

THEATRE



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## THE LATE HONEYBOY EVANS



Popular Minstrel Star, who died at the Union Protestant Hospital, Baltimore, on March 5.

# HONEY BOY "PASSES ON" BRAVELY AT BALTIMORE

Minstrel Star a Victim of Malignant Ulcer of Stomach

Suffered Horribly, But Stuck to Post Till Last Moment

Had Known He Was Doomed for Months

Baltimore, March 5.—Geo. ("Honey Boy") Evans, one of the leading minstrel comedians on the American stage, died of cancer of the stomach at the Union Protestant Hospital today. His wife was at his bedside, having devotedly attended him during the days that marked his final illness and culminated in his death. Dennis F. O'Brien, his attorney, is coming from New York today to arrange the details of the dead minstrel's funeral, in consultation with the bereaved widow. The deceased was born forty-five years ago, in Pontotlyn, Wales, his parents emigrating to America when he was young. He recently left his minstrel show in Montgomery, Ala., to come here for treatment.

New York, March 8.—The remains of "Honey Boy" Evans were entrained at Baltimore, Saturday, for shipment to Streator, Ill., there to be buried beside his father and mother. When the coffin passed through Pittsburgh representatives of St. David's Welsh Society and Pittsburgh Branch of the Loyal Order of Moose heaped floral contributions thereon. The casket was already heaped with flowers sent by "Honey Boy's" friends in New York, Philadelphia and other Eastern points within range of Baltimore.

At a meeting of the members of The A. G. Field's Minstrels, on the stage of English's Opera House, Indianapolis, Saturday, March 6, Mr. Field presiding, the following resolutions were adopted, and a copy of same sent to Mrs. Evans:

"Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our profession our co-worker and friend, George Evans.

"In bowing to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we extend to the widow and grief-stricken relatives our deepest sympathy in this, the darkest hour of their lives.

"The loss of anyone by death brings keenest sorrow, but when death removes one whose loving tenderness to his dear ones, and whose conduct and life was a fitting example to all members of our profession, and whose talent was the admiration of all, the loss is all the more greatly deplored."

(Signed) BY ALL MEMBERS OF COMPANY.

## HONEY BOY "PASSES ON" BRAVELY AT BALTIMORE

(Continued from page 3.)

New York, March 6.—The death of "Honey Boy" Evans, when the lamentable fact became known to Broadway, cast gloom over The Rialto and it is safe to say that no death in the profession could be more sincerely mourned by so many people, in both professional and private life. The man is yet to be discovered who ever met "Honey Boy" without a bright and winsome smile upon the face which, even under burnt cork, disclosed his genial and pleasant purpose in life. Friends were ever greeted with some ingratiating "quip" that seemed to flash to the end of the "Honey Boy's" tongue, as especially suited to the occasion.

He was a comedian at heart; born to the "cork." His inventive brain seemed to be constantly working upon new jests; he seemed to have an inexhaustible store of humor, always on tap, ready to bring a laugh from a friend, in his greeting, or to convulse an audience. His stage togs and his professional mannerisms and appearance, his comedy-cracked voice, for monologue, and his ready reserve of sweet, high notes to turn the final phrase of melody into a plaintive little musical "something" that held his audience eagerly responsive to his artfulness were his personal gifts.

He wore a white duck suit, with a wide-flaring coat, skin-tight pants, ornate stockings that showed half way to his knees, and his head was always topped by a jaunty little hat, with flaring band, to cap the picture. He was neatness personified. He needed nothing more than the smudge of cork to complete his make-up; no grotesque lines in his face, no "roughness," and, above all, never a smutty expression; never a word passed his lips that would offend the most exacting woman or child who ever attended a theater. One item essential to his make-up was a cigar; always half smoked—and yet he never at any other time smoked a cigar; or touched a drop of intoxicating liquor. But he always lingered late in the haunts of men, jolly as the rest.

It was a great day for laughter-loving Americans when "Honey Boy" Evans made his professional debut at Bales's Music Hall, Canton, O., in 1891. He had always claimed Streator, Ill., as his home, and it is believed that his family and relatives still reside there. When Frank Hall conducted the Casino, Chicago, in the year of the World's Fair, "Honey Boy" was one of the principal comedians of Haverly's Minstrels, a feature of Hall's entertainment. It was about that time that he composed and sang the song that gave him the title of "Honey Boy." It was called "I'll Be True to My Honey Boy," and, as Evans sang it, it could be classed as one of the best ballads of its kind ever heard in public.

Subsequently he played vaudeville dates around Chicago, and in 1894 he came to New York. J. Austin Fynes, then manager for B. F. Keith, of the Union Square Theater, booked "Honey Boy" Evans for a week, largely upon recommendation of professionals who had known of his work in the West. "Honey Boy" made abundantly good, using as his principal offering the "Honey Boy" song and another he had just written, "Standing on the Corner Didn't Mean No Harm," a coon comic that was a great hit for him.

From his first Eastern success at the Union Square he went along to further and greater success in "big time" vaudeville. Percy G. Williams personally selected him to be one of the opening features of the Alhambra, when this pet house of "P. G.'s" was dedicated. He played across the country, back and forth, appearing in every prominent vaudeville house in the land.

With the late Ren Shields he wrote one of the greatest hits ever known in the history of "pop" songs—"In the Good Old Summer Time." Other songs upon which he collaborated with Ren were "Come Take a Trip in My Airship," "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," and others out of memory at this time. His early stage experience had been as a member of a vaudeville quartette, and his natural inclination was to songs and song writing. Vaudeville held his attention for the greater part of his stage career, but he eventually turned to minstrelsy. His last engagement in vaudeville was in the summer of 1912, when Sam McKee booked him at the New Brighton Theater, Brighton Beach.

His fame as a minstrel was first established as the star of Cohan & Harris' "Honey Boy" Minstrels, an organization and title-right which he subsequently acquired by purchase. During the past several years he had been the star of his own minstrel organization. Daniel Shea was his personal manager, and Mr. Shea was in Baltimore during "Honey Boy's" last illness.

Something like a year ago "Honey Boy" was stricken, and for some time his life was despaired of. Gradually recovering sufficient strength to proceed, he took his show upon the road, as usual, starting this season. But disease had chained him in slavery. He was compelled to frequently absent himself from the stage, but struggled against great odds through what has passed of the season. It was only a short time ago that he was compelled to leave the road, and go to Baltimore to meet his final end. All that medical skill could devise was brought to bear in the conflict against the ravages of the cancer eating his vitals. The odds were too heavy, and yesterday a good man, a good friend and one of the popular idols of the American theatergoing public passed to his greater reward.

Liberalism without ostentation was one of "Honey Boy's" noblest characteristics. He seemed to be in tune, in this respect, with his boom companion and closest man friend, George M. Cohan. "Honey Boy" never turned away from an appeal that was deserving; he had been known to accomplish many deeds of charity that he wished to remain unknown. But, as in the case of George M. Cohan, his good deeds found him out.

"Honey Boy" was a baseball "fan" of the most rabid composition. He was personally known to every "big time" ball player and hundreds of "bush leaguers." He made a practice of giving cups and trophies for batting and fielding prizes to inspire competition.

"Honey Boy" Evans was an apostle of the uplift. His life was full of "the joy of living;" his mission was to gladden and brighten, to make for merriment, to live decently and uprightly, to be a man among men, and his death has taken from his friends, from the public and from the earth and those who remain behind a man who could not easily be spared. His passing will be mourned by legions; there will not be one soul among us to lift even the suspicion of evil, to whisper even one unkind word or to say anything but that "Honey Boy" Evans was a MAN in the most prized sense of the term.—WALTHELL.

## "The Royal Box."

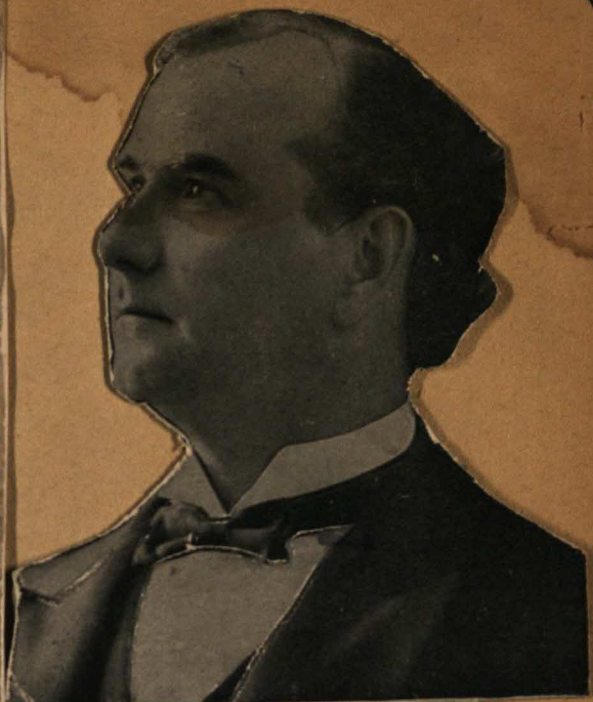
The peculiar taste of the amusement-seeking public of Fort Worth has been the source of much comment, but it is often more strikingly exemplified than in the slight interest shown in the engagement of Mr. Charles Coghlan in "The Royal Box" at Greenwall's last night. To contrast the crowded condition of the theater at some half dozen recent performances that were not worthy of even a serious notice with the half-filled house that witnessed the artistic performance of a beautiful play by Mr. Coghlan and his well selected company is enough to cause the lover of true dramatic art to despair and discourage the hope for a soil on which can flourish that element of the drama that is, or should be, a part of the intellectual and cultured life of every community. The name of Coghlan has been for many years identified with the truest and finest art. It can not be that Fort Worth people were ignorant of Mr. Coghlan's rank and ability. Lovers of the elder Dumas are plentiful and a dramatization of any work of his would be expected to arouse a reasonable amount of interest.

But, whatever the cause, the house was small. If, however, the enjoyment and enthusiasm of a critical and intellectual audience compensate for lack of numbers, Mr. Coghlan should be satisfied with his reception.

Mr. Coghlan has shown literary taste of a high order in the selection and arrangement of the lines of the play and his dramatic skill and experience are conspicuous in the construction of the situations.

As the play unfolds, disclosing the actor's life, the actor's temperament and environments, Mr. Coghlan is given opportunities for a clear cut, flawless portrayal of the actor's seemingly dual existence. The good fellow, the generous, the generous of the narrow attitude toward financial embarrassments, the keen jealousy that is more potent for mental upsetting when fed by imagination as by genuine affection, all were given an interpretation by Mr. Coghlan that won sympathetic recognition and two enthusiastic curtain calls.

The stage settings were managed with consummate taste, the costumes correct in every detail and even the important parts so distributed as to complete a well rounded and finished performance. Miss Coghlan was a most lovable ingenue, while Hugh Arp, Charles Chappelle and William F. Sprague might fairly divide honors.



MR. CHARLES HANFORD.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, 72, famous actor and "hero of a thousand matinees"

at the turn of the century, of coronary embolism, at a friend's home in Bay Shore, Long Island, Apr. 7. Although he was born in England, the major part of Faversham's theatrical career took place in this country.

Versatile, he played Shaw, Shakespeare, or Ibsen, but it was in romantic roles that he achieved his greatest popular success—especially as Jim Carston in "The Squaw Man," which was a hit for the seasons of 1905 to 1907. Faversham's last legitimate role was as Jeeter Lester in 1934 with a touring company of "Tobacco Road." The year following he had his last fling in the movies, playing the Duke of Wellington in "Becky Sharp." As a producer-actor, he made and lost several fortunes and was once the owner of a Long Island showplace. Three years ago, however, he was admitted to the Percy Williams Home for actors at East Islip, Long Island.



Wide World



# AT 85 DANIEL FROHMAN STILL PRESENTS—

## A Lifetime in the Theatre Has Not Dulled His Enthusiasm for Actors and Acting

August 16, 1936.

By H. I. BROCK

**D**ANIEL FROHMAN will celebrate next Saturday his eighty-fifth birthday and sixty-odd years of active service to the theatre. The eldest of the three Frohman brothers whose names are indelibly impressed upon a generation of play producing and of playgoing in America—though, for that matter, the famous Charles, in spite of his short legs, bestrode the wide Atlantic with his enterprises—Daniel is now the dean of the drama department, so to speak, of the North American Continent.

Born in Sandusky, Ohio, the son of a cigarmaker who came to this country from German Darmstadt, he has survived every phase of American thespian experience. The span is from the boisterous days of the wandering stars of the first magnitude—the Booths and their lesser likes—and of the wandering minstrel in blackface, all the way to the current era of neat designs for lively play-acting contrived by Noel Coward on the one hand, and, on the other, of the captivity of the stage-strutting player to the shadow empire of the films. Actually, after serving an apprenticeship as copy boy in the office of The New York Tribune, and learning to read Horace Greeley's handwriting—in itself a liberal education—Daniel started his theatrical career as advance agent and bill-poster for a troupe of real Negro minstrels.

In that capacity he traveled the country from Maine to Texas when horse and buggy days were a fact and not a political fling. Thus it came about that he was the first man to discover the secret of amplifying a Broadway success by simple multiplication. For the road companies, numbers one to ten or so, that for a generation broadcast the drama from Broadway to all America, were the invention of

this man who had spied out the land, armed with a paste pot and rolls of gaudy picture paper, and who had learned what the country wanted and where.

**S**PECIFICALLY the beginning was Steele MacKaye's "Hazel Kirke," a play which launched half a dozen ships from the old Madison Square Theatre (owned by two clergymen) where, when the Eighties of the last century were young, Frohman had his first job as New York manager—at \$35 a week. David Belasco, fresh from the Pacific Coast, was stage manager, also at \$35 a week, while William Gillette, with Sherlock Holmes not yet dreamed of, was playreader and got \$50, because he sometimes acted as well as read while the other two only managed.

Four years later Frohman had taken over from MacKaye the old Lyceum Theatre in Madison Avenue, just above Madison Square, and installed there his own company. He still had Belasco as stage manager. But the salary was \$75 a week—"Gee, can you pay it?" cried the delighted David to the daring Daniel, busy assembling a glittering galaxy of stars-to-be.

But instinctively his rôle was that of innovator. He grasped the opportunity to become the first American manager to go scouting abroad for plays. A bronze tablet in the Savoy Hotel in London marks the spot where the long, lean impresario from Sandusky entertained European prospects. The result was a line of Sardou, Dumas, and Henry Arthur Jones, and a

can producer to present Bernard Shaw to the country.

By 1902 the new Lyceum Theatre was built in Forty-fifth Street, east of Broadway, where to this day Frohman has his living quarters in a large apartment near the roof. The Lyceum company was transferred thither and had its share, along with Charles Frohman's company at the Empire and David Belasco's at a new theatre of his own, in glorifying the uptown Rialto which had just reached Times Square. Still Daniel pursued new things. He gave Maude Adams her first part, though it was Charles who made her America's most adored actress.

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**C**HARLES, our theatre's little Napoleon—later to go down with the torpedoed Lusitania—would have nothing to do with the new shows that depended on a revolving roll of photographic film and a flickering shutter. But Daniel teamed with Adolph Zukor and became vice president of Famous Players when the movies were hardly out of the nickelodeon stage. "Famous Players" were that in fact because of Zukor's idea, which Frohman encouraged, that the "pictures" held opportunities for real drama and acting by real actors.

Their ambitious program was to translate the classics, and especially Shakespeare, to the screen. Frohman engaged for the venture projectors of high-powered footlight magic like Sarah Bernhardt, Sothorn and Marlowe, Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Neither the movie public nor the movie art was yet up to that sort of thing. Indeed, the project has had to wait until now for even partial realization. But Bernhardt was mechanically produced as Queen Elizabeth, James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and Mary Pickford in "A Good Little Devil."

That happened around 1912 and marks the last stage of Daniel Frohman's active management of theatres. For fifty-five years he has fostered and for thirty years he has been president of the Actors Fund which takes care of stage players who are no longer able to take care of themselves. Ever since he gave up running companies



"Nothing," says Daniel Frohman, "will ever take the place of living actors."

of his own the whole professional body of actors in this country has become, in a sense, Daniel Frohman's company, and he has made it his business to see that old stage players really are taken care of—in actors' homes or otherwise. Especially, his job is that of money-getter and something like \$200,000 is the average annual haul.

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**T**HE dean of the North American theatre is notoriously a martinet for punctuality. But he was attending a meeting of the Actors Fund trustees and for all of fifteen minutes, therefore, the interviewer by appointment poked about the big room opening on a balcony over

Forty-fifth Street, right above the Lyceum Theatre's electric sign.

In a score and ten years and more of harboring its impresario that room has become a museum of theatrical Americana with many international items added. The walls are plastered with photographs signed with the names of all the stars in the firmament of the drama for two generations, and the rest of it is a junk pile of souvenirs. Four decades have seen parties there for the great and the near great and the end is not yet. Still Daniel Frohman presents.

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**A** PLEASANT young man who was also waiting told how, on a particularly hot day last year up in Canada somewhere, he had played eighteen holes of golf with Uncle Dan, and then had suggested that it might be well to knock off at that point and call it a day. "You can stop if you are tired," said Uncle Dan. "I am going on to finish my thirty-six holes." Which he did—with nothing for lunch but a soft drink. "You know he never eats lunch," said the young man who was a real nephew.

Just then issued from the elevator the lean, tall, alert figure of Frohman, conducted by Jerry, his diminutive Japanese servant. He was wearing a gray suit and a blue shirt with a soft collar. It was the first time in twenty years that the interviewer had seen the Daniel of this lion's den without the high wall of a straight stiff collar around his long, skinny neck. He explained that he wore the soft collar because he had been traveling on a train from the Coast.

The Fund was his sufficient apology for unpunctuality. Jerry had come and fetched him. Benignantly he sat down and began to talk about everybody that anybody ever heard of in the theatre. Thus: Adelaide Neilson was the loveliest woman that ever the footlights shone on and Shakespeare would have thought



Times Wide World.



## OPERA HOUSE ATTRACTIONS.

Announcement Made by Manager  
George Anzy of Plays Secured  
for Coming Season.

George Anzy, manager of the Dallas Opera House, yesterday gave out a list of the attractions booked by the American Theatrical Exchange for this city to be presented during the season of 1906 and 1907. The season in Dallas will open on Sept. 4 with the "Dandy Dixie" colored minstrels. The list of attractions is as follows:

"The Sweetest Girl in Dixie."  
"His Highness, the Bey."  
"The Rajah of Bhong."  
"Hoosier Girl."  
Billy Kersands.  
Gole & Johnson.  
Murray & Mack.  
"A Pair of Country Kids."  
"A Hot Old Time."  
"McFadden's Flats."  
"Si Holler," a new rural play.  
Tim Murphy in a new play.  
Nell Burgess in "The County Fair."  
"Wonderland," with Mary Marble, Little Chip and fifty others.  
Macklyn Arbuckle in "The County Chairman."

Joseph and William Jefferson in a new play.  
"Foxy Grandpa."  
"Happy Hooligan."  
"Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway."  
Corinne Francis in "Violette," a new musical play.  
Al G. Fields' Minstrels.  
Haverly's Minstrels with George Primrose.  
Dockstader's Minstrels.  
Jane Kennark in "The Toast of the Town."  
Al H. Wilson in a new play.  
"The Sultan of Sulu."  
Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case."

"Under Southern Skies."  
"Simple Simon Simple."  
"In Old Kentucky."  
"The Umpire."  
"The Royal Chef."  
"It Happened in Nordland."  
Helen Byron in "Sergeant Kitty."  
"The Girl Patsy."  
Harry Bulger in "The Man from Now."  
"Human Hearts."  
"Soap Bubble."  
"Little Duchess."  
"A Political Boss."  
"Parsifal" (in dramatic form).  
"Race for a Widow."  
W. B. Patton in "The Slow Poke."  
Viola Gillette in "The Girl and the Bandit."  
Mildred Holland.  
"Her Own Way."  
Robert Edeson in "Strongheart."  
Olga Nethersole in repertoire.  
"Raffles" with S. Miller Kent in the title role.

Charles Hanford in "Julius Caesar."  
Arthur Dunn in "The Little Joker."  
"The Lion and the Mouse."  
"The Prince of Pilsen."  
"The Student King."  
"The College Widow."  
Harry Beresford in a new comedy.  
"Checkers."  
"The Vanderbilt Cup," with Barney Oldfield.

"The Squaw Man."  
"The Devil's Auction."  
Jane Corcoran in "The Freedom of Suzanne."  
Louis James as Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."  
Frank Daniels.  
Madame Beach Yaw.  
Paul Gilmore in his new college play, "In Yale."  
"The Rogers Brothers in Ireland."  
Maude Fealey.  
Creston Clarke in a new romantic play.  
"The Clansman."  
"The Maid and the Mummy."  
"The Rollicking Girl."  
"Black Patti."  
Adelaide Thurston in "Over Yonder."  
Max Figman in "The Man on the Box."  
"The Holy City."

Walker Whiteside in romantic productions.  
James O'Neill in "John the Baptist."  
"The White Caps."  
"Mad Love."  
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."  
Gorman Brothers Minstrel Company.  
"The Seminary Girl."  
"The Mummy and the Humming Bird."  
"Peck's Bad Boy."  
"Madame Butterfly."  
European Grand Opera Company.

Little Homestead.  
A Chinese Honeymoon.  
James and Warde.  
Man to Man.  
Murray and Mack.  
A Trip to Chinatown.  
Al Fields, Minstrel.  
Way Down East.  
Arizona.  
Elizabeth Kennedy in "As You Like It."

Happy Hooligan.  
Are You a Mason?  
A Circus Day.  
Kelsey and Shannon.  
Robert Mantell.  
Human Hearts.  
Adelaide Thurston in Paul Westath's "Polly Primrose."  
When Reuben Comes to Town.  
Fast Mail.  
McFadden's Flats.  
Tim Murphy in "The Man From Missouri."

The Gagnon Pollock Co.  
Mason and Mason.  
Devil's Auction.  
Hello Bill.  
Sweet Jasmine.  
Dora Thorne.  
The Little Waifs.  
Pickings From Puck.  
De Wolf Hopper in "Mr. Pickwick."  
Al H. Wilson.  
Richard Carvel.  
Floradora.  
Lost River.  
Katherine Kidder.  
Richard Mansfield in "Julius Caesar."  
Shay Grand Opera Co.  
Sun's Minstrel.  
When Johnny Comes Marching Home.  
Creator and his band.  
The Cavalier.  
Weary Willie Walker.  
Robert Edison in "A Soldier of Fortune."

A Soldier of Fortune.  
Amelia Bingham.  
The Lily and the Prince.  
A Fool and His Money.  
The Two Johns.  
Quinlan and Wall Minstrel.  
This is the list so far complete, but there are many surprises still in store for theater-goers which will be announced later. The preliminary opening by the Georgia Minstrels has taken place and the regular season will begin Monday, August 31, with the Hoyt Comedy Co. in a week's engagement.

Add about twenty "star" attractions played by "star" companies to this list and you will know what you will be able to see this fall and winter:  
The Famous Twins, the Newell Brothers, in the "Operator."  
The society play, "Friends."  
"Glamour Signa."  
"Alabama."  
Mrs. Barnes of New York with Emily Rigg.  
Mrs. James Brown Potter with Kyrle Bellow.  
Robert Downing.  
"The Fencing Master," sixty people and their own orchestra.  
Foghorn's success, "Lady Windermere's Fan."  
"The Tornado."  
"Silver King."  
"The Derby Mascot," with horses.  
Robert Mantell.  
Felix Morris, the greatest living comedian.  
Richard Mansfield.  
The Robin Hood Opera company.  
Lincoln J. Carter in the "Fast Mail."  
Stuart Robinson.  
Al G. Fields' Minstrels.  
Alba Heywood in "Edgewood Folks."  
"Love in New York."  
James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo."  
Roland Reed.  
John L. Sullivan, "The Man from Boston."  
Queen's Opera company.  
Thomas W. Keane.  
M. B. Curtis in "Samuel of Posen."  
Otis Skinner.  
Lewis Morrison in "Faust."  
Charles Frohman's latest New York success, "Charley's Aunt."  
Mavis Wainwright.  
Lillian Lewis with Lucy Campbell in her company, "The Old Cronies."  
The little favorite, Nellie McHenry.  
Bessie Bonnell in "Playmates."  
Bobby Gayler with the Original Living Pictures.  
Charles Dickson in "Incog."  
Archie Boyd.  
Barlow, DeLeon & Powers' minstrels.  
"The Colonel."  
Charles Yate's newest, "Devil's Auction."  
James J. Corbett in "Gentleman Jack."  
The Thomas Q. Seabrook Opera company.  
"Silver Wedding."  
Springer and Witty "Black Crook."  
Maude Granger.  
"She."  
Tony Barral, the Irish Comedian.  
"Shore Acres."  
J. M. Hill's Royal Celebrities.  
"The Spider and the Fly."  
"The Hunter."  
Nellie Noble.  
Nellie Noble.  
"The Spider and the Fly."  
Fisher and Scott's Combination.

## OPERA HOUSE SEASON

ANNOUNCEMENT MADE OF ATTRACTIONS SECURED FOR COMING FALL AND WINTER.

## MANY FINE FEATURES BOOKED

English Grand Opera, Viola Allen,  
"Ben Hur," Richard Mansfield  
and Musical Comedies.

Announcement is made by George Anzy, manager of the Dallas Opera House, of the principal attractions secured to appear at that theater during the season of 1906-07. The list is of unusual length and many of the attractions noted therein are of more than ordinary importance.

Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company will be here for two nights shortly after the first of the year. This is the first time that this organization has been booked for a Southern tour, and it is hoped that the experiment will be so successful as to warrant a return the following season. At about the same time Melba and her concert company are to appear.

Richard Mansfield is coming in a new play, the name of which is not announced. Thomas Jefferson is to present "Rip Van Winkle," "Ben Hur" with an immense cast and six car loads of special scenery, is to be here during the middle of the season. Viola Allen is scheduled to appear the latter part of the winter.

In the other features are many things which ought to be good. Tim Murphy is to be headed this way with two new plays. Chauncey Olcott, the famous tenor, will make his initial tour of Texas. Lew Dockstader and Al G. Fields are in the list of minstrel shows. Edna Wallace Hopper will be at the head of a company, presenting "Floradora." George Ade's musical comedies in the hands of good companies will be presented on the Southern circuit. Harry Beresford, seen here last year in the delightful "Professor's Love Story," has a farce comedy called "Our New Man." Grace Van Studdiford will play an engagement at the local opera house, presenting the successful musical comedy, "The Red Feather."

Of problem plays Dallas will have two of some importance—Tolstoy's "Thou Shalt Not Kill" and Paul Gilmore in "Why Women Sin." Gilmore was seen here last season in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird."

The preliminary season in Dallas will begin with the Georgia Minstrels, followed by Gertrude Ewing in a repertoire of dramas and comedies at popular prices, and a company presenting "Uncle Josh Perkins."

The regular season will open Sept. 2, with a production of "Pretty Peggy." The complete New York production of this is promised, with Jane Corcoran and Andrew Robson in the leading roles. The list for the season is as follows:

Mason and Mason, in a new farce, "Darkest Russia," rewritten and brought up to date.  
"Thou Shalt Not Kill," Tolstoy's great play.  
"The Girl from Dixie."  
Tim Murphy in two new plays.  
Charles H. Yate's "Devil's Auction."  
Amelia Bingham and company, headed by Charles Richman.  
"The Sign of the Cross."  
The Rustler Stock Company.  
"Fired for Her Life," a modern dramatization of Dickens' "Oliver Twist."  
"McFadden's Flats."  
"Candida," Bernard Shaw's play. The company will be headed by Lester Lonriken.  
Al H. Wilson in "On the Rhine."  
"In Old Kentucky."  
"The Fencing Master."  
"Black East Troubadours."  
Charlotte Tittle in a problem play.  
"Human Hearts."  
Al G. Fields' Minstrels.  
Harry Beresford in "Our New Man."  
"The Village Parson."  
"Road from Paris."  
"Happy Hooligan."  
"Boy Wanted."  
"Miss Bob White."  
"The Marriage of Kitty."  
Charles Hanford in Shakespearean roles.  
"Gentleman Jack."  
"Our Office Boy."  
Ward and Kidder in "Salambo."  
The Sultan of Sulu, another of George Ade's musical comedies.  
"Under Southern Skies."  
"The County Chairman."  
"The Silver Slipper."  
"The Fatal Wedding."  
Murray and Mack.  
"A English Daisy."  
"The Virginian," with the original New York cast, headed by Dunstan Farnum.  
"Dolly Varden."  
Kersand's Minstrels.  
Paul Gilmore in "Why Women Sin."  
"Babes in Toyland," the famous extravaganza.  
W. B. Patton.  
"Sherlock Holmes."  
"Flanagan's Ball."  
"Glittering Gloria."  
"Tenderfoot."  
"Prince of Pilsen."  
Lew Dockstader's Minstrels.  
"Peck's Bad Boy."  
"A Friend of the Family."  
"Side Tracked."  
"Sandy Bottom."  
"Quincy Adams Sawyer."  
"San Toy," with Jim Peers in his original role and a supporting company of over eighty people.

Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle."  
John Griffith in "Macbeth."  
"The Little Red Schoolhouse."  
Haverly's Minstrels.  
Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company.  
"The Spider and the Fly."  
"The Hunter."  
Nellie Noble.  
Nellie Noble.  
"The Spider and the Fly."  
Fisher and Scott's Combination.

"Down on the Farm."  
"The Chinese Honeymoon."  
Creston Clarke in "Monsieur Beaucaire."  
Chauncey Olcott.  
"The Girl from Kays."  
Melba and her concert company.  
Grace Van Studdiford in "The Red Feather."  
James B. Mack in "Grimsey Me Boy."  
"Floradora," with Edna Wallace Hopper.  
Lewis Morrison in "Faust."  
Richard Mansfield in a new play.  
"Rudolph and Adolph."  
Quinlan & Wall Minstrels.  
"The Irish Pawnbrokers."  
Viola Allen.  
Drury Lane production of "Beauty and the Beast."  
"King Dodo."

And about thirty other attractions. Regarding Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company, the following announcement is made: It is the first tour covering so much territory that has been planned by an English organization. The company will make a general tour of the United States and Canada. The grand opera repertoire will consist of the greatest masterpieces from all four schools of opera, including not only some of the old and popular operas, such as "Il Trovatore" and "Bohemian Girl," but also the most exacting opera of the German, French and Italian schools. Mr. Savage has produced eighty-one grand operas in English, many of which have never been sung in the vernacular by any other organization. Among these may be mentioned Goring Thomas' "A Basso Porto," "La Boheme" and "Tosca," by Puccini, the modern Italian composer, and Verdi's masterpiece, "Otello," for the English version of which the original Shakespearean text has been restored by that scholarly London authority, Francis Hueffer. "Otello" was produced last season for the first time in English and the English singing artists were credited with such fine success that this opera will be kept in the repertoire next season. The two most popular Wagnerian music dramas, "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser," will also be given elaborate productions, affording not only the artists but the orchestra an excellent opportunity to display their merits. Then there will be Gounod's "Roméo and Juliet," Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," Gounod's "Faust" and Bizet's "Carmen," in the role of which Marion Ivel, the deep-throated contralto has achieved great success since her return from Paris.

The visit of the Savage Company will afford an opportunity to hear a host of artists that have never before appeared in the South, among whom may be mentioned the acknowledged greatest living high C tenor, Joseph Sheehan, who is credited with giving tenors combined. Then there is Gertrude Rennison, whose work as Desdemona in "Othello" last season placed her in the class of Madame Eames. In addition to these will be heard Winifred Goff, the artistic baritone; Arthur Deane, a new baritone in America, recently from Covent Garden; Frances J. Boyle, the stalwart basso; Harrison W. Bennett, the basso.

BY CARL CROW.

No, it wasn't an accident that brought a clean show to the Majestic last week. The same thing occurred this week and an investigation showed that it is a part of the new policy of the house inaugurated by Manager Mullaly. He has had a number of large signs printed and posted in every dressing room in the house. The signs warn all performers against the use of vulgarity in costume, suggestive jokes and songs bearing a double meaning. "If you are in doubt what this means, see the manager before the first performance," is the final warning of the sign. As a result of this policy the acts which come to the Majestic get a Turkish bath before they ever appear and that is the reason the acts are cleaner now than they have ever been before. Manager Mullaly deserves a hero medal.

The bill this week is not only clean but clever as well, though some managers claim a show cannot be both of these things. The headliner is the popular company known as "The Five Columbians," of whom the chief attraction is dainty little Marilyn Miller, a child impersonator who wins every heart in the audience as soon as she trips from behind the scenery. She is a tiny edition of Genee, whom she hopes to succeed, and does some very clever toe dancing. Misses Claire and Ruth Miller are attractive girls, whose singing, dancing and posing add to the applause the team always gets. The act is elaborately staged.

It is seldom a juggling and acrobatic team as good as that of Pero and Wilson is seen in Fort Worth. Their act has all of the class and finish seen at Keith & Proctor's and the prettily staged Japanese song with which the act opens, forms a very pleasing opening number for the bill.

Toma Hanlon is a handsome girl who does male impersonations, singing a few recitative songs in a clever way. It is only when she tries with male nonchalance to put her hands in her pockets that the limitations of her sex are revealed.

There is a bit of New England melodrama in "Christmas at Higgins," a good sketch, well acted. The stage setting is much more elaborate than is usually seen in Texas and the act gives opportunity to introduce Miss Louise Monroe, as a grand opera singer.

Billy Beard, the party from the South, is among the top-notchers in blackface comedy and will be remembered here long after others of the same kind are forgotten. The Monday audiences called him back for numerous encores.

Dick Miller is a character and dialect singing comedian of unique ability and was one of the many on the bill who had to respond to encores. Joe LaFleur does a sensational ladder balancing act in which he introduces his prize Mexican Chihuahua dog to share the applause.

The moving pictures, with which the bill is opened are up to the high standard which has recently been set by the manager.



# OLD THEATER DAYS OF FORT WORTH RECALLED

BY JACK GORDON.

LITERALLY, the theater "called" to Barry Burke, for 17 years with the Palace Theater here and who recently assumed a higher post as managing director of the Palace Theater, Dallas.

Burke, a youngster of 8, selling newspapers, was strolling tiredly by the stage door of the old Greenwall's opera house at Third and Commerce Streets around supper time one evening back in 1897.

CAME a hall from the stage entrance. The grubby newsboy stopped. In the doorway stood Phil Greenwall, manager of what was then Fort Worth's only playhouse.

Greenwall offered Burke his first job with the theater.

Charles Yale's "The Devil's Auction" was the attraction for that night. In the big scene of the play a huge Buddha pronounced sentence on screaming wretches dragged before him.

One offender he ordered tossed into the sausage mill.

And into a big "mill" on the stage the prisoner was tumbled, a giant crank turned. Then, from the bottom of the "horrible" machine, reappeared the victim, now with the grotesquely disproportionate body of an 8-year-old boy! The boy was quaking Barry Burke, wearing a monster plaster of paris head!

BURKE played in Yale's show for three performances and was paid \$3 for his work.

"I was ruined after that," he says. "I got the theater fever. Every spare minute I spent hanging around the stage door, back among the curtains.

"Greenwall seemed to take a sort of liking for me. Made me his protege, so to speak. Pretty soon I was doing all sorts of odd jobs. Later I got n the payroll as electrician."

When the old Greenwall place was condemned and razed in 1908,

Burke moved over to the then Byers Opera House, the same as now bears the name "Palace."

SCORES of famous old troupers, most of whom took their final curtain calls many years ago, Burke recalls vividly.

Lillian Russell he particularly praises. "She was of such wonderfully fine humor," says Burke. "Never temperamental, never petulant. To the stage crew, cold and wet from lugging in scenery on some bad winter day, she would bring coffee, sandwiches, good cheer. And always there would be an extra \$10 for each of the boys."

Burke cites the great Richard Mansfield for contrast. Mansfield played at the old Greenwall house on several occasions. He was the arch egotist, says Burke, and insanely temperamental.

ALWAYS the great trouper was preceded by henchmen, who cried, "Make way for Mr. Mans-

field."

"One night, displeased over some trifle, Mansfield announced he would not appear as advertised," Burke recalls. "A full house was waiting. Curtain time came and 15 minutes more, and still the actor was adamant, despite the frantic pleadings of Manager Greenwall.

"Finally Greenwall lost his temper. 'You go on NOW,' he blazed with menacing fists, 'or I'll knock hell out of you!'"

Burke recalls that the thespian DID appear, as advertised. "You can never play in a house of mine again," Greenwall told him when the performance was over. Mansfield never did.

George Cohan played at Greenwall's as a youth with his mother, father and sister in a piece of his own writing, "Running for Office."

"WE all knew Cohan was a genius, but every man back stage despised him," says Burke. "He was cruel and egotistical. But

he gave a great performance."

Burke can tell endless anecdotes of George Arliss, Otis Skinner, Theodore Roberts, Rose Stahl, and other great players who basked in the limelight of two decades ago.

When the first picture theater was opened in Fort Worth—the old Imperial where the Hippodrome now stands—Burke and his fellow craftsmen of the legit were hostilely derisive. That was in 1905, and the first "movie" was introduced by the late E. H. Phillips.

LATER, however, Burke saw the old barnstormers gradually give way to the newer and more universal cinema, and today he declares he has no longing for the "good old days."

"The motion picture," he says, "is the finer art, and a lot more entertaining. That doesn't mean, however, I don't like a good burlesque now and then!"

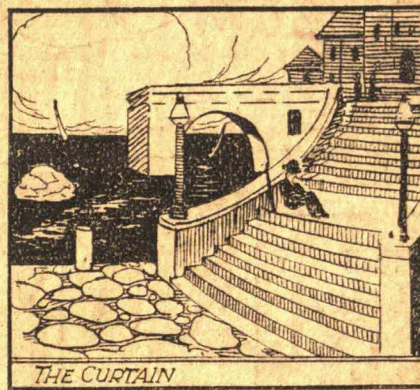
## HISTORY OF FORT WORTH—No. 20

STORY BY CLAUDE L. DOUGLAS  
SKETCHES BY J. B. PLANGMAN



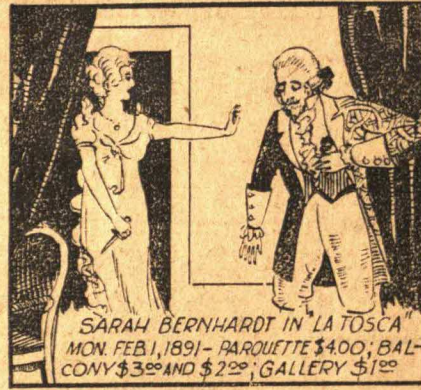
There were no picture shows in early Fort Worth. An occasional circus visited the city and aside from these the citizens had only home talent plays for amusement of the theatrical kind. But in 1887 the Fort Worth Opera House was built at Third and Rusk (now Commerce) and in 1890 it was purchased by two brothers, Henry and Phil Greenwall, and rechristened "The Greenwall Opera House."

It was then made part of the Green-



wall Circuit, which included houses in New Orleans, Dallas, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Waco and Fort Worth. Because of the large circuit, road shows of the first magnitude were enabled to play thru Texas. The interior of the Greenwall Opera House was arranged in three floors—the parquet circle, the balcony and the gallery, where a policeman was always on duty to maintain order among the "gallery gods."

The show, under Greenwall manage-



SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LA TOSCA"  
MON. FEB. 1, 1891—PARQUETTE \$4.00; BAL-  
CONY \$3.25 AND \$2.25; GALLERY \$1.25

ment, opened in September, 1890, with William Brady's "After Dark." During the 20 years that the Greenwall house existed some of the greatest stars of the theatrical world appeared on its stage—a galaxy of stars that has never been surpassed to this day. Among them were Elenora Duse, Richard Mansfield, Salvini, Edwin Booth, and John, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore.

Then there were Lillian Russell, Anna



JAMES ONEILL, WHO PLAYED "THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO" FOR 3,600 CONSECUTIVE PERFORMANCES  
PLANG-

Held, Harry Lauder, George Arliss, Sarah Bernhardt, Olga Nethersoles, Julia Marlowe, Edward H. Sothorn, Stuart Robson, Robert Mantell, Fauny Davenport, Walker Whiteside, Lew Dockstader, George Cohen, Douglas Fairbanks, "Herman the Great," and Richard and Pringle. The opera house, which seated few more than 1200 people, was packed at every performance. Usually the Greenwall gave three shows a week.

(To Be Continued Friday)



# DEVELOPMENT OF FORT WORTH THEATERS BEGAN 50 YEARS AGO WITH ERECTION OF EVANS HALL

JANUARY 10, 1926.

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Fort Worth's first playhouse was erected in 1876 on the northwest corner of Houston and First Streets. It was built by B. C. Evans and known as Evans Hall, the upper floor being used for amateur productions, and for the few artists who came this way. Balls and parties also were held here, the place being a sort of social center of the community in that early day.

Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Feild, General and Mrs. Byrne, Major Fairfax, who was one of England's noblemen in direct line for the position of lord; Bob McCart, Mrs. Terry, Mrs. Charles Scheuber, then a small child, and a few others had banded themselves together for the promotion of art and culture.

They presented such plays as "Pinocchio" and "The Lady of Lyons." One can see in this something of the Little Theater movement of recent years, although it was not so spoken of in those days.

Among the early artists to appear in this house was a very gifted and talented musician, Miss Amalia Reitz—now Mrs. Von Bandelin—who is a cousin of the late Mrs. Zane-Cetti Sr. She now is in her seventy-eighth year and resides in Weisbaden, Germany. Her impressions of this first visit to the then remote West would make an interesting story, from all accounts.

"East Lynne" Presented.

Howard Peak calls to mind one of the first actresses who ever came to Fort Worth—Fay Templeton—playing in "East Lynne" in Evans Hall.

The first variety theater was built and operated by Capt. George Bird Holland at Second and Main Streets and was known as "My Theater." The following classified ad appeared in a New York paper Sept. 10, 1881, announcing the opening:

"The company engaged for the Fall opening, Oct. 3, 1881, includes Wentworth and Lorain, Dolan Brothers, the Leclans, Darley Sisters, Ida Bart, Lizzie Haywood, Annie Petrie, Sadie Hasson and Kittle Whitland.

"Wanted—First class male song and dance team, one female impersonator, one dramatic star and six specialty ladies. First class artists apply at once. The largest and finest hall in the South. Address, George B. Holland, manager."

Most of the plays showing here were variety and novelty acts, although there were a number of stock companies that played also. The variety show of that day was a forerunner of the present day refined vaudeville.

In Galveston, 1867, Henry and Morris Greenwall opened the old Market (upstairs) Theater on Tremont Street, where the Cohen department store is now located. This was the beginning of the Greenwall theatrical circuit in Texas.

Opera House Is Built.

In 1883, Walter Huffman, Captain Lloyd and others formed a syndicate, and built at Third and Rusk Streets (now Commerce) what was afterward known as the Greenwall Opera House. Later Huffman bought out syndicate interests and leased to a Mrs. Benton. After a time Dashwood & Elliott came into possession of it.

The house was opened with the Chicago Opera Company in "Chicago Ideals." Some of the attractions that played here during these years were Lily Langtry in "As in a Looking Glass," Emma Abbott, Clara Morris and Katie Putnam.

Lotta Crabtree, who died recently leaving an estate of over \$1,000,000 to charities in New York and other places, also played here.

The stars disliked making one night stands through Texas, preferring to end their tour in New Orleans. Due to the fact that a circuit had been formed, the Greenwall theatrical circuit, which included all the large opera houses in the leading cities over the country, they were forced into Texas in that day.

September, 1900, saw the opening of the Greenwall Opera House in Fort Worth with William A. Brady's "After Dark." This play necessitated the entrance of a train on a dark stage, and was a very realistic production. This called forth most enthusiastic applause from the "gallery gods," who could scarce heed the admonition of Manager Greenwall that that sort of thing would not be tolerated.

Stars Are Seen Here.

A few of the stars appearing there in the early 90's were:

Francis Wilson in comic opera; Blanche Hall, Frank Daniels in "Little Puck," James O'Neill in his famous "Count of Monte Christo," Fanny Davenport, Sarah Bernhardt, Harrison Gray Fiske, Milton and Dolly Nobles in melodramatic productions, Nat Goodwin, whose great love for liquor, race horses and poker often sent him to the bottom of the ladder, and Sol Smith Russell in "His Poor Relations."

The Shakespearean dramas were here with Thomas Keene, Louis James, Kathryn Kidder and Frederick Warde. Melbourne McDowell, the husband of Fanny Davenport, also appeared. After Fannie's death, McDowell became infatuated with Blanche Walsh, and they starred together five seasons.

Others were:

Alexander Salvini in "The Three Guardsmen," Robert Mantell in "The Corsican Brothers," Tim Murphy in "The Texas Steer," Madam Yvette Guilbert, Mary Manning, Rose Coglan, Kate Scanlan, Stuart Robson in "Bertie the Lamb," Theodore Roberts, Mabel Arbuckle, a Dallas product and an attorney, who turned to the work of the stage and starred in "A Gentleman From Mississippi," Minnie Madden Fiske in "The Lie," Max Figman in "The Man on the Box," Otis Harlan in Hoyt's "Black Sheep," Madam Ellen Beach Shaw, "high C" artist, in concert; the Savage Grand Opera Company in "Madam Butterfly," and others.

Lillian Russell Liked.

Lillian Russell was perhaps one of the most appreciated of the actresses who used to play the Greenwall The-

ater. She always was considerate, thoughtful and of fine spirit. Frequently she would present the stage crew with delectable food, or an extra bit of money after an unusually hard day. This fact, added to her ability as an actress, made her coming always looked forward to as a rare treat.

On the occasion of one of Sol Smith Russell's visits to this city, a heavy snowstorm fell throughout the entire evening performance.

Easily the most eccentric of all the stars who ever came to this city was Richard Mansfield. Most everybody who has seen him play knows what a man of moods he was, but not everyone knows the real reason for an 11:30 curtain on one of his performances in this city.

Always careful of details, he would call off an entire play over one small thing not coming up to his plans. On this particular night he was to play "Cyrano de Bergerac," and the house was packed to the doors with about \$4,000 on hand for tickets.

The train, bearing seven cars of baggage, Pullmans, Mansfield and his fellow actors, pulled into the H. & T. C. depot about 7 o'clock on the night of the performance. For some reason, Mansfield refused to put on the show.

Suit Is Threatened.

When Manager Greenwall discovered the situation, it was almost time for the curtain to rise on the first act. He went down to the station, and after telling him of the prospects of a packed house, interest in the show, etc., insisted that Mansfield proceed with arrangements for the show.

Mansfield had always had his way, and was not to be outdone, Greenwall ordered Daniel Murphy of the Union Transfer Company to open the cars and haul the properties to the theater at once. Load after load rolled down the street, while Mansfield stood on the end of his private coach and threatened Greenwall with suit if he forced him to show that night.

Greenwall threatened a counter suit for all expenses of out-of-town patrons, money refunded to impatient audience, etc., and finally Mansfield managed to get as far as the opera house where he raved like a man gone mad, behind the scenes, still protesting that he would not appear on the stage.

Three hours of almost superhuman patience was displayed by the audience "waiting for a train that never would come."

Frequently Greenwall would come out in front, tell a joke, or give a train report and by this means at 11:30 the curtain went up to a packed house on the first act of "Cyrano de Bergerac," with only \$125 refunded to impatient patrons. The play was given in full, for Mansfield perceived that Manager Greenwall's physique was not to be reckoned with.

First Majestic in 1905.

In 1905, the first Majestic Theater was built by W. J. Bailey where the Liberty Garage now is on Jennings Avenue. The Young Men's Business League promoted it. This house was to feature polite vaudeville, which was an innovation, and the opening was of unusual importance.

The Interstate Amusement Company had charge of the shows. Five dollars was the price of the seats for the opening night, and the house was packed. Five years later, about 1910, A. August built the present Majestic Theater building.

The first picture show opened in Fort Worth in 1905 and was known as the Imperial, located where the Hippodrome now stands. The late E. H. Phillips introduced the first "movie."

The Little Theater is the latest development of theatrical life in Fort Worth. Although this movement had gained considerable headway in many cities of the United States, no one had thought of promoting it here until the Fall of 1921. Amusements consisted of the Majestic and motion pictures, no spoken drama having been presented since the traveling companies had been prohibited by wartime prices. The field was open.

To Lotta Carter Gardner and her two children, Hunter E. and Rosalind, now Mrs. Shelly, Fort Worth is indebted for establishment of its Little Theater, no longer an experiment.

## Remember When—Greenwall Opera House Sold Out

The orchestra leader waved his baton. The music swelled softly as the curtain rolled up on "Dorothy," with Edith Mason in the title role.

John Bondurant hurried a few belated theatergoers to their seats and the show at the Greenwall Opera House was on for the evening.

Few can recall "Dorothy" and the pleasant evening at the theater, for it was years ago, 30 to be exact. It was Jan. 23, 1893. This is the date of the theater program sent to The Star-Telegram.

George Connor, the leader of the orchestra, is dead. Likewise many of the opera house staff. H. Greenwall was proprietor of the theater, which stood at Third and Commerce Streets. He and P. W. Greenwall, manager, are both dead.

Bondurant, chief usher, is now in the produce business. M. W. Greenwall, then a very young man, rented the opera glasses at the theater.

The advertisement, "A. & L. August, Artistic Tailors; J. H. Martingale, Cutter," appears on the bottom of the program.

"Once there was a man who fell in a beer vat and drank his way out," reads the advertisement of the Postoffice Saloon on the back page of the tattered leaflet. "After the opera, remember you got the biggest schooner in town at the Postoffice," continues the ad.

Curries, 710 Main Street, also extolls the virtues of its vintages in the old program.

One display brings back the days when drug using was not banned by a Federal law and was not uncommon. "Wilson's Morphine Cure, Costs \$5," is the advertisement. The G. Wilson Chemical Company at Dublin, Texas, sold the cure.

The Vogue, Natatorium and Acme laundries, the M. K. & T. Railroad are some of the concerns named in the program that are still in business here.

"Prof. Bartscherer, the famous psycho," offers readings on the future, past and present for \$1. He held forth at 800 Taylor Street.

## Amusement Landmark Being Razed

BER 12, 1934.



—Star-Telegram Photo.

Standard Theater, an amusement landmark at Commerce and Twelfth Streets, is being torn down. From about 1914 this variety theater

was the central attraction in Hell's Half Acre. A parking lot will occupy the site.

## THEATER, WHERE 2 SWORS START, BEING TORN DOWN

Men are tearing down the Standard Theater at Commerce and Twelfth Streets, ripping up a which are written names of the Barlow, the Mae West and the early days of the theater. The building is being made way for a parking

Standard Theater," said a man who has done business for years, "was the best theater of its day in which was attended by men only somewhat of an unsavory moral tone than many of theaters of today. Never man appear there without or fights. The displays of days would not have been at the Standard. I heard even the word 'damn' spoken there."

Word of the tearing down of the landmark will bring back memories to many persons, including performers who got their start up the theatrical ladder there.

Bert and Johnny Swor, minstrel kings, learned how to please audiences at this theater. Ben Turpin appeared there for several weeks. Phil Epstein, who led the orchestra, went into big time vaudeville from the Standard pit and Saul Harris, Little Rock theater owner, can remember his early days at this amusement rendezvous.

The Four Copelands, Luce and Luce, Fay and Gibbons, Corney Brooks of Brooks and Brooks, the Cherry Sisters, Thompson and Thompson, and Baby Dot, now a beauty shop owner in Dallas, are some of the performers oldtimers remember.

Commerce was known formerly as Rusk Street. In the early evening a band would play outside the theater to attract customers. The pleasure seekers would enter the auditorium through a bar and on a balcony could sit in booths and drink beer.

Sometimes members of the audience got in an ugly mood, as when they threw things at the Cherry

Sisters or when Policeman John Nichols was slain there about 1912. The Cherry sisters did a rube act and were so untalented, the oldtimer recalls, that the management put a net curtain in front of them to protect them from thrown beer bottles or vegetables.

But high class entertainment also was provided, the merchant pointed out. He recalled that Brooks and Brooks did scenes from Shakespeare.

The Standard was built by John M. Moore, formerly an alderman, and was operated by Frank and Maggie DeBeque. Mrs. DeBeque had been an Indian club juggler and her husband was a jockey. The oldtimer recalls that they retired about 1914 with several hundred thousand dollars profits and bought a string of race horses which they ran over the country. Both are dead.

The Standard was not the only theater in the neighborhood. Dan Andrews built a frame theater at Twelfth and Jones. It later was known as Holland's, but has been torn down. There also was the Crown, between Tenth and Eleventh on Main Street. But the Standard was the central attraction.

Performances there began at 8:30 and ended at midnight, 10 to 15 acts being presented. On the lot to the south of the building the DeBeques operated a beer garden.

A private entrance was provided to the theater and many was the time, the oldtimer recalled, when a carriage was driven up to this entrance as some of the sporty young bloods of the city arrived to sample night life.

"But do not get the idea," the oldtimer said, "that the Sally Rands of today would have been permitted to do their fan dances at the old Standard."



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Alexander Salvini in "The Three Guardsmen," Robert Mantell in "The Corsican Brothers," Tim Murphy in "The Texas Steer," Madam Yvette Guilbert, Mary Mannering, Rose Coghlan, Kate Scanlan, Stuart Robinson in "Bertie the Lamb," Theodore Roberts, Maclay Arbuckle, a Dallas product and an attorney, who turned to the work of the stage and starred in "A Gentleman From Mississippi," Minnie Maddern Fiske in "The Laar," Max Figman in "The Man on the Box," Otis Harlan in Hoyt's "Black Sheep," Madam Ellen Beach Yaw, "high C" artist, in concert; the Savage Grand Opera Company in "Madam Butterfly," and others.

## Lillian Russell Liked.

Lillian Russell was perhaps one of the most appreciated of the actresses who used to play the Greenwall The-

ater. She always was considerate, thoughtful and of fine spirit. Frequently she would present the stage crew with delectable food, or an extra bit of money after an unusually hard day. This fact, added to her ability as an actress, made her coming always looked forward to as a rare treat.

On the occasion of one of Sol Smith Russell's visits to this city, a heavy snowstorm fell throughout the entire evening performance.

Easily the most eccentric of all the stars who ever came to this city was Richard Mansfield. Most everybody who has seen him play knows what a man of moods he was, but not everyone knows the real reason for an 11:30 curtain on one of his performances in this city.

Always careful of details, he would call off an entire play over one small thing not coming up to his plans. On this particular night he was to play "Cyrano de Bergerac," and the house was packed to the doors with about \$4,000 on hand for tickets.

The train, bearing seven cars of baggage, Pullmans, Mansfield and his fellow actors, pulled into the H. & T. C. depot about 7 o'clock on the night of the performance. For some reason, Mansfield refused to put on the show.

## Suit Is Threatened.

When Manager Greenwall discovered the situation, it was almost time for the curtain to rise on the first act. He went down to the station, and after telling him of the prospects of a packed house, interest in the show, etc., insisted that Mansfield proceed with arrangements for the show.

Mansfield had always had his way, and was not to be outdone. Greenwall ordered Daniel Murphy of the Union Transfer Company to open the cars and haul the properties to the theater at once. Load after load rolled down the street, while Mansfield stood on the end of his private coach and threatened Greenwall with suit if he forced him to show that night.

Greenwall threatened a counter suit for all expenses of out-of-town patrons, money refunded to impatient audience, etc., and finally Mansfield managed to get as far as the opera house where he raved like a man gone mad, behind the scenes, still protesting that he would not appear on the stage.

Three hours of almost superhuman patience was displayed by the audience "waiting for a train that never would come."

Frequently Greenwall would come out in front, tell a joke, or give a train report and by this means at 11:30 the curtain went up to a packed house on the first act of "Cyrano de Bergerac," with only \$125 refunded to impatient patrons. The play was given in full, for Mansfield perceived that Manager Greenwall's physique was not to be reckoned with.

## First Majestic in 1905.

In 1905, the first Majestic Theater was built by W. J. Bailey where the Liberty Garage now is on Jennings Avenue. The Young Men's Business League promoted it. This house was to feature polite vaudeville, which was an innovation, and the opening was of unusual importance.

The Interstate Amusement Company had charge of the shows. Five dollars was the price of the seats for the opening night, and the house was packed. Five years later, about 1910, A. August built the present Majestic Theater building.

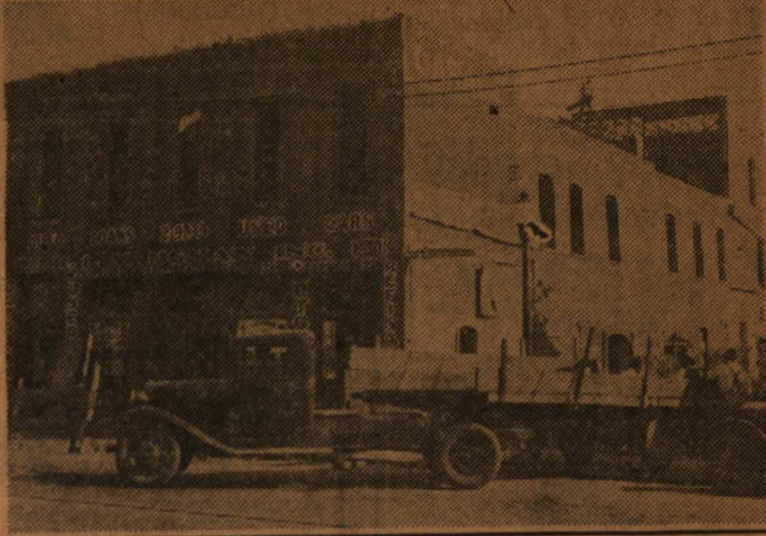
The first picture show opened in Fort Worth in 1905 and was known as the Imperial, located where the Hippodrome now stands. The late E. H. Phillips introduced the first "movie."

The Little Theater is the latest development of theatrical life in Fort Worth. Although this movement had gained considerable headway in many cities of the United States, no one had thought of promoting it here until the Fall of 1921. Amusements consisted of the Majestic and motion pictures, no spoken drama having been presented since the traveling companies had been prohibited by wartime prices. The field was open.

To Lotta Carter Gardner and her two children, Hunter E. and Rosalind, now Mrs. Shelly, Fort Worth is indebted for establishment of its Little Theater, no longer an experiment.

Sample Sale

Amusement Landmark Being Razed  
OCTOBER 12, 1934.



The Standard Theater, an amusement landmark at Commerce and Twelfth Streets, is being torn down. From about 1901 to 1914 this variety theater

—Star-Telegram Photo.

was the central attraction in Hell's Half Acre. A parking lot will occupy the site.

## OLD THEATER, WHERE 2 SWORS GOT START, BEING TORN DOWN

Workmen are tearing down the old Standard Theater at Commerce and Twelfth Streets, ripping up walls upon which are written names such as Ethel Barlow, the Mae West of Fort Worth in the early days of this century. The building is being razed to make way for a parking lot.

"The Standard Theater," said a merchant who has done business nearby for years, "was the best vaudeville theater of its day in Texas. It was attended by men only and had somewhat of an unsavory reputation, but it was conducted on a higher moral tone than many of the best theaters of today. Never did a woman appear there without stockings or tights. The displays seen these days would not have been permitted at the Standard. I never heard even the word 'damn' spoken there."

Word of the tearing down of the landmark will bring back memories to many persons, including performers who got their start up the theatrical ladder there.

Bert and Johnny Swor, minstrel kings, learned how to please audiences at this theater. Ben Turpin appeared there for several weeks. Phil Epstein, who led the orchestra, went into big time vaudeville from the Standard pit and Saul Harris, Little Rock theater owner, can remember his early days at this amusement rendezvous.

The Four Copelands, Luce and Luce, Fay and Gibbons, Corney Brooks of Brooks and Brooks, the Cherry Sisters, Thompson and Thompson, and Baby Dot, now a beauty shop owner in Dallas, are some of the performers oldtimers remember.

Commerce was known formerly as Rusk Street. In the early evening a band would play outside the theater to attract customers. The pleasure seekers would enter the auditorium through a bar and on a balcony could sit in booths and drink beer.

Sometimes members of the audience got in an ugly mood, as when they threw things at the Cherry

Sisters or when Policeman John Nichols was slain there about 1912. The Cherry sisters did a rube act and were so untalented, the oldtimer recalls, that the management put a net curtain in front of them to protect them from thrown beer bottles or vegetables.

But high class entertainment also was provided, the merchant pointed out. He recalled that Brooks and Brooks did scenes from Shakespeare.

The Standard was built by John M. Moore, formerly an alderman, and was operated by Frank and Maggie DeBeque. Mrs. DeBeque had been an Indian club juggler and her husband was a jockey. The oldtimer recalls that they retired about 1914 with several hundred thousand dollars profits and bought a string of race horses which they ran over the country. Both are dead.

The Standard was not the only theater in the neighborhood. Dan Andrews built a frame theater at Twelfth and Jones. It later was known as Holland's, but has been torn down. There also was the Crown, between Tenth and Eleventh on Main Street. But the Standard was the central attraction.

Performances there began at 8:30 and ended at midnight, 10 to 15 acts being presented. On the lot to the south of the building the DeBeques operated a beer garden.

A private entrance was provided to the theater and many was the time, the oldtimer recalled, when a carriage was driven up to this entrance as some of the sporty young bloods of the city arrived to sample night life.

"But do not get the idea," the oldtimer said, "that the Sally Rands of today would have been permitted to do their fan dances at the old Standard."



## THE ORIGINAL COSTER.



HARRY ROGERS.

Probably most of the people who have sat under the spell of Albert Chevalier's magnetic art have imagined that they were witnessing an impersonation of a new type of London low life. The coster, in the American mind, is a curious and quaint creature, interesting as a novelty, and because of Mr. Chevalier's talent for investing him with charm and humor.

But the coster is really no novelty at all. In London he dates back to the days of the Great Vane and a half-dozen famous music-hall singers. When Thackeray's Colonel Newcome took his offspring into a music hall, he was probably regaled with just such a rattling coster song as "The Old Kent Road" or "The Coster's Serenade."

Certainly few American theatregoers are aware that, as early as fourteen years ago, an English music hall singer, who had a fixed reputation in London as a warbler of coster ditties, came to this country and tried his luck at Koster and Bial's old hall on Twenty-third Street, singing songs of precisely the same sort that Mr. Chevalier has since made so popular. This man is Harry Rogers, well-known as a skilful actor of the Cockney and the Jew.

"Yes, I believe I was the first man to sing coster songs in this country," said Mr. Rogers to a MIRROR representative the other day. "I arrived here early in September, 1882, on the Alaska from Liverpool. The vessel touched port Saturday night, and the next night, Sunday, I made my debut at Koster and Bial's—their old house on Twenty-third Street. I secured the engagement through the Brothers Raynor."

"And you sang coster songs of the kind sung now by Mr. Chevalier?"

"Yes, the same exactly. But the audience wouldn't have it. I made a quick change to the English masher. That type being better understood was, of course, fully appreciated. The morning after my debut Mr. Bial met me in Fitzgerald's agency on Union Square, and told me that my songs were too exotic, that I would never succeed in making the coster type popular here. So, as it was a question of bread and butter, I had to drop the coster before I'd really had a fair chance, and set to work building up my 'chappie' specialty. I played an engagement at Pastor's, the London, Hyde and Behman's, the Howard Athenæum in Boston, and with Bryant, Evans and Hoey's Meteors. Here are personal testimonials of my success from William Harris, Tony Pastor, and the others."

"Then you drifted into melodrama?"

"Yes, I've played Cockneys in 'The Fugitive,' 'Master and Man,' 'The English Rose,' 'The Prodigal Daughter,' 'Lost—24 Hours,' and several other melodramas and pieces. Now, however, I intend to resume my former line of work."

"Tell me something of the genealogy of the coster?"

"The coster in England is as old as Dickens and Oliver Twist. He has a peculiar lot of mannerisms that were originally the traditional signs and countersigns of the London thief. For instance, when the Artful Dodger signified to Charley Bates that a respectable old gentleman's pocket was to be priggled, he would make a quick, rapid gesture of wiping his nose, after first passing his hand behind his ear. That gesture has become a coster mannerism. Even an honest coster who gains his livelihood by a respectable trade, cannot use his pocket-handkerchief without first making that quick gesture. In the days of Dickens, those gestures were all significant of the London thief. To-day they are mere mannerisms of the Londoner in low life."

"Have you always been a coster singer, Mr. Rogers?"

"Here is my pedigree: I was born on the Mile End Road, in the heart of costerdom. My professional career began, however, in Melbourne, Australia. Returning to England, my reputation rested chiefly on my skill as a dancer. In those days dancing contests were a fad. Johnny Carroll was the English champion, and, eager to test my powers, he sent me a challenge, which I accepted. The dance came off at the Middlesex, in Drury Lane. Teddy Solomon, who afterward married Lillian Russell, led the music for the contest. The judges were Harvey and Conley, Jack Rowley, De Var and Le Clair, and another man whose name I've forgotten. Three of the judges sat on the stage, three in the orchestra. They decided in my favor, and presented me with the prize, a gold medal. But Carroll would not bide by the decision. He raised such a row that, thereafter, dancing contests fell into disrepute. So I turned my back on Terpsichore and began my career as a coster singer. That was in 1874."

"Was anybody singing coster songs at that time?"

"A few—a dozen or more. There were Teddy Mosedale, Alfred G. Vance, Hiram Travers, Jack Vance, Harry Richards and several others. We sang at the Pavilion, Lusby's, the Canterbury, the Royal, Collins's, the British Aquarium, the Yarmouth, the Westminster, and the Star."

"What were some of your best songs?"

"My special hit was a song called 'Sweeter Than Crosse and Blackwell's Jam.' I had a sentimental ballad, 'The Old Village School on the Green,' and another called 'Little Mary.' The music was written for me by Tom Eplett, and the introduction is the very same air as Mr. Chevalier's 'Old Kent Road.' He uses quicker time, but the air is the same. Do you want one of the real old-time coster songs? Here is one

that is rough and coarse, but has plenty of genuine humor:

Come all you chaps and you young girls and listen unto me,  
I've been down to the rye-house, where we 'ad a jolly spree.  
There was me and twenty more besides, enj'ying ourselves so g'y,  
When some one soaked my old Dutch clock and spoiled our bloomin' d'y.  
And Brown 'e got tight and wanted me to fight,  
'Awkins got a punch right on the jaw,  
Smiff struck a man who kissed his Mary Anne,  
And he gets locked up for breaking of the law, law, law.  
Then old Mother 'Uggins slipped into Mother Juggins,  
And for a tenner she gave 'alf a quid aw'y;  
And between you and me, we had a jolly spree,  
But we don't 'ave such a beno ev'ry d'y, d'y, d'y,  
No, we don't 'ave such a beno ev'ry d'y, d'y, d'y.

"And here is my 'Whitechapel Serenade,' which I sang twenty years ago, before Mr. Chevalier's 'Coster Serenade' had been heard of:

### WHITECHAPEL SERENADE.

I'm a cove as you calls a coster and the girls are arter me,  
The reason is—I think that I can tell yer—  
It's 'cause I drives a donkey and I'm g'y and free.  
I've got a little doner in the Whitechapel Road;  
'Er father keeps an eel-shop and of course that's 'er abode.  
I goes there to meet 'er ev'ry night upon the sly.  
If I don't see her in the shop wh'y I commence to cry:  
Oh, Emma, ain't yer comin' out?  
Wotcher, Emma, can't yer 'ear me shout?  
Your father peepin' at me through the window now, I feel  
Come quick, Emma, 'cause the copper's at me 'eel.

The other d'y I walked into the eel shop, thinkin' my girl on me would wait,  
'Er father spotted me sayin' 'Wotcher, me bloomin' coughdrop'

'E 'it me with a tater and a broken plate.  
I said nothin' to the old bloke 'cause the blow it wasn't much.

I was waitin' for the d'y to call 'is daughter my old dutch,  
And thinkin' of the family that I'd have bye and bye.  
Wot a splendid serenade 'twould be to 'ear all my kids cry:  
Oh, Emma, ain't you comin' out?

Wotcher, Emma! can't ye 'ear me shout?  
Your father's peepin' at me through the winder now, I feel  
Come quick, Emma, 'cause the copper's at me 'eel.

"Last of all, let me submit to you a song which I used to sing in the make-up of an old man. I call it 'My Dutch, My Dear Old Wife.' If you compare it with Mr. Chevalier's 'My Old Dutch,' I think you will find that mine, though crude in the phrasing, has a deeper note of pathos than its successor:

### MY DUTCH, MY DEAR OLD WIFE.

Some folks talk of a coster as a bloke as don't know much;  
But if I'm not eddicated, why there's my Dear Old Dutch,  
Who can talk all the lang'widges, and 'as done so for years,  
The lang'widge, yes, of kindness, which oft brought from me tears.  
But still I feel that some d'y she or me must part,  
And whichever one the Lord will take 'twill break the other's 'art.  
But there's 'appy d'ys afore us yet we 'opes to pass aw'y,  
And when death comes I 'ope the Lord will take us both same d'y.

### Chorus.

For I can't live without her; to me she's all me loife.  
There's not a woman in this creation  
As I'd swap for me dutch, me old wife.

When my old dutch was younger, she was 'andsome as a queen.  
She's older now, yet queen-like to me she'll always seem.

'Er 'air was black and curly then, but now it's all turned gray  
Like mine, but still we're 'appier,  
Yes, 'appier to-day,  
To me she's been an angel, a pal, a wife that's good,  
And there's all me trials and troubles  
By me side she's always stood.  
She's got a little temper which sometimes gives me a call,  
But bless 'er 'art she's only just a woman arter all.

Now me and my old dutch 'as been together many years  
Since we got switched; and only once 'ave we bot' shed tears.  
'Twas when our son and daughter died and left us all alone,  
My wife she cried, she fainted, and I thought she to was gone.

The loss of both me children fairly broke me 'art.  
But to think of losin' my old dutch! My God! I couldn't part  
With 'er, for she's my only pal. I've knowed her from a child.  
If God had taken her from me, I'd gone mad—ye wild.

Although the coster, as Mr. Rogers admits, must always be regarded in this country as an exotic the American predilection for unique character portraiture is strong enough to warrant an exception of the type by more than one actor. I Mr. Rogers can make good his claim to cleverness and originality in this rare line of work, no one—least of all Mr. Chevalier himself—is likely to begrudge him any measure of success that he may attain.

### UNDER THE BLACK FLAG.

Dick Ferris writes that Van Dyke and Eaton have been playing his farce, Greased Lightning, in Kansas, under the title of A Freak of Nature, billing Walter L. Rankin, Jr., formerly Mr. Ferris' piano player, as author. The pirates are also giving Jane, Lynwood, and Trilby.

The Havden-Detrick company is pirating Blue Jeans, In Old Kentucky, Queen's Evidence, and Myrtle Ferns in Tennessee and Kentucky.

The Théâtre Français, Montreal, stock company played The Lost Paradise, week of May 18, under the name of "The New Partner, by Levin C. Tees."

Ion Carroll's Players, supporting Clair Tuttle, are playing The Black Flag, Only a Woman's Heart, The Streets of New York, The Old Homestead, Davy Crockett, and Driven from Home, in Pennsylvania. The company includes two women and four men.

L. A. G. Shaaff, manager of the theatre at Paris, Ill., recently refused time to Clifford Reeves, who is pirating Trilby in that State.

"The Lyceum Theatre Company" is in Illinois pirating In Old Kentucky, The Last Stroke, The Inside Track, and The Golden Giant.

Byer's Merry Tourists were at Steubenville, Ohio, last week pirating Jane (under false title of Polly), The Fatal Card, The Heart of Maryland, Friends, Hazel Kirke, and A Green Goods Man, to empty benches.

A piratical concern styling itself The Southern Manuscript Company is carrying on business at Swainsboro, Ga. This concern has lately been printing on the back of a card a "List of Manuscript Plays," recently catalogued, which it has been circulating as a postal card through the United States mail to members of the theatrical profession. They offer to furnish "any play you want for \$300. It seems to us that a Georgia jail would be a suitable residence for the criminal partners of The Southern Manuscript Company.

J. K. Tiltson sends programme of The Galley Slave, played by the Nelson and Willard

## THE GREAT COSTER SINGER.



ALBERT CHEVALIER.

This is a picture of the idol of the London Music Hall stage, Albert Chevalier, in one of his characteristic poses. He is on his way to this country, and will open at Koster and Bial's on Monday evening next.

There are some foreign artists who come here, who can be reasonably sure of success with the American public before they invest in their steamship ticket, but with Chevalier it is different. In his performance he portrays types which are altogether unfamiliar to New Yorkers, and uses London slang which has not as yet become common here, so that if he succeeds it will be against heavy odds, and, of course, will be so much more to his credit.

It is to be hoped that Chevalier will make a substantial hit. He is an artist to his finger tips, and his characterizations are absolutely true to life. He is an actor, singer and pantomimist all in one, and uses all of his varied talents in bringing out the fine points of his peculiar songs.

Perhaps, when he has been here awhile, and has had a chance to observe and study, he may give a picture of the real Bowery boy.

Chevalier has had an interesting career. He was born near London in 1862. In 1877 he made his debut on the stage in a small part in An Unequal Match. The following year he joined Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and played small parts with them for some time. After that he was with John Hare playing parts of more importance. In 1881 he appeared in comic opera, and played a short season with Willie Edouin. He experienced all the ups and downs of the average actor until 1889, when M. Marius advised him to go on the burlesque stage. He remained in burlesque for two years, and while in this branch of the business began his impersonations of costermongers and yokels, which gained him some popularity.

He did not seem to think much of his future as a burlesque comedian, and was deliberating on what he should turn his attention to next, when he met Charles Coburn, who strongly advised him to go into the music halls, making a specialty of his coster songs. He was very reluctant about doing this, but after repeated solitations consented, and on February 5, 1891, made his vaudeville debut at the Pavilion, introducing his well-known songs, "The Old Kent Road" and "Wotcher!" His success was immediate and pronounced. All London went wild over him, and his salary jumped from a few pounds a week into the hundreds. He was patronized by royalty, and sang at innumerable at-homes and entertainments given by the nobility and aristocracy of England. Since then he has been the most popular vaudeville performer in Great Britain. The American managers have been after him ever since, but he steadily refused all their offers until Mr. Bial made him one which fairly staggered him, and before he recovered he had signed a contract to appear for eight weeks at the popular music hall in Thirty-fourth Street.



## LAWRENCE BARRETT.

### THE FAMOUS CASSIUS OF THE STAGE DEAD.

Greeted by Hisses at First, He Stuck to His Calling Until Crowned with Success. Sketch of His Life.



New York, March 20.—Lawrence Barrett is dead.

Lawrence Barrett was born of Irish parents. At sixteen years of age he was put into a Detroit dry goods house. He soon left that employment and secured a place at the Metropolitan theater as a supernumerary. His salary was \$2.50 a week. His first speaking part was Murat in "The French Spy." He was so nervous, it is said, that he was unable to speak a word. Hisses were heard. This stirred him up to an effort, and he succeeded. Subsequently he went from Detroit to New York, where he made his first hit as Sir Thomas Clifford in "The Hunchback." He soon afterward played in Boston as the leading man at the Howard Athenæum. It was not, however, until the revival of "Julius Caesar" in New York that his performance of Cassius won him the general recognition he so long sought. During the war Mr. Barrett served as a captain in the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts regiment. He was a man of considerable attainments and a good writer.

About a year ago an operation was performed to remove a morbid growth from his throat. He never regained his former vigor.

### HEART FAILURE THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE.

New York, March 20.—Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, died this evening at 10:45 o'clock at the Windsor hotel. His demise was due to heart failure. The actor was unconscious but a short time before he died.

His wife and Dr. Chambers of this city were with him when he breathed his last. His last sickness dated from Wednesday night, when he was obliged to leave the theater where he was engaged.

### BARRETT'S FUNERAL.

New York, March 20.—Mr. Barrett has two daughters now in Europe, one being the wife of Mary Anderson's brother. The funeral will take place probably in Boston, and the manager of Booth & Barrett will have full charge of all arrangements.

At the time of his partner and friend's death Edwin Booth was at the player's club in bed asleep. He did not receive notice of his death until midnight and was very deeply affected at the news of the demise. He did not, however, go up to the Windsor hotel to-night.

Barrett was born in Patterson, N. J., fifty-three years ago. His father was an Irishman and his mother an American.



ROSTAND.—Edmond Rostand has completed his play, Chanticleer, and delivered the manuscript to Coquelin and Herz, who have bought the world rights for \$50,000. The play will be produced simultaneously in Paris, New York, and London, it is said.



# RECORD OF LONG RUNS.

The following lists are published to comply with many requests for information in regard to the plays that have had long runs in New York city and in Europe respectively. THE MIRROR is indebted to Colonel T. Allston Brown for valuable assistance in compiling these lists.

Some years ago Our Boys headed the list of long runs in Europe, but Charley's Aunt, which ran for four years in London—from Dec. 21, 1892, to Dec. 19, 1896—now holds the record of long runs abroad.

A Trip to Chinatown holds the record of consecutive performances in New York city. Although the play was acted for the seven hundredth time at the Madison Square Theatre on March 26, 1894, it can only be credited with six hundred and fifty-six performances, as it was taken on the road for a few months while A Texas Steer was being presented at the Madison Square. It ran without interruption from Monday, Nov. 9, 1891, until Saturday, Aug. 12, 1893, when it was withdrawn from the Madison Square Theatre with an honest credit of 656 performances, of which 105 were matinee representations given during its term of 92 weeks.

Previously to that, Adonis had held the palm for longevity, it having been presented at the Bijou Theatre from Thursday, Sept. 4, 1884, until Saturday, April 17, 1886, with a score of 603 enactments. Its own predecessor in staying powers had been Hazel Kirke, which rang up the curtain at the inaugural of the Madison Square on Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1880, and continued there until its 486th performance on Tuesday, May 31, 1881. The best records before that had been credited to George L. Fox's Humpty Dumpty, which, at the Olympic Theatre, ran from Tuesday, March 10, 1868, up to Saturday, May 15, 1869, and was there played 483 times.

Antedating that was the original production of The Black Crook at old Niblo's Garden (burned in May, 1872), which achieved the distinction of attaining the first run of really notable length in this country. It held the boards there from Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1866, until Saturday, January 4, 1868, when it was

The School for Scandal.....	404
School.....	381
London Assurance.....	380
In the Ranks.....	375
Paul Jones.....	370
Yeoman of the Guard.....	350
Joseph's Sweetheart.....	350
The Rivals.....	350
Peep o' Day.....	345
Meg's Diversion.....	340
Black-Eyed Susan.....	330
The Streets of London (Streets of New York).....	310
Money.....	300
The Bungalow.....	300
Ruy Blas and the Blase Roue.....	300
The Colleen Bawn.....	278
King Charles.....	273
Clancarty.....	250
The English Rose.....	210
The Cabinet Minister.....	200
Venice, the Bride of the Sea.....	200
The Trumpet Call.....	200
Majorie.....	200
Doris.....	200
Faust Up to Date.....	200
Uncles and Aunts.....	200
A Man's Shadow.....	200
London Day by Day.....	180
Rip Van Winkle.....	173
Still Waters Run Deep.....	160
Red Hussar.....	160
Henry VIII.....	150
The New Wing.....	150
CONSECUTIVE PERFORMANCES IN NEW YORK CITY.	
A Trip to Chinatown.....	656
Adonis.....	603
Hazel Kirke.....	486
Humpty Dumpty.....	483
The Black Crook.....	476
Erminie.....	362
1492.....	354
Esmeralda.....	350
Uncle Tom's Cabin.....	325
The Old Homestead.....	321
The Little Minister.....	299
Sowing the Wind.....	285
Natty.....	262
Little Christopher.....	260
Rob Roy.....	253
The Girl from Paris.....	252
Evangeline.....	250
Charley's Aunt.....	245
The Wife.....	239
Pique.....	238
Too Much Johnson.....	226
The Rajah.....	215
Led Astray.....	214
Under the Red Robe.....	210
Pousse Cafe.....	210



Scene from Prologue of Hagar and Ishmael.

withdrawn upon the occasion of its 476th presentation. These five pieces comprise the runs of great length thus far made in New York.

Edward Harrigan's introductory play at the present Garrick Theatre, Reilly and the 400, can only be credited with 202 consecutive performances, although it was acted 316 times before a successor was deemed necessary. Reilly and the 400 was produced there on Monday, Dec. 29, 1890, and was presented 202 consecutive times, when the heated term forced a discontinuance on Saturday, June 20, 1891. Its reproduction occurred on Monday, Sept. 14, 1891, when 114 additional performances were given prior to its withdrawal on Saturday, Dec. 19. The Last of the Hogans, which immediately followed, was acted 139 times before its farewell on Saturday, April 16, 1892. A subsequent revival there of The Mulligan Guard Ball scored 130 consecutive performances, being almost equal to its original run of 153 times at the old Theatre Comique.

It should also be explained that The Old Homestead and other plays in the list are only credited with their longest run of "consecutive" performances in New York city, although a number of the plays cited have had other New York runs exceeding one hundred consecutive performances. The Old Homestead, for instance, ran for 321 consecutive performances at the Academy of Music—from Aug. 30, 1888, to June 1, 1889—including two weekly and the extra holiday matinees. The following season The Old Homestead ran at the Academy for two hundred and sixty performances—from Sept. 25, 1889, to May 10, 1890—and the third season it ran at the same house from Oct. 6, 1890, to Jan. 10, 1891, when Joshua Whitcomb was revived.

In some instances plays that were taken on the road direct from a New York run were presented without interruption for several seasons, but road records have been obviously omitted. Otherwise many of the plays in the New York city list would present a much more formidable record. Le Voyage en Suisse, for instance, according to the count of Colonel Brown (who managed the Hanlons in that play), was performed continuously 574 times, including the New York city and road performances.

## LONG RUNS IN EUROPE.

Play.	Performances.
Charley's Aunt.....	Four years*
Our Boys (London).....	1362
The Lucky Star.....	1000
Dorothy.....	930
Miss Helyett (Paris).....	700
Sweet Lavender.....	683
The Circus Girl.....	497
Our American Cousin (London).....	496
The Ticket-of-Leave Man.....	437

\*From Dec. 21, 1892, to Dec. 19, 1896, exceeding the number of consecutive performances of Our Boys.

Poor Jonathan.....	208
The Heart of Maryland.....	208
Trilby.....	207
Ali Baba.....	206
Reilly and the 400.....	202
The Private Secretary.....	200
Divorce.....	200
Men and Women.....	200
The Charity Ball.....	200
The Mascot.....	200
The Man of the World.....	200
Aunt Jack.....	200
One of Our Girls.....	200
Pinafore.....	189
The Shaughraun.....	186
The White Heather.....	185
Young Mrs. Winthrop.....	182
Blue Jeans.....	180
May Blossom.....	180
The Two Orphans.....	176
The Highwayman.....	175
The Girl I Left Behind Me.....	175
The French Maid.....	170
Pete.....	168
The Brigands.....	160
Secret Service.....	158
The City Directory.....	156
Way Down East.....	155
Captain Swift.....	154
The Mulligan Guard Ball.....	153
Wang.....	151
The Professor.....	151
The Twelve Temptations.....	150
Nanon.....	150
Squatter Sovereignty.....	150
Cordelia's Aspirations.....	150
Rip Van Winkle.....	150
Little Lord Fauntleroy.....	150
The Grand Duchess.....	145
Our American Cousin.....	140
The Last of the Hogans.....	139
The Banker's Daughter.....	137
The Queen's Lace Handkerchief.....	137
Harbor Lights.....	136
Hickory Dickory Dock.....	127
Bluebeard, Jr.....	125
Rosedale.....	125
The Ticket-of-Leave Man.....	125
A Temperance Town.....	125
The Conquerors.....	122
Sinbad.....	120
Rose Michel.....	119
Tar and Tartar.....	119
Gilded Age.....	119
The Senator.....	116
Le Voyage en Suisse.....	114
Sardanapalus.....	113
Shore Acres.....	113
The Swell Miss Fitzwell.....	113
La Cigale.....	112
A Celebrated Case.....	111
The Beggar Student.....	110
Saints and Sinners.....	110
Falka.....	110
Railroad of Love.....	108
McKenna's Flirtation.....	105
Lottery of Love.....	105
The Crystal Slipper.....	104
The Mighty Dollar.....	104
Still Alarm.....	104
Frou-Frou.....	103
Amorita.....	103
Needles and Pins.....	103
Dr. Bill.....	103
Prince Methusalem.....	102
The Veteran.....	102
Ixion.....	102
Passing Regiment.....	102
Saratoga.....	10

## A PRODUCTION OF INTEREST.

Hagar and Ishmael, a Biblical drama by C. P. Flockton, the well-known character actor of E. H. Sothern's company, was elaborately produced at St. Johnsbury, Vt., on June 23.

A MIRROR correspondent, who witnessed the performance, sends an interesting review of the production:

"Nestled among the beautiful green hills of Vermont is the little township of St. Johnsbury—a seat of learning. In the commodious Opera House of this charming little town the initial production of Hagar and Ishmael, a drama adapted from the Bible by C. P. Flockton, took place on Thursday evening, June 23. It may be frankly and honestly stated that the performance was a complete success. The elaborate scenery, properties and costumes were in perfect taste and historically correct. About one hundred ladies and gentlemen appeared in the production, and the local talent gave an admirable and intelligent rendering of the principal parts, as indeed everyone in the cast displayed a reverence for the beautiful story.

"The drama held the large audience by its simplicity and dignity. A slight touch of comedy in the first act, the feast of husbandry, with a quaint chorus and dance for the reapers and gleaners with their sickles and sheaves of corn, and the flower dance before Pharaoh, formed the lighter elements of the play. The music, selected from the old masters, was rendered with fine results.

"The drama will receive a formal production next season, as a leading actress who witnessed the trial performance has expressed herself as fascinated with the great possibilities of the part of Hagar.

"The cast was as follows:

Pharaoh.....	Carl H. Turner
Auletes.....	Charles W. Rulter
Abram.....	Elwin A. Silsby
A Soothsayer.....	C. P. Flockton
An Aged Shepherd.....	Dr. C. F. O. Tinker
Cup Bearer.....	Frank Thompson
Stool Bearer.....	David E. Porter
Fan Bearer.....	Charles A. Coburn
Ishmael.....	Elizabeth Peck
Lathymus.....	Thomas N. Shufelt
Eion.....	Clarence A. Forest
Sarai.....	Caroline S. Woodruff
Hagar.....	Mrs. George H. Frost
Timna.....	Elsie A. Ranney
Boniah.....	Eva Louise Wilde
Matron.....	Fannie Ide
Alvah.....	Marjorie Ide
Nautchel.....	Emma L. Shufelt
Zapho.....	Mrs. Edson Randall
Samlah.....	Annie L. Ide
Anah.....	Charlotte A. Stiles

"The prologue shows the court of Pharaoh in Egypt. Pharaoh, an impassioned Egyptian, has fallen in love with Sarai, the beautiful wife of Abram, and has asked her in marriage, supposing her to be the sister, not the wife, of Abram. At the opening of the prologue Pharaoh has heard a rumor concerning the deceit which Abram has practiced, accuses him, listens to the prediction of the soothsayer that Abram shall yet turn from the door of his tent one that shall be born to him and suffer as Pharaoh suffers, and finally the Egyptian King turns Abram and Sarai from his court.

"Act I.—Since the prologue there is a lapse of about forty years. The prediction of the soothsayer is fulfilled by the casting out of Abraham's first born son, Ishmael, and his mother, Hagar, a bondswoman. This act of cruelty is at the instigation of Sarah and occurs during a feast given at the weaning of Isaac, Abraham's son by Sarah, his wife.

"Act II.—At the approach of night Hagar, with her dying boy, is alone in the awful desolation of the desert. 'Let me not see the death of the child,' are the pathetic words of the Bible. The mother, still in the belief of idolatry, is put to shame by the faith of the child, and at last appeals to the true God, and the triumph of a mother's love is revealed by the intervention of a higher power."

A scene from the play is published on this page.

## THE HAMMERSTEIN TESTIMONIAL.

The great testimonial tendered to Oscar Hammerstein took place on Wednesday evening last, and was a decided success artistically and financially. The entire resources of the Madison Square Garden were utilized and a big crowd wandered over the immense building, stopping in each part of it long enough to see at least a portion of the performance. The entertainment at the Harlem Opera House was also a great success.

The big feature of the occasion was the great cake-walk, which closed the entertainment in the amphitheatre. Little Dick Gardner, dressed as Uncle Sam, led the way, and then came Tony Pastor, with Ray Bailey, of Genaro and Bailey, as his partner. The veteran surprised even his warmest admirers by his agility and the wonderful new steps he put in while striving for the prize. Among the others who took part in the event were Walter Jones and Marie Dressler, Charles Kirke and Mrs. Annie Yeamans, Charles Fremont and Kate Elinore, Richard Carle and Minnie Ashley, Charles A. Morgan and Clara Thropp, Lafayette and Josie De Witt, Edward Jose and Marguerite Sylva, John T. Sullivan and Amelia Summerville, David Warfield and Julia Lee, E. W. Sargent and Lizzie Derious Daly, and dozens of others. Charles Kirke and Mrs. Yeamans brought up the rear. Mr. Kirke was made up like Mr. Hammerstein and was applauded to the echo. When it came to a question of deciding who was to get the cake, the judges agreed to leave it to the audience, who decided by their applause and cheers that the coveted prize belonged to Walter Jones and Marie Dressler, who carried it off in triumph. The idea of the monster cake-walk was suggested by John J. Nolan, manager of the Black Patti croubadoirs, and the details were carried out by Edward E. Rice, W. A. Brady, Tony Pastor and Ernest Hogan, the celebrated author of "All Coons Look Alike to Me."

The programmes in the amphitheatre, theatre and roof-garden were given almost in the order printed in last week's MIRROR, and everybody got more than their money's worth. The net profits at the Garden were about \$5,200 and at the Harlem Opera House \$2,400, making a total of \$7,600. Mr. Hammerstein was not present any of the entertainments.

## ALFRED AYRES' CRISMS.

Man's an animal that wea t well; they that know him best hold him ghtest in esteem.

Some men think the greatest pleasure in having is to give; others that the greatest pleasure in having is to have.

## The Duke of Duluth Is Funny.

Produced at the Majestic Theatre, Sept. 11. Book by George Broadhurst. Music by Max S. Witt. Production by Broadhurst and Currie. Darling Doolittle of Duluth.....Nat M. Wills. Hakkia IV.....Henry Norman. Dennis O'Hara.....Stanley Hawkins. Giuseppe Barratta.....Robert Patton. Jasper Washington Green.....Frank White. The High Priest.....Frank Dearduff. Messenger.....A. G. Franklin. Amara.....Miss Edith Decker. Princess Flirtine.....Miss Hattie Arnold. Jhanst.....Miss Catherine Call. Bianca.....Miss Diva Maraldo. Assistant High Priest.....Miss May Harrison. Lieutenant.....Miss Gertrude Merrill. Terpsio.....Miss Georgia Brooks. Ballera.....Miss Elenor Brooks.

Nat M. Wills has a host of admirers in New York, and no wonder, because for a number of years he has been one of the best cards in vaudeville, and when he was the star of A Son of Rest, he enhanced his value as a comedian, and became a highly profitable investment. It was natural that he should come forward in a new vehicle this season, inasmuch as the old piece has seen plenty of service. George Broadhurst, a capital theatrical tailor, has taken Mr. Wills' measurements and fitted him so well with a part like Darling Doolittle that all that is necessary to say is that everything fits perfectly. Mr. Broadhurst has a good idea of farcical situations, and he has given the star a number of them, and the Majestic Theatre heard the true ring of applause last night for the first time this season for a musical production.

There is no story to tax one's brain, there are no tricks to bewilder one's eye, but a straight musical farce with some capital songs and some original music. Mr. Broadhurst has written the lyrics as well as the book, and his work stands out conspicuously. The scenes are laid in the mythical Land of Wat, and the action is around a certain sort of tramp who lands on the coast and is mistaken for a promised hero who was to deliver the subjects from a threatened enemy. He tries to live up to the position forced upon him, his strategy and antics forming the main part of the story. Mr. Wills is working hard toward the road of a straight comedian, and he is going to get there too, for he has a keen sense of humor, is awfully clever with his dialogue, and as for the songs—well, they are all of the sort to meet approval.

When Mr. Wills made his appearance as the Duluth Hobo, the applause was of the heartiest kind. Each of his songs received several encores, and throughout the entire evening the audience was in a state of delight. The supporting company was the best the comedian has ever had. Henry Norman as the King is advancing as a comedian, his work was fine and his singing of good quality. Robert Payton Gibbs as the bogus ambassador, and Frank White as his colored servant, were of much value, Mr. White making a distinct hit in the negro dialect. Stanley Hawkins is also a singer of importance, and his baritone voice was used to good advantage. Edith Decker, Hattie Arnold and Diva Maraldo were the principal singers, while the two Brooks girls proved themselves to be graceful dancers. The costuming was exceedingly effective, and the chorus as pretty a collection of girls as we have had this season. The song hits were too numerous to mention.

Altogether it was a very happy night for Nat M. Wills, for The Duke of Duluth is a side splitting entertainment.

## THE COLLEGE WIDOW ENTERTAINS.

The College Widow, George Ade's new four-act comedy, was presented for the first time before an audience at the Garden Theatre last Friday afternoon. The audience was made up entirely of members of Henry W. Savage's other companies now in New York and was large enough to fill the entire lower floor of the theatre and the boxes. The companies represented were The County Chairman, The Prince of Pilsen, Parsfall (in English) and the English Grand Opera Company.

The College Widow company went to Washington on Saturday and at the Columbia Theatre there gave the first public performance last night (Monday). On Sept. 20 the company will open at the Garden Theatre for an indefinite run. The cast is as follows:

Billy Bolton.....	Frederick Truesdell
Peter Witherspoon.....	George E. Bryant
Hiram Bolton.....	Edwin Holt
"Matty" McGowan.....	Dan Collier
Don, Elam Hicks.....	Stephen Maler
"Bub" Hicks.....	Frederick Burton
Jack Larabee.....	Edgar Davenport
Copernicus Talbot.....	J. Beresford Hollis
"Silent" Murphy.....	Thomas Delmar
"Stub" Tallmadge.....	Stephen French
Tom Pearson.....	Robert Mackaye
Town Marshal.....	E. Y. Backus
Ollie Mitchell.....	Douglas J. Wood
Dick McAllister.....	George F. Demarest
"Jimmy" Hopper.....	John H. Chapman
Jane Witherspoon.....	Dorothy Tennant
Bessie Tanner.....	Amy Ricard
Flora Wiggins.....	Gertrude Quinlan
Mrs. Primley Dalzelle.....	Lida McMillan
Laeta Chubb.....	Mary MacGregor
Bertha Tyson.....	Lucy Cabern
Sally Cameron.....	Georgia Cross
Ruth Aiken.....	Florence Cameron
Josephine Barclay.....	Grace Quackenbush



## When the Theater Was in Its Glory

THE richest period of the American theater was that between 1885 and 1905. The glorification of that period by those who enjoyed it may not be discounted by intimating "prejudice of memory". The growth of the theater up to and into this period was slow, but constant, and the American stage had its greatest flowering just before disintegration, due to various causes, set in. In view of present disturbed conditions and the uncertainty as to what the future may be, but also in the abiding hope that out of the talking pictures and the surviving spoken drama we shall some day have at least a part restoration of the theater to its traditional place, it may be interesting to go back to that period when the theater was a center of cultural interest in every city.

The best school of training this country ever has produced was that of the old stock company. Out of that school came nearly all the distinguished players of the last 15 years of the 19th century. Some of these players had been traveling stars, going from city to city and appearing with the local companies. Then came the practice of organizing companies for the stars and sending them on the road. But it was not until years of experience with road companies and portable productions that this new method of presentation had reached its highest stage of development. Indeed, it was through the influence of Steele Mackaye, a genius in stage lighting and direction, and Lawrence Barrett, a pioneer in the elaborate staging and expensive casting of classic plays, that this development was reached. Barrett was influenced greatly by Henry Irving, whose American presentation of *Faust* was only the beginning of a series of remarkable productions. Barrett followed and many others followed Barrett.

There is no set of producers or actors to fit into the whole of this time, some carrying into it a few years, some going thru it and others making their appearance near the end. But within those 20 years we had such producers as A. M.

Palmer, Augustin Daly, Steele Mackaye, Daniel Frohman, Charles Frohman, Al Hayman, David Belasco, Klaw and Erlanger, Charles Nirdlinger and numerous producers of light opera, which had a tremendous vogue. Public appreciation had reached its greatest height. Attractions were widely diversified. We had the classics, standard plays, modern dramas, comedies, melodramas, repertoires of opera, beautifully staged, and the gorgeous spectacles of David B. Henderson.

The languishing American drama began to look up, bringing forth such playwrights as Bronson Howard, James A. Herne, Steele Mackaye, Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, David Belasco, William Gillette and Charles Hoyt, who inspired many other American writers who since have contributed still more generously, if in a different manner, to American dramatic literature.

Carried over into this period were the public careers of Booth, Barrett, Mary Anderson, John McCullough, William E. Sheridan, James E. Murdoch, Mme. Janauschek, Mme. Modjeska, Clara Morris, Joseph Jefferson, William J. Florence, John T. Raymond, Nat Goodwin, Dion Boucicault, Mrs. Gilbert, Fanny Davenport, Stuart Robson, Rose Coghlan and Lewis Morrison. Covering all or most of it were John Drew, Richard Mansfield, William H. Thompson, Robert Mantell, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern, Maude Adams, William H. Crane, William Gillette, James O'Neill, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, William Faversham, Henry Miller, Georgia Cayvan, Viola Allen, Otis Skinner, Charles Coghlan, Henrietta Crossman, Lillian Russell, Wilton Lackaye, Robert Edeson, Effie Shannon, Herbert Kelcey, May Robson, John Mason, Mrs. Lester Carter, James K. Hackett, David Warfield, Julia Arthur, Margaret Anglin, Blanche Bates, Arnold Daly, Lionel Barrymore and many others of notable accomplishment.

All but a few of these were in their prime within the two decades in question. There was rivalry among producers, and the result was remarkably rounded casts. We were not accustomed in those days to be concerned only with the names in black type, if any, but to follow down to find who was playing the lesser parts, even the "bits". It was not uncommon to have such casts as that of the Charles Frohman company in *Sowing the Wind*, which included Viola Allen, Henry Miller, Robert Edeson, William Faversham, William H.

Thompson, W. H. Compton, May Robson and George Backus.

In the way of opera, we had frequent visits of the Metropolitan under the management of Grau and later that of Conried. There also were touring grand opera companies of various degrees of competence, with that of Emma Abbott outstanding in popularity. As to comic opera, we had the Bostonians year after year, as we had DeWolf Hopper and his organization; companies headed by Francis Wilson, Frank Daniels, Frank Moulin, William T. Carleton, Alice Nielsen, Jefferson De Angellis, Lillian Russell, Della Fox, Pauline Hall, Fritz Scheff and Louis Harrison, and there were the Duff and McCall companies.

There was romance in the theater of that time. Not only the romance of the opera, but that of Dumas, D'Ennery, Bulwer, Shakespeare and that of other European writers of picturesque dramas, and that of current American authors. There are those who scoff at the romantic plays of 30 years ago, saying they were artificial. Perhaps they were. The sword, cloak and plumed hat, however, represented a period when love was daring and had something to challenge. The theater was made in part for romance, for the world loves things romantic. What have we in place of this "artificial" entertainment of the past?

