's play, "Joseph and His Brethren"



WILTON LACKAYE  
Seen as John Brand in "Fine Feathers"

White  
VALLI VALLI  
Appearing in "The Purple Road" at the Liberty

Moffett  
CHARLES CHERRY  
Played Elliott Grey in "Rosedale"

fact that foreign companies that come to the United States rarely meet with success. It isn't because they speak a language that is incomprehensible to the majority of the theatregoers. Words aren't always necessary. It's the acting, the movement, and the spell of actuality that can be cast by the copying of human traits that everyone recognizes as natural. Think of "Sumurun" for instance; not a word spoken throughout, yet the house was packed every night.

The French have raised the art of listening and appreciating in the theatre to a high plane. It is the same although in a less degree wherever you go on the Continent or in England. But over here—well, the only reason for a difference that I can see is that the American audience comes with its mind made up to be amused, to get a laugh or a thrill out of everything. If the thrill is lacking, they insist on laughing. Foreigners seem to go to the theatre in anticipation of hearing well-written lines well spoken and they appreciate the beauties of the text.

Once in a while I have found American theatregoers in exactly the right mood to receive the lines as they were written. But often the crowd will show a weird sense of humor and will laugh at all the wrong places. And oh how hard it is then! For instance, the other night in "Joseph and His Brethren" we had an audience of just that sort. There is one line, of little importance and certainly not written to bring a laugh, where one of the slave girls says, "He touched my hand." Now what is there funny in that? Yet the audience giggled, then laughed outright. That gave me my cue as to what the viewpoint of our hearers was, and right away I had to revise my manner of playing to suit it.

That came just before the scene in Zuleika's chamber. It is then that she tempts Joseph to break his promise to faithfully guard all the household of Potiphar, and when he resists her lure and leaves her, she rages wildly. It is a strongly emotional scene, but that night I realized that the audience would not have appreciated the deeper things that are possible in the rôle. They would have laughed at the woman's

frenzy. Therefore I toned it down, softened all the high lights of passion and anger. There were no laughs from out in front. On other occasions, when total sympathy exists between the stage and the house, I give all my power to the scene. The opportunity to feel that the character is thoroughly understood and appreciated is rare, but when it comes I am always grateful.

I have usually been able to gauge the temper of an audience from the expression of just one person sitting well down in front and have made it a point to play to his or her liking. It's different at the Century Theatre, though, for that has such a big stage and the lights are so brilliant that we can't tell whether we are playing to an empty house or a full one until the first applause comes. It makes it a great deal harder but it's good experience.

Last summer I had an offer to join Mme. Simone in "The Paper Chase," and that marked my coming back to the stage, for my husband gave his consent. How odd it was, too, to get back to the old atmosphere. I might almost have been a novice at the business, so strange and out of place I felt for a little while. But Mme. Simone is a wonderful woman to work with and I enjoyed every minute of the time we were together. Then Louis Parker wrote to tell me he wanted me to play Zuleika in "Joseph and His Brethren." The part appealed to me and I accepted.

To my mind, it is absolutely the greatest rôle I have ever played, and so interesting too. It all had to be built up, for unlike the other leading characters in the play, Zuleika doesn't get much mention in the Bible except as Mrs. Potiphar and is rapidly passed over then. But I love to play her. She's not a particularly nice lady herself, but what a chance she provides for forceful acting. It isn't easy by any means. Every time I finish my longest emotional speech, I am

completely worn out. I just have to throw myself into the part, really be Zuleika in thought as well as action. Maybe you can imagine what a real strain it is.

The preparation for the part even before we went to rehearsal was fascinating too. It led me

(Continued on page vii)



White  
MIZZI HAJOS  
Recently seen in "The Spring Maid"

# NEVER mind when—but I believe I will out and over with it: seventeen years ago, a newspaper woman perpetrated her first interview. The victim was a newly-risen star, the place the Baldwin Theatre. The actress was to shine for San Francisco the next night. Meanwhile, from a box, she with keen enjoyment "watched someone else work."

## May Irwin on Popularity

A plain, frightened young person sent in her card between acts, was admitted to the theatre, and the actress left her box party and sitting cosily down on a step leading from it, carried on a monologue. The monologue was necessary, for the newspaper woman, awed and tongue-tied, gazed at her in absolute silence.

She had never before met an actress and this radiant blonde in pale-blue silk, diamonds shining from her fair hair and her round white neck, cast her into an abyss of muteness. The actress chatted of her journey across the sun-baked Southlands. "While we were crossing Texas a cowboy came into the car and we waltzed down the aisle while someone whistled," she said with a side glance of merry eyes.

May Irwin and I have recalled that meeting often in the intervening years. "You adapted your conversation to my capacity," I remarked. She chuckles with a reminiscent little wag of her head.

"I found my voice when I was leaving and asked you how you liked being a leading woman for the first time. I didn't know the difference between a leading lady and a star," says I, and Miss Irwin confines herself to the noncommittal chuckle.

Since that time I've seen her on many stages in many plays in many cities, most often in New York. I've seen her in her own town house in Sixty-eighth Street, New York, have seen her in a simple apartment uptown, which she had taken because a tenant persisted in remaining in the town house and she would not forego the joys of housekeeping even though in a plain "furnished flat." I've seen her in her castle-like home on her own sixteen-acre island in the St. Lawrence River, seen her enlivening a luncheon by her wit, seen her convert a Supreme Court justice to equal suffrage, seen her talk with mist-eneiling eyes, that are at one time round and childlike, at others shrewd, the eyes of a world-taught woman. I've seen her widowed and seen her happily remarried. And in all these phases the same underlying attitude toward life persists.

Twice last season I saw her rolling out and patting and tossing her audience in "A Widow by Proxy" as she does her parties for luncheon in her Irwin Castle. Her way has always been successward. At the pinnacle of her success, she gratefully recognizes the fact of that success.

"I never saw you so happy," I said, in her dressing-room, after she had shown me a photograph of a fat baby laughing uproariously in its bath—a pictured baby that she had acquired by purchase and annexation. "I went to the baby's parents and

placed the joy-centre back on her dressing-table. "I am happy," she said. "Think of my coming back here and being almost taken in their arms and kissed by the critics. God bless 'em! God bless everybody." The eyes that had been round narrowed to a businesslike shrewdness. "And I've been coming back here for seventeen years. You know that. There are other and younger ones coming up."

"How do you account for your popularity? Analyze it, please," I begged.

"Gracious! Can I, I wonder? Well, for one thing, I think it's because I'm honest with my audiences. I never fool them. When my play goes on the road I go with it. The public has learned that I will be there with every ounce of entertainment I can give it.

"I respect my public. You've never seen me, nor heard me, criticise its taste, have you? No one else has. It knows what it wants. It's wise and knows what I can give it better than I know myself. I've had my yearnings for the serious. Indeed, I have. But the public has treated me as Augustin Daly did when I went to him with youthful assurance and told him I was grieved, yes deeply, because I had not been cast for a romantic part in an old drama. He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, though trying to look stern, and said: 'You were born for comedy, and modern comedy. I won't interfere with your birth-right.' The public knows what it wants and it's generally right.

"The praise I've been getting this season—and that makes me as happy as that uproarious youngster there in the bathtub—I've earned by always giving the best I had. I save all my energy for my audiences. I never go about while I'm playing. Invitations are declined before half read. I never see my friends while I'm playing. I never walk while I'm playing, lest it tire me. I drive once a day for the air. I always decline to play at benefits, except the benefit

for the Actors' Fund. I never see a living soul—and I wouldn't be at home to a dead one—between four and five o'clock every day. That's my hour of preparation by resting. It's a part of the night's performance. I owe it to my public.

"Maybe we can come close to guessing the riddle when I remind you that you've never seen me play in anything risky. Neither has anyone else. The large majority of American audiences are clean of life and thought and they want to see clean entertainment. Something audacious may catch the fancy for a short time, but it's like spice. They come back to the bread and meat. I think we've found the answer, it's wholesomeness."

"And what of the reason for the failure of others?"

I mentioned a star that had risen and set during May Irwin's seventeen years of shining.

"That is plain enough," she answered. "She allowed herself to become a bundle of affections and insincerity." A. P.



Harris and Ewing

MAY IRWIN

# The Maude Adams of the "Movies"

PROBABLY no other actress in the history of the stage, past or present, has had such a following as "Little Mary" Pickford, who used to be the "Queen of the Movies" and known to millions of "movie" fans all over the land as the Maude Adams of the film plays! Certainly no living actress, not excepting even the divine Sarah, has appeared before so many people and in so many rôles, and she a girl of nineteen!

Mary Pickford has a past that reads as much like a fairy tale as the play in which she has been delighting enthusiastic audiences in the Republic Theatre this season, "A Good Little Devil." Like the title character in the play she, too, figuratively speaking, came from an attic. Only the rats she knew were not friendly singing mice like those in the play. They were the grim realities that gnaw away many a grown-up heart—those life rats of poverty and cold.

Born in Toronto, April 8, 1894, her father died when she was four, and, being the eldest of three children, Mary became the father of the family, a life rôle she has played ever since. With room rent and hunger staring the little family—there was mother and Lottie and Jack, besides Mary—in the face, it was up to Mary to keep the wolf from the door. Her mother took her down to a theatre in Toronto, and the manager looked at Mary, and stroking her beautiful golden locks said, "I think she can play the part."

"I know I can!" spoke up Mary, and all that night she sat up, without even eat-

ing any dinner and memorized her rôle. The part was a little toddler in "Bootles' Baby." This was followed by other child parts. Once she played Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and later Willie in "East Lynne."

"There isn't one of the good old melodramas that I didn't work in, from 'The Fatal Wedding' on up," Miss Pickford said, when telling about those "early" days. "All four of us—mother, Lottie, Jack and I—had parts in 'The Fatal Wedding.' Mine was the most important. I played the little mother, and however much the others in the company took the audiences out in front as a joke, I never felt for one moment that the play wasn't thrilling and a most tremendously important drama. In those days I took

the drama very seriously. I brought a great deal of study and work to every part assigned me, and I felt always that I was the star of the show, no matter how small my part was. This life kept up year after year, with much of the time spent on the road. I'm a graduate of the Tank Town School of Experience, even though I am young. In nineteen weeks at a stretch I've known what it was to play a new town every night. I'll never forget 'The Soudan,' a melodrama that was a big success in those days. I was Dick, the Waif. It was a great part, and the day the piece

was put on I broke out with the chicken-pox and the measles. I had worked for weeks, only to have my cherished dream snatched away. I refused to give up playing the part, although the doctor said I'd have to. But I wasn't going to let a little combination like chicken-pox and measles interrupt my stage career. I knew Dick, the Waif, was a great part and I was determined to play it if I died. They couldn't stop me. My mother tried to and sent for the doctor again. When he saw me lying on the dressing room floor, kicking and screaming at the thought of my part being taken from me, he advised them by all means to let me go on, and I did."

"Little Mary" played in stock companies and on the road in plays like this until she was twelve. Then she made up her mind to be "a real actress with a real manager." She was back in New York at the time, for it was a dull season, and she was trying to get something for the summer.

"I decided to write to all the stars whose names I had heard. This done, I concluded that the next best thing would be to follow up my letters with calls on them. Miss Blanche Bates was in Brooklyn at the time, playing in 'The Girl of the Golden West.' I went to the theatre, and Miss Bates' colored maid, Hettie, told me that I couldn't see Miss Bates then, because she was on the stage in her big scene, but she told me to wait. After awhile I heard the actress, who had returned to her dressing room, say:

"'But, Hettie, I can't see the child.' Then the good-hearted colored maid remonstrated. She told the actress I wanted her to help me see Mr. Belasco. 'But I can't send her to bother Mr. Belasco,' Miss Bates said. Then I heard Hettie pleading for me,



Photo Marceau

LITTLE MARY PICKFORD AS BETTY IN "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA"



Mary Pickford in the film play, "The Mender of Nets"

and I feel it is to this colored maid that I owe much for what little success has come to me since then.

"'Mis' Bates', she said, 'ah ain't neffer axed you'ah er favor, but ah does plead with you'ah ter see dis heah lil' blond girl! She wants ter go on de stage, an' all she axes is fer you'ah to he'p her sees Mistah Belasco.'

"'That's true, Hettie,' said Miss Bates, 'this is the first favor you have ever asked me. Well, you tell her to go to the theatre in the morning and to ask for Mr. Dean and tell him that I sent her to see if he had anything she could do.'

"'Early the next morning,' continued Miss Pickford, 'I was at the theatre. An important boy met me at the door, and instead of asking for Mr. Dean I blurted out that I wanted to see Mr. Belasco. Mr. Dean, hearing me argue with the boy that I must see Mr. Belasco, came to see who it was, and he asked me to come in. He heard what I wanted to do and promised that I should see Mr. Belasco. He told me to come back that night after the performance. I went, and, of course, they had forgotten about it, for I couldn't find them. Then I went back the next morning and he apologized for forgetting and told me to come back on Thursday. They thought I was just a little stage-struck girl. But I think my faith in them must have had its effect. For finally, after many trips, morning, noon and night—I never grew discouraged and never for one moment doubted that they would keep the next appointment with me—I saw Mr. Belasco.'

"It was after the performance one night. I stood in the lobby and he came toward me. I saw him then as only two eyes—two enormous eyes. The rest of the world was only a blur. I saw only those two deep pools of light looking down at me, and I don't know what I said to him.

"Anyway, he told me to go off and learn a little verse and come back on a certain night and recite it to him. Then came my trouble. Of all the verses in the world there was not one for me. Finally I decided to read some lines of Patsy Poor

in 'Human Life.' But after I was ready to read them the difficulty was the same as before. Mr. Belasco was the busiest man in the world. So was Mr. Dean. I was always told that to-morrow, maybe, Mr. Belasco would have time to listen to me.

"At last my persistence won out again. It was after a performance of 'The Rose of the Rancho.' Mr. Belasco after everybody had gone, told Mr. Dean to turn on the lights and have me take the stage. There the two of them sat, in that great empty house, with every pitiless light burning down on me, and I on the stage trying to say my speech.

"As soon as I got up before them I felt how false those lines were—how theatrical. I had to plead with a chair not to have me arrested, explaining that I had stolen the bread to feed my mother, who was starving. These were some of Patsy Poor's lines in my star melodrama.

"I must have put some feeling into them, for my mother was outside waiting for me, and everything depended on my getting an engagement with Mr. Belasco. None of us had been working for two months, and money was even lower than usual.

"Well, after I had said my speech, Mr. Belasco came up and put his hand on my head. 'So you want to be an actress?' he said. 'I'm already an actress,' I told him, 'but I want to be a good actress!'

"I got my engagement, and was given the part of Betty in 'The Warrens of Virginia.' The curious part of this was that I had been saying all the year before that I was going to give up melodrama to work for Mr. Belasco. I hadn't an idea at that time that my childish dream would come true."

Asked if all had been easy since then, the little star replied:

"Indeed, no. I was only a little girl in 'The Warrens of Virginia,' and when that piece closed Mr. Belasco had nothing else to give me. It was hard, then, but I had saved a little money. Still, there was mother and Lottie and Jack and I to live on it. When we got our spring clothes we had very little left.

White  
Mary Pickford as Juliet in "A Good Little Devil"

"Little Mary" Pickford in a scene from "A Lodging for a Night," a Mexican film play

"I shall never forget the little blue serge suit and the hat I got out of the money I saved. And the first extravagance of my life came along with it. This was a pair of silk stockings! I went to an Easter sermon, but the silk stockings kept my mind off what the preacher was saying."