The theater of this richest period was really national in its character. A center of population like Kansas City could count on the best the country produced and within a comparatively short time of original production in New York or elsewhere. Indeed, original runs often were forced at a loss in order to give the productions prestige for the road, where the profits were likely to be made. The cost of transportation for large organizations had not become prohibitive.

The theater then was a center of culture that it probably never will be again in the same degree. There were no motion pictures. There was so vaudeville until the latter part of the period. There was no phonograph for every home. The radio had not come. The motor car did not compete. The theater was a social center, where a part of the enjoyment was the community spirit that manifested itself.

Those whose business it was to write of the theater had inspiration in much of that which they reviewed. They had contact artistically and personally with many who graced the stage and illumined the art of acting and the art of singing. Those who enjoyed this notable period may be forgiven if they dwell upon it gratefully and with regrets. If

## Serious Plays and Censorship

An unusual suggestion to evade the embarrassments of censorship has been made by the playwright, John Van Druten. He is, of course, against censorship, but recognizes the hopelessness of trying to get rid of it entirely. To make things easier for "the serious playwright with something to say" he proposes that dramatic productions be divided into two classes—one subject to the ordinary rules, the other to be free of censorship except that the public is to be warned that it enters the theater at its own peril.

Obviously he meant peril to morals. Prepare to blush, all ye that enter here. So often the playwright with something serious to say wants to talk about sex. Not many writers take the subject lightly. If it is a joke, perhaps it is on them, for they do not seem to see it.

The practical difficulties standing in the way of Van Druten's plan are numerous. Every writer of bedroom farce, of naughty lyrics, of black-out skits, every producer with a Diamond Lil or a glorious galaxy of beautiful girls up his sleeve would offer his entertainment in the class to be inspected by the public at its peril.

To intelligent adult playgoers the perils of boredom are greater than those of shame. They have learned by bitter experience that most of the questionable plays make them blush more deeply at their folly in wasting money on a dull show than at the doubtful dialog.—*New York Times*.

## Six Actors, Hurt in Crash, Sue Bus Corporation

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 5.—Six members of the Marjorie Lee Entertainers, injured in an auto-bus crash recently, have filed damage suits aggregating \$36,200 against the Wisconsin Power Company. They were in a car driven by Marjorie Lee Brooks, August 28, which was struck by a bus owned by the defendant corporation. Plaintiffs are Marjorie Lee Brooks, Thomas Brooks, Elsie Keith, Louise Humer, Harold Packer and Constance La Plante. They allege they suffered injuries that incapacitated them for work temporarily.

the time now has gone into "the hallowed quiet of the past", it still brings forth forms and echoes to those who contemplate it knowingly.—*Kansas City Star*.

## Drama's Golden Age.

THE last dozen years of the old century and the first few of the present one will long be known as the golden age of the drama. There were plays and players in those days. The gamut began with the melodrama of McKee Rankin's "My Partner" and "The Danites" and carried onward and upward to Booth, Barrett and Modjeska in Shakespearean repertoire. Therein were to be found Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Joseph Jefferson, Sol Smith Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. John Drew, William H. Crane, Nat Goodwin, Viola Allen, Julia Marlowe, Clara Morris, Lily Langtry, Richard Mansfield, Stuart Robson—they were a few. Hundreds of others interpreted characters out of real books and used no other subterfuge than histrionic genius for the creation of scenes, climaxes and stage effects.

It seems a pity that only the news story of a death can bring those celebrities back into prominence. Almost all have passed on. One by one the survivors break into the notice of the American public by way of the obituary column.

The latest is Frank Keenan. He was learning his lines and his stage business at the shrines of the greatest array of talent ever grouped together when the "bottom dropped out" of the American stage. He was one of the valiants, however—he and Mantell, Sothern, Marlowe and a corporal's guard of the younger generation of the "old school."

Let's see, how does that song finish? "When passing drop a flower where an actor lies." It is fitting, as these three-score and ten years old members of the old guard which never surrendered make their exeunts, literally to do that.

The world never will see their likes again.

TAKE care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves at which time the influence of the dollars on the sense begins to become important.

## The Ages of American Celebrities.

San Francisco Argonaut.

From Echols's "American Celebrities" (just published) we learn the ages of certain persons, to-wit: Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 55; Mary Anderson, 32; Susan B. Anthony, 71; the late Lawrence Barrett, 53; Maurice Barrymore, 37; James G. Blaine, 61; Edwin Booth, 58; Robert J. Burdette, 46; Benjamin F. Butler, 73; Will Carleton, 45; Georgie Cayvan, 32; George W. Childs, 62; "Mark Twain," 55; Rose Coghlan, 37; John A. Cockerill, 46; Anthony Comstock, 48; Lotta Crabtree, 44; W. H. Crane, 45; Anos J. Cummings, 49; George William Curtis, 67; Walter Damrosch, 28; Charles A. Dana, 72; Fanny Davenport, 40; Chauncey M. Depew, 57; Mary Mapes Dodge, 52; Kate Field, 50; Marshall Field, 56; Dan Frohman, 39; Richard Watson Gilder, 46; Pauline Hall, 38; Murat Halstead, 62; Marion Harland, 56; Joel Chandler Harris, 63; Alice Harrison, 40; Frank Hatton, 44; Bret Harte, 52; Julian Hawthorne, 45; John Hay, 52; Bronson Howard, 48; Julia Ward Howe, 72; W. D. Howells, 53; Agnes Huntington, 31; R. G. Ingersoll, 57; Louis James, 49; Marie Jansen, 30; Herbert Kelcey, 36; Belva A. Lockwood, 71; Mary Logan, 58; Sadie Martinot, 30; Brander Matthews, 39; Joseph Medill, 67; Clara Morris, 44; Joseph Murphy, 51; Thomas Nast, 51; John C. New, 60; Bill Nye, 41; Tony Pastor, 56; Annie Pixley, 35; Joseph Pulitzer, 44; George M. Pullman, 60; Matthew S. Quay, 58; Ada Rehan, 31; James Whitcomb Riley, 38; Stuart Robson, 54; Lillian Russell, 31; Sol Smith Russell, 43; Edgar Saltus, 32; Harriet Beecher Stowe, 80; Emma Thursby, 34; George Alfred Townsend, 50; George Francis Train, 62; Charles Dudley Warner, 61; Henry Watterson, 50; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 36; Francis Wilson, 37.



SIXTY years on the stage, appearing in every State of the Union and four or five European countries, as well as South America; traveling in that time 2,000,000 miles and gaining friendships that include every worth-while figure in the American and English theaters—that, in short, is the life story of Arthur Lewis, actor.

Sixty years ago last month he went home in the early hours from the Drury Lane Theater, London, with the delighted feeling that he had found a new career for himself in which he was to be actually paid for doing something he liked to do.

It was a small beginning, a bit in one of those Christmas pantomimes the English public loves on Boxing Day.

So tiny was the part that Mr. Lewis could remember little about it as we talked about it in his dressing room in the new Craig Theater, where he is appearing as the Judge in *Potiphar's Wife*.

"I must have enjoyed playing it, for I have been on the stage ever since," Mr. Lewis said. "I do remember it was called *Bluebeard*, that the Vokes family was in it, including Rosina, and that Frederick B. Chatterton was the manager. But the rest seems to have slipped away.

"Earlier in that year, after studying medicine and chemistry in Edinburgh, Brussels and the University of London, I was sent to India to report on the value of the oil of cajuput as a remedy for Asiatic cholera. I came back and reported it had no value, and it has none today, I believe, except for some use in dentistry."

#### BECAME WAR CORRESPONDENT

His theatrical career was to be interrupted, however, first as war correspondent for *The New York Herald* and other newspapers in the Russo-Turkish War and then later as an engineer in the Franco-Prussian War.

In the siege of Paris he found quarters with an abbe at Mount Velerien, one of the exterior forts, where the two dined on brandy and cherries for many weeks, their sole diet, while others within the city ate the Zoo animals, rats and mice.

After the Franco-Prussian War he made many friends. From his mother, who was French, he learned to speak that language perfectly, and he had the opportunity of playing French parts.

One day, early in 1875, he had luncheon with Georges Bizet, then working on his masterpiece, *Carmen*.

"If this falls I shall never write another opera," Bizet remarked to Lewis. It was produced for the first time at the Opera Comique on March 3, 1875, and roundly hissed.

Bizet never wrote another. He died three months later, to the day, in a suburb of Paris. At the precise moment he passed away Mme. Mielan-Carvalho, singing at the Opera Comique, with no tidings of the great composer's end, fainted on the stage.

"It was strange," Mr. Lewis said. "I don't know how you would explain it, telepathy or what not."

He took up again his stage career and in 1877 appeared in Dublin with a stock company. He noticed that actors in putting on wigs to counterfeit baldness would use wig paste to hide the horizontal crease across the forehead.

The paste was made of oxide of zinc,

## 60 Years on the Stage Recalled by Arthur Lewis

(WILLIAM O. TRAPP, in "New York Evening World")

tallow and white wax with vermilion to color it. Summoning his knowledge of chemistry he invented a compound still used in every theater: grease paint.

"Up to that time actors used powdered chalk," Mr. Lewis said. "Since then mostly grease paint has been used. I believe I was the inventor of it."

For the last three years he has been using another of his innovations: water color makeup, composed of Armenian bole, precipitated chalk and glycerin.

"If I only had some eyebrows now I would be happy," he added. "You see I have worn mine almost off applying false eyebrows. The glue has removed mine."

In 1880 Mr. Lewis first arrived in America, but not as an actor. He set out to prospect for rubies on Catalina Island, off the Pacific Coast. There were no rubies. He returned to London.

But in 1885 he came back to this country. Since then he has been more American than British; in fact, he is now an American citizen.

"Let us go uptown and have a fish dinner at Dorlon's," a friend suggested to Mr. Lewis shortly after he arrived.

"It was a good dinner," said the actor, "but Dorlon's did seem a long way uptown then."

Dorlon's was on 23d street, east of Broadway.

Mr. Lewis played at the old Star Theater, Broadway and 13th street, with Mary Anderson, "Our Mary", and he lived first at the old New York Hotel, Eighth street and Broadway, and then at the Grand Central, later the Broadway Central Hotel, where Fisk shot Stokes over Josie Mansfield, the actress.

#### THEATER PRICES BOOSTED

"I remember when the best seats in the theater cost \$1.50," Mr. Lewis continued. "And I remember when the price went to \$2. That's a funny story. Did you ever hear it?"

"In November, 1889, Lester Wallack opened his theater, Wallack's, at 30th street and Broadway.

"He announced he would charge \$2 for the best seats and he did. The Fifth Avenue Theater opposite followed suit.

"Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett were offered as a twin attraction to induce people to travel uptown.

"A woman came to the box office and put down \$3, asking for two orchestra seats. She was told they would cost \$4. There was some debate. Finally she walked away with this remark:

"I don't mind paying \$1.50 to see Mr. Booth but I do object to paying 50 cents to see Mr. Barrett."

The price of theater tickets irks Mr. Lewis.

"I was playing in *The Great Lover* with Leo Ditrichstein when my friend, Lloyd Osbourne, the stepson of Stevenson, you know, wanted to see the play, then at the Longacre. Osbourne had to

pay \$30 for two tickets—that was shameful.

"And I can recall the day when I used to go into the 12th street market in Philadelphia and pay 10 cents for a shoulder of mutton, enough to feed a family of four."

For many years, both as player and as manager, Mr. Lewis was associated with Sarah Bernhardt.

One night he happened to be in a gambling house in Detroit when he met Maurice Grau, the impresario, who was playing stud poker.

"Mr. Grau had been playing in bad luck and finally was reduced to his last cent. He asked me if I had any money. I pulled out a \$50 bill, the only money I had in the world, and told him he was welcome to that.

"He took the money, returned to the game and when it broke up at 2 a. m. he was winner by \$4,000 or \$5,000.

"When he came over to me to return the money he expressed his gratitude and asked me if he could do anything for me.

"I must have had a 'brain wave', for I suggested I would like to go to South America the following autumn with Mme. Bernhardt—I had read that Mr. Grau was planning such a venture.

"He fell in with the idea and to South America I went, visiting every country except Patagonia and finishing in Mexico City, where we took passage for Bordeaux."

His principal associations were with Mary Anderson, who, incidentally, was not born in Louisville, as the books have it, but in Sacramento, Calif., according to Mr. Lewis; with Mme. Bernhardt, Mme. Rejane, M. Coquelin, and in later years with Mr. Ditrichstein and Maude Adams.

Fifty years ago he played his first "old man" role and he still plays that kind.

#### SHERMAN AS A "SUPER"

"Six weeks ago I was in St. Louis and it brought back to me the time I was in *Ingomar*, as one of the long-haired barbarians. Behind me carrying a spear was another barbarian. In some fashion his spear caught my wig and yanked it off my head, carrying it on his spear-point.

"I ran after the other man and demanded my wig back. He laughed genially and remarked: 'I always like to get ahead.'

"Well, not at the expense of my head," I jested, and then noticed a large scar on his face. I recognized him at once. It was Gen. William T. Sherman, playing the role of a 'super' for a lark.

"I had a similar experience in Glasgow at another time. Mary Anderson put on *Romeo and Juliet*, and it was her idea it should be played in thirteenth century costume. One of the dancers in the ballroom scene, wearing a long domino

that covered his head, had on a pair of gold spectacles. I suggested to him the glasses were an anachronism. He laughed and agreed with me. He was William Black, the novelist, also playing a 'super' for the fun of it.

You have often heard of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, of course. I once proposed that they open Shakespeare's grave and if the body had turned over it would be indisputable evidence he wrote the plays.

"It happened this way. In 1889 I managed a trip to Stratford on Avon for Mme. Bernhardt to play in *Hamlet* at Shakespeare's birthplace as a memorial to him. We used a French version and can you imagine this: we had to pay 14 pounds English money as royalty to those who wrote that version, Eugene Morand and Marcel Schwab, for the privilege of acting it. I thought that Shakespeare truly must have turned over in his grave after that—in his own birthplace, too."

#### DINED WITH GLADSTONE

"Well, I have had an interesting life. I cannot complain, tho I suppose every one complains about his own profession. I have had luncheon with Gladstone. I dined with Rossini one day in which he spent the whole hour in denouncing the Romans for hissing his *Barber of Seville*, just then produced.

"I have seen the time when ham and eggs in the South cost \$3 a portion and the restaurant man gave as his excuse that he needed the money.

"I remember riding to Chicago from New York on the West Shore Railroad for \$1 because there was a rate war and no Interstate Commerce Commission. I rode from San Francisco to Omaha, 1,865 miles, for \$5 for the same reason. I remember when our train was once delayed in Canada and a surly brakeman told us it was on account of another train that was carrying 'a lot of immigrants and John Drew.'

"Oh, yes, I have had my ups and downs, but on the whole it has been most interesting, even when we had to play one-night stands and take our box-office receipts in 6,000 dimes.

"When I was the Judge in *The Legend of Leonora*, with Maude Adams, I sat for two acts on the stage and never even got up during the intermission. That was hard work, I assure you.

"Like everybody else, I have been in the movies, too, and I enjoyed that. Many years ago when Universal had a studio at Fort Lee I dropped in one day and noted a most imposing set, real wall, real furniture and all that sort of thing, to represent the drawing room of a Duke and Duchess in Grosvenor Square.

"To my horror I saw a china cuspidor down front—just a plain, white cuspidor.

"I directed the attention of the property man to it. He called his assistant and scolded him:

"What do you mean by putting such an object as a white china cuspidor in the drawing room of a Duke? Don't you know any better than that? Now you hurry up and get that nice new brass one we have with the carved ornaments on it."

"And the assistant did."

Mr. Lewis married Miss Essex Dane an English actress.

## THE PLAYS THAT CONTINUE, AND WHERE

Play.	Theatre.	Premiere.
Abie's Irish Rose.....	Republic .....	May 23, '22
Lulu Belle .....	Belasco .....	Feb. 9, '26
Iolanthe (Thurs. mat. & eve. only).....	Plymouth .....	Apr. 19
Sex .....	Daly's 63d Street.....	Apr. 26
George White's Scandals.....	Apollo .....	June 14
Queen High .....	Ambassador .....	Sept. 8
Two Girls Wanted.....	Little .....	Sept. 9
Broadway .....	Broadhurst .....	Sept. 16
Countess Maritza.....	44th Street .....	Sept. 18
The Ramblers.....	Lyric .....	Sept. 20
Honeymoon Lane.....	Knickerbocker .....	Sept. 20
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.....	Times Square .....	Sept. 28
An American Tragedy.....	Longacre .....	Oct. 11
Criss-Cross .....	Globe .....	Oct. 12
The Noose .....	Hudson .....	Oct. 20
The Ladder .....	Waldorf .....	Oct. 22
Eva Le Gallienne in repertoire.....	Civic Repertory .....	Oct. 25
Caponsacchi .....	Hampden's .....	Oct. 26
The Play's the Thing.....	Henry Miller's .....	Nov. 3
Oh, Kay!.....	Imperial .....	Nov. 8
Gay Paree of 1927.....	Winter Garden .....	Nov. 9
The Squall.....	48th Street .....	Nov. 11
Gertie .....	Bayes .....	Nov. 15
Pygmalion .....	Guild .....	Nov. 15
Twinkle Twinkle.....	Liberty .....	Nov. 16
The Constant Wife.....	Maxine Elliott .....	Nov. 29
Ned McCobb's Daughter.....	John Golden .....	Nov. 29
The Desert Song.....	Casino .....	Nov. 30
The Pirates of Penzance (every night except Thursday).....	Plymouth .....	Dec. 6
The Constant Nymph.....	Cort .....	Dec. 9
Night Hawk (rev.).....	Frolic .....	Dec. 25
Peggy-Ann .....	Vanderbilt .....	Dec. 27
Wooden Kimono.....	Martin Beck .....	Dec. 27

Play.	Theatre.	Premiere.
The Devil in the Cheese.....	Charles Hopkins .....	Dec. 29
Chicago .....	Music Box .....	Dec. 30
In Abraham's Bosom.....	Garrick .....	Dec. 30
The Nightingale .....	Jolson's .....	Jan. 3, '27
Earl Carroll Vanities.....	Earl Carroll .....	Jan. 3
Tommy .....	Gaiety .....	Jan. 10
I Told You So.....	Chanin's 46th Street.....	Jan. 11
Bye, Bye, Bonnie.....	Ritz .....	Jan. 13
The Barker.....	Biltmore .....	Jan. 18
The Virgin Man.....	Princess .....	Jan. 18
Yours Truly.....	Shubert .....	Jan. 25
Saturday's Children.....	Booth .....	Jan. 26
The Scarlet Lily.....	Comedy .....	Jan. 29
Trelawny of the Wells (rev.).....	New Amsterdam .....	Jan. 31
The Road to Rome .....	Playhouse .....	Jan. 31
Rio Rita .....	Ziegfeld .....	Feb. 2
Pinwheel .....	Neighborhood Playhouse.....	Feb. 4
Sinner .....	Klaw .....	Feb. 7
Fog .....	National .....	Feb. 7
Judy .....	Royale .....	Feb. 7
Lally .....	Greenwich Village.....	Feb. 8
Granite .....	Mayfair .....	Feb. 11
Window Panes .....	Mansfield .....	Feb. 21
Set a Thief.....	Empire .....	Feb. 21
Polly of Hollywood.....	George M. Cohan.....	Feb. 21
What Anne Brought Home.....	Wallack's.....	Feb. 21
Crime .....	Eltinge .....	Feb. 22
Right You Are if You Think You Are (mats.).....	Guild .....	Feb. 23
Money From Home.....	Fulton .....	Feb. 28
We All D.....	Bijou .....	Feb. 28
Loud Speaker .....	52nd Street .....	Mar. 2
Amer. Grand Guignol (3d pro'm).....	Grove Street .....	Mar. 4



# FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

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Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, which may appear in the columns of this paper, will be gladly corrected upon due notice of same being given to the editor, personally, at the office, Eighth and Throckmorton Streets, Fort Worth, Texas.

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MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS, UNITED PRESS, INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE. N. Y. TIMES-CHICAGO TRIBUNE LEASED WIRE.

## George Primrose.

George Primrose is dead. At the venerable age of 66 years, after more than a half-century spent in bringing pure joy into the hearts of his fellow men, he has gone across the Great Divide. This news will bring to millions of men throughout the country a pang of sorrow mingled with a reminiscent wistfulness. Dear old George Primrose! With what a wealth of innocent pleasure in the past is his name associated! It takes one back to the days of George Thatcher, George Wilson, William H. West and a dozen other "minstrel men" of the old school and to the time when a heated discussion could be started among almost any crowd of young fellows over the question of whether Primrose or Barney Fagan were the better dancer. Lew Dockstader and McIntyre and Heath are almost the only survivors of that time still on the board and they have descended to mere vaudeville! A new generation has come forward in minstrelsy, a few of whom, like Neil O'Brien, were schooled in their youth with these others, but for the most part the "old-time minstrel" is gone. Certainly the "soft shoe dancer" is no more, and with the passing of George Primrose the greatest of them all is gone.

One is likely to think that things of the past were better than those of today, for the halo of memory lends them added charm. But there can be no mistake about George Primrose's dancing. Tastes in such matters vary in different ages and in different people, but one can hardly fancy a difference of opinion over the consummate art and genuine beauty of his performance. He could take such a trifling song as "Didn't He Ramble," sing it in his soft, pleasant voice and then perform to its music a dance of such finished grace that the whole became a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is said that he was the originator of soft shoe dancing, but whether that be true or not he certainly was without a peer at it when he was in his prime. Yes, and we have seen him, an old man of sixty years, dance with all the grace and nimbleness of youth and it seemed to us he had all the charm he possessed in his prime when his name was enough to fill a theater to the doors. And certainly even then he put to shame the finger-snapping, jack-balling cavorters who have since become the vogue in minstrelsy.

Even in the hour of death one thinks of him with something of pleasure. If we shed a tear at his passing, it is a smiling tear, as is fitting. One of the songs he used to sing and then dance to its music was about a wayward youth who "went traveling—far from the old folks at home." George left home as a lad of fifteen years and he certainly traveled a lot. At last he's gone home to the old folks.

NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1935.

# FROM THE CENTRE

The Red Letter Attraction

The Big Boom

## Culhane, Chace & Weston's Minstrels

### ARTISTS' CONTRACT.

This Agreement, Made and entered into this the 14<sup>th</sup> of June 1905 between Fred H. Ponty Manager of above Company, and Clark & McCullough that said Clark & McCullough engages (himself, themselves,) for a season of 35 weeks more or less as Comedy Acrobats & Bugle Players Season Nov "Aug" 21st 1905 at a Salary of \$25.00 joint per Week, and Expenses. (Expenses to consist of Railroad Fare after joining Company.) Board, (3 meals and 1 lodging daily.) Salary paid every Sunday. A holdback of 6 days on First Week to be paid on said Clark & McCullough Closing.

The following Rules and Regulations are a Part of this Contract, and said Week of Aug 14<sup>th</sup> 2 Performances daily WE agree to submit to same or forfeit their entire engagement.

Two Weeks' Notice given in Writing will suffice to cancel this Contract.

### The Rules and Fines of this Company are as Follows:

- 1.—Drunkenness. Immediate discharge. No fine.
- 2.—Late at Rehearsal, \$1.00.
- 3.—Late at Parade, \$1.00.
- 4.—Missing Parade, \$2.00.
- 5.—Stage wait, \$1.00
- 6.—Playing of Musical Instruments in Hotels, \$2.00. Theatre at your disposal.
- 7.—Loud Arguments or Swearing in Hotels or Theatre, \$1.00.
- 8.—Muddy Shoes in Parade, \$1.00.
- 9.—Dirty Shirt Fronts, Collars and Cuffs, on First Part, \$1.00.
- 10.—And most important, Mashing within 2 blocks of Hotel or Theatre, \$5.00 Musicians are not allowed to carry trunks, dress suit case the limit.
- 11.—When Company is Obligated to Lose a Night through Inability to Fill same, we Pay Expenses, but No Salary.
- 12.—Half Salary only week before Christmas and Holy Week.

### WE WILL TRY TO AVOID FINES IF YOU WILL HELP US.

For First Part you must have Black Dress Suit, Patent Leather Pumps, Red Stockings, Black Ties—Bow. Wigs for First Part must fit.

Our Success is Yours. Neatness in Street Appearance is the most Essential Point of Success. That is what we are after.

WE Agree to the above Contract, Fines and Rules.

Sign here Paul J. McCullough for

I agree to above terms, Fred H. Ponty Mgr. Culhane, Chace and Weston's Minstrels.

Digging Through One of the Firm's Trunks a Bit Back, Bobby Clark Came Upon the Contract Whereby He and Paul McCullough Sold Themselves for a Term to the Minstrels the Season of 1905.

for which Show pays board & busin Salary



## ADA REHAN'S CAREER ENDED.

**THE FAMOUS ACTRESS DIES IN HER FIFTY-NINTH YEAR—A PET OF THEATREGOERS FOR MANY YEARS.**

Tomasso Salvini, Joseph Murphy and Ada Rehan, three distinct players, all great in their day, have joined the silent majority. Ada Rehan enjoyed the greatest popularity, for she was a stage idol in the days when

bany, N. Y. She played everything from comedy to tragedy—one week a sprightly heiress of nineteen, the next an old wench in some English comedy. It was there that Augustin Daly discovered her and her sis-

played opposite to John Drew in dozens of plays, and Otis Skinner, John Craig and May Irwin were among her associates in the famous Daly Theatre stock company.

Miss Rehan died shortly after noon on Jan. 8 in the Roosevelt Hospital. For two months she was confined to her home with an arterial trouble. Finally she was removed to the hospital. At her deathbed were Kate Byron and Hattie Russell, her sisters, and Arthur Byron, her nephew,

to remain at home. Her final stage appearance was under Klaw & Erlanger's management at the Knickerbocker Theatre in Sweet Nell of Old Drury.

Miss Rehan was born in Ireland in 1860. It was in Newark, N. J., in 1874, that she made her stage debut with Oliver Doud Byron in Across the Continent. Then she went to Philadelphia to become a member of Mrs. John Drew's wonderful company at the Arch Street Theatre. After playing on tour with all the big stars, she made her New York debut on April 26, 1875, at Wood's Museum. Then she went to Daly's Theatre and played there until Mr. Daly's death in 1899 ended the existence of the company. During her career Miss Rehan played over 200 parts. Among her biggest successes were Katherine in The Taming of the Shrew, Portia in The Merchant of Venice, Lady Teazle, Rosalind, Helena, Pauline in The Lady of Lyons, Queen Elizabeth in Mary Stuart, Lady Garnett in The Great Ruby, Julia in The Hunchback, Viola, Louise in Frou-Frou and Beatrice in Much Ado About Nothing. Miss Rehan made her debut in London at Toole's Theatre in 1884 and she also appeared in Paris, Liverpool, Edinburgh and Berlin. She was frequently compared with Adelaide Neilson and in many respects was a much better actress.

May Irwin heard the news of Miss Rehan's death in Detroit, Mich., and sent a long telegram of condolence to the family.

John Drew, in Philadelphia, said: "Miss Rehan was a wonderful actress and a charming woman. Her memory will be cherished."

Otis Skinner, now appearing in New York, expressed his deep regret when informed of Miss Rehan's death on Saturday night, and Richard Dorney, who was the manager of Daly's Theatre, was deeply upset, for his business relations with Miss Rehan covered a period of many years.

Telegrams were also received from Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Forbes-Robertson and many of Miss Rehan's friends in Europe. Expressions of regret were heard on all sides.

The funeral services occurred on Monday. The body was cremated and the ashes interred in the family vault in Greenwood Cemetery. Thus ends the brilliant career of a genius.



Augustin Daly flourished. What a wonderful personality and such magnetism. How the public worshiped at her shrine and how she struggled for fame. Indeed she will ever be an example for other stage aspirants.

I recall Ada Rehan when she was a member of John W. Albaugh's company in Al-

ter, Hattie Russell. A few years of close study, guided by Mr. Daly, and Ada Rehan became famous in New York and subsequently conquered London. She walked away with the honors of many productions and with Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis formed a trio never to be forgotten. She

who is playing in The Boomerang at the Belasco Theatre.

For many years Miss Rehan resided at 164 West Ninety-third street, a house she purchased just before Augustin Daly died. She made an annual trip to Ireland until two years ago, when ill health caused her

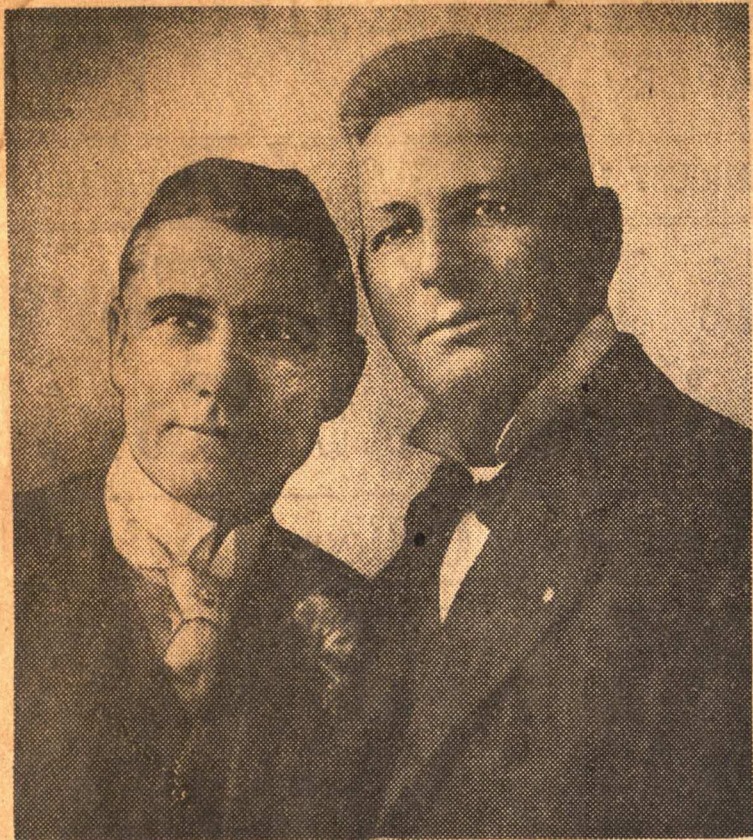


WHEN "THE METEORS" CAME TO TOWN

The Gillis opera house was packed for the opening of Evans, Bryant & Hoey's "Meteors" the night of June 27, 1884.



# Death Splits Stage Team



The death Wednesday morning in Southampton, N. Y., of James McIntyre (left) of the famed old vaudeville team of McIntyre and Heath, dissolved a stage partnership of 64 years. He was 79. Thomas K. Heath, 84, who also appears in the picture, lay ill at his home a few miles away and was not informed of his comrade's death. This

is the way the pair looked in prime of their vaudeville career. The picture is a cherished possession of Julian Umbenhour, stage man at the Majestic Theater for 19 years and at present an employe of the Hollywood Theater. It was given him by the minstrel men during one of their many vaudeville engagements here. (Story on Page 11.)



Photograph above by the Field Studio

Photograph at right by Apeda, N. Y.

## McIntyre & Heath

THE most wonderful stage partnership on record in this country is that which has existed for almost fifty years between James McIntyre and Thomas Heath. McIntyre (at the left) was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, in 1857. Heath (at the right) was born in Philadelphia, in 1853. He began doing songs and dances when he was eleven years old; and McIntyre started out in the same sort of work when he was only nine. After they became partners they played with minstrel troupes, circuses, and vaudeville shows, becoming famous all over the country in their negro specialty act. Later they appeared in plays like "The Ham Tree," in which they had a long run a few years ago. Last season they put on "Red Pepper," and although Heath was sixty-nine and McIntyre sixty-five, they were literally the whole show. The small insert shows them as they were when they became partners, in 1874.



35

more than 50 years they toured every part of the country, including the far West—when it was really wild. Their famous skit, *The Ham Tree*, amused audiences for years. They developed the slow-paced, melancholy blackface type of comedy, and were forerunners of Moran and Mack and Amos 'n' Andy. Theirs was the first act to receive top billing on the Keith Circuit, and, in their time, they got the biggest vaudeville contract from Keith.

McIntyre was born at Kenosha, Wis., August 8, 1857, and before he was out of his teens he was already amusing audiences with impromptu songs and dances on the trains where he peddled candy. He began his professional career as a clog-dancer in Pete Kerwin's Concert Hall, Chicago, which he left for a job with Katie Putnam's ballad and dancing show. He quit this company to join McKenzle's Circus in 1870. It was in 1871 that McIntyre at last struck his stride when he joined Burton & Ridgeway's Minstrels. Three years later he teamed up with Tom Heath, another great burnt-cork man, and the act was born, with McIntyre playing the lazy, drawling Alexander and Heath doing a foil as the pompous, polysyllabic Hennerly.

Fame came quickly, all over the world, and soon their act drew as high as \$2,000 a week. McIntyre married a dancer and balladeer, Emma Young, professionally known as Maude Clifford.

Among their most popular skits were *Georgia Minstrels*, *Man From Montana*, *Flying to Jail* and *Waiting at the Church*. But *The Ham Tree* always remained the most popular item in their repertoire, and audiences clamored for it again and again. Altho they retired from the stage in 1919, they continued to appear in benefit performances now and then. In 1932 they were guest-stars on a Rudy Vallee radio program. When the Amos 'n' Andy film appeared a few years ago, McIntyre and Heath protested, claiming that Gosden and Correll had copied their style and makeup. For a long time the tradition persisted that neither of the partners spoke to each other offstage, on account of a family quarrel. When McIntyre passed away, Heath was lying on a sickbed, a few miles away, dangerously ill, also.

Funeral services were held at the McIntyre estate, August 20, and burial took place in the family plot on the estate.

McIntyre leaves an adopted daughter, Mrs. Maud Martin.

er in Philadelphia in O. They began by playing try fairs of Texas, pass after each performance, they went to Chicago after a time with Sells Brothers' wagon show, and played first at Hamlin's old Coliseum. The same year they came on to New York to play in the old Madison Square Garden.

They opened in New York with Howe's London Circus, and when that show closed in Atlanta, Ga., McIntyre and Heath organized a show of their own, which ran one season with indifferent success.

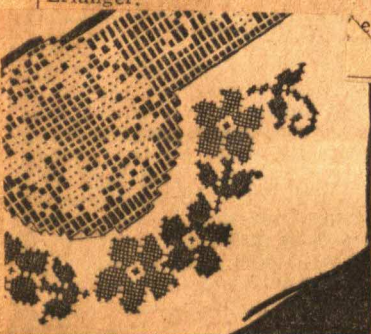
It was in 1880 that the McIntyre-Heath team gave New Yorkers their first sight of the "coon buck dance"—in Tony Pastor's old theater on Broadway and it was such a success that the dancers' salary jumped to \$150 a week in a single night.

### Organized Minstrels.

After playing with Alice Oates in "Long Branch," McIntyre and his partner organized the "Georgia Minstrels," which played throughout the United States, running for 17 years without a single change in routine to set a new vaudeville record.

In 1881 the partners left their own show to join Barnum & Bailey, and four years later they played with the Hyde Comedians, before joining Weber and Fields in 1893.

Veterans of the stage, McIntyre and Heath were headliners at the turn of the century, appearing in 1901 with Beck's Orpheum road show, and in 1905 with Klaw and Erlanger.



## Rose Motif in St

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

the key to my car. up in passing my purse, containing coat or flashlight. But I did snatch flashed out of the door without hat to get away from the card table, and



ILLNESS TO VET- OF ST

Death

SOUTHAMPTON, 1 (AP).—James McIntyre, Wednesday from urei ending the 64-year-ol of McIntyre and Heatl strel men and one of ti vaudeville teams of th ation. McIntyre died at 6: had been in a coma days. News of his deat held from his life-lo Thomas K. Heath, i stricken with paralyshi chitis at his home in S a few miles across Lonj Southampton.

McIntyre, beloved "A the old vaudevills skit tree," did his first c candy butcher on the between Kenosha, Wi State, and his home

From jiggling in the to entertain passenger ated to a regular "spe ville with his first pa Austin.

Early in the seventie up, McIntyre met Hea lost his partner, in S and the team they fo until their final appear er in Philadelphia in O

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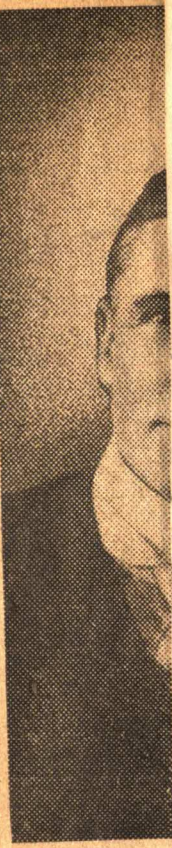
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Photograph above by the Field Studio Photograph at right by Apeda, N. Y. McIntyre & Heath

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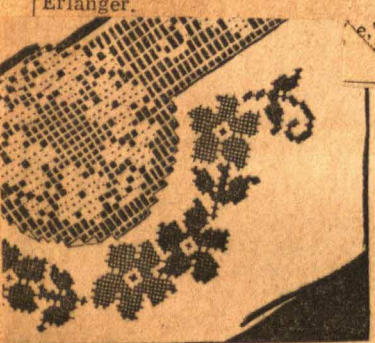
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Fame came quickly, all over the world, and soon their act drew as high as \$2,000 a week. McIntyre married a dancer and balladeer, Emma Young, professionally known as Maude Clifford.

Among their most popular skits were Georgia Minstrels, Man From Montana, Flying to Jail and Waiting at the Church. But The Ham Tree always remained the most popular item in their repertoire, and audiences clamored for it again and again. Altho they retired from the stage in 1919, they continued to appear in benefit performances now and then. In 1932 they were guest-stars on a Rudy Vallee radio program. When the Amos 'n' Andy film appeared a few years ago, McIntyre and Heath protested, claiming that Gosden and Correll had copied their style and makeup. For a long time the tradition persisted that neither of the partners spoke to each other offstage, on account of a family quarrel. When McIntyre passed away, Heath was lying on a sickbed, a few miles away, dangerously ill, also.

Funeral services were held at the McIntyre estate, August 20, and burial took place in the family plot on the estate. McIntyre leaves an adopted daughter, Mrs. Maud Martin.



Rose Motif in St

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McIntyre died at 6:30 a. m. after having been in a coma for several days. News of his death held from his life-long partner, Thomas K. Heath, 84, stricken with paralysis, who was at his home in Southampton, a few miles across Long Island Sound.

McIntyre, beloved "the old vaudeville skit king," did his first candy business on the same bill, and he and Heath formed an act.

They began by playing fairs in Texas, passing the hat. After traveling with Sells Brothers Circus a while, they went to Hamlin's old coliseum in Chicago and then to the old Madison Square Garden here.

They played in Howe's London circus and the next year ran a road show of their own, with only fair success.

In 1880 at Tony Pastor's Broadway Theater they gave New Yorkers their first look at the "coon buck" dance, to such resounding applause their salary jumped to \$150 a week.

Then came tours with the Barnum and Bailey Circus, Weber and Fields and their "Georgia Minstrels," which ran 17 years without a change in routine, to set a new vaudeville record.

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"The Ham Tree" was revived in 1915, and after appearing in "Hello Alexander" and "Red Pepper," McIntyre and Heath went into semi-retirement at their homes only a few miles from each other on Long Island.

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"I think we hold the record for a theatrical partnership," McIntyre said a few years ago. "If any team can claim more years together we have never heard of it."

They never quarreled, and soon after they started their partnership, a lucky incident gave them a method for settling minor disputes.

They didn't know one year whether to go into vaudeville or with a minstrel show, so they tossed a coin.

## Death Splits Old Vaudeville Team



The death Wednesday morning in Southampton, N. Y., of James McIntyre (left) of the famed old vaudeville team of McIntyre and Heath, dissolved a stage partnership of 64 years. He was 79. Thomas K. Heath, 84, who also appears in the picture, lay ill at his home a few miles away and was not informed of his comrade's death. This

is the way the pair looked in prime of their vaudeville career. The picture is a cherished possession of Julian Umbenhour, stage man at the Majestic Theater for 19 years and at present an employee of the Hollywood Theater. It was given him by the minstrel men during one of their many vaudeville engagements here. (Story on Page 11.)

THOMAS K. HEATH, 84, of the noted black-face comedy team of McIntyre and Heath, died of a heart attack August 18 at his home in Setauket, L. I.

McIntyre and Heath teamed in 1874. Before that time each had played with different partners in singing, dancing and comedy turns in the hinterlands. Formation of the team was intended to be only a temporary measure to keep both occupied when their partners became ill. However, the merger worked out so well that the partnership was retained.

About 50 years ago they billed themselves as Alexander and Henry, playing in the noted Ham Tree skit. They were the first, or among the first teams, to dance the buck and wing—the occasion being at Tony Pastor's Theater, New York, in 1879. The team also claimed to have originated Negro ragtime in 1874. Tunes introduced by them included such classics as *Dem Golden Slippers*, *Old Black Joe* and *My Old Kentucky Home*.

The last show in which the team appeared was *America Sings*, a musical produced in Boston in 1934. The announcing their retirement many times before 1934, McIntyre and Heath continued in show business sporadically until that year. Thereafter, however, the health of both declined rapidly.

In vaudeville the team was one of the first solid headline acts and continued in that capacity for years, appearing thruout the country.

Just one year ago James McIntyre died at the age of 80. Both men were in excellent financial circumstances.

Heath is believed to have been born in or near Philadelphia in 1853. At an early age he joined a circus and in 1884 was married to Grayce Margaret Speurl. A son, born in 1902, died in 1918. Mrs. Heath died in 1929.

Surviving are his niece, Mrs. Katherine Brown; his grandniece, Mrs. John T. Payne, and three nephews. Funeral services were scheduled at Heath's Setauket home August 19, with body to be placed in a mausoleum at Evergreen Cemetery.

## JAMES MCINTYRE

James McIntyre, of McIntyre and Heath, one of the greatest blackface vaudeville and minstrel acts of all time, August 18 of uremic poisoning, on his estate in Noyack, near Southampton, L. I., N. Y. He had been unconscious since August 13, and remained so to the end.

In the days following the Civil War the team of McIntyre and Heath were supreme in the field of minstrel comedy and soft-shoe dancing. For more than 50 years they toured every part of the country, including the Far West—when it was really wild. Their famous skit, *The Ham Tree*, amused audiences for years. They developed the slow-paced, melancholy blackface type of comedy, and were forerunners of Moran and Mack and Amos 'n' Andy. Theirs was the first act to receive top billing on the Keith Circuit, and, in their time, they got the biggest vaudeville contract from Keith.

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The two formed their famous team more than 60 years ago in San Antonio, and tramped in minstrel shows, burlesque, vaudeville and musical comedy until 1934.

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He was playing with George Howard in San Antonio in 1874, when Howard became ill. McIntyre, a former railroad candy butcher from Kenosha, Wis., was playing on the same bill, and he and Heath formed an act.

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The sketch was born of first-hand observation of the Southern negro that started when McIntyre, in his early days, went broke and had to work in a livery stable in Henderson, Ky.

"The Ham Tree" was revived in 1915, and after appearing in "Hello Alexander" and "Red Pepper," McIntyre and Heath went into semi-retirement at their homes only a few miles from each other on Long Island.

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Since then they had appeared occasionally at benefits individually when their health permitted.

"I think we hold the record for a theatrical partnership," McIntyre said a few years ago. "If any team can claim more years together we have never heard of it."

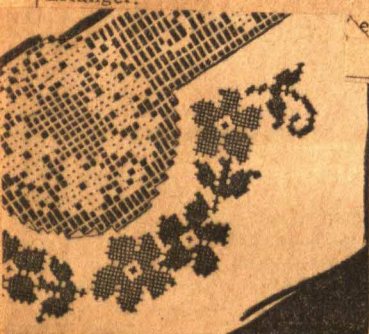
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# ILLNES TO VETERAN OF STAGE

SOUTHAMPTON, N. Y., Aug. 18 (AP).—James McIntyre, 79, died early Wednesday from uremic poisoning, ending the 64-year-old partnership of McIntyre and Heath, famed minstrel men and one of the best known vaudeville teams of the last generation.

McIntyre died at 6:30 a. m. He had been in a coma for several days. News of his death was withheld from his life-long comrade, Thomas K. Heath, 84, who lay stricken with paralysis and bronchitis at his home in Setauket, only a few miles across Long Island from Southampton.

McIntyre, beloved "Alexander" of the old vaudeville skit "The Ham-tree," did his first dancing as a candy butcher on the railroad run between Kenosha, Wis., his native State, and his home in Rockford,

From jiggling in the aisles of cars to entertain passengers, he graduated to a regular "spot" in vaudeville with his first partner, Frank Austin.

Early in the seventies they broke up. McIntyre met Heath, who had lost his partner, in San Antonio, and the team they formed lasted until their final appearance together in Philadelphia in October, 1934. They began by playing the country fairs of Texas, passing the hat after each performance. In 1877 they went to Chicago after traveling for a time with Sells Brothers' wagon show, and played first at Hamlin's old Coliseum. The same year they came on to New York to play in the old Madison Square Garden.

They opened in New York with Howe's London Circus, and when that show closed in Atlanta, Ga., McIntyre and Heath organized a show of their own, which ran one season with indifferent success.

It was in 1880 that the McIntyre-Heath team gave New Yorkers their first sight of the "coon buck dance"—in Tony Pastor's old theater on Broadway and it was such a success that the dancers' salary jumped to \$150 a week in a single night.

## Organized Minstrels.

After playing with Alice Oates in "Long Branch," McIntyre and his partner organized the "Georgia Minstrels," which played throughout the United States, running for 17 years without a single change in routine to set a new vaudeville record.

In 1881 the partners left their own show to join Barnum & Bailey, and four years later they played with the Hyde Comedians, before joining Weber and Fields in 1893.

Veterans of the stage, McIntyre and Heath were headliners at the turn of the century, appearing in 1901 with Beck's Orpheum road show, and in 1905 with Klaw and Erlanger.

Next came "The Ham Tree," an elaboration of an incident in their old "Georgia Minstrels." "The Ham Tree" was revived in 1915 and ran for two additional seasons.

Asked in 1919 if it was true that he and Heath had not spoken to each other off the stage for 25 years, McIntyre answered: "Balderdash! Tom and I never quarrel. Of course, when we were kids we used to have arguments, as all young squirts will, but it never came to the place where we stopped speaking."

Of his famous character as Alexander, McIntyre often explained that it resulted from his having to take a job in a livery stable one Summer because he was broke.

## Finale in 1934.

"It was a livery stable in Henderson, Ky., where I was valet to some horses," he said. "There was a negro in that stable that made my job a joy. He was the best I ever saw and I studied him by the hour. When things picked up a bit I told Tom about this darkey, and we decided to mimic him in our act."

In 1915 McIntyre and Heath, both aging, celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of their partnership with a November matinee of "Hello Alexander." After that skit came "Red Pepper," which like "Hello Alexander," was written by Edgar Smith in collaboration with McIntyre's wife, Emily.

After "Red Pepper" closed the veterans of the stage went into semi-retirement at their respective Long Island homes. McIntyre at Todanna Island, Southampton, and Heath at Soundview Manor in Setauket.

In 1928 they appeared again in "Headin' South," under the auspices of the Shuberts. Their final appearance together was in October of 1934, when they appeared at the Forest Theater in Philadelphia in "America Sings."

# Thomas Heath, Stage Partner of McIntyre, Dies of Heart Stroke

Famed Minstrel Team Got Start Many Years Ago in Texas; Favorites for Half Century.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18 (AP).—The great old vaudeville comedy team of McIntyre and Heath was reunited to-night—in death.

Thomas K. Heath, co-star in the "coon buck" dance, the famous skit "The Ham Tree" and other successes of half a century, died after a heart attack at his home in Setauket, L. I., at the age of 85, just a year after the death of his partner.

Heath never knew Jim McIntyre was dead. Stricken with paralysis just as McIntyre was dying in Connecticut, just across Long Island Sound, Heath lay an invalid for a year as his family kept the news from him.



HEATH.

The two formed their famous team more than 60 years ago in San Antonio, and trouped in minstrel shows, burlesque, vaudeville and musical comedy until 1934.

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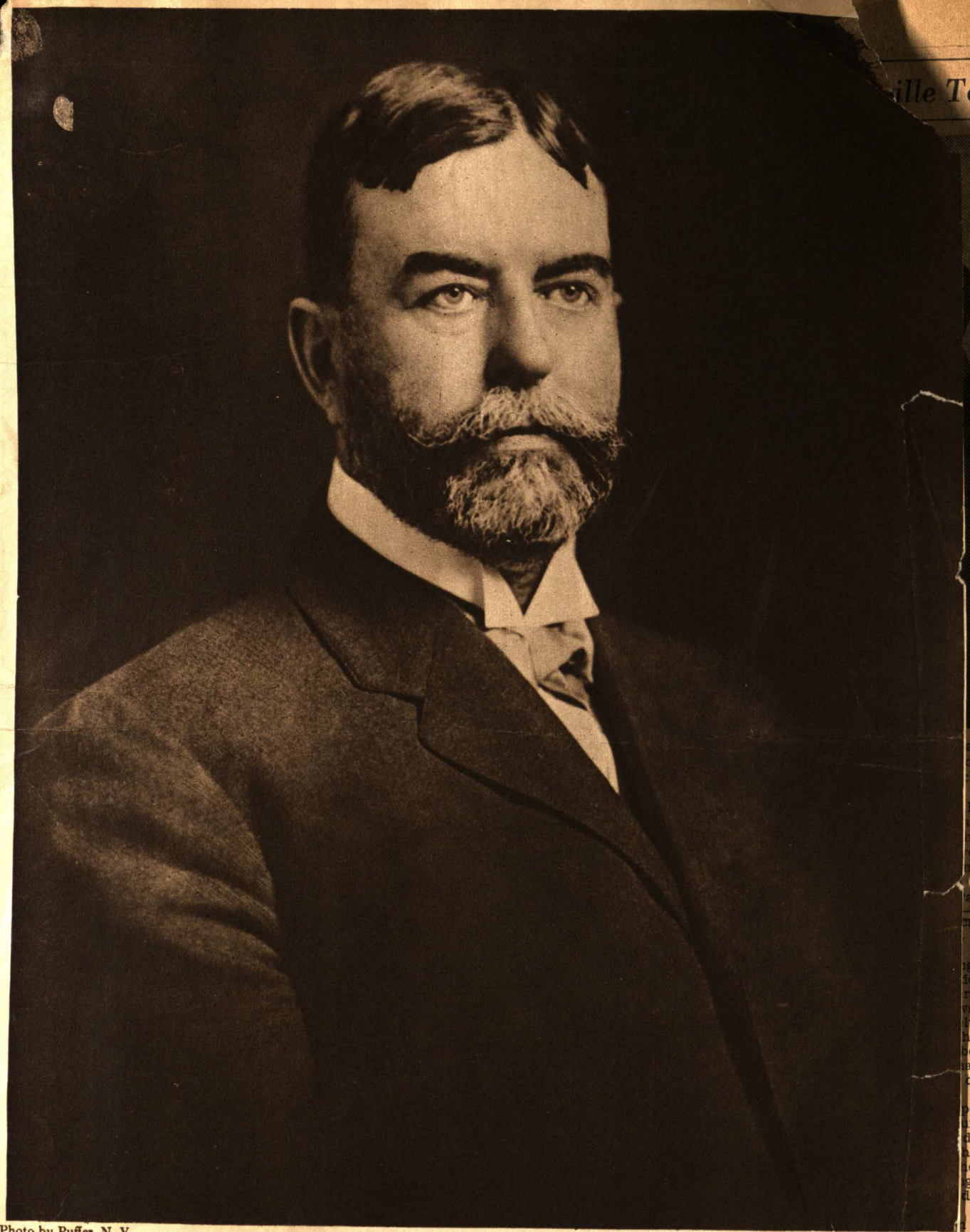


Photo by Puffer, N. Y.

### *L. F. Loree*

MR. LOREE is an internationally recognized authority in railway circles. For more than fifteen years he has served as president of the Delaware & Hudson, and chairman of the Executive Committee of the Kansas City Southern. Both roads were facing serious difficulties when he was called to their management. In short time he set them solidly on their feet. In 1901

he became president of the Baltimore & Ohio, just out of the hands of a receiver. Within three years he had completely rehabilitated the system. Mr. Loree's ideas about the operation of railroads have permeated the lines of the entire country. He was born in Fulton City, Illinois, sixty-four years ago, and began his railway career as a thirty-five-dollar-a-month engineering assistant.



# Myself

By Lillie

Mrs. Langtry here gives an account of made to realize its unromantic side. A initiation into the new work, and her pearance in America, where a sensational

fresh beauty in Ellen Terry's impersonation and fresh thrills in Irving's performance. I have never seen any Shakespearean productions to approach those of Irving, which are forever stamped on my memory. The scenery, of course, was artistic, but it was in the lighting, in the Rembrandtesque effects, the chiaroscuro, that Irving excelled.

After the financial crash referred to in an earlier chapter, I appealed to the great and enchanting Nell to give me her views. She came and spent a precious hour of her time outlining the different aspects of the career I was being so persistently advised to adopt. The difficulties and disappointments that I might encounter and what she termed the "rough side" seemed to her almost insurmountable for one who had been so petted and spoiled and idle as myself. On the whole,



Lady De Bathe

## First Year on the Stage

**T**HROUGHOUT my social career I had taken constant interest in the drama, was an assiduous playgoer, and knew many of the shining lights of the theatrical profession. Henry Irving was to be seen at so many society functions that he seemed a link between the social and artistic worlds, in both of which he was a popular and beloved figure. Whenever I wanted to spend an evening at the Lyceum Theatre, it was his pleasure to send me a box, and to his masterly representation of "The Merchant of Venice" I went over and over again, always finding



Mrs. Langtry as Rosalind, in "As You Like It," her first Shakespearean rôle



They tell me there's no infringement of patent, and the whole case can be killed if I'll just send on a hundred bucks to cover fees and costs. Now, Eldred's pretty wise, I am, and I think this infringement thing is a skin, so I hopped the plush and here I am. Present address, Hotel Edwin. Slip me some advice. I got the hundred all right." And on the desk he stood a thick roll of bills, bound with a hundred-dollar wrapper and a wide rubber band. "But they got to plod over my dead body if they get a cent of this for graft. I may be a hick, but I'm no boob!"

"Ugh!" grunted Blackie Daw, as a heavy heel came on his thin foot. He edged away from Wallingford immediately, and did not know that broad-chested party.

"Wait a minute; wait a minute!" implored Lammett, hurrying over to the rail, though leaving his gaze on that astounding roll of bills. "I'll pay you that twelve dollars and a half," he husked to Wallingford, and from his hip-pocket whisked a sickly, worn purse.

"Do I address Mr. Lammett?" inquired the tall, lank gentleman pleasantly, and pulled down his mustaches so that they drooped slightly. "I am a teacher of the sympathetic saxophone. If there is anyone in this office musically inclined——"

"No!" shouted Lammett, waving both arms in the air. "Get out! Here's your money, Mr. Wallingford!"

Not on your life!" suddenly roared the hugely impressive J. Rufus. "You cheap little grafters!"

"Hush up! Hush up!" pleaded Lammett. "Here's your money! Get out!"

"Back up! I'm going to clean out this combination of crooks!" Wallingford suddenly swung through the gate as Blackie Daw bowed his way out of the door.

"You haven't a letter in your files from an investor, but you have from your accomplices, J. B. Six and Peekins, Hoyer & Peekins! Mr. Doaken, are you, too, a victim of this combination of cheap swindlers?"

"You're dead right—I am!" Mr. Doaken had whipped his money into his pocket and was on his feet. He had inspected the huge Wallingford, had seen that immaculately tailored Prince Albert coat, that shining silk hat, that expensive cravat, the two-thousand-dollar diamonds in tie and ring, and he knew with whom to place his faith. "Come on; let's go through the files!"

"Get out, you! Get out, you!" Mr. Lammett frantically ordered, but the bang of a door distracted his attention. Little Mr. Curser was no longer in the room, and there was a loud clattering down the back stairway.

Letter-files were tumbling on the floor. Amid the hubbub there was a sudden shout from Doaken, and an oath. In the "S" box he had found a letter from Six; and Wallingford was just in time to prevent that file from smashing on the round head of Lammett.

"Let it breathe," wheezed J. Rufus, holding to Doaken's wrists.

The customer from Cokeville slowly lowered the letter-file; then he glared down at the limp Lammett.

"No man can make a simp of me!" he cried. "I'll have the police here in two minutes!"

Even through the perishing fear of Lammett there broke an oily smile.

"Do it," he said, but not raising from the sprawl with which he had filled his swivel-chair; "do it, and I sue you for false imprisonment. There ain't anything the law can hold me for. I been in this business fifteen years."

"He's right, friend," agreed Wallingford. "We're stung." Suddenly, his round, pink face wreathed itself in smiles, and he chuckled, his broad shoulders heaving and his eyes half closing. He was the personification of jovial good-fellowship. "The best thing we can do, Doaken, is go get a drink and talk it over."

## II

"WHAT is your patent, Mr. Doaken?" inquired Wallingford, as they mixed their high-balls in the quiet bar of the Hotel Edwin.

"It's a hummer!" And the inventor immediately produced a copy of his patent, slapped it on the table, and opened it. "Chicken-silo. Automatic hot food in winter weather. A hen hops her cold tootsies on this warm board, heated by the ferment of the grain, eats herself happy, then goes right out and lays an egg."

J. Rufus adjusted his glasses and studied the thing with intelligent comprehension.

(Continued on page 142)



The fat partner was the first to reach the landing below



# and Others

## Langtry (Lady De Bathe)

how she settled down to a stage career and was tour of the British provinces completed her success brought an immediate demand for ap- circumstance marked her New World début.

she was discouraging. Yet, a few months later, when I had appeared as Kate Hardcastle, Rosalind, and in other rôles, and was on the eve of departure for the States, I went to the first night of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum, where Beatrice (Ellen Terry) confided to me that she had had me in mind for Hero, though she thought things had turned out far better for me. I don't know. It would have been wonderful to commence my stage career in that atmosphere and in such a sympathetic part. So, for the second time, I missed my opportunity of appearing under Irving's management at the Lyceum.

Another well-known and popular member of the profession whom I met was the Polish actress, Helena Modjeska, who had arrived, fresh from her triumphs in the States, to make an equally sensational success in London. Her first English appearance, as I remember, was at a matinée in a small out-of-the-way theater called the Court, where she played in an emasculated and rather badly written version of "La Dame aux Camélias" called, for some unknown reason, "Heartsease."

She came unheralded, and yet, in spite of the lack of preliminary puffing and her strong foreign accent (always a handicap in London), she made an instantaneous impression. In appearance she was ideally suited to the character of Marguerite Gautier. Extremely slender, she looked as though a breath would blow her away.



Ellen Terry  
as Portia

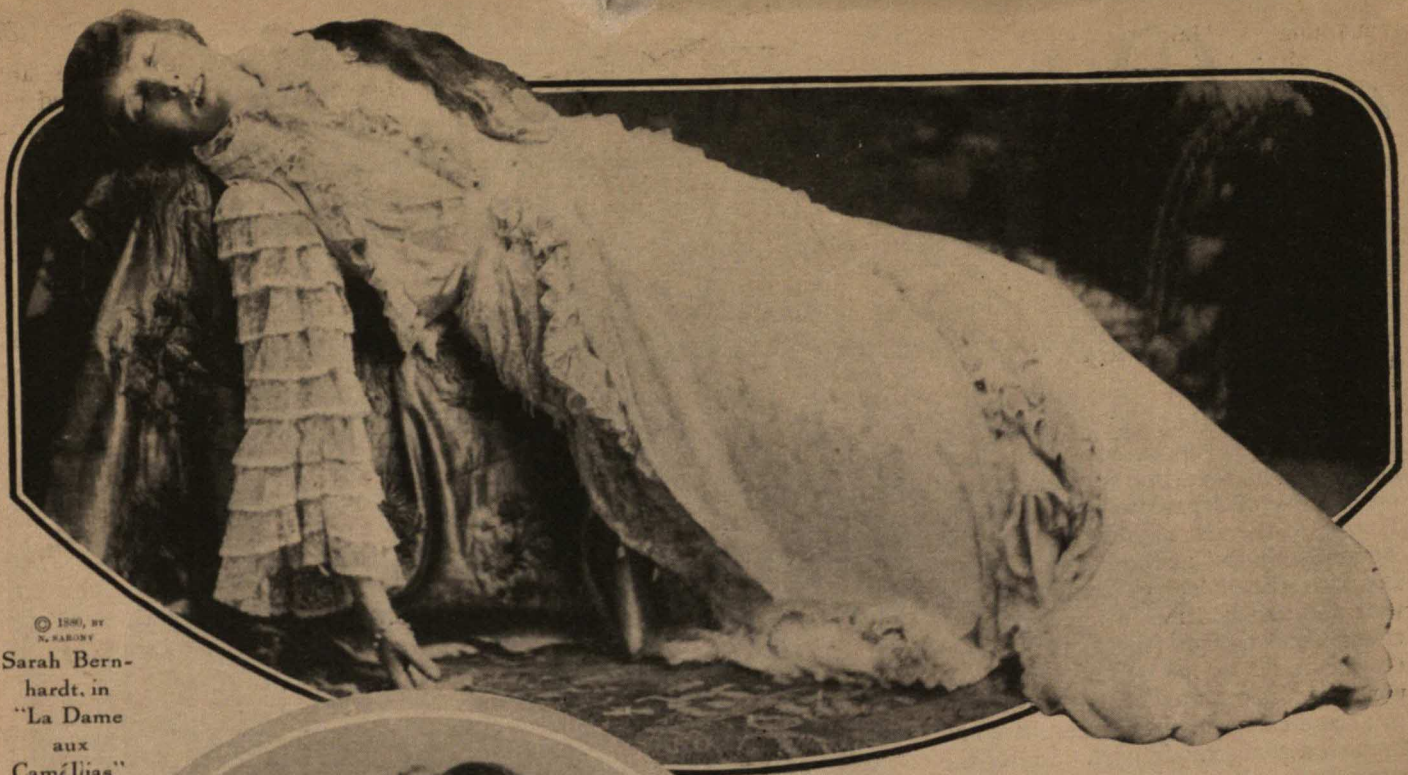


Henry Irving as Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice"

I have seen innumerable Marguerites, most of them splendidly healthy and solid, and it set me wondering why they should elect to essay a part in which physique counts so largely. The three superexcellent impersonations of Dumas' frail heroine that stand out in my memory are those of Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, and Modjeska—all different in conception and yet all satisfying in result. Modjeska's was, I think, the most womanly and tender but the most passionless of the three, and therefore missing, in some degree, the intention of the author. Personally, the only rôle in which I thought she failed to shine was that of Juliet. There, her appearance was against her. She looked rather mature, wore a long flaxen wig, and affected some youthful mannerisms which did not seem altogether spontaneous. One piece of business in the balcony scene, where she coyly veiled her face with strands of hair of the aforementioned wig, seemed decidedly strained.

Later on, when I seceded from the Haymarket, Modjeska appeared under the Bancroft management as Odette, in Sardou's play of that name. I frequently met her socially and found her a simple, lovable, flowerlike woman, entirely free from affectation and pose. Her leading man was Johnston Forbes-Robertson, at that time following the dual career of actor and painter with equal enthusiasm and success. He made a romantic Romeo, playing and looking the part to perfection.





© 1890, BY  
N. SARONY  
Sarah Bern-  
hardt, in  
"La Dame  
aux  
Camélias"



© 1891, BY  
THEODORE SPENGLER  
Eleanora  
Duse

The world-worship of Shakespeare has tempted managers to produce his works in all countries and in all languages, and I certainly prefer to hear a foreign actor or actress act in an inferior translation in his or her tongue than to listen to our poet's beautiful words marred by a strange accent. How would an American or English artist—however great—be received in Paris as an exponent in the French language of Molière? I do not think that the proverb of the shoemaker to his last and the actor to his national literature is sufficiently followed.

The preparations for my provincial tour proceeded at a gallop. The die was cast, and my nose was kept to the grindstone. Indeed, I was becoming more interested in the stage and my work generally. A repertoire had to be got together,

and, among other rôles, I was to essay Rosalind—that wonderful creation of Shakespeare. Now, whatever I lacked of the technique of my profession, I had been encouraged by my father's example to be a serious student of the great poet, and I applied myself with increased zest to the study of this deliciously feminine character. Besides, to be my own manager, my own mistress, and free from unaccustomed control changed my point of view entirely.

Without dwelling at length on what turned out to be the

prelude\* to

larger under-

takings,

I may

say that

I was

splendidly

received in

the ten

leading cities

I visited, my

reception

varying ac-

cording to the

inhabitants' dif-

ferent notions of

hospitable wel-

come. Perhaps my

venture was consid-

ered a plucky one at

a time when the

path of the amateur

absolutely bristled with

difficulties. Anyhow,

Manchester, the "criti-

cal city," accepted me far

above my own valuation

and acclaimed me deliri-

ously. The press was more

than lenient; the audiences

were more than enthusiastic,

and I speedily became what

many subsequent visits have

proved I still have the joy of



Helena Modjeska



remaining—a "Manchester favorite." After the last performance of the week in question, the exuberance of my new friends found vent in taking the horses from my carriage and substituting themselves to draw the heavy vehicle from the stage-door to my hotel. As a steep incline intervened between the theater and my hostelry, I was conveyed thither more rapidly than safely, and though, at the moment, the anxiety outweighed the honor, I felt very proud the next day.

A week of hectic excitement at Edinburgh culminated on "students' night," when the university attended *en masse* and objected to any portion of the play proceeding without my personal assistance on the stage, raising clamorous shouts for my immediate return while I was temporarily absent. The Scotch capital gave me a dignified farewell, quite in keeping with its traditions. A torchlight procession of students escorted my carriage to the Caledonian Station and, surrounding my saloon-

carriage, called for smiles and speeches until the train carried me away to the city of Glasgow, where, at the Royalty Theatre, I passed six delightful evenings and was made much of by the coterie of painters and *littérateurs* established there, among the former being John Lavery, who painted a rapid sketch of me which I saw on my last visit to that city.

The students here tried to honor me in the same way as in Manchester, but I meanly escaped by the front entrance of the theater and left them, harnessed and waiting, at the stage-door. There is a pastime provided for voyagers touching at Madeira which



© 1891, BY N. SABONY

Mrs. Langtry as Hester Grazebrook, in "An Unequal Match," the rôle of her American début



Henry E. Abbey, Mrs. Langtry's first American manager



Johnstone Forbes-Robertson as Romeo

consists of sitting in a sledge and being guided by two men running with ropes down a steep and narrow cobbled mountain path with deep gutters on either side. This struck me as a sensation somewhat similar to that favored by the students of Manchester and Glasgow, and I consider one experience of these so-called amusements ample in a short and crowded life.

Dublin naturally lived up to its tradition of boisterous audiences, and in Mr. Langtry's home town (Continued on page 116)



# The Restless Sex

A Chronicle of Insurgent Love

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

STEPHANIE QUEST, after the death of her well-connected but worthless parents, is taken, at the age of eleven, into the home of John Cleland, a wealthy New Yorker, a widower with an only son, Jim. After she grows up, she does not care for society, and develops some radical ideas on the independence of women and their right to lead what life they wish. Cleland dies when she is eighteen; Jim goes abroad for two years, to study and observe life with the idea of writing fiction, and Stephanie after taking a course in hospital nursing in a home for defective children established by a wealthy aunt, becomes so attracted to the bohemian life of a certain type of New York artist that she takes a studio with a friend, Helen Davis, a sculptor. With legacies from Cleland and her aunt, she now enjoys a considerable income. After nearly three years' residence in Paris, Jim receives a cable from Stephanie saying that she has married Oswald Grismer, a college-mate of his, who has taken up sculpture. Oswald's father was the uncle of Stephanie's mother. Jim returns home. He finds an unusual state of things existing. Stephanie has kept her own name and has not yet lived with Grismer as his wife. She says she will not do so until she is sure she loves him. She thinks she will know after a year or two. Apparently she has married him because he has lost his money and is in straitened circumstances.

Cleland leases an apartment in the house in which the two girls live, and works on a novel. He and Stephanie soon find that they are deeply in love with each other. The girl becomes very jealous of Cleland's attentions to other women, especially those to Marie Cliff, one of Helen's models, but Marie is the wife of John Belter, one of Jim's schoolboy friends. John and Marie have quarreled and separated, but a reconciliation is effected. Another of Cleland's old-time friends is Phil Grayson, a writer. Cleland is kind to Grismer and takes him to his country place in the Berkshires and gives him a commission for a fountain. He then invites Stephanie and Helen for a visit. The evening before the girls arrive, he and Grismer have a frank talk over the perplexing situation, in the course of which Grismer offers to give Stephanie up.

STEPHANIE and Helen arrived, bringing a mountain of baggage and the studio cat.

"Oh!" cried Stephanie, standing on the lawn and quite enchanted by the old place. "It is simply too lovely! It's like a charming dolls' house—it's so much smaller than I remember. Helen, did you ever see such trees? And isn't the garden a dear? Where is Oswald, Jim?"

"He went back to town this morning."

"How mean of him!"

"I tried to keep him," said Cleland, "but he insisted that it was a matter of business."

"Did he have a good time here?" asked Stephanie, in a guileless voice. But she looked sideways at him.

"I think so, Steve. He seemed care-free and vastly contented to rove over the place. I am glad he came. I have learned to like him very much."

"You're a dear!" she murmured, under her breath, her

gray eyes fixed on him and full of tenderness tinged with humor. "You always do the right thing, Jim. You are right—that's the reason. Do you wonder that I'm quite mad about you—I, who am all wrong?"





# Ellen Terry, 80, Noted English Actress, Dies

By Associated Press.

SMALL HYTHE, Kent, England, July 21.—Dame Ellen Terry, British actress, beloved by playgoers the world over, died Saturday morning in the little oaken farmhouse tucked away in the vales of Kent where she had quietly spent the last years of her life.

Death came at 8:56 a. m., after an uncomfortable night during which she sank slowly to the end. When dawn appeared the doctor announced the patient considerably weaker. She passed away peacefully, surrounded by relatives. Her death marked the final period of her hopeless struggle against a combination heart attack and cerebral hemorrhage from which she had been sinking slowly since Tuesday.

A few days ago with the end approaching she gave the Associated Press this message for America:

"Give my love to America, and tell my dear friends there that I am thinking of them as I rest here in my quiet English countryside. When one is 80, one has dreams of days gone by and often in my dreams I live again the many happy times I spent in America. My heart is warm with the memories of my friends across the sea."

The whole wide world which loves such consummate art as that with which Ellen T. charmed and thrilled lovers of the drama for more than half a century was plunged into mourning by the news that the final curtain had been rung down on her great career.

There had been fears for some time that she whose life was the stage would not much longer survive the definite withdrawal from it which her age compelled. She celebrated her eightieth birthday last February. She was prevented by illness at that time from replying as she had planned to the message broadcast in her honor over the radio by Sir Johnson Forbes-Robertson.

She recovered from this illness quite quickly, however, and except for feebleness and infirmities incident to age and some degree of recession in mental activities she had appeared as well as could be expected until her seizure on July 27.

To the last Dame Ellen had followed the affairs of the stage with the greatest interest. She played her last Shakespearean part as Portia in the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" in 1921. Her last stage part, a non-speaking role, was that of the ghost of a kindly mother in

## Curtain Falls



Ellen Terry

Walter de La Mare's "Crossings" when she was 77 after she had gone more or less into retirement in the country of which she was passionately fond.

Her summers were spent quietly at her charming cottage in Kent. In Winter until last year she came up to her London flat in the heart of the land of the theater and saw as many plays as she had strength for.

Until two years ago Miss Terry never failed to appear at first nights in London and the tall, queenly lady in black with a black lace scarf draped over her silver hair was always rapturously applauded when she entered her box.

Miss Terry's daughter, Edith Craig, who gave up her career as a theatrical producer to be with her mother in retirement and has left her mother's room for only brief snatches of rest during the last four days was at the bedside. The actress' son, Edward Gordon Craig; her brother, Charles Terry; her favorite niece, Miss Olive Terry and her companion Miss Barnes were also present.



THE REIGNING  
BEAUTY OF  
THE DAYS OF  
KING  
EDWARD

VII:  
LILLY  
LANG-  
TRY,  
the Jer-  
sey Lily,  
Who Died  
Recently  
at Monte  
Carlo at  
the Age  
of 74.  
From a  
Photo-  
graph  
Taken  
in 1900 on  
One of her  
Visits to  
America.

## LILY LANGTRY

LILY LANGTRY, 76, famous a generation ago, first as a London society beauty and later as a dramatic star, died at Monte Carlo February 12, of an acute heart attack induced by bronchitis and possibly other complications. She had been ill about three weeks.

As Emily Charlotte Le Breton, she came from the Isle of Jersey, where she was born in 1852, the daughter of a clergyman, to London, stepping into society as the wife of Edward Langtry. The English capital at that time was noted for its beautiful society women and the 22-year-old "Jersey Lily", as she was dubbed, took front rank. The pseudonym was inadvertently conferred upon Mrs. Langtry by Millais, famous painter, when he made a portrait of the wife of the wealthy society man and gave it the title, "A Jersey Lily". The picture was hung in the Royal Academy and was the painting sensation of the season.

Conspicuous among the many admirers Mrs. Langtry's beauty attracted was King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. Four years after her arrival in London society her husband's fortune was suddenly swept away by business reverses. Acting upon the advice of friends in the theatrical profession, she took to the stage. She made her debut with the Bancrofts at the Haymarket Theater, London, in 1881, playing Kate Hardcastle in *She Stoops To Conquer*. A year later she headed her own company, presenting Shakespearean and other legitimate drama. As Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, Mrs. Langtry won her principal distinction as a dramatic actress. Altho she was never recognized by the critics as a great actress, the Jersey Lily was one of the greatest drawing cards of her time. She began a tour in the United States in 1886, remained three years, and earned more than \$300,000 here, a very large sum in that period.

In 1906, Mrs. Langtry appeared on the American vaudeville stage in dramatic playlets, reappearing in 1912 and again in 1915. Two years after the death of Edward Langtry she married Sir Hugo De Batne, thus acquiring the title Lady De Bathe. Since 1912 she has been virtually in retirement, making occasional brief appearances in vaudeville.



This weeks winners of \$25 Awards of Honor are shown herewith. These awards entitle each winner to six cabinet photos free at The News Studio. And each is still eligible, as are all other contestants, for the grand prizes of \$1,000, \$250 and \$100. See coupon in main news section.



ce Ann Bolin's the name, if you use, daughter of George and Virginia is Bolin of Memphis, Tenn. Just turned ten, blonde and blue-eyed Alice is five feet nine and a half and weighs 100 pounds—figures which the experts consider just right. Her father's an editor.

(Swilley's Studio)

From Coffeyville, K comes eight-months-old Delmar James Balch, chubby son of Delmar and Allene Balitz. The father, a salesman, is proud of son's 22 pounds, over average for his height of two feet five. Delmar has dark brown hair and eyes.

(By Mard)

de and brown-haired Dorothy Kittle, daughter of Ed and Ottila Kittle ofington, Conn., is two years old, five feet ten and a half and weighs 100 pounds. Which makes her a big girl for her age. Her father's a sales-

(By Herbert)



Although blonde and blue-eyed Janet Ellen Fox will not be two until July, she already weighs 32 pounds, quite some poundage for her height of two feet eight and a half. Her parents are Samuel and Frieda Hammerman Fox of S. Fourth St., Brooklyn. Her dad's in the coat and apron supply business.

(By Davis Studios)



On the right of the health center is smiling Nancy H. a three-year-old daughter of William and Ann Holze of North Boulevard, B side, Que. Nancy has blonde hair and blue eyes, is three feet and a half tall and weighs 33 pounds. Her father's a woodworker.



ert Joseph Snyder, son of Joseph P. and Symington Snyder of Roberts Ave., will turn four this July and right now he's three feet six and weighs 46 pounds, putting the age tables to shame. He's a blonde with blue eyes and his father deals in construction



Long brown hair frames the face of blue-eyed Barbara Joan Charal, daughter of David L. and Pauline Glasser Charal of W. 106th St. Barbara's eight and a half, four feet four inches tall and weighs 73 pounds—a healthy, husky girl. Her father's an attorney.

(By The News Studio)



Jack Cardozo Jr., seven-year-old son of and Marion Rietman Cardozo of West N. J., comes up to the experts' expectation with his height of four feet and weighs 100 pounds. He has blue eyes and light

bug and torn by the cold winds of "jazz" temperament." Mr. Warde was presented as the last leaf of the tree.

actor and some sketches of his association with exponents of the Shakespearean drama.



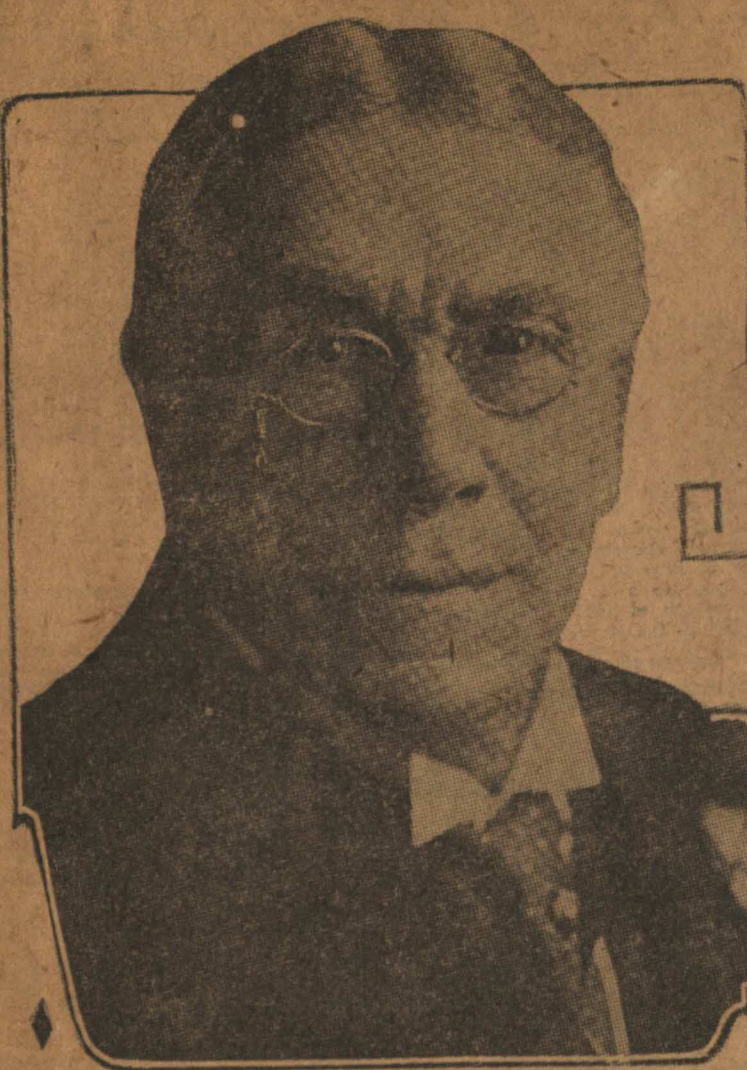
February 12, 1939



RAYMOND MASSEY  
ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS



# NOTED DRAMATIST GUEST HERE



Frederick Warde, dramatist, author and lecturer, who will be presented between 4 and 6 p. m. today at a tea at the Woman's Club. Warde is one of the outstanding exponents of the Shakespearean drama.

**Mod Rea Ba**

WARDE—Frederick, 83, whose passing was briefly reported under Late Deaths in last issue, during the '80s and '90s was one of the most popular players on the American stage. He played with many stars, including Edwin Booth. Born in England, his first appearance on the stage was as the Second Murderer in *Macbeth* at the Lyceum Theater, Sunderland, Eng. Later he went to Scotland and played 80 parts in nine months at the Theater Royal in Glasgow, supporting Henry Irving and Sims Reeve. It was thru Dion Boucicault, whom he met in Manchester, Eng., that Mr. Warde came to America to appear at Booth's Theater, New York. In the '80s he toured the West and South with a Shakespearean company. Later he co-starred with Louis James in another road company. About 1922 he played in several motion pictures, including *Silas Marner*. He also made radio appearances a few years ago. Warde traveled extensively as a lecturer, mostly on Shakespeare. His writings include an autobiography published in 1920 and titled *Fifty Years of Make Believe*. In 1922 he became an American citizen and retired from the stage in 1923. Besides his son, Arthur Frederick Warde, two daughters, Mrs. J. J. Hillgardner, of West Hempstead, L. I., and Mrs. May Schmitt, of Brooklyn, survive.

**Will ense tates**

Modern a common s plays will g sticks. Frederick who was ren looks with o theater is a the poor mat who are for the trend of

"The American clean, honest present social condition can not exist for the true American spirit will triumph and the real tastes of the people will come into evidence," Warde said. "Then it will be that plays and literature will hunt a higher plane and be the real testimony of American life."

**Cleaner Plays Coming.**

"Surgeons and doctors study anatomy in a dissecting room, and it is through this experience that the world profits by their knowledge, but the door of the room is not thrown open to the public and the unbecoming things exposed to public views. So should it be with the stage. Men and women of broad experience know of the unattractive things that are in the moral dissecting room of life, but the door should not be thrown open and expose things that displease the finer sense of the theater patron. It is only a question of time, however, until better plays will be offered and a clean, honorable drama typical of the beauties of America will be offered as a national art."

Warde was born in 1851 and has seen the pendulum of time mark the progress of art through more than half a century. He has a smooth soft skin remarking lacking in lines considering his years and his brown eyes are as clear and expressive as those of a very young man. His good health and happiness are results of an active mind and life and the constant process of storing mental resources to occupy his thoughts in the "evening of life" as he expresses it.

## FREDERICK WARDE RECALLS THE PAST

SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR AND LECTURER TELLS OF EARLY DAYS' EXPERIENCES.

REFR 11 1921  
DRAWS COMPARISONS

Honor Guest at Luncheon and Speaks at City Hall Under Auspices of Elks.

Frederick Warde, the Shakespearean actor and lecturer, met many long-time friends at a luncheon given in his honor at the City Club yesterday at 1 o'clock. Among those attending were a number who have been prominent in the affairs of Dallas for nearly half a century. Reminiscences of early days in Dallas were given in the speeches which followed the luncheon and the affair was ended with an address by Mr. Warde.

The first speaker was Karl Hoblitzelle, president of the Interstate Amusement Company, which owns the Majestic Theater. Mr. Hoblitzelle expressed regret that he could not look back to the time when Mr. Warde was one of the foremost actors regularly visiting Dallas. He said, however, that he did have the pleasure on the occasion of the opening of the Majestic Theater of hearing Colonel J. T. Trezevant make an address in which he quoted from that part of Mr. Warde's book, "Fifty Years of Make Believe," which deals with some amusing incidents in the early life of Dallas. He paid a tribute to the ability of Mr. Warde as an actor and a lecturer, and expressed the belief that Mr. Warde's influence for the good of the stage would be enduring.

**City's Rapid Growth.**

"In the sixteen years that the Interstate Amusement Company has been in Dallas," Mr. Hoblitzelle continued, "the city has grown by leaps and bounds. While some have expressed the belief that the new Majestic Theater is ahead of the city's growth, I venture to say that if Dallas keeps on growing it will be only a few years before we will feel that we did not build the Majestic as we should have constructed it. The amusement business now is passing through the most trying period of the last twenty years. But, nevertheless, conditions in the Southwest indicate that our business here is better, proportionately, than it is in any other part of the country. Right here in Texas—and in Dallas particularly—we are showing an increase over a year ago. This is a very good barometer to show what the future holds for us and for the town."

Mr. Hoblitzelle said that while, of course, the Majestic had to be a paying proposition in order to continue, the management intended to make it a place of service for the advancement of the community. Essentially, he said, it must be an institution that carries cheer and entertainment to every man, woman and child. He invited Mr. Warde to inspect his theater before leaving Dallas.

**Capitol Manager Speaks.**

George D. Watters, the new manager of the Capitol Theater, the next speaker, declared it was delightful to him to recall the days when the stage was ornamented by such actors as Warde, Mansfield and E. S. Willard. He recalled a humorous incident of a performance by Mr. Warde many years ago, when a boy became so moved by one of Mr. Warde's interpretations that to him the personality of the actor became utterly lost in the character he portrayed. He mentioned this, he said, because, when he saw Mr. Warde act fifteen years later, the same emotions and the same impression came again.

Mr. Watters described himself as "a dark horse in Dallas." He said that he had talked a lot, but had not accomplished anything, whereas it now was his desire to say little and accomplish much in the management of the Capitol Theater. He was going to try to emphasize the idealistic side of his profession; that is, while money-making would be essential, he would endeavor to make it secondary to art. This ambition of his, he said, was due to the influence exerted on him in his youth by the acting of such men as Mr. Warde.

"We no have a very fine company at the Capitol," he continued, "but I am not satisfied and will try to make improvements. The next few months will reveal the result of my efforts. Shortly I shall bring some of the biggest actors in America to Dallas."

### Little Theater Movement

H. T. Pearson, one of the of the Little Theater movement in Dallas, expressed appreciation of meeting Mr. Warde, continued by saying that he to leave no doubt as to the Theater's position here. "It is in competition with other it would be a slander to the sion Mr. Warde adorned to that an amateur with brief aration could put on a finish formance. The Little Theater said, stood for an attempt to back to the stage the spoken It was intended to afford an tunity for the development of histrionic talent. Its pro were making an effort to p permanent home for it.

Colonel J. T. Trezevant be brief speech by saying that really had been only one lately to which he had with itation accepted an invitation tend. That invitation came it local order of the Blue Goo discovered that the order w at all blue, and that he was a gander as any of them. I left feeling cheerful. Much the result, he was persuaded, wou from the present occasion, had found it very cheerful had given him opportunity new many old friendships a acquaintances, not the least of was that of the honor gue Warde, whom he had known mired for many years. He in indorsement of the Cap Little Theater enterprises, a dicted that both were going ceed. "Everything else hering to succeed, too," he adde that is necessary is to hand proper bait." He emphasize point with the recital of a h personal experience which laughter.

### Recalls Early Days.

Mr. Warde, he proceeded, b back to him the recollection early days when, from force cumstances and because he was sufficiently interested in thine to take a hand when tunity offered, he got into t atrical business. His experie this line, he said, was both p and profitable. He spoke w light of his association wit sterling actors as McCu Warde, Joseph Jefferson and liam H. Crane.

He told of the time when Tenison, now head of the Cl tional Bank, then a stru young man, used to climb in a window and hide under the in order to witness perform not having money enough t chase tickets. He also recall a very profane doorkeeper fre would discover Mr. Teni hiding, and, with picturesque ity, pursue him from the into the street. He spoke first occasion on which he Mr. Warde and paid a tribute worth as an actor and as a man.

### Mr. Warde Speaks.

Mr. Warde, the last spoke introduced by George B. I who called him "gracious, sociable and kind," and call these present to drink to the of their guest. The toast was standing.

Mr. Warde said that in play, "The Lady of Lyons," a character, a general, wh many years' absence, retur his native city and finding it ly improved, exclaimed that a pleasure to grow old w years that bring decay to o but add to the prosperity country.

"It is a pleasure to grow o the years that bring decay selves," he said, "but which to the esteem and affect which we are held by our citizens and our friends."

He gave some of the out facts in his career of fif years as an actor, contrasti ditions of those days with the present.

### In Dallas Young Ago.

John McCullough, he said the first man he met when to the United States, and with McCullough when he m first visit to Dallas, this either in 1879 or 1880. They in a small theater at the cor Main and Austin streets. The dressed in their rooms in the sor Hotel, walked down a b to a bridge which spanned street on the second floor, this to the "Exchange" Hotel, they passed through at the From this point, they d through a window, walked roof and entered the theater near through another windo He asked his hearers to i McCullough, garbed as R making this journey from h to the stage and running the let of bellboys and chambe who audibly and facetiousl mented on his appearance. He had a word to say about t fane ticket-taker, John Monagh whose oburgations at times wou be so vociferous as to be audib in the theater during the perform ance. Monaghan's office consist of two dry goods boxes set up the sidewalk.

Mr. Warde said he also played Craddock's Theater, which can later, and which was over a salo across the street from the fir theater. In later years, he said, had the distinction of playing in tent in Dallas, the tent being t same as that in which Sarah Berhardt had appeared here. His pla on that occasion, was Julius Cesi and during the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius it was necessary for the actors to dodge around a te pole in the center of the stage.

### Early Life in England.

Early in his address Mr. Warde told briefly of the beginning of his career. He was born in the middle counties of England with a schoolmaster father and a mother who was the daughter of a farmer. Upon the death of his father his mother removed to London and he was articled to a firm of lawyers. For a while he studied law. There, came across his field of vision an actor of the long-coated, long-haired school found frequently. Mr. Warde said, in the pages of Dickens, Smollet and other English writers. Against the actor's advice he determined to go upon the stage and procured employment in a provincial theater in North England. His first part was that of the second murderer in *Macbeth* and he failed dismally at speaking the brief line that was to be his contribution to the evening of Shakespeare.

He expected to be dismissed from the company but the manager, who also was *Macbeth* in the play, encouraged him with a "Never mind, my boy, you'll do better next time." There followed seven years of stock drama in England, Scotland and Ireland, during which time he met Sir Henry Irving, then plain Henry Irving and played with him. He told of a twelve-mile tramp across country with Sir Henry and a luncheon under the trees at a roadside inn when the repast consisted of bread and butter, cheese and beer. It stands out in his memory as the richest meal of his life, he said.

### Came to America in 1874.

The first engagement in America came in 1874, when he first met John McCullough, whom he characterized as supreme in playing parts of rugged forwardness. There followed the recital of his stage connections with Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson, Edwin Booth, "the gentlest gentleman the world has ever known," Lawrence Barrett, Louis James and finally Douglas Fairbanks, whose stage career began with Mr. Warde's company.

The anecdotes that he related were of great figures whose memories are cherished through the English speaking world. He presented them as victims of odd laugh-compelling situations. Charlotte Cushman probably was the greatest woman actor who ever trod the American stage, he said, and he drew a vivid picture of her farewell appearance in New York at the age of 68. He pictured a scene in which the intensive Adelaide Neilson knocked him flat in a scene in which it had been contemplated she would melt into his arms and he would say in the grief stricken tones of a humiliated lover, "This is the heaviest blow of all." When he rose from the stage to recite those lines the audience went mad with laughter and the show was broken up. "When Adelaide Neilson shed tears they were real tears, when she came bounding into your arms you knew she was there, and when Adelaide Neilson kissed you—well, she kissed you," he said. She was probably the most effective Juliet that ever played the part, Mr. Warde said.

### Tells of Dallas Engagement.

The actor brought his hearer to high pitch with a recital of Hamlet's first soliloquy after the manner of Edwin Booth, and a moment later had them rocking with laughter at a story of Booth juggling a turnip fashioned to represent Yorick's skull, at a performance of Hamlet in Columbia, S. C.

Mr. Warde recalled an engagement in Dallas in 1879 or 1880 when the classic drama the company was then offering was presented in two storerooms thrown together on Austin street, and told how the actors dressed for their parts and paraded across the roofs to the theater. He gave intimate pictures also of later engagements while heading his own company, when he had to enact Shakespearean roles before an audience in Silver City, N. M., when he anxiously awaited an Apache attack in an adobe theater in Tucson, Ariz., and when clad in Roman raiment, he battled mosquitoes in Blismarck, N. D.

### Few times did Mr. Warde com-

sented seriously on the present situation and then in all kindness. He lamented the fact that the youth of today "is desecrating, emasculating and absolutely destroying the English language in an era of lip laziness," and was loudly applauded. He referred with pride to the fact that in an earlier day the theater was the standard for purity in speech, and spoke fondly of the green room off stage where John's dictionary always reposed. He urged the support of the legitimate drama of the day, but counseled a "thunder of silence" for the suggestive drama, "the bedroom, bath-room and lavatory farces." He praised the Little Theater movement and called upon his hearers to give helpful encouragement to aspiring youth in the fields of music, letters and the drama.

Mr. Warde's address was preceded by a musical program of more than a half hour's duration. The Elks Band under the direction of Paul Ashley, gave several numbers. Hedley Cooper, violinist, appeared in two numbers with Julius Albert Jahn at the piano and Mesdames W. S. Bramlett and Earle D. Behrends contributed two duet numbers with violin obligato by Hedley Cooper. The musicians were presented by Wilford B. Smith who also introduced Mr. Warde in a brief address in which the field of the legitimate drama was likened to a tree succumbin to the ravages of the "movie bug" and torn by the cold winds of "jazz temperament." Mr. Warde was presented as the last leaf of the tree.

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## NOTED DRAMATIST GUEST HERE



Frederick Warde, who will be presented by the Woman's Club of the Shakspearean drama.

## Modern Drama Will Reach Common Sense Basis, Author States

BY IDA BELLE HICKS.

Modern drama, like modern women, will eventually reach a common sense basis and the bedroom scenes and problem plays will go out with the short skirts, bobbed hair and lipsticks.

Frederick Warde, Shakspearean dramatist and author, who was renewing old friendships in Fort Worth Wednesday, looks with optimism into the future and feels assured that the theater is a stable institution that can not be torn down by the poor material and plays that are being presented by actors who are forced to give the public what they want and follow the trend of the times.

"The American heart is inherently clean, honest and healthy and the present social condition can not exist for the true American spirit will triumph and the real tastes of the people will come into evidence," Warde said. "Then it will be that plays and literature will hunt a higher plane and be the real testimony of American life."

**Cleaner Plays Coming.**  
"Surgeons and doctors study anatomy in a dissecting room, and it is through this experience that the world profits by their knowledge, but the door of the room is not thrown open to the public and the unbecoming things exposed to public views. So should it be with the stage. Men and women of broad experience know of the unattractive things that are in the moral dissecting room of life, but the door should not be thrown open and expose things that displease the finer sense of the theater patron. It is only a question of time, however, until better plays will be offered and a clean, honorable drama typical of the beauties of America will be offered as a national art."

Warde was born in 1851 and has seen the pendulum of time mark the progress of art through more than half a century. He has a smooth soft skin remarking lacking in lines considering his years and his brown eyes are as clear and expressive as those of a very young man. His good health and happiness are results of an active mind and life and the constant process of storing mental resources to occupy his thoughts in the "evening of life" as he expresses it.

"Every man and woman busy in the commerce of today should not forget that there will come the years after success has been reached in business when some resource for happiness will be required," he said. "The study of art and literature and the development of an appreciation for these things of life represent an assurance for contentment in the last years."

It has been some time since the noted dramatist visited Texas. His first appearances in America brought him to Texas 40 years ago.

"In the years that I have traveled I have never witnessed such progress as has been made in this vast State of Texas," Warde said. "In coming over on the interurban from Dallas this morning I noticed the beautiful homes and thriving towns that have built up between these cities. It is remarkable to note this and to vision the unlimited future of the wonderful West of which Texas is a part."

**Entertained This Afternoon.**

Warde is being greeted on this Texas tour by many of the theater patrons who saw him when he traveled with John McCullough in productions of Shakspeare. Experiences and friendships gained through his stage work are recounted in Warde's book, "Fifty Years of Make-Believe." He is also author of "Shakspearean Studies Simplified," his latest publication, and "The Fools of Shakspeare." The Woman's Club of Fort Worth will entertain Warde this afternoon between 4 and 6 o'clock at a tea at the club building. In his lecture Warde will give some of his experiences as an actor and some sketches of his association with exponents of the Shakspearean drama.

## FREDERICK WARDE RECALLS THE PAST

SHAKSPEAREAN ACTOR AND LECTURER TELLS OF EARLY DAYS' EXPERIENCES.

REF. 11 1921  
DRAWS COMPARISONS

Honor Guest at Luncheon and Speaks at City Hall Under Auspices of Elks.

Frederick Warde, the Shakspearean actor and lecturer, met many long-time friends at a luncheon given in his honor at the City Club yesterday at 1 o'clock. Among those attending were a number who have been prominent in the affairs of Dallas for nearly half a century. Reminiscences of early days in Dallas were given in the speeches which followed the luncheon and the affair was ended with an address by Mr. Warde.

The first speaker was Karl Hoblitzelle, president of the Interstate Amusement Company, which owns the Majestic Theater. Mr. Hoblitzelle expressed regret that he could not look back to the time when Mr. Warde was one of the foremost actors regularly visiting Dallas. He said, however, that he did have the pleasure on the occasion of the opening of the Majestic Theater of hearing Colonel J. T. Trezevant make an address in which he quoted from that part of Mr. Warde's book, "Fifty Years of Make-Believe," which deals with some amusing incidents in the early life of Dallas. He paid a tribute to the ability of Mr. Warde as an actor and a lecturer, and expressed the belief that Mr. Warde's influence for the good of the stage would be enduring.

**City's Rapid Growth.**  
"In the sixteen years that the Interstate Amusement Company has been in Dallas," Mr. Hoblitzelle continued, "the city has grown by leaps and bounds. While some have expressed the belief that the new Majestic Theater is ahead of the city, I venture to say that if Dallas keeps on growing it will be only a few years before we will feel that we did not build the Majestic as we should have constructed it. The amusement business now is passing through the most trying period of the last twenty years. But, nevertheless, conditions in the Southwest indicate that our business here is better, proportionately, than it is in any other part of the country. Right here in Texas—and in Dallas particular—we are showing an increase over a year ago. This is a very good barometer to show what the future holds for us and for the town."

Mr. Hoblitzelle said that while, of course, the Majestic had to be a paying proposition in order to continue, the management intended to make it a place of service for the advancement of the community. Essentially, he said, it must be an institution that carries cheer and entertainment to every man, woman and child. He invited Mr. Warde to inspect his theater before leaving Dallas.

**Capitol Manager Speaks.**  
George D. Watters, the new manager of the Capitol Theater, the next speaker, declared it was delightful to him to recall the days when such stage was ornamented by such actors as Warde, Mansfield and E. S. Willard. He recalled a humorous incident of a performance by Mr. Warde many years ago, when a boy became so moved by one of Mr. Warde's interpretations that to him the personality of the actor became utterly lost in the character he portrayed. He mentioned this, he said, because, when he saw Mr. Warde at fifteen years later, the same emotions and the same impression came again.

Mr. Watters described himself as "a dark horse in Dallas." He said that he had talked a lot, but had not accomplished anything, whereas it now was his desire to say little and accomplish much in the management of the Capitol Theater. He was going to try to emphasize the idealistic side of his profession; that is, while money-making would be essential, he would endeavor to make it secondary to art. This ambition of his, he said, was due to the influence exerted on him in his youthful days by the acting of such men as Mr. Warde.

"We no longer have a very fine company at the Capitol," he continued, "but I am not satisfied and will try to make improvements. The next few months will reveal the result of my efforts. Shortly I shall bring some of the biggest actors in America to Dallas."

**Little Theater Movement.**  
H. T. Pearson, one of the heads of the Little Theater movement in Dallas, expressed appreciation of the honor of meeting Mr. Warde. He continued by saying that he desired to leave no doubt as to the Little Theater's position here. It was not in competition with other theaters. It would be a slander to the profession Mr. Warde adorned to assume that an amateur with brief preparation could put on a finished performance. The Little Theater, he said, stood for an attempt to bring back to the stage the spoken word. It was intended to afford an opportunity for the development of local histrionic talent. Its promoters were making an effort to provide a permanent home for it.

Colonel J. T. Trezevant began his brief speech by saying that there really had been only one meeting lately to which he had without hesitation accepted an invitation to attend. That invitation came from the local order of the Blue Goose. He discovered that the order was not at all blue, and that he was as big a gander as any of them. He had left feeling cheerful. Much the same result, he was persuaded, would come from the present occasion, for he had found it very cheerful and it had given him opportunity to renew many old friendships and acquaintances, not the least of which was that of the honor guest, Mr. Warde, whom he had known and admired for many years. He spoke in indorsement of the Capitol and Little Theater enterprises, and predicted that both were going to succeed. "Everything else here is going to succeed, too," he added. "All that is necessary is to hand out the proper bait." He emphasized this point with the recital of a humorous personal experience which brought laughter.

**Recalls Early Days.**  
Mr. Warde, he proceeded, brought back to him the recollection of the early days when, from force of circumstances and because he always was sufficiently interested in everything to take a hand when opportunity offered, he got into the theatrical business. His experience in this line, he said, was both pleasant and profitable. He spoke with delight of his association with such sterling actors as McCullough, Warde, Joseph Jefferson and William H. Crane.

He told of the time when E. O. Tenison, now head of the City National Bank, then a struggling young man, used to climb in through a window and hide under the seats in order to witness performances not having money enough to purchase tickets. He also recalled that a very profane doorkeeper frequently would discover Mr. Tenison in hiding, and, with picturesque profanity, pursue him from the theater into the street. He spoke of the first occasion on which he had seen Mr. Warde and paid a tribute to his worth as an actor and as a gentleman.

**Mr. Warde Speaks.**  
Mr. Warde, the last speaker, was introduced by George B. Dealey, who called him "gracious, jovial, sociable and kind," and called on those present to drink to the health of their guest. The toast was drunk standing.

Mr. Warde said that in the old play, "The Lady of Lyons," there is a character, a general, who after many years' absence, returned to his native city and finding it greatly improved, exclaimed that it was a pleasure to grow old with the years that bring decay to ourselves but add to the prosperity of our country.

"It is a pleasure to grow old with the years that bring decay to ourselves," he said, "but which add to the esteem and affection which we are held by our fellow citizens and our friends."

He gave some of the outstanding facts in his career of fifty-four years as an actor, contrasting conditions of those days with those of the present.

**In Dallas Young Ago.**

John McCullough, he said, was the first man he met when he came to the United States, and he was with McCullough when he made his first visit to Dallas, this being either in 1879 or 1880. They played in a small theater at the corner of Main and Austin streets. The actor dressed in their rooms in the Windsor Hotel, walked down a hallway to a bridge which spanned Austin street on the second floor, crossed this to the "Exchange" Hotel, which they passed through at the rear. From this point, they climbed through a window, walked over the roof and entered the theater at the rear through another window.

He asked his hearers to imagine McCullough, garbed as Richelle, making this journey from his room to the stage and running the gauntlet of bellboys and chambermaids who audibly and facetiously commented on his appearance. He also had a word to say about the profane ticket-taker, John Monaghan, whose obnoxiousness at times would be so vociferous as to be audibly heard in the theater during the performance. Monaghan's office consisted of two dry goods boxes set up on the sidewalk.

Mr. Warde said he also played Craddock's Theater, which came later, and which was over a saloon across the street from the first theater. In later years, he said, he had the distinction of playing in the same place as that in which Sarah Bernhardt had appeared here. His play on that occasion, was Julius Cæsar, and during the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius it was necessary for the actors to dodge around a table in the center of the stage.

Early in his address Warde said that he first crossed the continent in 1878, the journey then consuming seven days. He had seen the development of the country from settlement to metropolis, as in the case of Dallas. He had had the advantage of meeting the big men and women of the stage—people of broad vision and humanity, cultured and refined, and he had striven as best he could to gain something from them. To him stage life had been very interesting. He asserted that there is no other profession that gives as much for what it gets.

"In the evening of my life," he went on, "I appreciate the regard of the people throughout the country far more than any financial advantage. I would not exchange the life I have led for any other that could have been offered me because it has given me the association of men and women of the character that I have outlined to you, and it has given me the opportunity of seeing this marvelous country develop to its present proportions, and it has given me the opportunity of developing my character, I think, to a greater extent than any other calling would have done."

He spoke with pride of his association with Booth, Barrett, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson whom he described as the most beautiful Juliette of them all, and Louis James, to whom life was a joke. There was a popular impression, he said, that actors were very jealous, but he had never found jealousy among them. On the contrary he had found them kind and charitable and willing to help.

**The Shakspearean Plays.**

For more than twenty-five years, he said, he had toured this country presenting Shakspearean plays, but the changes in the tastes of the American public had made it no longer feasible for him to do this and so he had abandoned the practice. Here he went back to the days when he began as an actor in England and reviewed the successive changes that had been made in the drama. His conclusion, which was not voiced without some emotion, was that the days are gone when the American public will go to see Shakspearean plays. The reason for this was the change in conditions which had brought changes in our mode of living and consequently in our tastes and desires. He deplored some of the tendencies the stage has developed and said that we must strive to correct them. The drama of the spoken word would come back, he declared; the motion picture never, never could take its place. But when the drama of the spoken word came back into popularity he wanted it to come with clean and uplifting plays presented by actors and actresses of merit and endowed with the proper ideals. It was the duty of every one to encourage such a return.

"How are we to do this?" he asked. "Simple in this way: When such an attraction is offered you, patronize it. Don't let any other engagement interfere. Support those who have invested their money. They must meet their expenses and find the venture profitable."

Mr. Warde lifted up his hands in an expressive gesture when he exclaimed: "And when an indecent drama comes, don't patronize it—and don't talk about it. Treat it with the thunders of silence and others like it will stay away."

**Commends Little Theater.**

He closed with a brief commendation of the Little Theater movement as a delightful aid to the renaissance of decent drama. The one at Hollywood, Cal., had been very successful, and he expressed the hope that the one here likewise would be successful.

George B. Dealey presided at the luncheon and introduced the speakers. Those present were: J. B. Adoue, M. M. Crane, H. C. Coke, Edward Gray, Max Goettinger, Karl Hoblitzelle, A. V. Lan's, Otto Lang, E. M. Reardon, C. L. Sanger, E. O. Tenison, Edward Titcher, J. T. Trezevant, W. C. Lemmons, W. A. Dealey, H. T. Pearson, G. D. Watters, G. B. Dealey, Frederick Warde, E. B. Doran, M. C. Turner and W. A. Green Sr.

**Speaks at City Hall.**

Mr. Warde delivered an address on "Fifty Years of Make-Believe" before an audience of about two hundred persons last night in the Auditorium of the City Hall, under the auspices of the Dallas Lodge of Elks. The story of his connection with the English and American stage for more than fifty years, which required more than an hour to tell, was delivered with all of the vigor and warmth that the famous actor might have given to some such role as "Brutus" thirty years ago. The memories of men, and women and of incidents that he brought up before his audience moved from the realm of "make believe."

Related incidents in the lives of famous actor folks from Sir Henry Irving to Douglas Fairbanks and his recitals with such enthusiasm of expression that the comrades of whom he spoke could almost be visualized there on the stage with him.

Mr. Warde's address was preceded by a musical program of more than a half hour's duration. The Elks' Band under the direction of Paul Ashley, gave several numbers. Hedley Cooper, violinist, appeared in two numbers with Julius Albert Jahn at the piano and Mesdames W. S. Bramlett and Earle D. Belrends contributed two duet numbers with violin obligato by Hedley Cooper. The musicians were presented by Wilford E. Smith who also introduced Mr. Warde in a brief address in which the field of the legitimate drama was likened to a tree succumb to the ravages of the "movie bug" and torn by the cold winds of "jazz temperament." Mr. Warde was presented as the last leaf of the tree.



BALTIMORE, Feb. 19.

No parent is prouder of his family than I am in being called the "daddy" of "The Green Pastures" company. The tour now ending, though arduous, was on the whole a happy one for us all. There are many instances that stand out more clearly than others in the life of the traveling man. Some are pleasant and some are not so pleasant. We try to remember only those that are agreeable.

We went to Hampton Institute from Norfolk, and there a fine reception was given me by the president of the institution in honor of my birthday. It's a glorious thing to have lived long. It is a great satisfaction to know you have lived so people will recognize something in you that is worth while.

Another incident that will stand out forever in my memory is my visit to the city of my birth, London, Ont. I had not lived there since I was 17 years of age. Naturally, I was like all boys. I played baseball, fished, fought, raised Cain generally. I went to the public schools and in my spare time was a newsboy, selling The London Advertiser. I wondered, as we neared our engagement, how London was going to receive me. I wondered if anybody remembered Richard Harrison. So when the train pulled into the depot I looked out to see



As Is Pretty Generally Known by Now, "The Green Pastures" Is Returning to Town on Tuesday and Will Take Up Residence at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. The Drawing Is of Richard B. Harrison, Who, as "de Lawd," Has Never Missed a Performance of the Play.

Included in the large delegation present to meet me was a gentleman who stepped forward and said: "I am the Mayor of London. I have come to welcome you home. These gentlemen with me are the Aldermen of the city. Others who are here are business men and some of your old associates with whom you went to school and battled in your younger days. We have come to escort you to the London Hotel, where we will have dinner, and then to a reception at the church where you were baptized, B. M. E. on Grey Street."

So we went to the reception after dinner. Our whole cast went with me, and I was amazed in listening to the speeches to learn how well I was remembered. My brother was asked to say something, and I cannot forget his enthusiasm as he told them: "Richard may be 'de Lawd' to you; he may be a great actor; he may have won compliments from all the newspapers in the world; but to me he is just my brother, Richard." Although some people laughed and applauded, tears were in the eyes of most of the audience. It was a glorious evening.

The next morning His Honor George A. Wenige, Mayor, called for me at the hotel and we rode around London. Oh, what a great change had come over the city. From a little town of 15,000 it had grown to a city of 75,000 or 80,000. The little schools that I attended have given way to large educational institutions. The residences that we thought palatial when we were young, though they are still standing, seem to have dwarfed and shrunk in the wake of other great buildings that outmoded them. Nothing seems to be the same but the river, and even it seemed to have grown smaller. As children we thought it the grandest river in the world. We visited every point of interest, including the site where I was born and Labatt's Brewery, where I used to sell papers to the father of the man who is now the owner and general manager of the brewery.

We had a matinee the next day, and until time for that the Mayor escorted me again to other points of interest outside the city limits. The Rotary Club had me as its guest at the London Hotel. I thought often of the time my mother and father ran away from slavery and made their home in London in 1854 and reared a family of six children.

From Canada we went to Michigan, where I studied in the Detroit Training School fifty years ago. Finally the show moved into Minnesota, where we encountered our first blizzard. In spite of it, we played to a capacity house at the University of Minnesota. Thanksgiving we spent in Eau Claire, Wis.

From Kansas City on Christmas Day we started South, our second visit to that section in less than a year. From Oklahoma City we traveled West across the vast plains of Texas, to Amarillo, Big Spring, San Angelo, Abilene—cattle country still suffering from the effect of the recent drought. We arrived in Austin on the day Governor Allred was inducted into office, succeeding Mrs. Miriam Ferguson as Governor of Texas. Then on to San Antonio, where our company visited the Alamo, where

years ago a handful of Texans for many days stood off an entire Mexican army. Galveston, that beautiful spot that has been harassed so often by floods and storms, remains in spite of it all picturesque and glorious. Texas, with its wonderful black soil and fine climate, could raise enough food to maintain the nation, I thought as I viewed its manifold gifts from nature.

On to Mobile among the Creoles and near-Creoles. Entertainment at the house of friends. Then an all-day ride from Mobile to Jacksonville, Fla., where we were rewarded with two sold-out houses. Then to St. Petersburg, the most beautiful city I have seen in all my travels. Lakeland and a visit to the lakes and to the Bok tower. In Tampa I secured a fresh supply of "ten-cent seegars." Thence to Orlando and Daytona Beach, and in the latter city entertained by Mrs. Bethune at her school; listened to the singing of the superb student chorus. A real fish fry that night after the performance. To Gainesville, where we played at the University of Florida auditorium, and then on to Tallahassee, where I met my old friend, J. R. E. Lee, president of the Agricultural and

Mechanical College. Gave the show to an overflowing audience at that institution and met the Governor of Florida and other prominent officials.

\* \* \*

Tonight at the Maryland Theatre in Baltimore we are closing another road season. The last stop before Broadway. What an anticipation after being away from New York for so long. We are coming back with the cast intact except for a few who have passed to the "Greener Pastures." We have a new Moses. We left our Moses in Danville, Va. We have a new Noah. Salem Tutt Whitney, who created that rôle, died a year ago in Chicago. We lost our stage manager, too, about a year ago. He was A. J. Curtis, and had been with us since the opening night at the Mansfield. We have some new cherubs and a new Gabriel, two of the latter having passed on.

\* \* \*

We only hope that Broadway will be as kind to us upon our return as it was when we played there for 640 performances during 1930-31. How very glad we will be to shake hands with old friends. It is indeed a source of great satisfaction to know that we have broken important records. We have met the most prominent people in America, including the President of the United States. On the eve of our New York return I remember the appropriate words of the little ebony-hued schoolboy who was asked what message the class had for the Board of Education: "Tell 'em we's a-risin'!"



BARRYMORE

His own stars—what about them? There was Cec Starr, Leonore Ulrich and Lionel Atwill. Are just ordinary actors? Belasco would not have the public think so while they were playing in his dramas. Those who inquire why Miss Barrymore's name is omitted ask Belasco if he saw her in "Mid Chit and Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." And those who advance claims of Otis Skinner recall him with pleasure in "Kismet," "The Honor of the Family," "Cock and Walk" and other plays. George Arliss' admirers point out his performances in "Disraeli," "Hamilton," "Green Goddess" and other dramas.

In England there is Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and others. No mention is made of them by Belasco. There also are Olga Nethersole, Alla Nazimova and the great Alexander Moissi. Are there no actors on the French stage worth being listed among the fifty greatest? There is the list of Guilty, for instance, Madame Simone and a host of stars of the Odeon and the Theatre Francaise.

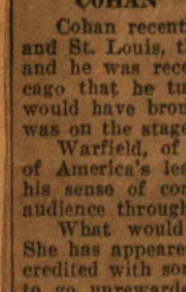
Has Italy no successor to not there some artist in the M of being in the list of the gold

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After seeing Douglas Fairbanks in "The Taming of the Shrew" short of supreme artistry.

Belasco merely named him, thus causing plenty of comment. Cohan of recent years has

more highly by critics. Then, appearing only in musical comedies to as more or less of an upstart, he began writing with a real human touch to them and did so in such a




COHAN

Cohan recently made a tour as far west as Chicago and St. Louis, the first time he had done this in years and he was received warmly. It was reported in Chicago that he turned down a contract for movie rights that would have brought him \$1,000,000. He said his work was on the stage, where he had made his success.

Warfield, of course, long has been regarded as one of America's leading actors. His natural method of acting and his sense of comedy have made him loved by a wide audience throughout the country.

What would Belasco say about Margaret? She has appeared in some wonderful roles and is credited with some superb performances. Is Viola to go unrewarded also? She has appeared in Shakespearean and other classic plays. Then there are Arthur, Blanche Bates, Lionel Barrymore, Janecher, Doris Keane, Kyrie Bellew, Richard Bennett, Leslie Carter, Nance O'Neil, Ruth Chatterton, Con Collier, William Collier Sr., Ida Conquest, Jane Williams, Courtleigh, Henrietta Crossman, Robert



Moreover, there are some who have received recognition. What do you think of Belasco? Among them are: Alice Brady, Isa Claire, Irene Castle, Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter, John Harrington, Rollo Peters, Peggy

**WARFIELD**



WARFIELD

look out that some of these potential Juliets do not report discourteous.



# THE SHOW WORLD

By Robert Randol

David Belasco, the 74-year-old dean of American theatrical producers, has set Broadway tongues wagging with the statement the other day that only two actors who have played on the Great White Way recently can be ranked with "the best fifty" actors and actresses of all time.

This announcement was little short of a bombshell in the dear old gossip street of false reputations and press-agented names of actresses and actors who have no right to be classed with the great of the stage.

Across supper tables, in dressing rooms, on the subway and wherever the Magda Lane crowd congregates Belasco's slap at present-day reputations was felt with a winch that has not quit smarting yet.

Defenders of some of the present popular actors and actresses have disputed the conclusions reached by the gray-haired veteran.

"What about Ethel Barrymore?" some ask. "How can Belasco leave George Arliss' name out of that list?" others inquire.

Otis Skinner for a long time has been considered the dean of actors of romantic roles, so how can he be excluded?" still others ask.

But Belasco's list included only Minnie Maddern Fiske and George M. Cohan. Those two deserve the high rank denied Ethel Barrymore of the "royal family" of American actors, he says.

Only six living persons were included in the list, for that matter. In addition to Cohan and Mrs. Fiske, they are: Mary Anderson, 71 years old, who now lives quietly in England; Miss Maude Adams, heroine of many Barrie plays, who will be seen again this season on Broadway; David Warfield, 64 years old, the beloved "Music Master, Peter in "The Return of Peter Grimm," as well as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," "The Auctioneer" and other roles; and Julia Marlowe, also 64, whose wonderful voice has thrilled this writer in "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew" and other Shakespearean plays.

What about your Ruth Chattertons, Ann Hardings, William Powells, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Harts, John Barrymores and other former stage actors who have deserted the platform for the screen? Belasco evidently cares little for their ability.

Then there is Walter Hampden, whose seasons on Broadway have come to mean much to lovers of the drama. Also there is Eva Le Gallienne with her repertory theater; Katherine Cornell has her adherents, but to the old wizard of the theater their talents rank only fairly high.

His own stars—what about them? There was Frances Starr, Leonore Ulrich and Lionel Atwill. Are these just ordinary actors? Belasco would not have had the public think so while they were playing in his dramas.

Those who inquire why Miss Barrymore's name was omitted ask Belasco if he saw her in "Mid Channel" and Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." And those who advance the claims of Otis Skinner recall him with pleasure in "Kismet," "The Honor of the Family," "Cock o' the Walk" and other plays. George Arliss' admirers point out his performances in "Disraeli," "Hamilton," "The Green Goddess" and other dramas.

In England there is Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and others. No mention is made of them by Belasco. There also are Olga Nethersole, Alla Nazimova and the great Alexander Moissi.

Are there no actors on the French stage worthy of being listed among the fifty greatest? There is the name of Guity, for instance, Madame Simone and a number of stars of the Odeon and the Theatre Francaise.

Has Italy no successor to the glories of Duse? Is not there some artist in the Max Reinhardt group worthy of being in the list of the golden fifty?

Should the motion picture actors be excluded entirely? It is well known that Belasco does not think highly of screen acting. He often has said that the talkies never will supplant the speaking stage. When you come right down to it, it is difficult to name even three or four picture actors who deserve first rank.

After seeing Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in "The Taming of the Shrew" one realizes they fall far short of supreme artistry.

Belasco merely named his list, without comment, thus causing plenty of comment on the part of others.

Cohan of recent years has been praised more and more highly by critics. There was a time when he was appearing only in musical comedies that he was alluded to as more or less of an upstart in the field of real drama. Then he began writing and producing plays with a real human touch to them. He also acted in them and did so in such a technically admirable manner that the critics had to grant him praise.

Cohan recently made a tour as far west as Chicago and St. Louis, the first time he had done this in years, and he was received warmly. It was reported in Chicago that he turned down a contract for movies that would have brought him \$1,000,000. He said his place was on the stage, where he had made his success.

Warfield, of course, long has been regarded as one of America's leading actors. His natural method and his sense of comedy have made him loved by a large audience throughout the country.

What would Belasco say about Margaret Anglin? She has appeared in some wonderful roles and has been credited with some superb performances. Is Viola Allen to go unrewarded also? She has appeared in Shakespearean and other classic plays. Then there are Julia Arthur, Blanche Bates, Lionel Barrymore, Janet Beecher, Doris Keane, Kyrle Bellw, Richard Tynan, Walker Whiteside, Margaret Wycherly, Olive Wyndham, Cecil Yapp and a number of other well-known actors of the older generation. How about these?

Moreover, there are some younger stars who have received recognition. What do you think of them, Mr. Belasco? Among them are: Helen Hayes, Fay Bainter, Alice Brady, Ina Claire, Irene Fenwick, Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter, Madge Kennedy, Francine Larrimore, Rollo Peters, Peggy Wood and others.

Mr. Belasco, I am afraid you have stirred up a hornet's nest. You know there is nothing under the sun as bitter as a woman spurned, or words to that effect. So look out that some of these potential Juliets do not answer you with a retort discourteous.



BELASCO



BARRYMORE



ARLISS



COHAN



ADAMS



WARFIELD



GEORGE ARLISS,

## The Follies Comes of Age.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES (twenty-first edition), a revue in two acts and twenty-three scenes. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, sketches by Harold Atteridge and Eddie Cantor. Dances staged by Sammy Lee; settings by Joseph Urban; costumes designed by John Harkrider; produced by Florenz Ziegfeld. At the New Amsterdam Theatre.

PRINCIPALS—Eddie Cantor, Andrew Tombes, Brox Sisters, Dan Healy, Phil H. Ryley, William H. Powers, Gaire Luce, Francis Upton, Lora Desha, Franklin Bauer, Helen Brown, Harry McNaughton, Irene Delroy, Leo Dill, Chamberlain and Hines, Ruth Etting and others.

In this year of its coming of age the "Ziegfeld Follies" merely outdoes itself in extravagance of beauty, grace of movement and style of theatrical producing—"glorifying the American girl," as the old ballyhoo slogan still insists, by every imaginative device of the hippodromic stage. Mr. Ziegfeld is not shy about confessing his mastery of this department of the theatre. The program distributed last evening at the opening in the New Amsterdam Theatre emblazons the "Follies" as a "national institution" with a little appended maxim (ineptly placed just before Eddie Cantor's name) reading "He who glorifies beauty glorifies truth." And two or three turns of the revue itself celebrate Mr. Ziegfeld's wizardry, while one drop, displayed twice, shows the facade of the Ziegfeld Theatre in a handsome light.

Bold words and doings are these, but the incandescent beauty of the new "Follies" gives them real substance. In the art of handling groups of chorus girls on the stage amid whirls of dancing and costuming all through the evening—in style again—Mr. Ziegfeld has no equal. The "Ziegfeld Follies" is, as he says, a "national institution" of which we may be proud.

Coming fresh from the theatre one finds it easier to write fulsome praise than to report the attractions of the new edition. As readers of the small type at the head of this column will discover, Eddie Cantor is the comedian, Irving Berlin wrote the music and lyrics, Joseph Urban designed the scenery and Sammy Lee directed the dances. Mr. Cantor pops around brightly all evening, in one or two wooden numbers, but mostly in skits designed for his eccentric, animated comedy. To see him in blackface again, clapping his white hands and strutting breathlessly across the stage, or to see him in his racial vein of selling maldroit dogs to amazed customers, cracking his straw hat in sheer vexation at an unwilling purchaser, is to see the Eddie Cantor who is justly famous. These are perhaps his best numbers. And as "our Jimmy" on the City Hall steps, blandly welcoming Channel swimmers, aviators and Queens in the same grave words, and distributing keys to "this great big city" of "six and a half million people" of which he is "the chief magistrate"—this, too, is a capital sketch. For Mr. Cantor is something of a mimic as well as buffoon.

Otherwise the comedy need not concern us here, for the "Follies" does not spend itself on humor. How many girls Mrs. Ziegfeld presents in this edition, perhaps only he and his paymaster know. There are Albertina Rasch girls, Ziegfeld dancing girls, and a goodly quorum of those statuesque show girls who carry themselves proudly amid festoons of light stuffs and iridescent patterns of wings. In at least one number, entitled "Shaking the Blues Away," about eighty accumulate before the Urban curtain comes together again. In the smashing finale to the first half of the program the ensemble of chorus girls and men crowd the half-circular stage elevation up to the level where the stage machinery hangs.

No longer are these the perfectly sculptured vacant faces at which we used to stare uncertainly. Now the chorus girls boast intelligence as well as beauty; we have come to look for skill in those whom we admire. And accordingly Mr. Ziegfeld sets them to strumming banjos and even blurring jazz from a sufficiently able orchestra. As dancers they are now uncommonly versatile. Through the complicated step-patterns of jazz, military serenades and atavistic jungle dances they speed with good-humored competence. Let the economists rest assured that these young ladies are not drags on the community. They earn every cent of their salary.

If the principals, the composer and the scene designer, appear to be having short commons in this notice, it is largely because their separate skill has been nicely blended in the whirligig of entertainment. Like the sacredly artistic dramatic productions from Moscow, our best musical productions fuse their materials into form. Occasionally the "Follies" stops for a moment to interject a "gag" or the droll whine of Ukelele Ike. For the most part it keeps Irene Delroy singing charmingly, Helen Brown dancing with superb grace, Evelyn Groves balancing a shiny bubble, the Brox Sisters singing a quaint trio, Peggy Chamberlin in rough-and-tumble fooling and Franklin Baur singing in excellent voice.

Mr. Berlin's best-liked numbers seem to be "Shaking the Blues Away" and "Ooh, Maybe It's You." They represent him in the sentimental and wistful style of his best compositions. Mr. Urban's show curtain of exotic figures is particularly lovely. For the rest he soars from the jungle bamboos straight up the rainbow to the clouds. And the spectator, who is not disturbed by trifles, has no difficulty in following the "Follies" as high as Mr. Urban sets them.





# BROADWAY

By Heywood Broun

The road, Shakespeare and George Bernard Shaw have all been more or less revived recently and I certainly think that somebody should do as much for vaudeville. Of all native dramatic arts it seems to me that the two-a-day of the golden age came closest to interpreting the moods and manners of our nation.

I have known plays to get by for months and months even though they were not very well liked by audiences. There are large numbers of people who are critic conscious and when the reviewers get together and say that some offering is very fine but so subtle that the mob will never appreciate it the mob generally turns out and doesn't dare turn thumbs down for fear of being considered lowbrow.

It is the old stunt which Hans Christian Andersen celebrated in his fairy story about the swindling tailor who sent the emperor out into the streets without a stitch by telling him that only those worthy of their jobs could see the cloth which he was weaving.

You couldn't get by with anything like that in vaudeville of the dear, dead days. Each audience was its own Critics Circle and it certainly knew what it liked and expressed that emotion to the performers. Occasionally some great one from the "legit" would condescend to do a little flier in vaudeville while "resting between engagements." But each and everyone of them laid an ostrich egg unless he or she really had an act which could pass muster.

Neither the North Pole nor the South has ever known such frigidity as a vaudeville audience could put on when it was not amused. I ought to know for I once played a week at the Palace sharing top billing with a trained police dog. I did a humorous monologue and I didn't think his act was much good either.

But I find that my mind dwells more on earlier days when I was very young. This was way, way back when Vesta Tilley and Vesta Victoria were big names and the show closed with trained seals or a juggler who caught cannonballs on his neck.

But mostly my enthusiasm was for monologues and I lived in blissful ignorance of the fact that in later life I would be bitten by one.

I can still remember a gag of George Fuller Gordon. It was the story of the man who was advised that he could stop drinking if he would accept the theory that the craving for alcohol was just a craving for food. When he felt the urge for a cocktail he was to munch on a cruller. One day he was all banged up in an automobile crash and when they pulled him out of the wreckage he tottered over to the nearest lunchroom and groaned, "I've just broken my nose and three ribs in an accident. For Heaven's sake, give me a plate of ham and eggs and a side order of French fried potatoes in a hurry."

But of all performers, my favorite was Charlie Case who worked in black face and talked about his family. There was sister Sal who used to go to parties where they played a game. They would blindfold a girl and if she caught one of the boys and guessed his name he either had to give her a kiss or a dollar bill. "Sometimes Sister Sal would come home with as much as fifty or sixty dollars."

The legitimate stage, to give it its highfalutin' title, has suffered from the decline and fall of vaudeville. Not only did the two-a-day offer a magnificent training in the art of acting but it also served as a proving ground for many of the younger playwrights. George Cohan, George Kelly, George Ade, Booth Tarkington and Eugene O'Neill were represented in vaudeville as the authors of one act plays before they tried their hand at full length drama. Today, of course, there is practically no field at all for the one act play and the apprentice in the craft must try to walk before he has learned to crawl.

Vaudeville provided a true acid test for the actor because he had to become expert in the art of timing. In the days when a good act could be booked solid for a season the player faced all kinds of audiences in all parts of the country. He had to be able to know by the pricking of his thumbs when the crowd was tough and when it was easy. But there never was much chance to get out and coast along.

In particular the vaudeville comedian had to be an expert in the matter of waiting for his laugh. He never could afford to wait too long or his act was sunk.

Will Rogers, of course, started in the two-a-day with a rope and a horse. In the beginning he talked only to fill in the gaps when he missed a rope trick. Of the modern monologists he came to be the most expert. When Rogers tossed out a line, I mean of words and not of hemp, and failed to catch his quarry, he would try it out all over again with a slightly different twist. And again and again I've seen him get the audience on the rebound.

As a story teller Walter C. Kelly, the Virginia Judge, was and still is my favorite. But to me they were all admirable from toe dancers to trained seals. Among the things which America needs today is a chance to see again a good vaudeville show. It was the great melting pot of the theatre and the most lively and the most democratic of all the arts. We want vaudeville.





**SPORT  
PIX**

The drive down the stretch  
ton, Ky., turns on the head





AT THE CHRISTENING OF THE NEW ZIEGFELD THEATRE: THE ALBERTINA RASCH DANCERS, ONE OF THE FEATURES OF "RIO RITA."



A magnificent spectacle. The climax of "The Great Waltz" as the chagrined Johann Strauss Sr. returns to find his son (played by Guy Robertson) introducing "The Blue Danube" in Vienna. Mobile orchestra pit provided a sensation.



ALBERTA LEE

ster." Entire new scenery has been painted for the presentation by the famous artist, Arthur Voegtlin, and the famous conductor and composer, Victor Herbert, has arranged new music and songs for the production, among them being several numbers for the charming contralto, Laura Joyce Bell, also a number of glees, madrigals and concerted pieces for "A Midnight Bell" quartette.

Stuart Robson.

"Mr. Gilman's Wedding," a one-act farce modernized from one of Buckstone's best stage stories, followed by Mrs. Ponderbury's Past, founded on a famous French farce, will be produced at Greenwall's soon by Stuart Robson, the best comedian of the present day, excepting perhaps Jefferson. Mr. Robson has secured Madame Janauschek, the greatest tragedienne of the day, to enact the role of Mrs. Ponderbury, the stern strong-willed wife of his Matthew Ponderbury. This play has scored a great success since its introduction in the United States.

of material available last night. Twelve mental subjects selected, on whom Miss Albert exercised her power, Mr. Lee as assistant. Parties were put under the influence and made to believe that they had changed coats, and attempts to recover what they had lost were their own evoked laughter. Some were made to believe their hands, one young fellow given an imaginary toothache which he howled as lustily as had been real.

Mr. Lee then gave an exhibition of "Hindoo sleep," putting six of the audience into a comatose state while he remained on the stage.

The reverse cataplexy act was then performed. Two young men were put under the influence and became perfectly unconscious. In this state they were laid on their backs of two chairs and the audience stood upon their prostrate backs. Then came the sulky race. The men were seated in chairs, hypnotized and told that they were to race a sulky race. At the word

started, in their minds, and they fled whip to and imaginary steeds, made the roar with laughter.

The great show window came on. The subject, Mr. Burr, of Bangor, Maine, was by a committee of citizens sleep upon a cot and take a snow window of Washer Burr. He will remain until Monday when he will be awakened on the stage of the opera house. He was watched by Harry and Fred Schreuder, two of Washington's clerks. Other parties will be today, tonight and tomorrow.

The awakening Monday will be an event of great importance.

## New Yorkers Throng to See Ladies in Tights

By Associated Press.

NEW YORK, March 11.—A sophisticated New York audience, in dinner coats and ermine wraps, traveled in Hoboken tonight to see "The Black Crook"—and ladies in tights.

Sixty-two years ago last October a somewhat less sophisticated New York audience traveled by carriage and horse car to Niblo's Gardens, on Lower Broadway, to see the world premiere of the same show—and ladies in tights.

It was the first time that audience 62 years ago ever had seen any ladies in tights. The same night also is said of a large percentage of tonight's audience. Hardly within the memory of man has a New York audience seen so well clothed a chorus as Christopher Morley, essayist and story writer, gave them tonight in "The Black Crook."

Under the direction of Harry Wagstaff Gribble, Oxford graduate, former

banker and actor, tonight's revival was as nearly authentic in all details as any revival of a piece as old as "The Black Crook" could be, but it was a lot more than a mere revival.

There were stage effects, the like of which have not been seen around here since the days of melodrama at the old Hippodrome—Devil's leaping into rocks, a box that exploded like a flashlight when the lid was lifted, lots of red fire and smoke, dragons breathing flames, and a parade of Amazons with fringe on their tights.

Miss Eunice Howard, promoted from Morley's other Hoboken revival, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, Nor Widow," and Byron Hatfield played the leads in tonight's revival, and Miss Hazel Cox, who is something over 5 feet 10 inches tall, was "Stalacta," Queen of the Amazons.

In the original presentation "Stalacta" was regarded as the heroine of the show. She approached her old-time triumphs again.

## Who's Who in Songland

Charles K. Harris—Lyricist and Composer

CHARLES K. HARRIS was born at Poughkeepsie, New York, 1865; moved to the West when a boy, and wrote *After the Ball* in 1889. Professional song writers were scarce then, and when J. Aldrich Libby introduced the number and it got into the air newspapers all over the country carried stories about it. Harris, a poor struggling banjo teacher, published the song himself and made more than \$50,000. For the next 20 years Harris was America's leading song writer and a prominent publisher, during which time he wrote and published *Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven; Always in the Way, Break the News to Mother, Green Fields of Virginia, I'm Wearing My Heart Away, There'll Come a Time Some Day, One Night in June, Somewhere the Sun Is Shining, Just Behind the Times*, and hundreds of others. Hundreds of thousands of persons still sing the songs he wrote 20 and 30 years ago, for Harris wrote songs, words and music, which appealed to the heart and not the feet.



Charles K. Harris is the most versatile song writer the game has produced, having written successful plays, scenarios, poems, biography and short stories. He now is writing for *Munsey's Magazine*. He is the same unaffected sport he was when he started on his career. Success never succeeded in enlarging the size of his head. The story of his successful career appeared last spring in *The Saturday Evening Post* and has been published in book form.

Harris would rather write a heart-interest ballad than anything else, and, regardless of how much money he earns at other things, he never quits writing songs. A few weeks ago he finished what he considers is the best ballad he has produced since *After the Ball*, which is called *The Last Dance of the Ball*. Every day real ballad singers are introducing it and making a big hit with it. All of which makes Harris happy.



## AT THE THEATER

### Darkest Russia.

The success attained the past three years by "Darkest Russia" a romantic drama depicting life among the people of Russia, has been due to the strong dramatic interest evolved. The characters depicted are truthful prototypes of what is seen in Russia today. The inner life of the nobility—the peasantry—the police and the Siberian convict are all shown truthfully and made realistic by scenery and costumes that are historically correct in every detail.

### Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell."

Hoyt's greatest comedy, "A Midnight Bell," will, on its advent in this city, be presented by an ideal cast, headed by the favorite comedian, Digby Bell as the mirth-provoking "Deacon Tidd," and with his brilliant wife, Laura Joyce Bell, as the "Spin-



ALBERTA LEE

ster." Entire new scenery has been painted for the presentation by the famous artist, Arthur Voegtlin, and the famous conductor and composer, Victor Herbert, has arranged new music and songs for the production, among them being several numbers for the charming contralto, Laura Joyce Bell, also a number of glees, madrigals and concerted pieces for "A Midnight Bell" quartette.

### Stuart Robson.

"Mr. Gilman's Wedding," a one-act farce modernized from one of Buckstone's best stage stories followed by Mrs. Ponderbury's Past, founded on a famous French farce, will be produced at Greenwall's soon by Stuart Robson, the best comedian of the present day, excepting perhaps Jefferson. Mr. Robson has secured Madame Janauschek, the greatest tragedienne of the day, to enact the role of Mrs. Ponderbury, the stern strong-will wife of his Matthew Ponderbury. This play has scored a great success since its introduction in the United States.

### The Hypnotist.

The audience at Greenwall's was not as large last night as on the preceding night, but the interest was greater.

Mr. Lee opened the entertainment with a short talk upon the different kinds of subjects, the mental and the physical, the former will act under delusions, the others more susceptible to bodily manifestations. He then spoke of the mysteries practiced by the Hindu adepts and high caste Brahmins of India.

His invitation to the audience to furnish subjects on which to exercise his wonderful powers was liberally responded to, the stage being quickly filled. Most of those lending aid were well-known people, members of the commercial club. After the performance Friday night Mr. Lee met a large company of ladies and gentlemen at the commercial club room, and there hypnotized some fifty people of both sexes. This exhibition in private stimulated local curiosity to know more about it, hence the amount

of material available last night.

Twelve mental subjects were selected, on whom Miss Alberta Lee exercised her power, Mr. Lee acting as assistant. Parties were put under the influence and made to believe that they had changed coats, and their attempts to recover what they supposed was their own evoked peals of laughter. Some were made to pat their hands, one young fellow was given an imaginary toothache, over which he howled as lustily as if it had been real.

Mr. Lee then gave an exhibition of "Hindoo sleep," putting six people in the audience into a comatose state while he remained on the stage.

The reverse cataplexy act was done. Two young men were put under the influence and became perfectly rigid. In this state they were laid across the backs of two chairs and the professor stood upon their prostrate bodies. Then came the sulky race. Six young men were seated in chairs, hypnotized and told that they were to drive a sulky race. At the word they all

started, in their minds, and the way they pined whip to and pulled at imaginary steeds, made the audience roar with laughter.

The great show window test then came on. The subject, Mr. Harold Burr, of Bangor, Maine, was weighed by a committee of citizens, put to sleep upon a cot and taken to the show window of Washer Bros. where he will remain until Monday night, when he will be awakened on the stage of the opera house. Last night he was watched by Harry Smith and Fred Schreuder, two of Washer Bros. clerks. Other parties will keep watch today, tonight and tomorrow.

The awakening Monday night will be an event of great importance.

## AMUSEMENTS.

### Prof. Lee, the Hypnotist.

It has been remarked by Herbert Spencer, the eminent philosopher and essayist, that with the advance of civilization will occur the decline of those arts that seek to amuse and fascinate by enigmatising human intelligence. Whether or not hypnotism is as popular in this busy, stirring and hustling age as it was in the time of the early histories of Assyria and Egypt, from which the science is traced, it can not be denied that it has a few exponents who are capable of exhibiting its most wonderful and almost incredible effect in a way that is well calculated to excite interest and baffle the brightest intellects of the present day.

To this class of rare specialists belongs Prof. Lee, the distinguished hypnotist, who appeared for the first time in the city at the opera house last evening and deeply interested by a remarkable exhibition of hypnotic science a numerous and appreciative audience and some few skeptics. The popular hypnotist had been heralded by glowing complimentary notices from the press, and it was but natural, therefore, that those who assembled last evening should be unusually expectant, yet the exhibition was so satisfactory that it is but justice to say it fulfilled the anticipations of all present, even the skeptics, and demonstrated Prof. Lee an absolute master of his art.

Prof. Lee devoted some time to explaining hypnotism, tracing it from the earliest histories of Assyria and Egypt down to the present day. Even in ancient mythology, he claims, it was used by Chiron to cure the wounds in the heel of Achilles. After the lecture he invited a committee on the stage (among them were prominent business men and lawyers), after which his exhibition commenced.

It would be long, tedious and useless to particularize the diversification of the exhibition with those subjects who succumbed to his influence. Many things that they were told to do were exceedingly funny, such as clapping their hands; others could not separate their hands while under the influence, some forgot their names, several were unable to jump over a small stick; a prominent county official was told his left knee was stiff and that he could not bend it walking, he tried in vain to walk to his chair naturally, but one leg refused to work, it was stiff and appeared longer than it really ought to be. The things that were absolutely the funniest were when the subjects could not touch the index fingers of their own hands together, could not slap their hands together, and laughed heartily when they were being tickled. But the climax was struck when the subjects were told a flea was crawling down their backs. That imaginary flea evidently caused extreme discomfort, judging by their earnest efforts to rid themselves of it; some scratched their backs on chairs, others almost choked themselves trying to force their hands through their shirt collars, and one person took off his coat, presumably preparatory to undressing himself to extricate the flea. The antics of the young men were so funny that even Manager Anzy occupied a prominent seat and laughed until his sides ached.

While the performance was funny in the extreme there was nothing coarse or vulgar about it. It was absorbingly interesting and, but that seeing is believing, incredible, and exemplified wonderful resources of the science and what may be attained by assiduous study and practice in hypnotism.

The most worthy of commendation among the several incomprehensible features of Prof. Lee's performance was the placing of a frail young man in a cataplexy state, making the body absolutely rigid. He was then placed on the backs of two chairs, placed about four and a half feet apart, his head resting on one and his feet on the other, his body being suspended, and while in this position three men sat and stood on the body, with the man supported only at head and foot. Later another was placed in the same state, on the chairs in the same manner, and a sandstone weighing about 600 pounds was placed on his suspended body, and while in this position the stone was broken to pieces by one of the committee, who used a sledging hammer, after which he was awakened feeling none the worse for it. These two young men were put to sleep and hat pins procured from ladies in the audience were stuck through their cheeks and arms, and with the pins in their flesh in this manner they walked through the audience. When the pins were removed not more than one drop of blood came from the four wounds. The pins were inserted by a Dallas lawyer. More mystic acts and a wonderful exhibition cannot be easily imagined. The entertainment altogether was a triumph of its kind and was as incomprehensible as it was interesting.

The News takes pleasure in commending it as an exhibition fraught with delight and interest.

Another performance with a change of programme will be given to-night.

Following is clipped from the Daily Picayune of New Orleans, Thursday, December 10:

Mr. Lee, the hypnotist, consummated a difficult feat last night. It will be remembered that forty-eight hours previously he hypnotized a young man associated with his company. This gentleman was directed to sleep for two days. His inanimate form was placed on a cot and exposed in the show window of a clothing store on Canal street. Last night, in the presence of a large audience, the cot and its occupant was transferred from the show window to the stage of the Grand opera house. Mr. Lee invited the physicians and reporters to the stage, and Drs. Maylie and Bayle and others complied. Dr. Maylie took the sleeper's pulse, which registered 78 beats per minute. Mr. Lee directed the bystanders to hold firmly the extremities of the patient. In a firm voice he then addressed the sleeper, commanding him to wake when ten seconds had been counted off. At the eighth second he was to recover the use of his bodily activities, and, after a convulsive start, awaken. This was done. The convulsion was powerful and the sleeper showed some delay in recovering his senses. As soon as he was wide awake, he arose, and, replying to questions, said that he felt perfectly well, not hungry nor thirsty, nor any way enfeebled. Dr. Maylie again took his pulse, which registered 90. He was weighed, and tipped the scale at 127 pounds, a loss of 3 pounds. The physicians accompanied him to his dressing-room and made a careful examination, which convinced them that he had suffered no harm from his long sleep. Dr. Maylie said to a reporter of the Picayune that he was sure that no deception had been practiced. It was an undeniable fact that the young man had remained in the show window undisturbed and without nourishment for 48 hours. It was also a fact that the functions of his body had been completely suspended, with the exception of the heart and the lungs. He was unable to account for the phenomenon on any hypothesis except that offered by Mr. Lee.



## "HOME, SWEET HOME" WRITTEN BY ACTOR WHO WAS HOMELESS

The author and composer, John Howard Uayne, who gave to the world the deathless song, "Home, Sweet home," was born near the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, New York City, on June 9, 1791, and spent most of his boyhood at the family homestead in East Hampton, Long Island. The old home is still standing and is preserved as a memorial.

His parents were both dead when he reached the age of thirteen and thereafter he was homeless. He worked in mercantile establishments but always had a longing for the stage. He made contact with the theater when he secured a position with the "Thespian Mirror," and made his first appearance as an actor in the Park theater, New York, on Feb. 24, 1809, with instant success. He was acclaimed at the time as one of the marvels of the age.

In 1813 he went to London and continued his triumphal career as an actor, though he was scarcely 22 years of age. After a few years in London theatrical work, he returned to dramatic writing. His best known play is "Brutus," the favorite tragedy of Edmund Kean, for whom it was written in 1818, the two Booths and Forrest.

### Writes Masterpiece.

From Paris, in 1823, Payne submitted to the management of Covent Garden the manuscript which was destined to bring fame eternal. The offering was "Chari, the Maid of Milan," originally written as a drama, but converted into an opera and presented at the London playhouse on May 8 of that year. On so slight a thread does fortune suspend its favors, that if the work had gained the stage in its original form there would have been no need for music and "Home, Sweet Home" might never have enriched the world's singing. Because of failure to place the piece as a drama, Payne made the change to opera, and the great song was born of this transformation, as an essential part of the story.

"Chari" was the simple tale of a beautiful Italian peasant girl who had eloped with the Duke Varaldi, and had been transported to surroundings of luxury and wealth of which she had never dreamed. In the midst of all the splendor her thoughts turned to the peaceful home from which she had fled, and at this point in the action came the singing of "Home, Sweet Home." The song met with instantaneous success. It was heard everywhere and during the first year the London publisher sold more than 100,000 copies—a tremendous sale for those days. The opera ran for the greater part of the London season, and was accounted a brilliant success, but in spite of this, and a profit of more than two thousand guineas, the publisher is declared to have omitted the name of Payne on the title page of the celebrated song and to have failed to send the writer even so much as a single author's copy.

### Music from Sicily.

The music for the song came from Sicily. As sung by an Italian peasant maid a few years earlier, its appealing melody had constantly haunted Payne during the succeeding years, and the strain suggested the words which became immortal. After writing the song, Payne sent it to Henry R. Bishop, with a crude transcription of the melody and Bishop arranged the music into complete harmony with the words—and thus was born the song which has more universal appeal than any other composition in the musical history of the world.

OTHELLO—  
PLAYED FOR  
YEARS



MRS. J.E. (AUNT GEORGIA) NOLAN

In a quiet little home on East Fifth street lives a couple who, on Jan. 15, celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of their wedding and who, though they have been in practically every city and town of any size in the United States, chose Fort Worth as their home.

This couple is James E. Nolan and wife, better known as "Uncle Jimmie and Aunt Georgia," who after spending more than a quarter of a century on the stage, playing not only vaudeville and character sketches, but in real, "honest-to-goodness" plays, retired and settled in Fort Worth, where they propose to end their days.

"Uncle Jimmie," than whom there are few better known characters in the city, was admitted to the bar some years ago, and while he earns a very satisfactory sum in the way of fees, and averages almost a case a day, has gone into court but once and is known as a "pacific counsel," as he is not of the aggressive or militant type, and always argues for amicable adjustment of all differences.

As already has been stated, Uncle Jimmie has not been a lawyer all his life, but besides his work as an actor he has played many roles on life's stage, his repertoire ranging from a laborer in a distillery to an attorney, this range including some time as a policeman on the force of New Orleans.

It was a good many years ago when he became "wan o' the finest," and at that time, though he was a fraction more than six feet in height, he had not achieved the generous proportions in breadth that he now has, and he did not like to be referred to by the names that were given him by the habitués of his beat, so he quit.

When he left the force he said that he was going on the stage, having had that inclination for many years and also having appeared at various amateur theatricals. He found an opportunity to "join a company" and did so, despite the fact that his sister, with whom he was living, told him that he would "come back with fringe on his pants."

He went back that way, he said, but he believed that it was not his fault that the company "went to the bad," and he tried again.

He presented himself in vaudeville for several years in Texas and other southern states and nearly forty years ago, when Fort Worth's only playhouse was the Continental theater, he appeared here.

The Continental theater was located at Second and Commerce streets and was under the management of Joe Lowe.

"Things have changed some since then," Uncle Jimmie said reminiscently, when discussing his first appearance and the appearance of the town. "This was little more than a supply station, and I think had one railroad. The theater was little like a theater of the

present time, and vaudeville never had been heard of. It was called variety, and there was some variety, too."

Actors then, as now, felt that until they had appeared in New York their reputation was not made, but they had to achieve some reputation before they could do that. However, Uncle Jimmie "made good" to such an extent that he eventually appeared in the "big town" and here again made good, and from that time on there was little trouble in "playing full time."

In the latter part of 1878 he was playing at the Boylston theater in Boston and took his meals at a quiet little place conducted by a woman who looked after everything herself.

This woman's niece, Miss Georgia Record visited her and assisted in serving the table, and there Jimmie Nolan met her. Concerning this meeting, Uncle Jimmie said:

"As soon as I saw her, I knew that she was 'it,' and when she smiled, I 'smole' and we got acquainted. The upshot of it was that we went to the courthouse, got a marriage license, then to a justice of the peace, where she took the job of waiting on me for life. I found her a good waiter then, and she's been getting better ever since."

Up to that time Aunt Georgia never had appeared in vaudeville, but when they were married it gave the young Irishman an excellent opportunity to do "double team" work, and this added to the ease with which he might obtain engagements, so they arranged a skit.

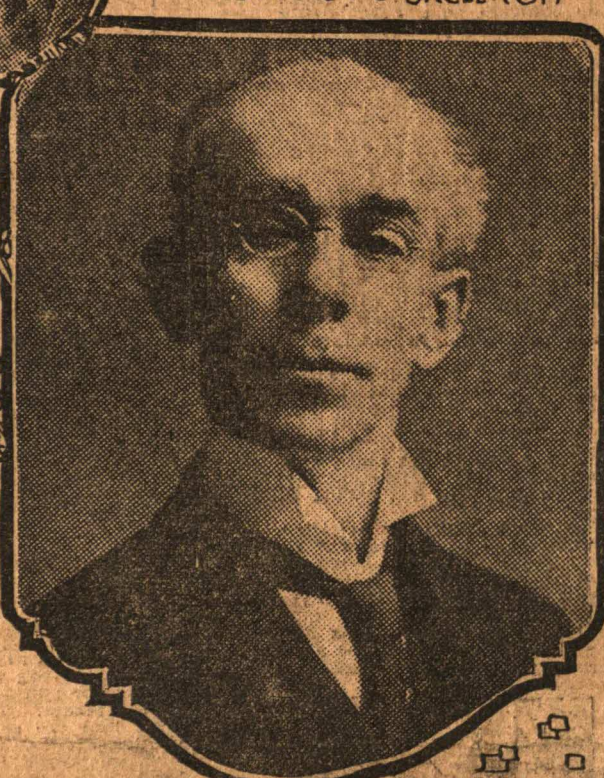
The first presentation of this act, which was called "Othello," was presented at Miller's Garden, at New Haven, Conn., before the organization of Yale students known as "The Dogs." It is from this that the old saying "trying it on the dog" originated instead of other versions of the origin of that saw.

If the "Dogs" decided that the play was good, it was accepted all over as first-class and this act "went right over" with the "Dogs."

From that time they played all the way from Portland, Maine, to San Francisco and from Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, to the Gulf of Mexico.

Uncle Jimmie, in the early eighties, was connected with the Alex Oates opera company, one of the best known minstrel companies of the times. He also has played with the Gagnon-Pol-

UNCLE JIMMIE AS "UNCLE TOM"



JAS. E.  
(UNCLE JIMMIE) NOLAN

lock company and many others, including some time with a company presenting "The Little Minister."

In one of the pictures accompanying this sketch he is shown in the leading role in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and in the other he and Aunt Georgia are shown in their sketch, "Othello."

The forefathers of Aunt Georgia came to America and settled in Maine, nearly 300 years ago and the greater portion of the family now live in that state.

Uncle Jimmie was born in New Orleans and was the first of the family born in the United States, his parents being direct from "the old sod."

His uncle, Michael Nolan, joined the English army when 18 years old and was promoted to captain and was in the famous charge at Balaklava in the Crimean war. The name originally was spelled Naullan and ancient history shows that they originally were predatory doctors who were Phoenicians from Assyria.

Uncle Jimmie became an Elk at Memphis in 1886 and is well acquainted with the founders of the order. He later was affiliated with Chicago lodge No. 4, and each year that lodge sends him a check for \$25 as a Christmas present and as a token of appreciation of his work in that lodge.

This Irishman cannot endure cruelty to animals, and when a year or two ago one of the janitors at the courthouse was instructed to take a sick kitten out and kill it he interceded in its behalf and was permitted to take it home. That kitten, under the care given it, "waxed fat and grew strong in spirit," and now is one of the largest specimens of the domestic feline. His name is Snookums and is regarded as some mascot.

The lives of Uncle Jimmie and Aunt Georgia are well regulated, each evening, weather permitting, seeing them attending some theater or picture show, and when any company led by a "star" is in Fort Worth, it is a safe bet that Uncle Jimmie knew him or her when he or she was struggling for a foothold on the histrionic ladder.

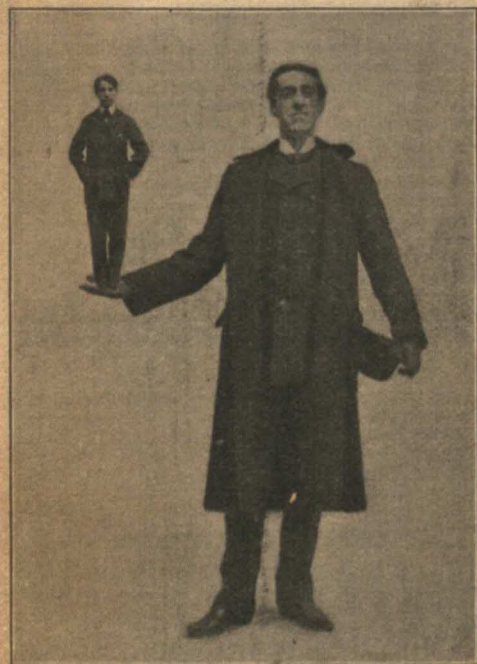
Concerning why and wherefore in choosing Fort Worth as a home, Uncle Jimmie said:

"We have visited practically every town and city in the country and from them all we selected this one because it seemed the best from every standpoint."





ARTHUR DUNN.



ARTHUR DUNN AND CHARLES PUSEY.

This odd looking picture represents that clever little comedian, Arthur Dunn, who is making the hit of his career in *Excelsior, Jr.*, at Hammerstein's Olympia. The other man in the picture is Charles Pusey, who appears in several scenes of the burlesque with Mr. Dunn. The dissimilarity in their sizes affords opportunity for fun making of which they take the fullest advantage to the great satisfaction of the audience.

Arthur Dunn made his debut in the world in the City of Churches. At an early age he emigrated to the City of Theatres, and made his first bow to an audience at Tony Pastor's Theatre on the Bowery, in a song and dance act, in which he was quite successful. He traveled the country for a number of years, and finally joined Ezra Kendall, who married his sister. He remained with Ezra Kendall in *A Pair of Kids* for several seasons. He then joined the forces of David Henderson, and appeared in all of his productions, including *Ali Baba*, *Sinbad*, and *Babes in the Wood*. He joined Edward E. Rice at the beginning of the present season and is quite pleased with his success in New York. His friend, Pusey, who plays *Vendetta* in *Excelsior, Jr.*, has been with Rice for two years. Although they fight a fierce duel every evening on the stage, they are the best of friends in private life.



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### THE MUSIC-LEADER MAN.

This is the Music-Leader Man—  
A Dead Beat he for fair;  
He temporizes for the Corps,  
Right in the green lights' Glare.

He cannot Play, but he can Blow—  
His Motions are a "Pome,"  
He cuts out every second Verse  
And Dreams of Kids and Home.

—S. T. STERN.



# THE DAILY SHORT STORY

## THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER

(Copyright, 1914, by W. Werner.)

They finished the hot argument at the gate. Jeff stood on the outside and glowered and condemned. Laura stood inside, leaned her strong white elbows on the white picket top and tearfully refuted his condemnation. "I can't leave them," she protested. "Why, I'm all they have."

"Oh, well, if you don't care enough for me to marry me," he replied, "why, that's a different matter!"

"But I do," she cried, angrily, "and good gracious, they simply couldn't live without me. Fancy, if father should have pneumonia again, as he did last spring, and poor mother have all the care of him."

"You could get on a train and come

her good-by and strolled off. Laura watched him a moment with regretful eyes. She hadn't let him know how very hard it was to give up her plans. Then she went swiftly into the house.

"I've got the raisins ready and made the filling," her mother said pleasantly as Laura, after putting her hat away, came out to the pretty, clean kitchen. "Your father thought he'd like a raisin pie——"

"But he can't have it," Laura declared. "It is too rich for him and for you. I'll make a nice bread pudding."

"That last bread pudding—we didn't eat it," her mother said tentatively. "You had to throw it out."

"I know it. I'll feel bad if you don't eat this one."

Her mother sighed. At Laura's glance she had slowly laid down the spoon with which she had stirred the creamy filling and sat down in a low white rocker. There she folded her hands in her broad lap and watched the girl busy about, getting din-

## The Lure

BY DR. F.

There is a deal of weak nonsense no opportunity, being out of a job generally downtrodden, thwarted and

Seeing others all about them pro hatred of the rich, and complaint ag

If any youth that has git-up-and hoped that he may profit by the fo

The trouble with you, my friend, that the big town is the only place

Whereas, the city is overcrowde excessive competition, the conditions and able-bodied and of sound mind

Besides this the crowded city lif undoing. There are alcohol shops, diversions that can do you no good.

Get out. Go into the country. S Be a farmer.

It is a habit of mind of the "country jake." His favorite jest "hayseed."

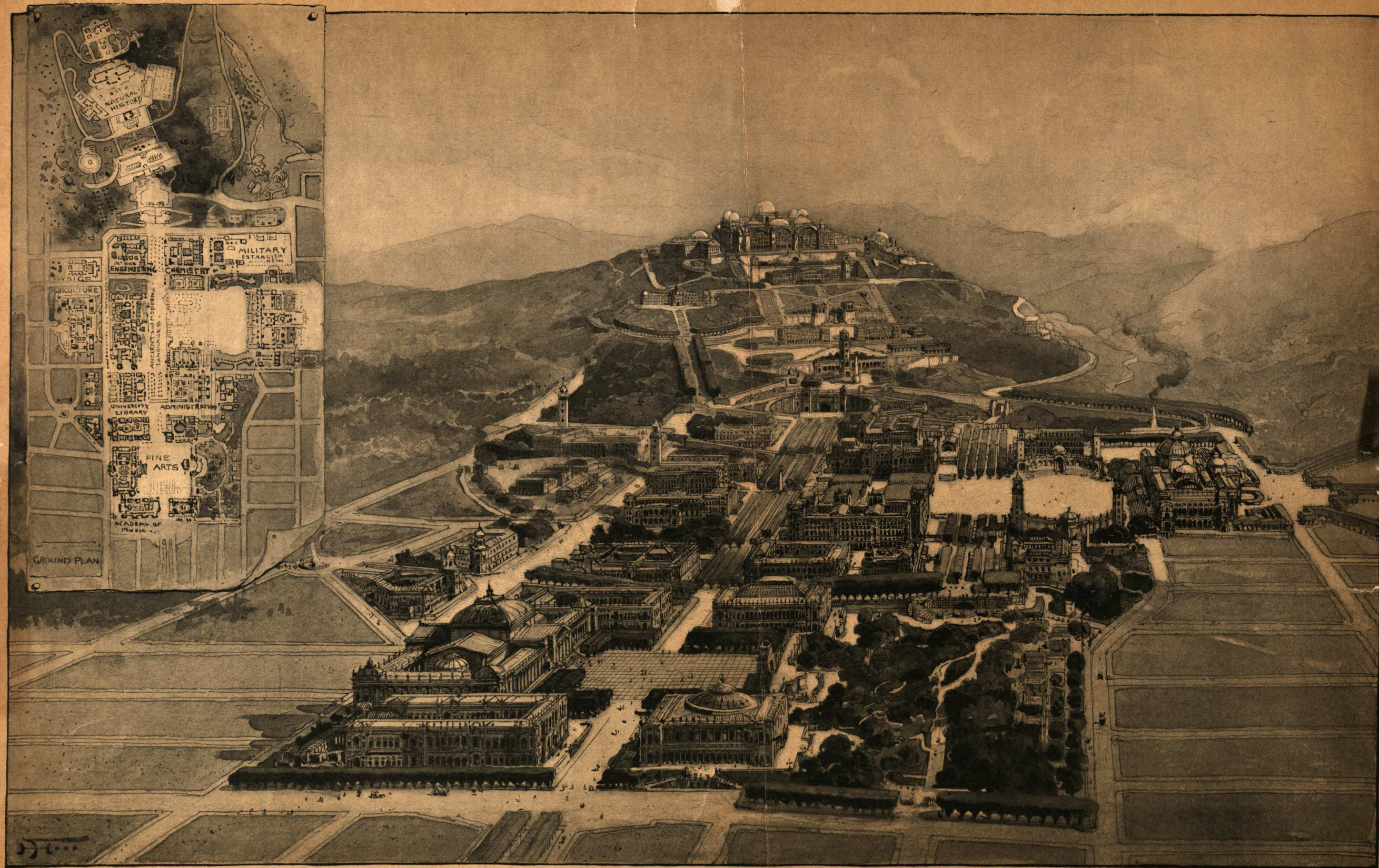


# ***Veteran Actor and Elk, Now a Lawyer, Picks Fort Worth From World as a Home***

James E. Nolan, better known as "Uncle Jimmie," for more than a third of a century an actor, now a lawyer, lives in Fort Worth.







THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

DRAWN FROM THE \$10,000 PRIZE DESIGN BY M. BERNARD.—[SEE PAGE 1019.]



# THE JEW IN DRAMA



## "The Ghetto" & "The Children of the Ghetto"



HANNAH AND DAVID.

WE have had two plays about the Ghetto of late, but if we had had many more they would have told only one story. The history of the Jews in Christendom has everywhere been much the same. We have hated them, and, if the truth be told, we are afraid of them; so we build walls about them to shut them off from all we live for and enjoy. The walls may be of stone, with iron gates, as in that earliest Ghetto in Venice, or they may be walls of prejudice, as to-day. Their effect is the same. Behind them the Jew has been forced back upon his ancient life, with its narrowness, its simple affection, its charity, and upon his nobly austere religion, with its tyranny of meaningless laws. In his poverty and bondage his only worldly dream has been of wealth and freedom; the strength of the race has had the one aim of breaking through the Ghetto walls. And when the walls are passed, the tragedy of the Jew begins. This tragedy has nowhere been more beautifully told than in Mr. Zangwill's *Child of the Ghetto*—the story that is very fitly the prelude of his volume of stories, *Dreamers of the Ghetto*. The child was born to the sombre life of the Jewish quarter of Venice, and grew up in the shadow of the synagogue in piety and learning. When he came of age he undertook the ten days' fast of the new year, and on the tenth day, the great White Fast, he left the temple faint and almost delirious, and wandered beyond the gates of the Ghetto into the heart of Venice. There he saw the Christians in gay costumes making merry in the restaurants, and heard the glorious harmonies of the music playing in the Piazza. He saw St. Mark's, splendid in the sunlight, and wandered into its golden gloom in a rapture of strange awe. There he awoke from his daze, and realized that he was in the alien land, and in the house of the alien God. He fled back to the temple of his people, and finished the fast of ten days in prayer for forgiveness. But he was no longer a child of the Ghetto. He had had a vision of the great world outside of the walls—the world of beauty and of freedom. Henceforth his life must be a struggle between the noble Jewish love of home and of religion and the Jewish love of the great, free, forbidden world, that is no less noble perhaps.

Herr Herman Heyermans, Jr., the Belgian littérateur who wrote "The Ghetto," is of a mind that the great world is better; and his play, which has been produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as well as in London, Brussels, and most other Continental capitals, is a play with a purpose. So jüdel es sich. The purpose is to show that in the modern world the walls of the Ghetto are of the Jews' own making. *Sachel* (Mr. Sidney Herbert) is an old man filled with the spirit of Jewish materialism and conservatism; he is almost blind. His son, *Rafael* (Mr. Joseph Haworth), is a musician, with a touch of the spiritual fervor and the genius of the Jews. There is a beautiful Christian handmaiden in the household, *Rosa* (Miss Grace Filkins), whom the father in his blindness believes ugly, and with whom the son has fallen in love. The old people are arranging a marriage for *Rafael*; and while they are haggling with the parents of the proposed bride over the dowry, in the frankly worldly manner of the Jews, the love of *Rafael* and *Rosa* is discovered. The affair brings on a crisis in the Ghetto, and *Rafael* is driven by an angry mob to the steps of the synagogue, where the Rabbi exhorts him to be true to the traditions of his fathers. In a mood of bitter satire, *Rafael* pretends to do so, and in a heightened and melodramatic scene offers to sell his hand in marriage. The parents of the proposed bride make their bids of money, but *Rafael* rejects them, and takes the hand of the Christian *Rosa*, who has bidden for his love with love. It is pretty plain that the characters and situation here are symbolic. The blind father represents Jewish materialism; the son, Jewish spirituality; the priest, Jewish piety and law; and the handmaiden, the spirit of the Christian world outside. It is the old story of the Child of the Ghetto. The motive of the play is dramatic; and its treatment, though inclining to be formal and heavy, has many passages that are both amusing and touching. The scenes in which the old people haggle over the proposed bride's dowry are capably diverting. The acting is competent throughout, and Mrs. McKee Rankin and Mr. Emmett Corrigan take a couple of Jewish character parts as glibly as if they were to the manner born, and perhaps with even more appreciation of the fun of it all. Yet the play somehow misses fire. If it were played in Yiddish in the Bowery, I can imagine its having

powerful effect: but on Broadway—even the Broadway of Cohns and Rosengartens—it is a hollow mockery. "Wie es sich christelt, so jüdel es sich," and nowhere has the Jew found such full liberty to take on the life of the world outside the Ghetto as on this very Broadway. When Binkinson saw "The Ghetto," he at once set about writing a play, the problem of which was to wall the Jews out from Fifth Avenue. "In ten years," said Binkinson, "the four hundred will consist of three hundred and ninety-nine Jews and one Gentile; they will have to keep one Gentile to imitate."

Mr. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" makes its primary appeal as a series of pictures, now amusing, now pathetic, which are based upon the author's story of the same name treating the life of the London Ghetto. The peculiar fidelity and the skill in stage realism with which these scenes of Jewish life are presented would suggest

Mr. James A. Herne and "Shore Acres," even if the programme did not tell one that Mr. Herne staged the play. The voice is the voice of the Jew, but the hand is the hand of our Yankee. The first act gives us the jolly details of the celebration of the Feast of Chaunkah in Zachariah Square; the second act is at a ball at the People's Club in celebration of the Feast of Purim; the third act is a Friday evening at *Reb* (that is, *Rabbi*) *Shemuel's* on the great Sabbath; and the last act shows the Ghetto market-place on the eve of the Passover, with a scene of marketing, an agitation of free-thinkers and labor agitation, and a congregation going in and out of the synagogue. Among the "property" characters of the play are a Shadchan or marriage broker, a Schnurrer or beggar, an Irish woman who tends the Ghetto fires on the days when it is unlawful for true believers to touch fire, and the child or two that Mr. Herne always so delights in. When I saw the play, during the first week of its production, at the National Theatre, Washington, it did not seem to me that the meaning of all the details of stage realism were clearly presented to the Gentile mind, even though the more recondite features were explained on the programme. The production is still in process of refining, however, and as there is the best of talent in all the parts, it will no doubt end by being as clear and convincing as "Shore Acres." Miss Blanche Bates, who takes the part of the heroine *Hannah*, shows more subtlety of method than she has hitherto had scope for in the East; and as *Hannah's* father, *Reb Shemuel*, Mr. Wilton Lackaye presents a character of high dignity and humanity in a manner at once rich and moderate. One claim the play has which "Shore Acres" and "The Rev-

erend Griffith Davenport" lacked. Mr. Herne's own plays are made up of two irreconcilable elements, a homely milieu that is worked out with the very pedantry of realism, and a plot that harks back to the guileless melodrama of "Hearts of Oak." Mr. Zangwill's scenes of realism develop a true and inevitable dramatic motive, and develop it with a simplicity of scenic construction and an inevitability of form worthy of comparison with the best plays of Ibsen.

The dramatic conflict is between the austere rigor of rabbinical law and the romantic freedom of the modern Christian world. A young commercial traveller of exuberant spirits places a ring bought for his intended bride on *Lannah's* hand, and in a spirit of fun pronounces the critical words of the Jewish marriage ceremony.

To the surprise of all, it is discovered that the act constitutes a legal marriage, as is also the case in Scotland. The only way out of the difficulty is to procure a *ghet* (I think they spell it so), which, according to Jewish law, makes *Hannah* a divorced woman. Subsequently *Hannah* falls in love with an Anglicized Jew, *David Brandon* (Mr. Frank Worthing), who has come home from a prosperous sojourn in Cape Colony. *Hannah's* father, *Reb Shemuel*, makes no objection to *David's* virtual apostasy, relying on his daughter's character and on the strength of the Jewish religious custom to reclaim him; but when it transpires that *David* is of the tribe of Aaron, and by that fact a priest, the marriage becomes impossible, for a priest may not wed a divorced woman. The Jewish law takes no account of romantic affection; indeed, until late years marriage has been a purely material contract—there is no Yiddish word for what we call love. The great struggle of the drama is between this modern passion of *Hannah's* and her reverence and love for her father and for his austere faith. For the moment the Jewish love of family and religion conquers, and the play ends with the separation of the lovers; but the victory can be only for as long as the aged father lives. Perhaps the greatest distinction of the play, which is in many ways great, is the sense one gets that the rigid purity of Jewish home life, and the spiritual majesty of Jewish worship, must in the end be defeated before the freedom and amplitude of the life without the Ghetto.

On the Continent of Europe a Ghetto may still be a Ghetto; but it is not worth Binkinson's while to bother about walling in Fifth Avenue. In a generation or two the Jews will all have taken such names as *David Brandon*, and after they have had a little more practice in imitating the Gentile, the keenest censor of the four hundred could not count noses.

JOHN CORBIN.



BLANCHE BATES AS HANNAH, AND WILTON LACKAYE AS REB SHEMUEL.



# DRAMATIC MIRROR

VOL. XLI., No. 1,058.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

A COMING STAR.



ROSE MELVILLE.

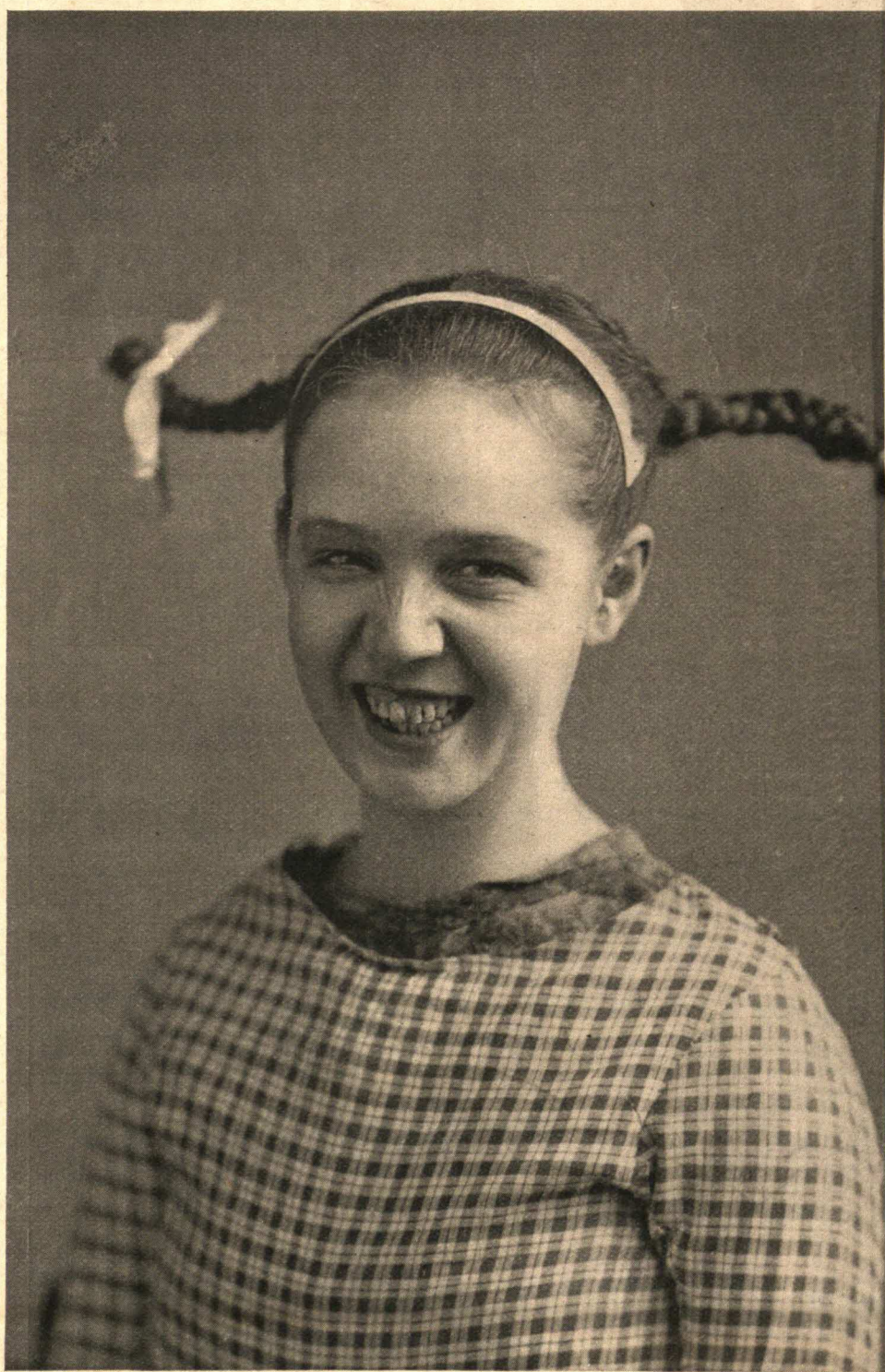
It is seldom that a member of a company whose name is not even on the programme makes the hit of the performance and awakes the next morning to find the newspaper reviews devoted principally to praise of the unknown. This is what happened in Kansas City the other day, when Rose Melville, who will be remembered as the funny "jay" girl in Little Christopher at the Garden Theatre a few seasons ago, unexpectedly joined Mathews and Bulger in their rag-time opera, By the Sad Sea Waves.

The managers, seeing Miss Melville's hit, put their heads together and built up the newcomer's part, so that now it is the principal female role in the play, which will open shortly in a Broadway theatre.

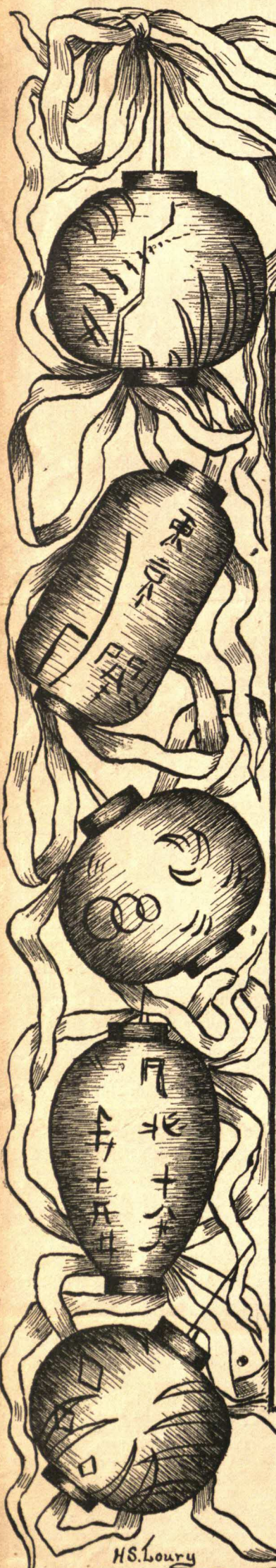
While Miss Melville is closely associated in the public mind with her own comedy creation, "Sis Hopkins of Slab Hollow," she has developed into an excellent singing comedienne. Her notices in St. Louis, Detroit and the other cities played since her present engagement began have been without exception very laudatory, a point being made in each of her remarkable versatility, in playing the part of a dashing burlesque actress with so sure a touch and in so completely hiding her identity in the part of the gawky "jay" girl, Sis Hopkins.

In response to several offers of long standing from English managers for her appearance in the London music halls, Miss Melville has decided to go across in the early Summer, and after a short season abroad she will return to open in New York in an up-to-date musical comedy the rights to which she has just secured.

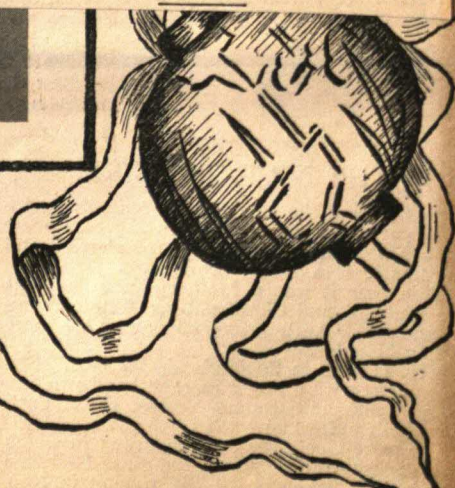
Although Mathews and Bulger began negotiations with Miss Melville before the opening of the present season, it was not until a few weeks ago that arrangements were consummated which resulted in her joining them at short notice in Kansas City. Her hit was instantaneous and phenomenal, and the dramatic critics were unanimous in praise of the excruciatingly funny young woman who appeared as the country girl, whose mother had told her that "there's no use in doin' nothin' for nobody that don't give you nuthin'."



ROSE MELVILLE.



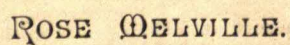
H.S. Louny





O'Connell, who has not acted in New  
 York city in several seasons, made her reap-  
 pearance at Wallack's last evening in a new poetical  
 drama called "The Tenthredinid," written for her  
 by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, the  
 authors of "Rosemary," a dramatic allusion  
 some and is replete with dramatic allusions  
 and charming stage pictures. It attracted an  
 estimated the audience that evening, and there  
 was genuine and merited applause after each  
 act. As might be expected from the nature of  
 the language and actions of the principal  
 characters, it is not always true to human nature.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.



H. S. Lounry



## CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Week Ending November 17.

## Manhattan Borough.

METROPOLIS (Third Ave. and 142d St.), A Young Wife.  
OLYMPIA (2302 Third Ave., nr. 130th St.), The Knickerbockers.  
HARLEM OPERA HOUSE (209-211 West 125th St.), E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned in Hamlet—14 plus 1 to 4 Times.  
HURTT AND SEAMON'S (209-211 West 125th St.), Vaudeville.  
PROCTOR'S HARLEM (125th St., nr. Lexington Ave.), Continuous Vaudeville—2:00 to 10:45 p. m.  
CIRCLE MUSIC HALL (Broadway and 60th St.), Closed.  
PROCTOR'S PALACE (58th St., bet. Lexington and Third Aves.), Continuous Vaudeville—2:00 to 10:45 p. m.  
CARNEGIE HALL (Seventh Ave. and 57th St.), Ossip Gabrilowitch Piano Recital—Mon. Eve., Nov. 12.  
NEW YORK (Broadway and 45th St.), Nell Go-In—3d Week—17 to 25 Times.  
CRITERION (Broadway and 44th St.), John Hare in The Gay Lord Quex—1st Week—1 to 7 Times.  
BERKELEY LYCEUM (23 West 44th St.), Closed.  
VICTORIA (Seventh Ave. and 42d St.), Rogers Brothers in Central Park—9th Week—58 to 64 Times.  
REPUBLIC (207-211 West 42d St., adjoining The Victoria), James A. Hearn in Sag Harbor—8th Week—63 to 60 Times.  
AMERICAN (Eighth Ave., 42d and 41st Sts.), Henry Greenwald Stock in Cumberland, '61.  
MURRAY HILL (Lexington Ave. and 41st St.), Henry V. Donnelly Stock in The Princess and the Butcher.  
BROADWAY (Broadway and 41st St.), Jerome Sykes in Foxy Quiller—2d Week—8 to 14 Times.  
MENDELSSOHN HALL (113 West 40th St.), Dohnanyi Piano Recitals—Wed. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 14-17.  
EMPIRE (Broadway and 40th St.), John Drew in Richard Carvel—11th Week—71 to 78 Times.  
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE (Broadway, 39th and 40th Sts.), Grand Opera in English—Reperitoire—7th Week—The Mikado—2d Week.  
CASINO (Broadway and 39th St.), Florodora—1st Week—1 to 7 Times.  
KNICKERBOCKER (Broadway and 38th St.), Maude Adams in L'Aiglon—4th Week—23 to 29 Times.  
HERALD SQUARE (Broadway and 35th St.), Arizona—10th Week—73 to 80 Times.  
GARRICK (35th St., East of Sixth Ave.), W. H. Crane in David Harum—7th Week—50 to 57 Times.  
KOSTER AND BIAL'S (145-149 West 34th St.), Vaudeville.  
SAVOY (112 West 34th St.), Henrietta Crossman in Mistress Nell—3d Week—22 plus 1 to 24 Times.  
MANHATTAN (1285-1287 Broadway), Grace George in Her Majesty—5th Week—34 to 41 Times.  
THIRD AVENUE (Third Ave. and 31st St.), The Slaves of Oplum.  
BIJOU (1239 Broadway), May Irwin in The Belle of Bridgeport—3d Week—16 to 22 Times.  
WALLACK'S (Broadway and 30th St.), Olga Netherole in Sapho—3d Production—1st Week—29 plus 55 plus 1 to 7 Times.  
DAILY'S (Broadway and 30th St.), San Toy—7th Week—50 to 57 Times.  
WEBER AND FIELDS' (Broadway and 29th St.), Fiddle-Dee-Dee—11th Week—77 to 84 Times, and Travesty on Arizona—5th Week—29 to 36 Times.  
COMIQUE (Broadway and 29th St.), Closed Sat., April 28.  
PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE (Broadway and 29th St.), Continuous Vaudeville—12:30 to 10:45 p. m.  
GARDEN (Madison Ave. and 27th St.), Richard Mansfield in King Henry V—7th Week—41 to 47 Times.  
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (Madison and Fourth Aves., 26th and 27th Sts.), Closed.  
MINER'S (312-314 Eighth Ave.), Sam T. Jack's Burlesques.  
MADISON SQUARE (24th St., nr. Broadway), Peter F. Daley in Hodge, Podge and Company—4th Week—25 to 32 Times.  
LYCEUM (Fourth Ave., bet. 23d and 24th Sts.), Annie Russell in A Royal Family—11th Week—77 to 84 Times.  
EDEN MUSEE (23d St., nr. Sixth Ave.), Figures in Wax—Concerts and Vaudeville.  
PROCTOR'S (23d St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves.), Continuous Vaudeville—12:30 to 10:45 p. m.  
GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Eighth Ave. and 23d St.), James J. Jeffries in A Man from the West.  
IRVING PLACE (Southwest cor. 15th St.), German Tragedy, Comedy, Drama, and Opera.  
FOURTEENTH ST. (14th St., nr. Sixth Ave.), Lost River—7th Week—47 to 54 Times.  
KEITH'S (East 14th St., nr. Broadway), Continuous Vaudeville—12:00 m. to 11:00 p. m.  
ACADEMY (Irving Place and 14th St.), James O'Neill in Monte Cristo—4th Week—25 to 32 Times.  
TONY PASTOR'S (Tammany Hall, 14th St.), Continuous Vaudeville—12:30 to 11:00 p. m.  
DEWEY (126-132 East 14th St.), The Grass Widow Burlesques.  
STAR (Broadway and 13th St.), Two Little Vagrants.  
GERMANIA (147 East 8th St.), Adolf Philipp in The Secrets of New York—9th Week—59 to 65 Times.  
LONDON (235-237 Bowery), Rome Hill Polly Company.  
PEOPLE'S (190-203 Bowery), The Hebrew Drama.  
MINER'S (165-169 Bowery), A New York Girl.  
THALIA (46-48 Bowery), The Hebrew Drama.  
WINDSOR (45-47 Bowery), The Hebrew Drama.

## Borough of Brooklyn.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC (176 to 194 Montague St.), PARK (383 Fulton St.), Closed.  
HYDE AND BEHMAN'S (340-352 Adams St.), Vaudeville.  
NOVELTY (Driggs Ave. and South 4th St.), Vaudeville.  
GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Elm Pl., nr. Fulton St.), Joseph Murphy in Shaun Rhue and The Kerry Cow.  
PAYTON (Lee Ave., opposite Taylor St.), Corse Payton Stock in El Compadre.  
UNIQUE (194-196 Grand St.), The American Burlesques.  
LYCEUM (Montrose Ave. and Leonard St.), Faust.  
AL REEVES' MUSIC HALL (Fulton St., oppo. Grand Ave.), The Ladies' Club.  
AMPHION (437-441 Bedford Ave.), Denman Thomson in The Old Homestead.  
STAR (391-397 Jay St., nr. Fulton St.), The Bowery Burlesques.  
EMPIRE (101-107 South 6th St.), Fred Irwin's Big Show.  
COLUMBIA (Washington, Tillary and Adams Sts.), The Belle of Bohemia—55 plus 1 to 8 Times.  
LAYBY (Broadway and Middleton St.), Le Voyage en Suisse.  
BIJOU (Smith and Livingston Sts.), Sporting Life.  
MONTAUK (585-587 Fulton St.), Leslie Carter in Zaza—43 plus 1 to 7 Times.  
PERCY WILLIAMS' MUSIC HALL (Fulton St. and Alabama Aves.), Vaudeville.  
ORPHEUM (Fulton St., Rockwell Pl., Flatbush Ave.), New Building.  
FOLLY (Graham Ave. and Debevoise St.), Now Building.

## AT THE THEATRES.

## Criterion—The Gay Lord Quex.

Comedy in four acts by Arthur W. Pinero. Produced Nov. 12.

The Marquess of Quex ..... John Hare  
Sir Chichester Frayne ..... Gilbert Hare  
Captain Bastling ..... Ivo Dawson  
"Valma" ..... Arthur Grenville  
The Duchess of Strood ..... Ada Ferrar  
Julia, Countess of Oweridge ..... Louise Moodie  
Mrs. Jack Eden ..... Mona K. Oram  
Muriel Eden ..... Mary Mayfren  
Sophy Fullgarney ..... Irene Vanbrugh  
Miss Moon ..... Florence Jackson  
Miss Huddle ..... Beatrice Coleman  
Miss Claridge ..... Dora Rigold  
Miss Limbird ..... Marjorie Griffiths  
A Young Lady, and other patrons of Miss Fullgarney ..... Marion Ellis, Emily Johnson, and Hubert Evelyn.

John Hare had a cordial welcome at the Criterion Theatre last evening when he made his American reappearance and presented for the first time here Arthur W. Pinero's four-act comedy, The Gay Lord Quex, originally acted by Mr. Hare at the London Globe Theatre on April 8, 1899, at which time the story of the play was told at length in THE MIRROR. It is, therefore,

to lure Quex into a flirtation with herself, intending to disgust Muriel. Yet Quex, to her surprise, is adamant.

At length Quex goes to visit Muriel's people down at Richmond-on-Thames. Another guest is the romantic Duchess of Strood, wife of a septuagenarian peer. She and Quex had once carried on a *liaison* in many a Continental city. The duchess persuades Quex to come to her boudoir at night for a farewell meeting and Quex comes, although, unlike the Duchess, he means that this meeting shall be entirely platonic. The Duchess brings out Quex's favorite champagne and proceeds to work her wicked will. When she waxes particularly insidious, Quex discovers that Sophy is listening at a keyhole. The Duchess becoming alarmed for her "reputation," Quex finds a way for her to escape, and then, admitting Sophy, locks her in with him. Sophy declares that she will denounce him to Muriel, but he points out to her that her own reputation is now at risk, that every one will believe that her former flirtation has culminated in an assignation, and he volunteers to say as much to Valma. Sophy is frantic and he frightens her into writing a letter, confessing an assignation, which letter he means to hold over her until he is married. She is about to depart beaten, when suddenly, determining to chance all to save Muriel, she dares Quex to do his worst. Quex is stunned by admiration for her splendid self-sacrifice. "You shall find that I'm a gentleman for once anyway!" he cries, handing back her letter, and leaving her.

In the last act Sophy prevents the elopement of Muriel and Bastling by making the captain betray to Muriel his own bad character, which is somewhat worse than Quex's. And the pure little English girl pairs off with the titled rake.

Mr. Pinero is assuredly the most adept of contemporary English playwrights, and all of his splendid skill has been brought to bear upon The Gay Lord Quex, in which he has dexterously concentrated all the best points of his other works and has trod very near to the danger line without crossing it. The perilous situation of the third act is handled with superb skill. Mr. Pinero is a master of dialogue, and in this play he shows the fruition of years of experience in writing lines that are at once natural and dramatic.

Mr. Hare has never done anything better than his work in the title-role. By sheer force of his fine art he contrived to compel sympathy for a character that laid small claim to such, and he drew a portrait of the most perfect type. Scarcely less adroit was the sketching of a less admirable rake done by Gilbert Hare. Arthur Granville and Ivo Dawson contributed acceptable work.

Irene Vanbrugh made a prodigious success by her extraordinarily clever portrait of Sophy. With consummate skill she pictured the precise nature of the manicurist and with superb command she enacted the difficult scenes. Ada Ferrar played excellently as the Duchess, Mary Mayfren was typical, perhaps, of an English girl, Mona K. Oram was more than equal to the role of Mrs. Eden, and Louise Moodie gave a nice sketch of an ancient countess. The other persons spoke in such a terribly English way that no one could understand a word they said, but maybe it didn't matter. There was some acceptable scenery.

For the information of the worried, Quex is pronounced to rhyme with specks, or wrecks, or sex, as you will.

## Casino—Florodora.

Musical comedy in two acts, book by Owen Hall; score by Leslie Stuart. Produced Nov. 12.

Cyrus W. Gilfain ..... R. E. Graham  
Frank Abercoed ..... Bertram Godfrey  
Captain Arthur Donegal ..... Cyril Scott  
Leandro ..... Nace Bonville  
Tennyson Sims ..... George De Long  
Ernest Fyn ..... Lewis Hooper  
Max Apfelbaum ..... Edward Gore  
Reginald Landale ..... Joseph Walsh  
Paul Crogan ..... Thomas A. Kiernan  
John Scott ..... Joseph S. Colt  
Anthony Tweedlepunch ..... Willie Edoulin  
Dolores ..... Fannie Johnston  
Vallede ..... Guelmia L. Baker  
Inez ..... Elaine Van Selover  
Joan ..... Sadie Lauer  
Juanita ..... Adelaide Phillips  
Violante ..... Alice Potter  
Calista ..... Mabel Barrison  
Angela Gilfain ..... May Edoulin  
Daisy Chain ..... Margaret Walker  
Mamie Rowe ..... Vaughn Texsmith  
Lucy Ling ..... Marie L. Wilson  
Cynthia Belmont ..... Marjorie Rylea  
Lottie Chalmers ..... Agnes Wayburn  
Clare Fitzclarence ..... Daisy Greene  
Lady Holyrood ..... Edna Wallace Hopper

Florodora, the musical comedy that is having a successful run at the Lyric Theatre, London, was produced at the Casino last evening before a crowded house by a company under the management of Dunne, Ryley and Fisher.

The libretto of Florodora is from the prolific pen of Owen Hall, who rivals our Harry B. Smith in the plentitude of his plots. Leslie Stuart composed the score. The story begins on an island in the Philippines, called Florodora, owned by one Cyrus W. Gilfain, an English American, who manufactures a perfume.

After the island, Gilfain governs the island in a patriarchal way, exercising a fatherly supervision over his employees. But, despite this, he is a villain, having stolen the island from its rightful proprietor, whose daughter, Dolores, works in Gilfain's factory. A wandering phrenologist, Anthony Tweedlepunch, who has learned of the deception, comes to Florodora to restore the heiress to her own. However, Gilfain puts him to another use. He wishes his daughter Angela to marry Frank Abercoed, his manager, who has inherited a title. Therefore Gilfain bribes Tweedlepunch to make phrenological examinations of the heads of Abercoed and Angela, and to declare that each is the affinity of the other. This doesn't suit Abercoed at all, for he is in love with Dolores, and, refusing the marriage with Angela, he departs for England with the intention of returning later for Dolores.

For the second act the scene changes to Abercoed Castle in Wales, and all the characters turn up there. Gilfain has bought the castle, and will not admit his former manager. But Abercoed, Tweedlepunch and Dolores enter in disguise and trot out the alleged ghost of an ancient Abercoed, that threatens Gilfain with any number of unpleasant things for misdeeds. Whereupon the perfume manufacturer confesses all, promises to make amends and is forgiven. This accomplished, the various lovers pair off happily; Dolores to Abercoed, Angela to a dashing captain, and Gilfain to a gay young widow, Lady Holyrood.

Mr. Hail, as usual, has supplied a good plot, sufficiently novel and concise. It suffers, though, from a lack of humor that caused the performance to drag at times. Then, too, many of the jokes are very English and failed to go with the audience. But this may be remedied in subsequent performances.

The musical numbers are unpretentious, but all are agreeable and catchy, and the lyrics are happily written. Among the best may be mentioned "Tact," "I've an inkling," and "Under the Shade of the Palms."

Willie Edoulin, who had the leading comedy role of Tweedlepunch, received an enthusiastic welcome and scored a hit with a quaintly comic performance. His personality and facial expression are very droll, and he was untiring in his efforts to create laughter.

## Broadway—Foxy Quiller.

Comie opera in three acts by Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven. Produced Nov. 5.

Foxy Quiller ..... Jerome Sykes  
Paganino ..... Julius Steger  
Ned Royster ..... W. G. Stewart  
Walsingham Binks ..... Harry MacDonough  
Kimono ..... Adolph Zink  
Abel Gudgeon ..... Louis Casavant  
Splicer ..... Arthur T. Earnest  
Ferret ..... Albert Farrington  
Padlock ..... Albert S. Sykes  
Dodge ..... Louis Kelso  
Vessel ..... Owen J. McCormick  
Lock ..... Edward Everett  
Governor of Corsica ..... Frank Todd  
Antonio Purlino ..... H. C. Nichols  
Garibaldi Filcho ..... George P. Smith  
La Colomba ..... I. C. Fitzroy  
Daphne ..... Helen Bertram  
Polly Prime ..... Grace Cameron  
Belladonna ..... Georgia Caine  
Marjorie ..... Josie Intropodi  
Mrs. Plumduff ..... Edna Hunter  
Serentina ..... Clara Bancroft  
Leona ..... Almira Forrest  
Longina ..... Edith Barr  
..... H. A. Foot

Jerome Sykes made his New York bow as a star at the Broadway Theatre Nov. 5 in Foxy Quiller, a comie opera in three acts, by Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven.

This Foxy Quiller is the same omnipresent sleuthhound whose acquaintance we made in The Highwayman three seasons ago. His reappearance is the outcome of the hit Mr. Sykes made to star Mr. Sykes as Quiller, and Messrs. Smith and de Koven therefore wrote another comie opera with the constable as its central figure.

The plot begins in Portsmouth, England, where Ned Royster, a young ship captain, is robbed of much money by a dwarf traveling with an itinerant showman. Ned has a sweetheart, Daphne, whose father, Abel Gudgeon, will not permit their marriage unless the money is recovered. Foxy Quiller is called in to ferret the mystery, and his process of "deductive, inductive and seductive" reasoning leads him to believe that the thief has gone to Corsica. Thereupon Quiller, his myrmidons and most of the other characters set sail in Ned's ship for Corsica, where the rest of the action occurs. The money is found in Quiller's valise, it having been placed there by the dwarf, and the constable forthwith arrests himself and is sentenced to be shot. In the end the thief confesses, of course.

It cannot be said that Foxy Quiller, resurrected, is as entertaining as in his original surroundings. There is too much of him. In The Highwayman he was a compact, quaintly humorous part of a whole; in the present instance he is the whole. Spread over three acts, his attractive qualities are spent in the elaboration. The attempts at humor are forced and thin, and Quiller's peculiar phrases, spoken in the third person, become as wearisome to hear as they must have been to Mr. Smith to manufacture. It is the old story of overworking a good thing, and another demonstration of the futility of endeavoring to sequelize stage characters with success.

Probably to fill out his slender plot, Mr. Smith has introduced much irrelevant matter and some meaningless roles, notably that of a vengeful Corsican brother and sister. Their presence only serves to complicate the story and in no wise enhances the merits of the opera. The action throughout is conventional to a degree. The lyrics are commonplace and cannot stand comparison with those in San Toy, for instance.

The composer shows to scarcely better advantage than the librettist. Mr. de Koven apparently exerted little on his score, that lacks novelty or brilliancy. Some of the numbers have an ordinary tunelessness, and the orchestration is such as would be expected from one of Mr. de Koven's technical knowledge. But the score shows no inspiration and has ever a familiar ring.

Mr. Sykes is happy in possessing much unction and the *vis comica*, and he is not to be censured that, in spite of his efforts, the opera failed to achieve success. He did his best with his role, and personally was as droll as before. It were a vain task, however, to try to make the spun-out Quiller a hit.

The vocal honors of the performance fell to Helen Bertram, whose rich, well-trained voice rendered her numbers with charming ease and artistic finish. Her excellent acting, too, went far toward redeeming a preposterous role. Grace Cameron's vocalization revealed less dexterity and experience. Her voice is fresh but too shrill on the high notes. She made a pretty Daphne and acted agreeably.

Julius Steger, as Paganino, sang skillfully, but was stolid, stagey and unmagnetic. W. G. Stewart's Ned Royster was in line with his other efforts, sincere and well meant, but faulty. His notes were often throaty, and he seems to hold his voice in too tight check. Louis Casavant sang an anvil song capably, but he had a straight part and no chance to show his abilities in comedy. Harry MacDonough was not amusing as the showman, but this was not his fault but that of the part. Adolph Zink made his debut in English opera, and won laughter as the dwarf. Clever Georgia Caine had few opportunities as Polly. The rest of the roles were unimportant.

The chorus was well drilled and satisfactory vocally, but away below par in looks. There were three attractive settings, painted by Homer F. Emens.

## Irving Place—Von Stufe Zu Stufe.

Comedy in five acts by Hugo Mueller. Produced Nov. 5.

Pollzel Lieutenant Riechenbach ..... Heinrich Habrich  
Ernst Wohlmut ..... Vladimir Schamberg  
Felix Lerche ..... Otto Otbert  
Marie ..... Ada Merito  
Ellie ..... Marie Reichardt  
Zellmann ..... Emil Sievert  
Snoerner ..... Carl Frischer  
Bormann ..... Julius Ascher  
Kahle ..... Willy Frey  
Stallbaum ..... Adolf Teley  
Habicht ..... Max Hanseler  
Niemeier ..... Eugen Hohenwarth  
Ein Constabler ..... Jacques Lurian  
Lisette ..... Frida Brandt  
Anton ..... Ferdinand Riss  
Amanda ..... Lina Hanseler  
Laura ..... Yona Granh  
Norma ..... Gussie Frank  
Hackebret ..... Jacques Horwitz  
Frau Schwabe ..... Johanna Claussen-Koch

Von Stufe zu Stufe (From Step to Step), a comedy by Dr. Hugo Mueller that has been intermittently popular in Germany for more than a score of years, was presented for the first time in New York last Monday night by Heinrich Conried's stock company at the Irving Place Theatre. The audience, as usual, was large and contained representatives of the foremost German families in the city.

The play, though classed as a comedy, is of a very serious character, and is calculated to appeal only to persons of fanciful and emotional tastes. Marie, the heroine, is a poor seamstress who is in love with Ernst Wohlmut, an upholsterer, who is quite as impecunious as she herself. They plan to be married whensoever their mutual savings become sufficiently large to set up housekeeping. Marie, however, meets and is loved by an adventurer who attracts her by his apparent wealth, and she becomes sadly troubled

thoroughly delightful impersonation. Vladimir Schamberg was a capital Ernst Wohlmut, Otto Otbert acted Felix Lerche with his customary distinction. The other characters were all very capably played indeed.