It was then that Mary Pickford turned to the movies after being turned down everywhere else. She heard of the Biograph, down in Fourteenth Street, and she went there and saw Mr. Griffith. "You know," Miss Pickford told me, "Mr. Griffith is the Belasco of the moving picture world!"

Miss Pickford worked before the camera that day and at night received five dollars, but she made up her mind not to go back again, much as she needed the money. But on her way home she got her dress, hat and shoes soaked in the pouring rain.

"With all my good clothes ruined, you see I couldn't give up a five-dollar-a-day job, so I did go back. Mr. Griffith called me into his office and told me that he would not insult a little Belasco actress by offering her such a sum as five dollars! I felt a cold chill go up my back. I thought I had lost my job. Then he said that the films from the day before had turned out so well he would give me ten dollars a day. Sixty dollars a week!

"That's when mother and Lottie and Jack and I began to live," cried Mary Pickford. "That's the first time in my life that I felt I could afford a washerwoman!"

Good salaries for acting before the camera began with Mary Pickford. No less than \$300 a week has always been at her command in the movies, and this amount advanced to \$500 when she announced her intention of getting out of focus in order to play the little blind girl, Juliet, in "A Good Little Devil" under David Belasco's management.

While the leading lady with the American Biograph Company in most of its ambitious productions, Miss Pickford was the heroine of a thousand dramatic episodes. In certain of the most popular of these screen plays this young woman, in all her beauty and charm and exceptional art of pantomime, has been observed simultaneously by more than a million people in theatres scattered from coast to coast. What an audience—all bewitched with her beautiful face and winning personality!

"I never played an adult part until I went with Mr. Griffith," she told me. "You may laugh, but I actually didn't know how to make stage love. Mr. Griffith taught me the art in 'The Violin Maker of Cremona,' in which I had the first serious emotional rôle of my career."

Not only did Mary Pickford act before the camera while she was the "\$10,000 Movie Actress," she got to writing scenarios—film plays—herself. Altogether,



Kaniwara

MARJORIE HELEN WOLFF

In "Cupid's Darts," a dance arranged by Jacob Mahler and dedicated to Mikail Mordkin

she wrote twenty-nine, all but four of which have been produced. These she wrote between the acts, as it were—that is, while travelling to the Coast or to some faraway island where a new film drama was to be staged.

Well, the originator of "Goldy Locks" was too busy for anything else except to beautify the screen when David Belasco was preparing to produce "A Good Little Devil," and was searching for an actress to play the little blind girl. He was on the road at the time, launching another play, and stepped into a moving picture place to rest his nerves. "Little Mary" was the photo star in a thrilling Civil War drama, in which she enacted a girl of the Confederacy. After the great manager had watched her exquisite though wordless acting for a few moments, he easily understood the enthusiasm of the audience.

That little blue-eyed, golden-haired girl with the face of a child—that girl who could laugh and cry with such convincing realism, who could be coquettish, or grave or gay with equal facility—that girl, Mary Pickford, and none other, could play Juliet, according to Belasco. He must have "Little Mary," although at the time he did

not know her name—any more than that—nor who she was. He never gave the little girl who had played Betty in "The Warrens of Virginia" a thought.

Meanwhile, she had to be consulted in the matter. Where was she? Certainly not in this small town where the tantalizing shadow of the real girl played hide and seek on the flashing picture screen.

Belasco was worried. Even if he found the substance of the shadow, would she be willing to abdicate the throne of the film play queen in order to accept a small speaking rôle? Would the "Maude Adams of the Movies" give up a life of comparative ease for the arduous work of a legitimate actress? For, as a moving

picture star. Mary Pickford had always had \$300 a week at her command for fifty-two weeks of the year. Nor did this mean working every day, nor even every week, though her salary went on just the same.

Not to be discouraged even by this seemingly impossible, Belasco kept up the search and later found "Little Mary" in New York. She was not averse to relinquishing the honors of queenhood of the movies and the independence of stardom in the silent drama when an opportunity offered of coming under Belasco's training as a really, truly, speaking actress on a real stage, with an audience out in front whose applause she could hear and whose hearts she could touch surely a little better, at least, when moving before them in reality.

"This is such a queer kind of a play," Mary said one night in her dressing room in the Republic. "I like my rôle, but I hope some day I shall do character work."



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Cop't. J. E. Buckingham, Jr.  
 Private box in which President Lincoln was assassinated

# The Night That Lincoln Was Shot

**F**ORTY-EIGHT years—almost half a century—have passed away since that tragic night when, during a performance of "Our American Cousin," at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., President Lincoln met his death at the hands of John Wilkes Booth, the actor, and the little group of players who appeared in the cast on that ever-memorable night is rapidly dwindling.

To-day the survivors are believed to be only three in number. They are William J. Ferguson, the well-known character actor, who acted the part of Lieut. Vernon, R. N.; Miss Jennie Gourlay, who appeared as Mary Trenchard, who is now married and living in Pennsylvania, and Edwin A. Emerson, who played Lord Dundreary. Mr. Emerson, now in his sixty-eighth year, has an art glass business within a few blocks of the theatre where the tragedy took place. Although nearly half a century has passed, the events of that dreadful night of the assassination are as vivid in his memory as though it had been but last week.

"It was near the beginning of the third act," he said recently to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, "I was standing in the wings, just behind a piece of scenery, waiting for my cue to go on, when I heard a shot. I was not surprised, nor was anyone else behind the scenes. Such sounds are too common back there during the shifting of the various sets to surprise an actor. For a good many seconds after that sound nothing happened behind the footlights. Then, as I stood there in the dimness, a man rushed by me, making for the stage door. I did not recognize Booth at the time, nor did anyone else, I think, unless perhaps someone out on the stage, when he stood a moment and shouted with theatrical gesture, 'Sic Semper Tyrannis!' (So perish all tyrants!). Even after he flashed by, there was quiet for a few moments among the actors and stage hands. No one knew what had happened.

"Then the fearful cry, springing from nowhere it seemed, ran like wildfire behind the scenes:  
 "'The President's shot!'

"Everyone began to swirl hither and thither in hysterical aimlessness. Still the curtain had not been rung down—for no one seemed to have retained a scintilla of self-possession—and the actors on the stage were left standing there as though paralyzed. Then someone dropped the curtain and pandemonium commenced. The police came rushing in to add to the chaos, and for what seemed an

hour, the confusion was indescribable. One incident stands out plainly in my memory from all the confusion of men and sound that turned the stage into chaos. As I was running aimlessly to and fro behind the scenes—as everyone else was—a young lady, coming out from a dressing room, asked the cause of all the uproar.

"President Lincoln has just been shot!" I replied.

"Oh!" she exclaimed and, closing her eyes, was sinking limp to the floor in a faint when I caught her and carried her into her dressing room. She was Miss Jennie Gourlay, one of the then well-known family of actors, and that night playing the part of Mary Trenchard. This little episode exhausts my recollection of anything coherent during the time immediately after the shooting.

"Those who first attempted to aid Mr. Lincoln tore his clothes from him in the most frantic manner in their efforts to locate the wound. I was told by several of the men connected with the theatre, among them young Mr. Ford, who had charge of the ticket office, that, when he was brought out, he had been practically denuded of all his outer garments. Later on, when the place was cleared, I went into the box where the assassination had occurred. Just by the side of Lincoln's chair was a program half crumpled. On it was a dark wet spot, which I do not say positively was the life-blood of the President, but in my own mind I am convinced it was."

This program, which no doubt was that held in the hand of Mr. Lincoln at the time the fatal shot was fired, is carefully preserved by Mr. Emerson. The spot referred to, though faded to a dim brown, is still plainly visible.

"I knew Wilkes Booth very intimately," continued Mr. Emerson, "and acted with him a great many times. We were much the same size, dressed alike, and were of the same general physical characteristics—whereby hangs a tale as I'll tell you later. I first played with him some time before the outbreak of the war, at the Sycamore Street Theatre, in Cincinnati. He played the part of Evelyn, in Bulwer's comedy, 'Money.' In the fourth and fifth acts he was the best Richard III that I ever saw. In the earlier acts, he was not sufficiently self-contained. He was also the gentlest man I ever knew. He was not feminine, yet gentle as a woman. In rehearsal he was always considerate of the other actors, and if he had a suggestion to make, made it with the utmost courtesy, prefacing it with; 'Now, Mr. ———, don't you think that perhaps this might be a better way to interpret that?' In this he differed



E. A. EMERSON  
 Who played Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," on the night of Lincoln's assassination



W. J. FERGUSON  
 Well-known character actor and one of the three survivors of the fatal performance now living. On the night of the tragedy Mr. Ferguson played the rôle of Lieut. Vernon

Playbill of Ford's Theatre on the fatal night

from his older brother, Edwin, who was always harsh and commanding, showing little feeling for the young actor.

"Wilkes Booth's first appearance on the stage was at the old Richmond Theatre in that city. He played under the name of 'John Wilkes,' because, he told me, his father had told him that he would never make an actor and, if he turned out a failure, he did not want the family name to be entangled in it. Only after he made a success did he use his own name. The last time I played with him was at the old Nashville Theatre. The play was 'The Corsican Brothers,' and we played the title rôle. I also saw him in Nashville in 1864, after the fall of Nashville. I was with a dramatic company, playing there, and Wilkes Booth, who was not engaged with any troupe at the time, was there. I next saw him in Washington the following April, after Lee's surrender—the week of the tragedy. He made his headquarters, in a way, about Ford's Theatre. I do not think that, even at that time, he had any plan of assassination in his mind. Indeed, all his friends wondered, after the act, that one of his gentle nature could conceive such a bloody deed. Yet an incident I myself witnessed may possibly have first excited his disordered brain to committing the dreadful crime. At the time I thought nothing of this occurrence. It was only in after years that the full significance of it dawned upon me.

"About eleven o'clock on Friday morning—the fatal day—I was standing with Booth in the lobby of the theatre, near the box-office window—the ticket office as we then called it. A courier from the White House came in and stated to Mr. Ford, who happened to be in the box office, that the President desired to know if he and a party could get seats for that night's performance. This was the first intimation anyone had that he would attend that night.

"'Certainly,' replied Mr. Ford; 'The President and anyone he cares to bring are always welcome at my house at any time,' and, taking out some box seats he gave them to the courier, at the same time crossing them off the cardboard plan of the house that lay in the window before him. That was before the days of coupon tickets, you know, and the seller crossed off the seats as they were sold. At the same time, he wrote across the margin of the plan in large letters, for the benefit of the public, the following: '*The President and party will attend to-night's performance.*'

"Wilkes Booth, seeing him write, took the plan, swung it around and read the notice. Then, without another word, he walked out of the theatre. I have since become convinced that then, for the first time, the idea of assassinating the President occurred to him. An abduction would have been useless, since there was no longer any question of an exchange of prisoners. But his thoughts evidently had been so long directed against Lincoln that it had become a morbid obsession in his mind and, with his romantic

temperament, he did not stop to think of the heinousness of the deed he contemplated. I do not say this in palliation of the crime, but merely in explanation. No doubt it occurred to him that, from his position as an actor, he could have the run of the theatre, both before and behind the curtain, without exciting comment, and thus his way to the shooting was rendered easy.

"I was not directly entangled in the subsequent proceedings, but I came very near being. There were some negroes living in the alley just back of the theatre next to the stable where Booth kept his horse. On the morning after the assassination they reported to Chief Baker of the Secret Service that, about ten o'clock on Friday morning, just preceding the fatal night, they had seen Booth talking to a lady in the alley near the rear door of the theatre, explaining his plans to her and pointing up to the various places in the building. They described her as dressed in a blue silk skirt, with a dark-gray jacket and wearing a hat with a white plume in it. On inquiry at the theatre, Chief Baker found that this description fitted the street dress of Miss May Hart, who had, on the night of the assassination, played the rôle of Georgina. She had left for Baltimore just after the tragedy, he learned, and was staying at Barnum's hotel there. That evening he went over to Baltimore with a force of his officers and, going to Miss Hart's room in the hotel, knocked loudly. The young lady had retired and called to them to wait until she had put on a wrapper before opening the door. So intense was the feeling at that time, however, that they burst open the door and compelled her to dress before their eyes, not trusting her to a moment's privacy. Nor did they tell her why they had thus summarily arrested her until she was safely lodged in the Old Capitol prison in Washington.

"The following morning a strange man came to see me. Roughly, he demanded:

"'Are you Edwin A. Emerson?'

"'I am,' I replied.

"'Where were you,' was the curt query, 'at ten o'clock last Friday morning?'

"'None of your business,' I replied with equal curtness. In those parlous times men were not answering a stranger's impertinent question offhand.

"'It is some of my business,' exclaimed the stranger, and throwing back his lapel, disclosed his badge of office. 'And a human life may depend upon your answer.'

"'Why, certainly I will tell you,' I replied. 'At that time I was standing in the alley near the rear door of the theatre with Miss May Hart, who was to play the part of Georgina that night. I was to play Dundreary, and, as we had never played together, we wished to rehearse some of the dialogue between us. The stage was cold and bleak that morning, so we came out into the warm sunshine of the alley and went over our lines together there. Now, why?'

(Continued on page ix)



Mishkin

PAMELA GAYTHORNE

Recently played the principal feminine rôle in "Our Wives"





White

MARGUERITE CLARK AND ELIZABETH NELSON IN ACT I OF "ARE YOU A CROOK?"

# Mrs. Fiske — Our Intellectual Actress

"MRS. Fiske" is a name which awakens mixed feelings and emotions. It all depends upon the person. To some she is a hard, cold and singularly unsympathetic actress—nothing more; but to others, and their number is legion, she is known and admired as a player of consummate poise and dramaturgic skill.

But on one point there can be no doubt—that of the intellectuality of the woman. Perhaps no other word in the English language describes her better than the adjective "brainy." Many are the actresses who have attained stardom by the allurements of physical beauty or charm of manner; many are they who have done so through the magic of their voice or their ability to make a frenzied emotional appeal. But Mrs. Fiske possesses none of these qualities to any degree. She is not especially beautiful of face, dainty in manner or graceful in movement. Her voice is peculiarly unpleasant—her utterance sharp and jerky—at times almost indistinct. She never makes the theatre walls resound with the clarion call of her acting. The primary appeal of Mrs. Fiske is to the intellect, and it is this quality which makes her acting so fascinating and stimulating to some, so unattractive to others. In her case there is no middle ground for opinion. You either like her immensely or you will have none of her.

That she is an actress of substantial worth, not merely a player of freakish personality and eccentric capabilities, her long record of solid achievement is incontrovertible testimony. How else shall we account for the esteem in which she is held by so many seasoned theatregoers? Not only does she retain the undying loyalty of these men and women, but she is constantly making new friends in the rising generation. Freakishness never evokes genuine regard. That is the trait of the sensational performer who rises meteor-like to fame and notoriety only to fall into oblivion again as suddenly as she rose. It is because she is a real actress where others are mere personalities that she continues to be a leader of our stage. Her theatrical career covers something more than forty years, yet Mrs. Fiske is acting to-day with the same verve, vitality and authority, the same keen perception and appreciation of dramatic values that have always distinguished her as an actress. She has reared her structure upon firm ground. She relies upon a sound dramatic method which will outlive mere physical charm. With this as a foundation she has adapted herself to the ever-shifting conditions in the theatre. Many of our stars appear year in and year out in the same kind of vehicles. The name of play and character may change, but the substance of it all remains the same. Other actors and actresses have gone out of fashion with their plays. Not so with Mrs. Fiske. She is ever eager and ambitious to attack the new. An actress of decided limitations, her dramaturgic method and training have stood her in good stead. As a rule they have proved elastic enough to meet every exigency. But when she enters the realm of poetry and romance these limitations are at once evident. In "Mary of Magdala" and "Hannele" she has approached nearest to failure. To these kinds of plays her personality and method are quite unsuited. But it is one of the really splendid things about this woman that her intelligence ever guards her from complete failure. It speaks volumes for her



Morrison

MRS. FISKE

art that Mrs. Fiske is still a stranger to unmitigated disaster. It is as an actress of sharp and pungent satire or searching, trenchant psychological drama that she appears to best advantage. In such plays as these she has few equals, no living superior.

The life history of Mrs. Fiske is quickly told. Born in New Orleans, December 19, 1865, she made her first appearance upon the stage at the early age of three as the Duke of York in "Richard III." At fifteen she was a star, and she made her bow to a New York audience at Wallack's in 1870 as Little Fritz in "Fritz, Our German Cousin." 1884 was the year in which she made her first great success, "Caprice" was the play and the New Park the scene of her triumph. Upon her marriage to Harrison Grey Fiske in 1890 she went into retirement for a time. In 1894 she made her reappearance as Hester Crewe. The Minnie Maddern of the old days had become Mrs. Fiske. Then followed a succession of triumphs in "A Doll's House," "Frou-Frou," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Divorçons," "Magda," and "Becky Sharp." She became the lessee

of the old Standard Theatre in 1901. Renamed the Manhattan, this theatre for five years was the home of the very best in American dramatic art. It was here that Mrs. Fiske made her productions of "Mary of Magdala," "Hedda Gabler," and "Leah Kleschna." Since the end of her tenancy of the Manhattan in 1906 she has produced "The New York Idea," "Rosmersholm," "Salvation Nell," "Pillars of Society," "Hannele," "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," "Lady Patricia," and "The High Road." Not only has Mrs. Fiske acted in all these plays, but she has in a large measure superintended their production and looked to the ordering of their details, a task involving not merely an immense amount of time, energy and physical labor, but the exercise of creative and executive ability of a high order.

Better than any lengthy criticism of her acting does this list of plays bespeak the remarkable versatility of Mrs. Fiske. Ibsen, Sardou, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Hardy, Heyse, and Thackeray—they are all represented in her notable gallery of theatrical portraits. Nor must we forget Langdon Mitchell, Edward Sheldon, and Harry James Smith, three most promising American dramatists whom she was the first to introduce to our public. Modern prose tragedy, emotional drama, satirical comedy, realism and poetry, psychology and farce—that is the range of this eminent artist. Actress, producer, stage manager, she is even the author of several one-act plays. When we consider the compass of her abilities and the superlative excellence with which she accomplishes all that she undertakes we can hardly arrive at any other conclusion than that she is truly an astounding little woman.

As to her acting. Hers is not a smooth and plastic art, it is subtle, incisive, luminous, vivid—almost fragile in its texture. But notwithstanding this, Mrs. Fiske with her crisp, staccato utterance, fraught with meaning, is able to convey far more than dozens of players who delight in tearing a passion to tatters. She never mistakes mere vehemence for dramatic power. Mrs. Fiske's art suggests far more than it actually expresses. If we must choose between the ordinary emotional actress who displays the superficial emotions of a character and Mrs. Fiske's quiet intensity, teeming with the suggestion of dramatic power, let us



White

Vivian Tobin

Marguerite Leslie

Orrin Johnson

SCENE IN "THE MONEY-MOON," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE POWERS THEATRE, CHICAGO

have Mrs. Fiske by all means. At least, she is individual, sincere and striking.

Her comedy is marked by sureness and lightness of touch, but it could scarcely be called rich or warm or glowing. Rather, it possesses all the hardness and brilliancy of a diamond or the gleam and glitter of an icicle. Her art shows to advantage in such rôles as Becky Sharp and Cynthia Karlake. Her method is admirably suited to the bite and sting of the artful, clever but heartless little Becky. With what delicious sense of proportion, perfection of detail, verve and spirit she sets Thackeray's master character upon the stage. Her dash and sparkle in the ballroom scene, her mastery of the situation in the meeting with Steyne, her nerve and courage in Rawdon's discovery of the clandestine supper, her anguish and despair when she realizes that she has staked everything and lost, her assumption of superficial gaiety to hide her loneliness and her submission to the inevitable in the closing scene of the play—these are a few of the touches that make it a memorable impersonation. And who can forget how delightfully Mrs. Fiske played Cynthia Karlake in Langdon Mitchell's play "The New York Idea"?

How accurate her conception of the character, how adroit her portrayal of the woman's impulsive, volatile nature, her restlessness, her indecision! With what brilliancy of tone and nicety of speech she emphasized the subtle caustic wit, the stinging, ironic repartee, the cut and thrust of the dialogue of the earlier scenes, and then, too, with what rare art she brought out the essential sweetness and innate goodness of the woman in the final act of the comedy.

One of the very finest tragic performances she has ever given is that of Rebecca West in "Rosmersholm." Quiet, intense, vivid, it will remain in the mind of the writer as one of the best things she has ever done. Here was a case where the vital, vibrant quality of her acting was brought to its fullest play. For the larger part of Act I Rebecca has little to do, much less to say. Yet, throughout the scene Mrs. Fiske was the centre of attention. With no outward manifestation of change, her very silence was ominous and portentous of the tragedy to come, and the eye of the spectator would constantly revert to Rebecca however much it might be distracted by the conversation going on about her. The climax of the play disclosed the art of Mrs. Fiske at its highest pitch. As in the preceding scene, the actress was almost continually in the background. During the cross-questioning by Rosmer and Rector Kroll, not the shadow of an expression passed over her countenance. Her face was a complete enigma. Nothing but a curious, nervous tension betrayed the gigantic struggle taking place within the woman's soul. Unable to bear the strain longer, Rebecca delivers her confession. As acted by Mrs. Fiske the scene acquired an added significance. Out of the deceptive calm burst the storm. The woman seemed powerless to resist the rush of words which rose to her lips. Propelled and projected by the dynamic force of her acting, they came forth with all the suppressed force and pent-up energy of a volcano.

She had epitomized the import of the whole action in one tremendous moment. The effect upon her audience was electrical.

This very season Mrs. Fiske is doing some of the best work of her whole career in Edward Sheldon's new play "The High Road." The author himself has described his drama as the pilgrimage of a woman through life. The first act introduces Mary Page, a young girl of sixteen, living on a farm in New York State. In Act II, some three years later, we meet Mary in New York living in an unconventional manner with a young artist. Eighteen years elapse between Acts II and III. The third act reveals the girl, now a woman of national reputation, in the Capitol at Albany after she has succeeded in forcing the passage of an eight-hour law for women. Acts IV and V occur two years later. Again New York is the scene. Mary Page has married the governor of the State, who is the presidential candidate of a great political party. How her early indiscretion nearly wrecks her husband's campaign for the presidency and how she outwits a shrewd but unscrupulous politician is the substance of these closing acts. Even the casual observer can readily see the pitfalls in such an acting part. Only an excep-

tional actress could play it and make it convincing. It is not every artist who could bring out the essential girlishness of the character in Act I, and in Acts III, IV and V play with poise and authority the woman of the world. Perhaps Mrs. Fiske does not look like a young girl in the first act. What of that? She acts like one, and not for a second is she out of focus. It is not so much the physical appearance or growth that counts; it is the mental growth, the inner woman with whom we are concerned. That Mrs. Fiske did reveal this inward growth is ample proof of her exceptional abilities.

To compare Mrs. Fiske with others is useless. From all others she stands apart; she is absolutely unique. A great actress in the sense that Bernhardt, Duse or Réjane are great, she is not. Mrs. Fiske's most formidable claim to distinction lies in her ability to go to the heart of the matter and give you the essence of things. Her acting is the very negation of dramatic art in that she makes her effects in the very opposite manner which the majority of actresses employ. Where the average actress will give you an emotion, Mrs. Fiske drives home an idea. It is ever her aim to acquaint the spectator with the mental processes of the character she is playing; it is the why and wherefore of things that she wishes to disclose, and these are attributes of the brain, not the heart. She cares little for the physical change in a character if she can make plain the mental growth. Mrs. Fiske is given to few gestures, fewer outbursts of impassioned speech, and the immobility of her countenance is a thing to marvel at. But the vital connection between player and audience is maintained by the magnetism of the woman—a magnetism which comes from the brain, not the heart, and like an electric current she seems to charge the whole theatre with her presence. Mrs. Fiske plays from the head, and audiences think the emotions of this actress more than they feel them. —CHESTER T. CALDER.



White

RUTH CHATTERTON

Appearing as Henry Miller's leading woman in "The Rainbow"

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



White

VALLI VALLI AS WANDA IN "THE PURPLE ROAD," AT THE LIBERTY

# "A THEATRE of thrills"— so the management designates the new little Princess Theatre, opened in this city recently under the direction of Holbrook Blinn for the production of one-act plays. That a theatre so advertises itself shows what must be offered to entice our patronage in these days of overstimulated competition. This press-agent nomenclature, however, does more harm than good—as it often does—since the enterprise has a more serious, a deeper purpose than the mere providing of pure sensation.

"Because it is controlled largely by the matinée girl, whose sweet innocence must not be disturbed.



Holbrook Blinn

Through a note on the program the management requests that immature persons bestow their patronage elsewhere, as it does not wish to limit its repertoire to the confines of their censorship. There is no more effective way, of course, of attracting the very young, who think they are very wise and old, as well as the very wise and old who hope here to find something that may still offer spice to their jaded appetites. The table-d'hôte menu of theatricals presented at this board is varied enough—there are satire, light comedy, pure horror, "punch," froth and tragedy—everything *bien raffiné* and quite different.

"Different? From what?"

"From the plays which are not and can be seen elsewhere," said Mr. Blinn when the writer put that question to him. He was sitting in his dressing room above the theatre, an isolated human being completely surrounded by manuscripts. The unsolicited dramatists are always on the lookout for new prey, and Mr. Blinn is their latest. But since he is such a staunch believer in the worth of the one-act play, he is willing to be their victim, if only his sufferings will produce what he is looking for.

It is as strange as it is true that this country, which is short-story mad, has as yet developed no liking for the one-act play. The analogy between these shorter forms of the novel and the drama is obvious, but the difference in their appeal is not so easily analyzed. That the one-act play has not attained in drama the position which the short story holds in fiction is due, so thinks Mr. Blinn, in great part to the fact that there have never been adequate means for presenting the former. There is no equivalent for the magazine in the theatre.

"Practically the only vehicles that have existed heretofore for the one-act plays have been the curtain-raiser and the vaudeville sketch, both of which are unsatisfactory. The former is usually no more than theatrical *hors d'œuvre*, an appetite whetter. It has come to us from England, where it served to keep the pit amused while the orchestra stalls were being filled. Its addition to the bill is usually taken to imply a weakness in the play that is to follow; it is only when the author or the principal actor is very well known, or when a manager wishes to add a novelty to a revival that a mixed bill is possible here."

"And the vaudeville stage—why has that failed to popularize the one-act play?"

Such consideration naturally hampers the development of the one-act play and leaves its authors but a limited choice of subject."

There have been various attempts, of course, to interest New York in the one-act play. Before the vaudeville bills included "tabloid drama," Rosina Vokes amused Broadway with an evening's entertainment made up of several short plays for a season or two. They were jolly old farces, full of nonsense and silliness, such as "The Pantomime Rehearsal," "The Milliner's Bill," and "A Game of Cards," and their success was due, not to their dramatic merits, but to the charm and ability of Miss Vokes and the actors associated with her. Among these were Weedon Grossmith and Felix Morris, who was a portrayer of "cameos of character" in Mr. Blinn's opinion.

In another valiant attempt to popularize the one-act play, Mr. Blinn himself had an active part. Associated with Helen Ware and Augustin Daly, under the latter's direction, an excellent cast presented a number of interesting and unusual short plays at Daly's old theatre in 1906.

"The reasons this endeavor did not succeed are many and difficult to define. The company was good, its purpose serious, its plays noteworthy, but the manner of presentation was inadequate for one thing. The undertaking was not sufficiently capitalized and so, of course, the *mise-en-scène* could not be the best. But the real deterrent factor, I think, was the house in which we gave these plays—old Daly's. Because it is a lyceum, the public looks upon it more as a town hall than a theatre, and refuses to take anything seriously that is presented there."

Mr. Blinn has long been a champion and friend of that theatrical stepchild—the one-act play. In 1900 he brought it to the fore under his own management in London, but with little approbation and encouragement from the public.

"The masses don't like one-act plays. They feel, I believe, that they are not getting their money's worth if they don't have an evening's full bill. They want one long play that shall grip them and hold their interest continuously; they do not like the change of mood a change in the bill would effect."

Though the masses may not want this, Mr. Blinn is of the opinion that a few of the elect do. For that reason he waited with his present venture until he had a special, very small and very exclusive theatre for the very select clientèle who would appreciate what he had to offer. As it seats but 298 in 244 orchestra chairs and eight boxes, one can easily see that it would take several weeks to exhaust even a small coterie of one-act play connoisseurs in a city of the size of New York. When all those who are interested and those whom they in turn may convert have been to see the one bill, it will be about time to change it, anyhow, for one of the most firmly fixed policies of the management is to avoid the long run of its plays.

"For the sake of the actors, we stipulate in our contracts that they shall not be constrained to play one part for more than a number of weeks. To further the development of

their versatility more, we give all the members of our company opportunities to play big and little parts of great variety. In one play I have the lead, in another the minor part of a policeman. Mr. Edward Ellis, who wrote one of the plays we give, has two



White INTERIOR OF THE PRINCESS THEATRE, NEW YORK

A new playhouse devoted to the production of one-act plays of a sensational kind, similar in character to those which made the Grand Guignol, of Paris, famous.



Photo Bangs

GRACE WASHBURN

American actress selected for the stellar rôle in "The American Review," which opened the London Opera House

parts of considerable importance in the third and the last plays; in the first he is only 'a voice' at the end of the wire; Mr. Trevor, who has good parts in two plays, is seen in the very minor rôle of the porter in the last. No—we want to avoid that hobgoblin, 'the long run,' so much that we shall take off plays that are successful in the very flush of their popularity."

With what kind of plays are you trying to arouse our interest in the one-act drama? How do you select them?

"Not to be daring, but to be free," is Mr. Blinn's definition of his purpose. "We have no message to bring; no lesson to preach. We hope to entertain, and if in so doing we instruct, so much the better. Our intention is not to shock, as some fear, but to present things as they are. The American people are emancipating themselves from the hypocrisy of Puritanism and the theatres are helping them do it. When we think of what we thought shocking five or ten years ago, the things we will have in our literature and upon our stage to-day are truly extraordinary. This is not a sign of degeneracy; it is a sign of growth. Anything that is suggestive and rotten will fail; what is frank and sincere will be welcomed to-day. Anything that depends upon unpleasantness for its effect may enjoy a short vogue, but that is all."

In the face of this statement, the writer wondered how Mr. Blinn would justify his presentation of "Fear." This play which deals with an English soldier's fear of the cholera in India arouses no depth of emotion, but an intensity of sensation, the sensation of pure horror.

"It is a thriller, I will admit," and Mr. Blinn smiled that crooked, neat little Irish smile of his which is his open sesame to the favor of his audience. His smiles are precious by virtue of their scarcity. Perhaps that is not a fair thing to say after a short interview about very serious things. But to return to his defense of producing "Fear."