On Friday evening the one hundred and forty-first anniversary of Schiller's birth was celebrated in fitting style by the German company. Several scenes from the great dramatist's works were presented, and the performance engaged every member of Director Conried's organization. The scenes acted were from Wallenstein, The Piccolomini, and William Tell. The audience was unusually large and contained not only many distinguished citizens of German birth, but also a number of professors and students from Columbia and Barnard colleges.

## DAS VERMAECHTNIS.

Play in three acts by Arthur Schnitzler. Produced Nov. 10.

Adolf Losatti ..... Gustav von Seyffertitz  
Betty ..... Johanna Claussen-Koch  
Hugo ..... Adolf Zimmermann  
Franziska ..... Ada Merito  
Leona ..... Adele Sauer  
Emma Winter ..... Meta Bunger  
Agnes ..... Maria Eisenhut  
Toni Weber ..... Hedwig Lange  
Franz ..... Carl Frischer  
Dr. Ferdinand Schmidt ..... Vladimir Schamberg  
Gustav Brander ..... Eugen Hohenwarth  
Ein Arzt ..... Adolf Teley  
Ein fremder Mann ..... Jacques Lurian  
Ein Stubenmädchen ..... Anna Sander

Last Saturday evening Director Conried's stock company presented for the first time in America Das Vermaechtniss (The Legacy), a play by Arthur Schnitzler, that for several seasons has been exceedingly popular in Germany. It is scarcely probable that its success there will be duplicated here, since even the German-born citizens of this country have grown far away from the condition of mind that is necessary for the proper appreciation of the play. It is a dreary, morbid, introspective study of domestic conditions that those who have experienced them wish to forget and that those who have not known them will set down as improbable. There is a moral in the play—a strong plea for charity and broad-mindedness—but it is administered in such gloomy fashion that it is indeed a bitter dramatic pill.

The story of the drama may be briefly told. Hugo Losatti, a young physician, dies, leaving a mistress, Toni Weber, and their little child, Franz. Under protest the parents of Hugo, Professor Losatti and his wife, take the woman and her child to live with them. They soon become greatly attached to little Franz and on his account the mother is treated with some consideration. The child dies. Immediately the members of the family begin to show openly their contempt for Toni. Dr. Schmidt, who is engaged to be married to Franziska, a daughter of Professor Losatti's, continually urges that Toni be turned out of the house, saying that her presence defiles the home. In the end Toni steals away quietly with the intention of ending her troubles by suicide. Thus there is a death in each act, and all through the play, except at the very beginning, the leading characters appear in deep mourning. The sombre hue fits well with the spirit of the very sombre drama.

In the presentation the flower of Director Conried's company appeared, and in point of acting the performance was one of the best given this season. Hedwig Lange impersonated the unfortunate Toni Weber with a power of pathos that was most touching and effective. Adolf Zimmermann, during the short period of action allotted to him as Hugo, impressed the audience deeply by his wonderful realistic acting. Gustav von Seyffertitz was a capital Professor Losatti, and Vladimir Schamberg acted the unpleasant role of Dr. Schmidt most excellently. Among the others in the cast whose work deserves especial mention were Maria Eisenhut, Ada Merito, Meta Bunger and Johanna Claussen-Koch.

Das Vermaechtniss was repeated last evening and it will be presented again to-night. On Wednesday a new farce, Die Goldgrube (The Gold Mine), will be acted for the first time in America, and will be repeated through the rest of the week.

## Metropolitan—The Mikado.

Last Monday evening the Metropolitan English Grand Opera company bade a temporary adieu to the translations of Italian and German works that ordinarily engage the energies of its members and stepped blithely into the domain of operetta, in the familiar characters of The Mikado. The unexpected enterprise of putting forward the understandable and delicious composition of Gilbert and Sullivan was regarded with disfavor by certain of the Savage-Grau patrons—yet they went to the opening performance. Many habitual light-opera goers declared that The Mikado is far too old for Broadway—yet they, too, bought seats for the opening night. In consequence the big auditorium held the largest assemblage that has gathered within its walls this season, and before the overture was half through with the audience found itself tricked into thorough good humor by the magic of Sir Arthur's music.

It must be said at once that the production from first to last was artistic, musicianly, superb in outward show and altogether enjoyable. The Mikado has never been presented in better fashion in this city. The beauties of orchestration in the score were admirably brought out by the instrumentalists, under the direction of Richard Eckholdt; the stage pictures and movements of the chorus were finely arranged by E. P. Temple, and every singer in the company did his or her best to make the performance a delight to ear and eye. The appreciation manifested by the audience should indicate to comie opera stars and their managers that there is a demand in New York for something better than the clap-trap operettas commonly put forward on the ground that they are what the people want. The managers of the Metropolitan English Grand Opera company have found that enough people want The Mikado to make it necessary to run the operetta through a second week.

Two complete casts were engaged in the performances last week, and many of the same singers will alternate in this week's presentations. Last Monday night Joseph F. Sheehan and Grace Golden appeared as Nanki Poo and Yum Yum, Digby Bell as Ko-Ko, and Lempiere Pringle as Pooh Bah. Mr. Sheehan sang and acted with delightful frankness and spirit. His voice is admirably suited to the tuneful melodies of the operetta and he thoroughly entered into the light emotions of the role. Miss Golden, always earnest and artistic, was particularly pleasing in her impersonation of the heroine. Digby Bell was humorous without being in the least vulgar as Ko-Ko. His by-play and facial expressions were as droll as might be, and he aroused many bursts of genuine applause from the audience. Lempiere Pringle astonished those who know only his serious work by the fine humor of his impersonation of Pooh Bah. Zelle de Lussan played Pitti Sing in a light-hearted, graceful manner that was altogether delightful. Lucille Saunders, as Katisha, did not present the unattractive appearance that tradition demands. She played the role effectively, however, and her singing, except for an occasional forced tone, was very agreeable. William Paul was an effective Mikado, F. J. Boyle a sonorous Pish Tush, Kate Condon a sprightly Peen Bo, and Frank Ranney, as Nee Ban, made



## BY A VILLAGE

A German Community  
And Opinions It Holds

(Continued from Page 7)

trialists, like the Comité des Forges, who profit by war."

"I'm glad we lost the war, for otherwise we should have Kaiser Wilhelm ruling us today instead of Hitler," said an enthusiastic young Nazi. "The Treaty of Versailles was a good thing—a good lesson. The League of Nations? The German people want to have nothing to do with it; they don't trust it; they think it a sham."

"But Herr Hitler has offered to join the League," it was pointed out.

"Oh, he did that just to please Britain. There's no popular sentiment for the League. The Germans do not fear war, for we are going to attack nobody."

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A MIDDLE-AGED professional man, over his coffee one evening, grew eloquent in defense of the new German régime, predicting that in five or ten years the world would be grateful for Hitler. "We want no war, no conquest," he said. "All we seek is colonies, which are necessary for a population which soon will number 70,000,000."

"Surely you know," the visitor suggested, "that in all the German colonies in 1911 there were only 20,000 German settlers. Do you think many Germans will live in tropical Africa?"

"Perhaps not; it's true Germans don't like to leave home, but we need colonies for raw materials."

"You say 'no conquest,' but what about the expansion eastward advocated by Hitler and Rosenberg?"

"That will come peacefully through concessions. War is not necessary. Capitalists, mainly Jews, are responsible for strife in the world. The war came because the success of goods 'Made in Germany' aroused jealousy. I was in England before the war and there was a bitter press campaign against Germany—but no German propaganda against Britain."

A younger merchant, who disagreed with the Nazis, notably regarding their attitude to the churches, said that he, like other dissenters on domestic policy, believed that Hitler genuinely sought peace with other nations.

"The white race must face Islam and the Orient and hence must avoid war in Europe in order to be united," he said. "Russia is not interested in the white race as such. It seems to me that Hitler's speeches offer the bases for an agreement by Britain and France with Germany to oppose bolshevism. But Hitler's peace efforts have been hampered by secret propaganda from Moscow."

"It is the doubt about German intentions toward Russia which prevents an agreement with her on the part of Western powers," he was reminded.

"There will be no attack on Russia," he said, "but also no commitment or pact with her."

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A N elderly resident of Wimpfen, who comes into close daily contact with his fellow-villagers, said that they were very anxious when Hitler marched into the Rhineland in March; that they were reminded of the danger of war by air-defense exercises, held here as everywhere in Germany; that the Nazi party had organized lectures on foreign policy in Wimpfen; but that the local people in general paid little attention to fo-



A street in Wimpfen.

eign problems and knew little about them.

"This is a totalitarian State," he said. "All decisions rest with the leader. The individual German has no say; his opinion does not count. But do you think there is danger of war?"

There was one old patriarch who seemed to have no illusions. "War may come suddenly, through an ultimatum, as it did in 1870, before any one realizes its approach," he said as he smoked his long pipe and slowly mounted the hill from the postoffice to the Marktplatz. "The governments are to blame for keeping peoples apart by tariffs and currency control and propaganda, and preventing them from trading with one another."

These are characteristic samples of the views of Europe and of Germany's relations to it gathered from people of various classes and occupations. They seemed to reflect the hopes and fears of Germans generally, old and young, Nazi and non-Nazi. Some were obviously influenced by official doctrines, others as obviously were not.

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THERE were the recurrent themes of the need of colonies and expansion; the fear of communism; the pride—often real, sometimes assumed—in the stern discipline of the Nazi State ("Fortunately that could not happen here," was the comment often made upon the French strikes); the theory of race supremacy, manifested in concern not only for the Nordic but for the whole white race; the conviction of foreign plots to misrepresent and malign Germany, plots which hamper the efforts for peace.

Present was the belief that Britain is sympathetic to Germany and will not oppose her eastward advance—though it was realized that the demand for colonies places a strain upon Anglo-German relations. Toward France, little bitterness was manifest—only a certain mistrust and impatience. It was Russia that was the villain, even for many who did not swallow official propaganda completely.

Of the foreign mistrust of the new Germany because of its rearmament and its expansionist aims there seemed to be little comprehension, even among those who criticized the domestic policies of the Nazis. And above all was the sincere assertion heard dozens of times: "Wir wollen keinen Krieg" ("We don't want war"), and the widespread belief that Hitler, far-reaching as his demands are, really hopes to avoid armed conflict.

There is no doubt whatever that Wimpfen-on-the-Neckar desires peace; and, at least in this sense, it is typical of Germany generally. But it is not clearly realized that the mere desire for peace is hardly enough.

## MR. FROHMAN STILL PRESENTS

A Lifetime in the Theatre Has Not Dulled  
His Enthusiasm for Actors and Acting

(Continued from Page 9)

playwriting and playtinkering—which in fact he held in light esteem—extravagantly rewarded if he had once seen Miss Nielson play his Rosalind.

Mary Anderson was the most beautiful American actress. She was born in old Kentucky, and by going on the stage escaped becoming a village organist; by leaving it young she became a happy wife and mother. On Saturday nights she used to tear passion to shreds of tatters in order, as she said, "to give the boys a treat." It was a way all good players had in those days.

For that was when the gallery gods ruled the house—on Saturday nights still—even if noise and action had to be tempered to the politer sort on weekday nights. Now the gallery has quite gone out of the legitimate theatre's reach.

"What killed the gallery, Mr. Frohman?"

"I think the movies did it with their ten-cent top when the gallery still cost a quarter."

"Also something happened when electricity flooded the stage with light, dispersed the shadows, tamed the tumult and the shouting that the old school relied upon to put the drama over into the audience, and substituted for the traditional soliloquy the visible play of features which the films, while they were still silent, lifted to exaggerated importance in the close-up."

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THERE have been many inventions in the three-quarters of a century since the boy from Sandusky, in time off from his \$2.50 a week office-boy job in Park Row, used to drink in the melodramas at the old Bowery Theatre from his place in the pit—price 12 cents. The stars have gone that revolved in their courses from stock company to stock company, one in each city ready to play all the parts in the old favorites except the star's own. The stock companies, too, are gone, except where they are got together for Summer-resort shows. The movies have come, and the radio, to disperse drama and entertainment generally to the millions.

"And on the stage the actor," Frohman pursued, "has ceased to run the show. Shakespeare wrote for the actor. Burbage was more

important than his playwright. In the days from Betterton to Booth and Irving, still the actor was subordinate—the actor supreme. Now the actor is something fitted into the play as it takes shape in the imagination of the producer and the author."

In effect the player has become a mere cog in the machine, not the reason for the machine's existence. Yet it is still the actor who makes the machine go.

\*\*\*

"WHAT does not change," said the dean of our drama firmly, "is human nature. The changes—and they are many and great—are in costume, manners, theatrical machinery. Still the actor's human body is the stuff of which his art is composed, and still his appeal is to the eternal human in his audience. Since he has a new audience every night, every night is a first night with a new collaborative act of creation. That is what does not happen in the films, which capture the creative act under high pressure once and for all, and ever after serve it out of a can. That is why nothing else will ever take the place of the theatre of living actors."

Types and the fashions of plays come and go like types and fashions of dress and behavior. In the heyday of Frohman's own management of the theatre, virtue was the keynote. Said he: "But virtue is not dramatic. Consequently, drama had to be achieved in spite of virtue."

Then he opened a trap in the wall that gave a view of the empty stage of the dim theatre below. The apartment is in effect the manager's private box. One night Israel Zangwill's "Serio-Comic Governess" was flopping down there, right under the eyes of author and producer.

"I told Cissy Loftus—Miss Loftus was the serio-comic virtuous young person—to save a desperate situation by doing some of her famous imitations in the third act, which Zangwill was furiously trying to rewrite at the moment in this big room. Zangwill wrote delightful books, but it is not writing that makes a play—it is the idea—a dramatic idea with emotional human content."

"Shakespeare wrote for people who mostly couldn't read. Ever since, the theatre has depended principally on people who did not read much. Education has made it possible to have plays that appeal to the mind instead of directly to the emotions. But no more than virtue is intelligence dramatic. The intellectual play has to be made dramatic in spite of its intellectual content. There must be a dramatic idea behind it to give life to the argument."

\*\*\*

THE veteran paused and looked around the walls crowded with photographs. "I knew them all," he said, making a sweeping gesture with a long arm. "Many of them are dead. Many of the others write me letters still. Once-lovely young women say that they are old and fat. But I know the ones that are young now as well. And they likewise are my friends."

The simple fact is that Daniel Frohman's company still exists today. It is not merely that portrait gallery in the long room at the top of the Lyceum Theatre; it is the entire theatrical profession.



Frohman in the early 1900s.



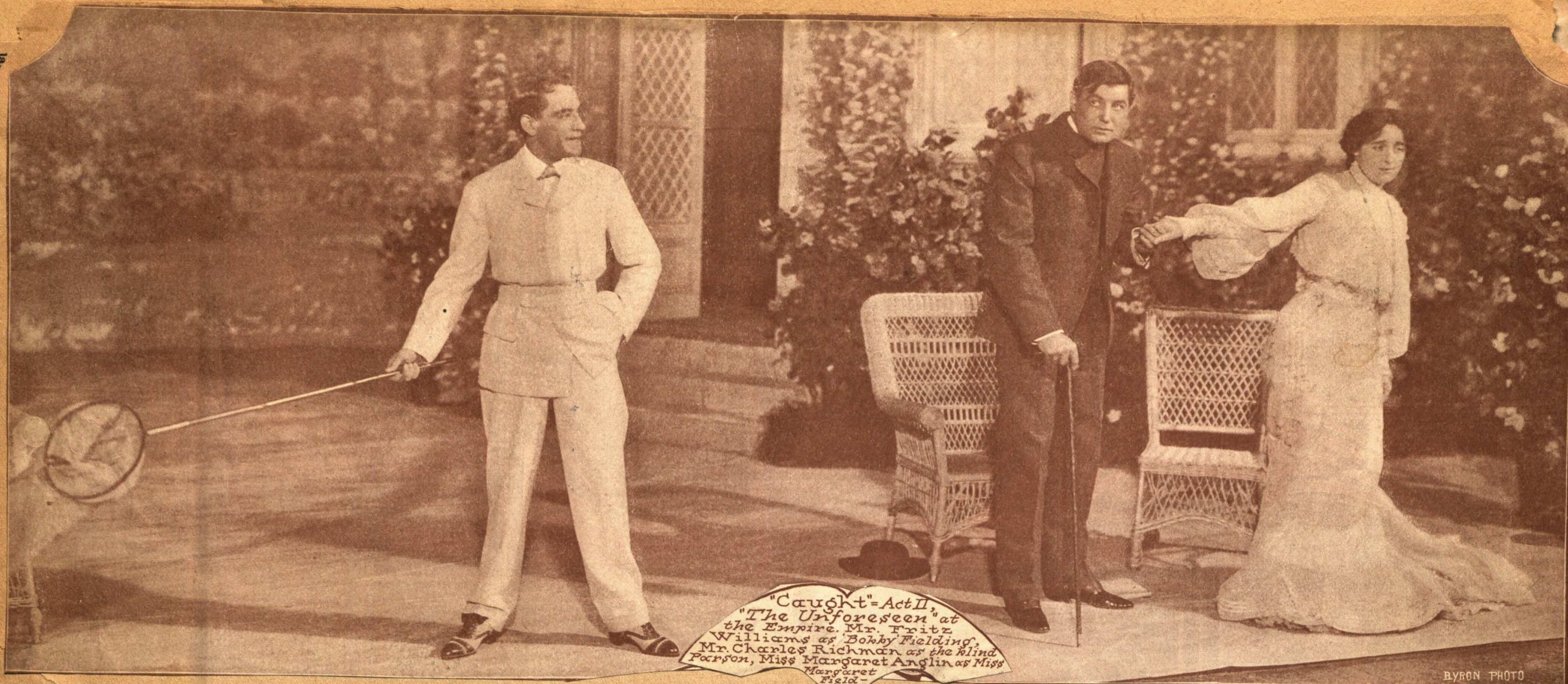


LEE HARRISON, IN HIS MULTIPLICITY OF UNIQUE CHARACTERS IN "THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN CENTRAL PARK," AT HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA.

Lee Harrison Appears in Many Parts, in Fact, Wherever He Can Complicate the Matrimonial Tangles in the Plot. From a Backwoods Soubrette to an Italian Count, and then to the Original "Full Dinner Pail" Man He Changes. Altogether He Is the Busiest Man on the Stage. As the Excitable Count Describing the Sharkey-Ruhlin Fight to Jeanette Bageard and Edith St. Clair He Is Amusing in an Original Way. In the Centre Picture He Must Have Absorbed the Entire Contents of the "Full Dinner Pail" and Got the Gout.



the Rhin-  
anxious  
were reminded of the danger of  
war by air-defense exercises, held  
here as everywhere in Germany;  
that the Nord river had overflowed  
it is typical of Germany generally.



"Caught"=Act II,  
"The Unforeseen" at  
the Empire. Mr. Fritz  
Williams as Bobby Fielding,  
Mr. Charles Richman as the blind  
Parker, Miss Margaret Anglin as Miss  
Margaret Field-  
ing.

BYRON PHOTO



"He Loves Me!"



"He Loves Me Not!"



"He Loves Me!"



"He Loves Me Not!"



"He Loves Me!!"

Posed by Miss Pearl Gibson, with "The Sultan of Sulu"

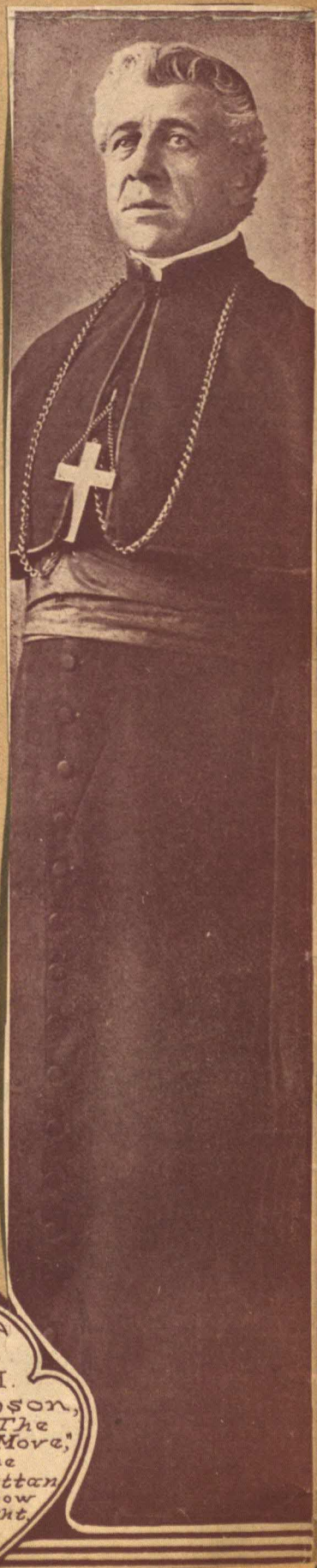
Frohman's company still exists to-  
day. It is not merely that portrait





Photo. copyrighted, 1896, by B. Falk, N. Y.

MARIE BATES.



Mr.  
W. H.  
Thompson,  
in "The  
Bishop's Move,"  
at the  
Manhattan  
tomorrow  
night.





DARMONT. SARAH BERNHARDT.

ABBEY'S THEATRE: IZEYL. ACT IV.—IZEYL'S DEATH.



A SCENE IN "THE BRIXTON BURGLARY," THE RECENT COMEDY SUCCESS IN LONDON, WHICH IS REPEATING ITS HIT HERE, HAVING OPENED AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE LAST WEEK.



## Broadway—Veronique.

Comic opera in three acts. Book by A. Vanloo and G. Duval; English version by Henry Hamilton. Music by Adre Messager. Lyrics by Lillian Eldée and Percy Greenbank. Produced Oct. 30.

Forestan de Vallancourt ..... Lawrence Rea  
Monsieur Loutot ..... Aubrey Fitzgerald  
Scraphin ..... Ralph Nairn  
Octave ..... John Malcolm  
Folicien ..... Leslie Rainey  
Max ..... James Grant  
Achilles ..... Max Shapiro  
Orderly ..... Richard Dooliver  
Monsieur Coquenard ..... John Le Hay  
Ermerance ..... Lena Maitland  
Agatha ..... Kitty Gordon  
Aunt Benoit ..... Emmie Santer  
Denise ..... Valli-Valli  
Sophie ..... Madge Vinton  
Ella ..... Ruby Delmar  
Zoe ..... Florence Plunkett  
Lucille ..... Beulah Martin  
Helene de Solanges ..... Ruth Vincent

Although Veronique is described on the programme as a comic opera, it is superior to the class of musical burlesques and extravaganzas which the public is accustomed to include under this category. It is a much nearer approach to classic "light opera" and might justly be compared to such works as The Chimes of Normandy.

The prevailing impression it leaves is one of charming grace and melody, something merry and brimming with spring-time joyfulness, yet never tawdry or trivial. This applies far more strictly to the music than to the libretto and lyrics. The plot is sufficiently poetic, but either the book was originally inferior to the score or it has suffered serious injury in the process of translation. The bulk of the comic dialogue is so very broad and British that some of the farcical scenes, such as the scene between the florist and his wife at the opening of the third act, do more harm than good by temporarily breaking the poetic spell. The stage settings and costumes are excellently harmonized with the music and underlying sentiment of the work. The first two acts, the flower shop and the country picnic scene, are in delicate shades of green, and the third act, representing the reception room at the Tuilleries, is appropriately tinted in the richest hues of lavender. The public has indulged in great expectations about this production, owing to its run of more than five hundred performances at the Apollo Theatre, in London, and these anticipations come very near being completely satisfied.

The period of the play is the earlier half of the nineteenth century, during the reign of King Louis, and the plot is a romance, the story of two young people of noble birth who have been betrothed without ever meeting one another. Helene de Solanges, who has once caught a glimpse of her prospective husband, recognizes him at Coquenard's flower shop, and is much nettled at witnessing a love scene between him and the florist's wife. In the disguise of flower girls Helene, or Veronique as she now calls herself, and her friend, the Countess Ermerance, both attend a picnic which has been arranged by Forestan and Coquenard. There she completely captures both Forestan and the audience. Forestan flatly refuses to marry any one except Veronique and is put under arrest by the bailiff, the grotesque comedian of the piece, who has allowed him his freedom solely because of his matrimonial prospects. In the final act the deception is explained to the idyllic satisfaction of every one concerned.

Ruth Vincent as Veronique sings unusually well, looks as beautiful as the princess of a fairy story and acts with a charming freedom from any sort of affectation. The scene at the picnic when she dabbles in a rustic swing and sings Messager's exquisite "Swing Song" is an inspiration to every young lover who beholds her. How Lawrence Rea as Forestan can play his part with such a comparative lack of sympathy is a mystery. He may feel the part, but his action is awkward and his voice has a most unfortunate hollow quality. Lena Maitland impersonates the Countess Ermerance with unpretentious fidelity, and in her one real song, at the very beginning of the third act, exhibits an excellent contralto voice and a remarkable technique. Miss Valli-Valli as Denise sings fairly well and dances far better. Kitty Gordon as Madame Coquenard has abundance of dramatic instinct, but her voice has something of that callophous harshness which is so common on the operatic stage. Aubrey Fitzgerald, M. Loutot, the bailiff, does precisely what is required of him. John Le Hay as Coquenard, the florist, is funny, but in a manner that too nearly approaches burlesque to be thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the piece. Ralph Nairn as Scraphin, a groom, gives a creditable performance, but has still to learn the fine art of vocalizing. In conclusion it should be noted that Messager has written an opera in the ancient sense of the word, and has not contented himself with composing a number of interpolated songs. The orchestration is admirable. When the people talk they talk, but when they once begin to sing the music is sustained throughout the ensuing scene.

## Fourteenth Street—The Dairy Farm.

Drama in four acts by Eleanor Merron. Produced Sept. 16.

Squire Hurley ..... Percy Plunkett  
Sarah Newkirk ..... Jean Clara Walters  
Nathan Newkirk ..... Charles Hallock  
Lucy ..... Grace Hopkins  
Buntie Jane Perkins ..... Catherine Carlisle  
Simon Krum ..... Arthur C. Saunders  
Elias Plough ..... J. H. Hollingshead  
Deacon Shears ..... Seymour Stratton  
Mrs. Shears ..... Helen Bardi  
Hannah Tice ..... Nelly Russell  
Old Pate ..... Harry Adams  
Mary ..... Bertha St. Clair  
Bob ..... M. M. Murray  
Dominie Crulshank ..... Frank Richter  
Arthur Cole ..... Richard Hinchcliff  
Amos Vanbeck ..... Alfred Johnson  
Schemah Newbourn ..... William Jameson  
The Churn ..... Daniel Webster  
John Sparrow ..... Paul Taylor  
Joel Whitbeck ..... Newton Chisnell  
Araminta Whitbeck ..... Eleanor Merron

## Manhattan—Woman and Wine.

Melodrama in four acts by Arthur Shirley and Benjamin Landeck. Produced April 11.

Hugh Seymour, R.A. .... George Osbourne  
Richard Seymour ..... Howard Kyle  
Phineas Collins ..... Julien Barton  
Mark Parkins ..... David Torrence  
Professor Sawter, F.R.S.G. .... M. A. Kennedy  
Charles Sawter ..... Daniel Halifax  
Bob Tipton ..... Roland G. Edwards  
Alphonse Beaudet ..... Franklyn Roberts  
Callan ..... Frank Hatch  
Proprietor of the Cafe d'Afrique ..... George Courtney  
Antonio ..... A. L. Traherne  
A. Neapolitan Singer ..... Alexis Giskis  
Adams ..... J. G. Brammell  
President of the Court of Assizes ..... William Selwyn  
Foreman of the Jury ..... George Murray  
Marcel Rigandout ..... Elita Proctor Otis  
La Colombe ..... Mabel Eaton  
Mary Andrews ..... Minnie Dupree  
Janet Marlow ..... Millie James  
Lizette ..... Grace Howard  
Madame Perinet ..... Lottie Mortimer  
A. Morse ..... Nellie Simmons  
Fia Gautier ..... Marion Winchester  
Marie Germaine ..... Lulu Porter  
Delphine Delmas ..... Alice Kingston  
Annie Durand ..... Eleanor Allen  
Jeanne ..... Lucille Monroe  
Mignon ..... Rose Garland  
Toto ..... Virginia Marshall  
Fanchon .....  
Nanon .....  
Ninette .....

## Knickerbocker—Merchant of Venice.

Comedy in five acts, by William Shakespeare. Revived Oct. 30.

The Duke of Venice ..... W. H. Crompton  
Judge Prince of Morocco ..... Frank Kingdon  
Antonio ..... T. L. Coleman  
Bassanio ..... Frederick Lewis  
Salarino ..... Gilbert Douglas  
Salario ..... Robert Stowe  
Gratiano ..... Fred Eric  
Lorenzo ..... Pedro De Cordoba  
Shylock ..... E. H. Sothern  
Tubal ..... Frank Reicher  
Launcelot Gobbo ..... Rowland Buckstone  
Old Gobbo ..... Malcolm Bradley  
Leonardo ..... Thomas Davis  
Balthazar ..... P. J. Kelly  
Stephano ..... Edson R. Miles  
Servant to Antonio ..... Wilmer Dame  
Gaoler ..... Charles Fallhart  
Portia ..... Julia Marlowe  
Nerissa ..... Alice Harrington  
Jessica ..... Millicent McLaughlin

The second of E. H. Sothern's Shakespearean revivals at the Knickerbocker Theatre keeps closely to the original text and so far as it may be considered simply as an exposition of Shakespeare's writings is more satisfying than the first of this season's productions. No consequential scenes have been cut and but little extraneous business that has not already received the sanction of custom has been added. Once or twice it appears that the instinct of the pictorial stage manager got the better of good judgment, notably in the scene of Jessica's elopement. While Lorenzo is waiting for the girl to appear two gondola loads of singers make considerably more noise than would be safe where secrecy and haste are necessary. A band of revelers with musicians and acrobats is effectively introduced in the interval between the escape of Jessica and the return of Shylock. Here Mr. Sothern makes use of Irving's idea and closes the scene with the picture of the old Jew coming back from the undesired supper at Bassanio's house to find his home empty, but the incident fails of significance. The settings of the second scene of the second act, showing "Shylock's house by a bridge," and of several scenes of the third act, showing a room in Portia's house, are particularly beautiful.

Without taking from Mr. Sothern one particle of the credit due him for his splendid revivals of Shakespeare it must be said that the selection of a role so temperamentally and vitally unsuited to him as that of Shylock is unfortunate. For beauty of scenery and costume the production of The Merchant of Venice has hardly been surpassed in New York, but it is doubtful if so ambitious an effort has lately proved so unsatisfying. Unconvincing and fruitless was Mr. Sothern's portrayal of the character. There was no point that showed what his conception of the part might have been. His Shylock ranged from the pathetic figure of an old man persecuted because of his race to the revengeful money lender whose love for his daughter was measured by the jewels she stole. Not only did Mr. Sothern appear temperamentally unfit for the role but altogether out of sympathy with it. His methods were theatrical, his gestures conventional rather than expressive, and his work was further marred by an uncertainty in his voice.

About Julia Marlowe's Portia quite another story should be told. Miss Marlowe seems to delight in roles that exhibit a buoyant girliness, and Portia offers just such opportunity, with the touches of earnestness that make a pleasing contrast. The danger of overdoing this girliness was shown in the trial scene, when Portia as the young doctor silences her clerk Nerissa by a tap from a heavy law book, a rather undignified proceeding for the court of the Duke of Venice. But Miss Marlowe has seldom appeared to more advantage than she did in the casket choosing scene and her love making with Bassanio. The "quality of mercy" speech in the trial scene she gave with finished grace and almost perfect elocution.

The members of the company were generally well cast. Alice Harrington made a vivacious Nerissa and looked and read well. Millicent McLaughlin as Jessica lacked some of the Oriental warmth that should be found in the Jew's daughter, but she gave a consistent performance that was satisfactory. T. L. Coleman played Antonio with dignity, though not so convincingly but that he might have been better. Frederick Lewis was a languishing Bassanio, who overcame by his excellent work in the casket scene any bad impression he may have made before. Fred Eric, who played Gratiano, again proved his ability as a comedian and as a reader of blank verse, carrying forward the good impression he made in The Taming of the Shrew. Pedro de Cordoba satisfactorily filled the role of Lorenzo. Rowland Buckstone would have deserved credit for his portrayal of Launcelot Gobbo had he spoken in a natural voice without the use of falsetto and misplaced inflexion. Malcolm Bradley was bad as Old Gobbo, and Gilbert Douglas and Robert Stowe Gill did nothing particularly commendable with the roles of Salarino and Salario. W. H. Crompton spoke the lines of the Duke excellently, and Frank Kingdon made a good Prince of Morocco. Frank Reicher as Tubal made good use of a small opportunity. The small roles were adequately filled and the extra people were well rehearsed.

## Grand—The Gunner's Mate.

Melodrama in four acts by W. J. McKiernan and E. J. Gallagher. Produced Jan. 8.

Clement Carroll ..... Nestor Lennon  
Herbert Quayley, M. D. .... F. A. Yelvington  
Philip Fainsworth ..... Lionel Clarke  
Robert A. Burns ..... Gray Towler  
Ben Lukens ..... S. K. Chester  
Arthur Gladden ..... Juliet De Grienan  
Erisco Pete ..... J. W. Weston  
Yorker ..... F. W. Richter  
Jimmy Legs ..... Charles E. Wilson  
Marine ..... George Andrews  
Bugler ..... Harry W. Fero  
Naval Apprentice ..... B. R. Whitlow  
Gustave Ohlsen ..... H. F. Gurnsey  
Jack Huntley ..... N. F. Hawkins  
Bill Smith ..... J. W. Spatz  
Higsteps ..... James Marr  
Larkins ..... P. O'Hara  
Expressman ..... Walter Harris  
Clergyman ..... George Howson  
Mildred Emerson ..... Helen MacGregor  
Plum Duff ..... Marion Berg  
Mrs. Lukens ..... Marion P. Clifton  
Nora ..... Christie MacLean

## Herald Square—Children of the Ghetto.

Play in four acts by Israel Zangwill. Produced Oct. 16.

"Reb" Shemuel ..... Wilton Lackaye  
David Brandon ..... Frank Worthing  
Melchisedek Pinchas ..... William Norris  
Moses Ansell ..... Adolphe Lestina  
Simon Wolf ..... Gus Frankel  
Guedalyah ..... Emil Hoch  
Michael Rabinbaum ..... Frank Cornell  
Ephraim Pinchas ..... Fred Lotto  
Sam Levine ..... Charles Stanley  
Sugarman ..... Richard Carle  
Mrs. Jacobs ..... Louise Muldner  
Malka ..... Ada Dwyer  
Milly Phillips ..... Rosabel Almonro  
Leah ..... Rosabel Morrison  
Mrs. Belcovitch ..... Madame Cottrelly  
Becky ..... Ada Curry  
Widow Finkelstein ..... Sadie Stringham  
Esther Ansell ..... Mabel Taliaferro  
Shel ..... Blanche Bates

It's four-act

## West End—Simple Simon Simple.

Musical extravaganza in three acts, by Charles H. Brown and Otis F. Wood. Produced Oct. 30.

Simon Simple ..... Nell McNeill  
Mose ..... Jerry D. Sullivan  
Judge Simple ..... Tom Springer  
Mrs. Simple ..... Jennette Mills  
Mandamus Backstone ..... Jack J. Clark  
Huida Spiegelberger ..... Anna McNabb  
Manny Johnsing ..... Wally Clark  
Dinah Mite ..... Bertie Dale  
Hiram Swatam ..... Trilzie Cadiz  
Sig Saute ..... George E. Murphy  
Tony De Bumski ..... J. K. Adams  
Li Hung Chang ..... Horace Wright  
Thilie Collye-Wabbs ..... Tom Gipple  
Alma Vassar ..... Louise Goodwin  
May Kilcoyne

Simple Simon Simple, which is described on the programme as a "cartoon musical extravaganza," is one of those pieces that are commonly said to beggar description. It contains elements from musical comedy, minstrelsy and vaudeville, together with some very creditable dances and innumerable devices such as are popular on the outskirts of the metropolis. There are many details which commend themselves to the critic by virtue of a certain appropriateness and ingenuity. The performance thoroughly pleased a crowded house of Harlemites and it might draw audiences on Fourteenth street, but between these two extremes it could never eke out an existence.

Simon Simple, the village pest, appears clad according to the fashion plates issued by the advertising department of the Omega Oil Company. He is to come into a huge fortune unless he so far forgets himself as to leave home before his eighteenth birthday, in which case he has to share the money with sundry relatives. In consequence these relatives use every means at their disposal to lure him away, even to the extent of pretending they are about to have him put under arrest. In the last act Simple and Mose, his tiny negro "pal," both join a traveling circus, and there the plot, or so much of it as has from time to time forced its way through the mass of songs, dances and specialties, suddenly stops short. The scenery is effective, and Jerry D. Sullivan as Mose does an acrobatic "stunt" that is really the culminating point of the piece. He is very small, almost a midget, and when he stands on his head and wheels round and round he looks like an ebony top.

Nell McNeill sings, acts and dances the part of Simon Simple, much to the gratification of the audience. There is something humorous about a man being called upon to impersonate a cartoon, but he does it with an uproarious good nature that well merits the applause it receives. But he has to divide honors equally with Mose, the hopeful offspring of Judge Simple's negro servant, Manny Johnsing, whose sole occupation in life is to aid and abet all the pranks that Simon perpetrates. Huida Spiegelberger, Simon's "best girl," is cleverly done by Anna McNabb, who is the most graceful dancer of the entire cast. Dinah Mite, Mose's sweetheart, is almost as diminutive as the little black man himself and wins almost the same instantaneous appreciation. Sig Saute, played by J. K. Adams, is manager of the circus and makes rather a feeble effort at reproducing a type of Bowery "tough." Horace Wright as Tony De Bumski, an Italian fruit vender, who goes abroad and has his voice cultivated, supplies the more pretentious music, without which no such performance ever seems to be complete. May Kilcoyne, the Vassar girl, really has the best voice in the company and the best idea of how to use it advantageously. The chief of police and the old maid are extremely conventional characters rather well acted. Tom Springer as Judge Simple lives up to the ideals of Simpleville. Jennette Mills as Mrs. Simple and Jack Clark as Mandamus Backstone are perhaps competent to do more than is required of them. Wally Clark as Hans Spiegelberger proves himself so remarkable a whistler that his specialty is one of the best things on the programme.

The first scene of the third act contains the most unusual feature of the performance—the "Froggie Frog" song, with a chorus in lily-pod hats and Simon Simple dressed as a huge green basso-profundo of the bullrushes. From a critical point of view, the best musical selection is "Dear Old College Days," sung by May Kilcoyne. In another interpolated chorus the girls represent different colleges and are all arrayed in more or less athletic costumes.

This extravaganza ought to be a success in the locality that such things appeal to. It has the rare virtue of becoming more entertaining as it progresses.

## New Amsterdam—The White Cat.

Musical spectacle in three acts, by J. Hickory Wood and Glen Collins. Adapted by Harry B. Smith. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith and William Jerome. Music by Ludwig Engländer and Eugene Schwartz. Produced Nov. 2.

Methuselah ..... William Macart  
Jonah the Thirteenth ..... William T. Hodge  
Simon ..... Hugh J. Ward  
Prince Paragon ..... Edgar Atchison-Ely  
Prince Plump ..... Herbert Corbith  
Prince Peerless ..... Maud Lambert  
Hecate ..... Harriet Worthington  
Mignonet ..... Seymour Brown  
Princess Chiffon ..... Edith St. Clair  
The Fairy Queen ..... Harriette Cropper  
Cupid ..... Maida Snyder  
Populo ..... Monte Elmo  
Aristo ..... Helen Lathrop  
The Mother ..... Inez Shannon  
Court Herald ..... Robert Harold  
First Nurse ..... Sarah Hollister  
Knocko ..... Patrick Dawe  
Jocko ..... Harry Seymour

With scenery and costumes that rivaled those of the Hippodrome, where emphasis is necessary, owing to its vast spaces, in garishness, and a book that surpassed the City Directory in dullness, the latest imported "Drury Lane spectacle" made its appearance at the New Amsterdam last Thursday night. Its lavish dressing, elaborate as it is, fails utterly to compensate for the most inane humor, ponderous puns and music that consists largely of the scraping of bull fiddles and the pounding of brass drums. Heard by a deaf man or witnessed by a child, the piece would probably be very entertaining.

There is the usual princess who has the usual amount of trouble on account of the usual wicked fairy, after the manner of The Black Crook and The Devil's Auction. This particular princess, Chiffon by name, passes through a series of metamorphoses before her final rescue by the inevitable prince, and the piece gets its name from that period of her life when she occupies the body of a white cat.

The only excuse for the piece was found in the ballets, which are many in number and diversified in life, though colored sometimes with blinding hues. The finish of the first act, showing the ballet of fruits in the fairy orchard, and the "Glory of Nations" in the second act seemed to meet the most approval from the audience. There are thirteen scenes in all, some of them apparently introduced to show the skill of the stage mechanic.

William Macart was supposed to be the principal fun-maker, in the role of Methuselah, a superannuated fairy, but with the exception of one scene he struggled in vain. Hugh J. Ward as the ape deserved all the honors for his cleverness and made the audience wish some others of the principals were animals. William T. Hodge played the King stupidly. Harriet Worthington was a satisfactory bad fairy, and Maud Lambert sang the songs of the prince as tunelessly as the music would permit. Edith St. Clair played the princess and Maida Snyder was a pretty cupid. The efforts of the troupe of Spanish dancers from the Royal Theatre, Madrid, were enthusiastically received.

The White Cat is a typical "show."

## Liberty—Moonshine.

Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edwin Milton Royle and George V. Hobart. Music by Silvio Hein. Produced Oct. 30.

Lord Dungenar ..... Roy Atwell  
Hon. Lionel Longacre ..... Dick Temple  
Lady Gwendeth ..... Frances Gordon  
Earl of Broadlawn ..... J. Ward Kett  
Countess of Broadlawn ..... Leona Anderson  
Molly ..... Marie Cahill  
Sadie Short ..... Sadie Harris  
"Plunger" Dawson ..... William Ingersoll  
Marcel Barbier ..... George Beban  
Lola Charmion ..... Clara Palmer  
Terence O'Fogg ..... H. R. Roberts  
General Moroff ..... H. Guy Woodward  
Baron Hosaki ..... Frederic Paulding

Moonshine is described on the programme as "a new musical play," which is perhaps as wisely vague a description as can be given of a piece that has too much music to be a play and too little even to masquerade as opera. Silvio Hein has composed one opening ensemble, two finales and a round dozen of songs, about half of them with choruses. The music is good and a few of the songs are exceptionally tuneful—songs of course adapted to the methods of Marie Cahill. The book and lyrics by Mr. Royle, who—save the mark!—wrote The Squaw Man, and George V. Hobart, who is an old hand at this sort of work, is unusual in two respects—it contains some of the brightest epigrams that New York has heard since the beginning of the phrase fever, and there is not a single "suggestive" word or coarse allusion. In fact, it is something of an achievement to have written so funny a farcical comic opera without even having committed a verbal indiscretion, and it is a forcible illustration of how jolly a clean joke can be if only it is the creation of a clean mind. It is so long since we have seen a chorus of girls all in long skirts that this reminiscence is as good as an innovation. This, too, made the play more plausible and attractive. Graceful skirts, petticoats and laces with just an occasional glimpse of stockings are a great improvement over many of the ill-formed displays we are accustomed to seeing in tight.

Moonshine has a story, but not one to be absorbing as a work of fiction. In the first act the Honorable Lionel Longacre has stolen from him a valuable report which he has been commissioned to deliver to the British Government. Molly Moonshine, with whom he is in love and who was formerly in the United States Secret Service, is accused of the theft by a bogus mystic whose true character she has threatened to reveal. In the second act Molly recovers the documents for her lover and fastens the crime on the Frenchman and his dashing accomplice, Lola Charmion. Molly Moonshine after her first entrance has the center of the stage about two out of every three minutes, and she has an absolute monopoly of the witty lines.

Marie Cahill as Moonshine lives up to her ancient reputation in the ancient way, which is a very good way indeed. More than ever she reminds one of Fay Templeton, without the vulgarity and without quite the same calibre of talent. The two women have the same method of economizing their gestures and, so to speak, of personifying humor in repose. With either of them a drooping eyelid is as significant as a burst of laughter, and a vast deal more ludicrous. One song, "Robinson Crusoe," is a gem of its kind, and many a singer with twice Miss Cahill's voice could not do better than to observe her technique and enunciation. In spite of the gorgeous costumes she says she is poor because "father was a Tammany politician who tried to live up to his specifications." Dick Temple as the Honorable Lionel sings well, but is not much more attractive than the average aspiring scions of great English houses as we see them behind the footlights. Leona Anderson as Countess of Broadlawn cleverly shows that nothing has ever been able entirely to eradicate the effect of her experience as a chorus girl in The Belle of New York. Roy Atwell is emphatically good as Lord Dungenar, though he has little opportunity. Next to Miss Cahill herself, however, praise should be awarded Clara Palmer for her luring and fascinating Parisienne, and George Beban for the corresponding male part of Barbier, a Gaul of the most extravagant type, who is insane on the subject of his resemblance to Napoleon. William Ingersoll as the mystic was so handsome in his "pink raglan" and "cozy-corner trimmings" that it was natural enough for the chorus to adore him. If any other character deserves special mention it is Baron Hosaki, the Japanese Minister, who looked oddly like the pictures of Komura, and was played by Frederic Paulding with considerable subtlety.

## Daly's—The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Revived Jan. 11.

Sir John Falstaff ..... George Clarke  
Fenton ..... Neil McCay  
Master Shallow ..... Edwin Varrey  
Abraham Slender ..... Wilfred Clarke  
Francis Ford ..... Charles Richman  
George Page ..... John Craig  
Sir Hugh Evans ..... Herbert Gresham  
Doctor Caius ..... Joseph Herbert  
Host ..... Tyrone Power  
Ancient Pistol ..... Sidney Herbert  
Corporal Nym ..... William Hazeltine  
Bardolph ..... Hobart Bosworth  
Robin ..... Little Vargie  
Simple ..... Tom Hadaway  
Rugby ..... George Wharno  
Mistress Page ..... Catherine L.  
Anne Page ..... Lettice F.  
Mistress Quickly ..... Mrs. G. H.  
Mistress Ford ..... A.

## Knickerbocker—A Virginia Courtship.

Romantic comedy by Eugene W. Presbrey. Produced Jan. 31.

Major Richard Fairfax ..... William H. Crane  
Captain Tom Fairfax ..... Walter Hale  
Jack Neville ..... Boyd Putnam  
Amos Kendall ..... George F. Devere  
Berkeley ..... Vincent Serrano  
Squire Fenwick ..... William Boag  
Neal ..... Charles F. Gotthold  
Sam ..... Percy Brooke  
Juniper ..... William E. Butterfield  
Madame Constance Robert ..... Annie Irish  
Prudence Robert ..... Percy Haswell  
Betty Fairfax ..... Kate Lester  
Laura Fenwick ..... Frances Stevens  
Grace Jefferson ..... Lella Bronson  
Marie ..... Louise Closser

Eugene W. Presbrey partially forestalls critics.

## Victoria—Chris and the Wonderful Lamp.

Extravaganza in three acts; book by Glen MacDonough; music by John Philip Sousa. Produced Jan. 1.

The Gentle ..... Jerome Sykes  
Chris Wagstaff ..... Edna Wallace-Hopper  
Scotty Jones ..... Johnny Page  
The Grand Vizier ..... Randolph Curry  
Al Khizar ..... Herbert Carl  
Selwyn ..... Charles H. Dr.  
Fanny Wiggins ..... Ethel Irene  
Aladdin ..... Emille B.  
Miss Prisms ..... Madella B.  
Amine ..... Nellie  
Stella ..... Edna  
Bella ..... Viola  
Nella ..... Stella  
Queen of ..... "Scam"



FOOTLIGHT PRIMER.



Copyright, 1901, by Sewell T. Collins, Jr.

THE GAY SOUBRETTE.

1901

This is the Gay Soubrette, you know,  
Who sings of Gay Par-ee;  
She first saw light in Sixty-Two,  
In Brooklyn, by-the-sea.

She mashes all the gay Old Boys,  
Who focus on the Stage;  
She'd be too Pert for anything,  
If 'twasn't for her Age.—S. T. STERN.

**if Fay - 6th Street - The Funny Mr. Dooley.**

tical farce-comedy in three acts. Book, music and lyrics by Frank D. Bryan, Paul E. Quinn, and Charles H. Smith. Produced Nov. 30.

Ir. Dooley	Paul E. Quinn
F. J. Collins	Charles H. Smith
Ans. Dinklespiel	Frank Manning
Jim Doin	Thomas
Z. Mark	Edgar Flavell
ander Fairweather	Emmet O'Connor
ah Lott	William F. Hayes
an Hamlet	James F. Casey
andy Andy	Walter C. White
anl Ketchum	Edward Hall
Arizona Pete	S. Henry Wilson
arence the Cop	Sam Walters
okerhaus	Elmer Vincent
tercio Oaua	Will E. Franks
die Lightweight	Frank Jones
Phyllis McFadden	Maggie Le Clair
va McFadden	May Walsh
otte the Goods	
Sal	Edyth Murray
Una Cotton	Annette Morrow
rice	

**Casino—Little Red Riding Hood.**

extravaganza in two acts; lyrics by Harrison Ward; music by E. E. Rice, F. J. Eustis, and Charles Dennee. Produced Jan. 8.

the Red Riding Hood	Ethel Jackson
Fairy Queen	Beile Thorne
Miss Muffet	Gerty Carlisle
Mary	Clara Havel
Jack	Lila Blow
Bill	Amorita
Margery Daw	Mayme Gehrue
Granny	Hallen Mostyn
Simple Simon	Sager Midgley
Johnny Green	Thomas O'Brien
Johnny Stout	Snitz Edwards
Baron Oxenious	W. Mass
Jack Homer	Kitty Mitchell
Tom	Blanche Sherwood
the Wolf	Joseph Reynolds
the Cat	Dave Abrahams
the Boy Blue	Madge Lessing

### Casino—Winsome Winnie.

Musical comedy in two acts, by Paulton and Jakobowski; revised by Frederic Ranken; added music by Gustave Kerker.

Lord Poverish	.....	Dick Temple
Lady Arabella	.....	Jobyna Howland
Desmond Poverish	.....	W. P. Carleton
Alma Poverish	.....	Helen Redmond
Captain Cotterill	.....	William E. Philp
Marjorie Bell	.....	Edna Hall
Dr. Krause	.....	James E. Sullivan
Henrietta	.....	Daisy Green
Honoria	.....	Mildred Kearney
Pericles	.....	Joseph C. Miron
Demetrius	.....	William S. Corliss
James	.....	William Leonard
Zora	.....	Annie Cameron
Lady Clare	.....	Stella Hammerstein
Lady Maude	.....	Edna Sidney
Lady Dorcas	.....	Clara Pitt
Lady Eudora	.....	Mazie Follette
Lady Mabel	.....	Julia Sanderson
Lady Frances	.....	Louise de Rigney
Lady Vivian	.....	Mildred Thornwall
Lady Gracia	.....	May Hopkins
Lady Loona	.....	Cecilia Rhode
Lady Angela	.....	Grace Spencer
Daisy	.....	Marjorie Watson
Pansy	.....	Edna Gatecher
Rose	.....	Carla Byron
Lily	.....	Laura Hyland
Ayall	.....	Jeanne Calducci
Sereza	.....	Edith Sanders
Zumra	.....	Alice Coleman
Berta	.....	Ita Kamp
Mirza	.....	Russell
Zametta	.....	Corolla L. Carron
Dudu	.....	Bessie Merrill
Lila	.....	Carlotta Coleman
Maru	.....	Helen Hahn
Salall	.....	Martha Seborn Jones
Murall	.....	Carlton Dudley
Alisset	.....	Alice Mark
Marco	.....	Marcella Tasche
Alex	.....	Oliver Haskell
Mourico	.....	May Bonner
Pepe	.....	Dollie Bonner
Winnie Walker	.....	Paula Edwardes

## The Bad Samaritan.

George Ade has found Washington "is always good to him." About a year ago The College Widow got its start in that city. Last week The Bad Samaritan, Mr. Ade's latest play for Henry W. Savage, had its premiere in that city, with accounts of a flattering nature. The piece will be offered at the Garden Theatre, beginning the regular season at that house, this Tuesday night, and will have the following cast:

Uncle Ike Gridley	Richard Golden
Alonso Gridley	Edward See
Bluford Higgins	Sam Reed
H. Calhoun Galloway	L. Wadsworth Harris
Home McGee	Jacques Kruger
Andrew Jackson Jones	Ralph Dean
Signor Pietro Gargelina	George Marlon
Eugene Spiller	Harry Stone
Otis Purkey	Nicholas Burnham
Thos. Gilroy Webb 3d.	Harry Stubbs
Henry Doty	Sam. B. Hardy
Mr. Fox	Sam. B. Hardy
The Chauffeur	E. Y. Backus
The Bell Boy	Frank Perley
The Seaside Waiter	Fred. Cumming
The Barker	Mat Green
Susanna Wheatley	Anne Sutherland
Elizabeth Forest Gridley	Augusta True
Jessie Gridley	Ceceylle Mayer
Belle Hinkle	Grace Fisher
Bessie Putnam	Adelaide Orton
Florence Hallowsay	Mary Malon
Loura Frisbee	Carolyne Lee

Madison Square Garden—Captain Cook.

Comic opera in three acts. Book by Sands W. Forman,  
music by Noah Brandt. Produced July 12.

King Kalanuo	Ethan Allen
Captain Cook	Fred Marston
Mairley	Fred Frear
Cupples	Camm Mauvel
Gaffsail	Fred Runnells
Buntline	Sol Solomon
Reefer	Pauline Bellum
Captain Franklin	William Gillon
Oponuui	Tom Green
Koko Bola	Fred Solomon
Ia Ia	Marie Celeste
Like Like	Laura Pardy
Hula Hula	Ruth White
Attendant	Jennie St. Clair

**Lyceum—Richard Savage.**

Play in five acts by Madeleine Lucette Ryley.  
Produced Feb. 4.

Richard Savage	Henry Miller
Sir Richard Steele	Arthur Elliott
Colley Cibber	Owen Fawcett
Jeremiah Griffin	Joseph Wheelock
Lord Tyrconnell	Charles Cherry
Colonel Brett	Alec F. Frank
Phil Metcalf	Herbert H. Patee
Mr. Sinclair	H. S. Northrup
Mr. Merrywick	Burns Gillam
First Bailiff	Philip Barnard
Second Bailiff	Gladstone Wallace
Third Bailiff	Alfred Mayo
Dagge	Owen Fawcett
Mrs. Brett	Jennie Eustace
Anne Oldfield	Mrs. Thorndyke Bouicaault
Elizabeth Wilbur	Florence Rockwell
Jane Griffin	Margaret Bourne
Maid	Deronda Mayo

### Criterion—When Knighthood Was in Flower.

Romantic play in four acts by Paul Kester.  
Produced Jan. 14.

Henry VIII . . . . .	Charles Harbury
Francis D'Angouleme . . . . .	Wilfrid North
Thomas Wolsey . . . . .	Verner Clarges
Duke of Buckingham . . . . .	David Torrence
Duke of Longueville . . . . .	E. W. Morrison
Charles Brandon . . . . .	Bruce McRae
Sir Edwin Caselden . . . . .	Donald McLaren
Master Cavendish . . . . .	Frederic Burt
Sir Adam Judson . . . . .	Wilfrid North
Will. Sommers . . . . .	Frank Reicher
adhurst . . . . .	C. F. Gibney
. . . . .	Frederic Leslie
. . . . .	William Charles
. . . . .	J. J. Elwyn
. . . . .	Annie Clarke
. . . . .	Julia Mayne
. . . . .	North Lamson
. . . . .	Clara Kulp
. . . . .	Ellen Rowland

## Metropolis—The Parson's Wife.

Play with Songs in four acts, by Carroll Flem-  
ing. Produced Nov. 13.

Rev. Frank Merritt	Herbert K. Betts
Marvin Thorne	Richard Sherman
Roy Leighton	Henry Stingley
Henry Leighton	Robert Gaig
Dolph Jinglein	Walter Wilson
Bud Tolliver	John D. Murphy
Uncle January	Connie Thornton
Mr. Burroughs	Frank Stratton
Ned Forrester	H. W. Cameron
Larry	George Jaeger
Mollie Breeze	Nan Hewins
Mrs. Cora Ormsby	Florence Miller
Elvira Merritt	Emma Butler
Alice Leighton	Mabel McKinley

The Parson's Wife must be classified as melodrama because it contains all the fundamentals which constitute that form of amusement and because it certainly does not develop into anything of a higher order. Yet for so wild a thing as a melodrama it has become amazingly domesticated; so to speak, it is a melodrama born in captivity. There is not a trace of bloodshed, the scenery is not cajoled into doing wonderful tricks, one feels that the villain on the stage is a good deal nearer Sing Sing and solitary confinement than the bad man of the story. Audiences up on One Hundred and Forty-second street are habituated to taking their dramatic emotion "straight," and this piece is altogether too diluted to arouse much enthusiasm. It may be more refined than most of the productions seen at popular price theatres, but it is far more monotonous. The programme speaks of The Parson's Wife as "a play with songs," and Mabel McKinley, niece of our late President, saves the day—or more properly the night—with her enthusiastic and sympathetic singing. In fact these songs were the only feature of the entertainment that received any genuine applause.

In writing his play Carroll Fleming has naturally availed himself of a melodramatic license to be old-fashioned in preparing entrances and in employing frequent soliloquies and asides. Rev. Frank Merritt and Alice Leighton are idyllically in love with one another, but a New York broker hears her sing and himself undertakes to get an option on the property, applying the most unscrupulous of Wall street principles to the game of matrimony. He has a mortgage on the Leighton estate, and he manages to have Miss Leighton's brother falsely imprisoned in New York on a charge of embezzlement. Elvira Merritt, the parson's elder sister, is jealous of her brother's affection for Alice and unintentionally plays into the villain's hand by giving Alice a letter that was written for the benefit of a very different person. Alice goes to the metropolis to appear as a singer at one of the roof gardens under the management of the villain, and on one excuse or another practically the whole township follows her. There is one distinctly clever idea at the climax. The rascal is consoling himself for the loss of a wife by reflecting that he has obtained from her certain shares of mining stock at less than one-half their value. At this crucial moment it evolves that the gold has actually been discovered on a totally different property known by a similar name. And so wickedness reaps its own reward. The rural comedy element centres mainly about Hen Parrott, an amateur detective; Bud Tolliver, the regulation bashful man; the village postmaster, and a young person named Mollie Breeze, who purports to be from Kansas and who surely must have been born in the cyclone belt.

Mabel McKinley was a victim of the Windsor Hotel horror and she is still obliged to use crutches. One naturally wishes to speak indulgently of a cripple who has the courage to pursue a theatrical career, but even sympathy must not be permitted to distort the truth. She has not the faintest conception of what it means to impersonate, she is consciously overacting every moment she is on the stage, and her reading is exaggerated. On the other hand she sings very well and in the second scene of the third act she rendered an admirable selection of songs. Her voice is a mezzo of high calibre under the most delicate control. Her bad reading is probably attributable to that very consciousness of vocal emotion and technique. Emma Butler as the parson's sister came nearer presenting a human character than any one in the cast. Mollie Breeze was necessarily a burlesque, and Florence Miller, the "New York Stunner," had a role so stereotyped that it afforded her no real opportunity. Herbert K. Betts as the conventional parson and Walfred Wilson, the postmaster, both

did thoroughly respectable work. Robert Craig, the amateur detective, and John D. Murphy as Bud Tolliver presented just such farcical types as they were supposed to represent. Henry Stingley was very amateurish and very unlike any gentleman ever bred on Virginian soil. Conale Thornton, Frank Stratton and H. W. Came-ron had such very minor roles that the mere mention of their names is sufficient comment. But Richard Sherman merits considerable praise for the manner in which he acted that villainous broker; his make-up was appropriate and the impersonation was nothing less than dastardly.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 11.—Chauncey Olcott made his first appearance here to-night in Theodore Burt Sayre's four-act play Edmund Burke, which scored a distinct hit. Mr. Olcott had the title role, and during the performance sang several new songs, written and composed by him, including "You're Heart Alone Must Tell," "The Little Bird's Story," "You Can Sail In My Boat," and "Miss Mary." The first act showed the rose garden near Lord Nugent's London house. The second, was Burke's lodgings in the home of Mrs. O'Grady, where Burke received a visit from the Prince of Wales. The third act had two scenes, and the fourth act was again Burke's lodgings. Mr. Sayre has written an interesting play of the middle of the eighteenth century, and all the characters are well drawn. Mr. Olcott has never had a part so well suited to his personality, and Verner Clarges, Mace Greenleaf and Edith Milburn convinced us of being good players. Edna Phillips, Daniel Jarrett and Eleanor Browning, were also of service. The cast was as follows:

Edmund Burke	.....	Chauncey Olcott
Oliver Goldsmith	.....	Daniel Jarrett
Frederick Charles, Prince of Wales	.....	

Lord Nugent	Mace Greenleaf
Sir Hugh Vivian	Verner Clarges
Captain Gulliver	Thomas David
Maurice Desneyer	Richard Malchen
Terry	Marcy Harlam
Haversham	George Brennan
Slogger Murphy	Charles Ogle
Lard Pertle	Gladys Milbourne
Hicky Murphy	Lottie Milbourne
company son	Edith Milbourne

fen; but that the local people in general paid little attention to for

the mere <sup>business</sup> use  
enough.

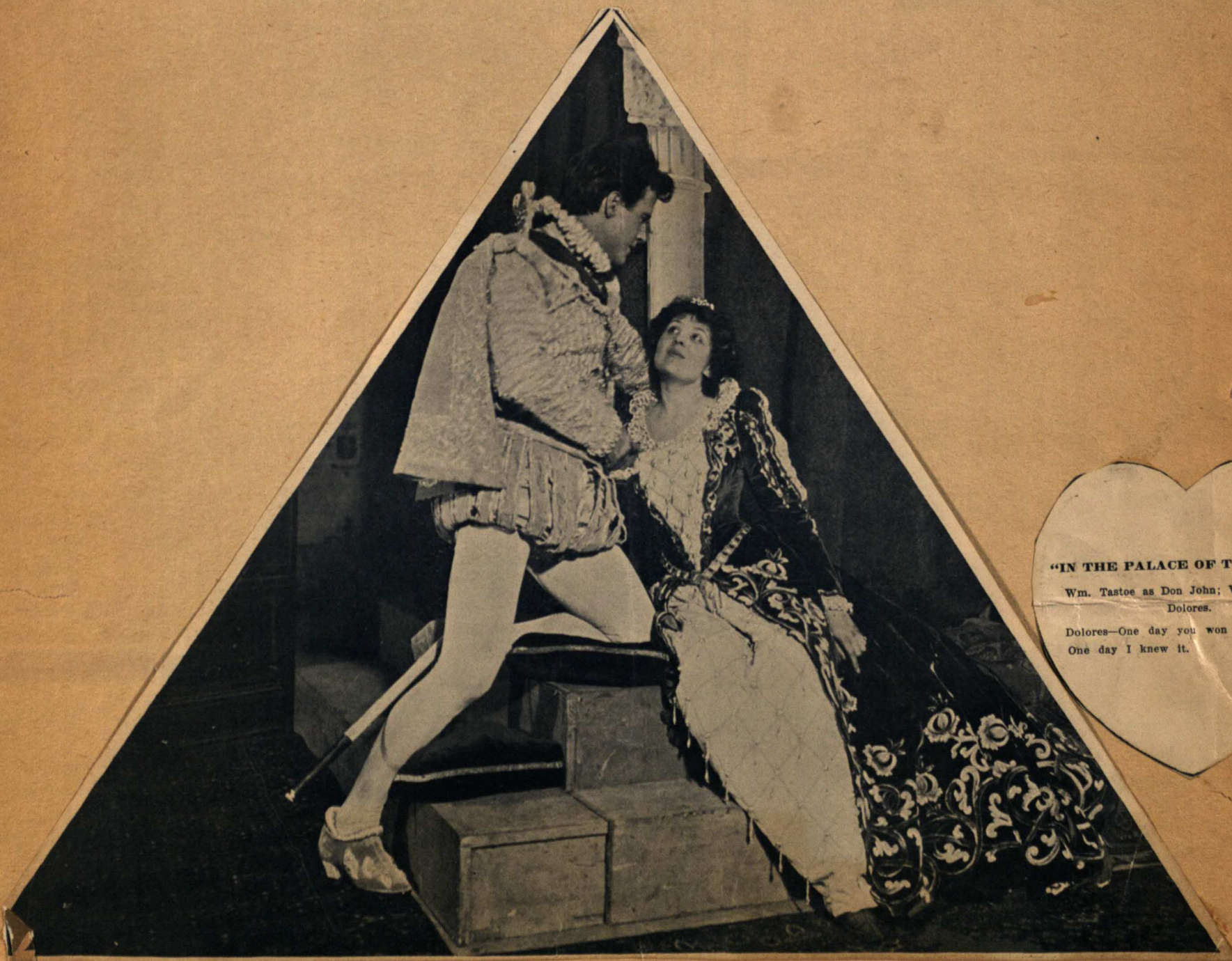
Frohman in the early 1900s.

It is not merely that portrait gallery in the long room at the top of the Lyceum Theatre; it is the entire theatrical profession.





JESSIE MILLWARD AS COUNTESS ZICKA AND EDWIN STEVENS AS BARON STEIN IN "DIPLOMACY" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.



"IN THE PALACE OF THE KING"

Wm. Tastoe as Don John; Viola Allen as Dolores.

Dolores—One day you won my heart.  
One day I knew it.





*Byron photo.*

*The Prince and the Peasant, Scene from  
the Prologue of "Resurrection," Mr  
Joseph Haworth and  
Miss Blanche Walsh.*





ARTHUR DUNN, 58th Street,  
in "The Runaways," at Proctor's, This Week



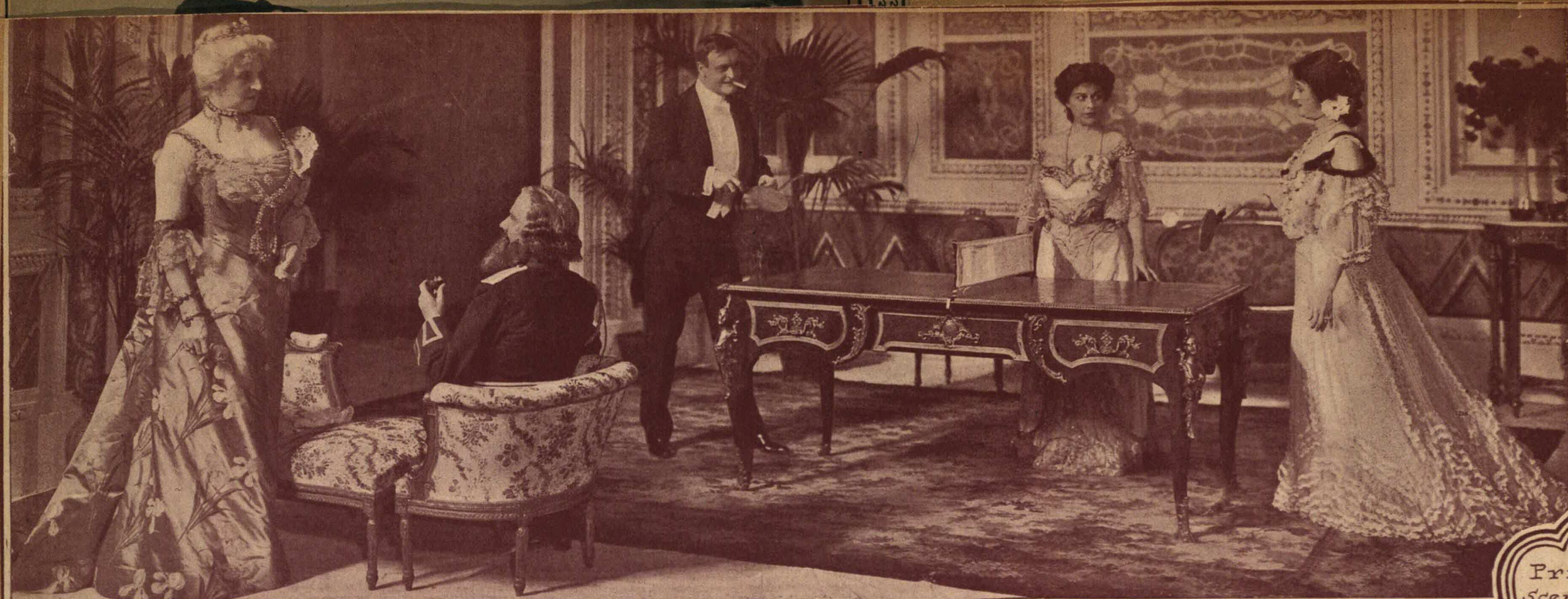
Raffles  
(Kyrle Bellew)  
checks  
Bunny's  
(Mr. Elliott)  
attempt at  
suicide,  
Act I.

Raffles, "The Amateur Cracksmen."



Mrs.  
Fiske, as  
"Mary of Magdala"  
and Mr. Tyrone Power,  
as "Judas," at the  
Manhattan  
Theatre.  
Byron photo





Miss Hattie Russell, Mr James Manley,  
as as  
Princess The  
Sophia. Colonel.

Mr Boyd Putnam,  
as  
Kolossoff.

Miss Beverly  
Sitgreaves,  
as  
Princess Marie

Miss Gertrude  
Tidball,  
as  
Natacha

At  
the  
Princess's,  
Scene 2 of act 1-  
"Resurrection"  
at the  
Victoria.

Byron  
photo



Scene  
in the  
last act  
of  
Mr. Sothern's  
production  
of  
"Hamlet,"  
at the  
Garden  
Theatre.  
(Each  
Bro's  
photo)

Jefferson, who is represented on  
an artist and in his characters of Rip  
and Bob Acres; with Rip's dog "Squeaky"  
and his dog "Squeaky".





(PHOTO BY HALL.)

### THE GOO GOO GIRLS

In "The Isle of Spice," Opening at the Majestic August 23



Photo by Miner.

FRANZ EBERT, THE LEADING MEMBER OF THE ROYAL LILLIPUTIANS IN "THE MERRY TRAMPS," AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK.

These are but four of the great variety of grimaces that Franz Ebert has in his repertoire. They seem to show that he is imbued with a considerable quantity of that rare quality, "humor," which many grown up actors think they possess. Another thing in Franz Ebert's favor is his popularity with the other members of the company.

at the  
Power,  
at the  
Theatre.  
Byron photo

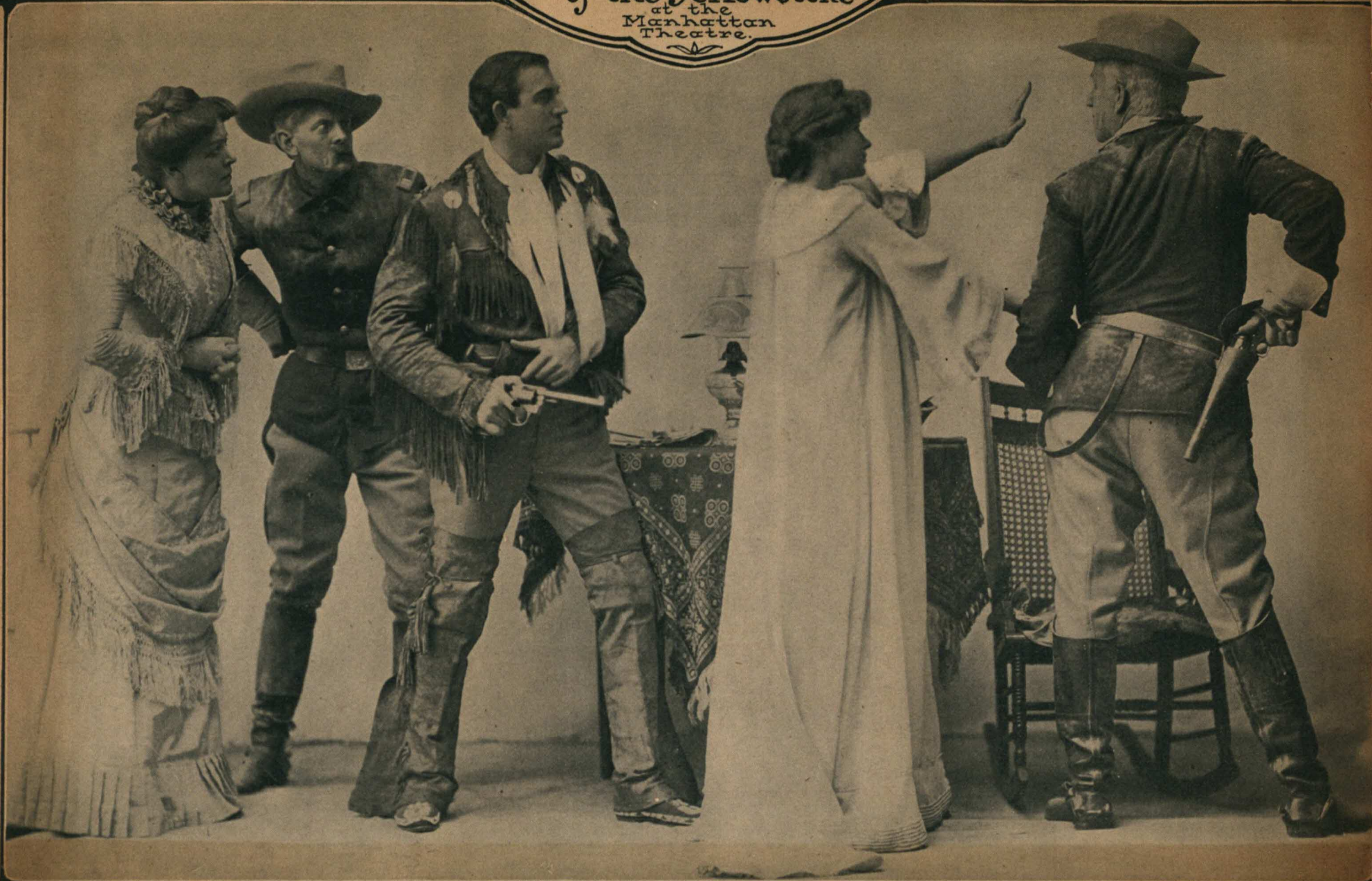
the Lyceum Theatre, it is the  
theatrical profession

1900

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dam J  
Soum



Scene  
from  
"John Ermine  
of the Yellowstone"  
at the  
Manhattan  
Theatre.



Miss Ann Warrington, as Mrs. Learles. James Leeley, as Captain Lewis. James K. Hackett, as John Ermine. Miss Charlotte Walker, as Katherine Learles. Theodore Roberts, as Major Learles.



Mr  
Max  
Figman,  
as The Earl of  
Dassett, and  
Miss Tyree  
as Dolly  
Erskine, in  
"Gretchen  
Green," at  
the Madison  
Sq. Theatre  
(Byron  
photo)

Byron N.Y.





Mr.  
Forbes  
Robertson,  
as Dick Heldar, in  
"The Light that Failed"  
at the Knickerbocker  
tomorrow  
night.





DAN DALY.



DE WOLF HOPPER AS MR. PICKWICK.

**LOTOS CLUB**  
To JOS. JEFFERSON  
APRIL 4<sup>th</sup> 1896.

"Here's to Your Health and to Your Family's  
Good Health; may they live long and prosper."

**MENU**  
BLVE POINTS  
Consommé Printanier Royale  
Almonds - Celery - Radishes - Olives  
Striped bass, sauce Goulightly  
Cucumbers - Potatoes Hollandaise  
Filet of beef à la Caleb Plummer  
Sweet bread with peas à la Bob Acres  
PUNCH A LA RIP VAN WINKLE  
Roast squab, Dr Pangloss, L.E.D. & ASS sauce  
Lettuce Salad  
Lotos Cream variées à la Jefferson  
Petits fours - Cheese - Crackers  
Café

A fac-simile of the menu of the Lotos Club dinner to Joseph Jefferson, who is represented on the shore of his Louisiana plantation as an artist and in his characters of Rip Van Winkle, Dr. Pangloss, Caleb Plummer and Bob Acres; with Rip's dog "Scanne" happily smiling upon his vagabond master.]





C. de Fornaro.

### THE RURALIST.

He has somehow caught the gladness  
Of the sunny fields of May;  
And he's dramatized the sadness  
Of the Winter's bleakest day.  
And the romance of the humble  
He has placed upon the stage,  
As a contrast to the villeness  
Of this mercenary age.

Can it be he's undecided  
As to whither he will go?  
Are there other paths that lure him  
From the fields he used to know?  
"Never!" cry the keen first-nighters,  
"Never must he turn away  
From the realistic romance  
Of the rugged, rural play!"



DOLMETSCH.



ERNEST  
HASKELL

JAMES A. HERNE.





THE NEW CURTAIN OF THE COURT SQUARE THEATRE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

*Designed and painted by Gates and Morange.*

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS OF THE PROTECTIVE ALLIANCE OF SCENIC PAINTERS OF AMERICA.



SAMUEL BROOKER. DAVID WHILL.  
HARRY WEED.  
FRANK RAFTER.

JOHN ROUGH. SEYMOUR P. ARKER. B. J. RYAN.  
FRANK PLATZER. H. BROWN.  
JOHN A. MERRY.

HARLEY MERRY. H. L. REID. HARRY BYRNES.  
MOSAS ELIOM. CROSSIE GILL. AUG. VOLZ. FRED. H. MERRY.  
HARRY HARVEY. ELMER SWART.





'SIS HOPKIN'S

ERNEST  
HASKELL

ROSE MELVILLE.



ERNEST  
HASKELL

IGNAZ FADEREWSKI



SCOTSON-CLARK.







C. de Fornaro.

#### HENRY MILLER.

Ten years ago it was, or more,  
They played *The Wife*, in Avenue Four,  
And there beside the old stage-door  
Was found a wealth of girls galore—  
Girls of the genus matinee;  
And these were those whose dazzled eyes  
Saw but one star in all the skies,  
And that was he who caught the prize  
By sighing oh! the saddest sighs,  
At ev'ry blessed matinee.

He didn't have to act, you know—  
Good looks, good clothes, a sigh or so  
Were quite enough just then, although  
He's tried most nobly since to show  
A mind above the matinee;  
And grateful 'tis to mark the rise  
That comes to him who truly tries—  
He's proved the skill that underlies  
Good looks, good clothes, and e'en defies  
The mem'ry of the matinee.



SEWELL COLLINS.

WILLIAM H. CRANE

AS  
DAVID HARUM







The  
Jockey Chorus  
"The Runaways"  
at the Casino.  
(Photo by Byron)



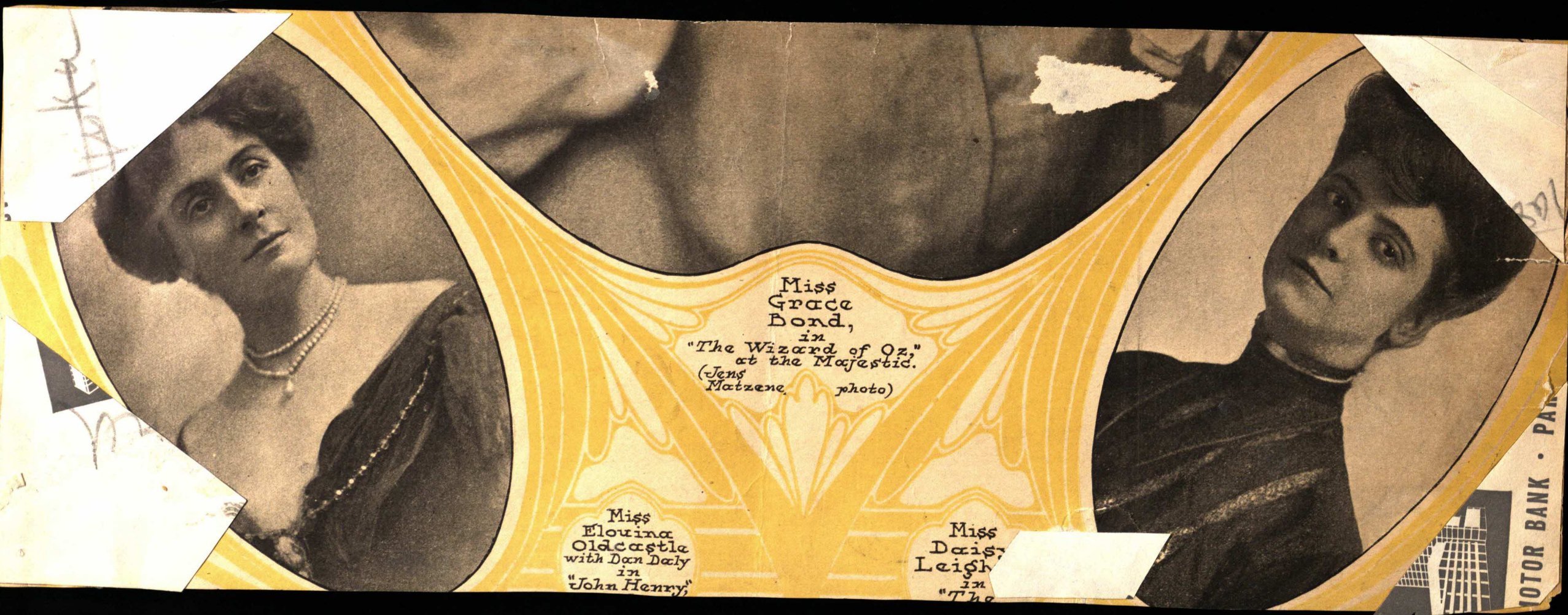


The  
Misses  
Margaret  
Johnson,  
Estelle Rogers,  
Lou Egner,  
Anna Bennett,  
Florence French,  
Alice Knowlton,  
Gertrude Coch-  
ran.

THE FIRST

Miss

Miss



Miss  
Grace  
Bond,  
in  
"The Wizard of Oz,"  
at the Majestic.  
(Jens  
Matzene photo)

Miss  
Elouina  
Oldcastle  
with Dan Daly  
in  
"John Henry"

Miss  
Daisy  
Leigh  
in  
"The

MOTOR BANK - PARK



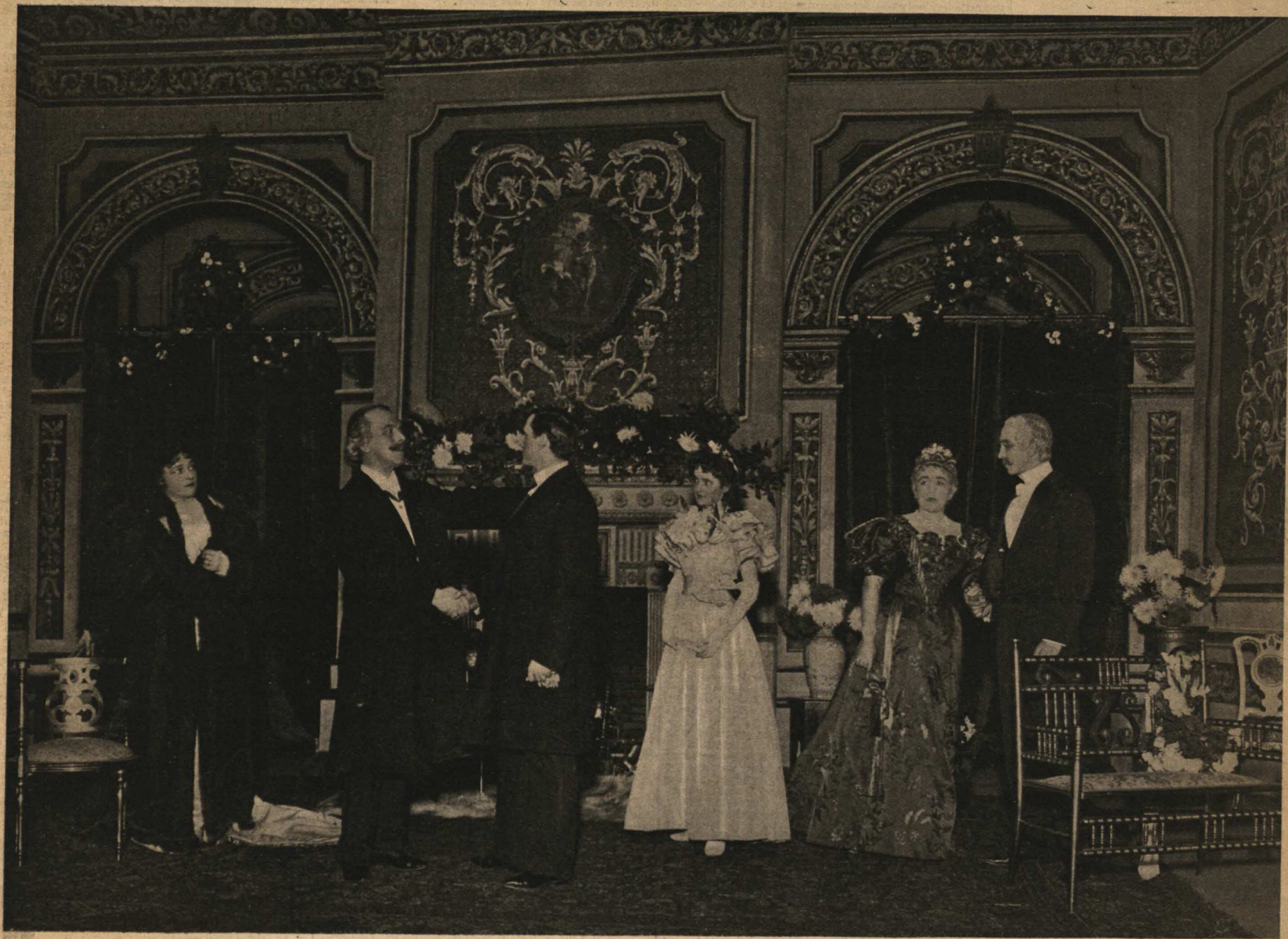


### THE SOCIETY STAR.

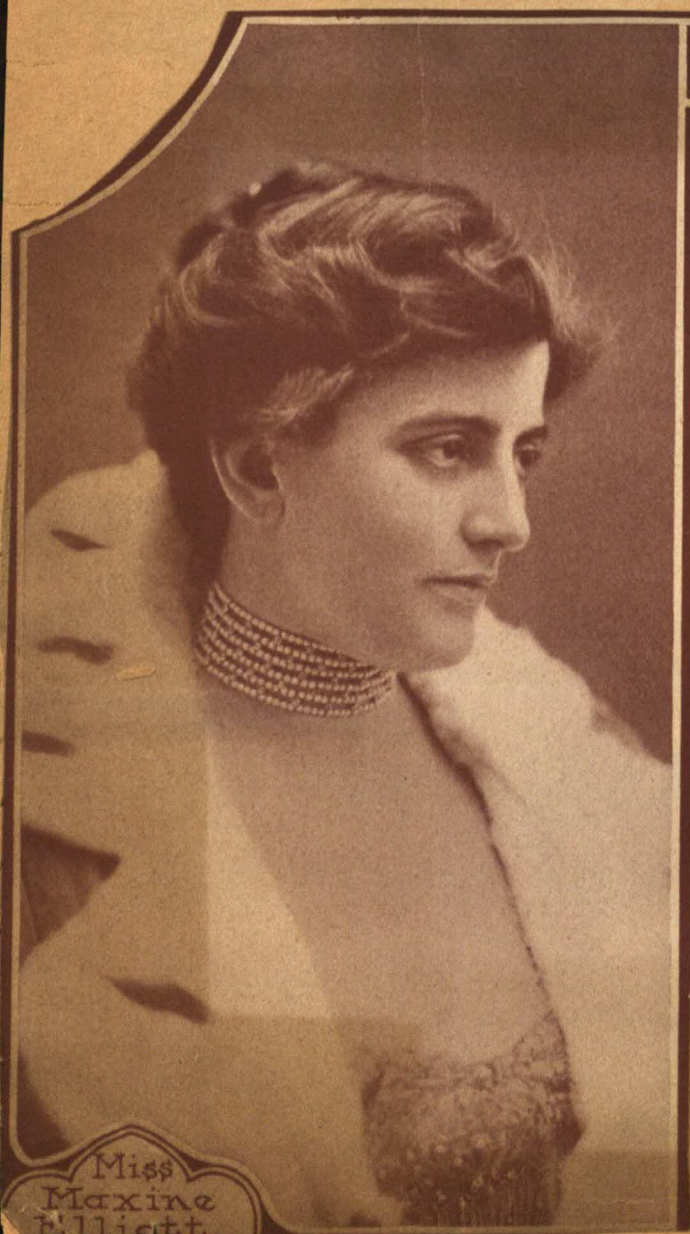
Too long, indeed, Society  
 And Stage had stood apart;  
 Too long the Upper Ten had scorned  
 The histrionic art;  
 But now the yawning breach is bridged,  
 And all the howling swells  
 Hail him who acts well on the stage,  
 But better still at Del's.  
 Time was when Upper Tendon frowned  
 On player folk and such,  
 While holding that the actor's art  
 Did not amount to much;  
 But now, forsooth, the luck has changed—  
 The swells, all joyous, flock  
 To see one who at horse shows stars,  
 And teas at five o'clock.



SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



OLGA BRANDON. E. S. WILLARD. OSWALD YORKE. MAUDE VENNOR. MRS. H. CANE. FRANK CORNELL.  
WALLACK'S THEATRE. THE ROGUE'S COMEDY. ACT III.—RECEPTION ROOMS AT MR. BAILEY PROTHERO'S HOUSE, LONDON.  
BAILEY PROTHERO: "Goodbye! Goodbye! God bless you!"



MISS GEORGIA BRYTON CAHILL,  
as Fi Fi in "A Chinese Honeymoon."



Photo by Marceau.  
HENRIETTA CROSMAN.

At the end of season Miss Crosman will discard "Mistress Nell" and will bid for popularity in a new play in the Fall. The new play is booked to open one of the Broadway theatres.



SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



ALBERT GRAU. HELEN MACBETH.

FRANK R. MILLS.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.  
JAMES NEILL.

MARY MADDERN.

IDA WATERMAN.

GARDEN THEATRE: MARIE DELOCHE. ACT III.

MARIE: "And when it is about ten o'clock—"

SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



BOB LESLIE  
(William H. Clarke).

JACK SHERIDAN  
(Joseph O'Mara).

ARCHIE CAMERON  
(Robert S. Pigott).

BROADWAY THEATRE—THE THREE DRAGOONS.



SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



AUGUST HALLBACK.

THEODORE HAMILTON.

MRS. STUART ROBSON.  
BENJAMIN HOWARD.

HENRIETTA VADERS.

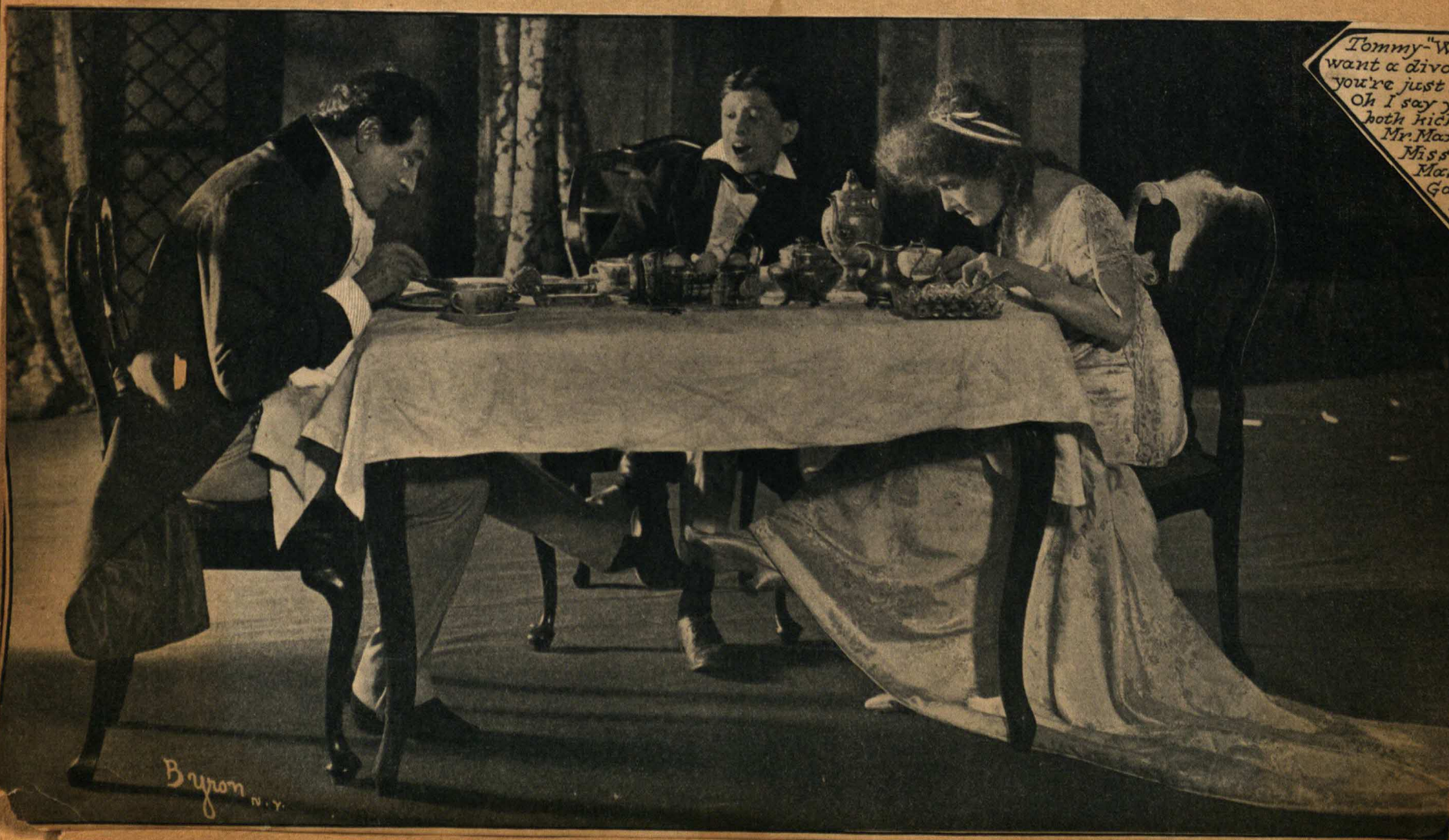
STUART ROBSON.

CARRIE RADCLIFFE.

FRANK MONROE.

GARRICK THEATRE: MRS. PONDERBURY'S PAST. ACT I.—"THE STORY OF THE KNIFE."

MR. PONDERBURY: "In the year —"



Tommy—"Why do you  
want a divorce when  
you're just married—  
Oh I say you are  
both kicking me!"  
Mr. Max Figman,  
Miss Tyree and  
Master James  
Gardner (as  
Tommy) in  
"Gretchen"  
Gayton  
photo.

Byron  
N.Y.



## SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



BENJAMIN HORNING.

MAUD HARRISON.

EDWARD VROOM.

PALMER'S THEATRE: FOR THE CROWN. ACT IV.—A PUBLIC SQUARE IN WIDDIN.

THE MOB: "Monster! Traitor!"



MRS. MADGE CARR COOK, IN "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH,"  
at the Savoy. Mrs. Wiggs and Her Sunday School Class in Act 2d.



# A NOVEL LITHO.

One of the most novel as well as one of the strongest attractions that will go out the coming season is Gotthold's Gigantic Gathering of Carefully Chosen Celebrities. E. M. Gotthold, the general director, claims novelty in every-

Miner Litho Company. Accompanying this is a fac-simile reproduction in miniature of a one-sheet litho which will be in six colors, and its originality will at once be recognized. The company is composed of artists in their respective lines, the time is rapidly filling, with what Mr. Gotthold terms a gilt edged route, and his or-

## GOTTHOLD'S GIGANTIC GATHERING OF CAREFULLY CHOSEN CELEBRITIES



thing, beginning with the title. He proposes to give two and three acts on the stage at the same time, and claims that every act will be a novelty. The company is complete and organized solely to please a refined audience. The printing is the most original in design that has ever been used, and all of it is being done by the H. C.

chestra and band are all soloists. The performance will conclude with an original copyrighted operetta entitled Little Mother Goose, or The Golden Egg. The scenic effects and properties will be very striking, and to quote Mr. Gotthold's words, his managerial dream is realized.

## Famous Theater Fires

BROOKLYN—Conway's Theater, December, 1876; 295 killed.  
 VIENNA, Austria—Ring Theater, December, 1881; 800 killed.  
 DAVIO, Italy—A temporary theater, June 24, 1883; 50 killed.  
 PARIS—Opera Comique, May 25, 1887; 200 killed.  
 NEW YORK—Exeter Theater, September 5, 1887; 75 killed.  
 LONDON—Hebrew Dramatic Club, June 18, 1887; 17 killed.  
 SEATTLE, Wash.—Freyer's Opera House, May 4, 1889; 30 killed.  
 PHILADELPHIA—Grand Central Theater, April 27, 1892; 14 killed.  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ford Theater, June 9, 1893; 22 killed.  
 MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Davidson Theater, April 19, 1894; 76 killed.  
 BALTIMORE, Md.—Front Street Theater, December 27, 1895; 27 killed.  
 PEKING, China—Quanto Theater, February, 1897; 230 killed.  
 PARIS—Grand Charity Bazaar, May 3, 1898; 143 killed.  
 DETROIT—Wonderland Theater, November 5, 1898; 15 killed.  
 HURLEY, Wis.—Klondike Theater, November 6, 1901; 10 killed.  
 BOYERTOWN, Pa.—Rhoades Theater, January 12, 1903; 169 killed.  
 CHICAGO—Iroquois Theater, December 30, 1903; 602 killed.  
 ACAPULCO, Mexico—Flores Theater, February 2, 1909; 300 killed.  
 CALUMET, Mich.—Italian Theater, December 25, 1913; 72 killed.  
 WALLACETOWN, Va.—Theater not named, May 10, 1916; 22 killed.  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.—Knickerbocker Theater, January 28, 1922; 98 killed.  
 CAMDEN, S. C.—Camden Theater, May 17, 1923; 73 killed.  
 KANSAS CITY—Gillis Theater, June 25, 1925; 18 killed.  
 DRUMCOLLEGHERN, Ireland—Theater not named, September, 1926; 40 killed.  
 MONTREAL, Can.—Laurier Theater, January 9, 1927; 77 killed.  
 MADRID, Spain—Novedades Theater, September 24, 1928; 120 killed.  
 NEW YORK—Manhattan Studios, December 10, 1929; 9 killed.



THE DEAN OF BROADWAY:  
DANIEL FROHMAN



FRANCIS WILSON.



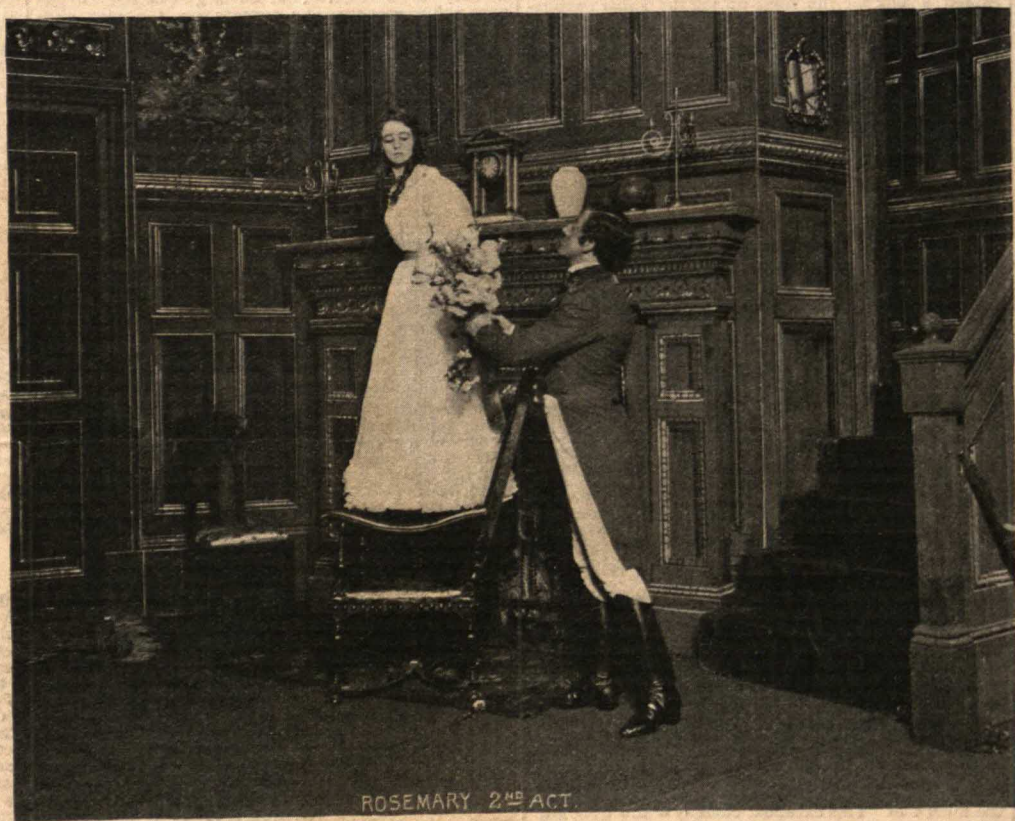
Oct. 17, 1896.



LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN. 3<sup>RD</sup> ACT.



UNDER THE POLAR STAR. 3<sup>RD</sup> ACT.



ROSEMARY. 2<sup>ND</sup> ACT.



AN ENEMY TO THE KING. 4<sup>TH</sup> ACT.



SUE. 1<sup>ST</sup> ACT.

SCENES FROM NEW PLAYS OF THE SEASON.

1896



# THE PAULDING TRIO.

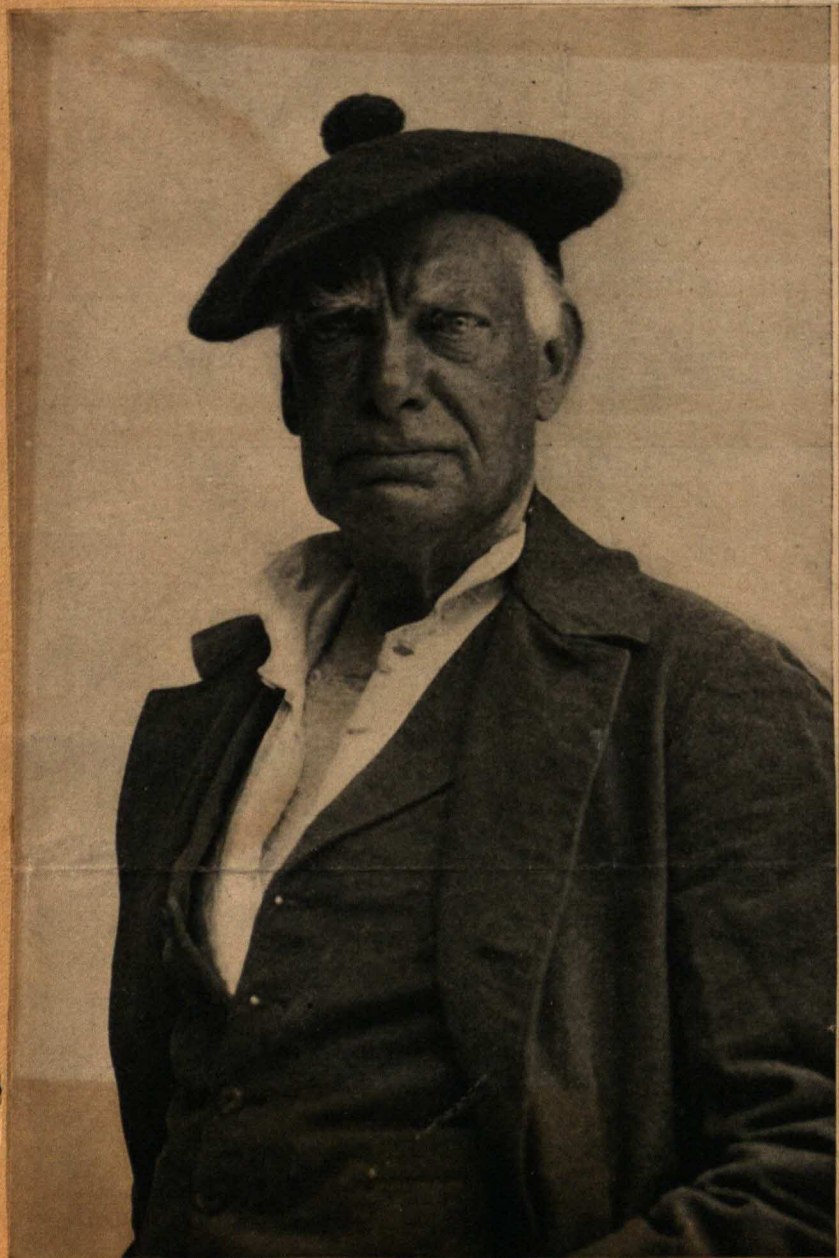


JOSEPH REEVES.

EDWARD LAWALL.

FREDERICK PAULDING.

PHIL BRONSON—"Here's to our success!"



J. H. STODDART (80 Next Birthday),  
in "Bonnie Briar Bush," Proctor's 58th St., This Week.



Miss Effie Shannon, and Mr. Herbert Kelcey, as  
"Sherlock Holmes," at the Grand Opera  
House tomorrow night.





V. Mace and Chorus Singing "Cordalia Malone," in "Piff, Paff, Pouf."





## SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.

JOHN CUMPSON.  
CHRISTIE MACLEAN.

J. L. ASHTON.

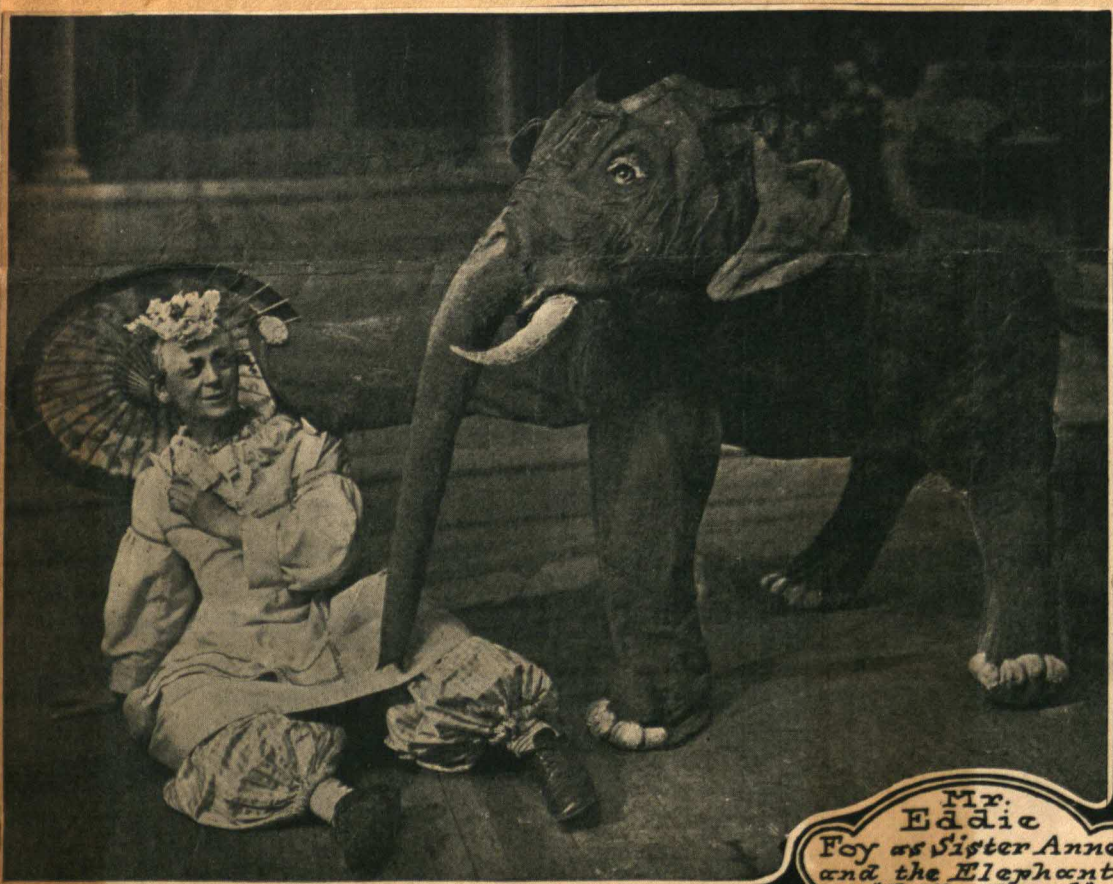
SELMA HERMAN. FRANK LANDER.  
ROBERT V. FERGUSON. HORACE LEWIS.

LOUISE RIAL. GEO. A. D. JOHNSON.

VIOLET BLACK.

GEO. KLINT.

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE: BONNIE SCOTLAND. ACT IV.—THE ENCAMPMENT OF CLAN MCFARLANE.

Mr.  
Eddie  
Foy as Sister Anne,  
and the Elephant  
in "Mr. Blue Beard."Ralph Stuart, the popular star actor,  
who will make his own massive produc-  
tion of "By Right of Sword" at the  
American Theatre, New York city, on  
January 16, 1904.



THE TROLLEY PARTY.

Introducing the famous Garnella Brothers, under the direction of Weber and Fields.



MISS BURT. MRS. JOHN E. INCE. EDGAR HALSTED. W. F. GRANGER. MISS BURT. JOHN E. INCE. GILBERT SARONY. HARRY SHERRER. ROBERT GARNELLA. ALICE WARREN. OLLIE EVANS. OLIVE WHITE. RICHARD GARNELLA. CHARLES STINE.

SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.




BIJOU FERNANDEZ. AGNES FINDLAY. AGNES STONE. W. H. THOMPSON. CHARLES BRADSHAW. WRIGHT HUNTINGTON. MABEL AMBER. FREDERIC CONGER.

BIJOU THEATRE: THE GAY MR. LIGHTFOOT, ACT II. SCENE: MRS. BEAUMONT'S BOUDOIR.  
MR. LIGHTFOOT: "D—that Indian!"

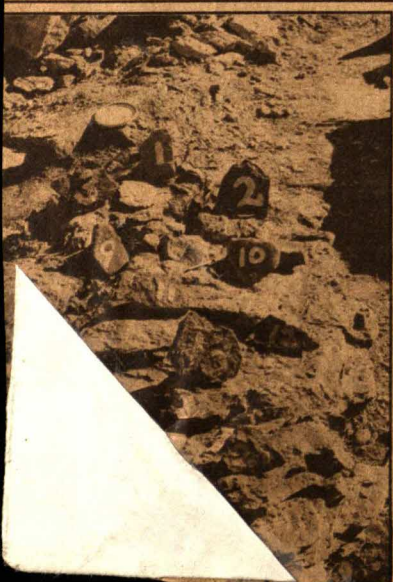


*The  
First Night  
and the First  
Nighters at the  
Opening of Radio  
City Music Hall  
in Rockefeller  
Center*

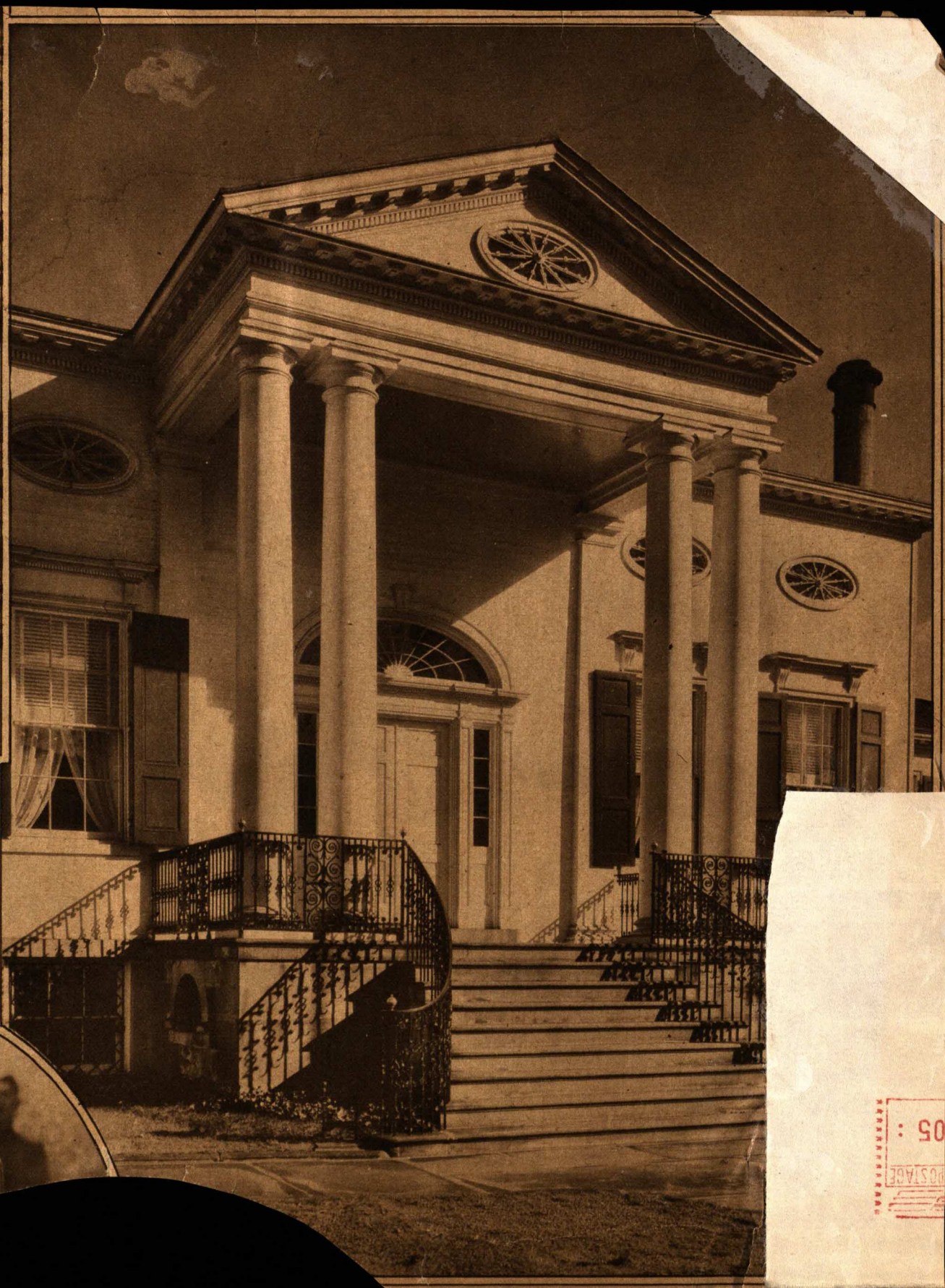


THE STAGE AT THE OPENING PERFORMANCE OF RADIO CITY  
MUSIC HALL: A SCENE FROM THE SHOW  
Which Formally Opened the First Unit in Rockefeller Center, in  
Which 500 Persons Took Part Before an Audience of More Than  
6,000. (Samuel H. Gottscho.)





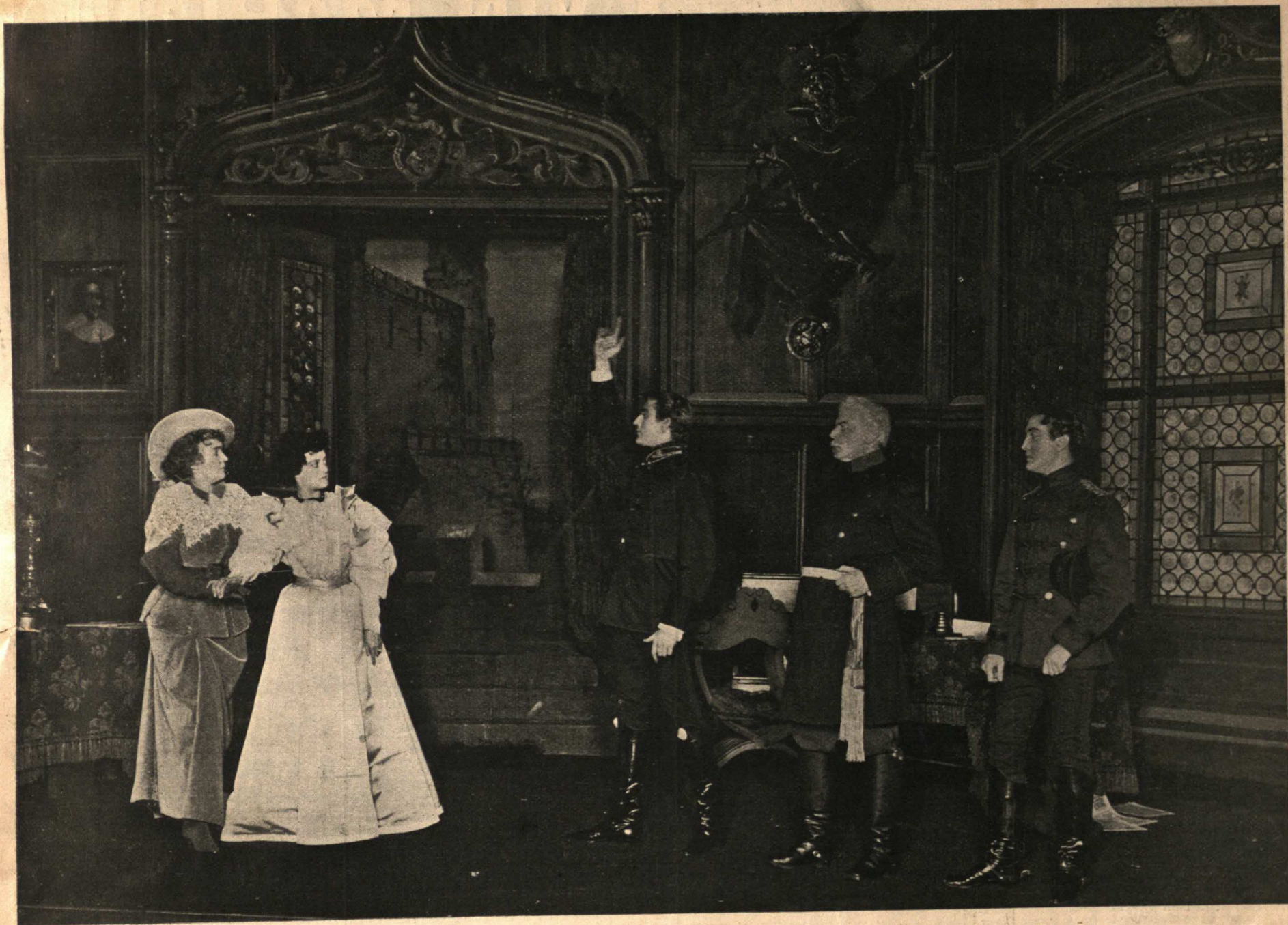
"THE OUTSTANDING DISCOVERY OF THE YEAR BY ANY EXPEDITION IN THIS COUNTRY": BARNUM BROWN, Curator of Fossil Reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History, With the Bones of an *Epinodinosaur*, a Species of Armored Dinosaur Which Roamed the Western Plains 100,000,000 Years Ago, Which He Found on the Crow Indian Reservation, Thirty Miles South of Billings, Montana.



50 :  
POSTAGE



SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



ELITA PROCTOR OTIS.

ISABEL IRVING.

JAMES K. HACKETT.

W. J. LE MOYNE.

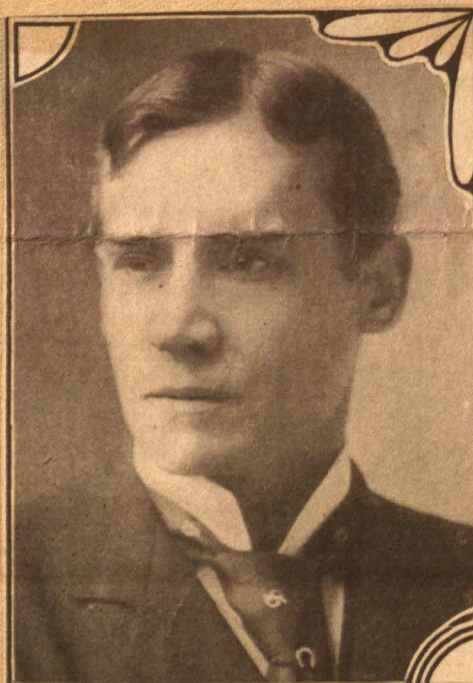
STEPHEN GRATTAN.

LYCEUM THEATRE: THE PRISONER OF ZENDE. ACT III.—AT THE CASTLE OF TARLENHEIM.

RUDOLF RASSENDYL: "Your King can do no wrong."



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT,  
as Terence



J. E. DODSON and ANNIE IRISH.

These distinguished actors, now playing in "Ben-Hur," are to be starred next season by Klaw & Erlanger in a play which is being written especially for them. Both are English, but have long since been adopted as true American citizens by the people of this country. The career of each has been studded with success like brilliants. Mr. Dodson, as a "straight" and "character" actor is recognized to be at the head of his profession. He first assumed the role of Simonides in "Ben-Hur," when the production was taken to England, and there

the critics declared his work to be equal to Irving's. He made the success of the play. Miss Irish's name is associated with very many of the best offerings of the drama in this city in the past decade. She has played very few engagements out of New York, and is considered to be a distinctly metropolitan artist. But this fact, far from interfering with her fame, will make other cities only the more anxious to see her when the time comes for these actors to be associated together in a strong play.



MR. POWER.

MR. RAYMORE.

MR. HART.  
MR. MALONE.

MR. MILN.

MISS BEACH.

MR. MORELLO.

BROADWAY THEATRE: JULIUS CESAR. ACT V



De Wolf Hopper singing a Nonsense Song in "Mr. Pickwick." (Byron photo.)



Mr. DeWolf Hopper, as "Mr. Pickwick," at the Herald Square (Byron photo.)





Mr. Harry Brown and Miss Marie Cahill in First Act of "Nancy Brown," at the Bijou. Hall photo



Papinta the Kymad the Dancer. Chickering photo

"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE." Robert Edson as Clay. Gretchen Lyons as Hope. Clay—Do you mean that—you—why—Hope—Yes.



MAR. 13, 1897.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.

97.



ANNIE IRISH  
(Marian)

MRS. FISKE  
(Tess)

ALICE PIERCE  
(Abraham)

MARY E. BARKER  
(Joan Durbeyfield)

EDITH WRIGHT  
(Liza Lu)

W. L. BRANSCOMBE  
(Bailiff)

CHARLES COGHAN  
(Alec Stoke-D'Urberville)

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES. ACT III. SCENE: THE DURBEYFIELDS' COTTAGE AT MARLOTT.



MR. POWER.

MR. RAYMORE.

MR. HART.

MR. MALONE.

MR. MILN.

MISS BEACH.

MR. MORELLO.

BROADWAY THEATRE: JULIUS CÆSAR. ACT V

MAR TONYE "This was the noblest Roman of them all."





Finale  
Ballet -  
A glimpse of the  
"Triumph of the  
Magic Fan", in "Mr. Blue  
Beard", at the Knickerbocker  
Hall photo.





Miss  
Minola  
Mada  
Hurst, in  
"A Chinese  
Honeymoon"  
Casino



Miss  
Grace  
Freeman  
as "The Girl  
in the  
Green  
Gown"



WORTH

PORT WORTH  
TEX  
DEC 22 1903  
H. B. 191255

LONDON, N.Y.





WILLIAM GILLETTE.

CAMPBELL GOLLAN.  
M. L. ALSOP.

AMY BUSBY.

IDA WATERMAN.

GARRICK THEATRE: SECRET SERVICE. ACT II.—DRAWING ROOM IN GENERAL VARNEY'S HOUSE, RICHMOND.  
CAPTAIN THORNE: "There's your man."



NELLIE BUTLER. JOSEPH FRANKAU. SNITZ EDWARDS. HATTIE WELLS.  
OTIS HARLAN.

H. LUCKSTONE. ETTA GILROY.

WILLIAM DEVERE.  
JANET ST. HENRY.

JOSEPH NATUS.

HOYT'S THEATRE: A BLACK SHEEP. ACT III.

HOT STUFF: "So I'm to be married to-night. Jolly sudden, isn't it?"

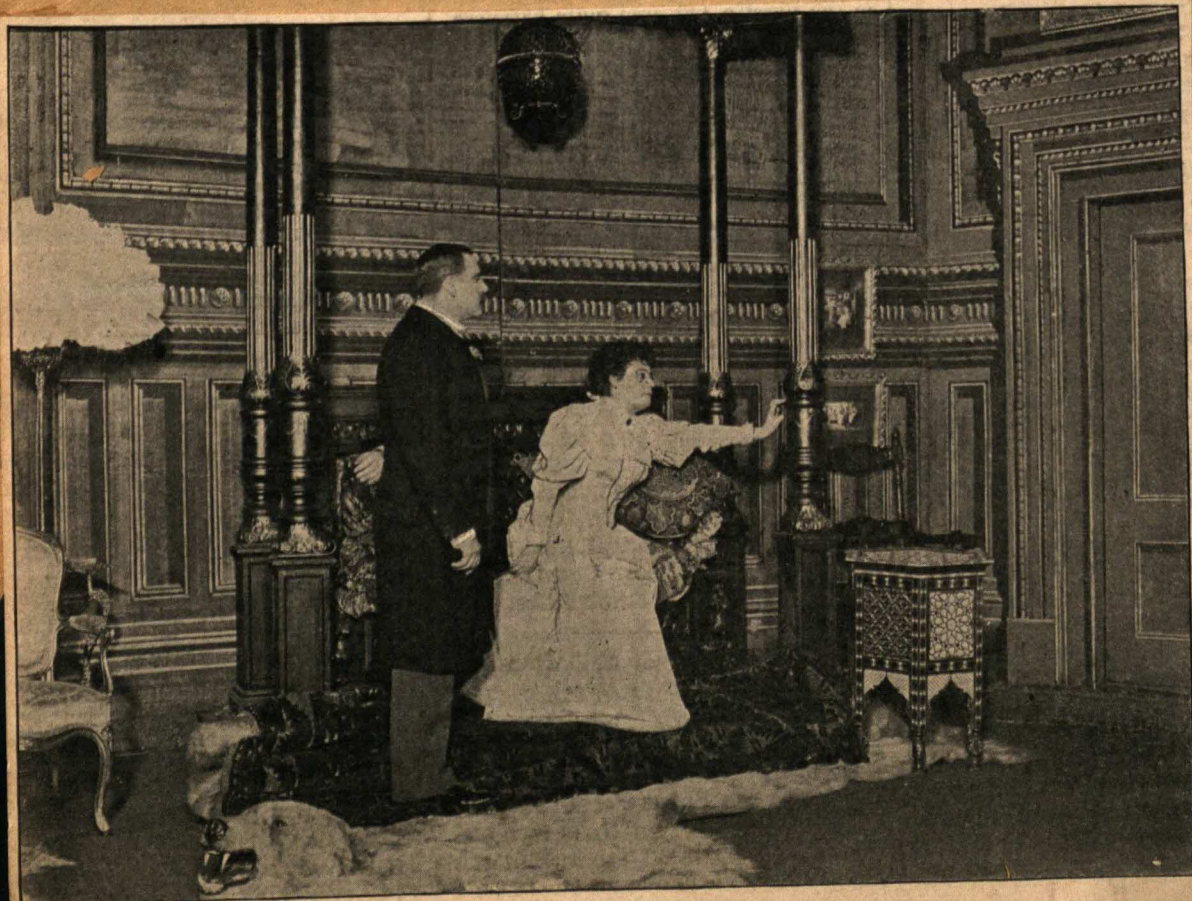


SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.

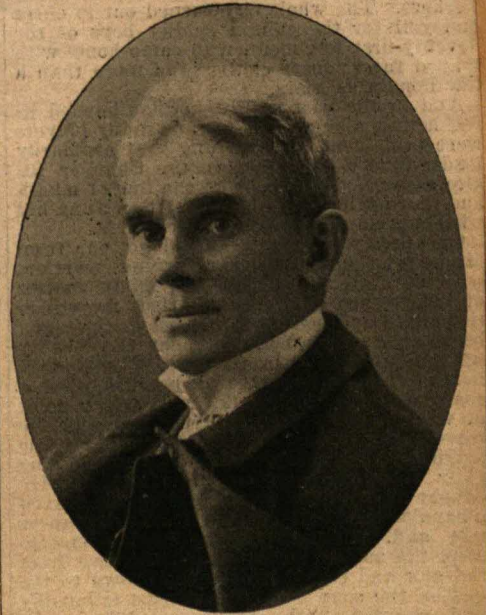


VAN RENSSELAER WHEELER. HILDA CLARK. REGINALD ROBERTS. NELLIE BRAGGINS. GEORGE O'DONNELL.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—THE HIGHWAYMAN. ACT. III. SCENE: THE PARK OF BEVERLEY MANOR.



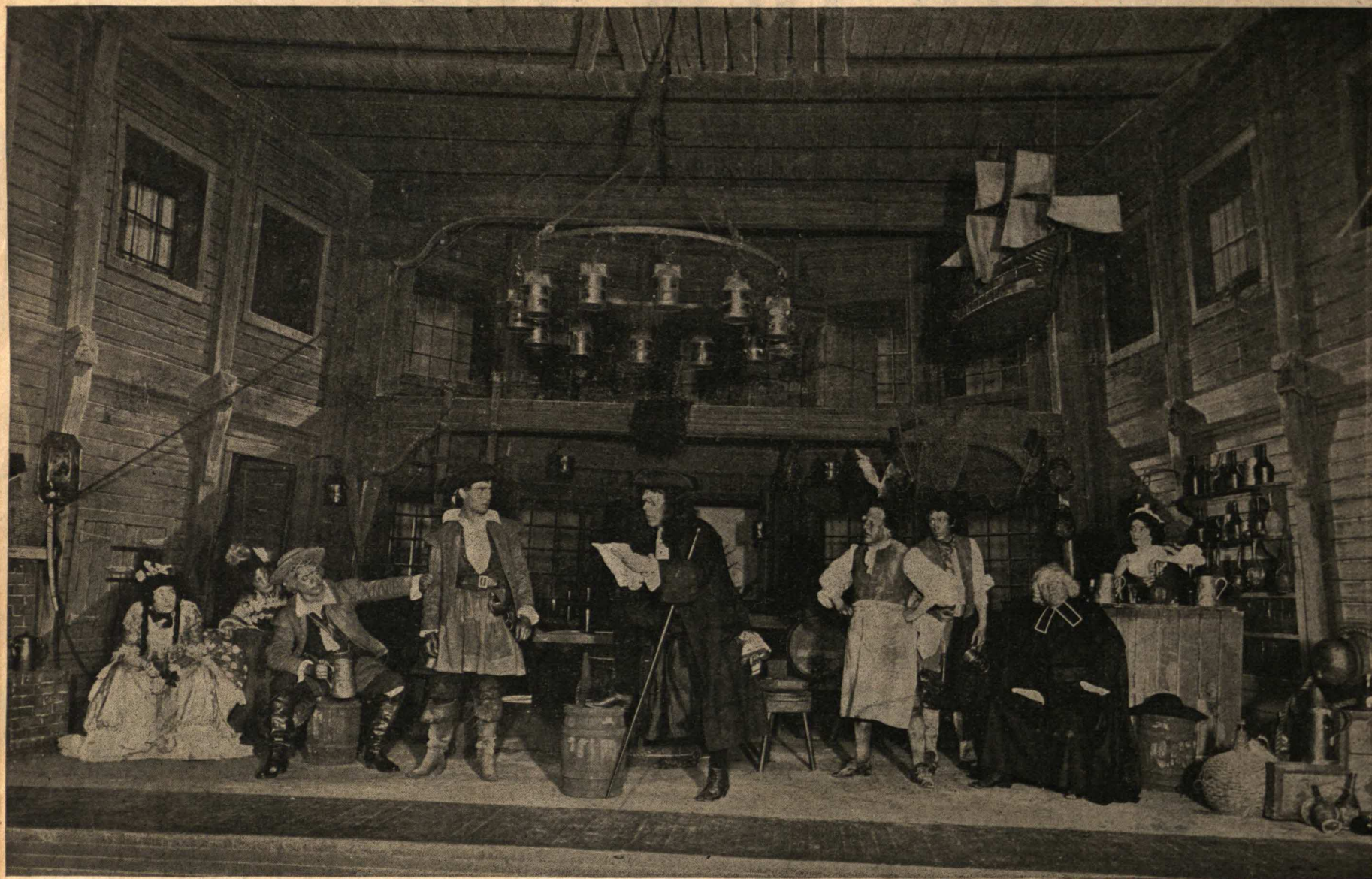
SCENE FROM MADAME, AT PALMER'S THEATRE.  
(ROSE COGHLAN AND HARRINGTON REYNOLDS).



MORRIS.—Felix Morris, who is pictured above, is at present playing the California vaudeville theatres. He appears in the play—'A Game of Cards'.



SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



PORTIA KNIGHT  
(Mistress Belleville).

LEILA BRONSON  
(Mistress Delancy).

E. H. SOTHERN  
(Christopher Heartright).

ROYDON ERLYNNE  
(Parchment).

TULLY MARSHAL  
(Hop).

OWEN FAWCETT  
(Father O'Nimble).

REBECCA WARREN  
(Vesta).

ROWLAND BUCKSTONE  
(One Hundred and One).

ARTHUR R. LAWRENCE  
(Goldworm).

LYCEUM THEATRE.—'CHANGE ALLEY. ACT I; SCENE, TAPROOM IN THE FURY.

PARCHMENT: "You are Christopher Heartright. I have searched for you in every port in England."

SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



ALBERT BROWN.

GEORGE WOODWARD.

EDWIN ARDEN.

ROBERT MCWADE.

JOSEPH ALLEN.

JULIA ARTHUR.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—A LADY OF QUALITY. ACT I. SCENE: WILDAIRS HALL.

CLORINDA WILDAIRS: "Look your last on my fine shape before I go to don my fine lady's furbelows!"





Copyright, 1896, by B. Falk, N. Y.

WILLIAM F. OWEN AS FALSTAFF.



Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, as Mr. Samuel Pineapple, in "A Chinese Honeymoon," at the Casino. Photo by Tommela



"Running for Office" act 3  
At the 14th Street tomorrow night.  
Miss Ethel Levey and Chorus



The Head of The "Toreador" Company, Francis Wilson, who closed a successful season at the Pinckney May 3.





Copyright, 1900, by Life Publishing Company.

IF SHAKESPEARE SHOULD RETURN TO EARTH.





SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



STEPHEN GRATTAN.  
W. J. LEMOYNE.

ELIZABETH TYREE.

MRS. CHARLES WALCOT.  
FRITZ WILLIAMS.

ISABEL IRVING.

MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN.

LYCEUM THEATRE: THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT. ACT I.—MRS. EMPTAGE'S HOUSE.

THEOPHILA FRAZER: "Why, Aunt!"



Scene from Act III of Mildred Holland's new play, *The Power Behind the Throne*.



SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



FRITZ WILLIAMS.

AGNES MILLER.

SAMUEL REED,  
E. M. HOLLAND.

JAMES KEARNEY.

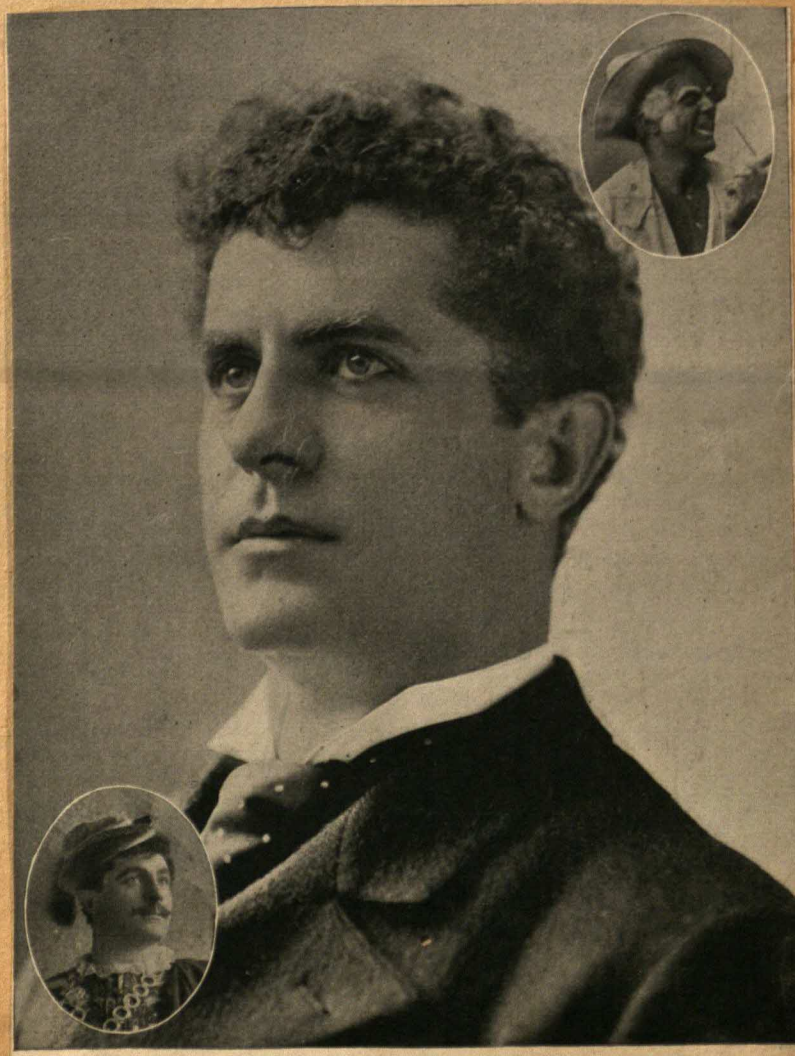
ANITA ROTH.

GARRICK THEATRE.—NEVER AGAIN. ACT. III. SCENE: PARLOR IN MADAME GALIONOR'S HOUSE.

RIBOT: "Who's playing?"



HARRY CARSON CLARKE.



LAWRENCE HANLEY.



SCENES FROM 'CURRENT PLAYS.



J. E. DODSON.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

VIOLA ALLEN.

EMPIRE THEATRE: MARRIAGE. ACT I.—OFFICE OF SIR CHARLES JENKS.

SIR CHARLES JENKS: "Her card, Lady Belton!"



The Scarecrow rebuilt—scene in "The Wizard of Oz," Mr. David Montgomery, Fred A. Stone and Miss Gale.





A. J. LYMAN.

MAX EUGENE.

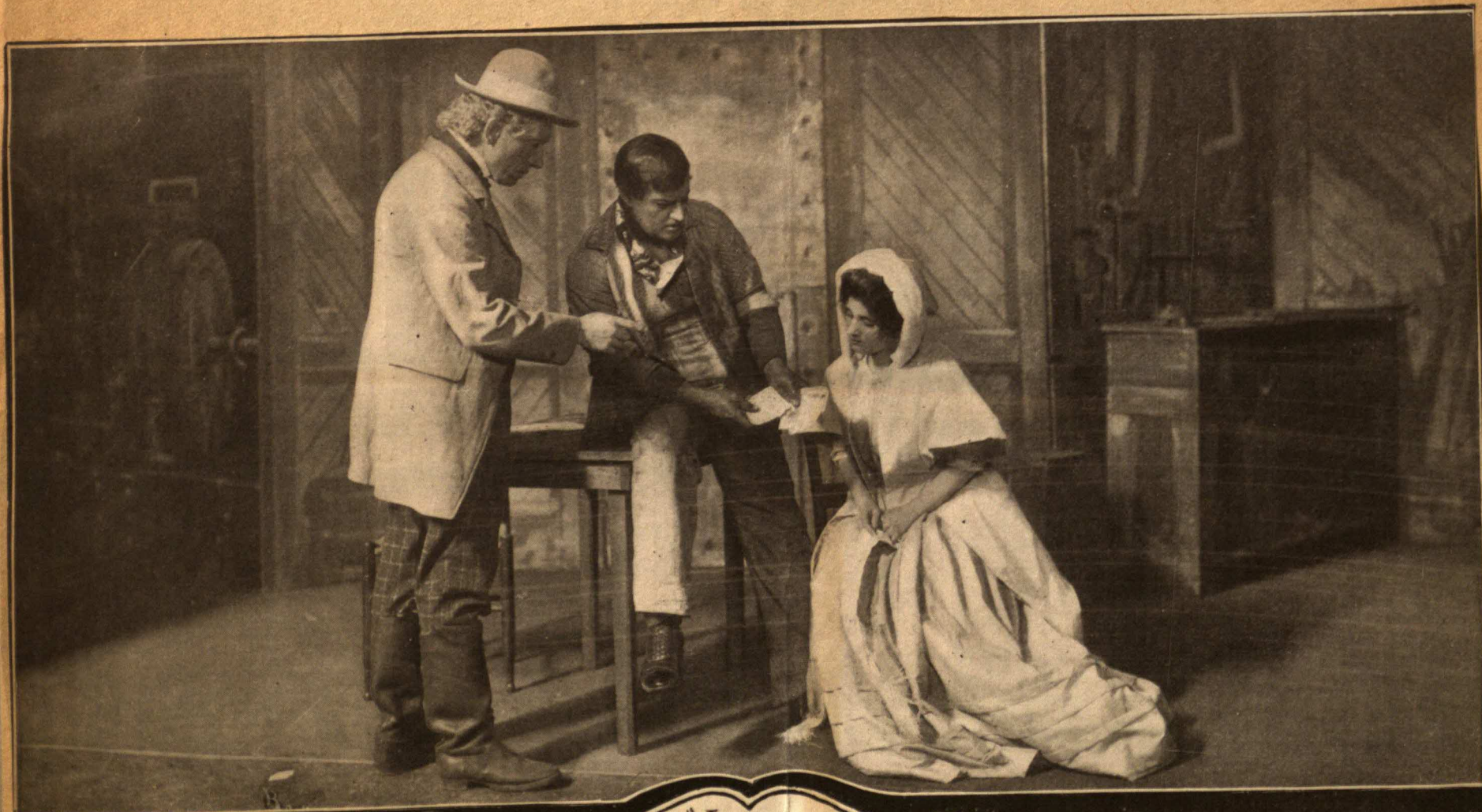
AMANDA FABRIS.

GEORGE O'DONNELL.

GRACE GOLDEN.

BROADWAY THEATRE: BRIAN BORU. ACT II—GREAT HALL OF DUBLIN CASTLE.

ELFRIDA: "Rude barbarian, wild, uncouth! Elfrida now to thee speaks truth—  
I never loved thee—thou wert my tool; I hate and scorn thee, poor, weak fool!"



"Jim  
Bludso"  
Mr. Robert Hilliard discovers  
the marked cards. Scene from  
the play at the 14th Street  
Theatre.

Byron  
photo



SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



MINNA MONK  
(Mrs. Annie Dudgeon).

JOSEPH WEAVER  
(Major Swindon).

MR. HUNTER  
(Lawyer Hawkins).

MISS BRISCOE  
(Esle).

BEN JOHNSON  
(Anthony Anderson.)

RICHARD MANSFIELD  
(Richard Dudgeon).

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE. ACT I. SCENE: IN TIMOTHY DUDGEON'S HOUSE.

RICHARD DUDGEON: "What's this, tears—the devil's baptism? Oh, well! You may cry that way, child, if you like."



The  
Weberfield  
Girls ready for  
their Wall Street  
Invasion.



SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



EDGAR L. DAVENPORT  
(Gordon Grayne).

FRANK LOSEE  
(Leslie Murdoch).

C. G. CRAIG  
(Benner Ainsley).

ALVIN DREHLE  
(Rance).

MILLIE SACKETT  
(Mammy Han').

FLORENCE ROCKWELL  
(Alice Ainsley).

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.—CUMBERLAND '61. ACT II. A CHURCH IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY.

*"Don't honor him with a bullet—I'll hang him as a spy."*



SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT, "FOXY GRANDPA."





Scene  
from act II — Lord  
Cardington's Suite, Waldorf-  
Astoria, in "The Earl of Pawtucket,"  
at the Madison Sq. Theatre.  
Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay, Mr.  
James Ottley and Miss  
Elizabeth Tyree.



The Fat Boy (Mr. Guy H. Bartlett)  
comes to grief, in act III,  
of "Mr. Pickwick," at the  
Herald Sq. Byron photo





Miss  
Minnie Griffin,  
as Mrs. Haynes;  
Mr. Forbes Robertson, as  
Dick Heldar, and Miss  
Gertrude Elliott  
as Maisie.

Dick Heldar—"Thanks, that will do, Mrs. Haynes"



"THE LAST APPEAL."  
Robert Drouet as Prince Waldemar,  
Katherine Grey as Litta.







How Weber and Fields coaxed  
Willie Collier to sign that contract  
with them.





Miss  
Maxine  
Elliott, in  
"The Altar of Friendship,"  
at the Knickerbocker.  
From her latest photo,  
Copyright 1902 by  
Burr McIntosh.



ADELE RITCHIE,

wearing the new costume in which she  
will appear in "The King's Carnival,"  
which is scheduled to open at the New  
York Theatre to-morrow night and which  
is expected to excel its predecessor, "The  
Giddy Throng."



Katherine Grey as Litta.





Enrico Caruso once owned the grand piano about which are gathered some aged thespians in the luxurious living room of the Actors' Fund Home in Englewood, N. J. (shown above). The picture below is that of a typical bedroom in the home. Note its comfort, and the wall decorations of photos of by-gone stars.



## Thespians' Haven

After a Haphazard Life, Their Old-Age Happiness Is Guaranteed

By LEE MORTIMER

**T**HIS is a story about what happens to actors and actresses when age and sickness cancel performances.

That ingenue you see stepping high in a hit Broadway musical, that lovely lithe young chorus girl whose blonde head bobs in sympathy with her tapping feet, that up-and-coming comedian whose wit convulses the nation—all of them will be old some day.

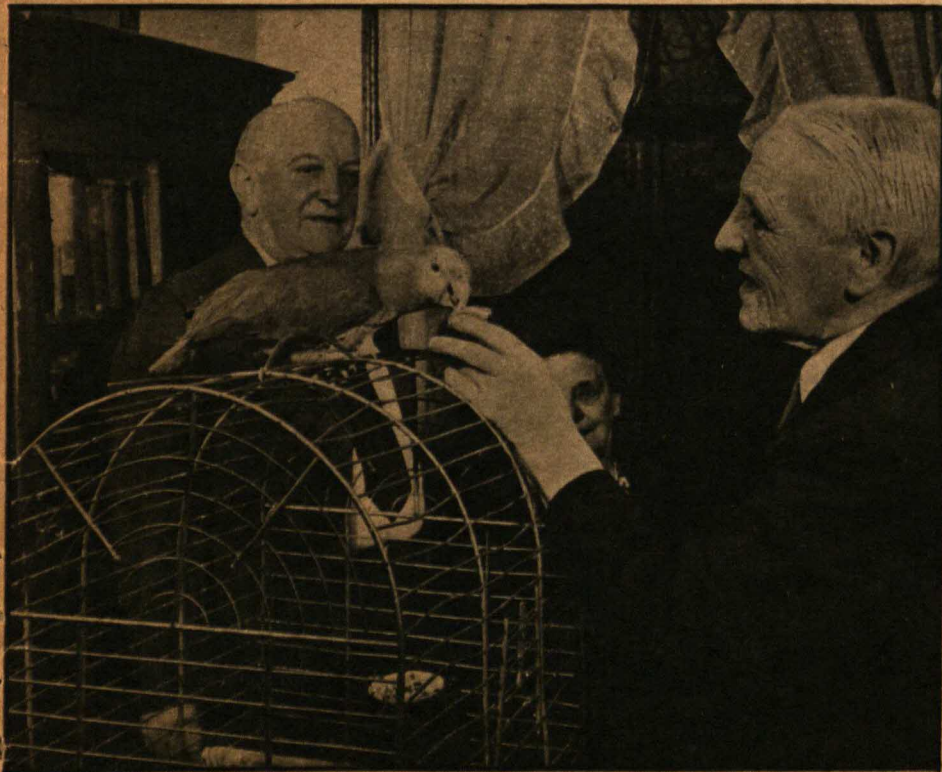
At any one time there probably are 20,000 people working in various phases of American show business as actors and actresses. Despite all the stories of fabulous incomes that you read about, only a few entertainers ever earn enough to more than pay for current living expenses.

And current living expenses of people in show business are, because of the very nature of the work—the need for stylish clothes, constant travel and that elusive thing called “front”—much higher than in any other walk of life.

Actors' salaries bear very little actual relation to their true earning ability because of the fact that engagements are unsteady and that all legitimate theatre work is subject to a two weeks' closing notice, all other theatre work to a one week's notice.

Even in the good old days, 40 weeks of work was considered a good year. Today, the average thespian is more than content with 25 weeks.

(Continued on Page 12.)



Joe Ward and Harry Leighton, who once amused thousands, spend the years of their retirement at the Actors' Home where Polly (shown above) is a valued resident. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cheviot have lived there 17 years.



Soup's on. The guests of the Actors' Home eat at small tables in beautiful surroundings, instead of at one long board. The three ladies enjoying their breakfasts are Mary Marble, Elizabeth Marvin and Levinia Shannon.

Millie, who was charming, regretted the disregard of the play.



LEX. at 59TH VOLUNTEER 5-5900 STORE HOURS 9:30 to 5:30

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SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



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SIR THOMAS BRUNT: "Marked Cards!"



## Maxine Elliott at her Best.

### Her Great Match a Clever Play.

Produced at the Criterion Theatre, Sept. 4. A play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Production by C. B. Dillingham.

"Jo" Sheldon.....Miss Maxine Elliott  
Mrs. Sheldon.....Miss Madge Girdlestone  
Victoria Botes.....Miss Nellie Thorne  
H. R. H., The Grand Duchess of Hohenhet-  
stein.....Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly  
Countess Casavetti.....Miss Suzanne Perry  
H. R. H., The Crown Prince Adolph of East-  
phalia.....Charles Cherry  
Augustus Botes.....Herbert Standing  
Cyril Botes.....Leon Quartermaine  
Frank Wilton.....Felix Edwards  
Hallen.....Corry Thomas  
Weeks.....Hodgson Taylor

Her Great Match tells the story of an American girl in London, who is wooed by the Crown Prince and heir to the throne of Eastphalia. The first act is the grounds of Medderham Manor, Hertfordshire, England, during a charity fete on a Saturday in July. Jo Sheldon is dressed as a gypsy and is telling fortunes for the charity; Jo loves His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince; he comes to have his hand read, Jo tells him a blond woman will cross his path, His Royal Highness gets angry and says in his broken English, "Miss Sheldon, I tink you one great big flirt," to which Jo replies, "Your Royal Highness, I tink you vas one odder;" during the act Mrs. Sheldon, Jo's stepmother, asks a loan of \$40,000 (\$200,000) from Mr. Botes, promising a Baronetcy for his son Cyril. Botes thinks Jo is in on the deal with her mother, and promises the note.

The second act is Mr. Botes' London house, the following Monday night; Jo expects His Royal Highness; Cyril shows Jo how to push the electric bulb and have moonlight in the lovers' corner. Her Royal Highness, the Grand Duchess arrives and tells Mrs. Sheldon and Mr. Botes this marriage cannot be, as the Prince is heir to the throne and must marry one of the royal blood. The Prince calls, tells Jo of his love, and is accepted, calling her "Mine girl, Jo."

Act three.—Mr. Botes' house next day; Jo is so happy; has cabled her father, it's the happiest day of her life, when the Duchess again calls, saying she has good news; Jo can be the wife of the Prince morganatically; Jo is shocked and declines; the Prince asks her, she also declines; Mr. Botes has stopped the bank payment of the \$40,000 check; Mrs. Sheldon is furious; Botes accuses Jo of being in the conspiracy; the mother confesses, says if she don't get the money she will go to prison; Jo tells Botes it's true, to let them have the money and she will accept the Prince; Botes insists on her writing the Prince at once that she will see him at five p. m.; she does; the answer comes to her cable to her father—from him, "God bless my girl, Jo, on the happiest day of her life;" the curtain falls as, heartbroken, Jo reads the message.

Act 4.—Shows Mrs. Sheldon has bolted to Belgium where there is no extradition treaty; that Botes has accused Jo wrongly and humbly apologizes, when a messenger announces Mr. Hohenhetstein, it is His Royal Highness; he has given up his title and the crown to his brother; everything for the woman he loves and who loves him; a dispatch comes from his father, the King, "For the love of Heaven stop now where you are and don't become one Anarchist" (Macht-ht-nees). Curtain. Ending one of the prettiest, brightest love stories ever written, every word of which was interesting and so well played.

After repeated curtain calls and cries of speech, speech, Miss Elliott dragged Fitch to the footlights; he thanked audience in behalf of Mrs. Goodwin himself in a few words, ending with "My gratefulty yours," and hurried off stage. The play was put on beautifully.

Maxine Elliott was a vision of loveliness and sprightliness as Jo Sheldon; she was naturally artistic and in her long scene with her mother in the first act, rose to great heights. Charles Cherry was simply great as the Crown Prince; imagine playing a touching love scene with a Sam Bernard dialect, artistically—Cherry did—and you could hear a drop; he looked every inch the Crown Prince. Madame Cottrelly comes in; words won't do for her performance—you've got to see it—her work as His Royal Highness, the Grand Duchess, alone and called for ripples upon ripples of spontaneous applause. Herbert Standing was excellent as Botes, and Leon Quartermaine splendid as his son. Madge Girdlestone, a tall, handsome Englishwoman, played the trying role of

Mrs. Sheldon excellently; it is another Mrs. Chadwick, but she handled it carefully. Nellie Thorne made the small part of Vic stand out, and Suzanne Perry made a decided hit in her one scene as the Countess Casavetti. Felix Edwards, Cory Thomas, and Hodgson Taylor were excellent in small parts. Maxine Elliott wore some gorgeously becoming frocks, and is to be congratulated.

EDYTH TOTTEN.

OCTOBER 14, 1905

## PITTSBURGH.

### The Girl of the Golden West Produced—Good Business—Favorites Popular.

(Special to The Mirror.)

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 9.

The Girl of the Golden West was produced for the first time on any stage at the Belasco Theatre on last Tuesday night, and it was a triumph of play, author and star.

This beautiful and cozy playhouse was filled to overflowing with an audience chiefly composed of the most aristocratic and critical people hereabouts, and the verdict rendered was that the event was a great success. The play is in four acts; its place Cloudy Mountain, Cal., a mining camp, and the time of its action during the days of the gold fever, 1849-50. It was written by David Belasco especially for Miss Bates. The cast:

The Girl	Blanche Bates
Winkie	Harriet Sterling
Dick Johnson	Robert Hilliard
Jack Rance	Frank Keenan
Sonora Slim	John W. Cope
Trinidad Joe	James Kirkwood
Nick	Thomas J. McGrane
The Sidney Duck	Horace James
Jim Larkens	Fred Maxwell
Happy Haliday	Richard Hoyer
Handsome Charlie	Clifford Hipple
Dputy Sheriff	T. Hayes Hunter
Billy Jackrabbit	J. H. Benrimo
Asbury	J. A. Sawtelle
Jose Castro	Robert Deshon
Rider of the Pony Express	Lowell Sherman
Jack Wallace	Ed. A. Tester
Buckling Bill	A. M. Beattie
The Lookout	Fred Sidney
A Faro Dealer	William Wild
Joe	H. L. Wilson
The Ridge Boy	Ira M. Flick
Concertina Player	Ignazio Blondi

The girl of the story runs a saloon and local faro bank known as the "Polka." The stranger, Dick Johnson, an outlaw, comes to rob the "Polka," but he and the girl fall in love at first sight, and she takes him into her confidence. When the pursuing posse arrives the girl protects the man, but he is discovered by the Sheriff. Then the girl and the Sheriff play poker to see whether she will marry the representative of the law or the outlaw. She wins by a skillful trick, and the Sheriff gives up his prey and his bride.

After several curtain calls Mr. Belasco made a short speech of thanks and asked the people to help him and his little army raise the standard of the stage against the syndicate, and he was warmly applauded. The third act was interesting—beginning with "the girl" as the teacher of the school for the men in the locality, and here a little comedy entered into the play. The stranger has been captured by the men and he is ordered to be hung, but when they see how much the girl loves him they set him free. The last act is very short, merely showing the lovers on their way to another land.

Miss Bates' work was excellent and won the admiration of all from the beginning. Frank Keenan as Jack Rance gave another piece of highly commendable acting that was almost flawless. Robert Hilliard as the stranger added a splendid portrayal. In short, the entire company was excellent. The house was sold out at every performance last week and the orchestra was placed behind the stage. To-night the house is filled, which will not doubt be the case during the rest of the week. Babes in the Wood follows for two weeks.

### Paul Gilmore in Captain Debonnaire.

Paul Gilmore produced his new play, Captain Debonnaire, in Paterson, N. J., last Friday night, and made the hit of his career. The authors are William Farquar Payson and James MacArthur. The piece is very romantic in its flavor, with scenes laid at Quebec and New Amsterdam, in 1665. There are five acts in the play, which are beautiful. The scenery by M. Armbruster, of Columbus, Ohio, was in keeping with the period of the play and was very effective. The stage was banked with flowers, the curtain calls numerous, and the general effect emphasized the fact that Mr. Gilmore has one of the best plays of his career, as well as a drama of intense interest. The story will be remembered as having appeared in a magazine. Its chief features are retained, and the authors have written some smart speeches and introduced a number of fine climaxes. Outside of the star some excellent work was done by Marie Pettes, as the heroine, and Adelaide Fitz Allen. After the performance Mr. Gilmore expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the production. Previously he had to respond to a speech because of the vigorous demand of a large audience. The cast was as follows:

Rene de Cadillac	Marie Pettes
Madame de Cadillac	Adelaide Fitz Allen
Daniel de Remy	Chas. J. Burbridge
Colonel de Salieres	Frank M. Rainier
Captain Chambly	Gilbert Cameron
Lieutenant Varennes	Albert K. Trout
Lieutenant Sorel	Leo Herbert Whit
Lieutenant Vercheres	George Centre
Sybout Van Brugh	Louis Shea
Raoul de Cadillac	J. K. Applebee
Pierre	Sol. Solomon
Egbert Van Borsum	Reginald Hopkins
Sergeant Roel	Charles Winter
Gretchen	Nellie Claire
First Lady Guest	Celeste Heider
Second Lady Guest	Evelyn Nicholson
Third Lady Guest	Dorothy Dean
First Gentleman Guest	Frank Foster
Second Gentleman Guest	S. Johnson
Third Gentleman Guest	Fred Fisher
Dutch Guards—E. M. Gingerich, F. P. Atherton, E. V. Stratton	
Captain Louis de Cadillac	Paul Gilmore

## The Prodigal Son a Magnificent Molodrama.

### A Number of Impressive Scenes Made Effective by Beautiful Stage Pictures.

Produced at the New Amsterdam Theatre, Sept. 4. Play by Hall Caine. Production by Liebler and Company.

Magnus Stephenson	Edward Morgan
Oscar Stephenson	Aubrey Boucault
Anna	Ida Waterman
Oscar Neilson	J. E. Dodson
Thora Neilson	Charlotte Walker
Helga Neilson	Miss Drina De Wolfe
Margaret Neilson	Miss Marie Wainwright
Ellin	Charlotte Walker
Nells Finlen	Ben Webster
Dr. Olsen	Geo. C. Boniface, Sr.
The Pastor	Russell Crauford
The Sheriff	Warner Oland
Director of the Casino	Henry Bergman
Agent of the Bank	Basil West
The Derelict	W. H. Thompson
Baroness Greengage	Mrs. Geo. W. Barnum
The American Senator	John Sanderson
Jon Vidalin	Frank Bixby
Gudrun	Miss Edna Bruna
Head Waiter	Harry C. Bruninghaus
Marta	Miss Ella Greening
First Croupier	James Jamison
Second Croupier	Charles Hayne

The New Amsterdam began its regular season on September 4, with The Prodigal Son, dramatized by the author from his own book.

The opening tableau, for instance, represents a mountain pass in the interior of Iceland, snow-capped peaks, glistening glaciers, smoking mineral springs, a blue lake, stretches of black lava and basaltic rocks, with patches of grass, gleams of rivers and a small village in the plain beyond, as unfolded in the early dawn of a late summer's day. As the curtain rises come the calls of shepherds, the blowing of horns and the barks of shepherd's dogs. The last of a flock of sheep roll bleating down the pass and disappear in the valley below, then a line of shepherds, some afoot, others mounted on Iceland ponies, all singing "Long Live the Mountain King," who rides in their midst flanked by a shepherd on either side. The song grows fainter and fainter as the shepherds descend the pass, dying in the distance as darkness falls upon the scene.

The story of the play has in a measure already been discounted by the book, by the recital of a story which the author was told and which suggested to him his plot. The Prodigal Son in this case is Oscar Stephenson, the younger son of the Governor-General, a brilliant young scapegrace, the product of an English University, and withal, a lovable Lothario, who returns on the eve of the betrothal of his old playmate, Thora Neilson, the prettiest girl for miles around, to his brother Magnus, a stolid, hard-working honest but honorable son of the soil, whose accomplishments have

### Fourteenth Street—A Jolly Baron.

Musical comedy in two acts; book by Joseph Le Brandt, music by Harry Von Tilzer. Produced Sept. 4.

Louis Baron	Billy S. Clifford
Chris Baron	Joe Fields
Jacob Schmitt	Mark Wooley
Willie-of-the-Yacht	Leo Hayes
Zack Housem	W. H. White
Baron Von Holstein	George Nagel
Police Officer	Charles T. Farr
Julia Bauer	Jeannette Marcelle
Maydee	Mathilde Prevaille
Maria	Madge Pierce

A Jolly Baron, with Billy S. Clifford as the star, had its first New York presentation last week, under the management of C. F. Whitaker. There was a good sized crowd on the opening night, and the audience seemed to find much amusement in the antics of the members of the company, who all worked hard. The piece belongs to the slap-dash school, every performer being given full permission to do whatever he thinks will raise a laugh. Old-time devices arranged, ancient jokes with no rearrangement whatever, old songs and new ones were thrown together in a hodge-podge that served to pass away the time for those who want to laugh. The thread of the plot deals with the glue business, in which two Germans are interested, but this has so little to do with the entertainment that it would be a waste of space to write of it. A large share of the burden of entertaining the spectators fell upon the shoulders of Joe Fields and Mark Wooley, who have been partners in vaudeville for many years. They were in the thick of the fray at all times, and their fun-

making, which is of a crude order, was entirely successful. Billy S. Clifford's specialty is too well known to need comment. He dances nimbly, but in his efforts at comedy he was overshadowed by his assistants. Leo Hayes was encoored several times for an eccentric dance in the first act, and did some good comedy work. Jeannette Marcelle as Julia used a well trained voice to advantage. Madge Pierce was lively and pleasing as a country servant girl. Mathilde Prevaille as Maydee sang nicely and looked well. The Three Constantine Sisters did a pleasing specialty in the second act. The others did what they had to do in a fairly satisfactory way. The chorus had been well trained by Jack Mason, and wore pretty costumes. There were twenty-one musical numbers, the best of which were "Maydee," "The Tail of a Whale," "A Highly Important Fly" and "Tip Your Hat to Uncle Sammy." A Jolly Baron remained only one week, and is succeeded this week by David Harum.

## Savoy—The Walls of Jericho.

Comedy drama in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced Sept. 25.

Jack Froblisher	James K. Hackett
Hankey Bannister	David Glassford
The Marquis of Steventon	W. J. Ferguson
Lord Drayton	Sydney Blow
Harry Dallas	William K. Harcourt
Bertram Hannaford	F. Owen Baxter
The Honorable Wilfred Kenton	Frank Patton
Lord Marchmont	Rex McDougal
The Honorable Jasper Twelveteares	

Peters	Harry Rollow
Simpson	F. B. Allen
James	Mr. Sullivan
William	Mr. Fredericks
Lady Westerby	Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh
Miss Mornington	Sylvia Lyndon
The Duchess of Wye	Blanche Ellice
Lady Panchester	Ruth Chester
Miss Wyatt	Mary E. Forbes
Mary	Mary Moran
Lady Lucy Derenham	May Blayney
Lady Alethea Froblisher	Mary Mannering

A special interest centred in the production of The Walls of Jericho at the Savoy Theatre last week. Many were desirous to witness the play that has been running in London since last October, but more wanted the pleasure of seeing Mary Mannering and James K. Hackett playing in the same production. All were rewarded by an evening that was well worth while.

Even before the days of The Iron Master and Still Waters Run Deep the introduction of a sterling silver character among the plated ware of society for the sake of contrast had been a successful trick of the playwright of popular appeal. This device has never failed to please. In this piece it is aided by the modern Jericho. Society is supposed to be the modern Jericho and Jack Froblisher, from remember their Sunday school days will recall how Joshua performed with the sun and blasted the walls of Jericho with the fanfare of his trumpets. Even in his audacity Shaw has hesitated at proclaiming himself a modern Joshua, and nothing has been heard to drop, in England or America, to prove that Sutro's assumption is justified by results. The society depicted in this play is so rapid and inanely boresome it could not fall to lower depths of stupidity.

Jack came to London, after making millions in sheep. He loved and married Lady Alethea, who derives her position and morals from a senile and degenerate marquis of a father. Jack becomes an "easy thing" for the whole family. He suddenly wakes up when he returns home at the end of the second act and feels, rather than sees, that the flirtation between his wife and Harry Dallas has gone to the point that demands decisive action in order to save her from going over the brink. He determines to rescue her by flight to the sheepfolds of Queensland, forgetting that one can never run away from one's self. She refuses to accompany him, even after his vociferous tirade against her and her friends at the end of the third act. But her womanly nature and wifely love triumph and she goes to his arms and Queensland with a rush, at the end of the fourth act.

Mr. Hackett was woefully hampered by the family cat degree of tameness his author forced him into in the first two acts. But the theme was so human and fundamentally strong that interest gradually accumulated and intensity developed. He was comradely sympathetic with the friend who comes to town from the wilds, as he himself did five years before, to be made a prey for the money hunters. He was manly and strong when assisting the marriage of his wife's younger brother to a lady's companion whom the young man loved. His first powerful scene came when he compelled Harry Dallas to open and read a letter he had written to Froblisher's wife. The steel of determination was finely indicated in the episode. The outbreak against the smart set and the commanding of his wife to give up her degrading associates and return to the pure air and the true things of life and Queensland was strongly done and not overplayed by Mr. Hackett. This triumph delighted his many admirers.

Miss Mannering was strong, as always, in the womanly and wifely qualities and played with unusual charm and finesse, earning full share with her husband of the evening's honors. David Glassford indicated well the force of the triumphant, pioneer who is not yet free from the effects of the big spaces where man expands. W. J. Ferguson had the part of the *roue*, an old marquis, and made every point count with that finished art that has made his name so well known. Sydney Blow made the most of a bit. William K. Harcourt was the lover and woman killer, seeming almost too fine and sincere for his sinister reputation. F. Owen Baxter was pleasing as a butterfly of fashion. Frank Patton did so well with a few words that he was remembered with sympathy as the lover Lady Alethea's sister discards for millions. Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh played the womanly friend of the family with full blown womanly charm and high bred grace. Sylvia Lyndon, Ruth Chester and Mary E. Forbes made their parts stand out clearly as individual and artistic interpretations. Mary Blayney made one of the strong hits of the piece with an up-to-date daughter who has her eyes open and planned back, though not yet out of her teens. This modern type was unknown when the story first saw the stage, generations ago, but is common now. It has had no better interpreter than this breezy and thoroughly delightful young woman. She showed the thoroughly worldly and initiated mind that is yet in the pure body, and read with such lively variety and charm that the audiences could not get enough of her. The management did not seem confident enough of the piece to give it the staging to which Broadway has been accustomed. Two more flimsy sets than those of the first two acts could hardly be imagined for a play that is supposed to represent the solid walls of any society, ancient or modern.

### Comique—Sappho.

Play in four acts, adapted from the story by Daudet by George Paxton. Produced April 16.

Jean Gaussin	William Bonelli
Uncle Cesaire	Joseph Dalley
Coudal	Melville Collins
Dechelette	Ernest Howard
Hettama	Charles Strubidge
Flamant	George Strubmore
Potter	William De Vaul
La Gournerie	Calvin Tibbets
Joseph	Irene Clark
Olympe Hettama	Adella Barker
Irene	Mayo Methot
Mina	Josephine Knight
Machaume	Mrs. Ella T. Bennett
Victorine	Birdie De Vaul
Fifi	May Warner
Diane de Lys	Beatrice Russell
Alice Dore	Grace Jouvet
Fanny Legrand (Sappho)	Agnes Ardeck

Standing room was at a premium at eight o'clock last night when the curtain rose upon Manager Leo C. Teller's production of Sappho (spelled for this occasion with two p's). Not since Orange Blossoms was produced at this house has it held such a crowd.

The audience was composed almost entirely of men, and they craned their necks and



## Majestic—Edmund Burke.

Romantic drama in four acts, by Theodore Burt Sayre. Produced Oct. 2.

Edmund Burke..... Chauncey Olcott  
Oliver Goldsmith..... Daniel Jarrett  
Prince of Wales..... Mace Greenleaf  
Lord Nugent..... Verner Clarges  
Sir Hugh Vivian..... Thomas David  
Captain Gulliver..... Richard Malchen  
Maurice Desneyer..... Macy Harlan  
Terry..... George Brennan  
Haversham..... Charles Ogle  
Slogger Murphy..... Gladys Millbourne  
Lord Bertie..... Gladys Millbourne  
Lord Archie..... Tottie Millbourne  
Mickey Murphy..... Edith Millbourne  
Lady Phyllis..... Edith Millbourne  
Mary Nugent..... Edna Phillips  
Mrs. O'Grady..... Elizabeth Washburn  
Gabrielle Le Jeune..... Eleanor Browning  
Mona..... Charlotte Millbourne

In the old days of dueling and fine sword play of satin knickers and silk polonaise, when men spent their days in rose gardens, their nights in ballad-making, when women sighed over the verses showered on them and were carried off on bold chargers by ardent suitors, when there was no Bernard Shaw to make one irritably question one's own comprehension, no stern public urging youth to strenuous commercialism, in those carefree stage-life days, there came into England, from John Bull's other island, a young prophet. Perhaps the real Edmund Burke spent more of his time in essay-writing and speech-making, less in versifying and planning Indian pow-wows with pretty children, than did the stage Burke of Chauncey Olcott, who scales rose-covered walls to make love in rich Irish brogue to Mistress Mary, and who prays a little, jests much, and who flouts villains with a dash worthy of the actor's Fourteenth Street training, but, if the real Burke did none of these fascinating things, the more's the pity for him. And should any one prefer the author of the "Essay on the Sublime" to this charming figure, why, down with the renegade, the audience would say. Let him spend his evenings in musty, Comstock-expurgated libraries and not venture into the well-filled Majestic.

The author, Theodore Burt Sayre, has taken many liberties, naturally, with the life of the English statesman, but has built up a vehicle well calculated to carry Mr. Olcott into popularity. The leading role is fashioned in the old cut that fits this star so well. He knows when a style is becoming and is sensible enough not to wish to change it with every incoming fashion the dramatic shops may offer. Scope has been given to his talents as comedian, singer and romantic actor in the course of the four acts, which are constructed with clever craftsmanship in the tricks of melodrama.

The story begins with the life of Burke at the time he came to England a poor, hopeful young adventurer, and entered into the family of Lord Nugent as tutor. There he writes Lord Nugent's speeches for him and brings much credit to the old nobleman's name and a full purse to his own pocket. He sells an occasional essay to the booksellers and chums with Oliver Goldsmith. All goes well until he loses his heart to his patron's pretty daughter and presumes to tell her of it. His suit prospers with the beloved one, but a Sir Hugh Vivian, a rival, brings the father on the scene at the very moment of the declaration, and Edmund Burke finds himself without a situation. The culprit Mary is locked up until she feigns penitence. She is released and immediately seeks her lover. He is living in a garret with Goldsmith. England had not reached America's present state of appreciation of home talent, and Oliver's play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was going begging as have good plays before and since. Edmund begs Mary to elope to Ireland, where they'll "live in a cottage as sweet as a lump of sugar, and about the same size." Her father visits Burke, Mary hides in the big chair, and is alone when Burke accompanies her father to his chair. It is then that no less person than Frederick, Prince of Wales, escaping from one escapade, sees her and, fancying her for his own, has her kidnapped and carried to his "Love Nest." Burke, on his return, wild at the abduction of his sweetheart, recklessly promises the maid, Gabrielle Le Jeune, anything she may ask when she offers to sell him information of Mary's whereabouts. He reaches the "Love Nest" and, by sword bouts worthy of James K. Hackett, rescues his lady love from her royal captor. Next he proceeds to defend the Prince against a gang of ruffians who would abduct him. In return the Prince promises the production of Goldsmith's comedy and for himself a seat in the House of Commons.

In the fourth act we find the Prince has, unlike many of his kind, kept his promise. Goldsmith is enjoying the plaudits of the public, and Edmund Burke, the idol of the people, the wonder of Parliament, has arrived. He has driven with the great Pitt, has had audience with the King himself. But the course of true love had not run smooth. An obstacle to his happiness had appeared in his promise to Gabrielle. The French girl had asked no less payment than to be made Burke's wife. Her wish was not for love nor for money, but social ambition, and she saw in herself the wife of the future leader of English politics. She would hear of no alternative, listen to no persuasion. When every expedient had been tried, every inducement failed, at the very last hour of grace, when his honor demanded the fulfillment of his pledge—for

"I could not love thee, dear, so much  
Loved I not honor more,"

he tells Mary—as the bride herself entered to claim an unwilling groom, release comes in the reappearance of Gabrielle's husband, the French Desneyer, who claims Burke's protection and reveals his relationship. So the statesman wins his "Miss Mary," and with her the tardy consent of the apoplectic father.

The play is full of witty lines and Irish repartee, especially the first act. The setting is picturesque and, if the episode of the children is dragged in, its effectiveness and charm are its own excuse. Mr. Olcott acted with dash and spirit, and sang his songs so sweetly that Mary Nugent's was not the only heart won during the performance. "Miss Mary" seemed to be the favorite of his new compositions and, by its catchy, lilting quality, bids fair to be a popular success. The "Little Bird's Story," "Your Heart Alone Must Tell," and the old favorite, "Sailing," called for repeated encores. Daniel Jarrett played Goldsmith with moments of real sympathy. Mace Greenleaf made a handsome and graceful villain as the Prince of Wales. In his moments of rage Verner Clarges, as Lord Nugent, was good, at other times he was conventional. Sir Hugh Vivian was taken by Thomas David, who looked the role, and was sufficiently satisfactory. Richard Malchen showed no originality in his small character of Captain Gulliver. Macy Harlan was generally too melodramatic, though his theatrical touches, in pleading with Burke for aid, were his best. Terry, as acted by George Brennan, was good, though his pronunciation was now English, now Irish—other, either when it wasn't either. Charles Ogle was better as Murphy than as Christopher Columbus Haversham. Edna Phillips was graceful and able as Mary Nugent, and Eleanor Browning was pretty and picturesque as Gabrielle Le Jeune. Elizabeth Washburn gave a sprightly performance of Mrs. O'Grady, the landlady, who dates back the beginnings of her trade to the serpent in the garden of Eden. She played for laughs, and got them. Charlotte Millbourne Smith was an acceptable maid. The Millbourne Smith children, Gladys, Tottie, and Edith, were charming and lovable, and no one regretted the disregard of technique which admitted them into the play.

## Garden—Macbeth.

Tragedy in five acts, by William Shakespeare. Revived Nov. 13.

Macbeth..... Robert B. Mantell  
Macduff..... Harry Leighton  
Duncan..... Giles Shine  
Malcolm..... Arthur Ebbets  
Donalbain..... George Gould  
Banquo..... Guy Lindsay  
Lennox..... Duvose Farmer  
Ross..... Gordon Burby  
Seaton..... Franklin Bendison  
A Sergeant..... Hamilton B. Mott  
A Porter..... Edwin Foss  
First Officer..... Charles Keene  
Doctor..... George Lawrence  
Fleance..... Lorraine Frost  
First Murderer..... Thomas Lear  
Second Murderer..... Lawrence Krey  
Second Officer..... Howard Bahtz  
First Witch..... Emily Dodd  
Second Witch..... Belle Theodore  
Third Witch..... Walter Campbell  
First Apparition..... Edwin Mack  
Second Apparition..... Liela Frost  
Third Apparition..... Lorraine Frost  
Lady Macbeth..... Marie Booth Russell  
Gentleman..... Josephine McCallum

Was it significant of the tenor of the play that Robert Mantell opened his revival of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* on the thirteenth day of the month? That he did it was a fact. But it may be recorded that the rendering of the play was not as unfortunate as the traditional "day of ill luck" might suggest.

Courage, not of his "own convictions," but of his artistic conceptions, is one of the first requirements of the actor to-day. This Mr. Mantell certainly had in daring to present this tragedy, which shows such a record of interpreters. First played by Burbage, friend of Shakespeare; made famous by Betterton in the time of Queen Anne; favored by David Garrick, who was followed closely, though not in acting, but in historical setting, by Charles Macklin, the first great Shylock. John Philip Kemble was well known in the part, so also was W. C. Macready. Later Edwin Booth and Henry Irving both lent their art to further the name of literature's greatest tragedy. It is not to be wondered that after such a record one finds an overcritical audience assembled to witness any revival of the play. That Mr. Mantell felt this critically overcharged atmosphere was evident in his acting by a certain detached attention from the part in minor moments. His interpretation of the part was, however, unique in certain readings of the lines, and in what he omitted. Instead of a wild, daring, rampant Macbeth, cowed but momentarily by the terrors of the frightful consciousness of hidden guilt, was portrayed an ever nervous, ever fearing king. Into the most boastful speeches and acts Mantell read terror, both of the living and of the dead. In his make-up Mantell copied the hideous mess of Macbeth's soul, giving the part all its terrible gruesomeness of appearance as well as presentation.

Marie Booth Russell rendered a most scheming, almost sly, Lady Macbeth, which latter quality unfortunately lost to the part much of its haughty stateliness of purpose historically attributed to it. This new interpretation, though losing strength in one way, brought the terrible queen down to the almost "catish" attitude best understood by the modern mind, more used in woman to petty selfishness than to awful intrigue, inartistic though it be declared, pleasing it ever will be to detect the human being beneath the mask of actor. So the audience found the note of womanly love for Macbeth as portrayed by Miss Russell the reason for the vigilant watchfulness of her lord rather than the preservation of his position in order to sustain her own which has been so often the interpretation given Lady Macbeth's attitude. Though incompatible with the character it was suggestive of Miss Russell as a woman—and after all it is often the human rather than the artistic which pleases.

Very good work as Macduff was done by Harry Leighton. In Act IV, when the distracted Macduff hears of the murder of "all his pretty chickens," his simulated grief is best described by Shakespeare's words, he felt it "as a man," and the applause he won was as merited as it was hearty. His work through the entire production was a decided advance on any of his preceding impersonations.

Arthur Ebbets won sympathy for the banished son of Duncan, Malcolm, and the approval of the audience for his work in that part.

The entire company worked hard and won all the "laurels of appreciation" they received.

The appointments were good, denoting careful study of the particular period in which they were enacted. One suggestion might be profitably taken, however, from the Elizabethan dramatic rendering—that of using music in keeping with the play, not alone during the performance but in intermission. It hardly seems to the preservation of the ancient atmosphere to offer music from such recent productions as *The Prince of Pilsen*.

This week Mr. Mantell will alternate *Othello* and *Richelieu*, reserving his production of *King Lear* until next week.

## Savoy—The Governor's Son.

Farce in three acts by George M. Cohan. Produced Feb. 25.

Benjamin Curtis..... Jerry J. Cohan  
Algy Wheelock..... George M. Cohan  
Hon. Theodore Wheelock..... William Keough  
Dickey Dickson..... Will H. Sloan  
Martin McGovern..... James H. Manning  
Bill Swift..... M. J. Sullivan  
Mr. Johnson..... Hugh Mack  
Webster..... Peter F. Randall  
Percy..... Walter W. Stockwell  
Harold..... Ed B. Platt  
Emerald Green..... Ethel Levey  
Mrs. Franklin-Jones Berrymore..... Josephine Kirkwood  
Mrs. Benjamin Curtis..... Helen F. Cohan  
Mrs. Dickey Dickson..... Josephine Cohan

Last evening the Savoy Theatre opened for the

## New Amsterdam—Mother Goose.

Extravaganza by J. Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins, adapted by John J. McNally, music by Frederick Solomon, with certain lyrics by George V. Hobart.

Mother Goose..... Joe Cawthorne  
Jack..... Harry Bulger  
The Laird of Borderland..... W. H. McCart  
Mayor of Chatham..... Clifton Crawford  
Alexander..... Pat Rooney  
Jill..... Leila McIntyre  
Colin..... Viola Gillette  
Caroline Evelyn Gwendolyn Seraggs..... Almee Angeles  
Ida..... Edith St. Clair  
Eric..... Adele Archer  
Maud..... Marion Garson  
Duchess..... Hattie Waters  
Vicente Boreham..... George Clennett  
Inez..... Emma Francis  
Fairy Queen..... Edith Hutchins  
Demon..... Charles A. Fuller  
Priscilla..... Walter Staunton  
Donkeys and Horse..... Dawe and Seymour  
King Goose..... Allen Ramsay  
Queen Goose..... Harry Wigley

## American—The Great Jewel Mystery.

Comedy-drama in four acts by Mark Swan. Produced Sept. 18.

Michael Nolan..... James Russell  
Pat Dolan..... John Russell  
Tom Croxton..... Thomas G. Lingham  
Simon Stakes..... Royal Thayer  
McNamara..... John Russell, Jr.  
Simmons..... Frank Battin  
Hawley..... R. G. Archibald  
Otto..... G. A. Wylie  
Levinski..... John A. Sallor  
Dennis..... Henry Johns  
Robinson..... William Hexter  
Sawney..... C. A. Carpenter  
Marty..... John Burt  
Lucy Tempest..... Annie C. Russell  
Hilda Keene..... Millie Blanchard  
Clissy Carlisle..... Hazel Harroun  
Marie..... Flora Bonfanti  
Sallie..... Annie Gould

The popularity of the Russell brothers showed no sign of waning when they attracted large audiences to the American Theatre last week. Their new play, which opened in Troy on Sept. 7, gives them plenty of chance to exhibit their peculiar style of comedy, including their famous Irish servant girl sketch. On Monday night James Russell was ill and unable to appear, but his nephew, John Russell, Jr., took his place and played the part well.

The story of the play has to do with the robbery of some smuggled jewels, valued at \$25,000. The smuggler, Hilda Keene, sells the jewels to Lucy Tempest. To protect herself she tells a custom house officer, Tom Croxton, that Lucy is the smuggler. Tom is in love with Lucy, and finds it very easy to believe in her innocence when she proves by her bank-book that she is the purchaser. In the meantime the jewels are stolen by Blinkey Stakes, a crook. Mike Nolan and Pat Dolan, porter and engineer of the Gotham Hotel, from which the jewels were taken, suspect the thief and start out to find him. Their search leads them into many adventures and several disguises. They are assisted by Clissy Carlisle, a stage-struck young lady, who takes the part of a bell-boy and newsy and finally recovers the lost gems. Clissy is subject to many temptations and forced into dangerous positions. Once the villain, Blinkey Stakes, tries to drug her and again attempts to lure her to his house, but she is always a match for him. In the end Tom and Lucy marry and the amateur detectives and their assistants are duly rewarded. The first act takes place in an alcove at the Gotham Hotel; the second, in three scenes, shows Madison Square Park, a street on the East Side, and a palm garden. The scene of the third act is a grocery store "fence," where the jewels are disposed of, and the fourth is the apartments of Madame Roveska.

James Russell as Michael Nolan and John Russell as Pat Dolan have characters with which their friends are familiar. Both call for difficult comedy work and were well done. Hazel Harroun made herself a favorite with the audience by her vivacity and her clever acting. Millie Blanchard, an English actress who knows how to dress well, played the part of Hilda Keene, the woman villain, with much spirit. Annie C. Russell as Lucy Tempest was rather lost in the business given to the stars, but gave satisfaction in the part. Thomas G. Lingham did well in the role of Tom Croxton, the custom house officer and chief lover of the play. As Simon (Blinkey) Stakes Royal Thayer played away from the conventional stage villain, but was sufficiently villainous to receive the approval of the gallery. John Russell, Jr., appeared as a policeman, McNamara, except on Monday night, when he took his uncle's part and showed promise of good work. Flora Bonfanti as Marie, Annie Gould as Sallie, Frank Battin as Simmons, R. G. Archibald as Hawley, G. A. Wylie as Otto, John A. Sallor as Levinski, Henry Johns as Dennis, William Hexter as Robinson, C. A. Carpenter as Sawney, and John Burt as Marty, the latter five accomplices of the villain, did well in small roles.

This week Bickel, Watson and Wrothe in *Tom, Dick and Harry*.

## Belasco—Adrea.

Tragedy in four acts and an epilogue by David Belasco and John Luther Long. Revived Sept. 20.

Kaeso..... Charles A. Millward  
Antissus..... Charles A. Stevenson  
Marcus Lecca..... Marshall Welsh  
Holy Nagar..... Harold Howard  
Mimus the Echo..... Francis Powers  
Bevilacqua..... Frank Westerton  
Calus Valgus..... George Harcourt  
Sylvestros..... Gilmore Scott  
Dyaixes..... Louis Keller  
Bram-Bora..... Fred Voke  
Master of the Tower..... H. G. Carlton  
Servant of the Tower..... Edna Griffin  
The Shade of Menethus..... Charles Hunzford  
Thrysson..... Willard Sterling  
Idmondus..... Gordon West  
A Mock Herald..... William Shay  
Crassus..... Edwin Hardin  
Herald of the Senate..... Franklin Mills  
Page of the Senate..... Harold Guernsey  
A Bargeman..... Lydian Durrett  
Zastus..... Teft Johnson  
Galba..... Edward Brown  
Sigard..... Charles Wright  
Var-Igon..... F. L. Evans  
Slave of the Whips..... J. W. Carroll  
Dr. Paul Dvart..... Ernest Dale  
The Child Vasha..... June Pelton  
Julia Doma..... Corah Adams  
Garda..... Maria Davis  
Myris..... Cala Roberts  
Lefta..... Lura Osborn  
Leit..... Belle De Gez  
A Singing Bird..... Madeleine Livingston  
Adrea..... Mrs. Leslie Carter

## Star—Dangerous Women.

Melodrama in four acts by F. A. Scudamore. Produced April 16.

Ronald Courtney..... Leighton Lee  
Colonel Rothwell..... Harry Rich  
Dr. Dysart..... James L. Carhart  
Sir Reggie Hopgood..... Kendall Weston  
Mark Raby..... Charles Deland  
Father Raymond..... Taylor Holmes  
Jarvis..... John Bankson  
Dick Pudsey..... Harry Vance  
Joe Perkins..... Percy Plunkett  
Elijah Smudge..... Gilbert Fitzgerald  
Edward Nallor..... John Saunders  
Police Inspector..... Charles Allison  
Police Officer..... Edward Allen  
Waiter..... George Mason  
Sylvia Rothwell..... Elizabeth Baker  
Cora Fay..... Eugene Besserer  
Lola Lascelles..... Frances Arthur  
Mrs. Raby..... Emma Brennan  
Polly Perkins..... Ione Chamberlain  
Bessie Baskett..... Alice Pennoyer  
Sister Burgon..... Miss Brennan

## Knickerbocker—Twelfth Night.

Comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Revived Nov. 13.

Orsino..... Frederick Lewis  
Sebastian..... Fred Eric  
Antonio..... W. H. Crompton  
A Sea Captain..... William Harris  
Valentine..... Frank Kingdon  
Curio..... Pedro De Cordoba  
Sir Toby Belch..... Rowland Buckstone  
Sir Andrew Aguecheek..... Malcolm Bradley  
Malvollo..... E. H. Sothern  
Fabian..... E. H. Coleman  
Feste..... Frank Reicher  
A Priest..... Edson R. Miles  
Olivia..... Alice Harrington  
Viola..... Julia Marlowe  
Maria..... Millicent McLaughlin

The Sothern-Marlowe production of *Twelfth Night*, so far as the two stars and the general aspect of the performance are concerned, merits such unstinted praise as the critic seldom ventures to award. If there is one essential fault to be found it is that the comedy of the more farcical roles was refined to such a degree of eminent respectability that it lost a considerable portion of its heartiness.

Just as some social functions become monotonous through an excess of good breeding, so some theatrical presentations offend by too consistent an adherence to all the niceties of propriety. When we see Malvollo transformed into the gentleman he must have been to hold a position of such trust and esteem in the employ of Olivia we are delighted, and we marvel that Sothern should be the first modern actor since Henry Irving to treat the role with such dignity; but when Maria, and the clown, and even Sir Toby—to a less extent—become sticklers for the conventions of good society one merely wonders what has occurred to dampen their spirits. High comedy can easily grow tedious without an occasional dash of wholesome farce, if only for the sake of contrast. Even Antonio had lost every characteristic of the rough old sea-dog and politely refused to rant—as a mariner could and should—when, mistaking Viola for Sebastian, he believed himself to have been robbed and betrayed; and Feste, fool though he was by profession, had no intention of making a fool of himself. In other words, certain parts were more or less obnoxiously in "good taste." With regard to scenery, costuming and stage management little can be said except in the iteration of praise.

Viola has probably never been so poetically clad as in Julia Marlowe's garments of white and gold. The most singular departure from what we are used to in the way of stage setting was that scene in the last act where Feste, Maria and Sir Toby amuse themselves at the expense of Malvollo, who is imprisoned owing to his supposed madness. The scene, instead of showing the courtyard with an opening to suggest the entrance of Malvollo's dungeon, represented the dungeon itself with the poor steward in chains. The jesters appeared indistinctly in the rear at an elevated aperture, peering downward into the cell. The effect of this arrangement is to nullify the fun of the situation and to emphasize the pathos of Malvollo's position to such a degree that the scene is more tragic than comical.

Although the Viola of real life, in spite of her romantic disposition, presumably had a keen sense of humor, Julia Marlowe's poetic and subtle impersonation is so charming that no one has the heart to question her interpretation. In endeavoring to pronounce a coldly impartial judgment it might be fair to say that if Viola Allen had a tendency to be too jolly Julia Marlowe errs a bit in the opposite direction of being too pathetic. Yet she comes so close to the ideal that quarreling with her presentation is as futile as arguing the precise way in which an angel should wear her halo. Her rendition of the romantic and pathetic passages, such as the glorious rhapsody beginning, "Build me a willow cabin at your gate," was perfect, if human art can ever hope to be. Her emotional temperament, her liquid voice, her romantic intonation and her physical beauty gave these speeches a glamour that added even to the sublime poetry of William Shakespeare. And yet one wonders whether Shakespeare's Viola should not be a trifle more mischievous and a trifle less sentimental when she says, "I am all the daughters of my father's house and all the brothers, too."

As has already been intimated, Sothern's Malvollo deserves almost the same commendation as Marlowe's Viola. The difference between Sothern's possible talent for tragedy and his indisputable genius for high comedy has never been more clearly exemplified than by his failure as Shylock, only a week ago, and his success as Malvollo. There is not more distance between the characters of the patriarchal Jew and the egotistical Gentleman than between the relative values of the two impersonations. It is simple to make an audience laugh by a superfluity of burlesque gestures and grimaces, but when people chuckle quietly, so to speak, simply at the expression of a man's back, that man is an artist. Sothern had scarcely a trace of that preposterous strut so commonly associated with the character of the steward, but there was an indescribable complacency in his bearing that was infinitely more ludicrous. Even in the cross-gartered scene he never quite lost that sense of inherent superiority to the other dependents of the household. When Olivia beat her hurried retreat he solemnly stood on one leg and raised the other that her last glimpse might be of those precious yellow stockings. In his final exit, instead of going off in a fury of undignified rage and vituperation, he marched out of the room with a stateliness that quite explained Olivia's respect for the man.

Frederick Lewis as Orsino, the Duke, left an impression that was mainly negative, as did Alice Harrington in the role of Olivia. Millicent McLaughlin in the part of Maria clearly proved that if she has a talent, it is not for farce-comedy. Both sea captains, W. H. Crompton and William Harris, were restrained. One cannot help feeling that Rowland Buckstone's Toby Belch might have been thoroughly good had he been more ably supported by Malcolm Bradley as Sir Andrew and by a truly spirited Maria. As it was, he had to take largely upon his own broad shoulders the burden that should have been shared by his fellow conspirators, and though the carousal scene fell somewhat flat, he gained headway as he progressed until the duel smacked of just that uproarious fun that belongs to it. T. L. Coleman as Fabian lent the old rolister a helping hand with hearty good grace, but Frank Reicher's only excuse for being assigned to the role of Feste was his voice. And it seems strange at that to hear a clown singing a deep baritone in place of the customary tenor. During this series of Shakespearean performances Fred Eric has repeatedly distinguished himself, and his Sebastian confirmed the favorable impression he had already made. There is a gentlemanliness in his carriage and a masculine graciousness about his personality that carries to the furthest corner of the house without a shadow of exertion.



*"Best of Actors and Finest of Gentlemen": John Drew,  
Dean of the American Stage, Who Died in  
San Francisco at the Age of 73* 1927



JOHN DREW.  
Exponent of the Best Traditions of American  
Acting. Who Died Recently at the Age of 73.



AS MAJOR PENDENNIS  
in Langdon Mitchell's Comedy of That Name From Thackeray's Novel, in  
Which He Appeared in 1916. (White.)

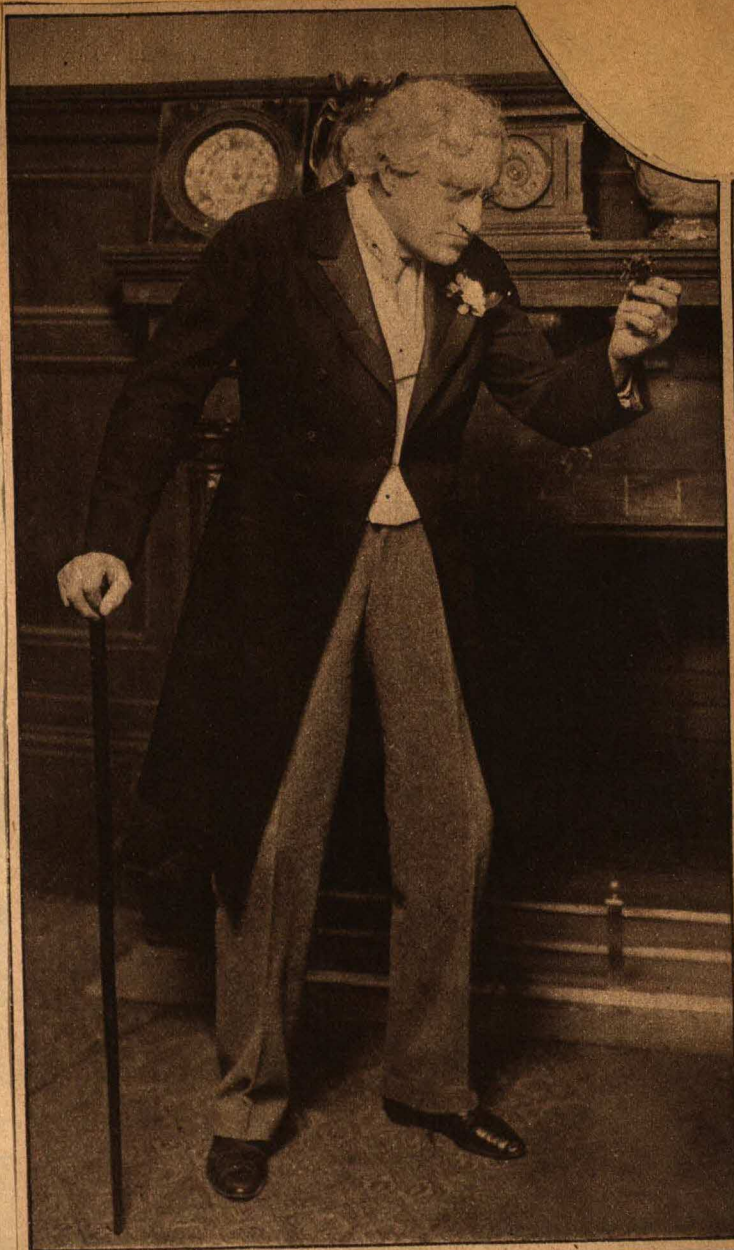


AS BENEDICK IN  
"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,"  
in Which Laura Hope Crews Was the  
Beatrice, in 1913.

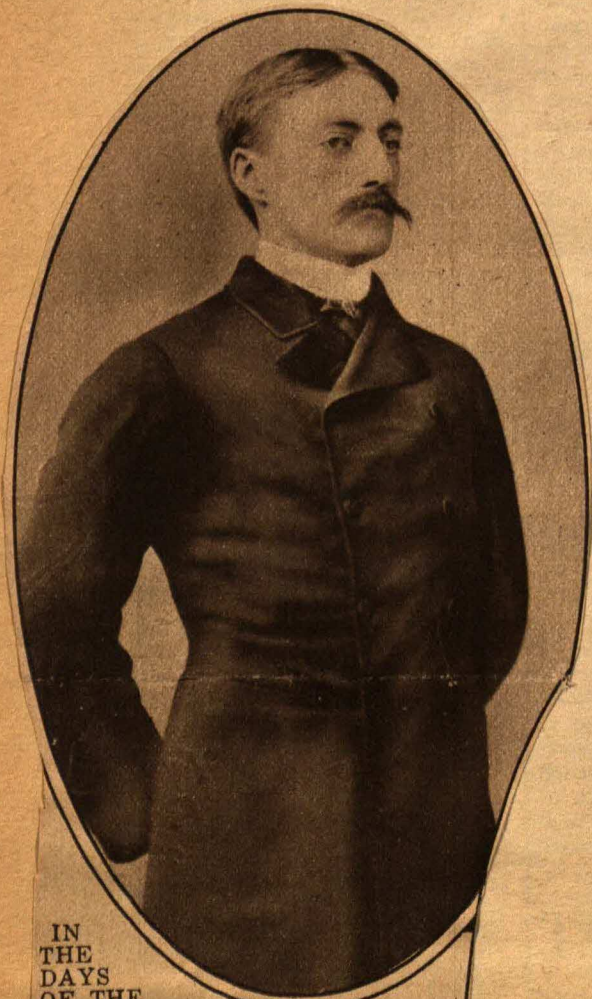




AS ROBIN HOOD IN TEN-  
NYSON'S PLAY, "THE  
FORESTERS,"



IN A REVIVAL OF ONE OF HIS FAVORITE ROLES:  
JOHN DREW  
in "Rosemary," in Which He Appeared With  
Maude Adams at the Empire Theatre in 1915.