"That play depends for its effect not upon shock, but upon suspense. It is primarily a psychological study and as such it appeals to the minds of the audience, not only to their sensations. It might be much worse than it is, you know. We carefully omitted all the shocking details with which the French peppered and seasoned it when it was given at the Grand Guignol in Paris."

It is always consoling to be told that things might be worse.

But Mr. Blinn's defense was not at an end.

As his reason for selecting "Any

Night," he declared that, though it portrayed the depths of the city's depravity it showed "what toll is sometimes exacted from those who travel on the wrong and 'easy' road. It is essentially tragic and its tragedy purges it of whatever suggestion of salaciousness the telling of it may have contained. The Bible is full

of things we would not chatter about, but these we forget when we understand the purpose for which they have been told to us. The analogy is not perfect, nor even apt, but it helps to illustrate the point, perhaps.

"Suggestiveness, you know, is quite another thing from openness. This play is unmistakably frank. But those who prefer to wear blinders as they trudge their way through life are not encouraged to attend this theatre."

The writer held a third count against Mr. Blinn. What about "Fancy Free"? Isn't that really, truly immoral, since it sanctions an exceedingly free relationship between the married and the unattached? Again that smile and a dismissing wave of the hand.

"It's too frothy, too inconsequential to be shocking. It's subtle satire, you know, and just beautifully absurd."

In some of the newspapers, the Princess Theatre was heralded as presenting "smart shows for smart people." Was that the set to which it meant to cater?

"We hope the smart people will think these plays smart, of course—or they won't come," was the ready answer. "But we are not serving caviare here; we are serving meat. The price for the seats and the size of the house make it prohibitive, for

the present, of course, for many who would appreciate these plays to see them. We hope to make them so alluring that they will become an incentive for saving. But one real advantage this exclusiveness has—it spares us from giving thought to the gallery gods. Hence we can afford to be natural. The untrained theatregoer, the uneducated, still hanker for the theatric, you know."

The gold wrist watch, which is an important piece of property in "Fear," showed that it was time to don khaki and bronze for the desert scene. So there was no more to be said in defense of a small beginning that may lead to a big conversion and of the man who may one day be known as the father of the One-Act Drama. "Food" a satirical playlet by William C. De Mille, has since been added to the bill at the Princess Theatre. It is a travesty on supposed economic conditions fifty years hence.

EVA E. VOM BAUR.



White

CARRIE REYNOLDS  
Who is now appearing in vaudeville

### The Love-Sick Chorus Man to His Dance Partner of Last Season

I kissed her for every night of the week,  
And every week of a year;  
And I learned to know her powdery cheek,  
And the glimpse of her whitened ear.  
And many the song together we sung,  
As we stood where the footlights glowed—  
But she left me to stay on old Broadway,  
While I am out on the road.

For many a time I spoke my love,  
And many a time I swore  
That her eyes were as-blue-as-the-heavens-above—  
Aye, hundreds of times and more;  
And many's the time I held her close  
In the musical comedy mode;  
But she dances to-day to old Broadway,  
And forgets me out on the road.

And the one in her place has a taking face,  
But the rouge is so sticky and queer,  
And her voice at that is a bit more flat  
Than the one that I tenored last year.  
So although her name and her talk are the same  
And we joke in the well-worn code,  
My heart is away on old Broadway,  
Though my feet are out on the road.

E. L. MCKINNEY.





Fifth Avenue Studio  
 STATELY WOMEN OF THE CLASSIC TYPE SELECTED TO PLAY PRINCIPAL ROLES IN "LYSISTRATA"

FOR their latest argument the suffragists have turned to the ancients.

## A Suffragette Play

duce Greek drama or to familiarize a modern audience with its peculiarities and beauties, but to make propaganda

One of the newest methods they have adopted to advocate the cause of woman's rights has been the production of one of the oldest Greek plays, "Lysistrata," which Aristophanes wrote as long ago as 411 B.C.

The strange thing about this delightful comedy is not so much that it contains sentiments so like those current to-day that they might have been coined by a dramatist of the twentieth century A.D., but that the anti-suffragists regard it as an argument written especially for them. Many a politician would envy the dramatist his astuteness which helped him remain a friend to all the ladies. His method was simple enough. He wrote a plea for peace in which he depicted a war of women against men in which the former gained their point by "abstaining from love" and depriving men of their company. This is without a doubt a strategy known as "indirect influence."

"Aha!" say the Antis, "in that way we get what we want."

"So ho!" say the suffragists, "do you think it womanly and proper?" and to the men: "Wouldn't you rather give them the vote and keep them at home?"

When the French anti-suffragists gave the play, Gabrielle Réjane had Maurice Donnay adapt the work for the Parisian audience that frequented the Théâtre du Gymnase. Even they, sophisticated as they were, gasped and choked a bit in the swallowing. The original is regarded as one of the most pungent, one of the most daring dramas that have ever been written, but the version used for the production at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, this city, last spring, under the auspices of the Women's Political Union, "A Modern Paraphrase," by Laurence Housman, is a marked concession to present-day standards of propriety and dramatic art.

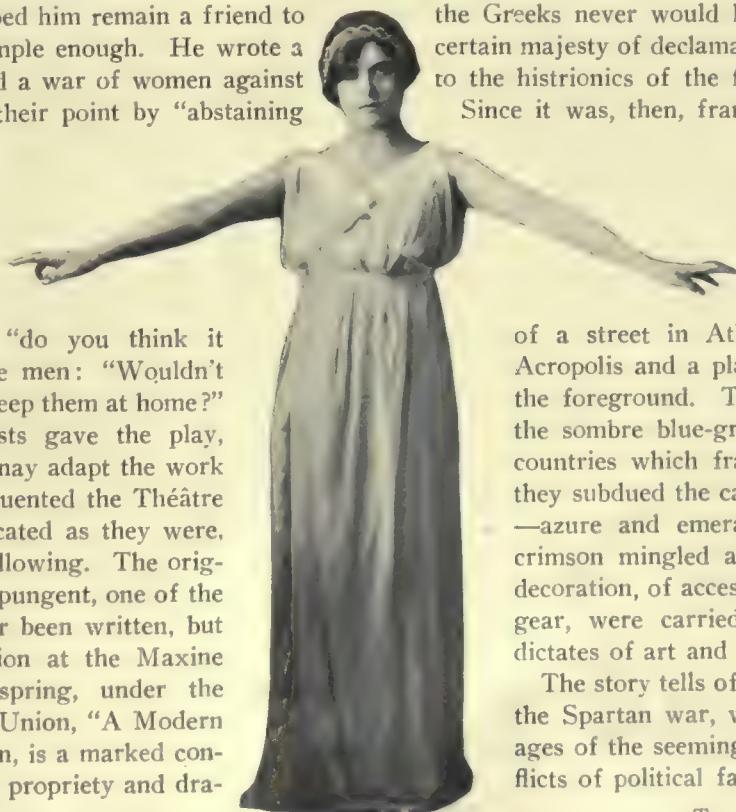
The object of the performance was not to repro-

for Votes for Women. Not only was the adaptation decidedly loose and free, but the manner of presentation was frankly not Greek. The suffragists took as many liberties with Aristophanes as with the property of others in the exercise of their militant methods abroad. Their version of the play was divided into two scenes and an interlude, between which the curtain fell; the theatre in which it was performed demanded the use of scenery, of exits and entrances, which made of the production something the Greeks never would have recognized. In the acting, a certain majesty of declamation was the only recognition given to the histrionics of the fifth century B.C.

Since it was, then, frankly, only a modern adaptation of the old comedy which should show how old is the question of women's rights, it must so be judged. As a modern play of Greek times it was effectively produced. The scene was that

of a street in Athens with a distant view of the Acropolis and a platform before a high stone wall in the foreground. The browns of these structures and the sombre blue-green poplars of the Mediterranean countries which framed the stage contrasted well as they subdued the cacophony of tones in the costuming—azure and emerald, purple and rose, orange and crimson mingled and did not clash. The details of decoration, of accessories and properties, even of foot-gear, were carried out faithfully according to the dictates of art and of nature.

The story tells of the plight of Athens at the time of the Spartan war, when it was torn between the ravages of the seemingly endless campaigns and the conflicts of political factions. The women,



A CLASSIC FIGURE

To whom war decrees  
 A life unhusbanded,

feel that they are the real sufferers from these conditions and that, feeling this so poignantly, they must use all their influence to bring them to an end. Lysistrata, their leader, impresses upon her fellow-women (a term that is not an anomaly, but a necessity) the fact that the hope of Greece lies in them; that upon them depends her future. She is convinced that if they will but abstain from love for a while and, banded together, defy the men and demand peace of them, then will they get what they want. But, though she has sent her summons from the North to the Peloponnese, the response is not so ready. It is a pitiful evidence that the other women are not yet so active and roused as she; "they drowse, lapt in fond dreams." Lysistrata is frankly disgusted and ashamed of her kind. But Calonice, the first Athenian to pledge herself to this cause of the women, has a word to say in their defense:

Ah, give them time! You trust  
My word for it, they'll come! Often, no doubt,  
'Tis difficult for women to get out;  
For those with husbands have enough to do;  
And servants need a looking after, too;  
And then the children—one to put to bed,  
And one to wash, another to be fed—  
Ah! there's no end to it!

But slowly they come, from Bœotia, from Corinth and even from the hostile Sparta, and when they are collected she tells them of her plan—that when their husbands at the next festival return to them to make "a show and a pretense of peace," they shall "abstain from love"—a plan that meets with general disdain, it being "so unwomanly," until she goads their vanity by declaring that peace can only be bought with feminine allurements. Still Myrrhina, a very young bride, makes objection:

"But friend, suppose our husbands—went elsewhere?"

"Is yours like that?" is Lysistrata's quick, silencing retort.

The plot they lay is to storm the Acropolis where the gold necessary to carry on the war is stored; if they guard this zealously the campaign must come to an end through lack of funds. As they pass out on their way to carry out these schemes a chorus of old men enters, carrying big and little logs of wood and a big copper brazier. They are crabbed old men, with squeaky voices and foolish thoughts. They heap up the fire in order "to set fire to woman, so abominable, so accursed!" As they light their torches in the fire-pan the heads of four women appear over the wall to watch them. Catching sight of them, the men, with their lighted torches, crouch below the steps leading to the gate. The women advance, pretending not to see the men, but discussing them in no unmistakable terms. An amusing altercation follows in which, of course, the men are completely worsted—verbally annihilated, one might almost say. To the shower of cold words is added a shower of cold water, and in the drip-

ping dribbling stage in which this leaves the hapless wretches, a committeeman finds them and brings them the solace of his grumbling against the insolence of womankind.

His speech, a clever satire on feminine presumption, might well have come from a member of the British Parliament, or even of our Congress:

What means this noise of women? Have the jades

Started their racketings again—their raids,  
Their drummings and their voices from the roof  
At public meetings? Aye, had we not proof  
When Strellus was in debate, only last week,  
On Naval policy, began to speak  
Of unlaunched keels left rotting on the slips:  
Says he—most wisely—"You must *man* your ships  
As well as build them." Suddenly in burst  
A voice from nowhere—"Man your women first!"  
It was his daughter! Athens being drained  
Of marriagable men, affairs grow strained  
Within the home. Then, on another occasion,  
Brennus was holding forth about invasion,  
Conscription, taxes, and the waste of war,  
When all at once a voice squeaks through the  
door—

"What about women?"

Confronted by Lysistrata and her "comrades" and "sisters" he calls for the police "to seize and bind her fast" for him. One comes at his command, but meeting Straty-lis, an Amazon both fair and formidable, he falls back and retires to seek further reinforcement. This reinforcement being thwarted too, a third policeman is pressed

into service, but the combined trio is yet no match for the feminine bravery they must encounter. Armed with a pole, they once more advance in a compact body into the mob of women on the steps only to be confused by a shower of cloaks enveloping their heads and dragged into the citadel. There follows a colloquy between Lysistrata and the committeeman in which he meets with a similar fate. In the second scene there is further trenchant argument for both sides. The First Leader of the Women, in telling why weak women seek to serve the State as well as men—paying the debt they owe, says:

I, too, pay taxes: from my flesh there runs  
Rich tribute; ye bear arms, but I bear sons  
And daughters; ye bring death, but I raise life;  
I build the fruitful home, while ye breed strife,  
Envy and fear!

The men, unable to battle equally with words, resort to force of arms.

Physical force,  
Basis of government,  
True source of consent

Men yield to law;  
Can she summon to her aid

The expletives and the explosives  
Needful for moving one's inferiors,  
And modifying by their hard corrosives

The stubborn and recalcitrant exteriors  
Of this hard-crust world?

Shall I resign my place to woman?



Bangs EDWARD J. MAGUIRE  
Appearing in "Stop Thief" at the Gaiety



THE THEATRE MAGAZINE IN ALASKA

The above picture shows the United States mail, drawn on a sleigh by a team of dogs arriving at the Tanana post office, Alaska, carrying copies of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for military subscribers stationed at Fort Gibbon

To whose care we give  
Our homes, our wealth, our children, and who live  
Only by our consent?



FLORENCE ROCKWELL AS LADY MACBETH

This talented actress is appearing this season as Robert Mantell's leading lady

*Chorus:* NO! We will not permit it.

*3rd Leader of the Men:*

Shall we allow the sex-war—this  
attack  
Of infamous discontent  
Behind our back—  
On man's prerogative?

*Chorus:* NEVER!

*1st Leader of the Men:*

For through men's heart there  
runs in flood  
A noble and a natural thirst for  
blood.

*2d Leader of the Men:*

To form a ring and fight!

*3d Leader of the Men:*

To cut off heads at sight!

*4th Leader of the Men:*

It is our right!  
Women don't understand it.

*Chorus:* NO!

*1st Leader of the Men:*

But if we grant to these facilities  
For doing what man does—

*2d Leader of the Men:*

And what man alone  
Has any right to do!

*1st Leader of the Men:*

Aye, even one small handle for  
their own—  
They will go far!

*4th Leader of the Men:*

(With action) So, take we each a  
torch,

And, thrusting, let it scorch  
The gaping mouth, the giddy, gab-  
bling tongue,  
The—

And there ends their bravery.  
A futile pretense of attack ends  
in a hasty retreat, for as the  
First Leader of the Women  
says:

... more strong are we,  
We women, bound in deathless fealty  
To break this war. Our hands shall  
hold in check

Your armaments and bow the stub-  
born neck of all your pride!

Lysistrata, "pale and sad of brow and heavy with discontent,"  
now enters upon the scene. The women, puffed with the pride  
of their victory, are quite nonplussed to hear her say,

Woman's weak will and her lascivious ways  
O'erload my heart!

Her reason is: "They hanker for the men!" Many have, in  
modern parlance, proved "quitters" and returned home on such  
meagre reason as that they must keep the moths out of the fleece,  
comb their store of flax, or bring succor to a child which does  
not exist!

It remains with Myrrhina to show how strong, how determined  
a woman can be in the very face of temptation. Cynesias and  
her little boy have come to fetch her home; they plead with love,  
to warm her mother-heart and bring her back to them:

Have you no pity on a little child?  
See how the tangled curls have all run wild  
For lack of care; and like the little head,  
The tender body goes unwashed, unfed!

To which Myrrhina answers tauntingly:

Pity it is when fathers so neglect  
Their children!

She tantalizes him prettily, seeming to make promises only to  
withdraw all hope of their fulfillment. As she leaves him Cy-  
nesias calls out,



Photo Gerlach

MANA ZUCCA

Now appearing in the revival of "The Geisha"

Oh, me! Alas! When shall I find  
release

From all these torments?

to which the First Leader of the  
Women makes answer:

When you bring us peace.

The rebellious women and the  
defenseless men are again as-  
sembled before the citadel when  
a herald comes from Sparta,  
offering peace, for

'Tis the desire of every Spartan man  
That lacks his mate.

But the Committeeman only re-  
gards him with the superiority  
of his contempt and dismisses  
him. But it is not long before  
two other Spartan ambassadors  
come to renew the offers, and  
two Athenians arrive with the  
same purpose in mind. They  
call for Lysistrata to help them,  
which she, bringing Peace with  
her, does. Then there is danc-  
ing and feasting, of course, to  
express the great rejoicing as  
Lysistrata restores to the men  
their sweethearts, saying:

Since ye have made peace, do ye not  
deserve

The fruits of peace? We conquer  
but to serve.

Miss Isobel Merson, who is a  
member of John Kellard's  
Shakespearean company, played  
the leading part as she did in  
London last year when Gertrude  
Kingston opened her Little  
Theatre with this production.  
The demands it made upon her  
declamatory powers she met  
adequately and with sufficient  
variation to make its oratorical  
eloquence interesting and human.

Much credit is also due to her for the coaching. To Miss  
Florence Gerrish, an amateur, should be given due credit for a  
very sympathetic and graceful performance in the part of  
Myrrhina. Of the men, Mr. E. F. Coward, one of the stars of the  
Amateur Club, who took the part of the Committeeman, deserves  
special commendation. An uncertainty whether their parts de-  
manded classic or modern handling marred the acting of several  
players as did a seeming indefiniteness in instruction for the  
chorus. The dancing at the end of the performance by seven  
young society girls and Paul Swan—who bears the name of  
"Tolaus," because of his resemblance to a Greek god and danced  
in a baby leopard skin that gave cause to the good suffragists to  
sit on the edge of their chairs and be shocked—this seemed a  
needless concession to the demands of Broadway.

However, all in all, it was a good performance, and what is  
best, it helped the cause for it converted two antis and a man.  
Moreover, it netted a goodly sum for the treasury. E. E. v. B.

For the first time in his career of twenty-five years under the manage-  
ment of Charles Frohman, John Drew will visit California in two suc-  
cessive seasons between the end of his present tour in "The Perplexed  
Husband," and the end of the next theatrical year. An elaborate pro-  
duction of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" is already being  
prepared for Mr. Drew's use next season. The part of Benedict will  
naturally be played by John Drew, and negotiations are now under way  
for a contract with one of the best known of younger American actresses,  
though not a star, for the rôle of Beatrice.

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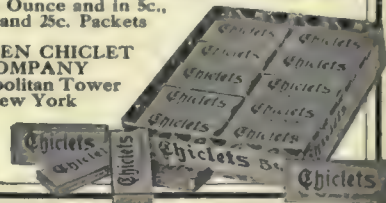
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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"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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### Some Spring Plays in Paris

(Continued from page 170)

that you committed a crime against love. There, I promised not to make a scene, and I'm beginning one. I beg your pardon.

Kamensky: How can a man help a little feeling of dread when it is so easy for you to become violent?

Fedosia: What! When something that I have to say to you can't be said gently. . . .

Kamensky: What is it? Try.

Fedosia: When your mother made us marry you said to her. . . . "I've wronged this girl, to repair it I shall marry her, then I'll quit her." You gave me your name, your title, and generously, your money. But was that reparation? You should have instructed me since you thought I was your inferior. You didn't do it—but consciously, with premeditation you've degraded me, you've tried to degrade me. Then you ran away—to crown all! You've fulfilled I don't know what social duty, but you've failed in your moral duty. Listen to me, Serge, you have failed!

Kamensky: My dear, that tone!

Fedosia: Oh, well, I've said it, I've got it off my mind. (Smiling) It was precisely to tell you this that I arranged this meeting.

Kamensky: If you feel relieved I am glad I failed to avoid it. Now.

(He kisses her hand in farewell.)

Fedosia: Where are you going?

Kamensky: Home.

Fedosia: To the hotel?

Kamensky: Of course.

Fedosia: That was natural before you knew that you were a proprietor of a Venetian palace, but now you won't affront me by returning to-night to the Danieli.

Kamensky: Where do you wish me to go?

Fedosia: Home—with me.

Kamensky: Are you crazy? Don't you know that I can't do what you propose?

Fedosia: Why?

Kamensky: Put it that I'm afraid.

Fedosia: So be it. But to-morrow? Come to breakfast with me?

Kamensky: What is the use?

Fedosia (in a low voice): Aren't you curious?

Kamensky: What about?

Fedosia: Nothing. You have no curiosity. You amuse yourself, yes, that's the word, by teaching a woman something and you run away before finding out if she has profited by your instruction. To-morrow?

Kamensky: I don't know. Perhaps. Adieu.

Fedosia: Adieu.

(She makes a gesture of rage behind his back.)

WILLIS STEELL.

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### Victor Records

Caruso Sings a New "Rigoletto" Solo—Rigoletto, *Parmi veder le lagrime (Each Tear That Falls)*, Verdi.

This melodious number, which has been much neglected in American performances of the opera, being usually omitted, occurs at the opening of Act II.

An Ave Maria with Obligato by Elman—Ave Maria, Percy B. Kahn.

A most effective, serious composition by that skillful pianist and composer, Percy B. Kahn, who is well known to Victor owners for the sympathetic accompaniments to the Victor Elman records.

A German Folk-Song by Schumann-Heink—Spinnerliedchen (*Spinning Song*), Reimann.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's list of German folk-songs and lullabies is further increased this month by a charming little Spinning Song by Heinrich Reimann, the well-known composer and teacher of Berlin.

An English Song by Gluck—Song of the Chimes (*Cradle Song*).

A beautiful *berceuse* by Lola Worrell, just published by the White-Smith Company, which Mme. Gluck has been using in her concerts with great success.

The subdued notes of the distant chimes, introduced in the accompaniment, produce a peculiarly impressive effect.

Clement Sings "The Palms"—Les Rameaux, Faure.

Faure's noble song of the Resurrection is now issued by the Victor for the first time in the original language, or tenor voice, and the record is a notable one.

Adv.

"The Workhouse Ward," by Lady Gregory, one of the most comic of the one-act plays in the repertoire of The Irish Players during their American tours, is to be played in vaudeville this summer.

## Legitimate Dramatic Star

(Continued from page 174)

into the history of Egypt, into museums to get an idea of costume and jewelry, and then I had all the fun of designing my clothes for the part. You see, there had to be some modifications, for the dress of the women of the time of Joseph, especially such a radical lady as Zuleika, isn't exactly fitted to stage production. The general characteristics are there though, even to the jewels for each costume. Those I change for every different dress, armlets, rings and bracelets, and you should see my hands. There are scars and scratches all over them. The art of personal adornment had its drawbacks for Egyptian ladies, plainly.

Hunting out these little details is just another attraction in the work as a whole. History has a fascination for me. I don't mean the dry-as-dust facts and figures in school books and encyclopedias, but the dressed-up sort where there is a real story attached to it. When I was with Mme. Simone, the history of the time of Marie Antoinette required some study on my part, and long after the play had ended I was still reading it. I enjoyed it too. What is more, study of history contemporary with the period of the play is a great help. It all gives such an insight into the time that is shown on the stage and makes it so much easier to enter right into the spirit of that time and play it naturally.

Next to history, I think that I would rather read Shakespeare than anything else. I've always wanted to play some one of his women, and I have studied them carefully in the hope that a chance will come. Meanwhile, I am Zuleika every minute of the time that I'm in the theatre.

Outside, here in my home, I forget her in my other interests. It's very necessary, I believe, to do that, for then I can take her up when the time comes, with all the freshness that a hard rôle requires. The days are quiet. They have to be, if I want to keep my health, but I don't call in the aid of a lot of fads. I love to walk and that is one of the best things anyone can do to keep well. Anything that is out of doors appeals to me, though. As for the rest, it is only common-sense attention to such things as diet and plenty of sleep that I have to watch out for. I have my books and my music, and some days I sing to my heart's content until I'm tired. And above all things I have a sense that I have won success, and that makes for happiness and general well being, too, I suppose. But sometimes I wonder how different my life would have been if that telephone hadn't rung.

### Books Received

**THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND.** By Owen Johnson. Illustrated. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

**THE BISHOP'S PURSE.** By Cleveland Moffett and Oliver Herford. Illustrated. New York, D. Appleton & Company.

**THE FLIRT.** By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated. Garden City, New York, Doubleday, Page & Company.

**A TURKISH WOMAN'S EUROPEAN IMPRESSIONS.** By Zeyneb Hanoum. Illustrated. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company.

**COMRADE YETTA.** By Albert Edwards. New York, Macmillan Company.

**THE VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.** Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company.

### New Dramatic Books

**LUCKY PEHR.** By August Strindberg. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati. \$1.50 net.

**THERE ARE CRIMES AND CRIMES.** Translated by Edwin Bjorkman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75 cents net.

Strindberg's plays and writings generally are fast finding publication in America. That he is an interesting, intellectual force cannot be doubted, and these publications will receive attention. The Scribner volume has an interesting preface.

**OPERA STORIES.** By Filson Young. Henry Holt and Company, New York.

The simple synopsis of plays and operas is useful enough for reference on occasion, and there is a demand for books of the kind; but there is a difference in quality and readability, according as the work is done perfunctorily or with spirit and literary skill. Mr. Young has done his work well and makes entertaining reading of his stories of "Faust," "Carmen," "The Magic Flute," "Don Giovanni," "Aida," "Madam Butterfly," "The Bohemians," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and "Hänsel and Gretel."



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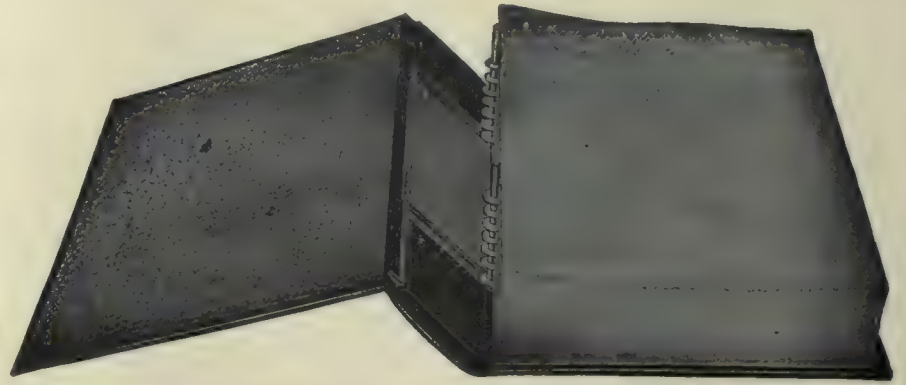
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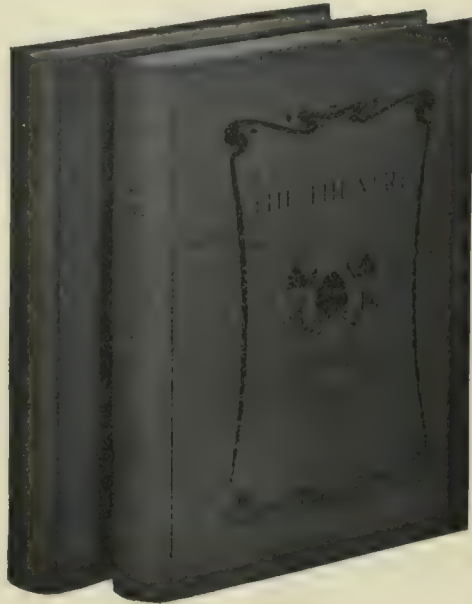
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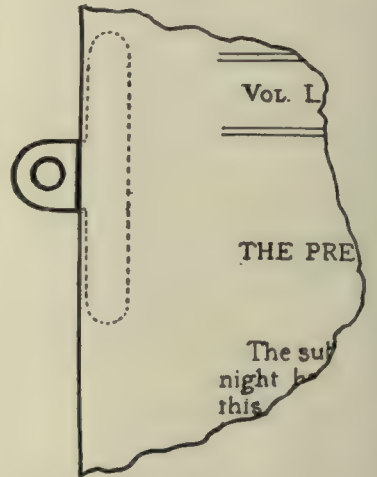
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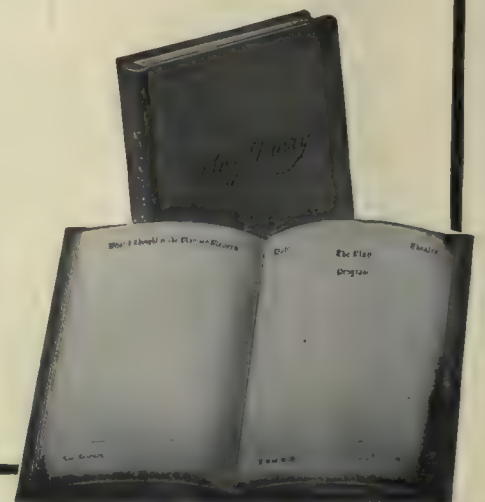
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# THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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## The Divine Sarah Again

(Continued from page 166)

many different branches of art and succeeded. Her painting, her sculpture, have been admired independently of the signature. She has exhibited in the Paris salons and won prizes. Her writing is easy and elegant; her style flows in poetically chiselled arabesques, with pretty thoughts set in like little gems. And her great love for beauty shines unwaveringly through all she does.

Her love of beauty, and her love of life in all its manifestations. Animals are her delight. And although she has abandoned snakes and panthers, she always has some sort of pets about her, and their health and welfare preoccupy her greatly. There is a big mother heart in the divine tragedienne's breast—a craving to care and to protect. All the members of her company are her children. She thinks of each one's comfort and is continually on the lookout for some happy little surprise to make them. Of course, they all worship Madame and stand by her like faithful soldiers, eager to read her wishes from her lips and helping her devoutly to gather all her wreaths of laurel. The work with her is hard and strenuous, but how could they think of complaining, since Madame herself works harder than all of them put together. Work, uninterrupted activity, have been the strengthening and preserving factors in this wonderful woman's life. They have carried her to the heights of fame and glory; they have given her, above all, an inward feeling of happiness that irradiates her delicate features with ever-youthful loveliness.

And if you want to know what Sarah Bernhardt's program is, hear it with her own words: "Tailler les pierres précieuses fournies par les poètes."

FRANCES C. FAY.

## Night That Lincoln Was Shot

(Continued from page 180)

"Oh, that explains things!" he ejaculated with a smile, and then told me of Miss Hart's misadventure, adding that he had kept her under strict watch since her arrest so that she could not communicate with anyone, and hence my story must be correct, as she had given the same account. He went immediately to the prison and released the young woman.

"The mistake of the negroes—who had added the part about the conspiracy talk from their imaginations, as negroes will—was not without reason. Booth and I, as I've said, were much alike. That morning, I wore a hat identical in appearance with the one Booth was wearing, and also the same sort of cape cloak he wore; what was known in those days as a Talma. Hence the negroes, who had seen Booth oftentimes at the stables, mistook me for him."

Mr. Emerson was born in Alexandria, Virginia, on December 27, 1837. His first appearance on the stage was with a dramatic club of that city in Otway's "Venice Preserved."

"I remember telling our negro orchestra of two fiddles and a clarinet to play some appropriate music when the curtain fell on the tragedy," said Mr. Emerson with a smile.