IN  
THE  
DAYS  
OF THE  
"PICCADILLY  
WEEPERS": JOHN DREW  
as a Young Man Soon After the  
Beginning of His Career on the  
Stage.  
From a Photograph Taken in the  
70s.



IN "THE CAT BIRD,"  
in Which He Appeared in 1920.



HIS LAST ROLE:  
JOHN DREW  
as the Vice Chancellor  
in the Revival of  
Pinero's  
"Trelawny of the  
Wells."





IN ONE OF HIS SUCCESSES OF TWENTY YEARS AGO: JOHN DREW as Thomas Freeman in Somerset Maugham's "Smith."



IN BARRIE'S PLAY, "THE WILL," Which He Played With "The Tyranny of Tears" in the Season of 1899 and 1900.



VETERAN OF 54 YEARS ON THE STAGE: JOHN DREW as He Appeared in One of His Last Studio Portraits.



WALTER HAMPDEN, as Cyrano de Bergerac, at Hampden's Theatre.



The Gypsy Girl in "Impertinent Clothing." Maude Adams as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister."





When Miss Adams Played With John Drew. A Scene in "Christopher Junior."



In a Barrie Version of "The Taming of the Shrew."



FOOTLIGHT PRIMER.



SEWELL COLLINS

Copyright, 1901, by Sewell T. Collins, Jr.

THE CHORUS LADY.

The Chorus-lady-wondrous Form—  
Without a speck of Guile—  
She's long on Shape, and short on Clothes,  
E'er ready for a Smile.

She doesn't go to Sunday School,  
Although she's Young and Sweet,  
She's "Gladys Brynmawr" on the Stage,  
May Rielly on the Street.

—S. T. STERN.



Peter Pan, Beloved by Children.



Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine and their son.  
[Photograph by Sarony, of New York.]



Phoebe of the Ringlets in "Quality Street."

"CHECKERS" CAST COMP.

Members of Company Go West After  
Another Week of Rehearsal.

The players for "Checkers," the play dramatized by Henry Blossom from his own book by the same title and intrusted to Kirke La Shelle for dramatic exploitation, have all been selected. The cast that has been completed by playwright and manager will devote one more week to rehearsals in this city, and will then go to St. Louis, where it will have its premier on March 16 at the Century Theatre.

A week for acclimation, and incidentally the acquisition of even greater familiarity with their lines, will be given the members of the company there before the opening. Louisville, Indianapolis and other Western cities will be played before New Yorkers will be permitted to see the production next Fall.

The cast in its entirety and the scenes of the play are printed for the first time, and are as follows:

Edward Campbell	Thomas W. Ross
Push Miller	Dave Braham
Arthur Kendall	H. S. Northrup
Philip Kendall	W. A. Paul
Judge Martin	J. H. Hasleton
Murray Jameson	Harry Gibbs
Adoniram Barlow	George Larsen
Uncle Jerry Halter	Joseph A. Wilkes
The General	Claude H. Cooper
The Colonel	George Turner
The Major	E. F. Nagle
Jasper	William Wadsworth
Chick Allen	A. J. Edwards
Dick	Stanley Murphy
Harry	H. G. La Motte
Simpkins	A. J. Edwards
Bud Breckenridge	Claude Cooper
Hi Prendisaat	E. F. Nagle
Len Stevens	George Turner
Tobe	William Wadsworth
Cap Tilles	E. F. Nagle
Ed Ganes	H. G. La Motte
Hank Wider	George Turner
Jim Brown	W. A. Paul
Splint-Eagan	Stanley Murphy
Barney O'Brien	Thaddeus Shine
Official Caller	George Hunter
Jacob Geisenheimer	A. J. Edwards
Pert Barlow	Miss June Van Buskirk
Sadie Martin	Miss Ethel Strickland
Cynthia	Miss May Vokes
Aunt Deb	Miss Marie Taylor
Mrs. Long	Miss Teresa Taube
Mrs. Watson	Miss Margaret Smith
Gertrude Neville	Miss Claire Armstrong
Clara Esmond	Miss Kathryn M.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.—Act I, the Arlino  
Hot Springs. Act II, exterior of the  
Clarksville, Ark. Act III, betting  
ngton Park Race Track, Chicago. Ac  
room, Barlow home, Clarksville.



## Has Final Exit After Notable Stage Career



JOHN DREW.

## Drew, Dean of Actors, Ends Long Battle

"Just Another Act," He  
Said of Illness That  
Caused Death, 1927.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 9 (AP).—John Drew, to whom Americans paid tribute as "the dean of actors," died at a hospital here Saturday after a courageous thirty-nine days' fight against arthritis, rheumatic fever and septic poisons that gradually sapped his vitality. He was conscious through it all, to within an hour of his death, and his passing was described as "painless, as in sleep."

Brief, simple services were held in the secluded little cypress lawn crematory chapel a few hours after Mr. Drew's death because, it was explained, Mrs. Louise Devereaux, the actor's daughter, was on the verge of collapse after her long vigil at the bedside of her father. The services were attended only by the three relatives who were with Mr. Drew when death came, Mrs. Devereaux, her husband, Jack Devereaux, and John Barrymore of Hollywood, the actor's nephew.

A short message of tribute and condolence was given by Dr. Webster W. Jennings of the St. Luke's Episcopal Church of San Francisco.

After the services the body was cremated and the ashes will be taken to New York by Mr. and Mrs. Devereaux early next week. Memorial services will be held there and a crypt in Philadelphia will be the final resting place of the urn.

### "Just Another Act!"

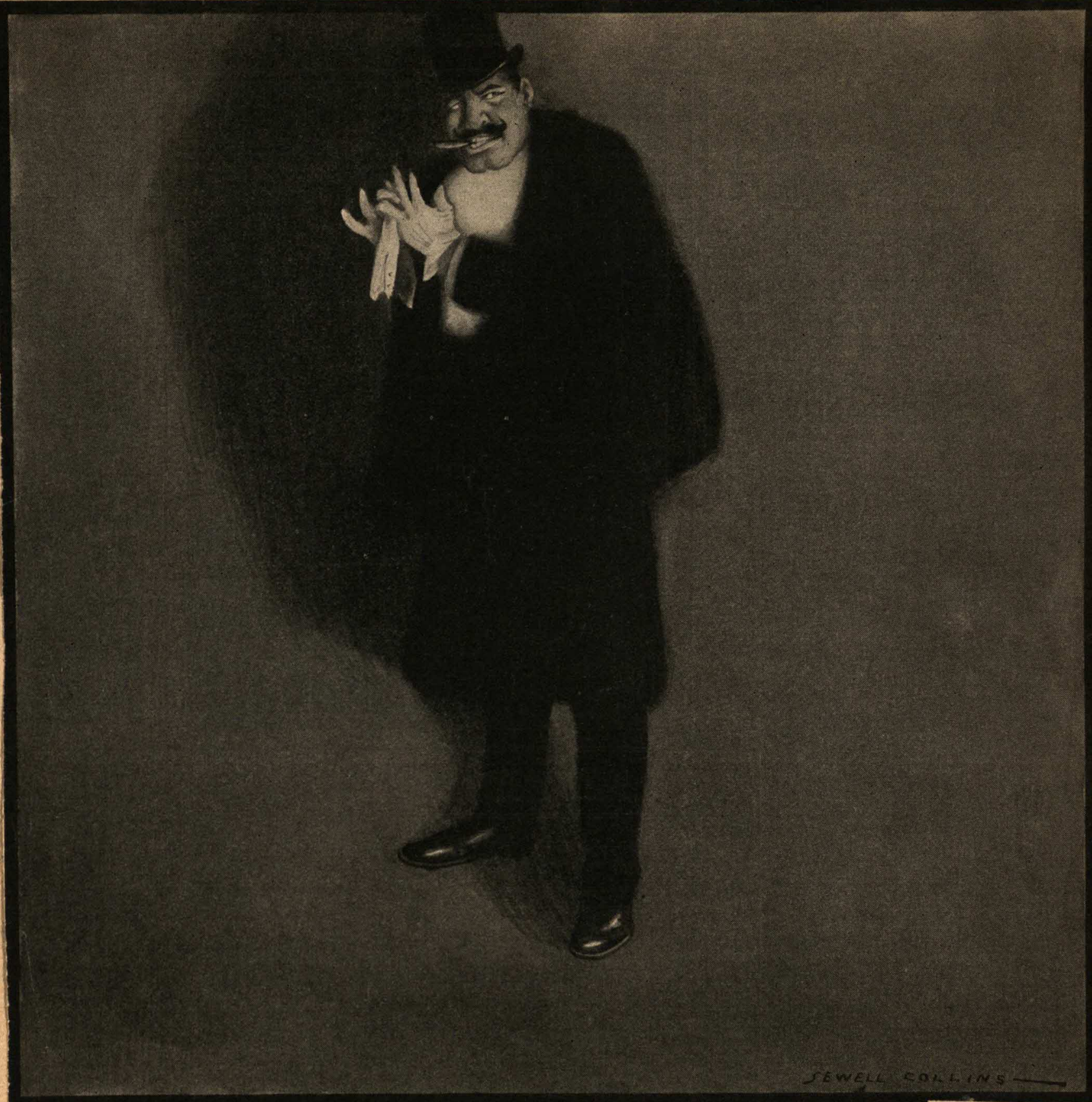
"This is but another act and I am playing my part," Mr. Drew said during the early stages of his illness. "Now, doctor, I would like some strawberries and cream today."

It was this cheerfulness, this unwillingness to relinquish "his part," that amazed Dr. Lawrence H. Hoffman, one of the attending physicians.

"In my thirty years of practice I have never attended such a remarkable patient," the physician exclaimed. "The ordinary person would undoubtedly have succumbed to the first of the series of relapses Mr. Drew suffered. His will power and vitality were phenomenal. At no time did he complain, never did he lose his cheer and interest in things about him."

An untold number of telegrams, radiograms and cablegrams were sent from all parts of the world expressing the grief of friends and admirers over the noted thespian's illness and death.

John Drew has been a familiar figure on the American stage for more than a generation. During the major part of that period he was a popular player and a leading exponent of "polite" comedy, classical and modern. In his long stage experience he was credited with having impersonated more characters than any other player of mark in America.



SEWELL COLLINS

JUNE 1, 1901

### THE VILLAIN.

A Villain here of Deepest Dye,  
He's down to Rob and Kill;  
He swipes the Centre of the Stage  
The Stage-child and the Will.

In real life he's an Easy Mark,  
Who would not harm a Fly,  
But meet him in the Second Act—  
"Gadzooks, and thou must Die!"—S. T. STERN.

So often did he portray the character of one exercising the manners and characteristics of a gentleman that this stage figure became known to thousands of theatergoers throughout the country as a "John Drew role." For more than two score of years he enjoyed the admiration and affection of the play-loving public of nearly all the large American cities and during a long career as leading man in the companies of Augustin Daly and as star under the management of Charles Frohman he played almost annually to large New York audiences. For many years he produced at least one new play on Broadway regularly every season and thereafter toured the principal cities of the United States.

Mr. Drew's inclination to a stage career was a heritage from his father, John Drew, an Irish comedian, and his mother, who, in her day was a well-known actress and manager of the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia. In that city the younger Drew was born. There he began his stage career as an apprentice in his mother's playhouse where he made his first appearance in 1873 as Plumper in "Cool as a Cucumber."

### Played With Edwin Booth.

Two years later, Mr. Drew made his debut in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theater under the management of Augustin Daly as Bob Ruggles in "The Big Bonanza." Fanny Davenport, a famous stage beauty of her day, was leading woman. For two years he failed to score a conspicuous success. Then he became a member of Edwin Booth's company, playing a long succession of secondary roles in Shakespearean plays and later playing with Clara Morris in "Leah the Forsaken." Returning to Daly's Fifth Avenue Theater in 1879, Mr. Drew began a long and successful career in a series of plays with Ada Rehan as leading woman. With her he played for thirteen years leading parts in such productions as "Divorce," "Love on Crutches," "The Great Unknown," "The Second in Command" and "Love's Labor Lost." Afterward he went on tour with his brother-in-law, Maurice Barrymore, in "Diplomacy," a successful play of that day. Subsequently he played with the Daly Company in several of the leading theaters in London,

Charles Frohman gave Mr. Drew his first opportunity as a star in "The Masked Ball" in 1892, in which play Maude Adams shared his success. Thereafter he remained under Mr. Frohman's management, achieving fame in such plays as "Rosemary," "A Marriage of Convenience," "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," "Jack Straw" and "A Single Man." Among the leading women who shared his later successes were Billie Burke and Ethel Barrymore.

Mr. Drew was often called the best dressed man on the stage. He was fond of society and his knowledge of it served him well in many of his roles.

Early in his career, Mr. Drew married Josephine Baker, an actress, and they had one daughter, Louise, who has gained distinction in a stage career. The home of the Drews was at East Hampton, Long Island. There Mr. Drew indulged in his favorite exercise of horseback riding and, accompanied by his daughter, was a familiar figure on the roads. He liked fox hunting, often rode with the hounds and was an accomplished tennis player, fencer and swimmer.

### President of "The Players."

In 1925 Mr. Drew made a memorial address in Town Hall, New York, eulogizing Charles Frohman on the tenth anniversary of the Lusitania's sinking. Later during the same year he made a formal presentation of the bust of Charlotte Cushman to the hall of fame at New York University.

In July, 1926, in an address on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the fire department of his home town, East Hampton, he made a reference to his "last appearance," which was interpreted as an announcement of his retirement from the stage.

It was not, however, thus intended, for in February, 1927, Mr. Drew effected the revival of "Trelawney of the Wells" with an all-star cast. He presented this revival to a New York audience

which received it enthusiastically and then made a tour for several months on the road.

Mr. Drew took little part in politics, but in 1924 he was at the head of the Coolidge and Dawes Stage Club. He was a member of the board of the Actors Equity Association.

He was a charter member of the Players and with unanimous approval was chosen to succeed its founder and first president, Edwin Booth. He was a member of the Lambs, and the Racquet and Brook Clubs.

### Palmer's.—The Squire of Dames.

Comedy in four acts adapted from the French of Dumas fils by R. C. Carton. Produced Jan. 20.

Mr. Kilroy	John Drew
Col. Dennant	Robert Edson
Sir Douglas Thorburn	Arthur Byron
Lord Eustace Chetland	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Professor Dowle, F. R. S.	Harry Harwood
Baines	Herbert Aveling
Servant	Mr. Young
Mrs. Dowle	Annie Irish
Elsie	Gladys Wallis
Zoe Nuggetson	Agnes Miller
Adeline Dennant	Maud Adams

### People's.—Shannon of the Sixth.

Melodrama in four acts by Edward E. Kidder. Produced Jan. 3.

Lieutenant Lawrence Shannon	W. H. Power
General Kimber	W. J. Gross
Captain Arlington	John Barrett
Ram Koorah	Anthony Andre
Herr Heinrich Sprudel	Harry W. Collins
Lol Vira	Theodore Burkhardt
Khyber Ali	D. H. Evans
Umbolla	M. O'Brien
Hardie Grant	D. F. Brine
Sergeant Herring	J. F. Hayes
Dora Kimber	Inez Macaulay
Hallie Tait	Beatrice Foster
Surahda	Maud Durand
Mrs. Captain Clingstone Carr	Florence Foster



# John Drew Has a Fine Play in De Lancey.

## A Gala Night at the Empire.

Produced at the Empire Theatre, Sept. 4.  
An American Comedy in Three Acts by Augustus Thomas. Production by Charles Frohman.

M. J.	Guy Nichols
John	C. Maclean Savage
Thomas Hibbard	Sidney Irving
James De Lancey	John Drew
Dr. Elliot Morton	Walter Hale
Aunt Ruth	Kate Meek
Bill Gooding	Arthur Elliot
Walter	W. Bechtel
Jacqueline Marple	Margaret Dale
Irene Millard	Doris Keene
Jo	Albert Roccardi
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Maid	May Galyer
Mrs. Hibbard	Cornelia Bedford

For several seasons John Drew made his start at the Empire Theatre on Labor Day, and such was the case on September 4, when Mr. Drew began his fourteenth season as a star under Charles Frohman's management, and marked the thirteenth year season of the Empire Theatre. It appears to be no hoodoo so far as John is concerned in connection with the house, for Mr. Drew scored a record hit in Augustus Thomas' smart comedy which was especially written for him, as the author said in his speech, he from a five minutes' rehearsal that Drew would ably play the part. For a number of years this actor has appeared in plays secured by Charles Frohman in New York. The Second in Command, The Humming Bird and The Killcrankie are best remembered, but naturally it was all the more interesting to see him in a modern play with New York as the locale.

The first act, showing De Lancey's bachelor apartments in New York, gave a quick glimpse of the story. The actor is made the hero of an odd love story, in which he meets the name of a young woman he loves, and while in the meshes of the dice court. He has a friend in a Doctor Hunt, and both are members of a hunt club. Some years before the opening of the play on one of the runs of the club, Morton had jumped his horse into a garden-bed of a nursery grounds over which the fox had gone, and he had been off. In his fall he came near to killing a little girl in wooden shoes, who was working in the flower-beds and was very much frightened by the occurrence. To reassure her both as to his safety and concerning the damage done to the beds, the doctor had talked comfortingly to the little girl, whose age was fourteen years, and had rather casually kissed her. Memory of the girl and the kiss lingered with him until, some years after, when he became the accepted suitor of Miss Jacqueline Marple, a girl friend of De Lancey's, he, in an excess of sincerity, had confessed to Jacqueline that the only girl to whom he had ever given a sentimental thought was the gardener's little daughter, whom he had kissed on the ride described.

The casual conversation concerning this girl developed into dispute until at the opening of the play Dr. Morton and Jacqueline are both in doubt whether they are well suited to each other. De Lancey takes it upon himself to convince them that they are. He has sent violets anonymously to Jacqueline with a view to piquing Dr. Morton's interest in the girl. He requests the doctor's permission to make a formal announcement of their engagement. Both the doctor and Jacqueline consent to this on the evening preceding another run of the Baychester Hunt. The meet is again at the old ground near the nursery and Dr. Morton comes into the hothouse to order a number of roses for the afternoon reception that is to occur at Jacqueline's. He again meets the gardener's daughter, who is now a young lady of twenty-one, and his old liking for her is reinforced by the encounter. He is called from his interview by the sound of the horn and he joins his companions in the run.

The gardener's daughter is not the daughter of an under gardener, but of a principal florist, and is an intimate friend of Jacqueline's herself. Jacqueline comes to the hothouses, ostensibly to leave an order for roses, but really to be near the Hunt Club, that she may have a last interview with De Lancey, for whom she finds she has a preference over her fiancé. Again the run is near the nursery, and this time, through the breaking of a saddle-girth, De Lancey is thrown and is carried by his companions into the hothouse. The interview between himself and Jacqueline is interrupted by Jacqueline's father, who believes that De Lancey's interest in his daughter is sinister. At the reception that same afternoon at the Marple home in New York, Dr. Morton meets

## Grandma's Favorite Actor



## Drew Once Figured as Bystander in Tragedy In Marshall Long Ago

Special to The News.

MARSHALL, Texas, July 9.—The death of John Drew brings back to memory of old settlers here a tragedy which took place in Marshall fifty years ago.

The Warde-Barrymore Theatrical Company had played "Diplomacy" in New York City for several seasons, and when they started out on the road, split up the troupe into two companies, Warde heading one to play east of the Mississippi and Maurice Barrymore, brother-in-law to John Drew, heading one west of the "Father of Waters."

While in Marshall, the company, composed of Barrymore, John Drew, Ben Porter, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Sullivan, W. H. Davies, Miss Elin Cummins, leading lady; Mrs. Mary Baker, Miss Josephine Baker, later Mrs. Drew; Miss Vaughan and Manager Redbath, played at the Mahone Opera House.

After the performance and the company was awaiting a train at the station, a difficulty arose in which Barrymore was shot through the arm and Ben Porter through the stomach, the latter dying a few minutes later on a cot in the depot lobby. His body was shipped to New York with an escort, the T. & P. Railway making the trip possible.

During Barrymore's illness he was the recipient of more favors than have ever been bestowed upon a private citizen by Marshallites.

socially the gardener's daughter, whom he is surprised to find there, and De Lancey, learning that the doctor is sincerely in love with that girl and that his interest in Jacqueline was not of so ardent a character, encourages the doctor to break his engagement and marry the girl he loves. Then De Lancey himself confesses his own love for Jacqueline, and the two couples are thus paired off as they should be.

Mr. Drew has posed on several occasions as a sort of Squire of Dames, and in this line there is no actor on the American stage can equal him. The speeches are smart and witty, the action is brisk and the whole performance last Monday night was artistic from start to finish. The second act, showing the greenhouses of Millard's nursery, was an odd setting, and called forth a hearty round of applause. The scenery by Ernest Grosz was capital, and the large and fashionable audience which always attends the first performance of a Drew play, gave everybody a welcome. Scarcely anything need be said of Mr. Drew, save that he made De Lancey a splendid character, a man who would be respected in all circles, and he made every one of the points tell. Margaret Dale, as the heroine, was bewitchingly gowned, and while a trifle too serious in some of the interesting scenes, she nevertheless scored a hit. Meniffee Johnstone, a fine actor from the stock companies, gave an exquisite performance of the much-injured father, while Doris Keene blossomed forth as a new ingenue on the Empire stage. She is pretty and pert. Her work gives promise that she is going to be a strong favorite as soon as New York becomes more accustomed to her. Walter Hale, as Dr. Morton, gave a finished performance, and Kate Meek and Arthur Elliot are two experienced actors always to be relied upon. A good bit of character work was supplied by Guy Nichols.

It is a pleasure to record that John Drew has a big success in De Lancey, and Augustus Thomas can now add this play to the seven other successful ones which he has written.

## AN ARTISTIC PERFORMANCE.



FELIX MORRIS IN THE VAGABOND.

Felix Morris is one of the higher artists who have repeated in vaudeville the success earned aforetime in the legitimate drama, and his triumph has been, perhaps, more complete, substantial and satisfying than that of any other player of his rank who has "taken the plunge." Mr. Morris has recently concluded a tour across the continent, and has signalized the season by reviving the charming one-act play, The Vagabond, which he presented during his last tour with the late Rosina Vokes, and in the title role of which he is shown in the picture above. Of his work in this little drama the Boston Transcript recently said: "Mr. Morris' art has been frequently praised in these columns, and there can be no further need of emphasizing the fact that it fairly touches the borderland of greatness. Few actors can equal Mr. Morris in artistic fineness, subtlety and pathos, and few also have the power of entraining an audience through the influence of so magnetic a temperament. Mr. Morris' hero of the war is pictorially perfect; he apparently has stepped directly from the pages of some forgotten legend. He is as ideal as he is real."



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The first act, showing De Lancey's bachelor apartments in New York, gave a quick idea of the story. The actor is made the hero of an odd love story, in which he protects the name of a young woman he is fond of, while in the meshes of the divorce court. He has a friend in a Doctor Elliott, and both are members of a hunt club. Some years before the opening of the play on one of the runs of the club, Dr. Morton had jumped his horse into a flower-bed of a nursery grounds over which the fox had gone, and he had fallen off. In his fall he came near to striking a little girl in wooden shoes, who was working in the flower-beds and who was very much frightened by the occurrence. To reassure her both as to his own safety and concerning the damage done to the beds, the doctor had talked comfortingly to the little girl, whose age was fourteen years, and had rather casually kissed her. Memory of the girl and the kiss lingered with him until, some years after, when he became the accepted suitor of Miss Jacqueline Marple, a girl friend of De Lancey's, he, in an excess of sincerity, had confessed to Jacqueline that the only girl to whom he had ever given a sentimental thought was the gardener's little daughter, whom he had kissed on the ride described.

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THE LOW COMEDIAN.

The Low Comedian—clever man,  
He's High in Size and Pay;  
He gets a Hand at any cost,  
Whenever he may play.

In Omar and in Homer too,  
He's way up, you may Bet—  
The chestnuts that were cracked in Greece  
He's masticating yet.

—S. T. STERN.

Fourteenth Street—The Beauty Doctor.

Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Howard M. Shelley, lyrics by Thomas W. Prior, music by Fred Hylands and C. H. Kerr. Produced Sept. 25.

Julia De La Creme ..... Claire Grenville  
Geraldine Bohemia ..... Lottie Uart  
Flora ..... Marie Hylands  
Valeria Veronica ..... Susie Winner  
Walsingham Gayboy ..... Dan Moyle  
Ebenezer Lester ..... Will Philbrick  
Ketchum Quick ..... Earl Redding  
Solomon Cohen ..... James R. Waters  
Jack Lester ..... H. D. Johns  
Expressman ..... L. A. Rogers  
Walter ..... Al. Ohlendorf  
Pansy ..... Jessie Cardowrie

After a long career in the West The Beauty Doctor was shown for the first time here last week, under the direction of Fred E. Wright. It is a merry entertainment, brisk and full of action, and makes a strong appeal to those who are fond of frothy amusement. Laughter was almost incessant on the opening night, and The Beauty Doctor hit the taste of the patrons of the old Fourteenth Street Theatre. The action revolves around a young woman who makes a business of beautifying people. The first act takes place at a summer hotel, and later the scene shifts to the Broadway office of the doctor. There is no plot whatever, and consequently there is more room than usual for the introduction of songs, dances, and specialties.

Claire Grenville in the title-role made a splendid appearance and wore some of the most startling gowns ever shown here. She read her lines well and made an excellent impression. The comedy honors were carried off by James R. Waters as a Hebrew. He was on the stage nearly all the time, and everything he did, said or sang went with a hurrah. Will Philbrick was also much in evidence and did some good rough comedy work. Jessie Cardowrie deserves praise for some very fine dancing. Marie Hylands in the soubrette role was gingery and made several hits during the performance. Earl Redding as a Dutch detective, Dan Moyle as a gay old boy, and Susie Winner as an old maid pleased the audience. The funniest thing in the piece is the choking scene from one of the old Weber and Fields burlesques. It was lifted bodily without apology or excuse. The catchiest song is called "Hiram Brown, Farewell," which is almost identical with "Hiram Green, Good-bye," sung by Blanche Ring at Lew Fields. "My Scarecrow Coon," "The Pretty Little Maid of Zanzibar," are also pretty numbers. The production was excellent, bright costumes, clever stage management and appropriate scenery helping to make the entertainment pleasing. This week's attraction is The Ninety and Nine.

Garden.—The Mummy.

Farce in three acts by George D. Day and Allan Reed.

Rameses II ..... Robert Hilliard  
Prof. Ezra Van Tassel Smythe ..... Raymond Hitchcock  
Prof. Jeremy Garsop ..... Russell Bassett  
Jack Tibbs ..... Cecil Butler  
North Marston ..... Roy Fairchild  
Hattie Van Tassel Smythe ..... Amelia Bingham  
Alvena Garsop ..... Sydney Cowell  
Eva Garsop ..... Carolyn Kenyon  
Mabel Woodruff ..... Frances Whitehouse  
Cleopatra ..... Vivian Bernard

Herald Square—Naughty Anthony.

Farce in three acts by David Belasco. Produced Jan. 8.

Anthony Depew ..... Frank Worthing  
Adam Budd ..... William J. Le Moine  
Zachary Chillington ..... William Elton  
Jack Cheviot ..... Charles Wyngrate  
Mr. Heusted ..... Claude Gillingwater  
Mr. Brigham ..... E. P. Wilkes  
Miss Rinkett ..... Fanny Young  
Cowley ..... Albert Brunsing  
Knox ..... Samuel Edwards  
Ed ..... Brandon Tynan  
Mrs. Zachary Chillington ..... Maud Harrison  
Rosy ..... Mary Barker  
Winnie ..... Olive Redpath  
Margaret ..... Francis Jolliffe  
Mary ..... Ethel Norman  
Martha ..... Katharine Black  
Name Unknown ..... Janet Hudson  
Cora ..... Blanche Bates

Garrick—Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.

Comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced Feb. 4.

Captain Robert Carrolton Jinks ..... H. Reeves Smith  
Charles Lamartine ..... George W. Howard  
Augustus Bleeker von Vorkenberg ..... H. S. Tabor  
Professor Belliarti ..... Edwin Stevens  
The Herald Reporter ..... John R. Sumner  
The Tribune Reporter ..... Charles Marriott  
The Times Reporter ..... Harry E. Asmus  
The Sun Reporter ..... William Barstow Smith  
The Clipper Representative ..... Gardner Jenkins  
A Newsboy ..... John Hughes  
An Official Detective ..... Lorenzo Hale  
A Sailor ..... M. J. Gallagher  
A Telegraph Boy ..... Harry Barton  
Mrs. Greenborough ..... Estelle Mortimer  
Mrs. Jinks ..... Mrs. Thomas Whiffen  
Mrs. Stonington ..... Fanny Addison Pitt  
Miss Merriam ..... Sidney Cowell  
First Ballet Lady (Miss Pettitoes) ..... Lillian Thurgate  
Second Ballet Lady ..... Margaret Dunne  
Third Ballet Lady ..... Evelyn Jepson  
Fourth Ballet Lady (Fraulein Hochspitz) ..... Anita Rothe  
Fifth Ballet Lady ..... Anna Morrison  
Sixth Ballet Lady (Mrs. Maggitt) ..... Kate Ten Eyck  
Seventh Ballet Lady ..... Alice Bryan  
Mary ..... Beatrice Agnew  
Madame Trentoni (Aurella Johnson) ..... Ethel Barrymore

Empire.—Michael and His Lost Angel.

Play in five acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced Jan. 15.

The Reverend Michael Faversham ..... Henry Miller  
Sir Lyolf Faversham ..... W. H. Crompton  
Edward Lashmar (Father Hilary) ..... Geo. E. Bryant  
Andrew Gibbard ..... J. E. Dodson  
The Reverend Mark Docwray ..... Robert Weed  
Withycombe ..... E. Y. Backus  
Audrie Lidsen ..... Viola Allen  
Rose Gibbard ..... Ida Conquest  
Mrs. Cantelo ..... Annie Adams  
Fanny Clover ..... Ellen Gail  
Organist ..... John P. Whitman

There have been few theatrical failures in

Wallack's—A Ward of France.

Romantic drama in a prologue and four acts by Franklyn Fyles and Eugene W. Presbrey. Produced Dec. 13.

Marquis De Casa Calvo ..... Joseph E. Whiting  
Jean Lafitte ..... Maurice Barrymore  
George Villars ..... George Osbourne  
Felix Laussat ..... Henry Herman  
Victor Laussat ..... Stephen Grattan  
Dewey Belford ..... Max Figman  
Father Angelo ..... Stephen Wright  
Delchaiso ..... T. T. Whitting  
Colonel Preston ..... Frank Cornell  
Seth Barnem ..... Mr. Wilson  
Sergeant ..... Martin Cody  
First Pirate ..... Mr. Hight  
Juan ..... G. E. Perolat  
Peter ..... C. A. Beamish  
Zabet ..... Elita Proctor Otis  
Flower Moyne ..... Una Abell  
Madame Calvo ..... Maude Granger  
Gabrielle ..... Maude Winter  
Sister Agnes ..... Mabel Burt  
Estrella ..... Ursula Gunnert  
Mlle. Dufour ..... Annie Thornton  
Mlle. Nanon ..... Miss Hoffman  
Marie ..... Jessie Woodward  
Constance ..... Blanche Johnson  
Elsie ..... Miss Morrow  
Jacquette ..... Edith Ward  
First Nun ..... Lida Keller  
Nanette ..... May Terrington

Fourteenth Street—The Widow Goldstein.

Farical comedy in three acts by Lillian Lewis and Lawrence Marston. Produced May 17.

Sam Brittle ..... W. J. Ferguson  
Cyrus Russell ..... R. F. Cotton  
Jay Simpkins ..... George Wessells  
Carl Donnerwetter ..... Sol Aiken  
Baby Bobbie Goode ..... Mat Ott  
Brother Ben ..... Harrison Armstrong  
Willing Boy ..... Phil Ott  
Dumb Waiter ..... Charles F. Carter  
Collection Clerk ..... John De Gez  
Office Man ..... T. H. Witheth  
Mrs. Hettie Goldstein ..... Jennie Reiffarth  
Iza Simpkins ..... Laura Burt  
Cora Arabella ..... Gertie Reynolds  
Judith Simpkins ..... Sarah McVicker

Herald Square.—The Mandarin.

Comic opera in three acts, music by Reginald De Koven, words by Harry B. Smith.

The Emperor of China ..... Henry Norman  
The Mandarin of Foo-Chow ..... George Honey  
Fan Tan ..... George C. Boniface, Jr.  
Hop Sing ..... Joseph Sheehan  
Court Physician ..... Samuel Marion  
Jesso ..... Bertha Waltzinger  
Ting Ling ..... Adele Ritchie  
Sing Lo ..... Alice Barnett  
Ping Tee ..... Helen Redmond  
Kwei Tso ..... Claudia Carlstedt  
Pekoe ..... Villa Sayne  
Oolong ..... Amy Hartley  
Bohea ..... Florence Pemberton  
Suchong ..... Belle Harper

A new opera from the hands of Reginald De

Princess—Zira.

Drama in four acts by J. Hartley Manners and Henry Miller, founded on Wilkie Collins' "The New Magdalen." Produced Sept. 22.

Rev. Gordon Clavering ..... Frank Worthing  
Captain Arnold Sylvester ..... Jameson Lee Finney  
Sir Frederick Knowles, F.R.C.S. .... George S. Titheradge  
The Bishop of Wapping ..... Fred Thorne  
Mark Trent ..... J. R. Crauford  
Major-General Graham ..... Harrington Reynolds  
Colonel Davenport ..... Jack Standing  
Captain Garston ..... Harry Hyde  
Captain Leigh ..... Stanhope Wheatcroft  
Captain Carey ..... Howard Lewis  
Surgeon Watson ..... Frank Willard  
Surgeon Evans ..... Leon E. Brown  
Surgeon Bruce ..... Arthur Moore  
Orderly ..... A. B. Franklin  
Arthur Fielding ..... Bertram Harrison  
Jacob Ross ..... Frederick Warren  
Butler ..... William Deane  
Footman ..... Charles Bruce  
The Lady Constance Clavering ..... Thomas Whiffen  
Ruth Wilding ..... Beverly Sitgreaves  
Nellie Garthorne ..... Gwendolyn Valentine  
Hester Trent, afterward called "Zira." ..... Margaret Anglin

Margaret Anglin was crowned by New York approval when she appeared last Thursday as Zira at the opening of the Princess Theatre for the season. Those who had watched this talented actress while she was fighting her way upward against strong opposition were no more enthusiastic than those who enjoyed her art for the first time.

Because of its theatrical effectiveness The New Magdalen has long been popular with great emotional actresses. Clara Morris is well remembered in an early version. The present adaptation is cleverly wrought up to date by Messrs. Miller and Manners by placing the first act in Africa during the famous struggle of the Boers. Soon after Hester Trent appears as the nurse, her father is shot and a bursting shell so seriously wounds Ruth Wilding that Hester thinks her dead and takes her passport and veil. In the second act she is popularly called "Zira" by the family with whom she is masquerading as cousin. She has won real love by her womanly charms. Her nature craves affection, as she ran away from her brute of a father when only a slip of a girl with a man she afterward found was already married.

When the wounded woman for whom she has substituted herself appears in the third act Zira begs her not to insist in disgracing her before those who have learned to love her, for whom she would die. Met by stern politeness, Zira finally turns on the woman whose place she has usurped in a whirlwind of desperation and dares her to tell her story. This climax, following a finely played scene of pathetic pleading, wrought the house into such enthusiasm that one not knowing Miss Anglin's reserve powers would have trembled for any further demands upon her, for none but a powerful actress could top that scene. All such fears would have been groundless. In the following scene of abject remorse for what she has so unworthily done Miss Anglin as Zira rose to such heights of sincerity and artistic conviction that, when the curtain finally came down on her last pitiable plea of "only don't hate me," there arose shouts of enthusiasm. The curtain fell a dozen times only to be forced up again. Everybody was called for.

In Miss Anglin's stead Mr. Miller answered with the speech demanded. After expressing their gratitude, he said that he was especially pleased, not only because he hoped it meant an indorsement of their "sincere attempt to form a stock company of actors, not stars—which is a very different thing," but that it was a "proof of Miss Anglin's place as an artist after the biggest power in the theatrical world—who has now outlived his usefulness—had boasted openly that there was no further use for Miss Anglin as an actress in New York. I submit the question to the public," said Mr. Miller. And the part of the public present testified its decision by repeated shouts of praise and such continued cheers that the curtain could not rest for a long time.

It was Miss Anglin's night of triumph and full recognition as an artist, and all the more remarkable considering the unreality of a play that is not founded on a modern story with the force compelling conviction of probability. The management was wise in not only mounting Zira with the usual Shubert sumptuousness, but in surrounding Miss Anglin with other capable players. Frank Worthing contributed one of his satisfactorily well-bred and sincere interpretations that was only marred by an occasional inaudible quite unusual with him. Jameson Lee Finney was the hero, ruined by drink, but reclaimed by faith in "one good woman." Everything he does has the touch of originality, and this is a hard task when the generation of stage drunkards is remembered. But he achieved success and brought full recognition in the pathetic moment of the rejection of his love. George S. Titheradge was excellent both as officer and gentleman, while Fred Thorne made the most of a small part. J. R. Crauford made his few speeches stand out so well they could not be forgotten. The work of the other military men was in keeping with the war setting and redounds not only to their credit, but to that of the remarkably artistic stage management of Mr. Miller, whom New York is fortunate to secure as a producer. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen brought the resources of proved art to the interpretation of another high bred and lovable woman and strengthened her hold on her many admirers. Beverly Sitgreaves played an ungrateful part so well that all were grateful for her finished skill and power, even in repose. With such artists, generous management and experienced direction this stock company promises much as to future work, while pleasing with the present medium.

Abbey's.—Izeyl.

Drama in four acts in verse by Armand Sylvestre and Eugene Morand. Produced Jan. 20.

Izeyl ..... Sarah Bernhardt  
Le Prince ..... MM. Darmont  
Le Voqui ..... Deval  
Scyndia ..... Deneuberg  
Le Tukutiki ..... Chameroey  
Le Tisseur ..... Angelo  
Le Lapeux ..... Lacroix  
Un Pretre ..... Castelli  
L'Espion ..... Piron  
Le Mineur ..... Gerard  
Le Pecheur ..... Jean Dara  
Le Pauvre ..... Dubos  
Un Roi Vaincu ..... Ramy  
Le Maitre des Ceremonies ..... Bruniere  
Le Gardien du Sommeil ..... Giraud  
Un Homme du peuple ..... Kolb  
Un Homme du justice ..... Andre  
La Princesse Harastri ..... Mesd. Patry  
Une Mere ..... Grandes  
Yami ..... Boulanger



## The Beauty and the Barge.

### Nat Goodwin in a Delightful Character.

Produced at the Lyceum Theatre, Sept. 5. A three-act farce by W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker. Production by Charles Frohman.

Captain James Barley.....N. C. Goodwin  
Lieut. Seton Boyne, R.N.....Galwey Herbert  
Herbert Manners.....Frank Goldsmith  
Major Smedley.....George Sumner  
Tom Codd.....George Miller  
Augustus Smith.....Harry Barton  
John Dibbs.....Neil O'Brien  
George Porter.....Owen Gwent  
Ted.....W. H. Post  
Joe.....B. W. Parmenter  
Bill.....Frederick Raymond  
Alf.....Herbert Ayling  
Jack.....Harry Gwynette  
Mrs. Smedley.....Ina Goldsmith  
Ethel Smedley.....Katherine Florence  
Lucy Dallas.....Davenport Seymour  
Mrs. Porter.....Katherine Stewart  
Mrs. Baldwin.....Eva Vincent

It is over a year now since *The Beauty and the Barge* was brought out in London at the New Theatre. To be exact, it was offered on Tuesday, Aug. 30, 1904, and its success was immediately cabled to this country. The piece was the vogue for the balance of the London season, and when Charles Frohman announced that he had put Nat Goodwin under his managerial wing, and would present him in this new play by W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker, there was a general feeling that this fine comedian would have a drama sure to be a triumph. As a matter of fact, while the play did not win the success anticipated, Mr. Goodwin gave an admirable performance, his being a wonderfully well drawn picture of a parochial Don Juan. He made the part of Captain Barley a real type and its eccentricities were pretty well exaggerated, more no doubt, than the author anticipated. It was the case of an actor triumphing over his part. The plot itself is thinner than skimmed milk. In fact, it was so trivial that it was forgotten in the attention given Mr. Goodwin's conception of Captain Barley, whose quickness at retort, and his expansively romantic mind made him the hero of many adventures which originated only in his own imagination. Mr. Jacobs, no doubt, supplied the story of the sea-faring life, while Mr. Parker must have contributed what we call dramatic construction. There may be quite a number of Captain Barleys in England. There are certainly none in this country. Its freshness and humor was all in Mr. Goodwin's art, for the company, with the exception of George Miller, who played the Mate, was totally inadequate. They all might be excused with the statement that the parts were of an inferior quality. Davenport Seymour, a daughter of William Seymour, attracted the most attention because she was so natural, and her little love scene was admirably handled. The two juvenile men were absurd, and such old time actors as Harry Gwynette, W. H. Post and Eva Vincent had absolutely nothing to do. Katherine Florence as the heroine, was frightfully nervous, and could not do justice to the part.

The story concerns Captain Barley, who owns the barge *The Heart and Hand*. He is a gay wooer, admits that he is in the thirties, when really he has passed the age of sixty. He imagines every woman is in love with him, and attributes it to his affability. He gives passage on his barge to the heroine, who runs away from home, to escape the attentions of a fiancé whom she does not love. The Captain imagines that she is another one of his victims, while the man she loves, in order to be near her, buys off the Mate with a few pounds, and joins the barge. All the other few hands on board ship are also in love with the maiden, and when matters are adjusted, the rightful lovers pair off, the Captain hoists sail, goes slowly down the stream, and in a sentimental way says: "I'm affable, yes affable."

There is no doubt that Mr. Goodwin will be the means of keeping this play before the New York public for some time, because of his own work. Dressed in the garb of a sea captain, with the typical chin whiskers, he made a quaint picture. He alone kept the audience interested, and *The Barge* would have perilous sailing without him. The third act, showing an open meadow, was such a beautiful set that it received a round of applause.

## Man and Superman Has a Hearing.

### Robert Loraine Makes His Debut as a Star.

Produced at the Hudson Theatre, Sept. 5. A three-act comedy by Bernard Shaw. Production by Charles B. Dillingham.

Roebuck Ramsden.....Mr. Louis Massen  
Parlor Maid.....Miss Pauline Anthony  
Octavius Robinson.....Mr. Alfred Hickman  
John Tanner.....Mr. Robert Loraine  
Miss Ann Whitefield.....Miss Fay Davis  
Mrs. Whitefield.....Miss Lois F. Clark  
Miss Susan Ramsden.....Miss Sally Williams  
Miss Violet Robinson.....Mrs. Clara Bloodgood  
Henry Straker.....Mr. Edward Abeles  
Hector Malone, Jr.....Mr. Richard Bennett  
Hector Malone, Sr.....Mr. J. D. Beveridge

With the Garrick Theatre in operation with Arnold Daly, the Shaw plays are now conspicuous in two theatres, for Robert Loraine came forward at the Hudson Theatre last Tuesday night in *Man and Superman*, the latest satirical work of G. Bernard Shaw to be heard on this side of the Atlantic. We have had *The Devil's Disciple* and *Arms and the Man*, through the medium of Richard Mansfield and Candida, *You Never Can Tell*, *A Man of Destiny* and *How He Lied to Her Husband* through Arnold Daly's love for Shawism, and we are threatened—mark you, only threatened, a production of Mrs. Warren's Profession. Whether Mr. Shaw will be the vogue this season remains to be seen. He at least got a fine new start at the Hudson, for *Man and Superman* practically shows the personality of Mr. Shaw as an iconoclast, a pronounced satirist, and an extremely highly tempered man of radical ideas, for that is what John Tanner appears to be, and who else could Tanner be but Bernard Shaw. There is in this city, a class or rather a sort of cult, which rave over everything Shaw has written. They will flock to the Hudson, and think deeply for three acts. To the average theatregoer, the play will appeal because it is a fantasy on marriage, and while it is more or less actionless, it is full of good speeches, with many expressions to the point, and it teaches a lesson which is enjoyable.

The question on the relation of the sexes as propounded in John Tanner's book, "*Man and Superman*," is what has made him the subject of much discourse. In the opening act Roebuck Ramsden, a man well on in years, has taken a hearty dislike to Tanner for his writings, only to be confronted with the situation which makes him the guardian jointly with Tanner, of a young woman named Ann Whitefield. She is called upon to decide which of the guardians she prefers, but she abides by the desires of her late father, expressed in his will, that both should act. From that time on it is a case of cross purposes. Tanner believes it is the aim of every woman to be married as soon as possible, and of every man to keep single as long as possible, and with these views, he faces a number of situations, until he is finally ensnared by the very woman he vowed he would not marry. Ann's determination to marry Tanner in spite of himself, and his various attempts to escape her, makes it a comedy of cleverness. The pruning knife was used to advantage, the programme acknowledging that some of the long speeches in the first act, and some of the incidents in the third act have been entirely left out. It won't do to thoroughly analyze *Man and Superman*, but now-a-days we do not go in for dissection and analysis any too strongly. The public go to the theatre to be amused, and it is going to be entertained for a long time at the Hudson. Mr. Loraine came forward as a star and carried the burden of the work. He apparently familiarized himself with the entire play, for frequently he prompted his associates, and came to the rescue at several critical points. He is to be congratulated upon mastering a very hard part, and his success was all the more emphatic, because anybody who can get away with a Shaw play is nigh on to being a genius.

Splendid work was done by Clara Bloodgood, who only had a bit of a part, and she is always so natural that next honors went to her. Fay Davis, as the heroine, looked charming. She is not a Shaw actress by any means, but time develops much. Sally Williams, a sister of Fritz Williams, who has been absent from the stage far too long, as the eccentric old maid, was satisfying, while Richard Bennett and J. D. Beveridge, an English actor, by the way, were heartily approved for their work. Edward Abeles, who was called upon to play the English chauffeur, had another one of those parts which required a dialect, and he managed to please.

*Man and Superman* is going to create a vast amount of discussion, but it is also going to make a good deal of money.

## Criterion—Her Great Match.

Play in four acts, by Clyde Fitch. Produced Sept. 4.

"Jo" Sheldon.....Maxine Elliott  
Mrs. Sheldon.....Madge Girdlestone  
Victoria Botes.....Nellie Thorne  
H. R. H. the Grand Duchess of Hohenhetstein.....Madame Mathilde Cottrelly  
Countess Casavetti.....Suzanne Perry  
H. R. H. the Crown Prince Adolph of Eastphalia.....Charles Cherry  
Augustus Botes.....Herbert Standing  
Cyril Botes.....Leon Quartermaine  
Frank Wilton.....Felix Edwardes  
Hallen.....Cory Thomas  
Weeks.....Hodgson Taylor

Clyde Fitch's skill and faults as a playwright are the most evident features of the play at the Criterion. He has evolved some interesting characters and has made them indulge in "I will do it to save my father's honor" heroics. He has made his people yawn and give exhibitions of ill humor in the ordinary, human way, that touches the audience very near home, and then he has raced them through a renunciation of kingship, a discovered forgery and a lover's misunderstanding made up with a word. Or without a word, for when Jo and the Prince finally agree to marry, it is done so hurriedly that one is sure they had met in the other room and arranged it beforehand. And even a wicked stepmother should not be allowed to escape to Belgium without arousing some interest in the man she attempted to swindle.

The scene of the play is Hertfordshire, England, at the home of Augustus Botes, whose consuming ambition is to secure a title of some sort. Jo Sheldon, a healthy American girl, and her stepmother, Lena, a none too astute swindler, are visitors. A lawn fete is arranged for the entertainment of Crown Prince Adolph, of Eastphalia, and his aunt, the Grand Duchess of Hohenhetstein, and Jo is to shine as a gypsy fortune teller. The Prince and Jo are in love, but neither knows it. Before the arrival of the Prince Mrs. Sheldon has an interview with an American lawyer and learns that unless she raises a quarter of a million dollars in an incredibly short time her swindles will be disclosed and she will go to prison. To secure the needed money she persuades Mr. Botes to advance her \$40,000, giving as security a promise from Jo to obtain a baronetcy for him as soon as she, Jo, marries the Prince. Then "Mother Lena" proceeds to force the young people together, and all goes smoothly until the arrival of the Grand Duchess, who announces the king's determination to forbid a marriage between the Prince and an American. But the Duchess was in love once herself. She uses her influence to persuade the King to consent to a morganatic marriage. Whereupon Jo objects. She loves the Prince, but she will not marry under such conditions. Seeing his baronetcy slipping away Mr. Botes denounces Jo as a swindler and stops payment on the check he gave Mrs. Sheldon. Then Mrs. Sheldon makes Jo believe that her father—Jo's father—is implicated in the affair and will be ruined. For her father's sake Jo acknowledges the agreement and writes the Prince that she will marry him. Thereupon the Prince refuses her, angering Mr. Botes considerably more. Mother Lena escapes to Belgium, where there is no extradition treaty; Jo finds her father to be in no danger of ruin, Mr. Botes recovers from his anger and offers the money as a loan, the Prince renounces the "king business," and all is happiness. But the line the Prince repeats over and over in a little cooling scene at the end tells about the whole story—"Es macht nichts."

Maxine Elliott had plenty of opportunity for looking as pretty as she is, of laughing and being indignant, and of making love. The lines did not call for as many roving glances in the direction of the audience as she seemed to think. One could not help imagining that she was "counting the house." There were many elaborate settings and several unique characters. The sort of patriotism that sends the gallivert wild and the heroism and villainy that command cheers and hisses are abundantly supplied. Audiences at the Murray Hill last week must have had sore throats from the enthusiasm they let loose at each succeeding last minute escape. The play undoubtedly pleased them, and ought to continue to please audiences for some time to come.

The scene of the story is laid in China at the time of the Boxer uprising, and the principal characters are members of the American legation in Peking and officials of the Chinese court. Henry Seaton and George Ingram, attaches of the legation, are both in love with Dorothy Calhoun, daughter of the American Minister. Seaton is an obvious villain, in the service of the Chinese, as it later transpires, and Ingram is altogether a hero. During the first act, which happens at the legation, Dorothy wins the attentions of the Viceroy, whom she thinks a complimentary old gentleman, and gives him a rose. This does not prevent the Viceroy from threatening her father for refusing to sign a concession. The Americans learn that a general uprising is about to occur and that some means of summoning aid must be found. The wires are cut. A letter is the only way. Ingram volunteers to carry it, but before he leaves he receives a promise of marriage from Dorothy. The second act shows the audience room of the Viceroy, and shows, too, that the old man is ruled by his Shadow, a renegade American who has adopted Chinese habits and is the real head of the empire. This Shadow, by the way, is one of the unique characters of the play and is worthy the highest grade in melodrama. Seaton is brought into the audience room and is there accused of disloyalty to his employers, the Chinese, and is given the choice of death by torture or of joining the Brotherhood of the Yellow Robe and obeying the commands of its chief, the Viceroy. He accepts the latter, and the first command is to assist in the capture of Dorothy. And then Ingram is brought in, a captive. He is given the same choice, and defiantly refuses to accept anything but death. The letter asking aid is taken from him and he is bound to a post to await slow torture. Seaton refuses to recognize him. But Ralph Cook, an American war correspondent, and Madame, the Viceroy's Russian mistress, arrive in time to release him and show him the way to escape.

In act three, back at the legation, the danger is becoming more imminent. Ingram makes his way to the house and reports his failure and his narrow escape. Another letter is prepared and given to a Chinese convert, who offers to take it. But this messenger is shot before he has gone far from the legation, and returns in time to die in the garden. Bobby Carruthers, an incorrigible boy, alone is left to carry the appeal. He disguises himself as a Chinese woman and starts off, accompanied by a faithful Chinese servant, who is really a prince in disguise. Bobby has hardly gone when Seaton lures Dorothy into the garden and permits her to be captured by two Chinese and carried away.

Her captors carry Dorothy to the Viceroy's palace and imprison her in the dynamite room, which is shown in the fourth act. She is visited by Seaton, who takes advantage of her helplessness and kisses her, only to be caught by the Viceroy. The old man orders Seaton imprisoned and then tries the kissing game himself, but receives cut fingers from a knife Dorothy has concealed in her dress. Madame, pleased at the girl's bravery, offers to free her, and to prove her friendship admits Ingram. But it is too late. The Shadow appears, sends Madame away, and notifies the lovers that one of them must die. They elect to die together. That they may have a few minutes alone the Shadow retires. Escape is impossible, so Dorothy prepares to set fire to the dynamite and blow up the palace, herself and Ingram with it. But again the Shadow appears and stops her. However, he has become impressed with their bravery and sets them free, after telling that he, too, is an American. Tired of the game, the Shadow fires into the dynamite, the palace is destroyed, and he dies in the wreck.

In the fifth act the legation is hard pressed. touches of complete sincerity, and especially in the love scenes, and in the fortune telling scene in the weak first act she was real. Madame Mathilde Cottrelly as the Grand Duchess gave the sort of performance one would expect of her. Not a single fault could be found with her work, polished, clean art that it was. Her accent, her transposition of German idiom into quaint English, her manner of a simple hearted German woman who would have made a good wife of the soldier-lover she told about, and was equally happy as the sister of a king, made her foremost in the picture. Madge Girdlestone put into the role of Mrs. Sheldon a good deal of awkwardness and an unpleasant voice and made the character sufficiently repellent, as it demanded. Nellie Thorne as Victoria Botes deserved praise for so well filling a role that asked petulance, good heartedness and humor. Suzanne Perry as Countess Casavetti during the few minutes she was visible made the audience wish Mr. Fitch had given her more lines and a place in the story.

Of the men, Leon Quartermaine as Cyril Botes acted with a good deal of vim, and although he delivered his lines somewhat stiltedly at times, he filled the part satisfactorily. Charles Cherry in the role of Prince Adolph was an impetuous, headstrong, republican royalty, who spoke English with such an accent as a badly educated Prince might use. He was good. In his love scenes with Jo he was boyish and ardent, and in his scenes with the Grand Duchess he made one feel that a private view into a regal family was being allowed. Herbert Standing was a little too pompous as Mr. Botes and in his scenes with Mrs. Sheldon had too much of the manner of the farce-comedy father. Otherwise his work pleased. Felix Edwardes as Frank Wilton, Cory Thomas as Hallen, and Hodgson Taylor as Weeks were but little in evidence.

## Murray Hill—How Baxter Butted In.

Musical comedy in four acts, by Owen Davis. Produced Nov. 13.

Billy Baxter.....Sidney Toler  
Erastus Winch.....Louis Feirce  
Zenas Meek.....George McCabe  
Abner Meek.....Robert W. Smiley  
Ezra Quick.....J. E. Nichols  
Ed. Dale.....Kingsley Benedict  
Lute Halstead.....Willard S. Louis  
Eben Titmouse.....H. A. Pearson  
Biddy.....Arthur Lipson  
Ben Jitson.....Arthur Cobb  
Miranda Winch.....May Maurice  
Neil Dale.....Della Clarke  
Tabitha Tully.....Louise Valentine  
Fanny Smalley.....Ruth Baine  
Rose Quikley.....Maud Louis  
Hope Sawtell.....Jessie Elliott  
Sue Jarvis.....Vivian Marston  
Laura Spruce.....May Guyer  
Rose Smith.....Virginia Harms  
Hattie Wilson.....Frances Clark  
Jack Mason.....J. Joe Seley  
Frank Judson.....Kenneth Ross

How Baxter Butted In was the attraction at the Murray Hill last week, with Sidney Toler featured as Billy Baxter. The production was handsomely staged by Vance and Sullivan and an excellent company assisted in making a very successful presentation of this recent effort of Owen Davis. The role of Billy Baxter is one that affords Sidney Toler many opportunities for his well-known abilities, and he made the most of them, infusing briskness and pungency into scenes that would otherwise have been flat enough. As the New York drummer, flippant and loquacious, he certainly "butted in" to good advantage.

A hard-hearted stepfather, Erastus Winch, figures prominently in the story. Neil Dale, his stepdaughter, has dared to refuse the man he has chosen as her future husband. The rejected suitor accuses her of clandestine meetings with a stranger, whom he fancies is his successful rival. She dares not explain, for the supposed stranger is really her brother, who, having fled from his stepfather under a false charge of theft, at the risk of being arrested, comes back in order to see his sister and mother. He takes refuge in his sister's room, but his security there results in compromising Neil, for at the risk of her reputation she has to prevent the room from being searched and must remain silent in the face of suspicion and accusation. Her tyrannical stepfather, jumping to the conclusion that she is of loose character, as well as disobedient, drives her from his house. It is at this juncture that Billy Baxter "butts in," sizes up the situation and chivalrously proceeds to straighten things out, with such good results that the real thief is discovered, Neil's reputation cleared and a partner for life obtained as his reward.

Mr. Toler handles his part with a skillful touch, depicting admirably the self-possessed man of the world, who patronizingly dominates the rustic community chance has brought him into, and with good-humored jocularly bullies or jolles everybody he encounters. A good second was Della Clarke, whose impersonation of Neil Dale was full of snap and vivacity. Her work discloses much that is promising. In a comedy role J. E. Nichols as Ezra Quick, the hired help, gave a lively and amusing sketch. The Ed Dale of Kingsley Benedict was adequate, and Lute Halstead, the constable, was quaintly drawn by Willard S. Louis. Louise Valentine as the sharp-tongued rustic, Tabitha Tully, showed much artistic skill, and George McCabe was equally noticeable as Zenas Meek. Robert W. Smiley did some excellent work as the conceited Abner Meek. His conception of the character was consistent and satisfactory. Another fine impersonation was Louis Feirce's portrayal of the sour-tempered Erastus Winch. He won much approval for his restrained and careful methods. An equally quiet and dignified result was obtained by May Maurice in her role of Miranda Winch.

Some pleasing spectacular effects were introduced in connection with the musical numbers, of

which the most popular were the illuminated swings and the jack-o'-lanterns. A clever burlesque on dramatic and vaudeville themes made a big hit in act four, entitled *The Same Thing*, in which Sidney Toler, Louise Valentine, Willard S. Louis, and J. E. Nichols were chief fun-makers.

The music by the Excelsior Four was another enjoyable feature. This week Robert Conners in Lieutenant Dick, U. S. A.



## Belasco—The Girl of the Golden West.

Play in three acts and an epilogue by David Belasco. Produced Nov. 14.

The Girl..... Blanche Bates  
Wowie..... Harriet Stirling  
Dick Johnson..... Robert Hilliard  
Jack Rance..... Frank Keenan  
Sonora Slim..... John W. Cope  
Trinidad Joe..... James Kirkwood  
Nick..... Thomas J. McGrane  
The Sidney Duck..... Horace James  
Jim Larkens..... Fred Maxwell  
"Happy" Haliday..... Richard Hoyer  
"Handsome" Charlie..... Clifford Hipple  
Deputy Sheriff..... T. Hayes Hunter  
Billy Jackrabbit..... J. H. Benrimo  
Ashby..... J. A. Sawtelle  
Jose Castro..... Roberto Deshon  
Rider of the Pony Express..... Lowell Sherman  
Jake Wallace..... Ed A. Tester  
Bucking Billy..... A. M. Beattie  
The Lookout..... Fred Sidney  
A Faro Dealer..... William Wild  
The Ridge Boy..... Ira M. Filick  
Joe..... H. L. Wilson  
Concertina Player..... Ignazio Biondi

"They struggled, laughed, gambled, cursed, killed, loved and worked out their strange destinies in a manner incredible to us of to-day. Of one thing only are we sure—they lived!"

"My mountains, I'm leaving you! Oh, my lovely West! Oh, my California!"

These are the keys to David Belasco's melodrama. The one is to the life of the Girl; the other to her soul.

At the foot of Cloudy Mountain, in the gold days of '49, there was a mining camp saloon kept by Minnie Schmidt, descendant of a saloon keeper and gambler who had moved from the then rugged Missouri to the more rugged California. Like all the other strange people of the strange country Minnie had lost her name in the vastness of the hills and the rigor of the life, and was known simply as the Girl—the Girl who doled whiskey to the men, kept order in the dance hall, acted as their banker, their social mentor, their schoolmistress. Reared to the customs—as a child she had played under the faro table and had stolen chips for candy—the Girl carried the rough exterior of the people about her. Only a trip to Monterey and Sacramento had given her an idea of some other life, and of some other people who carried a different exterior. "Sacramento Strimps," the Sheriff called them.

The Sheriff loved her. All of the boys of the camp loved her, the only white woman in the region. They revered her and guarded her with the same care with which she guarded their money. The Sheriff, Jack Rance, proposed to her. "My wife in New Orleans won't know," he said when the Girl refused him. His ethics were based on not being found out. The Girl's decision was based on logic. She refused him because she did not love him.

One night Dick Johnson, a stranger, came into the camp and proved to be a man the Girl had met on the road to Monterey. He was different from the men of Cloudy Mountain. The Girl found him full of new subjects, of subjects she had dreamed, but had never heard put into words. He remained with her while the boys followed the Sheriff and the Wells-Fargo agent in search of the road agent, Ramerrez. She told him about the boys' money and showed him the keg that served as a safe. "If a road agent came," she explained, "the boys say I would offer him a drink and a smile and he would treat me like a lady."

She invited Johnson to her cabin up the mountain side, where she might learn more of the reality of her dreams. When he went to look after his horse she thought of what he had told her. "He said I had the face of an angel," she said. "Oh, hell!"

The posse did not capture Ramerrez, but they strung up two suspicious looking greasers.

In the cabin on the mountain slope the Girl received the stranger with all the hospitality she could muster. She learned the meaning of love and gave him her first kiss in the crash of a mountain blizzard that burst in at the door and windows and blocked the path with snow. She learned that "we always may be what we might have been."

The stranger could not leave the cabin, its door banked with drifting snow, and accepted the shelter the Girl offered him—her curtained bed—while she lay down in front of the fire. The posse came. They had tracked Ramerrez by his horse and had followed him until the blizzard spoiled the trail. Nick, the bartender, found a half-smoked cigar on the floor, but he did not tell. "Let's get out of here, boys," said Sonora Slim, "and let the Girl get some sleep."

When they had gone the Girl drove from her cabin the road agent Ramerrez. Filled with horror—she had given him her first kiss—she hurled at him the rough invective her life had taught her, until a shot outside brought back her love in a sweeping torrent, and she opened the door to him again and hid him, wounded, in the loft. The Sheriff came. He had seen a black figure against the snow and had fired at it. Almost convinced that whoever he had shot had fallen outside, his love for the Girl overpowered him, and he forced his kisses upon her. Drops of blood falling through warped boards of the loft changed him into a Sheriff again. Ramerrez came down, lumbering, fainting. The Girl's appeals could not move the Sheriff. "I'm talking to Jack Rance, gambler, now," said the Girl, when she proposed that they play a hand of poker, with her love and the road agent as the stakes. The Girl won the first hand, the Sheriff the second; at the third, by a ruse, the Girl drew a winning hand from her dress and gained the stake.

But Ramerrez was captured again, this time by Ashby, the Wells-Fargo agent, and brought back to the camp, so that every one knew Jack Rance had lied when he said he had killed the man. The boys were men enough to give the prisoner one more chance to see the Girl, and what they heard when that interview took place made them big enough to give him another chance to escape.

Across the desert, eastward, the Girl and the road agent went together, to be "what they might have been."

With the same master-artist touch that dressed The Darling of the Gods and Du Barry, Mr. Belasco has realized the picturesque possibilities of the Western mining camp. At the rise of the curtain the home of the Girl is shown, perched on the mountain side. The canvas moves upward, exhibiting the steep, dangerous path that leads down to the Polka Saloon at the foot of the hill. Then the interior of the Girl's cabin, where infinite care in details is evident. The blizzard in this act is completely realistic in the impression of wind and cold it gives. The third act, showing the dance room of the Polka, is simple, scenically. The horse-play of the Girl's "academy," however, is out of keeping with the spirit of the play. The epilogue, which is necessarily anticlimactic and useless constructively, is given with a typical Belasco setting—the edge of the mountain-fringed desert half shrouded in a gray mist.

The same sort of skill that made the pictures has succeeded in making time-worn melodramatic incidents into episodes filled with vitality and in giving to well-remembered theatrial characters humanity and new characteristics.

But the play is made as much by the acting as by the writing and setting. Passing the credit due the stage management, the individual work of the company is almost beyond criticism. Blanche Bates gave to the character of the Girl breadth, variety, strength and a soul. She portrayed a character without vice and without sophistry, free, wild and impassioned, and

throughout did it tremendously. She satisfied the severest exaction of the role, so full of exactions.

Robert Hilliard played the part of Dick Johnson with confidence and skill, but his work lacked the vitality it should have had. He was vigorous enough and in several scenes moved into the picture completely, but he failed to afford the satisfaction that followed Miss Bates' acting. His role, however, offered as many difficulties as that of his companion.

Frank Keenan as the Sheriff showed an artistic quality that gave to the part a strength and meaning far deeper and more potent than the lines allowed it. John W. Cope as Sonora Slim played breezily and naturally. Thomas J. McGrane as Nick, the bartender, repressed a natural tendency to overdo the pathos and comedy of the part and satisfied. Harriet Stirling as Wowie, the squaw of Billy Jackrabbit, played by J. H. Benrimo, made much of a disagreeable character. Mr. Benrimo also found opportunities in his role. Roberto Deshon deserves much credit for his clear-cut work in the small part of José Castro, one of Ramerrez's band, and J. A. Sawtelle made the character of Ashby, the Wells-Fargo messenger, prominent. Horace James as the Sidney Duck, a cheating faro dealer, also came in for praise. The smaller roles were filled in keeping with the more important characters.

## Miss Dolly Dollars Scored a Hit.

### Lulu Glaser in an Up-to-Date Opera.

Produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, Sept. 4. An opera in two acts by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert. Production by Charles B. Dillingham.

Dorothy Gay.....Miss Lulu Glaser  
Lord Burlingham.....Melville Stewart  
Finney Doolittle.....R. C. Herz  
Samuel Gay.....Charles Bradshaw  
Mrs. Gay.....Miss Carrie Perkins  
Guy Gay.....Carter de Haven  
Bertha Billings.....Miss Olive Murray  
Celeste.....Miss Elsie Ferguson  
Lieut. Von Richter.....Henry Vogel  
Migs.....Byron Ongley  
The Hon. Percy Fitzboode.....Wm. Naughton  
The Marquis de Baccarat.....James Leahy  
Baron Von Rheinbeister.....Carl Hartberg  
Count Chianti.....James Reany  
Count Chianti.....Enrico Oremonte  
Duke da Bolero.....John Ardizzone  
Prince Skyskyvitch.....Sidney Harris  
Captain Sheridan Barry.....Edward Leahy  
Hon. Montague Bank.....Miss Bessie Holbrook  
Hon. Mayland Bank.....Miss Sadie Probst  
Margery.....Miss Lillian Spencer  
Millicent.....Miss Queenie Hewlitt  
First Bailiff.....Joseph Frohoff  
Second Bailiff.....L. F. Sampson  
Helen Hastings.....Miss Paula Desmond  
Freda Dressler.....Miss Elsa Rheinhardt  
Estelle de Lange.....Miss Vida Whitmore  
Norah McCre.....Miss Aline Redmond  
Ruth Delamere.....Miss Helen Marlborough  
Vena Rodriguez.....Miss Lella Benton  
Miriam Odell.....Miss Susanne Parker  
Frances Mortimer.....Miss Gabrielle Stahl

Charles B. Dillingham has every occasion to feel proud of his choice in selecting Miss Dolly Dollars for Lulu Glaser's vehicle this season. It was the opinion of a large audience at the Knickerbocker Theatre Monday night that Mr. Dillingham and his star will get all the money they deserve. There will be plenty of it, for the general verdict is that Miss Glaser has never had a more entertaining opera. It is a modern musical comedy and marks the reunion of Mr. Smith and Mr. Herbert, who heretofore have written some of our greatest successes. Miss Glaser has the part of an American heiress, who, while touring England, is sought for by a number of fortune hunters, who nickname her Dolly Dollars. She is finally won by a supposed penniless suitor, who subsequently turns out to be a real lord. There are but two acts, both prettily staged, one showing the Henley regatta on the Thames, the other being the garden of a hotel in Paris. If memory serves me right, this is the first time Miss Glaser has appeared in modern costume since she has been a star, for her former operas, Dolly Varden and A Madcap Princess, required ancient dressing. To dwell upon the beauties of this production, its large number of musical hits, and the lavish display of handsome women, would take up too much space. It may be said in a condensed way that Miss Dolly Dollars is a hit of the first water. One song, the ever-topical song, which the audience fancied more than any other, was "It's a Thing That Keeps Me Guessing All the Time." In the support, R. C. Herz as the over-educated collegian, carried off the comedy honors, while Melville Stewart, with his fine physique and excellent voice, aided the star very much in the part of Lord Burlingham. Carrie Perkins, whose years of experience in the musical line has made her proficient, made a splendid Mrs. Gay, while Olive Murray and Elsie Ferguson have a legion of followers on Broadway. Carter de Haven appeared as Guy Gay, and made much of his part, while among the beauties was Helen Marlboro, who has been absent from the stage for some time. Harry B. Smith has turned out a number of librettos, but his present book seems to be the most satisfactory of all. Mr. Herbert's music is original and the enthusiasm which prevailed throughout the entire evening, gave evidence that everybody was satisfied.

As the late Joseph Jefferson might have said, "Here's to Miss Dolly Dollars, may she live long and prosper."

## Empire—The Duke of Killcrankie.

Comedy in three acts, by Robert Marshall. Produced Sept. 5.

The Duke of Killcrankie.....John Drew  
Henry Pitt-Welby, M. P.....Ferdinand Gottschalk  
Ambrose Hicks.....Lewis Baker  
Alexander Macbayne.....Richard Carrington  
Butler.....Robert Schable  
Footman.....B. W. Farmer  
The Countess of Pangbourne.....Kate Lester  
Lady Henrietta Addison.....Margaret Dale  
Mrs. Mulholland.....Fanny Brough  
Mrs. Macbayne.....Constance Bell

Captain Robert Marshall's comedy, The Duke of Killcrankie, which won great and enduring popularity in London last season, was presented for the first time in New York, at the Empire Theatre, last Monday night, by John Drew and his company. It is hardly necessary to say that the playhouse was filled by an audience of cultivated people, and that the plaudits were many. These things are customary when Mr. Drew appears in a new play, whether the play be good or bad. In the case of this opening night, however, the play was decidedly good; it deserved the large audience that greeted it, and it earned fairly every burst of applause that it received.

The Duke of Killcrankie is lighter, brighter, more whimsical than Captain Marshall's earlier plays, which is to say that it is among the most tempting morsels of polite farce-comedy that New York has had in recent seasons. A Royal Family, His Excellency the Governor, and The Second in Command were, perhaps, sounder dramatic compositions, but they had not quite the perpetual jousness of The Duke of Killcrankie. The one word that properly describes the quality of this new comedy is the much-used and much-abused word, "Gilbertian." Mr. Gilbert himself might be proud of many of the humorous touches in the play, and surely Captain Marshall need feel only pride in having his work described by the older dramatist's name. The Duke is as preposterous as any of Mr. Gilbert's men—and is very nearly as delightful.

The pivotal point of the humor of the play is the application to a modern love affair of certain methods in vogue in the Middle Ages. The Duke of Killcrankie, enamored of Lady Henrietta Addison and seemingly unable to win her serious regard, abducts her in true mediæval fashion, holds her prisoner in his castle, and, finally, by an adroit ruse, gains from her a confession of love and her promise to marry him. The whole proposition is, of course, utterly beyond the bounds of reason, and in making it, for the moment, appear plausible Captain Marshall has revealed his best qualities as a dramatist and humorist. He restores to the spectators, for the time being, the happy trustfulness of mind that made the adventure of Little Red Riding-hood seem not in the least impossible. After the curtain falls the imp of logic and reason is apt to whisper in one's ear that the comedy is an insult to the intelligence—but the joy of the tale is well worth the deception.

In the first act, which takes place in the Duke's house in London, the amiable hero proposes for the fourth time to Lady Henrietta, and receives a fourth refusal. She declares to him that his wealth, position and popularity among women have made him a hopeless egotist, and she taunts him with the fact that while he has entered into many fields of activity he has yet to carry a single enterprise through to success. She insinuates, indeed, that he is a trifle and a coward. Goaded by these taunts the Duke determines to impress Lady Henrietta with his resolution and daring in one direction at least. He presses into service, as an ally, his friend, Henry Pitt-Welby, a dense, conventional, harmless M. P., and induces him to send a decoy telegram to Henrietta which will start that lady off post haste to visit a presumably sick aunt in the Highlands. The Duke's plan is to bribe the railway guard to misguide Lady Henrietta into the train going to his castle, "Crag-o'-North," to lure her within his gates under pretext of keeping her out of a dilemma, and to keep her there until she favors his suit. Pitt-Welby agrees to enter into the conspiracy only on condition that Mrs. Mulholland, widow of a wealthy glue-maker, in whom and in whose fortune he is deeply interested, be also trapped in the castle, and there compelled to listen to his wooing. The Duke, realizing the necessity of having a chaperon for Lady Henrietta, agrees to the proposition—and the infamous conspiracy is set in motion.

The scene of the second act is the dining hall in "Crag-o'-North." Three weeks have elapsed since the first act, and the plan has been carried forward to the point of the capture of the ladies in the castle. But, despite their plight, neither of them will give ear to the pleading of her suitor. Instead they treat their lover-jailors with the utmost scorn and contempt, and the result is that the Duke has, altogether, a most uncomfortable house party on his hands.

At the opening of the third act—the scene of which is the gateway parapet and entrance of the castle—the two ladies are planning means of escape. They have been prisoners for a week, and neither has capitulated. News of the abduction has gotten into the papers, and the Duke begins to dread the outcome of his escapade. At this point a happy idea comes to him, and he instantly puts it into execution. Throwing open the gates he tells Lady Henrietta that she is free to go whenever she chooses, and at the same time he professes to her that in the week of their close association he has been cured completely of his infatuation for her, and realizes the mistake of his wish to marry her. This declaration brings to Henrietta, with a sudden shock, the knowledge that she honestly loves the Duke, and she acquaints him with the fact as quickly as a proper sense of decorum will permit. Meanwhile Mrs. Mulholland, fearful that her reputation will suffer through the adventure, and because of a certain amount of real affection, promises to become the wife of Pitt-Welby, M. P.

The comedy was excellently mounted and splendidly acted. Though presented as a vehicle for a star, the four important parts were of almost equal value—a state of things so welcome to a star-driven public that Mr. Drew should be counted as a benefactor of the human race. Mr. Drew's Duke was characteristically Mr. Drew. Easy, intelligent, mannishly and humorously the portrayal. It was not Mr. Drew at his very best, but it was well up to his usual excellent standard. The role is particularly one of the sort in which the mellowing process of repetition is of value, and it seems likely that Mr. Drew will have abundant opportunity in that direction for perfecting his impersonation.

Ferdinand Gottschalk, as Henry Pitt-Welby, gave a character portrayal never excelled and rarely equaled in the long list of delightful impersonations that he has brought to the local stage. His manner, his speech, his walk, his vacant look and his nervous movements combined to make the portrayal hugely droll and joyous.

Fanny Brough, as Mrs. Mulholland, was a very worthy companion to Mr. Gottschalk. Her characterization was delicious—better even than her performance in The Man from Blankley's, which seemed, at the time, perfection. Margaret Dale played the more conventional role of Lady Henrietta with grace, delicacy and pretty sentiment. More than that she could not well do in the role. Kate Lester gave a dignified, high-bred portrayal of the Countess of Pangbourne. The minor roles were excellently played, and the stage-management of William Seymour was, of course, admirable.

## Savoy—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

Comedy in three acts by Anne Crawford Flexner, founded upon Alice Hegan Rice's story of the same name. Produced Sept. 3.

Mrs. Wiggs.....Madge Carr Cook  
Lover Mary.....Mabel Tallafiero  
Miss Hazy.....Helen Lowell  
Miss Lucy.....Nora Shelby  
Mrs. Eichorn.....Lillian Lee  
Mrs. Schultz.....Anna Fields  
Asla.....May McManus  
Australia.....Edith Storey  
Europeana.....Bessy Burd  
Mr. Stubbins.....Oscar Eagle  
Mr. Wiggs.....Thurston Hall  
Billy Wiggs.....Argyle Campbell  
Chris Hazy.....Taylor Granville  
Tommy.....William Burton James  
H. Hunkadunkus Jones.....Ed Gillespie  
Deputy Sheriff.....Wilbert De Rouge  
Brother Spicer.....A. W. Madin  
Mr. Schultz.....Harry L. Franklin  
Mr. Eichorn.....William Sherlock  
Joe Eichorn.....John Walton  
Pete Schultz.....Willie Gray  
Tina Viney.....Ida Schwartz  
Lena Krasmeier.....Mina Haywood

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and her delightful companions in print, appeared for the first time in New York in dramatic form at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday evening, Sept. 3. The playhouse was crowded and through the whole performance the audience indicated its appreciation and enjoyment of the play by constant chuckles and laughs and occasional tears. There was, perhaps, some little trace of fictitious first-night enthusiasm, but for the most part the warm reception given to the play and players was very real and genuine. Plaudits were given where plaudits were due, and there were enough of them to incline the most pessimistic to the belief that Mrs. Wiggs and her associates will flourish in New York for many months to come.

The Mrs. Wiggs play is a dramatization, by Anne Crawford Flexner, of Alice Hegan Rice's two stories, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lover Mary." The stories were not exactly literature and the dramatization of them is not exactly a play; but the tales have found favor with some hundreds of thousands of readers, and the stage version has already been tremendously enjoyed by a great number of theatregoers in other cities. Before the face of such monumental success the accepted standards of technique in literature and the drama dwindle considerably in seeming importance. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, with all its technical faults, is as charming a stage entertainment of its class as New York has had in recent seasons. It possesses the quality of sincerity. It is almost as true as the "slices of life" of the French stage—but in place of hideous tragedy it presents humor and gentle pathos. It is a homely and human picture, and it reaches the heart.

To describe at length the quaint and droll characters concerned in the play seems quite unnecessary in view of the fact that to the majority of American readers Mrs. Wiggs and her associates are already as well known figures of fiction as are Old Scrooge and Micawber, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. All of the important personages of Mrs. Rice's two stories appear in the stage version, and in the migration from book to boards they have not in the least changed in personality. Atmosphere and characterization, rather than plot, give value to the play. Mrs. Flexner's handling of the original material has been most sympathetic, and, moreover, she has succeeded in making a play that is as enjoyable to those who have not read the stories as to those who know them by heart.

The first act takes place in the kitchen of Mrs. Wiggs' house in the Cabbage Patch, which, as every one knows, is now the most celebrated section of Louisville, Ky. Here the amiable, big-hearted, optimistic Mrs. Wiggs is concerning herself with the marriage of the faded and dolorous Miss Hazy to Mr. Stubbins—he of the war record, prospective pension and ungainly appearance. In the midst of the preparations for the wedding Billy Wiggs, valiant son of the house, enters with poor Lover Mary, who has escaped from an orphanage and has brought with her to freedom Tommy, the baby boy. The dwellers of the Patch—Mrs. Eichorn, Mrs. Schultz, Miss Hazy and their men folk—look with suspicion upon Lover Mary and her charge, but Mrs. Wiggs protects the wanderers and finds room for them in her already well filled home. It is disclosed, though not to the characters in the play, that the baby is the son of the long absent Mr. Wiggs, who years before eloped with a circus lady, now dead. This complication is Mrs. Flexner's one important departure from Mrs. Rice's story. The first act closes with the gayeties attending the Stubbins-Hazy nuptials.

In the second act—of which the scene is the exterior of the Wiggs and Stubbins houses—Mrs. Wiggs devotes herself to straightening out the domestic difficulties of Mr. and Mrs. Stubbins. Mr. Stubbins, upon learning that Mrs. Stubbins is a total failure as a cook, regrets his matrimonial bargain and seeks to drown his sorrow in drink. Returning to the Patch after visits to various saloons, he upbraids his wife and becomes so obnoxious that Mrs. Wiggs, to be rid of him, shuts him in a freight car which is presently hauled away, nobody knows where.

The third act takes place in the same environment as the second. News comes that Mr. Stubbins' pension has been granted, and a check for \$800 arrears is inclosed in the Government communication. Mrs. Wiggs decides that Mr. Stubbins must be found, and she advertises for him. But presently Stubbins returns of his own accord from his unpremeditated journey, and in the light of his good fortune he and Mrs. Hazy-Stubbins make up their differences. Mrs. Wiggs then turns her attention to straightening out a lovers' quarrel between Mr. Bob, editor, and Miss Lucy, "the Christmas Lady," an enterprise in which she, of course, succeeds. Then comes Mr. Wiggs with a deputy sheriff to arrest Lover Mary for abducting little Tommy. Directly the whole secret of Mr. Wiggs' paternity of the child comes out, and Mrs. Wiggs, forgiving and big-souled, receives her unfaithful husband back to her hospitable castle in the Cabbage Patch.

The work of the players, from Mrs. Madge Carr Cook in the title-role, down to youngster William Burton James as the infant Tommy, was so near perfection that to endeavor to pick flaws would prove a profitless undertaking. Mrs. Cook revealed again her well-schooled talents that have been long appreciated by New York playgoers, and she gave fresh evidence of her versatility. Her Mrs. Wiggs was a splendidly human characterization, true to the soil, quaint, humorous and pathetic. Helen Lowell personified Miss Hazy in a fashion that could not possibly be bettered. As a characterization her portrayal was complete and finished to the smallest detail, and she well deserved the large share of the applause that she received. Will T. Hodge was equally successful in the role of Mr. Stubbins. His characterization was perfect and his points were made forcibly yet most naturally. Mabel Tallafiero made a little triumph all her own as Lover Mary, in which she was the epitome of wistful girlishness. Lillian Lee as Mrs. Eichorn and Anna Fields as Mrs. Schultz presented two contrasting types admirably; Oscar Eagle was a capital Mr. Wiggs; Taylor Granville was a wonderfully enthusiastic Chris Hazy, of the wooden leg and the stout heart; Argyle Campbell played Billy Wiggs in fine spirit; Nora Shelby was a pretty and graceful Miss Lucy, and the other roles were every one earnestly and capably played.



# 'THE BARRETTS' AGAIN

1935.

## An Account of Katharine Cornell's Residence on Wimpole Street

It was Hugh Walpole who suggested to Rudolf Besier that there might be a play in the love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. Besier had collaborated with Walpole on "Robin's Father," produced in Liverpool in 1918; so he proposed that they should write the Barrett-Browning drama together. Having recently read the published volumes of the letters which relate the romance, Besier at once went to work. It was agreed that each should write independently of the other; then they would meet, compare and discuss the results and assemble the complete drama from the best parts of each's contribution, but when Besier saw Walpole some time later, the latter, according to Besier, had made no progress and declared he could not see the play in the lives of the poets. If Besier could, he was welcome to the idea.

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When "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was completed Besier submitted it to the management of the Haymarket Theatre in London, which had produced others of his plays, but it was refused, as it was by the management of St. James's Theatre. Eventually it was Sir Barry Jackson who decided to present it at his festival in Malvern. In the United States twenty-seven producers and players read and rejected the drama, according to Richard J. Madden, the author's representative in America. The chief reasons for this were that it was a costume drama and that it dealt with the lives of poets and would interest only the Barrett-Browning cult.

The play was submitted to Katharine Cornell on March 26, 1930. Miss Cornell had decided to enter actor-managership the following season. In May of that year, when she was traveling via the Panama Canal route to California to begin her tour in "Dishonored Lady" in Los Angeles, she read the manuscript, cabled Madden for terms and bought the drama. This was before Sir Barry had purchased the English rights to its production, though it was not until June 27 that the contracts were signed by Miss Cornell.

Miss Cornell, however, had no intention of appearing in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The rôle of Elizabeth Barrett is so different from anything she had played up to that time that it did not occur to her that the part was for her, but she liked the drama so much she decided she would present it with another player in the leading rôle. When she reached Los Angeles and gave the play to her husband, Guthrie McClintic, then directing talking pictures in Hollywood, he urged her to act Elizabeth. When Miss Cornell was half way through the four-week rehearsal period, she decided to abandon the production. Elizabeth Barrett, she declared, was not for her and she could not and would not play her. Her director, McClintic, continued to urge her to appear in the drama.

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This had its proper effect and rehearsals were resumed, but on the eve of the opening in Cleveland, which had been postponed three days, she again was assailed by grave doubt and a panic of fear. It is probable that it entirely was due to a sense of obligation to the author and the actors that Miss Cornell against her will presented the play for the first time in America in the Hanna Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio, on Thursday night, Jan. 29, 1931, with Brian Aherne as Robert Browning, Charles Waldron as the father and herself as Elizabeth. The romance was a success from its first night. Three days in Cleveland and a week in Buffalo

preceded the New York première on Feb. 9 in the Empire Theatre.

For five months there was not an unsold ticket, the receipts varying only by the number of standees. When hot weather ended, the receipts climbed back to capacity. In October the actress was forced to take a rest and for six weeks the theatre was closed. When she reopened the play in November the receipts reached the same impressive figures at the box office. Finally on Feb. 13, 1932, while still attracting S. R. O. to the Empire Theatre, Miss Cornell withdrew the drama in order to tour. Her run of forty-seven weeks is the record of the historic Empire Theatre, and it is her metropolitan record. Previous to this her longest Broadway season was in "The Green Hat," which ran for twenty-nine weeks.

Three weeks in Boston grossed \$78,170.75. Her week in Washington, D. C., was entirely sold out five days before she arrived in the city. Her record for eight performances was made in the Forrest Theatre, Philadelphia, where, during Holy Week, she played to \$33,657. A fortnight in that city totaled \$65,737. At one matinee there were 251 people standing. Baltimore, Pittsburgh and Detroit averaged \$30,000 weekly.

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A month in the Harris Theatre, Chicago, brought in \$100,000. At a special Sunday matinee given in the Chicago Civic Opera House for the benefit of unpaid school teachers the receipts were \$4,169. Because so many people had been turned away from the Harris Theatre, unable to buy lower priced tickets, this matinee was given at \$1 general admission. Playgoers began to line up at the theatre at 5 o'clock. By 9 o'clock the line, four people abreast, stretched three city blocks. Several thousand persons were turned from the theatre.

St. Louis, Kansas City, Los Angeles and San Francisco then were visited. The season ended in San Francisco on July 2, 1932. Miss Cornell established the record for drama in a legitimate playhouse for the State of California when she played to \$28,136.50 in one week on the stage of the Biltmore Theatre, Los Angeles.

Last season "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was acted in smaller cities of the country by Miss Cornell on her 17,000 miles' tour. The most spectacular event of this trip was that of Christmas night in Seattle, when the audience waited until 1 o'clock in the morning for the curtain to rise and sat through the three hours' traffic of Besier's play.

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In all, Miss Cornell has acted Elizabeth Barrett 685 times in America. She is the only actress who has played the rôle on the speaking stage in the United States. Many actresses have appeared in the part in other parts of the world. One company toured Canada; two companies toured England, another company toured Australia. London had 530 performances, the English provinces 1,400, Australia 200. It has been produced in Budapest, Rome, Milan, Venice, Florence, Prague, Oslo, Copenhagen and Paris, being a genuine success in the latter city. Recently it was revived in London with many of the first cast in the production.

By amateurs it has been acted around the world. In Shanghai, in Calcutta, in Cairo and in the Malay Straits "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" has been seen.

The author from its American performances alone has received over a quarter of a million dollars in royalties, to which must be added the film rights.



"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" Is One of Katharine Cornell's Most Popular Enterprises. She Is Shown Just Above, Along With Brian Aherne, Who Also Will Take Part in the Play's Revival Tomorrow Evening at the Martin Beck.

Vandamm.



"THE HAND THAT WROTE 'BEN HUR.'"

A plaster cast of General Lew Wallace's right hand.





1933

THE OPERA BEGINS ITS SECOND HALF CENTURY IN NEW YORK WITH ALL ITS OLD BRILLIANCE: THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE on the Opening Night of Its Fifty-first Year, When a Native Opera, Deems Taylor's "Peter Ibbetson," Was Given as the First of the Short Season Made Possible by the \$300,000 Fund Raised Last Year.



## New Amsterdam—Ivan the Terrible.

Play in five acts, by Count Alexis Tolstol; translated by Mme. S. R. de Meissner. Produced March 1.

Ivan Vassilievich ..... Richard Mansfield  
Marie Feodorovna ..... Ida Conquest  
Yodur Ivanovitch ..... Mona Harrison  
Prince Dmitriyevich ..... Adelaide Nowak  
Marie Grigorevna ..... Olive Oliver  
Prince Nikitslavsky ..... William Sorrell  
Prince Nikita Romanovitch Zaharin ..... Ernest Ward  
Prince Shulsky ..... Henry Wessman  
Prince Belsky ..... Francis McGinn  
Prince Galtzin ..... A. E. Greenaway  
Prince Troubetsky ..... Leslie Kenyon  
Prince Tatitscheff ..... Edward Fitzgerald  
Prince Saltikoff ..... W. T. Patron  
Michael Nagoy ..... Henri Laurent  
Boris Fyodorovich Godunoff ..... Arthur Forrest  
Gregory Nagoy ..... Hamilton Coleman  
Pan Garabourda ..... Mr. Kenyon  
Prokof Keekin ..... H. Hatfield  
Michael Bitagofsky ..... A. G. Andrews  
First Magician ..... M. C. Tilden  
Second Magician ..... Mr. Kingdon  
Dr. Yakob ..... Marcel Scrase  
A Jester ..... Francis McGinn  
Flour Dealer ..... Ludwig Brunswick  
Attendant on Prince Shulsky ..... Vivian Bernard  
A Nurse ..... Alma Hathaway  
Ladies in Attendance ..... Laura Eyre

At the New Amsterdam Theatre last Tuesday evening Richard Mansfield presented for the first time in America Count Alexis Tolstol's historical tragedy in five acts, entitled *Ivan the Terrible*. A conspicuously brilliant audience was assembled, and through the long performance the star and his supporting company received the close and appreciative attention that so important a production deserved. That Mr. Mansfield's work, both as an actor and as a producer, was estimated at its true worth by the audience was evidenced by the frequent and genuine plaudits, but that the production in its entirety won any considerable favor with the public is extremely doubtful.

The tragedy was written by Count Alexis Tolstol in 1865, and was the first of a trilogy of historical plays dealing with the careers of Czar Ivan, Czar Feodor and Czar Boris. Up to three years ago its performance on the Russian stage was prohibited for political reasons, and though first translated into English more than thirty years ago, it received little attention save among students of Russian literature. The translation used by Mr. Mansfield was made more recently by Mme. S. R. de Meissner.

The drama, set in the gorgeous surroundings of the present production, is like an old time-mellowed portrait, far back in a deep frame of gold. The portrait is that of a cruel-lipped, half-mad, decrepit old man seated on a throne. In the background are shadowy troops of courtiers, soldiers, starving serf and stately women. The eye of the beholder may wander momentarily to these dim figures, and the glance may rest for an instant on the great gold frame; but with the certainty of fate itself the gaze is drawn back to the stern face of Ivan, Czar of Russia and master of the world he knew. The play gives no impression save that of the personality of the principal character. There is scarcely any plot; no dexterity in the art of dramatic construction is displayed, and no great conflict of emotions is revealed. To the beholder Ivan simply lives the last year of his life seated on his throne, and dies. There is no development of his character, nor is there any story in the several episodes in which he plays a part. The dramatist has struck but one chord—and that a minor chord of gloom.

Czar Ivan, called "the Terrible," governed Russia from 1547 to 1584. In his youth he suffered much at the hands of political enemies, being isolated by them from his family and friends and constantly subjected to the keenest mental torture. Upon attaining the throne, after overthrowing the Glinskis and the Skinskis, he repaid in full measure the evils that had been done to him. Embittered, passionate and filled with the arrogance of absolute power, he ruled with a despotism that knew no bounds. He married and divorced his wives as the whim seized him, and with the great iron staff that was always in his hand he slew his own son. Such was Ivan in the days of his supremacy. Then age came upon him, bringing in its train physical ills and all the grim terrors of a guilty mind. The torments of superstition assailed him; his possessions were wrested from him by his enemies, and remorse for the murder of his son fell crushingly upon his heart. Yet in the midst of his desolation and anguish the old fire of supreme egotism flashed momentarily within him. At one moment he would rise in defiance of the world, and at the next grovel in penitence before one of his own servants.

It is with this last phase of Ivan's career that the play deals. The dramatist has drawn the character with the greatest regard for historical accuracy, but he has neglected entirely the one great opportunity to make Ivan a splendid dramatic figure. Had the miseries of Ivan's early life, when he was the sinning against and not the sinning, been shown or even strongly suggested the character of Ivan would have commanded sympathy even in the moments of his most diabolical cruelty. But there is no such upbuilding of the character, nor any analysis of Ivan's heart beyond the display of momentary emotions. Count Tolstol has merely painted a portrait of a terrible old man, seated on a throne, with iron staff in hand, and with the gleam of hatred, malice, suspicion and horror in his eyes.

The first scene of the play is the Council Chamber of the Boyars. Ivan has sent word to his nobles that he wishes to abdicate and has commanded them to appoint his successor to the throne. Boris Fyodorovich Godunoff, brother-in-law of the Czar, and an ambitious politician, sees an opportunity to advance himself in the esteem of the Czar by counseling his associates to name Ivan as his own successor. In the second scene—the apartment of the Czar—Ivan is found in gloomy contemplation. When the nobles enter to deliver their decision he flies into a passion and, with many sneers, demands to know which man among them is judged great enough to succeed him. The answer that he alone is deemed fit to govern Russia appeases his wrath and Godunoff, as he expected, finds favor in the despot's eyes. The second act brings the development of a conspiracy among certain of the nobles against Godunoff, whose rise to power in the court is not looked upon with favor. In the second scene of the act the Czar divorces his wife, Marie Feodorovna, and presently turns from this domestic incident to the larger turmoil of state by sending a message of defiance to his enemy, King Stephen, whose army is advancing upon him. The scene of the third act is a public square, where a horde of starving peasants clamor for bread. The conspiracy against Godunoff here reaches its climax. Popular sentiment against him is thoroughly roused by the report that it is his influence at court that has brought famine and hardship upon the people. But the feeling is quickly turned to his favor by the announcement that he has purchased vast stores of food, which he proposes distributing freely among the sufferers. Godunoff now has the good will of the Czar and of the people.

In the third act the death of the Czar is predicted by the astrologers, and the tyrant, terror-struck, pleads for forgiveness from those whom he has harmed. The last act, divided into two scenes, shows the further advance of Godunoff's power and brings, at the climax, the death of Ivan. The situation is tremendous in its tragic intensity when at the last Godunoff, with the insolence of victory in his pose and expression, faces the Czar, and the Czar, realizing at length the character of Godunoff, returns the gaze with a look of hatred that transforms his features

into a terrifying masque. So dies Ivan, tyrant to the last.

Mr. Mansfield's impersonation of the chief character was an achievement that ranks with his very best triumphs of the past. His portrayal was, beyond question, one of the finest creations that has been seen on the American stage in recent years. In appearance, voice, manner and bearing he was so true to the role as to be at one moment loathsome and at the next awe-inspiring. The technical skill revealed in his performance was remarkable. The actor completely submerged himself in the character, and never was he like any of the characters that he had previously played. Every emotion that he portrayed in quick succession was instantly recognized. In his moments of silence he was as impressive as when he spoke—for each turn of the Czar's disordered mind was evidenced by the actor's facial play. It seemed that there was not one element of the character that remained hidden. Despite the faults and weakness of the drama itself, Mr. Mansfield rose in it to almost, if not quite, the pinnacle of artistic perfection.

The supporting company was admirable throughout, but except for Arthur Forrest none of the players had opportunity for the display of more than ordinary skill. Mr. Forrest's Boris was an intelligent, deft, interesting impersonation, full of vigor and marked by splendid earnestness. A. G. Andrews made much of the small role of Michael Bitagofsky. Ida Conquest, as Marie Feodorovna, played the one scene that offered opportunity for emotional strength in an excellent fashion, and in appearance she was truly regal. Vivian Bernard played the small role of a nurse exceedingly well. The stage management was admirable, and the mob in the third act was unusually well handled. The stage settings were massive, handsome and artistic, and the costumes were rich. The incidental music—all of it Russian—added much to the impressiveness of the performance.

## The Rogers Brothers Score Once More.

### The Rogers Brothers in Ireland a Melodious Comedy.

Produced at the Liberty Theatre, Sept. 4. A Musical Farce in Three Acts by John J. McNally. Lyrics by Geo. V. Hobart. Music by Max Hoffman. Production by Klaw & Erlanger.

Heinrich Punk ..... Gus Rogers  
Nicholas Knox ..... Max Rogers  
Alice O'Grady ..... Miss Corinne  
Gerald Fitzgerald ..... Maurice Darcy  
Anastasia O'Hoolihan ..... Miss Josie Intropidi  
Hannah Dooley ..... Miss Bessie de Voie  
Dan O'Hoolihan ..... Chas. F. McCarthy  
Bat Lynch ..... Edward O'Connor  
Dr. Philip Gavan O'Gaffney ..... John Conroy  
Mary O'Gaffney ..... Miss Ethel Intropidi  
Sheila Rhue ..... Miss Julia Eastman  
Pat Shields ..... William Torpey  
Nora ..... Miss Lillian Collins  
Peggy ..... Miss Pauline Thorne  
Maggie ..... Lynn D'Arcy  
Lizzie ..... Miss Grace Grindell  
Officer Murty ..... Arthur V. Gibson  
The Piper ..... George Earle

The Rogers Brothers began their second season at the Liberty Theatre, in which, by the way, they are interested, on September 4, in their latest offering called *The Rogers Brothers in Ireland*. It will be recalled that during Mr. Erlanger's trip to Europe, he visited Ireland and gained some points, and Mr. McNally, who accompanied him, also took copious notes, and recently Gus Rogers spent some time in the territory in which the new play is written. The comedy is a departure from the usual Rogers Brothers' shows and with plenty of songs and jokes, and their odd style of Teutonic fun, they kept the audience in roars of laughter the entire evening. The jokes were good, as well as numerous, and the comedians are surrounded by a company par excellence. The story is of very little concern. It treats of the antics of the two comedians in Ireland, the first scene being located at Glendalough, the second showing the Lakes of Killarney, and the third the Blarney Castle. The song hits were so numerous that it is hard to mention all of them. Maurice Darcy sang "The Irish Girl I Love" with much effect, the chorus rendering him splendid assistance. Bessie de Voie, who played the part of Hannah Dooley, scored one of the hits of the night, in her dancing specialty, and with The Rogers Brothers and Corinne, the song "My Irish Maid" went with a hurrah, and received many encores. Josie Intropidi was also an important factor, while Corinne, who did so well on the summer roof, and who now holds the position as chief support to the comedians, did very well with a song called "So Different." Other musical numbers which are sure to reach the whistling elements of the street are "Hannah Dooley," "The Shamrock of Erin," "Mike Doolin's Jaunting Car" and "The First Time I Rode on the Cars." Altogether there were about a dozen numbers, as well as a fine medley.

The staging was exceedingly effective and the work of Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn commands the highest praise. The audience simply went into ecstasies over the color schemes, and from the rear end of the auditorium the effects were dazzling.