"All right, boss," said the leader, "We knows." And when the curtain fell on the awful tragedy they merrily struck up, "Hail Columbia!" He evidently thought I meant patriotic music."

For some years he played in the theatres of Washington and the Southern cities. After the assassination of Lincoln, he retired for a short time, to reappear in Washington, at Oxford Hall, as Landry Barbeaud in "Fanchon." Later, he went to New York and played at the old Broadway Theatre, then under the management of John E. McDonough, his principal rôle being Arthur Stunner in the "Seven Sisters." After that he played at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, which was then under the management of Edwin Booth and his brother-in-law, John Sleeper Clarke.

He then retired permanently from the stage and took the management of the Lynchburg Theatre, in Virginia, which he held for twenty-seven years. Returning then to Washington, he went into the mercantile business with Julius Lansbur, until ten years ago he organized the Emerson Art Glass Company, dealing in all kinds of stained glasswork. In this business, despite his years, he is still prosperously engaged. With his side whiskers, one can imagine that, with small make-up, he might even now go upon the stage and take the part of Lord Dundreary, which was so tragically interrupted nearly two generations ago. JOHN S. MOSBY, JR.

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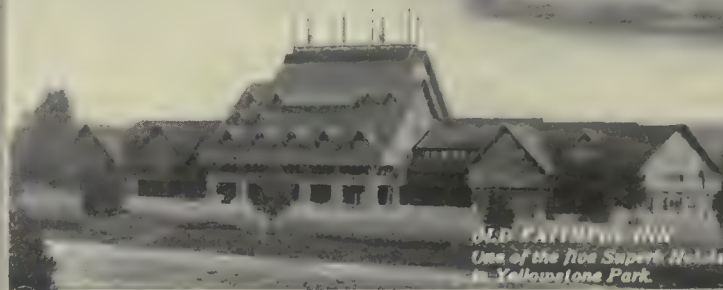
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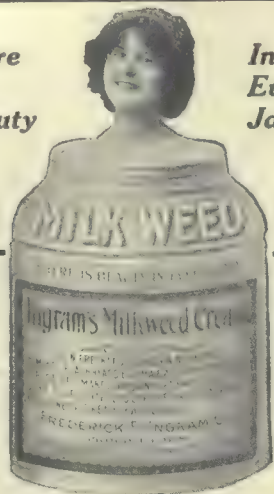
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## THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 163)

When the detective goes out in pursuit of her pal it is seen that she has given him a different box from the one containing the necklace. She telephones to her pal and is presently to rejoin him. The whole value of such a little play could only be in the treatment.

**WALLACK'S. "MAID IN GERMANY."** Musical comedy in two acts by Darrell H. Smith, Edwin M. Savino and Charles Gilpin. Produced on April 26th with this cast:

General Weber, D. E. Rorer; Frederick Weber, J. B. French; Dr. Emile Montaine, J. H. McFadden, Jr.; Vadka Rudavaskawitch, B. B. Reath; Lydia, R. G. Morris; Clarice, D. A. Hogan; Hans Slick, W. T. Towneley; Fritz, T. R. Merrill; Herbert Sterling, C. H. Bannard, Jr.; Gladys Sterling, Thomas Hart; A Chauffeur, G. H. Wisner; Hulda, W. M. Wright.

For twenty-five years now The Mask and Wig Club, the undergraduate dramatic organization at the University of Pennsylvania, has been making productions. Recently it has renewed its visits to this city, and in April gave two performances at Wallack's that were models of their kind. In fact it is not slopping over to say that for surety of stage management, ingeniousness of evolution and rapidity and nicety of accomplishment, few professional productions of the season could measure up to the standard it set. It was altogether a splendid and enjoyable entertainment. There was a good book, with a real story, expressed in humorous and witty dialogue, a tinkling, jingling score that was familiarly tuneful, handsome costumes and elaborate scenery. But it was the snap and go of the performance that made it what it was.

The big cast was excellent in every respect, but J. H. McFadden, Jr., B. B. Reath, R. G. Morris and W. T. Towneley deserve high praise for work of a superlative, professional character.

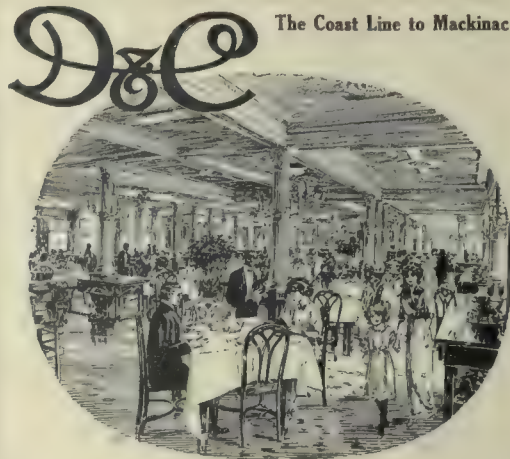
**ASTOR. "QUO VADIS."** This remarkable moving picture exhibit is probably the most ambitious photo-drama ever shown on an American screen. The pictures, which were made in Italy, have all the elaboration and artistic finish to the smallest detail that mark foreign made films, and the *mise-en-scene* is masterly and magnificent. The story, based on the well-known book by the famous Polish author, Sienkiewicz, is amply provided with sensational thrills and follows the novel pretty closely. The original production was on a lavish scale, the tableaux all being of sumptuous splendor, while the company, of exceptional size and ability, comprises several hundreds of players. Noteworthy among the many spectacular scenes are the burning of Rome, the banqueting and attendant orgies of the court of Nero, the chariot races and battle of the gladiators in the arena, and the massacre of the Christians by the lions. The latter scene, especially, is one of remarkable realism, the effect having been obtained, doubtless, by means of a double exposure. The effect is so real as to bring gasps of horror from the spectators. "Quo Vadis" assuredly reaches a climax in moving picture art—it is verily a masterpiece of the "movies."

**LONGACRE. "ARE YOU A CROOK?"** Farce in three acts by William J. Hurlbut and Frances Whitehouse. Produced on May 1st with this cast:

Butler, Harry Barefoot; Mrs. Finch, Elita Proctor Otis; Bessie Livingston, Elizabeth Nelson; William Chandler, Scott Cooper; Julius Gildersleeve, Joseph Kilgour; Amy Herrick, Marguerite Clark; Arthur Daly, Forrest Winant; Fanny Fuller, Ivy Troutman; Ray Archer, Harry Stockbridge; Mr. Conway, George Fawcett; Mrs. McKey, Marion Ballou; First Policeman, Robert Tallor; Second Policeman, Malcolm Lang.

It is a pity that after having built such a really beautiful and commodious playhouse as the Longacre that manager H. H. Frazee didn't have something a little better than "Are You a Crook?" with which to open it. It is a question as to whether the metropolis needs any more theatres, but if it must be it is fortunate that those who build them should be endowed with such a nice sense of that which conduces to the public's comfort, and such good taste as well as this newcomer in local theatricals would seem to possess.

The Longacre, situated on 48th Street, West of Seventh Avenue, has a classic facade and an interior of white, mauve and gold. The lines are sweeping and yet it has that intimate sense so desired in the modern playhouse. Particularly graceful is the arrangement of the boxes and the proscenium arch, while the curtain in its richness and delicacy of shade is truly beautiful. W. J. Hurlbut and Frances Whitehouse are the authors of this farce which earlier in the season was tried out under another title. It contains a capital idea for a snappy, bustling farce, although the



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elemental thought is really satirical. It is a travesty on the prevailing dramatic mania for the stars of the underworld, the crooks of every description from the "dip" to the "gunman."

A young woman, Amy Herrick, a poor relation, has become so infatuated with the thieving idea that she dresses up as a boy, holds up an automobile and unknowingly robs one of her aunt's friends of a pearl necklace. The necklace is a fake one, as the original has been pawned to provide funds for the political campaign of the man with whom the owner is in love. Then start the complications, a young novelist, fascinated by Amy, tries to save her by assuming the theft, and in his apartment in Washington Square, a most overdecorated and uncomfortable-looking place; the action follows with detectives real and amateur all taking part, and the real and fake jewels constantly changing hands. The young woman's reputation is finally saved and some sort of explanation is eventually arrived at, but situation after situation seemed to just miss fire, and the whole effect was one of disappointment, although there were plenty of funny and witty lines and some skill evinced in the delineation of character. One fault in particular which worked against complete success was a proper want of preparation. The play had not been sufficiently rehearsed. Amy was very charmingly presented by Marguerite Clark, whose success was one of personality rather than characterization. The honors were carried off by Elita Proctor Otis as a social vulgarian. Her work was a triumph of incisive and sustained humor. In the cast Joseph Kilgour, Forrest Winant, Ivy Troutman and George Fawcett also figured with varying effect.

LYRIC. "ARIZONA." Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Revived on April 28th with the following cast:

Henry Canby, Rapley Holmes; Colonel Bonham, William Farnum; Sam Wong, John Herne; Mrs. Canby, Jennie Dickerson; Estrella Bonham, Chrystal Herne; Lena Kellar, Alma Bradley; Lieut. Denton, Dustin Farnum; Bonita Canby, Elsie Ferguson; Miss MacCullagh, Phyllis Young; Dr. Fenlon, George O'Donnell; Captain Hodgman, Walter Hale; Tony Mostano, Vincent Serrano; Lieut. Hallock, J. W. Hartman; Sergeant Kellar, Oliver Doud Byron; Lieut. Young, John Drury; Major Cochran, Harry S. Hadfield; Private Quigley, Frederick Kley.

"Arizona," a Brady revival at the Lyric Theatre, stood the test of the lapse of time since its success here a few years ago. Why not? This apprehension that time will tarnish a good play is a curious indication of the unrest and the seeking for the new in the public mind. Fortunately, there was nothing old-fashioned in the art of the play, something that provides an excuse for easy laughter at some of these revivals. The story of Mr. Thomas' play is unimpaired by any change of taste and sentiment. The players provided for it were of unusual quality, the opportunity to bring them together at the fag end of the season being a fortunate possibility. Miss Elsie Ferguson as Bonita, with her love scenes and her opportunities for the display of a sweet nature, common to the character and to herself, was a happy choice for the part. Miss Chrystal Herne as Estrella, the wife, about whom the action swirled. Mr. Rapley Holmes as Henry Canby, Mr. William Farnum as Col. Bonham, who other actors of well-known efficiency, gave the performance distinction.

CENTURY.—The Angelini-Gattini Opera Company, of Milan, filled an engagement of several weeks at the Century Theatre. The artistic conscience so manifest in visiting foreign companies is worthy of note. The stage setting is always simple, often crude, but the acting and the singing show rigid training, without the loss of individuality. The audiences were largely composed of Italians. The general patronage was not altogether meagre, but the company deserved better of the American element. The repertory was not small, and the company, no doubt, was prepared at a moment's notice to present a change of bill. We have no such organization with us. One of the operas produced was Audran's "La Cigale," with Madame Gattini as Teresa and Angelini as the Duke.

COMEDY. "HER FIRST DIVORCE." Comedy in three acts by C. W. Bell. Produced on May 5th with the following cast:

Jacobs, Harry Lillford; Harry Willmott, Julian L'Es-trange; Ethel Willmott, Laura Hope Crews; Delancey Rowe, Allan Pollock; Clara Rowe, Ruth Holt Boucicault; Olga, Adora Andrews; James Broderick, Harold Russell; Miss Cullen, Crosby Little.

It is still an open question whether it is better to produce a tenuous play at the beginning or at the fag end of the season. But one fact is pretty well established and that is that in these days of vital competition the "fairly good" has

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little chance of enduring success at any time of the year. This accounts for the fate which befell C. W. Bell's three act American comedy, "Her First Divorce," which recently had a run of one week at the Comedy Theatre. As far as the dialogue went it was quite amusing. But unfortunately this phase of its merit was almost entirely independent of the situation, and so the piece lacked that cohesiveness between word and action that make for farcial or comedy effect.

Against her husband's wishes a woman lawyer takes a case for divorce which her friend has brought against a supposed recraent sponse. The demon jealousy is roused into action, and after the allotted complications have been raised and laid everything is brought to a happy conclusion.

Laura Hope Crews was the Portia, a rôle she acted with considerable vigor. Julian L'Estrange as her husband was polite and capable, while the other pair, domestically estranged, were cared for by Ruth Holt Boucicault and Allan Pollock.

CASINO. "IOLANTHE." Operetta in two acts by Gilbert and Sullivan. Revived on May 12th with this cast:

Strephon, George MacFarlane; The Earl of Mount Ararat, Arthur Cunningham; The Earl of Toller, Arthur Aldridge; Private Willis, John Hendricks; The Train-Bearer, Henry Smith; The Lord Chancellor, De Wolf Hopper; Iolanthe, Viola Gillette; The Fairy Queen, Kate Condon; Celia, Anna Wheaton; Leila, Louise Barthel; Fleta, Nina Napier; Phyllis, Cecil Cunningham.

The revival of "Iolanthe," at the Casino, is a truly admirable one in every respect. It is beautifully staged, excellently acted and sung with rich opulence of tune and effect. To those who appreciate a witty and poetical book, associated with music of the daintiest and most melodious kind, this entertainment is highly commended. During their long partnership, Gilbert and Sullivan, perhaps, evolved operettas that made a more popular appeal than this delicious satire involving peers and peris, but few surpass it in the finish and fresh applicability of its wit or the witching charm and refined artistry of its score.

And how refreshing it is to listen to a libretto that eliminates horseplay and the puerilities of Broadway persiflage; for the production is given with a pleasing and reverent devotion to the high grade quality of the book.

Everyone in the cast deserves mention. There is humorous dignity and quaint comicality to De Wolf Hopper's interpretation of the Lord Chancellor; there is nice masculine vigor to George MacFarlane's Strephon; there is pompous humor contributed by Arthur Cunningham and Arthur Aldridge as the two Dukes; there is fine sonorouness to John Hendricks' rendering of Private Willis, and graceful charm to Viola Gillette's assumption of the title rôle. Kate Condon realizes histrionically and vocally all the fine points of the Fairy Queen, and there is a genuine find in Miss Cecil Cunningham, who plays Phyllis. Rarely beautiful in face and figure she acts with easy, graceful significance and discloses a voice of nice sympathetic quality, which has been carefully trained.

If you have never seen "Iolanthe" before go and see it now. If it is a familiar and pleasurable recollection go and renew it at the Casino.

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**French Theatre in New York**

New York is to have a French theatre next season. Sarah Bernhardt heads the list of patronesses, and the company will be made up of pupils of the Paris Conservatoire. Beverley Sitgreaves, an actress well known on the American stage, will also be a member. A playhouse will be built for the organization, the location being in the neighborhood of Broadway and 42nd Street, and it is expected to be ready to open on November 1st next.

The regular season of the theatre will be twenty-four weeks. At the conclusion of this period the company will be sent on a tour which will take in Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cleveland and Chicago, and several cities in Canada.

A majority of the plays to be presented will be modern. What are called "gala performances" will be given the first Monday and Tuesday of every other week. These will be the subscription nights. There will also be special matinées of classic plays, and nights will be set apart for a subscription series at lower rates for students of French and women's clubs. There will also be performances at popular prices for French people where the "two francs fifty" price will prevail, equivalent to 50 cents in American currency.

It had been intended at first to call the institution "Le Théâtre Français," but the English form of "The French Theatre" has been decided upon instead.

A novel feature of the plan calls for the performance in French of current American plays,



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with the idea of adapting and performing them here in preparation for production in French, so that American playwrights may be shown abroad at their best.

The managing directors of the theatre, which is incorporated and has offices at 500 Fifth Ave., are A. Baldwin Sloane, the composer, and Georges Raoul Vlober. Some of the other directors are Charles Moran, Reginald de Koven, and Shafter Howard.

Among the patrons are Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Auguste George, Mrs. W. S. Gurnee, Mrs. Cortlandt E. Palmer, Mrs. James B. Eustis, Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, Princess Amelie Troubetzkoy, S. Montgomery Roosevelt, Mrs. A. L. Konta, Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard, Beverley Sitgreaves, Miss Belle De Acosta Greene, Margaret Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Mr. and Mrs. Grenville T. Snelling, Miss Juliana Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moran, Elisha Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lydig, Otto H. Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. McDougall Hawkes, Major Creighton Webb, Ferrars Heaton Town, Leonidas Westervelt, Joseph B. Thomas, Augustus Thomas, Harry Content, Miss F. M. Cottenet, Dr. C. T. Dade, and Adolphe Cohn, Professor of Romance Languages at Columbia University.

Mrs. Philip Lydig is the head of the Committee on Plays and Patrons.

#### Fifty Years Ago

When Lester Wallack first set his famous drama, "Rosedale," on the stage of the old Wallack Theatre, in New York, at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, he had assembled about him one of the best companies of the time. Fifty years ago, however, the seventeen players in Wallack's cast, though many of them were the most prominent actors and actresses of their day, were all employed at a weekly salary ranging from \$8 to \$100. Only two players in the cast, Lester Wallack himself and Mrs. John Hoey, received the maximum. While these two were drawing \$100 a week each, John Gilbert, who played the rôle of Miles McKenna, the gypsy, received \$75.

William A. Brady, who revived the drama for a four weeks' season at the Lyric, in New York, where it opened April 7th, has been making a comparison between the records of those days and of the present. "Wallack," he commented, "appeared in the rôle of Elliot Grey in the play he had himself written and played the leading rôle at the head of his own company for \$100 a week. I don't care to say what salary the actor received who played the same rôle fifty years later in the same play, but I'm in a position to testify to one fact, at least—his individual salary would spread itself over the majority of the Wallack players. Mrs. Hoey received the same that Wallack received. John Gilbert received \$75 and never made more than \$125 a week during his whole career, by the way, and he was one of the most prominent actors of his decade, and George Holland, father of E. M. Holland, received \$40. What would his son demand for playing the same rôle to-day? I mention these four together because each of them, by the terms of their contracts, received, in addition, the proceeds or the portion of proceeds from benefits. Wallack was allowed two benefits in a season, and the others had smaller shares. But this added very little, comparatively speaking, to their incomes.

"Charles Fisher, who played the rôle of Bunberry Cobb, received \$40 a week. H. Daly received \$18, and he seemed very glad to play the rôle of Colonel Cavendish for that liberal wage. John Sefton played the part of Romany Rob for \$35 weekly, and Browne, who ran his famous chop house while he acted, received \$30. Mrs. Vernon, one of the best known actresses of her day, playing the important rôle of Tabitha Stork, supported herself—and lived luxuriously, too—on \$30 a week. Mary Gannon, who created the rôle of Rosa Leigh, was paid \$40, and Mrs. John Sefton, as Sarah Sykes, drew \$25. The girl, Emma Le Brun, who appeared in the rôle of Sir Arthur May, was paid \$8—the minimum wage of the cast.

"In these piping days of high salaries I would need to add mighty few dollars to the salary of any one of the players in the company I assembled for the revival of 'Rosedale' to make up an amount equal to Wallack's entire payroll."

PROSE. By William Vaughan Moody. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Vol. II.

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# The Matinee Girl Her Summer Wardrobe and Accessories



# The Summer Wardrobe of the Matinée Girl

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HAVE you ever enjoyed a shopping tour with the Matinée Girl? She is a fascinating creature, this winsome Matinée Girl; a half child on the borderland of womanhood, with the charm of both, and the whims and contradictions that make the feminine so irresistible, even though she be endowed with a keen wit and wisdom that may puzzle the sages. To shop with her is both a pleasure and an education; an ardent satellite of Dame Fashion, she anticipates her every move, and makes her purchases from a knowledge of values tempered with the unerring feminine instinct. After a visit to the shops with this delightful little Lady, you will realize that you know a lot more about the fads and novelties of the fashion world. Nothing that is new and good escapes her eager eye, yet she selects the various articles carefully and is seldom extravagant. The wardrobe she has selected for the Summer will give you, undoubtedly, many suggestions for your own. It is wonderfully complete, as the Matinée Girl is planning for a very busy season with plenty of good healthy exercise on land and on sea, merry little luncheons at the club-houses, gay garden parties, and the tango as a windup to the merry whirl. And for all these occasions she must have the proper costumes, as the title of being well dressed is earned only by the woman who knows when and where and how to wear her frocks.

## When She Awakes

Every mortal with a feminine heart loves dainty negligées, and the Matinée Girl's first interest was to find a cool, pretty negligée in which she could slip her pretty arms when she sipped her coffee in the boudoir (Fig. 1). She wanted a simple little gown which could be washed with very little trouble, yet one which would be delightfully cool and "comfy" on the hottest morning. She found the very negligée she was seeking in one of the shops which make a specialty of the frilly, lacey, appealing gowns classed under the name "negligée." The negligée which caught the eye of this experienced shopper was fashioned from white embroidered Swiss. She could have selected one with a white background over which little rosebuds had been scattered, or the same style in a colored batiste, but she reasoned that white would appeal to every mood, whereas a colored gown might not harmonize with her feelings on certain mornings.

She wanted the gown to be deliciously feminine, and she, therefore, insisted that it should be liberally enhanced with lace. The lace on the negligée, as shown in the sketch, is applied in the form of insertion, and the Pointe de Paris lace, which is really the German valenciennes, was chosen as being the most durable under many ministrations of the laundress. A pretty effect was produced by bringing the bands of insertion to a point on the shoulder, thus giving the fashionable long shoulder line. The neck is cut in V and softened by a double frill of lace, and the short kimono sleeves are finished by a frill of wide lace. It was a charming little negligée, and one of those paradoxical creations that make the young girl look more youthful, and yet are equally becoming to women of an older growth. When the Matinée Girl opened her purse to pay for the gown she took out only three five-dollar bills (\$15) for the sweetest, prettiest, daintiest negligée imaginable.

She didn't shut her purse, however, until she had paid for a boudoir cap to complete this charming creation, for, as she explained, "these adorable little caps are as useful as they are ornamental. It is such an easy matter to slip on one of these caps to hide the hair until it can be properly coiffed." The cap she picked out was particularly fetching with its well-shaped lace frill falling well over the back of the neck. It was a dainty little affair made from rows of Normandy valenciennes and the finest of embroidery, and lined with pink chiffon. This pretty shade of pink was repeated in the chiffon rose buds nestling on either side. The Matinée Girl could not resist its appeal, once the clerk has arranged it on her curly brown hair, and she readily took \$9.50 out of her purse to pay for it. With this fascinating little cap and the dainty negligée the Matinée Girl felt that she was well equipped to receive her intimate chums and discuss the coming events of the day, even before breakfast.

## Her Utility Suit

When she is going to town to shop, or when she is going on a trip, say a week-end visit, she intends to wear one of the trig, good-looking mohair suits. These suits are thoroughly practical for they do not wrinkle or crush easily, and they hold their shape in a way that linen suits never can do, yet they are quite as cool and comfortable on a hot day (Fig. 2). As she desired this suit for strictly utilitarian purposes, she preferred the model shown in the sketch, which was developed in the black and white striped mohair, yet has all the chic of the white mohair, and does not show the signs of travel as quickly. This suit was especially smart because of the clever manipulation of the stripes, some running vertically as on the overskirt, others running horizontally as in the underskirt, and still others on the diagonal as demonstrated by the fronts of the jacket and the pockets. While this idea lends a decorative value to the suit, it does not interfere in any way with its strict tailored appearance. The Matinée Girl was delighted with it, and was very much surprised to discover that it could be bought for \$29.50.

"Now I must have a hat to wear with it," she exclaimed, "one of those snappy little hats that can be securely fastened with a veil." Out of the hordes of small hats brought for her inspection she selected the one shown in the sketch. It was made from hemp in the smart "niggerhead" tone—which is almost a black, but not quite—and the crown of draped satin was in the new Mediterranean blue tint. A knot of the satin in the back held the numidie feather which rose proud and erect, lending that air of snap and go which



Fig. 3.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 4 A.

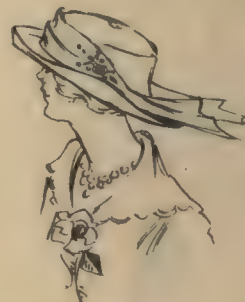


Fig. 4.

makes these knowing little hats so fetching. The Matinée Girl had quite lost sight of the prices of the various hats, and opened her blue eyes in pleased amazement when the clerk showed her the tag for \$9.75.

**For More Formal Occasions**

"The mohair suit is all very well," the Matinée Girl announced. "It is just what I want for a knockabout suit, but I must have one of the three-piece costumes for best." The suit which pleased her most was a gray moiré (Fig. 3), one of the soft, delicate mouse grays, which are so universally becoming, particularly to the woman with round, pink cheeks. She hesitated a few minutes, however, between this shade and one of the new sand tones, but the gray won the day. In any shade, the model would be a smart one, for the style has combined many of the latest features. The draping of the skirt is conservative, yet chic, and is brought to the front where it is caught with motifs made of cording. A similar motif is used to fasten the jaunty jacket which has a dash and a go that struck the fancy of the Matinée Girl without any recommendation from the saleswoman. This jacket is sharply cutaway in the front but rounds in the back, extending about twelve inches deeper. There is not the slightest suggestion of trimming, but there is no necessity for any as the lines of the coat are so good that it would be a pity to mar them with any trimming. A pretty color scheme is introduced, however, by piping the collar, the line where the sleeve is attached to the body of the jacket, and the cuffs, with blue satin. It is just a mere *souçon* of color, but it gives the right touch. The Matinée Girl had already confided the fact that she expected to pay about a hundred dollars for this suit so that the tag bearing the figures \$55 was a happy surprise.

As the suit had cost only one-half what she had intended to spend for it, she did not hesitate to place the rest, and a little bit more, in the hat. It was a Milan straw hat, the straw most favored for handsome, dressy hats. The top of the brim was faced with black satin, and there was a flat pump bow of black satin perched directly in the centre of the front. The chief expense, however, came in the feather fancy, on the order of a soft quill, which struck out in an independent air, as if it realized its value, from the back. After the hat was once placed on the head of the Matinée Girl, it did seem worth the \$55 asked for it.

**More Hats**

Now if there is one fad which the Matinée Girl possesses with a vengeance, it is hats. She cannot drag herself past a milliner's shop; it is always her temptation, and she excuses it by saying that "a new hat is an economy for it will freshen up any toilette (Fig. 4), and you don't have to go to the expense of buying a new costume." She had had just enough "sugar" while selecting the hats to wear with her suits to demand more, and off she went in the search of some Burgesser hats. One of the new square shapes in felt filled her with the passion of possession, and she immediately bought it as a sporting hat to wear yachting or golfing. The square effect in the front was not only new, but very becoming, and the white moiré band was quite sufficient trimming.

She was so delighted with the trig lines of this tailored hat that she asked for others bearing the Burgesser trade-mark. It was with the greatest difficulty that she finally decided to confine her purchase to one of the new Panamas. No lover ever solved the problem of "were t'other fair charmer away" with more reluctance than she displayed in making this final selection. The hat was a little beauty, with its clever draping of blue moiré and the Futurist colorings carried out in the red, orange and green tones of the satin flowers resting against the silken folds. She couldn't resist the temptation at the last minute

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|  |      | Of sateen, with silk laces . . . .  | 1.45 |

to tell the saleswoman to send home a hat of yellow straw with natural-looking roses and daisies encircling the crown and a large bow of blue ribbon in the back. "It will be so pretty with white linen or lingerie gowns," she added by way of explanation.

The Lure of the Blouse

"Before I buy any more gowns," the Matinée Girl announced, "I am going to secure some blouses to wear with my suits." The Matinée Girl at heart is a Futurist in her worship of color, and if she had smothered this love in selecting a black-and-white suit (Fig. 5), she intended to give it free rein when it came to blouses. All of the pure white waists she passed by, whether they were made of crêpe, or voile, or chiffon and finally settled on a white linen blouse with a deep collar and wide cuffs of bright blue linen. The fine handkerchief linen used for this blouse permitted tucking in clusters of six, with three large tucks over the shoulder. The effect was sufficiently tailored to satisfy the fastidious little shopper, yet the blouse was as delightfully feminine and dainty as the frilly crêpe waists. It was an inexpensive blouse, for the Matinée Girl paid only \$3.75 for it.

To wear with her moiré costume, she insisted upon one of the chiffon whimsicalities. She couldn't find just what she wanted in gray so she selected instead one of white shadow lace with the alluring little camisole of pink net, giving a suggestion to flesh, which, to say the least, was tantalizing. The touch of black, that the French insist is indispensable, was introduced on the collar of black net, which in turn was partially veiled by a second collar of the shadow lace. Though the effect of this fetching little creation was dressy, it was really a practical blouse, and it was not an extravagant purchase, for the price was less than \$15—\$13.50 to be exact.

For the Tennis Courts and Golf Links

"And now before I buy any more dress-up costumes," declared the Matinée Girl with a wag of her head. "I am going to hunt up some clothes to play in" (Fig. 6). There was just enough suggestion of a glorified middy blouse in the tennis costume shown in the accompanying sketch to capture her fancy. "I can wear it for tennis or on the boat," she explained. In fact she was so completely captivated with the style and the practical features of the "get-up" that she ordered several made from the same pattern. The original model was fashioned from blue linen, the shade that fades not, neither under the persistent rays of the sun nor the strenuous treatment of the laundress. Straps of white linen were used as trimming both on the cuffs and on the collar, and this idea was reversed on the suit of white linen, also priced \$14.75.

When the Matinée Girl discovered that the most violent reach for a ball in tennis, or a wild drive in golf, could not reveal any missing connections in the back, she insisted upon ordering two more in the blue and white mohair. "And be sure and make them from the Priestley mohair," she instructed the saleswoman. "I can tell the difference." The Priestley mohair, as she explained, was supple and soft enough to drape as you would silk, yet it possessed the wearing qualities of iron, and could withstand the hardest kind of usage. Though she preferred the blue and cream tones, the color chart represented in this material is most comprehensive and appealing, all the lovely brown and tan shades, the pretty subtle reds and yellows, and the cool-looking greens and lavenders. In fact, the lavender mohair was so alluring that the Matinée Girl ordered a strictly tailored coat and skirt suit to wear to the country club in the morning when there was a cool breeze which would make a coat comfortable.

The talk of tennis frocks awoke a desire for a tennis tournament in the heart of the Matinée Girl, and with this fancy free young creature to wish for anything is to go ahead and find a way to carry out the desire. The idea of a tournament suggested the trophies, and straightway the Matinée Girl marched to a silversmith to select the cups. There were large cups, like the one in the sketch, for the lucky winners, and dear little miniature affairs, on their tiny pedestals, for consolation prizes to the "also-rans."