The Rogers Brothers, who have established themselves as strong favorites in New York, have added another success to their interesting career since they became stars under Klaw & Erlanger's management.

## Manhattan—Mary versus John.

Comedy in three acts, by Edith Ellis Baker. Produced Sept. 11.

John Erwin ..... John Mason  
Frank Warner ..... John Emerson  
Mr. Trowbridge ..... William B. Mack  
Mr. Fairfield Fairfield-Stevens ..... Edward Ellis  
Phelan ..... Joseph Hannaway  
Mary Erwin ..... Sadie Martinot  
Barbara Drew ..... Amy Ricard  
Teresa Murphy ..... Annie Yeamans  
Juno Jergensen ..... Vivien Holt  
Miss Jones ..... Ida A. Thomas

Mrs. Baker has succeeded in writing a very clever satire on "das ewige Weibliche" and the equally eternal masculine. Because she has kept so close to her theme, and has written so nearly from the feminine point of view, the purpose of the play does not obtrude. The audience recognizes the satire, but does not see its breadth. The principles Mary upholds are personal, and affect her pride. John's principles are general, and strike him personally only when they hurt his comfort, which includes his self-esteem. To understand this as being a point of difference between the feminine and masculine temperaments is to better appreciate the motive of Mrs. Baker's work. But she has done more than make a clever satire. She has written an entertaining play. The lines sparkle, and the situations move smoothly. Some of the speeches are overlong and now and then the action drags. There seems to be a want of secondary incidents, happenings outside of the theme. The climaxes at the close of the first and second acts lack the snap that compels ap-

plause at the fall of the curtain. But the play is not dull in writing, nor stupid in plotting.

The story is about a young married couple, Mary and John, whose brief married life is a perpetual honeymoon until their theories clash. John holds that a woman should be obedient to her husband, should depend upon him, and above all, should ask him for money when she needs it. Mary has been taught by her suffragist mother that women should be independent, should not have to ask support of a man, but should have careers for making the world better and nobler. Mary's career before her marriage was painting in water colors. She had been quite successful. One connoisseur had purchased twenty-four of her paintings and some friends in Yonkers had patronized her art. But she gave up her career to marry John. To watch over the couple Mary's mother, now in Asia, has left Murphy—a cook with sound sense, a savings bank account and a son who is lightweight champion of Newark. Murphy is disgusted with her job and at the beginning of the play confides her troubles to Frank Warner, John's best friend. Barbara Drew, an unsuccessful and very frank young painter, appears to borrow ten dollars from Mary, and a dress-maker announces her immediate need of an eighth of a yard of velvet. Mary has spent all of the money she had before her marriage, and all her father has furnished since, and is unable to ask her husband. She even refuses to accept Murphy's suggestion that she search John's pockets, even though Murphy assures her that she went through her husband's trousers as regularly as she said her prayers. Finally Mary borrows enough from Murphy to pay for the velvet, and Miss Drew and Warner depart. Miss Drew going with him to save carfare. Left alone John and Mary sit down to breakfast, only to be interrupted by Mary's father, who comes to say good-by. He has been making a round of the theatres during his wife's absence, and is beginning to find himself in danger. To escape he is going to some place in Maine where there are no theatres and no chorus girls. John learns from him that he has been supplying Mary with money since her marriage, which John thinks accounts for her not asking for a check. When the father leaves, John broaches the subject to Mary. Then the teachings of her mother come uppermost in her mind, and after a quarrel over the duties of wives, she announces her intention of resuming her career, and engages, by telephone, her old studio.

The second act shows the studio, bare but for old papers and empty bottles left by the last tenant. Murphy is the first arrival, and then come John and Warner, the former disconsolate and the latter very much mystified. John is determined never to forgive Mary until she acknowledges she was wrong. He leaves Warner to convey his forgiveness if Mary shows a sign of relenting and dejectedly goes to his club, after being bullied by an expressman and advised by Murphy. Miss Drew makes her appearance and energetically sets to work to put the room to rights before Mary comes. Warner interrupts the work by an evident desire to make love to her. Mary's arrival disposes of Miss Drew. Mary retains Warner as her legal adviser in case she should desire a divorce, and makes him promise to keep an eye on John. In return Warner before he leaves gets permission to take painting lessons in Mary's studio. There is a call from Mr. Fairfield-Fairfield-Stevens, the man who bought twenty-four of Mary's paintings before she was married, and who agrees to purchase more, and then Mary is left alone with Murphy. But Murphy is already tired of Bohemian life that offers no better rest than packing boxes and trunks, and goes out to get dinner at "a respectable place." The act closes with Mary sitting alone, with one candle to light the dreariness, a thunderstorm approaching, a single sandwich for refreshments, and the sound of some one singing "Violets" in an adjoining studio.

The third act shows the studio furnished. Miss Drew and Warner here agree to get married, Warner having become very much discouraged at his attempts at art. Mary learns from Mr. Stevens that this gentleman's purchase of her pictures was due to his desire to see her, and that he had never even unwrapped them. And from her father, who has come back to the city to escape a female elocutionist, she discovers that the Yonkers friends had bought her paintings at the instigation of her mother, and that her father had furnished the money. Murphy's announcement that her savings bank account is getting low is hardly needed to make Mary very glad to become reconciled to John when he appears to talk over a cause for divorce.

Sadie Martinot as Mary and John Mason as John were well matched in the parts. At times Miss Martinot's voice was too sugary, but she kept closely to the character and showed an appreciation of the author's intentions. Mr. Mason filled his role as might be expected of him. Nowhere did it call for a lightness he could not give. John Emerson as Frank Warner had one of the most difficult parts in the piece, and handled it skillfully. Amy Ricard played Barbara Drew in a way that won instant praise. To Annie Yeamans, in the character of Teresa Murphy, most applause was accorded. Mrs. Yeamans has never had a role that suited her better, and no one could have put into it more or better comedy. Her work alone would be worth seeing, if there were no other attractions in the play. Vivien Holt as Juno Jergensen, the "Svenska yanitor" played the part well, and Ida A. Thomas as Miss Jones, the dressmaker, made the small role worth remembering. William B. Mack as Mr. Trowbridge failed to give a good impression of a man old enough to be Mary's father, though he did well, especially with the long speeches that fell to his lot. Edward Ellis as Mr. Fairfield-Fairfield-Stevens lacked sincerity, for even such a part must be sincere within its characteristic limitations. Joseph Hannaway as Phelan, an expressman, spoke his few lines well, and acted his part to the life.

## Lyceum—Just Out of College.

Farce in three acts, by George Ade. Produced Sept. 27.

Edward Worthington Swinger, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Septimus Pickering ..... Eugene Jepson  
"Silvers" ..... Mason ..... Charles Jackson  
Prof. H. Dalrymple Bliss ..... George H. Trader  
Ernest Bradford ..... George Irving  
Rufus ..... Harry Fries  
A Collector of Souvenirs ..... Louis Egan  
A Solicitor of Insurance ..... George Allyn  
A Subscription Book Agent ..... Howard Hull  
A Delegate from the Union ..... M. B. Pollock  
A Train Caller ..... Tully Marshall  
A Ticket Seller ..... Albert W. Meyer  
Jack Lindsay ..... Jack Devereau  
Harvey Hughes ..... Paul Humphrey  
Tom Catlin ..... Katharine Gilman  
Caroline Pickering ..... Mabel Amber  
N. W. Jones ..... George Mendum  
Genevieve Chizzle ..... Louise Sydmet  
Luella Jenkins Pickering ..... Blanche Stoddard  
Bernice McCormick ..... Mrs. E. A. Eberle  
Aunt Julia Swinger, of Duluth ..... Elene Foster  
A News-stand Girl ..... Frances Comstock  
A Lonesome Lady Traveler ..... Maud Sinclair  
A Busy Lady Traveler ..... Lillian Seville  
Miss Larkum ..... Louise McNamara  
Miss Byrd ..... Myrtle Tannehill  
Miss Blythe

Swamped in a sea of complications, George Ade's latest play barely succeeded in keeping alive through the second and third acts and in getting its head above water at the finish. As long as the entertainment consisted of character studies and contests of wit there was no fault to be found; but just as soon as a plot

began to develop beyond the simple point of caricature there was a painful drop from originality into a mass of commonplace from which no better rescue could be found than tricks long ago worn threadbare. It is fortunate that there are enough laughs in the first act and sufficient characters in the third that have nothing to do with the story to put the audience in a good humor at the beginning and arouse something of the same state of mind near the end. Otherwise, *Just Out of College* might go the way of *The Bad Samaritan*. It is impossible to hope that it will approach the records of *The County Chairman* or *The College Widow*.

The story is about a young man, just out of college, who aspires to the hand of the only daughter of a wealthy pickle manufacturer. He borrows money from his prospective father-in-law, finances a rival pickle concern and compels the old gentleman to buy him out. The first act shows the office of Pickering's pickle factory, and Mr. Pickering in an irritated state of mind. He bulldozes his bookkeeper and office boy, but is placed in a state of sickly submission by his statuesque stenographer. He is not in a humor to meet a proposal for his daughter's hand with favor, but when he learns of the colossal nerve of Swinger, the aspirant, and of certain designs of Mrs. Pickering, who has discovered an apostle of repose whom she thinks suitable for Caroline, the daughter, he agrees to let the young man have a chance. He goes so far as to lend Swinger \$20,000 to start into business, on the condition that he will not see Caroline for the period of three months, and will, at the end of that time, make a satisfactory report of the funds.

In the second act, which takes place at a pure food exhibition, it is learned that Swinger has invested the money in a new pickle concern, started by a former boarding-house keeper, Miss Jones, and exceedingly over-capitalized. Circus methods of advertising have made the new business a formidable rival to the pickle trust and Pickering negotiates for its purchase. Swinger has told Miss Jones that the money he furnished was a legacy from his Aunt Julia, of Duluth. As might be expected, Caroline becomes jealous of Miss Jones, and Aunt Julia arrives at an inopportune moment, putting Mr. Swinger in a rather bad mess.

Swinger, in act three, is hanging around a railway station to intercept Caroline and try to square himself. Here a news-stand girl, a fresh ticket seller, a collector of souvenirs and several travellers afford considerably more amusement than the sufferings of Mr. Swinger. At the end matters are readily explained by Mr. Pickering. Miss Jones discovers that the husband who deserted her years before, and who is no other than the apostle of repose, has secured a divorce, and the "Bingo Pickle Company" passes out of existence, absorbed by the trust.

Excessive nervousness marred the effectiveness of young Joseph Wheelock's first appearance as a star. The part of Edward Worthington Swinger does not offer him very much opportunity to display his ability, but he seems capable of getting out of it all there is to be had. It was hard to understand whether Swinger's lamb-like innocence of business affairs was intended as part of a bluff or was supposed to be real. With less self-consciousness and more confidence he will probably prove worthy of his elevation. As the play is written, however, the part of Mr. Pickering, played by Eugene Jepson, is the star role. And Mr. Jepson played it admirably, with the seriousness that makes true comedy. Charles Jackson as "Silvers" Mason, a bibulous college youth, shared with Mr. Jepson many of the laughs in the first act, and helped brighten the complicated second and third. Katharine Gilman, as Caroline Pickering, failed to display much color and made one feel Swinger's love for her to be a peculiar infatuation. George Mendum was vivacious and convincing as Genevieve Chizzle, and Mabel Amber played the part of N. W. Jones, a "female business man," with a full appreciation of the character and without a touch of burlesque. Louise Sydmet was good as Mrs. Pickering, president of the Co-ordinated Culture Clubs, and Mrs. E. A. Eberle appreciated the comedy in the role of Aunt Julia Swinger, of Duluth. Elene Foster as a news-stand girl in the last act presented one of the best character parts of the piece. Blanche Stoddard, as Bernice McCormick, the statuesque stenographer, was altogether satisfactory. George H. Trader put considerable into the role of Prof. Bliss, the apostle of repose, a part hardly up to the standard of the other characters. George Irving adequately filled the role of Ernest Bradford, the bookkeeper, and Harry Fries was a natural office boy. Tully Marshall, as a ticket seller, made good use of the clever lines given him in the last act. The other members of the cast, Louis Egan, George Allyn, Howard Hull, M. B. Pollock, Albert W. Meyer, Jack Devereau, Paul Humphrey, Frances Comstock, Maud Sinclair, Lillian Seville, Louise McNamara, and Myrtle Tannehill were all as satisfactory in small roles as the more prominent members of the company in the important ones. The well drawn and well played characters and the many clever lines may make *Just Out of College* a success. The plot will not assist.



## New York—The Ham Tree.

Musical vaudeville in three sections, by George B. Hobart. Lyrics and music by William Jerome and Jean Schwartz. Produced Aug. 28.

Alexander Hambletonian ..... James McIntyre  
Henry Jones ..... T. K. Heath  
Sherlock Baffles ..... W. C. Fields  
Ernest Everhart ..... Forrest Huff  
Lord Spotsch ..... Alfred Fisher  
Laurence Nicklebacker ..... David Torrence  
Mrs. Nicklebacker ..... Jobyna Howland  
Tessie Nicklebacker ..... Caroline Gordon  
Desdemona ..... Belle Gold  
Jimpsey ..... Harry Cooper  
Ponsonby ..... Otto F. Johnson  
Bill Peters ..... Harry Tally  
Ike Mainster ..... Irving Cooper  
Len Smith ..... Harry D. Mayo

The vaudeville graduates transposed to Broadway richly deserve their popular appreciation and new successes. For years they have given the "regulars" a living lesson in thoroughness, and the results of hard work that is now being rightly rewarded and that will result in many other "stars" twinkling in new orbits. A matinee actor may grow haughty and careless in his work, but the vaudeville performer, like the tight-rope walker, must maintain a certain standard every time or come to a sudden drop.

McIntyre and Heath have long deserved stellar honors, as performers go, and swarms of their friends crowded the New York Theatre last Monday evening to welcome them under the spreading Ham Tree. But they were deserving

of a better vehicle, for there was furnished them a very wabbling easel to support the familiar scene of the Georgia Minstrels and their travel-worn trunk. The public only endured its witless inanity and conventionality of theme because they knew the "stars" could not appear and talk all the time.

A certain Mrs. Nicklebacker desires her daughter to marry Lord Spotsch, but the girl is in love with an American youth who puts up a joke on the title worshipping lady to pass the stranded minstrels off as her expected guests, and Indian Rajah and Roull. When the imposture is discovered, the "lady" is so chagrined she gives her blessing just when the curtain should come down for the eleven o'clock carriage call.

James McIntyre was as drolly pathetic and wearily hungry as ever as the minstrel who is homesick for his livery stable, and T. K. Heath was the unctuously funny, as always, as the black face who is worldly wise and delusive with his stories of the tree that grows hams, as well as other gustatory wonders. W. C. Fields surprised only those who were not familiar with his famous and highly clever Tramp Juggler act. Forrest Huff won many encores with "On an Automobile Honeymoon," sung with the clever aid of Jane Lovell and the fiercely active Wayburning chorus. David Torrence and Alfred Fisher acquitted themselves as well as they were permitted to do by the author in Earl of Pawtucket and Mr. Pipp parts. Jobyna Howland came to the front with dramatic qualities as the jealous lady of position, and had an appropriately pretty daughter in Caroline Gordon. Belle Gold was a lively and pretty "cullud gal." Otto F. Johnson deserves credit for an excellent make-up and characterization of an English valet. The Empire City Quartette lived up to its reputation, especially the remarkable bass, Harry D. Mayo, who is too good to be lost longer in ensemble work. The forty-eight graceful members of the many-changing and lively skipping chorus added much to the pictures by helping the audience to forget there was a stupidly commonplace and imaginationless story. They had evidently been most thoroughly drilled by Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn until their work was done as readily and gayly as if they really enjoyed it. "Sweethearts in Every Town," "The Merry Minstrel Band" and "Good-bye, Sweet Old Manhattan Isle," an imitation of "Give My Regards to Broadway," were especially effective and well received. No money had been wasted on elaborate scenery or effects in the four sets, but Broadway heartily welcomed the principals, who gave all that was of real value in the "show."

## Grand—The Belle of the West.

Musical comedy in three acts, by Harry Smith. Music by Karl L. Hoschna. Produced Nov. 13.

Bob Randolph ..... Jack Randolph  
Tarantula Jake ..... Joseph Greene  
Sir Montague Montague ..... George B. Jackson  
August Winer ..... Ernest Otto  
Henry Schuitzel ..... Arthur Otto  
Methusalem Jones ..... Jimmy Lee  
Glad Hand Bill ..... J. E. Miller  
Dakota Dan ..... Ernest D. Wood  
Short-Card Charley ..... Wallace F. Berry  
Ah Chew ..... Joseph W. Herbert, Jr.  
Mirandy Jane ..... Harlette Keyes  
Nora ..... Leona Ambrose  
Cora ..... Iona D'Autry  
Flora ..... Tina Hunt  
Aurora ..... Hazel Wise  
Laura ..... Elsie Artz  
Virginia Lee ..... Bessie Clifford  
Florence Bindley

The Belle of the West, a musical comedy with melodramatic trimmings, was seen for the first time here last week. The Grand Opera House was filled at the opening performance and much enthusiasm was shown over the work of Florence Bindley, the clever little comedienne, who is starring in the piece. Miss Bindley's popularity is such that it would carry a worse play than her present vehicle, and with the able assistance of Arthur and Ernest Otto she managed to please her admirers greatly.

Miss Bindley appears as Virginia Lee, a girl from Washington, who has taken a position as school teacher in a wild Western town. Her pupils are all full-grown men, and of course they are all in love with her. All are rough characters, except Bob Randolph, a young New Yorker, of whom the others are jealous, as the school-mistress favors his society. He is falsely and farcically accused of robbing a stage-coach, and the plot revolves around this incident until the real culprits are discovered. The story appears only occasionally, as there are nineteen musical numbers, leaving but little room for narrative. The piece is well suited to the tastes of the patrons of the popular-priced houses and for those who like plenty of rough comedy it is in every way pleasing. Miss Bindley managed to preserve her daintiness and quiet, effective methods in spite of her surroundings, but every one else seemed to be imbued with a fiendish desire to whoop things up as much as possible. The star was especially successful with "Holding Hands," "Where the Flag Is Waving," "My Little Lassie" and "The Frog and the Owl," using in the last named song her famous diamond dress that is always sure to create a sensation. The comedy honors were carried off triumphantly by the Ottos, who are among the cleverest Dutch comedians on the boards. Their specialty in the last act took the audience by storm and they were recalled many times. Joseph Greene was effective as Tarantula Jake and Jack Randolph sang agreeably as Bob Randolph. Jimmy Lee made a hit with a horse-play dance in the last act. The members of the cast were quite equal to the tasks imposed upon them. The scenery was good, and the production, which was staged by Edward W. Rose, did him much credit. This week's attraction is The Pearl and the Pumpkin.

## Proctor's Fifth Avenue—Oliver Twist.

Dramatization in four acts by J. Comyns Carr. Produced Nov. 13.

Mr. Brownlow ..... William Norton  
Dr. Sime ..... R. R. Neil  
Mrs. Bedwin ..... Mabel Crawley  
Harry Maylie ..... H. Dudley Hawley  
Grimwig ..... Gerald Griffin  
Mr. Bumble ..... Edmund Lyons  
Mrs. Bumble ..... Mathilde Deshon  
Betty ..... Edna West  
The Artful Dodger ..... Charles Abbe  
Charley Bates ..... J. Gunnis Davis  
Tom Chitling ..... J. Arthur Shaw  
Barney ..... Harold Hartsell  
Bill Sikes ..... Hardee Kirkland  
Nancy Sikes ..... Amelia Bingham  
Oliver Twist ..... Agnes Scott  
Fagin, the Jew ..... J. E. Dodson  
Mrs. Maylie ..... Julia Blanc  
Rose Maylie ..... Frances Starr  
Monks ..... Robert Cummings  
Giles ..... Arthur Hoyt  
Warder ..... R. R. Neil  
Jailer ..... Arthur Shaw  
Servant ..... David Thompson

Charles Dickens is, perhaps, nearer the hearts of the English-speaking world than any writer of the age—more humanly near, that is, closer to its heart-throbs. Back in the inner sanctuary of memory's castle, along with the dear familiars of Alice in Wonderland and the fairy folk from Grimm, close friends of the sweet, believing childhood days, are the real, the living characters, that people his books. Little Nell, Dorrit, Pickwick, Nicholas Nickleby, David Copperfield, and Oliver Twist are old friends and comrades to the grammar school child of two continents.

It was a new version of Oliver Twist that F. F. Proctor offered to his audience on Monday evening at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. This dramatization was by J. Comyns Carr, and was produced in London with Beerholm Tree as Fagin. The version is no better and no worse than others that have been presented. There are a few strong situations, loosely strung together. The construction is poor, the ending weak and an effective climax is lacking. The last act is flung together like a meal of pick-ups that must be cleared away. Fagin has been made the principal character, and as a part is well drawn. Despite the weak construction there is enough suggestion of possibilities in the material to make one, Oliver-like, cry for more. The very quality Dickens claims for his story and which is conceded to him unquestioningly is the quality most lacking in the play. "It involves the best and the worst in our common nature; much of its ugliest hues and something of its most beautiful; it is a contradiction, an anomaly, an apparent impossibility, but it is the truth." The play does not ring true. It fails to reproduce the spirit of Dickens, that appeal and sympathy for miserable, suffering mankind that he made to unifying men. It was love for his kind that made Dickens great, and there must be a sympathetic comprehension of this quality in any adequate version of his novels.

The creditable work of a competent company, the excellent staging and appointments, gave value to an otherwise worthless play. The pictorial side of the production was admirable. The costumes were faithful reproductions of the characteristic Cruikshank sketches which have given the Americans their conception of English types. The stage settings and costuming were a constant delight to the eye. Only one adverse criticism can be offered, and that is a protest against the over-abundant and artificial use of the limelight, that was not only disilluminating but destroyed the effectiveness of certain situations by its artificiality.

Mr. Tree suggested that J. E. Dodson be engaged to play the leading role of Fagin, a choice that proved a very happy and successful one. Mr. Dodson, very like Shylock in make-up, gave an admirable and artistic rendering of the part. He was never out of the picture, imparting a subtle consistency to the role so easily caricatured. In his final scene, in the cell, he gave a strong, masterly performance that brought him hearty, merited applause. Amelia Bingham gave a capital rendering of Nancy, an unusual role for her. She showed considerable power and crude force and was at her best in the tense situations. In the forced comedy in Act III, shortly before she is killed by Bill Sikes, she was unnatural, but the artificial lines were a severe handicap. Hardee Kirkland was a striking figure as Bill Sikes and fitted well in make-up and interpretation with the general conception of the brutal character. His acting was strong and sincere. The Grimwig of Gerald Griffin was one of the most successful impersonations of the evening. His lines were good and he made the most of them. Agnes Scott was pleasing as Oliver, almost too pleasing at times to portray the miserable little wail from the workhouse. Never once is this Oliver allowed to cry for "More." Edmund Lyons as Mr. Bumble, the beadle, was capital. The Mr. Brownlow of William Norton was often indistinct, though otherwise satisfactory. On the stage the Artful Dodger—such a living character in the novel—was well played by Charles Abbe, but it was overshadowed by the excellent Charley Bates of J. Gunnis Davis. Arthur Shaw in the double roles of Tom Chitling and the Jailer did creditable work. Robert Cummings, who in the part of Monks presented a typical villain, white teeth, side snarls and the rest, received his reward of hisses from the gallery. H. Dudley Hawley as Harry Maylie made a good-looking young lover for Rose, a part taken very charmingly by Frances Starr. Mathilde Deshon rather overdid the small part of Mrs. Bumble, while Mabel Crawley was too stagey and unsympathetic in the role of the nurse, Mrs. Bedwin, a part requiring careful treatment. Edna West was well cast as Betty. R. R. Neil, Harold Hartsell, Julia Blanc, Arthur Hoyt, and David Thompson took small parts pleasingly.

## Garrick—Whitewashing Julia.

Comedy in three acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced Dec. 2.

Mr. William Stillington ..... Guy Standing  
Mr. Samways ..... W. H. Crompton  
The Hon. Edwin Pinkney ..... Edward Ables  
The Hon. Bevis Pinkney ..... Herbert McKenzie  
Charlie Dobbs ..... George Douglas  
Griggs ..... Frederick Raymond  
Julia (Mrs.) Wren ..... Fay Davis  
Lady Pinkney ..... Ida Vernon  
The Hon. Mrs. Bevis Pinkney ..... Elizabeth Stewart  
Trixie Blenkinsop ..... Louise Drew  
Mrs. Chaytor ..... Lillian Thurgate  
Miss Fewings ..... Ida Waterman  
Mrs. Benbow ..... Maggie Holloway  
Bessie ..... Doris Kenne  
Meade ..... Caroline Starbuck  
Bryant ..... Annie Lee Burson

## Madison Square—My Lady Dainty.

Comedy in four acts by Madeline Lucette Ryley. Produced Jan. 8.

William Vane Oglethorpe ..... Herbert Kelcey  
Reverend Francis Folger ..... Richard Dillon  
Robert Rocket ..... Guy Bates Post  
Berry Sellers ..... William Boag  
Felix Montague-Smythe ..... William A. Evans  
Milton Folger ..... Edward Argyle  
Artemis Folger ..... Willie Pink  
Lady Oglethorpe ..... William Weston  
Jemima Jeffrey ..... Effie Shannon  
Lady Oglethorpe ..... Ethel Sanborn  
Caroline Kavanagh ..... Winona Shannon  
Mrs. Folger ..... Louise Bryant  
Clissy Folger ..... Loretta Hays  
Mrs. Richards ..... Mrs. Isabel Waldron

## American—Tom, Dick and Harry.

Musical extravaganza in two scenes. Book and lyrics by Harry Williams and Aaron Hoffman, with music by Egbert Van Alstyne. Produced Sept. 25.

Tom ..... George L. Bickel  
Dick ..... Harry Watson, Jr.  
Harry ..... Ed Lee Wrothe  
Colonel Bluff ..... Harry Bond  
Lieutenant Manley ..... Frank Thorndyke  
Don Garcia ..... Robert Athon  
Galle ..... Tom O'Brien  
Reverse ..... Clay Price  
Malto ..... John Henry  
Congo ..... Frank Stapleton  
Carson, a waiter ..... James Lichter  
The Great Mogul ..... Frank Bernard  
I'm a Trailer ..... Frank McCue  
Senerito Riccardo ..... Jeanette La Beau  
Lillian Bluff ..... Bessie Clifford  
Mrs. Ella Noyes ..... Dorothy La Mar

As no form could better suit this popular trio than that in which they achieved success last season, Tom, Dick and Harry runs in the same well-oiled grooves, much to the delight of a house that filled the standing room of the American on the opening night.

There was a thin rivulet of plot running through the broad acres of laughable specialties. Bickel, Watson and Wrothe have made their own particular field, but no one noticed it much. In fact, it was a relief when it was bridged and out of sight, for it had no source in the bright springs of real humor. Traced with a highly magnifying glass, it seems that a general at West Point had invented a flying machine that was so desired by the President of a mythical country that he sent a band of spies under Senerito Riccardo's leadership to steal it. Of course the three stranded musicians get the keys among other things coming their way furiously, and sail away in it to the waiting President of Port O'Domingo. As usual, he receives them with a solo and a frisky chorus. All the rest of the cast come along to make trouble and earn their salaries with more songs and dances. The trio have a chance for their best specialties and funniest "stunts." One of them occupies the throne for a troublous busy hour, and the curtain falls—just in time to keep the waiting chauffeurs from catching cold because of too long exposure in the night air necessitated by repeated encores.

The make-up of this three-of-a-kind were just as crude and distressingly reminiscent of a soapless existence as ever, and were welcomed by a well-trained laughing claque that was so vociferous at times that it attracted more attention than the stage occupants. The Bum had the unctuousness and personality of the real artist at times, and the Dutchman's leading of the band was as finished a bit of burlesque as ever. They were bombarded with many huge structures of floral pieces during their catchy "I Forget the Rhyme" trio. Harry Bond was an excellent colonel and Frank Thorndyke made a dashing picture of the matinee girl's dream of a Lieutenant. Robert Athon did some clever work as the President who had his troubles, and Frank Stapleton

won many laughs by his comedy readings. Jeanette La Beau was the leader of the spies and has a pleasing personality that she used to excellent advantage in her songs and Spanish work. Dorothy La Mar was the widow, charming enough to win any battle-scarred veteran's heart. Bessie Clifford danced and sang her whirlwind way straight into the hearts of the thousands present. She well deserves her enthusiastic plaudits, for while of pretty and piquantly petite personality she has a largeness and breadth in her work that shows her made of artistic star stuff. Money was not wasted on hiring an artist to paint the first set or choose the costumes or chorus, but the color schemes of some of the last act dances were almost up to New York taste. There were many prominent theatrical people present.

## Fourteenth Street—Marching Through Georgia.

Melodrama in four acts by Daniel L. Hart. Produced Sept. 8.

Colonel William Warrent ..... Albert McGovern  
Captain James Jennings ..... Oscar Norfleet  
Sergeant George Harvey ..... William Hart  
General Sidney Leland ..... George W. Mitchell  
Surgon Sidney Butler ..... L. P. Hicks  
Corporal Charles Bowmar ..... Francis Yale  
Private Hill ..... James H. Scott  
Lieutenant Pace ..... J. F. Wighamam  
Major James Wilson ..... John L. Wooderson  
Thomas Mobberly ..... Arthur E. Sprague  
Amos Meedy ..... Charles H. Phillips  
Virginia Leland ..... Willette Kershaw  
Louise Madison ..... Margaret Evans  
Mrs. Gilroy ..... Lou Ripley

Those who have wondered what "gun-play" means could have had their curiosity thoroughly satisfied last week when Marching Through Georgia was produced at this popular theatre. That the play was something very much to the taste of the gallery was attested by the tumultuous enthusiasm with which those in that part of the theatre welcomed this pleasing but noisy love story. There is much that is reminiscent of other war successes in character and incident, but the first act started at a lively pace and was woven with dramatic skill. If the starting gait had been maintained throughout the last two acts it would be a record-breaker, but the pace dropped and the author did not make the most of his thriller material.

To a charmingly pictured Southern home comes a squad of Sherman's soldiers while marching to the sea. They start to raid the house, whose men folk are away fighting for the Southland. The usual fair daughter opposes their entrance. They start to break in, but Colonel Warrent rushes in and saves her and her home. Later in the act he is wounded, after having rescued the Stars and Stripes in a rousing hand-to-hand fight. When borne in on a stretcher the villain over-seer would have him taken to Andersonville, but the pretty lady orders him taken into the house he protected. Her nursing saves his life, but she loses her heart. Just as she confesses her love that villainous Mobberly shoots the convalescent hero in the back. Thinking himself dying he confesses that he has fought and killed the lady's father. This time my lady does not nurse him back to life. When recovering his friends rescue him by force from the lynching party led by Mobberly, but he returns to keep his parole. He is about to kill the villain when the father, who was thought dead, returns with the news of Lee's surrender. The lady fair admits, "If Lee can be brave enough to surrender so can I," and goes to the hero's waiting arms, much to the delight of the gallery.

Albert McGovern looked the hero and played unusually well for popular priced drama. Oscar Norfleet also made a hit with the house as the leader of the rescuing friends, having ready ease and pleasing personality. L. P. Hicks was imposing and capable as the Confederate surgeon with a heart. J. F. Wighamam and Margaret Evans made the secondary couple of lovers a delight by good work and attractive individualities. John L. Wooderson was the major who "fought in Mexico with Scott," and richly deserved his popularity, as did Lou Ripley, who played opposite him as the Irish widow of big heart and certain age. Willette Kershaw is a find and will be heard of often, as she has great charm and youthful beauty and is young and sincere enough to conquer her faults of technique. The exterior mounting was Southern and very attractive, and the staging by Frank B. Hatch so good it almost hid some of the holes in the texture of the play. This week The Beauty Doctor.

Farce in four acts, by George Ade. Produced Sept. 12.

Alonzo Gridley ..... Edward See  
Blunford Higgins ..... Samuel Reed  
H. Calhoun Galloway ..... L. Wadsworth Harris  
Homer McGee ..... Jacques Kruger  
Andrew Jackson Jones ..... Ralph Dean  
Signor Pietro Gargellini ..... George Marion  
Eugene Spillers ..... Harry Stone  
Thomas Gilroy Webb III ..... Harry Stubbs  
Otis Purkey ..... Nicholas Burnham  
Henry Doty ..... Sam B. Hardy  
Mr. Fox ..... Sam B. Hardy  
The Chauffeur ..... E. Y. Backus  
The Bell Boy ..... Frank Perley  
The Sea Side Waiter ..... Fred Cumming  
The Barker ..... Mat Green  
Suzanne Wheatly ..... Anne Sutherland  
Elizabeth Forest Gridley ..... Augusta True  
Jessie Gridley ..... Ceceyle Mayer  
Belle Hinkle ..... Grace Fisher  
Bessie Putnam ..... Adelaide Orton  
Florence Holloway ..... Mary Mallon  
Laura Frisbee ..... Carolyn Lee  
Uncle Ike Gridley ..... Richard Golden

That standing room is not yet at a premium at the Garden Theatre is partly because of the theme of the new play and partly because of its treatment. The piece is full of the Ade sort of "tintypes," as they have been called, and laughter is frequent; but the selection of story is not as happy as in The College Widow or The County Chairman. The theme of ingratitude is always bitter, however true it may be in actual life. Almost this identical story is a classic in several literatures. It might do for straight comedy or satire, but in the present case it is written like burlesque and is staged in spots like the musical farce its writing also suggests.

After successfully dealing in hides and tallow for forty years, Uncle Ike Gridley transferred his business to his nephew, but his nephew's wife, who was a cashier in a cheap restaurant, becomes socially ambitious and makes life so uncomfortable for uncle that he retires to a little country hotel in New Boston. Here he goes fishing with the boys and becomes rejuvenated, like all fishermen. The place abounds in the "tintypes": the proprietor of the hotel, the inventor of a carpet beater, the livery stable boy, the girl with a voice and ambitions, the housekeeper and "hired help." Through the coming of a lawyer and his relatives Uncle learns that the transfer of his business was illegal because he forgot to have it sealed. Delighted at the news he resumes the management of his fortune and invites all his country friends to come to town with him and promises to realize for them their ambitions.

Uncle Ike puts them all up in the suite that he calls a chambermaid's dream and that looks like a dish of spaghetti with tomato sauce, first turning out his relatives, and that bitter taste begins, for all his friends become ungrateful grafters. He is an "easy mark" for the plainest dimfams ever worked, and the audience wonders if he ever really made his money by the hard work he claimed to have devoted to it. Finally, at Nirvana-by-the-Sea, which is an excellent musical comedy reproduction of the board walk at Atlantic City, the old man balks, calls his protégés grafters and tells them to go to h—, including the charming housekeeper he is supposed to be in love with. Here, as elsewhere, is sacrificed for the momentary laugh much in fine feeling and sincerity.

The last act is in October in front of the New Boston Inn, where Uncle Ike lived when free from the accusation of tainted money. The scenery man has caught the spirit of the piece and the garden that was filled with cabbages in June is now full of golden pumpkins. The village is being presented with a library and all the former crowd come for the free lunch. Uncle Ike's family matters are satisfactorily arranged and the housekeeper, the one sympathetic character in the piece, gets him for bad or worse, and all ends in harmony, except the village band.

The unreality and insincerity of the piece were aided by the farce methods of Mr. Golden, who will play and look at the audience while working and indulge in eccentric actions that help much to win the ready laughs of the empty-headed, but mar the effect when conviction is essential. Edward See did smooth work as the nephew Alonzo, who "is not a bad fellow at heart, but, well—he wears side whiskers." Samuel Reed was excellent as the proprietor of the New Boston Hotel, and L. Wadsworth Harris as the lawyer, who is as slick as his shiny Prince Albert. Jacques Kruger was good as the inventor who is working to emancipate the negro race from carpet beating. Ralph Dean had a vigorous part that he played strenuously. George Marion emerged from his power-behind-the-throne fame and won instant recognition in the character he made of the Italian professor of music. Harry Stone became a bookmaker and was favored with such Ade slang that he won the principal laughs of the last act. Harry Stubbs did his little well as the youthful lover. Nicholas Burnham must be credited with one of the best of the many clever character make-ups. Sam B. Hardy won continued laughter, not loud, but of that sincere kind that goes with artistic comedy work and make up, for his shadowing detective who never spoke. E. Y. Backus was good, as always, as the chauffeur who is always needing money for repairs, till Uncle Ike says, "He must use vintage gasoline." Frank Perley, Fred Cumming and Mat Green filled bits acceptably. Anne Sutherland was sympathetic and lovable in the very womanly character of the cook who can do such wonders "with nothing but prunes and vermicelli to work with." Augusta True was capital as the new-rich cashier. Ceceyle Mayer showed at a disadvantage in a straight part amid so many laughable characters, one of the best being furnished by Carolyn Lee who was the "hired help" that loves sad stories and finally becomes the French maid of the budding Melba, well played by Grace Fisher. Money was not spared in a production that is a decided credit to the Savage management.

## Bijou—What's the Matter With Susan?

Farce in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced Dec. 1.

Mary Maguire ..... Edith Barker  
Frank ..... Edward Dresser  
Charley Worth ..... George Fox  
Lillie ..... Myrtle Vinson  
Susan Powers ..... Alice Fischer  
Horace Martin ..... Edw. Holt  
Joe Parker ..... Charles Bradshaw  
William Gorman ..... John S. Robertson  
Edwin Pierce ..... Morgan Coman  
Arthur Martin ..... Esther Tittell  
Mrs. Knox ..... William Harcourt  
Lieutenant Kelly ..... Nellie King  
Little Tom ..... Harry Wright  
Michael Shea ..... Charles Green

## Star—Lost in the Desert.

Melodrama in four acts, by Owen Davis. Produced Jan. 14.

Jack Knowles ..... Edwin Walter  
Duncan Howells ..... Orin Kyle  
Abon Nizan ..... Randolph Roberts  
Biker ..... Louis Thiel  
Dan ..... Van Dyke Brooke  
Captain Reuben Dow ..... Harry B. Keen  
Hank Pretty ..... Albert C. Davis  
Professor Skite ..... Jack Meredith  
Bill Wilson ..... Walter Blanchard  
Clark ..... Joe J. Williams  
Dick Moore ..... Frank Guckert  
Helen Bradford ..... Christine Langford  
Sally Peasley ..... Iza Breyer



## Daly's—The Catch of the Season.

Musical play in two acts, by Seymour Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton. Music by Haines and Baker. Lyrics by Charles H. Taylor. Produced Aug. 28.

The Duke of St. Jermyns ..... Farren Soutar  
Lord Bagdad Montague ..... Fred Kaye  
Mr. William Gibson ..... Fred Wright, Jr.  
Lord Yatton ..... Bert Slinden  
Sir John Crystal ..... W. L. Branscombe  
Tallieu Andrews ..... Tallieu Andrews  
Captain Rushpool ..... Frank Norman  
Almerie Montpelier ..... Jack H. Miller  
Badrington ..... Vivian Graham  
Hon. William Dorking ..... John F. Sullivan  
Bucket ..... Master Louis Victor  
First Footman ..... C. J. Evans  
Second Footman ..... W. J. P. West  
The Duchess ..... Maud Milton  
Lady Caterham ..... Annie Esmond  
Lady Crystal ..... Jane May  
The Hon. Sophia Bedford ..... Margaret Fraser  
Angela ..... Edna May  
Princess Schowenhe-Hohenschowen ..... Madge Greet  
Hon. Ermytrude Dorking ..... Vivian Vowles  
Clotilde ..... Dora Sevensen

Beautiful gowns, beautiful women, a charming little story and music that pleases without leaving a memory have carried The Catch of the Season through 400 nights in London. Perhaps they may serve a like end at Daly's. For the play is entertaining and the pictures, though they do most often resemble displays of modistes' models, satisfy the sense of color and the desire for a brilliant animation. The piece is not very funny, however. Most of the jokes are pointless and what Americans accept as typically British humor. And the comic songs lacked point. Since the piece does not need jokes or comic songs to make it attractive their failure is unfortunate rather than disastrous.

The simple story is told without complexity of plot. It is Cinderella, modernized, with two haughty step-sisters, an equally haughty step-mother, a doting, weak old father, a fairy god-mother from Dublin, a Duke for the Prince, and a charming, girlish Cinderella, who shares cold tea and thick bread with her Prince and wins him. Often the story is entirely lost among the gowns of the Gibson girls and the especially imported French dancers, but now and then it crops out delightfully between the pictures. The love scenes are without sentimentality and the songs that have to do with the story are reasonable.

Edna May never had a better opportunity to display her girlishness than in the part of Angela. As the demure, "sat-upon" younger sister who is resigned to staying at home from the ball because she is used to being made to stay at home, and as the silver and white clad "Miss Mollie O'Halloran," belle of the Duke's party, joyous in the abandon of make-believe, she was captivatingly natural. She still has the peculiar quaver in her voice when she sings, but it was not unpleasant, and her songs in the first act, "A Good Little Girl" and "Buttercup," were among the few things to be remembered, so well were they rendered. "Raining," in the second act, was not so pleasing. Miss May showed considerable development as an actress, and her scene with the Duke in the first act gave evidence of an ability she has seldom been credited with having.

Farren Soutar as the Duke of St. Jermyns proved to be a clever actor, a good singer and a graceful dancer. In the second act he sang "Church Parade," with an accompaniment of young ladies in a way to set the feet of the audience going. And with Vivian Vowles he danced himself into strong favor. Fred Kaye as Lord Bagdad Montague, and Fred Wright, Jr., as William Gibson, the magistrate with twelve daughters, were unfortunate in having witless jokes to recite. Mr. Kaye was frequently unintelligible, even when he meant to be understood, but he kept the audience in a good humor. Mr. Wright was burdened with two heavy comic songs, "Quaint Old Bird" and "Seaweed," that he failed to make amusing. Another song he had, "All Done by Kindness," possessed more merit. In company with Bert Slinden, who played Lord Yatton, he sang a song of school days, "Back to Harrow," and he and Mr. Slinden had a dance full of novelty and well performed. An unexpected hit was made by Louis Victor as Bucket, the love-sick page who aspires to the hand of his master's daughter. With a cockney voice and an excellent idea of burlesque, he deserved the praise he received. Maud Milton as Lady Caterham was a buxom and jolly fairy godmother. Annie Esmond as Lady Crystal and Jane May and Margaret Fraser as Angela's step-sisters were haughty and dignified. Mrs. J. P. West played the part of the Duke's mother graciously, and Madge Greet had the role of Princess Schowenhe-Hohenschowen, who was after the Duke. W. L. Branscombe had little to do as Sir John Crystal, Angela's father, and Frank Norman as Captain Rushpool, Jack H. Miller as Almerie Montpelier and Vivian Graham as Badrington had very small roles. The Gibson girls, English contingent, contributed much to the comedy of the play, as well as to the pictures. The French contingent, imported for the occasion, hardly fulfilled the promises made for them. One very small dance during the "Church Parade" song, whose chorus they attempted to sing in English, was the only good chance they had to let an American audience see how attractive of the Folies Bergeres, Parisienne, and Ambassadeurs can dance.

Tallieu Andrews, of last year's School Girl company, was interpolated in both acts, and sang two songs, the first of which, "Little Girl, You'll Do," was roundly applauded.

The staging of the piece, both in costumes and in scenery, showed a lavish expenditure. The scene curtains of yellow silk used between the first and second scenes of Act II were too thin, and a good deal of effectiveness was lost by the audience seeing the shadows of the stage hands at work behind them.

## Garrick—The Girl in the Barracks.

Comedy in three acts, adapted from the German of Curt Kraatz and Heinrich Stobitzer. Produced Oct. 16.

Paul Roland ..... Joseph Coyne  
Aurelie ..... Beatrice Bonner  
Le Hardy ..... Louis Mann  
Claire ..... Helen Harrington  
Gaston ..... Thornton Cole  
Liane Tourbillon ..... Clara Lipman  
Colonel Ravellin ..... George W. Barnum  
Blanche ..... Vivian Edsall  
Lieutenant Serigny ..... Leighton Leigh  
Sergeant Du Bois ..... Bert Flansburgh  
Corporal Benoit ..... Benjamin T. Dillon  
Charlotte ..... Mary E. Post  
Policeman ..... Bert Flansburgh  
Milly ..... Amy Lesser  
Pia ..... Mabel Freyner  
A sentry ..... Claude Yerkes

## American—Our New Minister.

Comedy drama by Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer. Produced Nov. 30.

Thaddeus Strong ..... Ernest Hastings  
Lem Ransom ..... Charles Stedman  
Darius Sturtle ..... Joseph Conyers  
Curt Hoten ..... John Barker  
Obadiah Blurton ..... Louis Pierce  
Sylvanus Bartlett ..... Fred Foreman  
Calvin Abdul ..... W. C. Tanner  
Hanselbal Chapman ..... John P. Brown  
Skeels ..... Grant Foreman  
Jack Fraser ..... Grace Hanson  
Nance Ransom ..... Clara Rainford  
Dorcas Tattibay ..... Phylla May  
Esther Strong ..... Phylla May

## Lyceum—Beauty and the Barge.

Farce in three acts, by W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker. Produced Sept. 6.

Captain James Barley ..... N. C. Goodwin  
Lieutenant Seton Boyne, R. N. .... Galwey Herbert  
Herbert Manners ..... Frank Goldsmith  
Major Smedley ..... George Sumner  
Tom Codd ..... George Miller  
Augustus Smith ..... Harry Barton  
John Dibbs ..... Neil O'Brien  
George Porter ..... Owen Gwent  
Ted ..... B. W. Post  
Joe ..... Frederick Raymond  
Bill ..... Herbert Ayling  
Alf ..... Harry Gwynnette  
Jack ..... Ina Goldsmith  
Mrs. Smedley ..... Katherine Florence  
Ethel Smedley ..... Davenport Seymour  
Lucy Dallas ..... Katherine Stewart  
Mrs. Porter ..... Eva Vincent  
Mrs. Baldwin ..... Eva Vincent

It is distressing to find in a play caricatures far more human than the ordinary rooks; impossible scenes far more natural than commonplace incidents. That is one of the painful features of The Beauty and the Barge: the unintentional reversal of things. But the piece is not a play. They try to save that allegation by calling it a farce, and thereby misname it, for it is not preposterous enough to be funny. And it is not human enough to be comedy. It is simply impossible. Remembering its success in England, one wonders if English people were so dull as to find humor in such a thing, or if Americans are too dense to appreciate its subtlety. It may be that Cyril Maude saved it in London, as Nat C. Goodwin may save it here, if there be salvation for it.

The story has been gathered from several of W. W. Jacobs' alongshore tales. Ethel Smedley, a self-willed young lady, objects to marrying Herbert Manners, to whom she is engaged, because she's in love with some one who lives in a small blue cloud. She runs away from her high-tempered father, a major with a game leg and red mustache, and takes passage with Captain Barley, of the barge Heart in Hand, to go to London. Before she runs Lieutenant Boyne, of the navy, climbs up the cliff and remains in the garden long enough to release her hair from a rose thorn and to bribe the gardener. When Manners arrives, just back from Canada, he mistakes Ethel's cousin Lucy for his betrothed. Now Captain Barley is an outrageous flirt, and makes love to every woman he meets. He is "haffable" to the housekeeper, Mrs. Baldwin, and to the landlady of the Old Ship Inn, and to Ethel, whom he mistakes for a governess. So he readily offers the young lady passage in his barge. But Lieutenant Boyne discovers the girl at the inn, where she is awaiting sailing time, and decides to accompany her. He bribes the mate, Tom Codd, to play sick and ships in his place. Mrs. Baldwin, who is seeking the captain, hides in the hold of the Heart in Hand. The wind falls and the tide turns, and the barge is anchored at the edge of Major Smedley's back garden. While breakfasting on the grass Ethel discovers that the new mate is Lieutenant Boyne, the captain discovers Mrs. Baldwin in the hold, Manners discovers that he loves Lucy, and the whole party is discovered by Major Smedley. There is an explanation, and the captain and the third hand, one Augustus, sail off into the long river, Augustus audibly weeping against the mast and the captain visibly affected.

If it had not been for Nat Goodwin and the assistance of Eva Vincent and one or two others, most of the audience might have gone home very early. Mr. Goodwin, with exaggerated sea legs, a wicked wink, and a manner fully as "haffable" as his nature, saved the humor of the audience. He alone would have made an interesting act. Carrying the load of the nondescript piece and an incompetent company—with a few exceptions—even he staggered at times. Did they take the play away from around him, leaving him the character and most of the lines, and perhaps the before-mentioned assistance, people would go to see him and enjoy it.

Eva Vincent's Mrs. Baldwin made a good companion to Mr. Goodwin's Captain Barley. She did not overact the part of a tear-disposed housekeeper who needed a man with a business head to look after the weekly rents from her estate. She, one of the caricatures, was haffable. Miller as Tom Codd was another who seemed to be alive. He, more than any, was like Jacobs' familiar character of the alongshore sailor, ready to give up anything for a chance to stay drunk a month. When he had anything to do the piece became a true farce, just as Mr. Goodwin and Miss Vincent made it true comedy. If Nell O'Brien, who played John Dibbs, the gardener, had remembered what sort of part he had, and had adhered more closely to one dialect, he would deserve place with the humans. Katherine Stewart as Mrs. Porter, the landlady of Old Ship Inn, belongs there, and so does Owen Gwent as Mr. Porter, a small man with a giant's heart. They were both fully competent to do humor out of their situations.

It would be unfair to judge Katherine Florence by her work in the part of Ethel Smedley. The lines are insipid and devoid of consequence, and the struggle to make them appear otherwise was too much for her. About the only humorous situation she had consisted in standing in the middle of a flower bed while her father stormed, and such a situation is not particularly funny. She looked very pretty, and her laugh was infectious. Davenport Seymour as Lucy Dallas also looked pretty and held herself well in hand. Ina Goldsmith played Mrs. Smedley, Galwey Herbert as Lieutenant Boyne, probably meant for the hero, simply acted. In disguise as mate of the barge he was not disagreeable, but in the person of the lieutenant his work was bearable. His arms threshed about, his voice squeaked, and he labored to dig life out of the part. His labor failed to accomplish what some other actor might have succeeded in doing. Frank Goldsmith as Herbert Manners could never have won a self-respecting girl's love in twenty-four hours by the methods he adopted. Some one in the lobby, between the acts, said it was tear-compelling. George Sumner stamped and shouted through the part of Major Smedley and succeeded in getting on one's nerves. Toned down some, however, his methods might prove less disagreeable. Harry Barton as Augustus Smith caricatured a caricature. He was generally silly without being very funny. W. H. Post, B. W. Parmenter, Frederick Raymond, Herbert Ayling, and Harry Gwynnette appeared as frequenters of the bar at the Old Ship, and had nothing to do but be boisterous.

## Casino—The Princess Chic.

Comic opera in three acts, book by Kirke La Shelle, music by Julian Edwards. Produced Feb. 12.

Charles ..... Winfield Blake  
Louis XI ..... Melville Collins  
Francis ..... Edgar Temple  
Chamberlain ..... Richard Gordon  
Brevet ..... J. C. Miron  
Pompadour ..... Walter A. Lawrence  
Herald ..... Harry Brown  
Captain ..... E. S. Beverly  
Herald ..... F. S. Dearduff  
Valmond ..... Lawrence Frye  
Marquis ..... F. Hammond  
Jerome ..... Harold Lynn  
Raoul ..... James Daly  
Piqueur ..... Flora Enright  
Lorraine ..... Emilie Knapp  
Estelle ..... Mathilde Preville  
Princess Chic ..... Louise Willis  
The Princess Chic, a three-act comic opera

## Third Avenue—Big-Hearted Jim.

Melodrama in four acts, by William L. Roberts. Produced Feb. 5.

Jim Saxon ..... George Klimt  
John Heulette ..... John Abbott  
Pierre De Lastrange ..... J. Neil McLeod  
Silas ..... Earle Sterlin  
Sam Hurley ..... Herman Lester  
Tom Broadwater ..... W. H. Davis  
Tim Quartz ..... William Darcy  
Lin ..... Harry Garrity  
Buck Lewis ..... Fred Hendricks  
"Hunt" Higgins ..... Myer Richards  
Dora Carlyle ..... Maybelle Moore  
Elizabeth Summerland Liddy ..... Jesse Stevens  
"Bess" ..... Louise Skillman  
Triska ..... Agnes Hart

Big-Hearted Jim had such an immense cardiac organ that in some mysterious way it seemed to have crowded his brain out of place. Nevertheless, the melodrama which bears his name is interesting and literally loaded to the muzzle with gun-play and local color, supposed to be imported from Montana. For the first two acts it is a rather dreary and conventional performance: in the third act the Chinaman drinks a love potion and blank cartridges begin to explode, and in the last scene every man who has the hardihood to appear upon the stage becomes a living target either for the Indians or the white villains.

As will be seen from the synopsis, the complications are direfully conventional, but the change of locality and the ceaseless bombardment keep the audience in a state of suspense. As hardened as the critic is to this kind of exhibition, he would not have been surprised if the manager had stepped before the curtain to ask whether there were not an undertaker in the audience. The final climax is both clever and thrilling. A melodrama is not to be treated contemptuously when the audience becomes so excited that, when the hero returns the villain his knife after disarming him, the gallery rings with cries of "Kill him! Kill him!" The hero is a large man and he employs a size of pistol seldom seen in the metropolises.

Jim Saxon, Sheriff of Medicine Lodge, Mont., was in love with Dora Carlyle, the pretty school-mistress, who boarded with a robust mountain woman—she must have tipped the scales at two hundred and fifty pounds—by the name of Elizabeth Liddy. From her long soliloquies one learned that she had been the victim of a pretended marriage with John Heulette, of Chicago; that her father and mother had died of broken hearts; that the child had died of some anonymous complaint, and that she had escaped to the bad lands to begin her life over again. Mr. Heulette, not knowing of her presence in the neighborhood, came to Medicine Lodge in search of Triska, a Blackfoot Indian girl, whom he believed to be the heir to a stupendous fortune. This gentlemanly villain offered his former mistress the alternative of helping him to abduct the girl and gain the reward or of having her past history exposed. The heroine proudly refused to become an accomplice. Heulette, having bribed Pierre De Lastrange, "half Indian, half French and all dog," endeavored to capture the Indian maiden, this causing a Blackfoot uprising on the reservation. The mountaineers naturally wanted to lynch the titled offender, but Big-Hearted Jim, though in duty bound to arrest Heulette as a forger, saved his neck at the risk of his own life, because he believed that Dora loved him. Heulette made good his escape, taking the young squaw forcibly with him; the Indians attacked the stockade, Triska returned and peace was proclaimed. By this time the gallant Sheriff was informed of Heulette's real relationship to Dora, and, true to the principles of melodrama, thought her none the less worthy to be his wife. In the end the vile Frenchman, starting to shoot Jim, was himself shot by the Indian maiden, so that the bullet killed the villain instead. The comic relief consisted of a drunken Chinaman, Lin, and the bashful courting of Silas and the matronly Elizabeth. The Chinaman was decidedly original, but scarcely more laughable than Silas attempting to make love seated in a chair which "Bess," the orphan protegee of Jim, who turned out to be the genuine heir to all that money, had placed over an oil stove.

George Klimt, who "starred" in the role of Jim Saxon, probably assumed his peculiar style in an ill-advised effort to prove the extraordinary capacity of his heart. His delivery was "big" and windy and monotonous, with a deadly determination to be superbly wholesome; yet he had a magnificent physique and a certain forcefulness which caught the fancy of the crowd. The best performances were given by Jesse Stevens as the stout and kindly mountain woman and by Neil McLeod, the dastardly "Canuck," for these two characters, so widely diverse, were both thoroughly artistic stage craft to portray a "character villain" with such sound consistency. Harry Garrity as the "heavenly Chinese," was also extremely good, being as bland as the subject of Bret Harte's poem, ludicrously timorous and equally ingenuous, drunk or sober. John Abbott, the gentleman rascal and betrayer of women, presented a good appearance, but had to wrestle with all the ancient trials of such a role, as did the lady in black, Maybelle Moore. Agnes Hart, the Blackfoot maiden, was pretty, but strangely unlike any mortal Indian the critic has ever seen on his Western expeditions—unlike any Indian that ever existed, for that matter. Louise Skillman suggested a girl of the Montana mountains with some approximation of reality. Herman Lester as Sheriff of Silver Bow was more convincing than W. H. Davis or William Darcy as boys of Medicine Lodge. Earle Sterlin was funny as a "by gosh" character transplanted. Though he fired all six chambers of his gun every time he had the shadow of an excuse—once at poor Lin, whom he mistook for a ghost—he was fortunately too bad a shot to do any execution. The other characters were unessential.

## Broadway—The Highwayman.

Comic opera in three acts; words by Harry B. Smith; music by Reginald De Koven. Produced Dec. 13.

Dick Fitzgerald ..... Joseph O'Mara  
Lady Constance Sinclair ..... Bilda Clark  
Sir Godfrey Beverly ..... George O'Donnell  
Lady Pamela ..... Maud Williams  
Lieutenant Rodney ..... Van Rensselaer Wheeler  
Constable Quiller ..... Jerome Sykes  
Doll Primrose ..... Nellie Braggins  
Toby Winkle ..... Harry Macdonough  
Lord Kilkenny ..... William S. Corliss  
Sir John Hawkhurst ..... J. H. White  
Lieutenant Lovelace ..... Reginald Roberts  
Jack Middleton ..... Maud Thomas  
Lady Olivia Fairfax ..... Alma Kremer  
Humphreys ..... H. Steinmann

## Third Avenue—Over the Sea.

Melodrama in five acts. Produced Feb. 4.

Tom Robinson ..... Harry M. Holden  
Francis Eden ..... H. E. Rogers  
John Meadows ..... George B. Edwards  
Josephs ..... Mina Gennell  
Peter Crawley ..... Charles W. Burch  
Will Robinson ..... Frank Binkhurst  
Evans ..... Harry Clare  
Fry ..... R. C. Doolittle  
Black Jack ..... J. F. Willard  
Buster ..... W. H. Williams  
Officer Martin ..... Otto M. Henkel  
Susan Merton ..... Rosalia Curry  
Sarah Merton ..... Maud Es-Bonde

## Irving Place—Spring Breezes.

Operetta in three acts; book by K. Lindan and J. Wilhelm, music by Josef Strauss. Produced Oct. 5.

Dr. Gustav Landtmann ..... Curt Weber  
Emilie ..... Marion Ohla  
Vinzenn Knickerbein ..... Gustav v. Seyffertitz  
Apollonia ..... Georgine Neundorff  
Felix ..... Jacques Horwitz  
Berta ..... Marliesa Varena  
Baron von Croise ..... Otto Meyer  
Ida ..... Jo Hegyi  
Hildebrandt ..... Edmund Loewe  
Maier ..... Franz Erlau  
Max ..... Annitta Herbert  
Windel ..... Lucie Bartels  
Dietrich ..... Arthur Bauer  
Hallwig ..... Otto Roedecker  
Hanni ..... Lina Abarbanell  
Nazi ..... Willy Frey  
Dannhauser ..... Karl Knaack

A delightful entertainment marked the opening of the light opera season at the Irving Place Theatre last Thursday night. The piece, called Spring Breezes, has a rather curious history. The music consists of a number of dance tunes chosen from the work of Josef Strauss, a younger brother of Johann Strauss, the waltz-king. Words were then written for the tunes and dialogue supplied to connect them by K. Lindan and J. Wilhelm. The whole was molded into shape for presentation by Ernst Reuter. Considering the difficulty inherent in their task, the librettists have turned out a creditable book. There are a number of good farcical situations, bright lines abound, and the lyrics fit the tunes well and show that their authors are possessed of an easy gift of rhyme. But the music is the thing. In describing it, it would be easy to heap laudatory adjective on laudatory adjective. Let it suffice to say that it is smooth, lively, and always tuneful. He must indeed be hard to please whose ears were not tickled by at least some of the airs. Notably pretty were the invitation to the dance, sung near the end of the second act, with a whistling refrain, and the chorus concluding the act. A pleasing quaintness is also noticeable in some of the songs. Taking it all in all, the operetta is a worthy representative of the Viennese school.

The theme of the libretto may be described by the lines "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," with the addition of the old man to the category of lovers. Emilie, wife of Dr. Gustav Landtmann, a lawyer, has noticed that in the Winter her husband is indifferent and cold toward her, but that as soon as Spring comes his feelings change and he again becomes her passionate lover. Unfortunately, in the latter condition his love becomes inclusive and is lavished on others than his spouse. The Doctor receives a call from Ida, Baroness von Croise, a young and attractive woman, who wishes to get a divorce from her aged husband. Already the doctor feels the influence of approaching Spring, and he is much attracted by his fair client. And now appear on the scene Vinzenn Knickerbein and his wife, Apollonia, parents of Emilie, who come to pay their daughter and son-in-law a visit. Vinzenn, who in his time has been a gay old dog, is now, to all appearances, exceedingly decrepit. He cannot walk without support and, left alone, he falls into a senile doze. In his party are his nephew and niece, Felix and Berta, and a serving maid, a girl from the country named Hanni. Emilie confides to her mother her husband's peculiar change of feeling from season to season, and the old lady tells her that her father had at one time passed through the same transformation of feeling, but that she has succeeded in subduing his amateness by the aid of a drug, which she promises to administer to the unsuspecting Doctor.

Spring arrives, and with it the usual access of passion. The Doctor makes love to the Baroness, and is not unkind of Hanni, who, with city clothes, has acquired a certain amount of sophistication. Old Vinzenn, out of his wife's sight, throws off his decrepitude, and becomes a vigorous, alert man. He pays court to Hanni, and so does Hildebrandt, one of the Doctor's apprentices. Felix and Berta, too, bill and coo all day long. In the last act the gay husbands are discovered by their wives at an open-air restaurant, with their new flames. By accusing their wives the husbands turn the tables on them and manage to secure their forgiveness. The curtain falls on the betrothal of Felix and Berta, and of Hanni and Hildebrandt.

Herr Corried made no mistake in bringing over Lina Abarbanell, who is a great Berlin favorite. She scored a tremendous success. So capable a soubrette is not often seen in this city. Her further appearances both at this theatre and at the Metropolitan Opera House, where she will be seen during the Winter, will be watched with much interest by those who have the good fortune of seeing her in Spring Breezes. Miss Abarbanell not only sings splendidly, but she is also a finished comic actress. In her movements she is grace itself. Her face is most expressive, denoting now demureness, again the spirit of mischief, now tenderness, again boldness. In the last act Hanni's song, "Am Not Drunk," was sung by Miss Abarbanell in a most amusing way. Each verse describes a different condition of an intoxicated person. These different conditions she denoted with never failing skill and without a touch of vulgarity. Opposite her played Edmund Loewe as Hildebrandt, seen here two years ago in The Sweet Girl. He sang pleasingly, acted with ease, and danced gracefully. Gustav von Seyffertitz made a tremendous hit as Vinzenn Knickerbein. He had a true Seyffertitz part, which means one allowing a great deal of horseplay. He rendered his songs with broad humor and showed himself possessed of a pair of nimble legs. Curt Weber, as Dr. Landtmann, Marion Ohla as Emilie, Georgine Neundorff as Apollonia, and Jo Hegyi as the Baroness von Croise were entirely satisfactory. Willy Frey did a waiter imitatively. The chorus sang well and the orchestra, under the able directorship of Herr Bryk, did the utmost possible with the music.

## Wallack's—Are You a Mason?

Farce in three acts, adapted from the German of Lauf and Kratz, by Leo Dietrichstein. Produced April 1.

George Fisher ..... Leo Dietrichstein  
Frank Perry ..... John C. Rice  
Amos Bloodgood ..... Thomas A. Wise  
John Halton ..... George Richards  
Hamilton Travers ..... Arnold Dale  
Ernest Morrison ..... Cecil De Mille  
Policeman ..... Charles Greene  
Mrs. Caroline Bloodgood ..... May Robson  
Eva ..... Esther Tittell  
Lulu ..... Nellie Butler  
Lain ..... Jeannette Lambert  
Mrs. Halton ..... Charlotte Lambart  
Lottie ..... Sally Cohen  
Mary ..... Therese Renold  
Fanchon Armitage ..... Amy Muller



## American—She Dared Do Right.

Melodrama in four acts. Produced Oct. 2.

Lena Hope ..... Lillian Volkman  
Grace Bennett ..... Ruth Handforth  
Judy Duffy ..... May Greville  
Mrs. Potts ..... Mrs. S. A. Longmore  
Mame McCann ..... Neil Gibson  
Tots ..... Clara Bell  
Susan ..... Cora Denrah  
Belle Squires ..... Belle Squires  
Pat ..... Stanley Lamb  
Patsey ..... Lolita Lamb  
David Rosen ..... Frank Kilday  
Paul Harding ..... Herbert Warren  
Hobart Hyde ..... Seth C. Halsey  
Henry Bennett ..... Harry B. Eyttinge  
Dan Duffy ..... Edward Henshaw  
Policeman 499 ..... Paul Miner  
Mr. Steinhart ..... Harry Squires

The first metropolitan production of *She Dared Do Right* at the American Theatre last week showed the play to be a melodrama slightly out of conventional lines and devoid of acrobatic incidents and sensational carpenter work. Its virtues lie in some excellent characterizations and a fairly consistent story.

The heroine is a girl, Lena Hope, who has been saved from a burning ship by David Rosen, a tender-hearted Jew, and reared as his daughter. The first act shows the top floor of a tenement house in New York, where Lena and David are lodgers with Mrs. Duffy. Lena is earning some money as a seamstress, and David peddles notions on the street. Mrs. Potts, a baby-farmer, brings a child to Lena's rooms, and leaves it for the girl to find. It is first discovered by Pat and Patsey, Mrs. Duffy's twins, who, having just stolen a pie from their mother, are afraid to make their discovery known. Lena is persuaded by a chorus girl friend to go to the theatre, and afterward to Little Hungary, where the final scene of the first act takes place. Here Mr. Bennett and his daughter Grace have come to see something of the East Side of New York, and their conversation shows that Grace has sent away her husband, to whom she has been secretly married, and that her child, born in London, has been taken by Mrs. Potts. Hobart Hyde, Grace's husband, finds her at the restaurant and attempts to regain her love, but is prevented by Mr. Bennett, who has other views for his daughter, a marriage with Paul Harding. Hyde at once starts in to drink himself to death. Lena and her theatre friends come to the same place to keep an appointment with Hyde. Harding arrives in time to rescue Lena from the insults of the former, who has become thoroughly intoxicated.

The first scene of Act II is at the home of Mr. Bennett, where Lena has come to bring back some sewing she has done for Grace. There she recognizes a piece of embroidery as being identical with that on the cap of the baby's left in her room, which she has adopted. Mr. Bennett drives her from the house and sends for Mrs. Potts. To the baby-farmer he promises a large sum of money if she will get back the child and put it where he will never hear of it again. He also makes Grace promise to marry Harding, only to have Harding appear and ask to be released from the engagement. The scene changes to Lena's room. Mrs. Potts again appears, bringing with her a sick baby which she intends changing for the one formerly left. The sick child dies, however, and the woman hides it in an ash barrel outside while she makes off with the real one. Harding, during this scene declares his love for Lena, and offers her an establishment and a good education to come with him. At first she misunderstands him, but learns soon that it is not marriage that he is proposing. She brings him to his senses and he asks her to be his wife. In the midst of their rejoicing Lena is arrested for the murder of the child found in the ash barrel.

David, in the third act, gets Mrs. Potts' secret from her, and brings to the Tombs, where Lena is imprisoned, a note from Grace Bennett which proves the girl's innocence. Hyde, who has reformed, offers to act as her counsel and release seems in sight, when Mr. Bennett arrives and persuades the girl to confess her guilt to save Harding's reputation. In the fourth act David and Hyde get sufficient evidence from Mrs. Potts to convict her and Mr. Bennett and to free the girl; Grace goes back to her husband, after discovering her child to be alive; Lena discovers Mr. Bennett to be her father, and all ends rapidly and well.

Lillian Volkman, as Lena Hope, proved a pleasing actress of considerable ability, carrying through some trying scenes gracefully. May Greville made an energetic and amusing Mrs. Duffy, mother of the twins, Pat and Patsey, played by Stanley and Lolita Lamb. The twins appeared twice in specialties. They danced well, but their singing might be omitted. Ruth Handforth, as Grace Bennett, failed to put much life into an emotional role. Mrs. S. A. Longmore, as Mrs. Potts, was by far the best character actress in the piece, and her work would compare favorably with that of any character actress. Neil Gibson as Mame McCann, Clara Bell as "Tots," Belle Squires, as Susan, and Cora Denrah as Sarah filled small roles acceptably. Frank Kilday played the role of David Rosen well, though he paid little attention to dialect. Herbert Warren was manly and sincere as Paul Harding, and Seth C. Halsey had a congenial part as Hobart Hyde. Harry B. Eyttinge was also satisfactory as Mr. Bennett. Edward Henshaw as Dan Duffy, Paul Miner as a policeman, and Harry Squires as Mr. Steinhart were not bad in small parts. The piece is adequately but not elaborately staged.

This week Bankers and Brokers.

## Harlem Opera House—The Profligate.

Play in four acts by Arthur W. Pinero. Produced May 22.

Lord Dangars ..... Leonard Outram  
Dunstan Kenschaw ..... Hamilton Revelle  
Mr. Cheal ..... Fred Thorne  
Mr. Hugh Murray ..... A. S. Homewood  
Wilfred Brudenell ..... Graham Browne  
Mr. Eppgraves ..... Harry Dodd  
Weaver ..... Charles Wellesley  
Mrs. Stonehay ..... Cicely Richards  
Irene ..... Madge McIntosh  
Leslie ..... Olga Netherlands  
Janet Preece ..... Violet Black  
Priscilla ..... Lillian Hingston

## American—The Master-at-Arms.

Play in four acts by Miron Leffingwell. Produced Feb. 25.

Balthazar Carlos, King of Spain ..... Herbert E. Sears  
Don Salluste de Bazan ..... Hardy Kirkland  
Don Pedro ..... Menifee Johnstone  
Don Caesar de Bazan ..... Ralph Stuart  
Count Alba ..... Herman Sheldon  
Malatesta ..... Alphonse Ethier  
Sancho ..... George Hervey  
Lopez ..... Walter Daniels  
Carrasco ..... Thomas J. Keogh  
Menendez ..... Adelbert Dexter  
The Prior ..... Jane Kennark  
Marfana ..... Georgia Welles  
Inez ..... Barbara Douglas  
Princess Marianne ..... Julia Blanc  
Paquita ..... Julia Blanc

## Lyric—Happyland.

Comic opera in two acts; music by Reginald DeKoven, book by Frederick Ranken. Produced Oct. 2.

Ecstasius ..... De Wolf Hopper  
Sphinxus ..... William Wolf  
Altimus ..... William Danforth  
Fortunatus ..... Joseph Phillips  
Appollus ..... John Dunsmaire  
Pedro ..... Frank Casey  
Adonis ..... Carl Haydn  
Kayenna ..... Ada Deaves  
The Lady Patricia ..... Estelle Wentworth  
The Lady Alicia ..... Bertha Shalek  
Sylvia ..... Marguerite Clark

What is popularly called a "brilliant" audience filled the Lyric Theatre on the return of the favorite De Wolf Hopper under a new crown. They were neither disappointed in him or his surroundings, for it was a Shubert production. This means a lavish expenditure for mounting, pretty girls and other works of art, and the delegation of the minor details that mean so much to the most judicious and trustworthy lieutenants.

If the public is sincere in its protest against "slap-stick comic opera," they have a chance to prove it by supporting the far higher art of this Happyland. Anything so refined in coloring of costumes, and beauty of sets has not been seen in New York for many moons. While the book halts between the throne of popular taste and that of Gilbertian humor, and ends by usurping neither, the music is up to the grade of the idyllic settings and, while reminiscent, has the charm of lilt and swing and is distinctly gratifying to all with the finer musical taste.

The story tells of the woes of King Ecstasius, who is bored to death because every one in his kingdom of Elysia is so monotonously happy. To change this he marries them all by royal edict. The possibilities of this complication were dropped with a thud that made a yawning hole in the book. Other woes are coming fast to the King. Eighteen years before he promised to give his son in marriage to the daughter of Altimus, king of the neighboring kingdom of Altruria. This is the promised day, but Ecstasius has been deceiving his brother monarch, for he has no son, only a child who "has been a girl since her birth." Altimus comes for the betrothal, and brings a fake daughter, for he is childless. The Crown Prince of the kingdom at the other side of Ecstasius has succeeded in running away with his daughter, Sylvia, and the king achieves more alliances than he bargained for by marrying the comedy princess. The plot, while weakly carried out and hampered by the too rigid adherence of filling in with the conventional number of solis, trios, duets and quartets, till it sounded like an afternoon concert, it was not marred by ragtime horrors and jammed-in specialties.

Mr. Hopper lived up to the unusual art of his score, and did not obtrude low comedy methods. He was delightfully droll and unctiously comic. He had clever songs in "Mimette, My Human Mermaid," and "A Sickening Sadness Sits on Me," and the house broke loose after too long suppression with the sickly sweet, when the two kings sung their duet, "How I Love Flowers." It is conceived and rendered in the drollest spirit of fooling, and they would not let them quit until after more than a dozen encores. It proved the greatest hit of the piece. One of the wittiest things of the evening was a Hopper speech between the acts. Highest honors must go to that dainty little beauty, Marguerite Clark, who had the hearts of the audience under her pretty feet immediately after her entrance. After the shopworn smiles of lips whose puckering strings are sadly frayed with overwork, her bubbling glee and winsome elfishness seem backed by girlish charm. She is a continuous delight. They would not stop encoring her "Twas a Rose," and "Robin" songs. Ada Deaves contributed one of her cleverly droll characters and richly deserved the many laughs she won. Estelle Wentworth and Bertha Shalek were a duo of Elysian Maids of Honor, and would have honored any court by their beauty. William Wolf was the confidential adviser and official keeper of secrets who can keep no secrets, in a delightfully droll and effective way. William Danforth played the King of Altruria, who has a war-loving disposition, but a musical ear to which the sound of cannon is torture. He was an able second and brilliant aid to Mr. Hopper, especially in their popular duet. Joseph Phillips played the Crown Prince of Fortunula. If his crown depended on his voice he would immediately succeed to the throne. John Dunsmaire and Carl Haydn were officers in the Elysian Hussars, and worthy leaders of a chorus of excellent voices. Both the men and women of the supporting chorus were chosen not only for fine appearance, but had that too rare quality of support, excellent voices that they used with well trained and melodious effectiveness. If the refreshing charm of this piece means welcome, the stage of the Lyric should be Happyland for years to come.

## Empire—Diplomacy.

Drama in four acts by Victorien Sardou. Revived April 15.

Henri Beauclerc ..... William Faversham  
Captain Julian Beauclerc ..... Charles Richman  
Count Orloff ..... Guy Standing  
Algie Fairfax ..... Wallace Worsley  
Baron Stein ..... Edwin Stevens  
Markham ..... George Osbourne, Jr.  
Antonio ..... William Barnes  
Sheppard ..... George Sylvester  
Francols ..... Frank Brownlee  
Messenger ..... James Weed  
Countess Zieka ..... Jessie Millward  
Dora ..... Margaret Anglin  
Marquise de Rio Zares ..... Mrs. Thomas Whiffen  
Lady Henry Fairfax ..... Ethel Horlick  
Mion ..... Margaret Dale

## Hoyt's—A New Yorker.

Comedy in three acts by W. A. Tremayne and Logan Fuller. Produced Jan. 17.

Dick Swift ..... Robert Hilliard  
David Swift ..... Earle Ryder  
Adolphus Smiley ..... Cuyler Hastings  
Solomon Goldstein ..... Dore Davidson  
Thomas ..... E. Soldene Powell  
Tuff ..... John Wolfe  
Mrs. Bertha Dacre ..... Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucicault  
Mildred ..... Gertrude Gheen  
Mrs. Churchill ..... Jennie Weathersby  
Mary Churchill ..... Ethel Vallierie  
Susan ..... Frances Whitehouse

## Lyceum—The Lash of a Whip.

Farce in three acts from the French of Maurice Hennequin and George Duval. Produced Feb. 25.

Doctor Marcelle ..... E. M. Holland  
Armand Poirel ..... Fritz Williams  
Theodore ..... Roy Atwell  
General Brochard ..... James Kearney  
Casimir ..... Jay Wilson  
Suzanne ..... Katherine Florence  
Colette ..... Marie Derickson  
Madame Pinglet ..... Maggie Holloway Fisher  
Coralie ..... May Lambert  
Sophie ..... Nellie Butler

## Majestic—The Isle of Spice.

Musical comedy in three acts. Libretto by Allen Lowe and George E. Stoddard. Music by Paul Schindler and Ben Jerome. Produced Aug. 23.

Bompoka ..... Alexander Clark  
Lieutenant Harold Katchall ..... George Fiske  
Mickey O'Grady ..... Herbert Cawthorne  
Slubby Mackinaw ..... Gilbert Gregory  
Kashlon ..... John Hendricks  
Konner ..... James Phelan  
Tatie ..... Harry Truman  
Sam Snap ..... Otto Booker  
Teresa ..... Blanche Buckner  
Kamorta ..... Mattie Martz  
Asbena ..... Susie Forrester  
Trinket ..... Maude Williams  
Richshaw Boys ..... Stella Maury  
Cayenna ..... Mollie Mack  
Peppera ..... Jessie Maury  
Anchovia ..... Alda Vaughn  
Saccanna ..... May Kennedy  
Tobacco ..... Merle Dumont  
Tobacco ..... Ivy Williams  
Radisha ..... Minnie Woodberry

The Isle of Spice company, after long and successful engagements in Chicago and Boston, came finally to New York last week, and on Tuesday night opened the season at the Majestic Theatre. The opening was all that the most ambitious musical comedy impresario could possibly wish for. Every seat was occupied, the lobbies were filled with standees, the ticket speculator held forth boldly on the sidewalk, and in the course of the performance at least half a dozen songs gained half a dozen encores apiece. It was a noisy night, and was, therefore, indicative of success for the piece in New York.

The Isle of Spice belongs to that large, popular and ever-increasing class of musical entertainment that, while it occupies a prominent place on the American stage, has, as yet, no specific name. It is farce, comic opera, musical comedy, burlesque and spectacle rolled into one—the sort of thing that could be called a "Summer show" until it began to flourish in the Winter time. The plain, old, much-abused word "show" must now serve. The Isle of Spice is a show. It was put together by Allen Lowe and George E. Stoddard, librettists, and Paul Schindler and Ben Jerome, composers. It was staged by Gus Sohke. Whatever the members of this quintette may lack in the matter of artistic feeling they make up for in their understanding of the wants of the public. The Isle of Spice is a long voyage away from any province of art, but it lies square in the track of commercial navigation.

As far as might be learned from the performance the plot of the piece is about as follows: Bompoka, King of Nicobar, has a habit of retiring his wives to a certain Tomb of Silence when they reach the age of thirty years, and when the play opens he is about to rid himself of Queen Kamorta in order that he may marry his ward Teresa, who is an heiress. At this juncture two sailors from the U. S. S. *Roosevelt*—Mickey O'Grady and Slubby Mackinaw by name—land on the island from a war balloon, in which they have effected their escape from the ship. Bompoka and his subjects take them to be messengers from the sun. The sailors accept the situation gracefully and endeavor to win the supposed wealth of Bompoka by various gambling devices; whilst Bompoka, who is really bankrupt, strives to win the treasure that messengers from the sun should properly possess. Now to the island comes Lieutenant Harold Katchall, of the *Roosevelt*, in search of the two deserters. Instead of pursuing them, however, he devotes himself to making love to Teresa. So eloquent is he and so willing is she that at the last they depart from the island, betrothed to each other, leaving the fortune of Teresa as a balm for the lacerated feelings of King Bompoka. Just what becomes of the two sailors is not made clear, but it is to be presumed that they marry two of Bompoka's discarded queens. The first act of the piece is charming. The stage setting is beautiful; the story is carried forward with sufficient lucidity; the music is bright, and there are many very pretty groupings. In the second and third acts the scenery is more garish, the dialogue becomes largely a mess of stale interpolated jokes, and although the groupings are attractive and the movement brisk, the thing descending to the song-booming and commodity-advertising sort of "entertainment" that is, it must be admitted, still popular in New York. The beauty of the first act alone lifts the piece a bit above the average of productions of its class.

The music throughout is melodious and pleasing, though, of course, it never rises above the "popular" style. The best numbers are "Uncle Sam's Marines," "Mercenary Mary Ann," "Peggy Brady," and "The Goo Goo Man." The worst number is a doleful plaint entitled "Take Me Home." The work of Mr. Sohke in mounting and staging the piece is to be highly commended. The stage pictures and novel effects of movement were admirably arranged.

The chorus of the company is one of the brightest and most animated that has been seen in New York in recent years. To this section of the organization is due most of the credit for whatever attractions the production may possess.

Alexander Clark was legitimately and successfully funny as Bompoka. George Fiske was a handsome Lieutenant Katchall, and he displayed in his several songs an excellent voice. Herbert Cawthorne as O'Grady and Gilbert Gregory as Mackinaw were amusing a good part of the time, and their first song and dance made one of the hits of the evening.

Blanche Buckner looked pretty and sang well in the role of Teresa. Maude Williams was a handsome Trinket and she sang the "Peggy Brady" song very effectively. Susie Forrester as Asbena, a very stout, Ratisha-like, discarded queen, really acted and really presented a characterization—an achievement so unusual on the "show" stage of the day that the actress deserves a special word of thanks and praise.

## Murray Hill—Gay New York.

Comedy, with music, in two acts. Book by Maurice Hageman. Music by Harry Trappert. Produced Feb. 5.

Herman Schultz ..... Dan Mason  
Bertha Schultz ..... Louise Sanford  
Julia Schultz ..... Leah Keinz  
Frank Swift ..... Charles E. Foreman  
Mlle. Florzell ..... Lillian Horlein  
Marie Darcey ..... Kathryn Bartlett  
Hon. W. B. Jennings ..... Theodore Peters  
Wilbur Jennings ..... Edward B. Adams  
Walter Brook Jennings ..... Edward Brennan  
Sam ..... Joe F. Willard  
Officer Ketchum ..... William Butler  
Swift ..... Dan W. Mack  
Fannie ..... Carroll Hamilton  
Polly Primrose ..... Bessie Bartell  
Dolly Van Tassel ..... Lulu Lee  
Donna Dean ..... Violet Rio  
Marjorie Darje ..... Nellie Cameron

Gay New York in reality is far from being so jolly and care-free a locality as it was depicted last week on the stage of the Murray Hill Theatre. However, one goes to a musical comedy for the express purpose of forgetting the proverbial wolf and all his companion grim facts of daily existence, so that the less they are in evidence the more acceptable is the entertainment.

Dan Mason, German dialect comedian, is a strenuous antidote for the blues, and most of his assistants are antidotes almost equally efficacious. The comedy itself is founded on an old, old idea—the complications arising from the fact that three different gentlemen all respond to the name of Jennings—but somehow it has been amazingly rejuvenated. It is as if the ancient plot had been robbed of its white wig and patriarchal beard, appearing once more as a roistering young fellow of twenty-one.

The characters are not true to life, simply because it would be folly to make them so, yet the burlesque spirit which necessarily pervades the action is never offensively patent. The rough and tumble farcical nature of the acting is full of contagious good spirits and supported by an underlying sense of genuine humor. The whole cast is on a glorious lark.

The intrigue is one of those complicated maladies which, while it baffles minute diagnosis, is so amusing that it is better left uncured. The explanation of the origin of the trouble, like Mr. Darwin's explanation of the origin of species, was reserved until after the developments were all accomplished facts. It was all about a hat. During the absence of his wife Herman Schultz went on a moderate sized "spree," and at a certain restaurant, not being in a condition to exercise his ordinary powers of discrimination, exchanged head gear with a gentleman who turned out to be the Hon. W. B. Jennings, the father of his prospective son-in-law. When his spouse returned Schultz was naturally terrified lest the anonymous gentleman should put in an appearance and let the cat out of the hat. Every one who entered was consequently mistaken for the owner of the hat and forcibly ejected by the old fellow and his nephew. And it was not such a simple matter to get rid of Walter Brook Jennings, of the Swedish massage establishment! Moreover this second W. B. J., who was not at all like the honorable judge of the Supreme Court, was mystified to learn that his son was betrothed to Schultz's daughter, the fair Julia.

The plot was made still more intricate by the introduction into the household of Mademoiselle Florzell, a famous dancer affianced to Frank Swift, the nephew, as a certain relative, Marie Darcey, M.D., of Vassar College. When Miss Darcey herself arrived on the scene she thought to solve the mystery by impersonating one of her French college chums, unfortunately being ignorant of the fact that detectives were on the trail of this foreign young woman. A small volume would be required to detail every contortion of the story, but given these ingredients and the assurance of a felicitous conclusion, the reader can form some conception of the rest. Into this medley were interpolated fourteen musical numbers, more than half of them choruses. Right here it should be mentioned that much of the music was "catchy," some of it was melodious and almost all of it was decidedly "singable."

Dan Mason, alias Herman Schultz, is one of those comedians who is continuously winking the other eye and collapsing into the arms of his assistants. He indulges in horse-play with such inveterate consistency and hearty good will that he is truly as comical as he is uproarious. He banged a table with such astounding force for a small man that all the other members of the cast gripped their chairs and blinked their eyes after every ponderous blow. The wonder is that the table managed to stand up under such treatment. Louise Sanford as his wife managed to inject more character study into her role than any other individual, and Edward Brennan as Jennings of the massage and muscles contrived to play low comedy—about as low as comedy can be—without getting brutal or distasteful. Undoubtedly the funniest man of all was Joe F. Willard, the colored servant, whose "Blinkie Dee" song received at least a score of encores. He shifted the furniture while he danced a shuffle and tumbled down so frequently that the audience took to shouting with laughter every time he tripped. Charles Foreman as Frank Swift, Edward Adams as the son and Theodore Peters as the judge were competent, but more normally conventional. Leah Keinz was a pretty ingenue and Lillian Horlein had noticeably the best voice in the company, and her singing easily captivated her audience. Kathryn Bartlett was the most vivacious and piquant of the women. There was an absurd messenger, Swift by name, so slow "he couldn't catch the whooping cough." The other five characters were of no importance. The twelve girls of the chorus furnished a striking illustration of how superior these small road company choruses often are to the large organizations. These numbers were put on by Edward Adams.

## The Wizard of Oz Seen at the Grand—Other Summer Offerings—Hall's Hints.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CHICAGO, June 16.

At the Grand Opera House to-night occurred the first performance of *The Wizard of Oz*, a three-act musical extravaganza, with book and lyrics by L. Frank Baum and score by Paul Tietjens. The cast:

Dorothy Gale ..... Anna Laughlin  
The Cow ..... Edwin J. Stone  
Cynthia Cynch ..... Helen Byron  
The Witch of the North ..... Allene May  
Sir Dashemoff Daily ..... Bessie Wynn  
The Army of Pastoria ..... Joseph Schrode  
Pastoria the Second ..... Nell McNeil  
Trixie Trylle ..... Mabel Barrison  
Brigadier General Riskett ..... Harold Morey  
The Scarecrow ..... Fred A. Stone  
The Cowardly Lion ..... Arthur Hill  
Nick Chopper ..... David C. Montgomery  
The Poppy Queen ..... Georgia Baron  
Leo ..... Sidney Ainsworth  
The Soldier with the Green Whiskers ..... Joseph Schrode

From the enthusiasm of to-night's audience it would seem that *The Wizard of Oz* scored a hit. There is rather too much of it, as always happens in such cases, but judicious cutting should make it into a capital entertainment. Julian Mitchell's staging was admirable. Anna Laughlin, Helen Byron, John Slavin, Stephen Maley, and Nell MacNeil were among the principals who scored. There is a stunning chorus and the mounting is beautiful.

## Fourteenth Street—The Mormon Wife.

Melodrama in four acts, by Howard Hall and Madeline Merli. Produced Aug. 19.

John Turner ..... Roselle Knott  
Mary ..... Thomas MacLarney  
Dr. Joe Mason ..... Laurens Hascall  
Dolph Mason ..... Horace Lewis  
Deacon Mason ..... Oscar Figman  
Zeb Robbins ..... Clara Rainford  
Samantha Babbit ..... Gertrude Swiggett  
Tilly ..... W. J. McKay  
Danny Huggins ..... George Tyford  
Frank Horton ..... Master Walter Robinson  
U. S. Marshal ..... Meta Maynard  
George ..... Grace Huntington  
Sally ..... William Walcutt  
Mrs. Cora Young ..... William H. Turner  
Samuel Slick ..... Florence Rossland  
Susan Young ..... P. A. Nunnery  
Jonathan Wise ..... Harry Gwynette  
Dr. Satoris ..... Hal Brown  
Porky ..... Charles Hayne  
Mr. Riggs ..... J. Scott  
James Hart ..... P. S. Fletcher  
Frederic Hunt ..... H. B. Hudill



## The Prince Chap a Pretty Play Prettily Played.

### Another New Author to the Front.

Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, Sept. 4. An original play in three acts by Edward Peple. Production by Walter Lawrence.

William Peyton ..... Cyril Scott  
The Earl of Huntington ..... Cecil De Mille  
Marcus Runkin ..... Thos. A. Wise  
Ballington ..... Theodore Terry  
Yadder ..... Albert Perry  
Fritz ..... George Fisher  
A Truckman ..... Albert Perry  
Alice Travers ..... Grace Kimball  
Mrs. Errington ..... Florence Conron  
Phoebe Puckers ..... Mary Keogh  
Claudia in Act I, aged 5 ..... Helen Pullman  
Claudia in Act II, aged 8 ..... Edith Speare  
Claudia in Act III, aged 18 ..... Grace Scott

A new author blossomed forth at the Madison Square Theatre last Monday night, when the house began its regular season under Walter Lawrence's management. His name is Edward Peple, and he has given us occasion to look forward to future works, because The Prince Chap is a drama of surprises, written by a skilled hand, and played with rare distinction by an excellent cast, as shown above.

The first act was divided into two scenes, the tableaux curtain was dropped merely to illustrate an interval of time. It is Peyton's studio. Here the model dies and leaves her child to the care of the poor sculptor, who happens to be engaged to a New York girl. The entrusting of the child to his care rather affects his future, for his fiancée believes him to be its father, whereas the father died, leaving the mother in poverty and she becomes an artist's model for a livelihood.

In the second act three years have elapsed, and the child has reached the age of eight. She continues to call the artist her father, and the arrival of his fiancée in London, her interview with the child further complicates matters, with the result that she returns him his letters, leaves him and marries another man. In the third act this child is a miss of eighteen. She has a suitor in the Earl of Huntington. Matters progress so that it becomes the case of a foster father in love with his ward, and he declares himself when his old fiancée returns as a widow, with the play ending with the ward accepting him as a husband.

The play is full of human touches, although some of the things are not new. The story is told in a most convincing way, and the oddity of the performance was the introduction of two children to play the part of Claudia at the age of five and eight, and Grace Scott to play the miss of eighteen. The burden of the work fell upon Cyril Scott as the sculptor. He was practically the whole show. We are all familiar with his ability, and it is to his credit that he made the play interesting from start to finish. Cecil De Mille was capital as the Earl and received a hearty round of applause, which was well deserved. Grace Kimball, as the fiancée, was handsome to look upon, and Thomas A. Wise was again seen as the servant, played as capital as the part in Mrs. Temple's Telegram. A sort of slavey part was well handled by Mary Keogh.

Mr. Lawrence merits a great deal of attention for giving a new author a hearing. Mr. Peple will be heard from again.

### Fifth Avenue—Joan.

Play in five acts by Frances Aymar Matthews. Produced Jan. 31.

Joan Dare ..... Fanny Davenport  
Charles VII ..... Henry Jewett  
Nicholas l'Ouseyn ..... Charles W. Stokes  
Guy de Laval ..... Cunningham Deane  
Jacques Dare ..... Frank Tannehill, Sr.  
Earl of Warwick ..... Louis Hendricks  
Bishop Beauvais ..... Albert Lang  
Duke d'Alencon ..... Fred M. Mayer  
Count Dunois ..... George Lang  
Pasquere ..... William T. Durand  
First Jailer ..... Charles Elliot  
Second Jailer ..... Robert Ellis  
Third Jailer ..... Ellis Ryse  
Brother Martin ..... Claude Hastings  
English Envoy ..... Fred M. Harris  
French Herald ..... Katherine Power  
Messenger ..... Harry I. Serviss  
Raymond ..... Alexander Ferguson  
Louis ..... Catherine Green  
Agnes Sorel ..... Dorothy Rossmore  
Isabeau Dare ..... Mrs. W. G. Jones  
Hauvett ..... Frances Hastings  
Mengette ..... Alice Green  
Catherine ..... Sallie Pierpont  
Dame ..... Helen Collier  
Clichet ..... Melbourne MacDowell

Fanny Davenport and her company, including Melbourne MacDowell, presented last evening for the first time in this city, Frances Aymar Matthews' romantic play in five acts, Joan, which was shown originally on Oct. 20, at Boston under title of A Soldier of France, and which has had other names since. A large audience was present.

The story of the play was given in detail in these columns upon the occasion of the original production, when the authorship of the drama

## Majestic—The Duke of Duluth.

Musical farce in two acts, by George Broadhurst. Music by Max S. Witt. Produced Sept. 11.

Darling Doolittle ..... Nat M. Wills  
Klaska IV ..... Henry Norman  
Gennepi O'Hara ..... Stanley Hawkins  
Giuseppe Baratta ..... Robert Paton Gibbs  
Jasper Washington Green ..... Frank White  
The High Priest ..... Frank Dearduff  
Messenger ..... A. G. Franklin  
Amere ..... Edith Decker  
Princess Flirtino ..... Hattie Arnold  
Blansi ..... Catharine Call  
Bianca ..... Diva Marlain  
Assistant to the High Priest ..... May Harrison  
Lieutenant ..... Gertrude Merrill  
Tersilo ..... Elenor Brooks  
Ballera ..... Georgia Brooks

Despite the rain there was a large audience at the Majestic to welcome Nat M. Wills in his latest and more important production and the increased stellar honors and retinue of The Duke of Duluth.

The locale of the piece is the Land of Wot, that might better be called the Land of Not, for it can be found on no maps that would be permitted in any high school. The King of Wot is in trouble, being besieged by an enemy. The high priest has been making wild guesses that to-day the magic deliverer will appear and has been giving these out as official bulletined prophecies. Just in time a submarine comes bearing Darling Doolittle, of Duluth. He is seized on by the despairing priest and passes himself off as the situation savior to escape torture. Of course he is married to the usual Katisha of the court and is to die in three days. But an Italian adventurer and his pseudo mute colored servant have stolen the crown diamond. The wanderer, who has been dubbed Duke of Duluth by King Klaska IV, gets hold of the crown and is granted life and the blessings of the King on his love for a younger and lighter princess. The initial complication is clever enough to produce sufficient comedy to fill an evening, as it has often done before, but the author evidently became weary of working up to the required number of sol, duos, trios, quartettes, choruses and antiquated jokes like that of the Washington pie, and had no gray matter left to fill out the second act, and it went inanely flat except for the songs and specialties.

The production was saved by the clever work of the comedians and chorus, nobly backed by producer Sam Marion and composer Max S. Witt, to whom must be voted the laurel wreaths for effectiveness. The music was led by the composer himself, and often had that lit and swing that are the life of whistled popularity. The movements of the chorus really had the charm of meaning something, so different from those of some directors, who only put the gay little ones through calisthenics with one or both hands on the floor, that mean no more artistically than did the "split," happily now in disuse. Nat M. Wills had a cordial reception that was made more enthusiastic when it was perceived he had discarded his tramp rags and could be watched without producing a feeling that proximity would be dangerous. His art has improved with his use of soap, and better things may be expected of him when he secures a right and bright vehicle. His songs, "Rosita" and "If My Man Could Do It for Me" were popular musical hits. The latter had real humor and, being delivered with that clever enunciation that is one of Mr. Wills' reasons for success with a public that is grateful to be able to hear every word, won immediate and enthusiastic recognition. Henry Norman had fine moments as the King and made a hit with "No Peach Hangs Too High for Him Then" in spite of the wearisome encoring of the song publishers' clique. Stanley Hawkins is a fine figure for a captain of the King's army and has an unusually sympathetic quality of voice that was well liked by the women in "There's One Sweetheart I'll Never Forget." Robert Paton Gibbs brought the art that made his Gecko famous to the bogus Italian Ambassador, who is after the great diamond, and played with skill and finish. Frank White made one of the hits of the piece as a negro servant pretending to be deaf and dumb. Edith Decker has beauty and a fine and well trained voice, that was well liked in "Zenadee," "My Sweet Wild Rose," and "Through All Eternity." Hattie Arnold was delightful in character work and sang charmingly in a dainty and melodious duet with Mr. Wills, called "The Sweetest Part of Loving Is to Dream." Catharine Call is a joy to the eyes in her dainty dancing and was repeatedly encored in a ragtime hit, "Nicomemus," where the chorus did their cleverest and most popular work. The other girls were chosen for beauty and skill and completely filled the bill. The scenery and costumes are up to the Broadway standard and reflect credit on the generous management.

### West End—Breaking Into Society.

Musical farce in three acts, by Lee Arthur and Robert B. Smith. Produced Oct. 2.

Major Mike O'Donovan ..... Sam Morton  
Jack Montague ..... Paul Morton  
Alleen ..... Clara Morton  
Margaret ..... Kate Morton  
August Montague ..... James Cooper  
Conrad Hammerschmidt ..... Ford Sterling  
Reginald Carlyle ..... Echlin P. Gayer  
Sergeant Clark ..... Harry Hearn  
Mada Dynamito ..... John H. Smiley  
Jenkins ..... Arthur Lee  
Simpson ..... Paul Train  
Trixie Gibson ..... Grace Belmont  
Miss De Peyster ..... Mildred Claire  
Miss Harrie ..... Violette Hart

The Four Mortons, well-known in vaudeville, appeared at the West End Theatre last week in a three-act musical farce by Lee Arthur and Robert B. Smith, entitled Breaking Into Society, for the musical numbers of which Gus and Leo Edwards are to be held responsible. A large and hard working chorus rendered their songs and marches with much spirit, and in handsome costumes did full justice to a rather commonplace score.

The music, however, was only a very subordinate feature of the production. Sam Morton, as Major Mike O'Donovan, the walking delegate; Paul Morton, as Jack Montague, a college boy; Clara Morton, as Alleen, the delegate's daughter, and Kate Morton, as Margaret, his wife, kept things moving, and the laughable predicaments of their characters, occurring without much regard for dramatic unities, made a delectable treat for the fun lovers. Sam Morton, as Major Mike, was especially amusing. As the walking delegate he is supposed to unintentionally rescue from death by a dynamite bomb the hated president of the Monopoly Railroad, one August Montague, capably rendered by James Cooper. This incident makes them friends, and the Major whom newly acquired wealth has filled with society aspirations, finds a powerful ally in the president, who becomes his sponsor in the ensuing attempts to get into society. So the one-time walking delegate appears at fancy dress balls and amateur circuses, where his ignorance of social etiquette is exhibited most laughably.

His wife, Margaret, who also has ventured into the social swim, is his abettor in his well meant efforts. The part was given with delicious humor by Kate Morton. Clara Morton, vivacious and charming, made a delightful Alleen, and Paul Morton, as Jack Montague, was her devoted lover in very effective fashion. As

## Madison Square—The Man on the Box.

Comedy in three acts, dramatized from Harold MacGrath's novel of the same name by Grace Livingston Furniss. Produced Oct. 3.