More Sporting Togs

As no sporting outfit is complete without the sweater, the next number on the shopping program was the selection of this important garment. Here again the Matinée Girl's love of color cropped out, and she picked a gay affair of green shot with yellow (Fig. 7), after turning down one of purple with a cerise lining which glimmered through in the true Futurist fashion. This sweater was one of the new ones, made half from silk and half from wool, with the warmth of the latter and the beauty of the former. It was short, as the smart garments are this year, reaching barely over the hips, and derived its cachet from the severe simplicity of cut and line. It is going to be wonderfully effective this summer on the links, dotting the landscape with blotches of color as it has been doing at Biarritz recently. \$25 may seem a bit expensive for a sweater, but the value is in the garment, and the price will aid in keeping it exclusive.

The Matinée Girl searched high and low for a certain skirt model from which she desired all her separate skirts to be made. She finally decided on the skirt shown in the sketch. The original model was fashioned from black and white striped ratine, and the fullness, necessary to make the skirt practical and comfortable for a sports-loving maiden who wants to dash over a tennis court, was given by the tucks let in at the side below the knee depth. When the Matinée Girl was standing, her silhouette was as straight and as narrow as in the skirt of her trotteur skirt, but as soon as she was in motion, you could see there was plenty of room for all sorts of leaps and jumps. There was a similar model for the same price (\$7.75) with a cluster of six tucks in the front and in the back extending from the belt to the hem, and another model which buttoned in the front so that several of the lower buttons could be unfastened to give more freedom of limb. The Matinée Girl, however, stuck loyally to her first love and ordered duplicates in black and white serge and in the brown and white striped Priestley mohair. The latter she plans to wear on the yacht, as a wetting only improves it, according to her claim, and it won't crease and wrinkle like linen or crash.

Before she would consent to strike the sporting togs off the list, she insisted upon purchasing several





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thermos bottles. She was particularly keen on the bottle packed away neatly in a leather case which could be slung over the shoulder, though she bought another in the shape of a carafe, with the chain attached to the stopper, for service during the tennis tournament. The willow cases containing two bottles (one for the cold refreshments and the other for a hot nippy) struck her as being very practical for motor trips, which are sure to form the principal attraction of many a summer day.

After the frocks and coats and sweaters to wear on the water had been selected, the Matinée Girl became enthusiastic over the bathing suit to wear in the briny blue, for the normal summer girl would count a season ill spent which did not include a swim in the day's program of fun and frolic. "And I am not going to buy another black bathing suit," the little Lady announced. "I am tired of being a demure little nun. Here is where I blossom forth." And straightway she picked up a suit in taupe silk poplin with trimmings of Nell rose satin (Fig. 8). The combination was so effective that one really welcomed the change from the sombre blacks and blues and blowns of other years. Though the cut was distinctly novel and very chic, the price of \$9.75 was very reasonable.

The selection of the accessories to complete the costume was not such an easy undertaking. For a long while the Matinée Girl weighed the charms of two bathing caps. One was a coquettish little affair of blue and white silk with a garniture of corals to lend the requisite color note. At a glance one could foretell for it French origin, as it looked more like Trouville than Newport, though the idea of springing it at Narrangansett Pier appealed to the Matinée Girl. As the price was only \$2.25, she decided to buy it and also the other of black satin with a band black lace, saucy little silk flutings, and pink chiffon roses nestling in a bed of green leaves. If the lining of rubber had been omitted no one would ever have dreamed of wearing it as a bathing cap. In fact, the Matinée Girl announced that she intended to wear it in the motor, when she wasn't near a bathing beach. It was more expensive than the other, costing \$4.75, but it was too fetching to be resisted, despite the price.

For a pebbly beach where she expected to give her shoes hard wear, she selected shoes of ratine which laced across the ankle, and for dress parade, sandals to match her suit. The latter were quite expensive as they were made to order, but those of ratine can be bought for \$1.50. The rubber garters, which match the perky little caps of colored rubber, can be bought for 39 cents, and as the bloomer bathing suits are coming into vogue they will be ornamental as well as useful.

### For Class Day

The lure of laces and frills was leading the Matinée Girl to the dressmaking salons. The gown to wear on to Harvard for class day must be chosen first, for was she not to be the guest of honor at the Pudding Spread of one of the nicest lads in the world? You would have guessed just how nice the lad really was, or how well he stood in the estimation of the little Lady, if you could have witnessed the amount of time and thought that was expended upon this particular gown (Fig. 9). The frock which was finally sent home was as girlish and pretty as it could be, though it was marked at the bargain price of \$29.50. The underskirt was of plaited blue crêpe de chine, a deep, rich, intense blue known this year as the Mediterranean blue; a blue, by the way, that matched exactly the big eyes of the Matinée Girl. Over this plaited skirt fell the tunic of shadow lace in the lilac pattern, and this was caught carelessly at the side by a large, squashy rosette of crêpe de chine. A mate to this rosette clung lovingly to the side of the girdle and hid the fastening.

The waist was built over flesh pink net with a vanity band of blue hidden by the shadow lace yoke. The lace was extended to form the short sleeves, finished with a hem of the crêpe. A softly rolling collar of blue chiffon was caught together by a cluster of forget-me-nots. There was nothing to mar the girlish simplicity of this little frock, yet it was dainty and dressy enough to use as a dinner frock the rest of the summer.

### An Exquisite Garden Party Frock

The Matinée Girl had grown so excited over this little class-day gown that she determined to buy for herself the handsomest lingerie gown she could find. It was to be her great extravagance, and she wanted something very smart, very rich-looking and really beautiful. She was not long in finding her heart's desire, though the price of \$250 was a bit staggering. The wonderful handwork on the gown told the reason for the high charge, and as she felt that she was receiving good value for her money, she did not hesitate long in buying it (Fig. 10). The net was all hand embroidered, the underskirt and the wide bands, and where this embroidered net was not used with a liberal hand, lovely real lace was adopted. The style called for a clever manipulation of the net and lace, with the result that the gown was as soft and pretty and graceful as it could possibly be. The color note was introduced in the handsome brocaded girdle with metallic shadings, and in the blue net collar partially veiled by the upper collar of lace. The Matinée Girl was indeed a picture in it, and when she added the hat she was an inspiration to any artist. It was such a dear little picture hat of pink satin and net frills with a brim of yellow straw. The wreath of roses, blue asters and other garden blossoms was finished in the back by a bow from which fell long streamers to catch the breeze and wind themselves around the pretty neck of the owner.

### A Few Accessories

Before she decided to try on a lot of evening gowns she wanted a few minutes of relaxation which she spent to her great satisfaction in picking up some accessories—necessities, she delighted in calling them. A pretty bit of neckwear that caught her fancy, and hence her pocketbook, was a Medici collar of white lace backed with black net which cost her the neat little sum of \$8.76. Another effective neck fixing, which taxed her purse for \$12, had a vestee and collar of white satin piped with blue satin and long lace frills at each side.

For stockings, she bought the iridescent shot silk with clocks, costing \$2.75, to wear in the morning with her good-looking Colonial pumps; for the afternoon, the variegated shades, blending from dull gray at the toe to pink, which sell for \$3.75, and for the evening, the fascinating fish-net stockings over colored hosiery to match the gown, which cost the neat little sum of \$10.50.





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The fashion dictate calling for shoes and stockings to match the gown or some integral feature of the costume, is one to be respected, from the financial viewpoint at any rate. The various colored leather shoes are very stunning and the Matinée Girl did not hesitate to select several pairs; a bright scarlet to wear with her white serge costume, another pair in gray to match the moiré costume, and still another in the tan shade, which is very fashionable this season (Fig. 11). The satin pumps in colors to match the frocks completely captivated her and she bought several, a stunning rich blue, a gray, and another brown. The rhinestone buckles had colored centres and the design matched the anklets, which, by the way, are an important new fad for the girl who would be strictly up to the minute. The brocade slippers she thought a little newer than the satin ones, though she purchased both, and she added several pairs of fancy heels. One pair sparkled with rhinestones, another reflected a bright red tone, and the third pair were of porcelain gaily decorated in Dresden fashion.

### And Now for the Evening Gowns

As the Matinée Girl had very decided ideas on the practicality of white charmeuse evening gowns, she insisted on buying one, and decided on the charming creation which is shown in the sketch (Fig. 12). The drapery on the shirt is brought to the girdle of soft pink brocaded satin in the style so well liked this season, and is allowed to fall in graceful folds, making a natural slashing which is really delightful on a frock of this type. The fetching little tunic of net is finished with a lace edging and the bodice is entirely of lace, draped to a large shaded pink rose and falling in the back to form a Watteau train. The sleeves suggest the angel sleeves which have been revived by Paquin, and are weighted with a long silver tassél.

The other evening gown shown in the other sketch has an underskirt of white charmeuse with an overdress of pink chiffon banded with silver lace, lace flounces and bands of pink crystal beads. The fascinating corsage is a subtle blending of chiffon, lace and crystal beads.

### The Foundation of the Costume

The silk tricot corsets had already won the Matinée Girl as a convert, and she ordered several pairs for her summer wardrobe, all of them with the very low bust. With these she always wears the Italian silk brassière to match her corset. This arrangement had been so ideally comfortable and had given her such good lines that she did not care to make any change, but she did institute a search for a good athletic corset, one to wear while playing tennis and riding horseback. She found just the corset she was seeking at the shop of a woman physician who makes a specialty of rubber garments. The corset was fashioned from rubber elastic webbing, and swathes the hips from the waist down almost to the knees, but there is no covering of any kind from an inch or so above the waist line. What is known as a fifteen-inch corset can be bought for \$8, and a dollar additional for three extra inches in length.

### Aids to Beauty

After our trip through the shops, the Matinée Girl explained that it was all very well to buy pretty frocks and fetching hats, but what was the use of it all (the time and the expense) if you did not take care of your complexion? The most stunning frock could be spoiled by a poor skin, and a bad figure would prevent any girl from being considered a beauty.

Her first visit, therefore, after the shopping fest had been concluded was to her beauty specialists for repairs (Fig. 13). She arranged for a series of treatments under the care of the skilled attendant who used a system made famous in three continents by the originator. This treatment consists of a gentle manipulation, not massage to stretch the skin, but a scientific manipulation to bring circulation to the tissues, and thus feed them. After one of these treatments you feel like another person, and the Matinée Girl declared that she was quite ready to begin a round of the shops all over again. As she insisted that she felt as good as she looked, she made up a party for tea at the Ritz, and her flushed face, sparkling eyes which had been rested by the careful eye treatment given by this specialist, and fresh, young complexion, attracted the admiration of the tea drinkers at the other tables. "Isn't it worth the price?" she exclaimed, when her friends called her attention to the interest she was creating among strangers. "I am going to arrange for a series of treatments to last all summer, and I have bought a box of all the necessary toilet aids to take home so that I can keep my skin in a good condition between times."

Before she started for the station to take her train back to the country home, she placed a generous order for talcum powder. The clerk showed her several brands at all of which she shook her head, until finally, in answer to her demand "for the very best," he brought forth a jar of the pink talcum powder, exhaling the delicious aroma of the roses. This is a very fine, very soft, clinging talcum, which leaves the delicious aroma of a rose garden in June on the skin, and as only the best ingredients are used in its composition, it cannot injure the most delicate skin. "75 cents a jar is, of course, much more expensive than most of the other makes," the Matinée Girl admitted, "but it is so much better that I never argue over the price."

"And now," she asked the clerk, "what is your newest and best perfume—something exclusive, refined and very fragrant?" The bottle the salesman presented won the little Lady, even before she tested the fragrance from a sample bottle. It was a stunning example of the parfumeur's art, and was designed by the great Lalique, the famous French glassware artist. The tall, elongated bottle was topped by a square-embossed stopper, and contained nearly two ounces of a new cyclamen extract. The perfume was a faithful reproduction of the fragrance of this little flower, which blossoms so abundantly in Europe, and was most appealing, refined and delicate, yet with a lasting quality which endears it to the woman who delights in having her perfume hover over her like a happy thought. The bottle is packed in a satin-lined rose leather box, and the Matinée Girl secures it for \$7.







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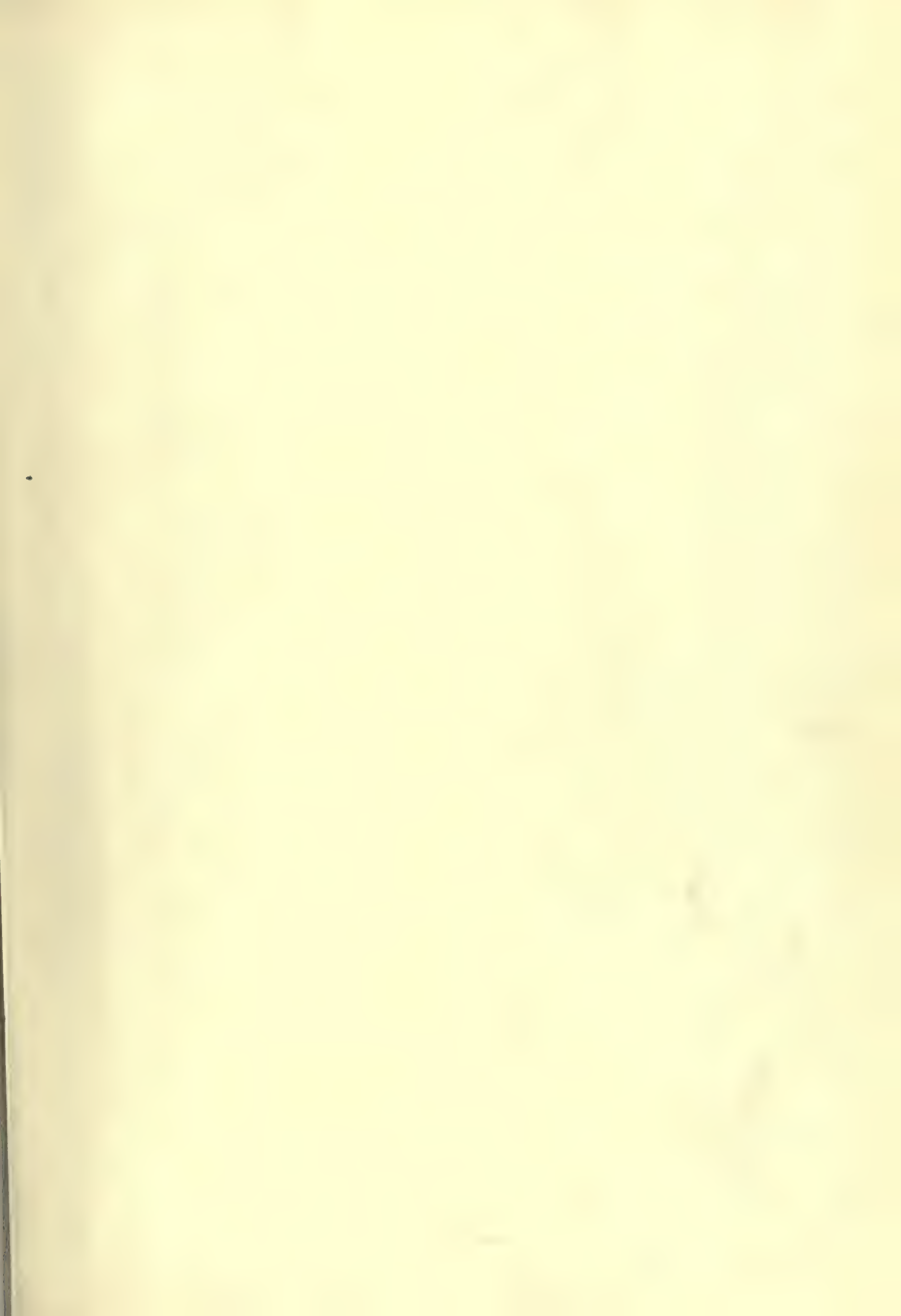
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