Lieut. Robert Worburton ..... Henry E. Dixey  
Charles Henderson ..... Sydney Booth  
Col. George Annesley ..... Lee Baker  
Count Karloff ..... John Westley  
Col. Frank Raleigh ..... James A. Bliss  
Magistrate Watts ..... Fred W. Peters  
Clerk of the Court ..... Duane Wagar  
Officer O'Brien ..... Chester Beecroft  
Officer Cassidy ..... C. N. Schaeffer  
Monsieur Pierre ..... Fred W. Peters  
William ..... Charles E. Howson  
Nancy Worburton ..... Marie Nordstrom  
Mrs. Conway ..... Constance Adams  
Cora ..... Lily Carthew  
Elizabeth Annesley ..... Carlotta Nilsson

Last Tuesday night saw another triumph for Manager Lawrence as a producer, and Miss Furniss as a dramatizer, Henry Dixey as a returning star, and Carlotta Nilsson in the new role of comedienne. The occasion was the production of another American comedy at this famous old theatre.

An ex-lieutenant of regulars returns home after a long absence and, as a joke on his sister, bribes their family coachman to lend him his uniform. The exchange made, the lieutenant mounts the box and furiously drives the party home, jumps down and catches his sister in his arms and kisses her. She calls the police and has him arrested, for she is not his sister at all, but a young woman he has admired from a distance. Too late, he finds that he became mixed in the call numbers and got on the box of the wrong carriage. The play opens the next morning, when the officers at the station house are discussing their prisoner. He soon awakens and finds himself in hot water. He is brought before the magistrate in the second scene and confronted with the girl, Elizabeth Annesley. The comedy begins, for she suspects he is a gentleman (this point being a distinct stage gain on the novel). To continue the joke and her revenge she pays his fine and hires him as her coachman. Because he loves her he accepts the offered position. The farce situation is so convincingly acted by a clever company that it satisfies the mind on amusement bent, and the resulting complications are heartily enjoyed, even the melodramatic incidents of the hero's saving the life of the young woman and her father's honor. This gentleman has agreed to sell plans of our forts to a Russian spy for a much needed \$100,000. The amateur groom and butler saves him from his own folly and wins the girl, just in time to close a very happy evening.

Henry E. Dixey played throughout with that quiet refinement and sincerity of touch that have always characterized his work. His lines were read with a variety of intonation, perfection of enunciation and skill of suggesting a wide range of underlying feeling that ever makes Mr. Dixey's elocution an object lesson to those who would perfect themselves in that rare reading which too often seems a lost art. With it all he was so quaintly droll and sympathetic that the audience was always laughing with him. A fine line of difference that marks the low lying field of horse-play from the uplands of the art of comedy. Carlotta Nilsson's art shining on the sunny nooks of girlish life was a distinct surprise to those who are not favored with a knowledge of her sincere and versatile powers. That she is powerful she demonstrated greatly in Hedda Gabler and Letty. But her interpretation of the ingenious love of a mischievous and dainty girlhood was a delightful revelation to the public of New York. Marie Nordstrom was charming as the breezy sister of the lieutenant, rejoicing in the ecstasy of her first engagement. The stage needs more such thoroughbred ladies as Constance Adams, who has that rare beauty, intelligence and real refinement stage pictures of society too often lack. Sydney Booth caught the spirit of the piece and played the lieutenant's friend with the dash and easy assurance called for by the part. Lee Baker overdid the lachrymose and failed in the art of make-up, like some of the others. John Westley was forceful and convincing, with just the right touch of foreign accent. Only those who have met Russian diplomats know how true his delineation really was. James A. Bliss can always be relied upon to play with distinction and skill any part he is secured for. His colonel of the regular army was hearty and rang true to the life of outdoors and strenuous things. Duane Wagar and C. N. Schaeffer were capital in bits, while the mounted cop of Chester Beecroft had that air and true ring of dialect it seemed the real thing, not acting. Fred W. Peters gave a fine touch to both his magistrate and French chef, showing that even the small parts of the Madison Square companies are selected with the utmost care. It is just this painstaking attention to detail and finely adjusted spirit of truth and conviction in interpretation and restraint in effort that is making these productions take so high a rank.

### Hudson—Man and Superman.

Comedy in three acts, by Bernard Shaw. Produced Sept. 5.

Roebuck Ramsden ..... Louis Massen  
Parlor Maid ..... Pauline Anthony  
Octavins Robinson ..... Alfred Hickman  
John Tanner ..... Robert Loraine  
Ann Whitefield ..... Fay Davis  
Mrs. Whitefield ..... Lois Frances Clark  
Susan Ramsden ..... Sally Williams  
Violet Robinson ..... Clara Bloodgood  
Henry Straker ..... Edward Abels  
Hector Malone, Jr. ..... Richard Bennett  
Hector Malone, Sr. ..... J. D. Beveridge

It is a mental shower bath to read or hear a Shaw play, and therefore he is welcome most where brain activity is most wearing. It was the keenly alert Americans who first appreciated Shaw, not to take him seriously as affecting the principles of aims of life, but as a verbal clown, who throws linguistic somersaults and whose slapstick work with epigrams is restful to the mind that is weary of seeing ideas always right side up. This latest chalk-face specimen—speaking figuratively—entered the sawdust ring at the Hudson Theatre on Tuesday last, and was heartily laughed at by a clever audience that enjoyed its topsy-turvy antics because they are so different from the shuffling elephants in the form of recent importations of comedy. It is a characteristic of the Irish mind to enjoy tossing ideas in the air and keeping them going, as a juggler does his pellets, and the clowning of Shaw is full of this national characteristic, but he did it so well in Man and Superman, even to the last love scene, which is great in its drollery of the man's fight to the last before yielding, that the audience became almost hysterical with the keen joy of the sharply playing wit. It was a triumph for the Hibernian treatment, as well as for the carefully selected corps of operators who applied the stimulant so skillfully.

The story of this reversed Don Juan is too well known in its published form to use valuable space in repeating it, and the author has shown the practical sense that ever lies just behind his clowning to cut hell and much else out of its first version. If played as printed it would take seven hours to finish. Although few could fall to make a brilliant effect with the material, Robert Loraine more than satisfied as John Tanner, and justified the faith he has long inspired. He interpreted the role of the Impudent One with dash, and yet gave the difficult scenes of the first act with artistic restraint and effective sincerity. Fay Davis came again into her own

## Knickerbocker—Miss Dolly Dollars.

Musical comedy in two acts, by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. Produced Sept. 4.

Dorothy Gay ..... Lulu Glaser  
Lulu Burlingham ..... Melville Stewart  
Samuel Gay ..... Charles Bradshaw  
Mrs. Gay ..... Carrie Perkins  
Guy Gay ..... Carter de Haven  
Bertha Billings ..... Olive Murray  
Celeste ..... Elsie Ferguson  
Lieutenant Von Richter ..... Henry Vogel  
Miggs ..... Byron Ongley  
The Hon. Percy Fitzboodle ..... William Naughton  
The Marquis de Baccarat ..... James Leahy  
Baron von Rheinheister ..... Carl Hartberg  
Count Runoffsky ..... James Kenny  
Count Chantel ..... Enrico Orenmonte  
Duke de Bolero ..... John Ardzone  
Prince Umakyyitch ..... Sidney Harris  
Captain Sheridan Barry ..... Edward Leahy  
Hon. Montague Bank ..... Bessie Holbrook  
Hon. Maryland Bank ..... Sadie Probat  
Margery ..... Lillian Spencer  
Millicent ..... Queenie Hewlett  
First Bailiff ..... Joseph Frohoff  
Second Bailiff ..... L. F. Sampson  
Helen Hastings ..... Paula Desmond  
Fred Dressier ..... Richard  
Estelle de Lange ..... Vida Whitmore  
Norah McGree ..... Aline Redmond  
Ruth Delamere ..... Helen Marlborough  
Vena Rodriguez ..... Lelia Benton  
Miriam Odell ..... Susanne Parker  
Frances Mortimer ..... Gabrielle Stani

The new musical comedy by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith began its public life by pleasing a Rochester audience on Aug. 31. It promises to entertain New York audiences for a good many months to come. Though the music is not equal to the best of Victor Herbert's work, and the book is somewhat wanting in originality, there is enough brightness, enough clever lines and droll situations to carry Lulu Glaser and her supporting company through a hard winter. It is the best vehicle the young singer has had for her talents.

Dolly Dollars is an American girl, daughter of a condensed soup magnate named Gay. Dolly, in the usual way, is pursued by a flock of bankrupt titles. As the result of mistaken identity a bookworm secretary, given to quoting Aristotle and muddling society commonplaces, is confounded with his master, who is a lord. The master goes so far as to have himself employed as Dolly's chauffeur. The young lady, who has vowed she will never marry for title, falls in love with the supposed secretary-chauffeur. The usual consequences follow.

Lulu Glaser never pleased more emphatically than in the title-role. She was a type of athletic, effervescent American girl, exaggerated but winning, whose delicate tact and ebullient merriment carry her past antagonists and suitors alike. Her work at every moment was full of spontaneity, bubbling with natural happiness, and such that stamps her as a true comedienne. R. C. Herz, the over-educated secretary, Doc Little, was a good companion. Though his role was not so prominent, he made it appear second only to that of Miss Glaser, and his song, "It's a Thing That Keeps Me Guessing," was the hit of the play. Carrie Perkins as Mrs. Gay, Dolly's mother, splintered her English and personified "Mrs. Newrich" in a way that gave her a big place in the regard of the audience. Carter de Haven as Guy Gay danced himself into favor. It would be better if he danced more and sang less. Charles Bradshaw made a good Samuel Gay, and Melville Stewart as Lord Burlingham was altogether satisfactory. The support was good and choruses attractive. A series of character sketches contributed by a novel octette, consisting of titled rivals for Dolly's hand, was a highly amusing feature.

## New Amsterdam—The Prodigal Son.

Drama in four acts, by Hall Caine. Produced Sept. 4.

Stephen Magnusson ..... W. H. Thompson  
Anna ..... Ida Waterman  
Magnus Stephenson ..... Edward Morgan  
Oscar Stephenson ..... Aubrey Boucault  
Oscar Nelson ..... J. E. Dodson  
Thor Nelson ..... Charlotte Walker  
Helga Nelson ..... Drina De Wolfe  
Margret Nelson ..... Marie Wainwright  
Elin ..... Charlotte Walker  
Nels Finsen ..... Ben Webster  
Doctor Olsen ..... George C. Boniface, Sr.  
The Pastor ..... Rufus Crawford  
The Sheriff ..... Warner Oland  
The Director of the Casino ..... Henry Bergman  
The Agent of the Bank ..... Basil West  
The Delicet ..... W. H. Thompson  
Baroness Greengage ..... Mrs. George W. Barnum  
The American Senator ..... John Sanderson  
Madame Taudehr ..... Helen Graham  
Jon Vidalin ..... Frank Hibby  
Gudrun ..... Edna Bruns  
Head Waiter ..... Harry C. Bruns  
Marta ..... Ella Greening  
First Croupier ..... James Jamison  
Second Croupier ..... Charles Hayne

Although Mr. Caine cabled his regrets that he would be unable to appear in New York at the first performance of his play in a characteristically brief message of 258 words, he was very much in evidence in spirit, and his admirers and those of the many clever actors of the great cast were standing rows deep to witness the first production of The Prodigal Son. It was typically Hall Cainesque. Internal evidence went far to prove his assertion that he had made this all alone by his own main strength, for it was overweighted with the residue of characters, incidents and talk from the book, and showed little craft of play construction. Those liberal providers, Liebler and Company, have made it a stage edition *de luxe*, with the usual results of occasionally having the binding and pictures so rich that they dominate the story. The elaborate sets, with occasional undergrowth of talky scenes and the fervid enthusiasm of the audience in calling for its favorites delayed the last curtain until midnight.

The story follows the novel closely, except that the repentant one does not become wealthy and famous by grave robbery. He is shown in a final tableau of icy picturesqueness as returning to the cold outer regions in the lonely state he has richly merited.

W. H. Thompson filled the picture as the Governor, but delighted all by his art in a character bit of a ruined old gambler. Ida Waterman was sympathetic, and Edward Morgan won repeated welcoming calls that would only be satisfied with a speech. The bulk of the melodrama of the Master of Lanky Locks fell to Aubrey Boucault, and he acquitted himself so well in the Monte Carlo scene that he was repeatedly recalled. J. E. Dodson was another case of the use of fine gold to gild a pewter part. He contributed one of his well-known make-ups, evidently suggested by Ibsen's photograph. Charlotte Walker played mother and daughter in excellent contrast, and with her well-known charm and vibrantly sympathetic quality of voice. Drina De Wolfe had beauty and energy, with little art or subtlety, and Marie Wainwright characterized her but little, and played for laughs. The audience was glad to welcome back George C. Boniface, Sr. Henry Bergman interpreted a small part with finished art. The other players were carefully chosen and did creditable work, but were handicapped by crude, old-fashioned construction, overweight of incidents and stage management that slammed on and off a noisy chorus. It is a great story of its kind, almost as vital as that of Cain and Abel, and not much further along in the Great Book. This version will probably have a popular success, but will not live as long as if treated with the directness and simple power worthy and suitable to its theme.



## Mendelssohn Hall—Henry V.

Historical drama in five acts, by William Shakespeare. Revived Oct. 30.

Mendelssohn Hall lends itself most readily to the peculiar needs of the series of plays "acted in the Elizabethan manner" which Ben Greet is offering this month to students and lovers of Shakespeare. The stage has been modeled after the design of an old London hall and there is no concession in the form of curtain or orchestra to the tastes of the modern audience. The manager states his object to be to give the plays "as nearly as possible as they were written, to show their value as drama and literature, and in no spirit of opposition to the large public that prefers more scenery and less Shakespeare." After certain performances masking under the English master's name that have been offered for some time on Broadway, scholars and lovers of the lines are indeed glad to see a performance which reproduces faithfully as may be the spirit as well as the settings of the old plays.

From the quaintly fitted stage the bugler who sounds the call to the theatre and the herald, who speaks the prologues, to the nice accuracy in the appointments and costumes and omission of theatrical effects, Mr. Greet has carefully reproduced the performance of the fifteenth century. The Elizabethan audience is not represented, nor are boys used in the female roles, but the herald asks the audience "to piece out our imperfections with your thoughts." Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them," and to believe our imagination, not our sight, when the chorus informs us "the scene is now transported, gentles, to Southampton."

The drama, one of Shakespeare's longest, was played with but few lines omitted. That it held the audience from start to finish was due to the class of spectators and to the general excellence of the performance. The audience was a cultured one, expecting no spectacular effects and genuinely interested in a literary presentation. The acting was uniformly good, though it was never great. There was no Garrick nor member of good old Lord Chamberlain's company to thrill the pit or stir the gallery. Those who derive their pleasure from the inspiring acting of a star would say with the chorus:

O for a muse of fire that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!

That Mr. Greet wishes the spectator to judge the company as a whole and not in its component parts is attested by the omission of the actors' names after their respective roles and his disinclination to make known the casts. It is the Ben Greet company, to be judged as a company—a company, moreover, not contending for individual honors, but working together with one aim for one effect. Regarded in this light it was an interesting and instructive performance, creditably given by a conscientious and able band of players.

Mr. Greet's own capable work was recognized in the part of Ancient Pistol, the comedy role that is the successor of Falstaff. The acting of the character of Henry V lacked a spirit and infection one expected to find in him who had been the gay Prince Hal, notwithstanding the fact that we are told after his father's death:

His wildness, mortified in him,  
Seemed to die too.

And those who remembered Richard Mansfield's acting of the king felt a lack of depth and impressiveness inherent in the role. The character parts of Fluellen, the Welshman, of Macmorris, Jamy, Nym and Barthol, barring a certain general indistinctness, were admirably taken. The Duke of Exeter, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Montjoy, the French herald, Duke of Orleans, and Lewis, the Dauphin, were among the other roles deserving special mention. The boy of Master Lores Grimm showed the unusual skill of the player, and with the exception of the youthful fault of noting the audience was one of the successes of the evening.

Among the women the part of Katherine was charmingly rendered, the young actress giving life and interest to the lines and an attractive personality to the character. The role of Alice was also well taken, both actresses meriting the hearty applause they received.

## Madison Square—The Prince Chap.

Play in three acts, by Edward Peple. Produced Sept. 4.

William Peyton ..... Cyril Scott  
The Earl of Huntington ..... Cecil De Mille  
Marcus Runlon ..... Thomas A. Wise  
Bailor ..... Theodore Terry  
Yadder ..... Albert Perry  
Fritz ..... George Fisher  
A. Truckman ..... Albert Perry  
Alice Travers ..... Grace Kimball  
Mrs. Errington ..... Florence Conron  
Phoebe Puckers ..... Mary Keogh  
Claudia (aged 5) ..... Helen Pullman  
Claudia (aged 8) ..... Edith Speare  
Claudia (aged 18) ..... Gracey Scott

Edward Peple has written a well leveled play, about human people, and with a story quite likely to be real. At the premiere last week its balance and the preparedness of the company were so evident that few changes will be necessary to carry the piece ahead. It is too long, and some of the scenes drag a little, however, though one would hate to lose any of the incidents. The story has been published in form of a novel, though Mr. Peple says the play was written first. At the close of the second act the author was called upon for a speech and responded with a well-rehearsed, commonplace address of thanks.

The "Prince Chap" of the story is William Peyton, a struggling sculptor who is in London in search of his fortune. A former model, who has married badly and is left a widow, comes to Peyton's studio, makes him promise to care for her child, and then dies when he has given his word. To the little one, a girl of five, Peyton

## Knickerbocker—The Strollers.

Musical comedy in a prologue and two acts, adapted from the German of Kremm and Lindau, by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Engländer. Produced June 24.

August Lump ..... Francis Wilson  
Don Juan del Tobasco ..... D. J. Don  
Kamfer ..... Edie Foy  
Prince de Boonsky ..... Harry Gilfoyl  
Roland ..... Benjamin Howard  
Bratwurst ..... James Darling  
Stober ..... Fred Urban  
Rollo ..... James Furey  
Rudi ..... Wilmer Bentley  
Mimi ..... Harry Stuart  
Bertha ..... Marie George  
Anna ..... Irene Bentley  
Frau Bach ..... Louise Lawton  
Lizzie McCall

The hot weather didn't prevent a large audience from gathering at the Knickerbocker last evening to see the initial performance of The Strollers, a musical comedy produced by George W. Lederer, with Francis Wilson as the star.

The Strollers is an adaptation from the German, its original being Die Landstreicher, by L. Kremm and C. Lindau. Harry B. Smith did the Englishing and Ludwig Engländer supplied the score. The plot narrates certain ad-

## Garrick—Mrs. Warren's Profession.

Play in four acts, by Bernard Shaw. Produced Oct. 30.

Sir George Crofts ..... Fred Tyler  
Mr. Praed ..... George Farren  
Rev. Samuel Gardner ..... John Findlay  
Frank Gardner ..... Arnold Daly  
Mrs. Warren ..... Mary Shaw  
Miss Vivie Warren ..... Chrystal Herne

A struggling mob fighting to enter the Garrick Theatre on the first night of Mrs. Warren's Profession might have been an evidence of an unusual outburst of fervor for the drama, but it appeared more like an exposition of that human trait of desiring something because of the difficulty of obtaining it, or like that other trait of aberrant nature, the desire to witness something because it is nasty. The part of the mob that succeeded, some members of it paying as high as \$25 for the privilege, found that the same thing, barring the excellent acting of Mr. Daly's company, might have been obtained at a much lower price and with far less difficulty from any of the garbage cans along the street. As a play Mrs. Warren's Profession is like the decaying of what might have been healthy food had it been prepared by a greater man, capable of presenting truth dignifiedly. Whether the play is *per se* moral or immoral is, after all, beside the question and purely a matter of viewpoint. Its presentation amounts simply to offending good taste by clownish methods of telling disagreeable facts.

All of which does not refer to Arnold Daly's personal work or that of his company. The play was well presented, reasonably well staged, and being constructively better than most of the Shaw efforts, was dramatically entertaining. Mr. Daly announced beforehand that a number of lines had been cut from the dialogue since the engagement in New Haven, but the omissions were scarcely noticeable. Vivie's line in the first act about liking a cigar, an entirely inoffensive remark, was missing, and some of the suggestive dialogue between Praed and Sir George Crofts was not spoken. But Mrs. Warren's defense of her "profession" was given its full value, with its absurd contrasts that offered a girl only the choice between a lead factory at four shillings a week and the business the maid-in creature represented. The "moral lesson" was all there—the philosophy of Mrs. Warren, that says people will be what they are paid best for being, and the philosophy of Sir George Crofts, that defends one man's acts by referring to another who thinks the same way.

Forgetting as far as possible the technical offensiveness of the play and considering it as a stage presentation, very little can be said in criticism. Mary Shaw as Mrs. Warren made use of many grimaces and too much low-class accent that somewhat spoiled the complete effectiveness of her work. Otherwise she played the role with a skill backed by intelligence that brought more spontaneous applause than the lines could have possibly aroused. Her very long and trying speech in the second act was well high perfect. Chrystal Herne as Vivie—she did not appear unmoved at her mother's tirades and she overdid the nervous tension of her scene with Sir George Crofts in the third act. Her scenes with Frank were pleasing and especially so in the last act.

Arnold Daly, suffering from excessive nervousness, played Frank with the freedom Mr. Shaw probably intended. He was boyish, his elocution full of snap, and he was the well-dressed clown to perfection. Fred Tyler gave to the role of Sir George Crofts the air and spirit of a shallow-minded *roué* with a turn for business, and kept carefully within the bounds of artistic acting. George Farren as Praed furnished the one healthy character with dignity. John Findlay played the Rev. Samuel Gardner in the same excellent manner that marks all of his character work.

At the close of the third act Mr. Daly was called upon for a speech, in which he defended the play on the ground that "people having attained their majority should be able to face the problems of life and willingly cast off illusions and youthful legends." Which arouses the unanswered question of who has attained his majority. Certainly most of the audience did not look upon Mrs. Warren's Profession as the solution of a problem, but as a play to be curious about.

## Daly's—Number Nine.

Farce in three acts, adapted by F. C. Burnand from the German. Produced Dec. 7.

Richard Whortles ..... Cyril Scott  
Edward Blake ..... Charles Richman  
Joseph Carbury ..... William Owen  
Toby Knockitt ..... Joseph Herbert  
John Humbert ..... William Hazeltine  
Thompson ..... Deane Pratt  
Mrs. Matilda Carbury ..... Mrs. G. H. Gilbert  
Dorothy Whortles ..... Irene Perry  
Milly Grace ..... Lettice Fairfax  
Jane ..... Lila Converse

At Daly's Theatre there was presented last Tuesday evening for the first time a farce in three acts entitled Number Nine, or the Lady of Ostend, adapted by F. C. Burnand from the German of Oscar Blumenthal and Gustave Kadelburg. The theatre was crowded, and the audience very heartily enjoyed the merry play and the excellent work of the players.

Number Nine introduces one to the household of Richard Whortles, a young London lawyer, who, though married, has been unable to forsake the gay associations of his bachelorhood. He has seen fit to excuse frequent absences from home by referring to business appointments with Edward Blake, a wealthy young Irish friend whom he has not met for years, and by pretenses of important journeys to Ber-

## Fourteenth Street—The Forbidden Land.

Tibetan comic opera in two acts. Book and lyrics by Guy F. Stealy. Music by Frederic Chapin. Produced Jan. 16.

Doctor Ferdinand Klotz ..... Gus Weinberg  
Kinkaboo ..... William Cameron  
The Barca Tarjam ..... W. H. Clarke  
Thomas Wilkinson ..... Joseph A. Phillips  
Adoul ..... Hughie Flaherty  
Gombo ..... Abbott Adams  
Taklakot ..... H. S. Austin  
Mina Dama ..... Alma Youlin  
Dorothy Fairfax ..... Mary Ryan  
Hilda ..... Ethel Johnson  
Joppa ..... Marie Dahlgren  
Dama ..... John E. Salisbury  
Dolly K. Wilson  
Almora ..... Helen Keers  
Motema ..... Jessie Huston  
Paigana ..... Grace Mcarty  
Gara ..... Alma Dahlgren  
Matma ..... Gertrude Dexter  
Shoka ..... Hugh J. Harter  
A Sentinel ..... Tom Gippel  
Deuteronomy ..... No Ordinary Dog

## Empire—De Lancey.

Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced Sept. 4.

M. J. ..... Guy Nichols  
John ..... C. Maclean Savage  
Thomas Hibbard ..... Sidney Irving  
James De Lancey ..... John Drew  
Dr. Elliot Morton ..... Walter Hale  
Aunt Ruth ..... Kate Meek  
Bill Gooding ..... Arthur Elliot  
Jacqueline Marple ..... Margaret Dale  
Irene Millard ..... Doris Keene  
Jo ..... Albert Roccardi  
Peter ..... W. Bechtel  
Mr. Millard ..... Frank E. Aiken  
Tom ..... Robert Schable  
George ..... Harry Redding  
Dave Marple ..... Menifee Johnstone  
Butler ..... Albert Roccardi  
Maid ..... May Galyer  
Mrs. Hibbard ..... Cornelia Bedford

The true episode of a "prodigal son" of the past week was the return of John Drew to American comedy. He was heartily welcomed—to the dismay of the fatted calf. A certain Augustus Thomas was chosen to dress Mr. Drew and succeeded with a fit that far surpasses the actor's recent importations of second-hand raiment from foreign lands.

The thin thread that hangs together this "three piece suit" tells how James De Lancey has been divorced by his wife, who was unjustly jealous of an innocent girl, Jacqueline. De Lancey has succeeded in keeping the girl's name out of the case and her life from being hurt by the knowledge. In the first act he is sending her violets by a valet who suffers from the microbe of periodic inebriation. She comes to his bill-beset bachelor apartment and confesses her love. He denies his own because she is engaged to his best friend. He is always a gentleman, and it is in this measure and its language trimming that Tailor Thomas has surprised his friend by his genteel and fashionable qualities in the cutting of thin cloth. When the best friend finds the girl he really loves in the person of a gardener's daughter and friend of his fiancée the end of the story is in sight. But Jacqueline refuses De Lancey because she thinks he is marrying her from pity and that he loves the woman he lied about and said he loved in the first act to save her from her own rashness. Therefore she refuses him in the last act, but the drinking valet has hung on to the violets and comes to deliver them in time for the final curtain and glad understanding.

There is much of the fine work of the Thomas brand in the self-sacrificing hero, and there is much vividly illuminating talk that comes from the characters themselves and is not pinned into the pages just to be quoted, but there is a weakness and almost sordidness of theme and a farce method in handling it that leave the audience without that exhilaration that comes from having lived with the unusually fine people in some of this author's former plays.

Mr. Drew was the whole thing, and he had been carefully fitted even to his usual dining art and wounded hero style, for which the author threw him a cropper with a broken collar bone into a greenhouse that was a scenic triumph for vine-covered and glassy reality. Margaret Dale was happy in the ladylike way in which she executed her confession of love for De Lancey, but otherwise she was disappointing. Doris Keene looked charming but read mechanically and was automatic in movement. Walter Hale was a fine figure of a man, but was forced by the author to flounder in shoal water. Kate Meek was the finished artist she had formerly proved herself. Arthur Elliot had a broad-chested, blustering Western character to which he gave full measure. Menifee Johnstone was forceful as the hard-headed father, and Sidney Irving showed much that promises well for his future. Excellent character bits were drawn by W. Bechtel, Albert Roccardi, Guy Nichols, Frank E. Aiken, and Cornelia Bedford.

## Liberty—The Rogers Brothers in Ireland.

Musical farce in three acts, by John J. McNally; lyrics by George V. Hobart; music by Max Hoffman. Produced Sept. 4.

Heinrich Punk ..... Gus Rogers  
Nicholas Knox ..... Max Rogers  
Alice O'Grady ..... Corinne  
Gerald Fitzgerald ..... Maurice Darcy  
Anastasia O'Hoolihan ..... Josie Intropidi  
Hannah Dooley ..... Bessie de Voie  
Dan O'Hoolihan ..... Charles F. McCarthy  
Bat Lynch ..... Edward O'Connor  
Dr. Philpot-Gavan O'Gaffney ..... John Conroy  
Mary O'Gaffney ..... Ethel Intropidi  
Shella Rhue ..... Julia Eastman  
Pat Shields ..... William Torpey  
Nora ..... Lillian Collins  
Peggy ..... Pauline Thorne  
Maggie ..... Lynn O'Arcy  
Lizzie ..... Grace Grindell  
Murty ..... Arthur V. Gibson  
The Piper ..... George Earle

Labor Day usually sees the Rogers Brothers hard at work in New York, and this year they are here as usual in a new vehicle by their permanent play-tailor, John J. McNally. These Rogers entertainments are like so many peas in a pod; the routine being the same, whether the Rogers Brothers are in London or in Central Park, or, as in the present instance, in Ireland. The task of writing one of these Rogers "plays" must be a very easy one for Mr. McNally, as there is so much singing and dancing that there is little room for dialogue.

To the stage-managers, Ned Wayburn and Herbert Gresham, must be given credit for whatever is most pleasing in the production, as the talk for the most part is dull, and it was a welcome relief when the gayly dressed chorus tripped out and went through their lively paces. There are two effects that were remarkably pretty. One is at the end of the second act, when three dozen girls with white parasols pose effectively in a novel way, while the stereopticon man throws pictures of shamrocks and flags upon them. The other novelty is a song called "The First Time We Rode on the Cars." It was done by a dozen girls, who at the finish jumped into trunks, which were immediately transformed into miniature railway cars, and were rolled off by husky Irish guides. The business introduced in this song is effective, although of course absurd, and the girls were recalled several times.

Mr. McNally, following the custom in such cases, neglected to provide a plot. He simply led the German comedians through a series of adventures in Ireland, with scenes laid in Glendalough, the Lakes of Killarney, and at Blarney Castle. The Germans attempt to secure the Blarney Stone, on which they imagine they have an option, and of course return to America without it. The feature, as usual, is the specialty of the Rogers Brothers in the second act. Their dialogue is funny at times, but their parodies are poor. Corinne has the leading female role and is fairly successful with some tuneful songs. John Conroy, Charles F. McCarthy, and Edward O'Connor are the only ones who speak the brogue with anything like a natural effect. The others make hopeless attempts that were annoying to those who are familiar with the real Irish accent. Bessie de Voie sings with dainty dancing, and Maurice Darcy sings cleverly. Josie Intropidi works hard as an Irish peasant. The others have very little to do. The music is lively and pleasing, and Mr. Hoffman has worked in most of the familiar Irish tunes in a catchy, though unoriginal way. The best of the new songs are "The Irish Girl I Love," "My Irish

## Shubert-Park—The Genius and the Model.

Comedy in three acts by William C. De Mille and Cecil B. De Mille. Produced Nov. 13.

Otto Vogelsburger ..... Peter Lang  
Victor Le Mercier ..... Robert Fatten  
Brian McGonigal ..... Gordon Johnstone  
Nell Graham ..... Edna Goodrich  
Jack Spencer ..... Henry Woodruff  
Percival Clutterbuck ..... Monroe Salisbury  
Mrs. Van Dusen ..... Bessie Hunter Hight  
Josephine Van Dusen ..... Louise Randolph  
Cyril Farquhar ..... Cary Livingston  
Cyrus Jenkins ..... Harry Cahill  
Lilly Scott ..... Sally McNeil  
Miss Trevor ..... Rose Hubbard  
Mrs. Van Browne-Smythe ..... Pauline Whitson  
Mrs. Fenno ..... Florence Cragg

Brooklyn playgoers were treated to the first production in New York of one of the jolliest comedies seen here in many a season. The audience that filled the pretty, renovated Park Theatre last Monday night was in a continuous ripple of laughter, as the bright lines of The Genius and the Model simply bubble over with clean, wholesome humor. Henry Woodruff and Edna Goodrich were heartily welcomed as the co-stars in the piece, and the audience called repeatedly for the authors, but they could not be found in the house although the audience remained seated until long after the final curtain.

The story of the play revolves around Jack Spencer, a wealthy young American in love with Josephine Van Dusen, a girl who worships art and artists. To win her he visits a studio occupied by an Irish sculptor, a German musician and a French painter to obtain lessons in art. He makes very little progress with the work and when he is almost discouraged Nell Graham, a pretty model employed by the artist, comes to the rescue with a scheme in which he is to sign all their work and they to receive the proceeds of the sale. Percival Clutterbuck, a connoisseur, is the first victim. He thinks he has discovered a new genius and advertises the rising young artist, recording him in the art journals as the "new impressionist." When he visits the studio to meet his discovery he finds him to be his old friend, Jack Spencer, and Josephine, who has also dropped in, is overjoyed when she is confronted by her old lover, Jack, who never showed any symptoms of an artistic temperament. She begs him to marry her, and they become engaged on the spot. With the indorsement of the Van Dusens there is a sudden demand for everything that Spencer touches with a brush.

But poor Jack has fallen a victim to the charms of Nell Graham, the beautiful model, and cares no longer for Josephine. He tries to break off the engagement by insisting that he is an impostor, but he fails to convince her because Clutterbuck, to save his reputation with the public, urges that Spencer is simply a great genius gone mad. Josephine is finally persuaded to release him when he tells her that she was his inspiration, and when an artist marries his inspiration he ceases to paint well. Clutterbuck tells Josephine that he has always loved her, and she walks off on his arm, while the final curtain falls with The Genius and the Model clasped in each others' arms.

Henry Woodruff as the Genius was splendid. He grasped the part, made it natural, and got a laugh out of every line. Edna Goodrich played the Model with sincerity and modesty. Her graceful form and beauty lent themselves nicely to the part. Louise Randolph was a dignified and convincing Josephine. Monroe Salisbury as Percival Clutterbuck was rather noisy at times, but his work as a whole was good. Peter Lang was entirely satisfactory as the German musician, Robert Fatten portrayed a French painter well and scored in the studio scene. Gordon Johnstone was very good as Brian McGonigal except when he forgot his brogue. Bessie Hunter Hight accomplished as much as possible with the stately Mrs. Van Dusen. Cary Livingston looked the part of the art student and carried the lines acceptably. Sally McNeil did good work as an hysterical school girl who dared to ask the genius for his autograph. Harry Cahill as Cyrus Jenkins, a business man, was effective. Rose Hubbard as a society girl and Florence Cragg as a Boston art critic were pleasing. The piece was well staged.

## LULU GLASER AS A STAR.

(Special to The Mirror.)

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 12.

At the Empire Theatre to-night Lulu Glaser made her debut as a star, presenting for the first time Sweet Anne Page, a three-act comic opera, book by Louis de Lange and Edgar Smith; music by W. H. Neidlinger. The cast:

Ridworth Folk:  
Anne Page ..... Lulu Glaser  
Squire Pius Page ..... Fred Rayley  
Dame Martha Page ..... Bertha Ricci  
Tom Styles ..... Arthur Donaldson  
Jan ..... Frank Smiley  
Rab ..... Randolph Curry  
Abram ..... Thomas E. Whitbread  
Liz ..... Daisy King  
Judy ..... Marquita Dwight  
Ellen ..... Grace Blake  
Elspeth ..... May Gooch  
Bet ..... Addie Randolph

Sweter Folk:  
Justice Sir Fuddlestone Portleigh ..... Gilbert Clayton  
Lady Arabella Portleigh ..... May Gooch  
Sir Huntley Fox ..... Frank Smiley  
Clerk of Court ..... Randolph Curry  
Constable ..... W. C. White  
Landlord ..... Thomas E. Whitbread  
Clutch Crimstoneak ..... Harry Wiegand  
Crier ..... Ole Norman  
Tipstaff ..... L. D. Schlenk  
Courier ..... Osborne Clemson

Torbay Folk:  
Uncle Davy ..... Gilbert Clayton  
Young Davy ..... W. S. Smith  
Micah ..... Thomas E. Whitbread  
Meg ..... Daisy King

Holland Folk:  
William, Prince of Orange ..... Randolph Curry  
Mynheer Van Schaak ..... William Herman West

London Townfolk:  
Chevalier St. Henry ..... Harold Blake  
Sally Peachum ..... Greta Risley  
Ardastus Kafcozalum ..... Alexander Clark

The action of the opera occurs in Devonshire, England, just before the landing of William of Orange. Miss Glaser plays the title-role, that of a girl of noble birth, brought up by a miserly uncle in ignorance of her true rank. She falls in love with a young Devon yeoman, Tom Styles, but her uncle wishes her to wed the Chevalier St. Henry, a court beau. To escape this marriage Anne Page runs away with a band of strolling players. After many adventures she and Tom are united.

The opera tells a pretty story; the comedy element is not wanting; there are a number of graceful lyrics and Mr. Neidlinger's score is attractive. Miss Glaser acted and sang charmingly, endowing the part with vivacity and magnetism. She was warmly applauded. Others deserving special mention are Alexander Clark, Arthur Donaldson, Randolph Curry, Harold Blake, William Herman West and Greta Risley. The settings were handsome and the chorus excellent. Max Freeman staged the production.





Commanding presence.  
Anna Sutherland had



Sunday News

Page Seven



m in  
Saw"  
egan  
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Daly  
ice's

A Gilbert and Sullivan star.  
Barlow boasted of a voice  
to put her over in light opera  
the part of Fleta in the original  
of the comic opera, "Iolanthe"  
Standard Theatre in 1882.



## call yourself a D SHOPPER!

ce when you buy hose. You know rib from  
uts a roast. You're pretty careful about  
you invest in furniture. But how shrewd  
ave for your precious, one-and-only head  
np down under any machine and say, "I  
/ you're a good shopper!"

ne Wave, you can see, feel and recognize\*  
ise that is responsible for your wave...

ey are applied to your hair. Look at the  
gene promise of safety. Note how perfectly  
h Eugene Sachet is filled with the exact  
n for one perfect wave or curl. There's no  
at goes on your hair.

social or business position demands per-  
d this secret:—They examine the Sachets,  
everything else they buy... they make sure  
d Eugene Sachets!

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condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd.,

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## SACHETS



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Irresistible Lip Lure is an utterly  
new, different lipstick. Its cream  
base carries gorgeous color deep into  
your lips so that they seem to glow  
with an inner fire...that makes them  
beg for kisses.

Prove to yourself how different it  
is. Hold a piece of tissue paper over  
another piece of paper. With your  
finger rub some Irresistible Lip Lure  
into the tissue paper. You will find  
that the color penetrates right  
through onto the second sheet! In the  
same way...your lips absorb Irresist-  
ible Lip Lure...no paste or film re-  
mains...Just soft, warm, ripe, red,  
indelible color.

This lipstick perfumes your lips  
with the exotic Irresistible Perfume  
so that your lips breathe an awaken-  
ing call to love. Four gorgeous shades  
to choose from in this smart, beauti-  
ful lipstick case. Have lips that lure  
tonight. Buy Irresistible Lip Lure  
today. Try all the other Irresistible  
Beauty Aids, too... each has some  
special feature that gives you glorious  
new loveliness. Certified to be pure and  
only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



Two-toned coiffure. It's here, fair readers, or will be if  
the world's hairdressers have their way. Behold it in all  
its glory as demonstrated at the International Hairdress-  
ing Exhibition at Olympia, London.

(By Acme)



A coiffure fit for a queen. And why not? Marcia Franklin  
was chosen Miss Olympia, queen of beauty, at the Hair-  
dressers' Exhibition in London. Here she's having her hair  
dressed in the very latest fashion, the Princess Marina  
coiffure.

(By Acme)

Sunday News  
Page Eight

Inspecting the progress of a  
great project. Premier Benito  
Mussolini (front rank, in light  
uniform) looks over the work on  
the new canal being dug through  
land reclaimed from the Pontine  
marshes near Rome. The land is  
to be colonized and the canal  
will provide transportation  
facilities.

(By Acme)



## A EUGÈNE WAVE







Commanding presence. Anna Sutherland had that, plus beauty and ability. From 1882 on she had leading parts in "The Viper on the Hearth," "The Marriage Spectre," "Prince Kam," "The City of Pleasure," "Mary Pennington," "Squire Kate," and "At the White House Tavern." At one time she played special parts for David Belasco.



A statuesque beauty. The name of Mabel Santley was but one of a long list of notable players who helped make burlesque and light opera popular in the seventies, eighties and nineties, both in New York and on tour. The striking Miss Santley was in the public eye at the same time as Lydia Thompson, Kitty Marcellus, Ada Richmond, May Howard, Daisy Dumont and Emma Carus, to mention just a few.



The Bowery Brunnhilde. Sure, it's Maggie Cline, for thirty years a stage favorite. Singer of scores of songs, she's remembered for one, the famous "Throw Him Down, McClusky," written especially for her by J. W. Kelly. Made her first real hit in Brooklyn, in 1880 singing "The Pitcher of Beer." Also put over "How McNulty Carved the Duck," "Mary Ann Kehoe" and "Nothing Too Good for the Irish."



Light opera's queen. Lillian Russell's fame as an actress was equalled only by her lustre as a beauty. First appeared in New York in the chorus in "H. M. S. Pinafore." Tony Pastor gave her the lead in "Pirates of Penzance." She was one of a notable cast in "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" at Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, in 1901. Included were DeWolf Hopper, David Warfield, Joseph Weber and Lou Fields. Also played in "Lady Teazle," "The Grand Duchess," "Princess Nicotine" and a host of others. Married four times. Died in Pittsburgh, June 6, 1922.



Vivacious soubrette. Fannie Rice "put them in the aisles" 45 years ago when she sang "See Saw" with Nat Goodwin in "The Skating Rink." Began her stage career in Boston in 1880. She won real renown as the prima donna in "Manon," with the William Carleton Opera Company. Arnold Daly is said to have been baggage man in Miss Rice's company when she was a star.



A Gilbert and Sullivan star. Beautiful Billie Barlow boasted of a voice good enough to put her over in light opera. She played the part of Fleta in the original production of the comic opera, "Iolanthe," at the old Standard Theatre in 1882.





A famous sister act. The burlesque and variety stage toward the close of the last century had some notable sister acts. Behold one of those acts, the Howard Sisters. They were particularly popular in New England in 1900. They danced, sang and indulged in comedy—and they went over big. The Howard girls were featured in several productions by Billy Watson, originator of Watson's Beef Trust, a breath-taking bunch of heavyweight burlesque beauties.

Winsome Bessie Wynne. She had languorous curves and melting eyes, this young woman noted in 1902 as the fencing girl. She was one of the "big sixteen" in "The Man in the Moon." Also played in Anna Held's "The Little Duchess" company, in "The Strollers," "Wizard of Oz" and "The Poet Prince."



The Domino Girl. A dancer of ability, Mlle. Dazie set a fashion of her own by appearing with a black mask over her face. She is said to have played for eighteen months without unmasking in public. Oscar Hammerstein engaged her as premiere danseuse of the classic ballet at the Manhattan Opera House in 1906 and 1907. She was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1884.





## LONGACRE

Beginning Thursday Evening, February 3, 1938

### ON BORROWED TIME

A play by Paul Osborn, dramatized from Lawrence Watkins' novel. Staged by Joshua Logan. Settings designed by Jo Mielziner. Scenery executed by the Studio Alliance. Presented by Dwight Deere Wiman.

Pud.....Peter Holden or Lawrence Robinson  
Julian Northrup (Gramps).....Dudley Digges  
Nellie (Granny).....Dorothy Stickney  
Mr. Brink.....Frank Conroy  
Marcia Giles.....Margaret O'Donnell  
Demetria Riffle.....Jean Adair  
A Boy.....Dick Van Patten  
Dr. Evans.....Clyde Franklin  
Mr. Pilbeam.....Richard Sterling  
Mr. Grimes.....Lew Eckels  
Sheriff.....Al Webster

Workmen: Edgar Henning, Andy Anderson, Elwell Cobb, Nick Dennis.

ACT I—Scene 1: The Living Room, Afternoon. Scene 2: The Living Room, Afternoon, a Week Later. Scene 3: Granny's Bedroom, a Few Minutes Later. Scene 4: The Tree, Nearly Dusk, a Week Later. ACT II—Scene 1: The Tree, Two Hours Later. Scene 2: The Living Room, 10 o'Clock That Night. Scene 3: The Tree, Dawn, the Next Morning. Scene 4: The Tree, Dusk, the Same Day. ACT III—Scene 1: The Tree, a Few Minutes Later, the Same Day. Scene 2: The Tree, Later That Night. The Action Takes Place During the Present Time in an American Town.

Both the Drama Critics' Circle and the Pulitzer Prize Committee can forthwith unknot their wrinkled brows, allow their overscratched pates to heal and once more face the world with heads held high. For their dismal search for a best American play of the season has been prettily solved, thanks to Messrs. Lawrence Edward Watkin, Paul Osborn and Dwight Deere Wiman. Up to Thursday evening of last week there was no American-made drama that could, by any stretch of even a critical imagination, be considered fit for a prize award. But the *On Borrowed Time* that Mr. Osborn has magically lifted from Mr. Watkin's novel, that Mr. Wiman has brought to the Longacre Theater stage, is as beautiful, touching, finely written, delicately told and altogether delightful a fantasy as our stage has seen since the dim regretted days of *Berkeley Square*. The Drama Critics' Circle and the Pulitzer Prize Committee can forthwith breathe sighs of relief and settle down to normal.

*On Borrowed Time* is a tender and beautiful fantasy of death as seen thru the eyes of an old man and a little boy—one too young to have lost and the other old enough to have regained the magical contact with wonder that alone unseals eyes blinded by the dust of the world. In it Mr. Brink (or Death), a quiet and dignified gentleman in a business suit, becomes the guide to so quiet and desirable a realm that customers at the Longacre could be forgiven for rushing out of the theater and committing hara-kiri on the spot.

## SAM S. SHUBERT

Beginning Wednesday Evening, May 11, 1938

### I MARRIED AN ANGEL

A musical comedy starring Dennis King, Vera Zorina, Vivienne Segal and Walter Slezak, and featuring Audrey Christie and Charles Walters. Book by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, adapted from the play by John Vaszary. Lyrics by Lorenz Hart. Music by Richard Rodgers. Staged by Joshua Logan. Choreography by George Balanchine. Settings designed by Jo Mielziner, built by Turner Scenic Construction Co. and painted by Studio Alliance. Costumes by John Hambleton, Alice Halicka and others. Orchestration by Hans Spialek. Orchestra under direction of Gene Salzer. Presented by Dwight Deere Wiman.

Major Domo.....David Jones  
Two Guests.....The Dunham Brothers  
Olga Madayn.....Hene Damur  
General Lucash.....Morton L. Stevens  
Guest.....Arthur Kent  
Peter Mueller.....Charles Walters  
Count Willy Palaffi.....Dennis King  
Countess Peggy Palaffi.....Vivienne Segal  
Anna Murphy.....Audrey Christie  
Angel.....Vera Zorina  
Justice of Peace.....Arthur Kent  
Valet de Chambre.....David Jones  
Femme de Chambre.....Marie Louise Quevli  
Modiste.....Ruth Urban  
First Venduse.....Janis Dremann  
Second Venduse.....Marcella Howard  
Harry Mischka Szigetti.....Walter Slezak  
Duchess of Holstein-Kuhhoff, Katherine Stewart  
First Clerk.....David Jones  
Second Clerk.....Arthur Kent  
First Stenographer.....Barbara Towne  
Second Stenographer.....Sylvia Stone  
Lucinda.....Marie Louise Quevli  
Clarinda.....Janis Dremann  
Philomena.....Marcella Howard  
Rosafina.....Barbara Towne  
Seronella.....Sylvia Stone  
Arabella.....Diana Gaylen  
Florabella.....Althea Elder  
Premier Danseur.....Charles Laskey

LADIES OF THE BALLET: Genevieve Cooke, Ronnie Cunningham, May Block, Marion Davison, Eleanor Flata, Petra Gray, Ruth Haidt, Isabelle Kimpal, Nancy Knott, Evelyn Lafferty, Sonia Larina, Bobby Howell, Beatrice Lynn, Maria Monnig, Cedda Petry, Shirley F. Shaffer, Betty Jane Smith, Alma Wertley, Virginia Williams.

## HUDSON

Beginning Tuesday Evening, February 1, 1938

### SUNUP TO SUNDOWN

A play by Francis Edwards Farago. Staged by Joseph Losey. Setting designed by Howard Bay and constructed and painted by Studio Alliance, Inc. Presented by D. A. Doran.

Brockwell.....Carl Benton Reid  
Jakey.....Jimmy Lydon  
Pogriski.....Leslie Barrett  
Pearl.....Maxine Stuart  
Karen.....Nonnie Edwards  
Rosa.....Frances Dworken  
Stanley.....Sydney Lumet  
Tessie.....Sylvia Florant  
Ramon.....Nat Mintz  
Marta.....Florence McGee  
Andy Turner.....Eugene Gerick  
Sam Fitch.....Percy Kilbride  
Alden Turner.....Walter N. Greaza  
Buddy Turner.....Jack Jordan  
Slim.....Earl J. Brisgal  
Fehrer.....Thomas Fisher  
Gonzales.....Jasper Mangione  
Di Marco.....Joseph Singer  
Mrs. Di Marco.....Ludmilla Toretzka  
Mrs. Hopkins.....Eula Guy  
Mrs. Gonzales.....Mary Tarcai  
Dr. Toliver.....James Todd  
Other Workers, Parents, Members of the Committee, etc.: Margaret Moore, Mills Brooke, Nancy Bashein, Henry Bashein, Gordon Pollock, Harris Berger, Ormand Lydon, Billy Mintz, Charles Proctor, Anthony Maggi, Stanley Povitch, Margery Britton, Ruth Tobin, Lester Florant, Frank Mannino.

ACT I—Scene 1: A Tobacco Barn at Noon of a Hot Summer Day. Scene 2: The Same Barn Several Weeks Later, About Late Afternoon. ACT II—Another Barn, Several Weeks Later of a Sunday Afternoon. ACT III—The Same as Act I, the Following Day.

The Play Takes Place in One of the 42 Tobacco-Raising States.

It is painful for me to disagree in any way with the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, an organization that rests in an aroma of sanctity in this corner because of *Pins and Needles*, the altogether engaging intimate revue it presented; but I'm afraid I'll have to disagree with its prize committee. That committee last week gave the first award in the ILGWU play contest to Mr. Francis Edwards Farago for his *Sunup to Sundown*, a drama which was even then on the point of being presented by D. A. Doran. Mr. Doran did present it at the Hudson Theater Monday night, and it turned out to be an honest, well-meaning but generally ineffective drama of child labor on a tobacco farm. I'd like to like it—but I can't.

Mr. Farago is the gentleman who, some 12 or so years ago, perpetrated *Pinwheel*, which, as presented at the Neighborhood Playhouse, became the rallying cry of the posing young intellectuals of that jejune era. Mr. Farago, like his supporters, has matured since (he has spent many of the years between in the script factories of Hollywood), but he hasn't as yet mastered an effective play-making technique. His choice of conditions and locale is interesting; his crusading spirit is amply justified; his fairness of viewpoint is amazing and highly commendable in a propagandizing playwright; his propaganda, because of that fairness, is finely effective. And yet he has written a dull and often boring play.

That is because, in the first place, he has failed to think thru the specific problems he discusses; because, in the second place, he has not yet mastered the method of bringing effective drama from those problems; because, in the third place, his choice of subject has forced him to deal with a group of child characters which, because of the exigencies of the play, never manage to appear wholly convincing on a stage.

Much of the drama is a general description of the hard—the almost unbearable—lot of children on the tobacco farms, along with a fair-minded explanation of why, under the present economic system, the owners are forced to create such conditions. Thus, when a welfare society descends upon this specific farm and demands that the children be given recreation and a playroom, the owners are unwillingly forced to lay off one of their crews and compel the

## Hoyt's—The Governors.

Farce in three acts by Fred Gibbs. Produced Jan. 3.

Perty.....Happy Ward  
Harold.....Harry Vokes  
Rubber Neck.....Johnny Page  
Keen S. Harper.....Gus C. Weinberg  
J. Ott.....John Keefe  
Colonel Peach.....Hal S. Stephens  
Rider Bike.....James Cherry  
Willie Stringer.....Nat Wixon  
Bill Board.....Louis N. Powers  
Mill Wauke.....James Johnson  
Willie Wright.....G. H. Shields  
Policeman.....Theodore Moross  
Willie Stick.....Budd Beverly  
Kerry Mail.....William B. Rock  
Brig. Ham. Young.....A. H. Scott  
Diamond Joe.....H. W. Kelly  
William H. Bull.....Richard Williams  
Eddie Ott.....Margaret Daly Vokes  
Winna Man.....Vila Sayne  
Mrs. Cap'Vour.....Hattie Bernard  
Fay Tague.....Effie Kamman  
May Knott.....Sadie Whitcomb  
Annie Price.....Mary Hughes  
Minn U Vour.....Patti Letaine  
Or A Vour.....Violet Wein  
A Wheeler.....Bessie Campbell  
Miss Fitts.....Nina Walsh  
Tillie Twinkle.....Anna Chance  
Miss Muggs.....Belle Lorraine  
Kittie Hurricane.....Arline Athens  
Em Peach.....Lucy Daly

## Garden—The Devil

Drama in three acts, by Franz Molnar; adaptation by Oliver Herford. Produced Aug. 18. (Henry W. Savage, manager.)

Karl Mahler.....Paul McAllister  
Mimi.....W. Chrystie Miller  
Olga Hofmann.....Marion Lorne  
Herman Hofmann.....Dorothy Dorr  
The Devil.....Frank Monroe  
Elsa Berg.....Edwin Stevens  
Madame Zanden.....Marguerite Snow  
Madame Reineke.....Nan Lewald  
Madame Schleswig.....Jane Murray  
Madame Lassen.....Theodosia de Cappel  
Herr Grosser.....Tiny Marshall  
Herr Besser.....Henry Clark  
Man Servant.....Arthur Hoyt  
Man Servant.....Franklin Bixby

The Garden Theatre production of the much-talked-about Molnar play is an adaptation by Oliver Herford from a German translation of the Hungarian original, presumably from the version used in Vienna and Berlin. In this the characters are given German names and the play a German atmosphere. Hurried preparation or careless stage management has somewhat confused the use of titles, so that the people are indiscriminately called Fraulein, Madame, Miss, Herr, Mister, and Monsieur, until the locale and nationality are left a matter of considerable doubt. Mr. Herford in his adaptation has followed the German text closely, and has given only small evidence of his usually brilliant English. A few of his lines sparkle, but he has been generally content to translate directly.

In every important point the version is identical with that seen at the Belasco Theatre. The principal difference is in the dialogue and in the relative importance of scenes. In the beginning of the second act the Devil wishes to be alone with Elsa Berg (Vilma), and he makes use of several cruel devices of speech to dispose of the other guests at the ball. To a thin lady he makes a reference to bones; to an over-dressed woman he simply gazes at her gown; to a rapid fool he asks with what he thinks. The use of swinging doors and revolving panels, through which the Devil makes unexpected entrances, is also a difference and suggests the trickery of the ancient pantomime. The dictated letter is reduced to three brutally bare sentences, of rejection, of sympathy, and of passion. The model's scene with Elsa in the last act is shorter than the like scene in the other version, though it does not differ in purpose. In the first act the Devil describes a man who is "short" on wheat as being one who digs a pit to fall into himself. In the matter of stage setting, in the Garden production the studio scene is arranged with a platform to the left of the audience, with a fireplace in the rear. In front of the platform is a Venetian chair from which the Devil first appears. The studio proper is to the right. A couch stands down front on the right. The main entrance door is to the left of the audience. The reception room scene of the second act is arranged with a double staircase leading to a landing that opens into the ballroom. The walls are in two colored tiles and the furniture in black and white wood, arranged in checker-board fashion. Moonbeams come through a window on the right.

Edwin Stevens in the role of the Devil, called in this version Dr. Miller, lacks any suggestion of subtlety. He is a suave, rather good-natured, middle-aged man, dressed in frock coat, light trousers, red waistcoat and tie, in the first act, and in evening dress with red linings to the tails of his coat, in the second. Without wishing to disparage his known ability, in this role he reminds one of a small town political leader of minor intellect and uncertain position. He lacks most of all the air of *savoir faire* that the Devil, of all beings, must certainly possess. His gestures are mostly purposeless and of the hand-washing variety, and his facial expression consists chiefly of contortions of the mouth. His reading shows over-emphasis. In the delivery of the sermon, which is the first step in bringing the lovers together, he is at his best and does not fall in being convincing. In his closer, quieter scenes he does not appear nearly so devilish as he talks. His exit at the end of the play is nothing more than a getting off the stage. It means nothing.

Dorothy Dorr as Olga Hofmann (Jolan) plays the role very carefully and with assurance of the nature of the character. She refrains from over-playing, and is especially to be congratulated for her reserve in the latter part of the first and early part of the third acts. Her final scene with the artist is excellently done. Marguerite Snow as Elsa Berg (Vilma) is pretty, talented and altogether the kind of woman the lines indicate. Only in her scenes with the Devil in the second act does she fail to give the impression of youthful charm. Marion Lorne makes a good Mimi—too much like the emotional heroine of a melodrama, at first, and looking too much like a more common sort of woman, perhaps, but generally satisfactory. Paul McAllister as the artist overacts throughout the play. His emotions are big enough for the Hippodrome, and his facial workings are painfully bad. W. Chrystie Miller as the old servant is very good, and Frank Monroe makes an adequate Herman Hofmann (Laszlo Voross). The small roles in the second act are agreeably played.

## Astor—The Man from Home.

Comedy in four acts, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Produced Aug. 17. (Lieber and Company, managers.)

Daniel Voorhees Pike.....William Hodge  
The Grand Duke Vasil Vasilovitch.....Henry Jewett  
The Earl of Hawcastle.....John Glendinning  
The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn.....Echlin P. Gayer  
Ivanoff.....Henry Harmon  
Horace Granger-Simpson.....Hassard Short  
Ribiere.....Harry L. Lang  
Mariano.....Anthony Asher  
Michele.....Antonio Salerno  
Carabinieri.....A. Montegriffo  
Valet de chambre.....C. L. Felton  
Ethel Granger-Simpson.....Olive Wyndham  
Comtesse de Champigny.....Alice Johnson  
Lady Creech.....Ida Vernon

The new Booth Tarkington play and William Hodge as a star received a hearty welcome last week, that is likely to continue until far along into the winter. It promises well for the young season, to have the first two dramatic productions such unequivocal successes. The *Man from Home* has no particularly new lesson to teach; in fact, its "moral" has long been considered obvious. The situations are expected from the preliminaries of the plot. But the authors have been ingenious in their methods of bringing about these situations, and are evidently very clever in their choice of dialogue. And in characterization they have not been careless.

The action takes place at a hotel in Sorrento, Italy, within the space of twenty-four hours. Ethel Granger-Simpson and her brother Horace are with a party of English friends, the Earl of Hawcastle, his son Almeric, his sister-in-law, Lady Creech, and a French Comtesse de Champigny. The Earl is trying to arrange a match between his son and Ethel, an easy matter, since Ethel and her brother are strongly impressed with the value of hereditary nobility. They are trying to forget that they were born in Kokomo, Ind. Horace is being skillfully fished for by the Comtesse de Champigny. It happens that the young Americans have a guardian, Daniel Voorhees Pike, attorney-at-law, of Kokomo. Pike, having learned of Ethel's prospective engagement to the Honorable Almeric, makes a trip to Italy and arrives at Sorrento in the automobile of a chance acquaintance, presumably German. Pike sees at once the nature of his wards' companions, and sets about to prevent the marriage. The

## Belasco—The Devil 1908

Drama, in three acts, by Ferenc Molnar, translated and adapted by Alexander Konta and William Trowbridge Larned. Produced Aug. 18 (Harrison Grey Fiske, manager.)

The Devil.....George Arliss  
Sandor Tatrav.....Hamilton Revelle  
Laszlo Voross.....Herbert Budd  
Andre.....J. Palmer Collins  
A Servant.....C. P. Zell  
Jolan (Madame Voross).....Grace Elliston  
Vilma.....Emily Stevens  
Fanny.....Mrs. George Arliss

Guests at the Voross Reception: Lenore Halstead, Elizabeth Marshall, Dorey McNaughton, Catharine Morley, Sophie Ulrich, Berkeley Madox, John Mack, B. S. Printie, Joseph E. Logan, James Bernard, and G. M. Barth.

An insidiously agreeable fellow is this devil of Molnar's: a gentleman of polish, well-mannered, witty, epigrammatic and likable. That his ideals are measured in badness does not take away one particle of his charm, nor does it lend fear to his companionship. If he talks a great deal, he has something to say, and a purpose in saying it. When he brings together two young people who have been separated through the convention of marriage, one is tempted to believe that he has, after all, made a mistake and done a good deed. In the play, he is nothing more than familiar thoughts, personified, and who does not wish for courage enough to carry out one's thoughts? That is what makes the play so agreeable, its familiarity, and so insidious its symbolism. The main story of the piece was told in last week's *MIRROR*, but not the incidents by which the devil's work is accomplished.

The Devil appears to Sandor Tatrav and Madame Jolan Voross just as they had concluded to bury finally the memory of their six years ago love. Jolan, who has removed her waist to have her portrait painted *decollete*, discovers him seated in a high backed Venetian chair. He says he has been asleep. He permits himself to be called Dr. Nicholas. And when Tatrav requests him to leave he reminds the artist that his presence will best explain to Jolan's husband the absence of the portrait Tatrav was to paint. He suggests, ever so shrewdly, that even Monsieur Voross may not be willing to understand. He slowly brings Tatrav and Jolan together, until, standing in the pulpit-like Venetian chair, he delivers an oration on compatibility. "The best wife," he says, "is the other man's." He joins their hands mockingly, and then goes them into a kiss, that is interrupted by the coming of Jolan's husband. He persuades Jolan to invite him to the ball she is giving that night, and when she does invite him and then withdraws the invitation, he persuades her husband to again invite him, and she does. When he and Tatrav are left alone, the artist disclaims any love for Jolan. The Devil then tells him an anecdote of a lost coin, that was not needed by its owner, but which almost cost a man his life. Then he tells Tatrav that he, Dr. Nicholas, will win Jolan for himself, and win her that very night. Tatrav at once becomes frenzied, and tries to shoot his visitor with his own revolver.

At the reception the Devil proceeds to arouse further the jealousy of Tatrav, and to create a like emotion in Jolan. He enlists the aid of Tatrav's prospective fiancé, Vilma, to whom he teaches the trick of lowered eyes and demure manners. He contrives to make Jolan witness a *tête-à-tête* between the artist and the girl. He promises to prove to Jolan that Tatrav loves her, and makes her agree to come into the reception room dressed in a long cloak that will permit only her neck and the tips of her shoes to be seen. To Tatrav he suggests that Jolan, in a spirit of mischief, has agreed to act a "modern Monna Vanna," and appear on the ball room dressed only in the cloak. Tatrav believes it. And when Jolan learns of this belief she asks him to remove her cloak. Tatrav refuses. She appeals to the Devil, and he, too, refuses, because, he says, he is not sure, himself. Jolan's husband, however, helps her off with the covering, and discovers her dressed in her ball costume. Tatrav angrily turns on Dr. Nicholas, and is presented with a loaded revolver. "If I hadn't given him that revolver to kill me," says the Devil. I believe he would have struck me in the face." Tatrav goes to see Vilma to her carriage, and Jolan returns to write a letter of dismissal to the artist. The Devil offers to dictate it. He begins with words of farewell, and gradually advances the tempo of the writing until the letter ends with unrestrained passion. Jolan only half realizes what she has written. Until the letter is folded and sealed. The Devil takes charge of it, and refuses to return it. After he has left the house Jolan, alone in the reception room, sees his shadow on the wall outside.

In the third act the Devil's first duty is to eliminate Vilma from the field. He brings her into the presence of a model who loves Tatrav and has renounced him. Vilma understands, and also concludes to give up the artist. Jolan comes to the studio to recover her letter, to be told by the Devil that it has already been delivered. Believing this she does not attempt to hide her love when Tatrav arrives. Then she learns that the artist has not had the letter. The Devil apologizes for his carelessness, and presents her with an envelope, which, at her request, Tatrav tears up and throws into the fire. She then regrets that she has not let him read the letter, and the Devil reappears, with more apologies. He has given her an old coal bill by mistake, he says, and presents the real letter. Their arms about each other, Tatrav and Jolan go into another room, and the Devil starts to catch a train. "Good work," he says, as they leave the apartment. Then, as though he had a moral to deliver, he comes down to the footlights, starts to speak, remembers his train, and hurries away to keep another appointment.

George Arliss is the Devil. He is a suave, polite, maliciously mischievous man, of apparent middle age, and of good taste in dress. His only resemblance to the conventional devil of the stage and books is found in his slightly upturned, narrow eyebrows, his black, close brushed hair, and his sardonic smile, that seems perpetual, showing underneath every expression of his face. In appearance his counterpart might be met in an ordinary drawing room, yet one feels that in this character there is something supernatural underneath his natural exterior. Of all the rôles Mr. Arliss has played so excellently, there has been none into which he has put so much of the unanalyzable quality called subtlety. His acting is flawless.

Grace Elliston, as Jolan, realizes the significance of the rôle, and enacts it charmingly. She makes of the wife a woman strong enough to struggle against the temptation and to succumb only when inexorable circumstances compel her. Her enunciation is excellent, and her stage presence full of dignity. Hamilton Revelle both looks and acts the part of the artist, playing it with strength and intelligence, and with meritorious restraint. Emily Stevens, as Vilma, is fresh and young, and in keeping with the character's nickname of "Impudent Vilma." Her scene with the Devil in the second act is most excellently played. Mrs. George Arliss, as Fanny, the model, does good work, especially in the last act, when she tells her simple, pathetic story to Vilma. Herbert Budd, as Jolan's husband, is more than satisfactory, in making clear the contrast between him and the artist. J. Palmer Collins is excellent as the old servant, Andre. The other rôles are small.

The settings are unusually fine, in conception and execution. The studio is filled with small articles such as a successful artist might accumulate, and there is an appearance of solidity about it not often found in stage settings. The reception room scene is artistic and beautiful.



# "ABRAHAM LINCOLN" IN NEW YORK CITY

Special to The Christian Science Monitor  
from its Eastern News Office

John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," historical play in six scenes, presented at the Cort Theater, New York, under the direction of William Harris Jr., with scenery and costumes by Livingston Platt; evening of December 15, 1919. The cast: Chronicle.....Leonard Mudie Stone.....Thomas Irwin Cuffney.....Thomas J. Keogh Susan.....Florence Johns Mrs. Lincoln.....Winifred Hanley Mr. Lincoln.....Frank McGlynn Tucker.....Forrest Davis Hind.....Thomas Vaiden Price.....Duncan Cherry MacIntosh.....Penwood Batkins White.....Charles Fleming Seward.....John S. O'Brien Jennings.....William R. Randall Hawkins.....Conrad Cantzen Hay.....Paul Byron Messenger.....J. Philip Jerome Salmon Chase.....Frank E. Jamison Montgomery Blair.....Ernest Bostwick Simon Cameron.....Herbert Curtis Caleb Smith.....Joseph Reed Burnet Hook.....William A. Norton Gideon Welles.....Alfred Moore Mrs. Goliath Blow.....Mary Horne Morrison Mrs. Otherly.....Jennie A. Eustace William Custis.....Charles S. Gilpin Stanton.....David Landau General Grant.....Albert Phillips Aide to General Grant.....George Williams William Scott.....Raymond Hackett General Meade.....Frank Ginter General Lee.....James Durkin John Wilkes Booth.....J. Paul Jones

NEW YORK, New York—Extended discussion of the biography, in dramatic form, which John Drinkwater has written of Lincoln, the Civil War President, was given in The Christian Science Monitor on March 18, 1919, a short time after the work was taken from its place of origin, Birmingham, England, and introduced upon the stage of London. But notwithstanding all that was said of it in connection with performances before the British public, much may no doubt be appropriately said now, when it has been submitted to the approval of the American public. Inasmuch as it portrays the man whom the suffrage of time seems likely to vote the greatest of his country's heroes, the man who was chief in defending the Constitution of the United States against the powers of slavery, and who opposed and defeated secession with the sword, it rather necessarily challenges comment from the American standpoint.

## Mr. Drinkwater's Portrait

In a certain sense, however, comment on the subject from the western side of the Atlantic is superfluous. For not long ago, only two years or a little more, two groups of representative Americans fell out with each other quite irreconcilably in regard to the Emancipator; one group taking the view that although he was devoted wholeheartedly to the cause of democracy, he was nevertheless a man of dignified—even distinguished and elegant—bearing, and the other group taking the view that he was not only a man of the people in his feelings, but that he was so moreover in his looks and actions, wearing cap-a-pie the armor of rough manners. The occasion of the controversy was a statue, a gift from America to England, to stand in a conspicuous place in London. And while the citizens of Chicago, Cincinnati, and other quarters of the United States were disputing over what sort of effigy they should authenticate as their idea of Lincoln, lo and behold, a certain poet and dramatist having charge of a theatrical company in Birmingham settled their quarrel for them, as though to say: "Here he is; a man, indeed, of the frontier and a man of fine address at the same time, but one who directs himself to your heart and intelligence rather than to your eye."

Not that the man from Birmingham should be given the credit altogether for showing forth the veritable Lincoln. To be exact about it, the British answer to the question as to what manner of person was he who spoke the words at Gettysburg, lay in the pages of the book on Abraham Lincoln by Lord Charnwood, published before the statue controversy began. Drinkwater has simply made a pencil-drawing after Charnwood's large canvas. Accordingly, anybody who has essential objections to offer must go farther up the line than the playwright and must seek satisfaction from the historian.

In a larger way, the Drinkwater piece does not deal with Lincoln more than it does with any other American President, or than it does with any other type of political leader who is popularly chosen, whether President or Prime Minister; nor does it deal with the war for the preservation of the American Union more than it does with any other war in which men have sought to define the meaning of justice. There is no mystical or impressionistic claptrap in the play from first scene to last, and yet neither Maeterlinck nor Dunsany ever wrote anything of deeper symbolic meaning.

But to consider actualities, the play is in six scenes, disclosing Lincoln at his house in Springfield, Illinois, in 1860 when he accepts the nomination for the presidency; at the White House in Washington just as the war breaks out, again at the White House when the outcome of the war is most uncertain, still again at the White House when the tide is turning in favor of the North and Lincoln decides upon issuing the Emancipation Proclamation; next at General Grant's headquarters when General Lee surrenders, and finally at Ford's Theater the night when Lincoln is assassinated. Rather remarkably, in the light of the play's subject, only half of these scenes are political, the other half being social. With extraordinary skill the author has brought about this balance of dramatic motives; and if he has been compelled to set aside Charnwood's book on occasion and resort to his imagination in order to save the equipoise, that is nothing against him. Each of the political scenes has its strong moment of character disclosure, the first of these moments being that in which Lincoln rebukes Seward for trying to negotiate a withdrawal of the Union troops from Fort Sumter without consulting him; the second the moment of Lincoln's signing the Emancipation Proclamation against the advice of his Cabinet; the third that in which the President, just before the last battle of the war, sets free a soldier who has been sentenced by court-martial. Of the three social scenes, the first two are discursive, and they avoid concentration of interest. In the scene at the house of the Lincolns in Illinois, the dramatist endeavors to reproduce in outline the Charnwood idea of Mrs. Lincoln; in the scene in a White House reception room, he illustrates the pathetic and the ironical aspects of war in a couple of women, one of whom has lost a son on the field, and the other of whom has got wealthy out of government contracts. The third of the social scenes, which is the final scene of the play, contains merely a straightforward staging of the deed done by John Wilkes Booth. In it, history, drama, and poetry become as choirs of an orchestra which sing a tragic song but end on a note of triumph.

Some plays are of such excellent dramaturgy that good acting of them seems inevitable. Mr. McGlynn, in the rôle of Lincoln, presents a striking portrait, one might almost say, because he cannot help it. Make up the face and dress up the figure after the style of the Lincoln photographs and wood cuts then go on the stage and speak the words of Mr. Drinkwater's text, and the thing is done. But probably neither Mr. McGlynn nor his predecessor in the part in England, Mr. Rea, nor for that matter Mr. Drinkwater himself when he, substituting for Mr. Rea, took the part, found it an easy task. Illusion has to be sustained long and intensely, too. In the Cort presentation, this never falters, whether in the case of the principal actor or in the case of the many subsidiary ones. "I was myself present at the surrender of Lee," said a veteran of the Civil War at the close of one of the matinées. "I was in a Pennsylvania regiment, and I was on the skirmish line when Meade came to Grant's headquarters." The veteran talked as though the scene in the play and the morning on the skirmish line were one and the same thing.

As Ezra Stebbins in a war time wedding. It is a melancholy fact that comic opera in this country has degenerated into a form of entertainment scarcely on an intellectual par with old-fashioned burlesque. This is partly the fault of the actors entrusted with the comic rôles, partly the fault of the public who encourage these comedians in any access of horseplay and tomfoolery. One cannot easily foresee the drifts and eddies of popular taste, but it is not altogether improbable that at no very distant date there will be a reaction among theatregoers in favor of comic opera interpreted by artists of discretion and refinement. That the intelligent portion of the public really prefers legitimate comic opera to buffoonery and noisy vulgarity, any one may convince himself who will go to the Bostonians' performance of Robin Hood and see how keenly the audience relishes the quiet, refined, subtle and artistic humor of Henry Clay Barnabee. Not a particle of horseplay here—only good, genuine, unadulterated comic acting; acting that one may enjoy without an after-feeling of shame-facedness and disgust; acting that is irresistible because of its very quietness and refinement. Nobody can be more amusing than Mr. Barnabee—and amusing in a legitimate way. He is a comedian of skill, of taste, and of feeling. His success is a triumph of mind over mummery. He irradiates humor; his personality is quaint and individual; but he wins admiration chiefly because of his discreet good taste. He has never been tempted into an abdication of the one true creed of theatrical art which is the secret of all legitimate success. In his most extravagant characterizations he has always tried to hold the mirror up to nature. So it is that the intelligent theatregoer will always prefer his quiet humor to the boisterous acrobatics of performers who call themselves 'comedians.'

Mr. Barnabee had just risen from dinner at the Imperial the other evening when a MIRROR reviewer looked upon him for a little biographical chat. "My people," said the comedian, "were all rigid church-going, God-fearing people. In their eyes, the theatres were hotbeds of iniquity. So you can see that my talent for the stage, such as it is, was not nurtured and encouraged by theatrical ancestors. There is a good deal in heredity, of course. But in my case, there was no ancestral influence. I sprang, so to speak, full-armed from the Jupiterian brow of Puritan ancestry. There was actor blood in me in spite of the long line of forefathers who had considered the theatre unrighteous and iniquitous. "As a boy, I came down from Portsmouth, Maine, to earn my living in the city of Boston. I began as a clerk in a dry goods store. Opposite the store were the rooms of the Mercantile Association, a club where young men of the city would meet for debates and rhetorical exercises. I was persuaded to join the Association and took at once a very lively interest in all its proceedings. Every other week, for our own amusement, we fixed up a little impromptu entertainment of songs, recitations and an occasional farce. It soon fell to my lot to arrange all these little affairs and I came to be regarded among my comrades as a great and inspired comic genius. It's quite amusing how easily people will put faith in an amateur's talent. Of course, my little local successes were bound to culminate in a regular professional appearance. And thus it came about that I was asked to appear at a benefit given to R. F. McClannin at the Boston Museum where I had the honor of playing Cox to the Box of the great William Warren. I also played Toby Twinkle in All That Glitters is Not Gold.

"Let me say that I consider William Warren the greatest dramatic genius this country has ever produced. He could play a round of totally dissimilar characters, and he was superb in them all. He was equally at home in old comedy and in broad farce. He could throw his individuality into two such distinct types as Tony Lumpkin in She Stoops to Conquer and Sir Peter Teazle in The School for Scandal and make living, breathing realities of them both. In an Irish play, called My Son, he would convulse the whole house to tears by the most pathetic piece of acting I have ever seen. William Warren was the great actor of America. This is not fancy; it is sound fact. Unfortunately for himself and for the cause of dramatic art, his genius was a delicate flower that could only flourish on home soil. Whether from extreme modesty or diffidence, he was never able to do himself justice on any stage but the stage of the Boston Museum. There he was known and beloved as a great artist. Away from there he was a mere name. Each year he would go to Chicago to play at his sister's benefit, but only for this single performance would he be tempted from his native heath. I will say, in all frankness, that I owe much to William Warren. It was a genuine delight to watch his performance; it was likewise a lesson of the most enduring value. Such merit as I may possess as a comedian I feel is owing wholly to the inspira-

## HENRY CLAY BARNABEE



AS EZRA STEBBINS IN A WAR TIME WEDDING.

tion and impetus of William Warren's performances at the Boston Museum. "Was it very long after your debut that you drifted on the professional stage?" "Oh, yes; I was many years posing as an amateur comedian. At the request of Mr. Field, I appeared on occasional Saturday nights at the Museum in parts like Amanidab Sleek in The Serious Family, and Henry Dove in Married Life. About this time the confinement of my indoor work in the dry goods store began to tell upon my health and my physician told me I must spend more time in the open air. So I got together a little concert company of people who had been associated with me and we toured the New England towns with great success. My health returned and that was the most important consideration with me at the time."

"Tell me about the organization of the Boston Ideals." "In 1878 a Boston paper suggested a performance of Pinafore by an ideal cast of church singers and amateurs. Myron Whitney, Adelaide Phillips and Mary Beebe were named. The suggestion attracted considerable attention and the managers of the Boston Theatre thought that there might be money in the scheme. They went to Miss Ober, who was then running a concert bureau and looking after the interests of a great many prominent concert singers. Under Miss Ober the Boston Ideals came into existence. George Frothingham and I were the only real professionals in the company. All the others were amateurs with fine voices. Mr. Frothingham had been a minstrel performer with Carncross and was of an adaptive, plastic nature. As for myself, I had been before the public for over twenty years.

"The Boston Ideals, as every one knows, enjoyed a very prosperous life. We were all one big family. We had none of the petty jealousies and animosities that seem inevitable in most theatrical companies. Miss Ober's word was law and we always stood by what she said or did. Therein, I think, lay the secret of our enduring success." "You did not visit New York very often?" "No, we came once to Booth's Theatre in some Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and again afterwards to the Fifth Avenue. Whether it was that New Yorkers didn't like us, or that we didn't give them time to like us, I can't say. Certainly we got no encouragement to play a long engagement here."

"And after the Boston Ideals?" "Well, when Miss Ober retired from the management of the Ideals, some of the old favorites dropped out, and some of us stayed on under Foster's management. Eventually the Boston Ideals merged into our new organization, the Bostonians."

"Was Robin Hood a hit from the first?" "Well, yes and no both. You remember we did it first in Chicago. The press were discouragingly critical, and found final fault with the opera. But we felt from the first that we had hold of a good thing. At our New York opening the gasman came to me and said with a very sophisticated air, 'Mr. Barnabee, this opera is all right, and that's straight. I saw the first night of Erminie, and I said it was good for two years. Now I say the same thing of Robin Hood.' The gasman was right, and the gentlemen of the press were wrong."

"You don't put much faith, then, in newspaper criticism?" "Oh, I should be sorry to give you that impression. What I really do think, though—and I say it with all frankness—is that the critics for the daily press are not as enthusiastic as they might be over home productions. They go into ecstasies over foreign things, and come down heavily on native products. The Bostonians have tried to encourage home art by producing six American operas written and composed by Americans. Yet I don't think we've gotten as much credit for doing that as we ought to have had. Why, do you know that Messrs. De Koven and Smith had to pay money out of their own pockets for the privilege of getting their first opera, The Begum, produced by the McCaull company? And here we've brought out Robin Hood, The Ogallalas, Prince Ananias, The Maid of Plymouth, The Knickerbockers, and A War-Time Wedding—all of home manufacture!"

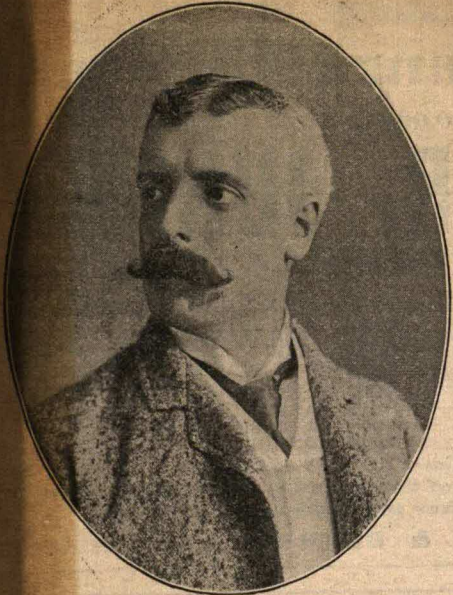
"I fail to see how the critics can say anything good of the English farces imported here—musical comedies, as they are called, though they are neither musical nor comical. To me they are the most extraordinarily inane compositions ever foisted upon the public. And when American managers take to importing these inanities and actually bringing over shiploads of English actors to perform in them, I believe that the critics on the daily press, who are supposed to direct and influence public opinion, should cry 'Halt!' with all their power and strength. Instead of going into ecstasies over these puerile English farces produced by Englishmen who can neither act nor sing, the critics might better cultivate generosity toward American productions. I say this in a spirit of becoming deference to the incomparable corps of talented men who write for the press."

"What about the new opera which you did in San Francisco?" "You mean The War Time Wedding? Oh, it went very well, and I am sorry we shan't be able to do it in New York this season. My rôle is that of a New Englander, Ezra Stebbins—the first typical Yankee, by the way, to figure in an opera. I have real sympathy for the part, which is capably conceived and developed. There are many little touches of sentiment that are very effective, but the key-note of the character is unconscious, spontaneous humor. I don't think I've ever done anything better than this little piece of work. We shall probably present A War Time Wedding here next season. You know that after this year we intend to go back to our old repertoire of standard operas—The Bohemian Girl, The Musketeers, Fra Diavolo, and the other favorites in the days of the Boston Ideals. Robin Hood will, of course, be a stand-by with us, and we shall frequently give the new opera a hearing. Marie Stone (Mrs. W. H. Macdonald) will return to the stage. She and George Frothingham and myself will then be the sole surviving representatives of the Boston Ideals. And now," said Mr. Barnabee, smiling, "with your permission, I shall stem the tide of reminiscence and reflection. I must go over to Nottingham Forest and don the robes of Nottingham's Sheriff."

Acting, Who Died Recently at the Age



# DEATH OF NELSON WHEATCROFT.



Nelson Wheatcroft, the popular actor and director of the Empire Theatre Dramatic School, died at his residence, in West Forty-Sixth Street, in this city, last Wednesday afternoon, of pneumonia. He had originated, only a few days before, the part of Robert d'Aubenas in *Spiritisme* at the Knickerbocker Theatre, and had been compelled to give up his work on the Wednesday night preceding his death when, after having caught cold at a rehearsal, and having suffered a day of chills, he insisted upon playing against the advice of physicians and friends. Upon being removed to his house, his condition became rapidly more serious, pneumonia developing in a few hours. Lingered uncertain for five days, the actor's strength waned and death was feared at any moment. But he rallied and clung tenaciously to life until last Wednesday, at 2:25 o'clock P. M., when death came as a result of complete physical exhaustion.

Nelson Wheatcroft was born at London, Feb. 15, 1852, and upon leaving school was apprenticed in his father's metal working establishment. He joined, however, an evening elocution class at the Birkbeck Institute, a class of which Jeffreys and Catherine Lewis and Arthur Wing Pinero were members. His first actual stage experience was in a farewell performance given in 1873, at Swansea, by Jeffreys Lewis on the eve of her departure for America, and this appearance resulted in an engagement for the local stock company, with which he remained for fifteen months, playing 440 parts of all sorts on a salary of thirty shillings a week. Leaving Swansea, Mr. Wheatcroft played at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, and then toured with Sarah Thorne. Then came a London engagement in 1880, and a South American trip which covered ten months in Buenos Ayres, Rio, Rosario, and Montevideo, whence Mr. Wheatcroft came to New York, making his American debut at the New Park Theatre, now the Herald Square, in *Her Sacrifice*. Engagements followed with Lewis Morrison and Robert Mantell, and in Bartley Campbell's Separation.

Rapidly, Mr. Wheatcroft advanced until he came to be regarded as one of the best actors of heavy parts upon the American stage, his unusually handsome appearance, his fine eyes, his gray hair and his distinguished personality, combining with rare dramatic instinct and thorough training to render his services most highly prized. When Daniel Frohman produced *The Wife at the Lyceum Theatre*, Mr. Wheatcroft was cast for the heavy part and his admirable performance was a feature of the memorable run of this popular play. In many other Lyceum successes he was a prominent factor during four successive years, at the end of which he left under engagement with Augustus Pitou, to return to this city in *The Girl I Left Behind Me* when the Empire Theatre was opened. After a season at this house Mr. Wheatcroft established the Empire Theatre Dramatic School, under the patronage of Charles Frohman, and with the assistance of a corps of capable instructors, headed by Mrs. Wheatcroft (Adeline Stanhope). To this school, the futherance of its interests, and its establishment among the highest institutions of its class, Mr. Wheatcroft had of late devoted his time and his energy. How well he succeeded the school shows for itself. During the past season Charles Frohman persuaded Mr. Wheatcroft to accept the first part of Sir Geoffrey Pomfret in *Heartsease* with Henry Miller's company, and the part in *Spiritisme*, which, one of the actor's strongest characterizations, was destined to be his last.

The funeral services were held at the Little Church Around the Corner, on Friday afternoon, the Rev. Edmund Banks Smith officiating in the absence of the Rev. Dr. Houghton, who is at Lakewood. The quaint little church was crowded to the doors with sincere mourners, nearly all connected in one way or another with the work of the stage, and everyone cherishing some loving recollection of the dead player. The chancel of the church was fragrant with beautiful floral tributes from Charles Frohman, the Empire Theatre company, Herbert Kelcey, the Shakespeare Society, the Actors' Order of Friendship, Samuel Harburger, Nicola Tesla, William T. Bull, Henry Miller, the Empire Theatre Dramatic School, the American Dramatists Club, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sothorn, John Drew, John Gilsey, Ellie Wilton, the Lambs' Club and the Spiritisme company. The pallbearers were Bronson Howard, William Gillette, Henry Herman, Clay M. Greene, Henry Miller, Augustus Thomas, J. Cheever Goodwin and Appleton Morgan. Joseph Holland, Edwin Stevens, Burr McIntosh, Charles J. Richman, J. H. Gilmour, Francis Carlyle, Frank Burbeck, Alfred Fisher, Edwin Hoff, Ralph Delmore, Cyril Scott, E. E. Kidder and J. H. Ryley were the ushers; Victor Harris acted as organist, and two hymns were exquisitely sung by a quartette composed of Nella Bergen, Sara Layton Walker, Edmund Stanley and De Wolf Hopper.

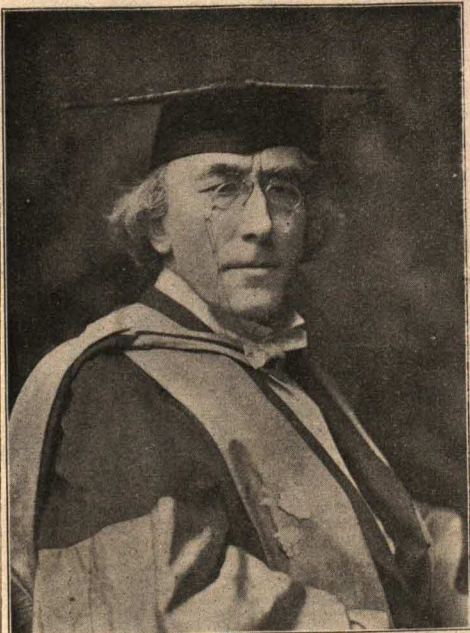
Mrs. Wheatcroft was so prostrated by her sudden, terrible affliction that she was unable to attend the church services. Delegations from the Actors' Order of Friendship, the American Dramatists Club, and the Lambs' Club, and entire present class of the Empire Theatre Dramatic School were present.

Among those in the church were Frank W. Sanger, Augustus Pitou, Antonio Pastor, J. Duke Murray, Frank G. Cotter, Adolph Bernard, F. F. Mackay, Al Hayman, J. W. Wilkes, Charles Walcott, Edwin Knowles, Digby Bell, Mark Price, William Humphreys, Alf Hayman, Joseph Humphreys, Sol Aiken, Robert Taber, Harrison Grey Fiske, Charles Klein, Lewis Mitchell, Paul Potter, Stanislaus Stange, John A. Stevens, Edgar Selden, Colonel T. Allston Brown, Thomas F. Shea, John T. Sullivan, Howard P. Taylor, Frank Shepard, Joseph

Weber, Edward A. Paulton, Ben T. Ringgold, Franklyn Fyles, Harry P. Mawson, William F. Sage, Charles Bradley, Charles E. Callahan, J. I. C. Clarke, Alfred Hickman, Albert Ellery Berg, Campbell Gollan, Benjamin F. Roeder, Colonel J. T. Milliken, Theo. Burt Sayre, Marshall P. Wilder, Charles Coghlan, E. C. Gilmore, Lou Fields, Maurice Barrymore, Edmund Lyons, Gus Heckler, Chauncey Olcott, Charles Reigle, William F. Burroughs, Cecil Kingstone, J. J. Spies, George Pauncefoot, E. L. Snader, Henry Simon, George MacIntyre, Norman Connors, Oscar Eagle, Daniel Giffether, Edgar Halstead, Thomas Hamilton, Albert Roberts, E. Burke Scott, Julius Witmark, Herbert Palfrey, Frank Evans, Charles Dickson, J. E. Dodson, Mrs. Louisa Eldridge, Madeline Lucette Ryley, Malda Craigen, Mrs. Beaumont Packard, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske, Edna Wallace Hopper, May Irwin, and Marie Dressler.

The interment occurred at Woodlawn cemetery.

## HENRY IRVING ON ACTING.



When Henry Irving delivered an address before the Royal Institution last month on "Acting: an Art," he wore the robes of a Doctor of Literature—a degree conferred upon the distinguished English actor by Trinity College, Dublin. The picture presented above is reproduced from an excellent photograph that is published in the *London Theatre* for March. It will be seen that Mr. Irving dons the mortarboard and gown of the learned Doctor with dignity.

In the address referred to Mr. Irving championed the actor and his art in the most scholarly and impressive manner, and he insisted that acting should be included among the great arts in which poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture and music are comprised. The lecture concluded with the following eloquent passage:

The old professors have counted music among the arts. Let me ask them a few questions relating to it. Is the art confined to the composer, or is it shared by the interpreter? If the former, why is it not enough to print the score, and let men read for themselves? It would save much labor, much expense. Wherein, with regard to composition, is the limitation of art, since counterpoint is a science and melody an inspiration? Was there not art in the interpretation of his score by Paganini, by Liszt, by Rubinstein—or is all the delicate and endless variety which an executant alone can give to pass as an artless labor? But if the term artist is applied to music, wherein does the interpreter of written music symbols, who can convey their meaning through quite another sense, differ from the actor, who is also an interpreter of written symbols, but of more infinite complexity, and with ever-varying hidden depth? If the actor's words and motions go forth upon the empty air, what becomes of the sweet vibrations of the musician's art, and if the interpreter of the composer's scrip be an artist, whose ever may be the medium of his creating the necessary vibrations by any work of man's hands, how much more artist is the singer who uses that most complete and capable instrument—the human voice? Grant the singer to be an artist, then where is the point of difference from the actor, who, also with endless modulations of voice, has to convey the myriad phases of thought and passion?

Truly the actor's work embraces all the arts. He must first have the gift or faculty of acting—a power which is as much a gift as that of power to paint or to mould—and whose ordered or regulated expression is the function of art. His sympathy must then realize to himself the image in the poet's mind, and by the exercise of his art use his natural powers to the best advantage. His form and emotions are, in common with the sculptor's work, graceful and purposeful; his appearance and expression, heightened by costume and pictorial preparation, are in common with the work of the painter, and wrought in a certain degree by the same means and to the same ends; his speaking is in common with the efforts of the musician—to arouse the intelligence by the vibrations and modulations of organized sound. Was it by chance or inspiration, or out of the experience of a life among the arts, that the poet Campbell wrote:

"How ill can Poetry express  
Full many a tone of thought sublime;  
And Painting, mute and motionless,  
Steals but a glance of time;  
"But by the mighty Actor wrought  
Illusion's perfect triumphs come;  
Verse ceases to be airy thought,  
And Sculpture to be dumb."

Acting may be evanescent, it may work in the media of common nature, it may be mimetic like the other arts, it may not create, any more than does the astronomer or the naturalist, but it can live, and can add to the sum of human knowledge, in the ever-varying study of man's nature by man, and its work can, like the six out of the seven wonders of the world, exist as a great memory.

## RHEA CRITICALLY ILL IN FRANCE.



Lincoln J. Wagenhals, of Wagenhals and Kemper, last week received private advices from France to the effect that Madame Rhea, who had been engaged by this firm to star jointly with Louis James and Frederick Warde, was critically ill, and that there would be little prospect that she would be able next season to fulfill her engagement. Later Mr. Wagenhals received direct confirmation of this news from Rhea herself, who wrote from Montmorency, France, where she had been attended by one of the most noted specialists of Paris, that her physician had declared to her that she would never be able to act again. In her letter the actress bemoaned the ill fortune that had overtaken her at a time when she was preparing for what she called the most promising engagement of her career, and the whole tenor of her letter was pathetic. No intimation as to the nature of Rhea's illness has been received, but it is known that she must undergo an operation which may prove fatal, and the results of which in any event will incapacitate her for stage work. As will be seen from an article in another column, Wagenhals and Kemper have already engaged Kathryn Kidder to replace Rhea in the stellar triumvirate.

Hortense Rhea's career affords a happy illustration of the proverb that "Art knows no country." She is by birth a Belgian, by education a Frenchwoman, and by affinity an American. After a girlhood passed at the Ursuline Convent in Paris, she showed inclination for the stage, which finally developed into a resolution to study in the classes of Beauvalet and Got of the conservatoire of the Comédie Française. Her debut in Paris was as an amateur in *La Nuit d'Octobre* by Alfred de Musset. Her first professional appearance was made at Brussels in *Les Doigts de Fée*, where she appeared with the stock company. After one season in Brussels she was engaged for juvenile leads at the Théâtre Française at Rouen. Here it was that she appeared in the title-role of Joan of Arc.

From Rouen, Rhea went to Paris to appear at the Théâtre Historique in a piece called *Les Chevaliers de la Patrie*.

It had an American plot, dealing with episodes of the Civil War. Among the characters introduced were Abraham Lincoln, Stonewall Jackson, and John Wilkes Booth. After the run of this piece, Rhea joined the Vaudeville to play the heroine in Feuille's *Romance of A Poor Young Man*. After touring for two weeks with a company producing *L'Etrangère*, she was offered an engagement as leading woman at the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg. The assassination of the Czar, Alexander II., caused the disbandment of the company, and Rhea then determined to go to London to study under John Ryder, who had trained Adelaide Neilson for the stage. One month after her arrival in London she played Beatrice at a matinee at the Gaiety Theatre. Henry Neville was the Benedick, Jack Barnes the Don Pedro, and John Ryder the Leonato.

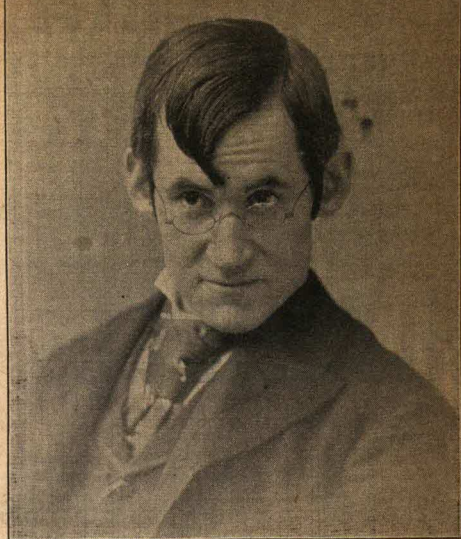
Harry Sargent, who happened to be present, believed that in Rhea he had found a second Modjeska. He engaged her forthwith for an American tour, and during her first season she played Adrienne Lecouvreur, Beatrice, and Camille. Arthur B. Chase succeeded Sargent as her manager, and she continued under his direction for three seasons. Other managers of Rhea were James W. Morrissey, Owen Ferree, Frank Cotter, W. D. Loudoun, Rich and Maeder, Frank Dietz, and William Harris, who was also her leading man and originated the part of Napoleon in her production of *Josephine*. This play came into favor with the Napoleonic revival, and Rhea's success as the Empress exceeded any she had yet achieved.

Rhea was the first actress invited to lecture at an American university. At Ann Arbor, Mich., and at Cornell, she talked to the students about Napoleon and controverted Ingersoll's opinion that he was the incarnation of brutality. Besides being admired for her artistic gifts, Rhea was esteemed throughout the country as a social favorite, a gentlewoman of warm and generous instincts. Her retirement is a genuine loss to the American stage.

## Star—The Great White Diamond.

Melodrama in four acts, by Walter Fessler. Produced Nov. 5.

Robert Thorne	Frank Hennig
Judge Van Hook	Walter Fessler
Judge Grace	David Davies
Jackey Loosesh	Harry West
Sir Edmund Lascelle	George Brenton
Dash Brentwood	John Brenton
John Spriggins	Edward Brennan
Ned Gordon	Ben Edwards
Elmer Johnson	Clark Martinetti
Mike Rooney	Edwin Martinetti
Tom Anderson	Harry Martinetti
Lola Brace	Florence Huntley
Maggie Loosesh	Alice Gilmore
Edith Lescelle	Juliet DeGrignan



"He was a fellow of infinite jest and most exquisite fancy," but his jests and his quaint fancies will never again amuse and entertain the public who were wont to hang upon his words and find relief from the work and worry of every day life in listening to his delightful drolleries. J. W. Kelly is dead. This means that the American stage has lost one of its brightest lights, whose place can never be filled.

He was the most original and most entertaining comedian on the vaudeville stage. His humor flowed out of him as naturally as water bubbles from a crystal spring. He used no superfluous words; every sentence brought a laugh, and the laughs were joined in by everybody, no matter of what age, sex, creed or nationality.

He told no cut and-dried jokes; his entertainment was a sort of humorous lecture, consisting of comments on current topics, political and social; and he invariably handled his subjects in a way which amused without giving the slightest offence.

He understood human nature thoroughly, and was particularly familiar with the idiosyncrasies of the Irish race. His stage Irishman was a type of thousands of well-to-do Celts in this city. He did not burlesque the character, and won the admiration and respect of the Irish and Irish-Americans by presenting an Irishman on the variety stage who could be funny without making up to look like a baboon.

The writer had an interview with Kelly, which was published in *THE MIRROR* last Fall. In it he outlined his career as follows:

"I was born in Philadelphia of Irish parents in September, 1857. As soon as I was old enough to work, I was apprenticed to a tinker. I afterward roamed all over the country, working in different rolling mills. I used to entertain my fellow workmen with funny remarks, and they advised me to go and make a living on the stage. I took their advice, and joined Lew Hawkins in Chicago in 1878. We did a Dutch song and dance.

"We separated soon after, and since then I have worked alone. I came to Miner's Bowery Theatre in 1880, but was a complete failure. My act was hissed and I went back to the West, where I became a great favorite. Tony Pastor saw me in Chicago and wanted to engage me for a week or two. I told him if I went to New York I would stay a year; and so I did. I received a warm welcome, and the same act which had been hissed in 1880 was applauded in 1892. I remained with Mr. Pastor a long time, and since I left him, have met with equal success in every city I have visited."

Kelly's right name was John W. Shields. He was the author of several songs, including "The Songs My Mammy Sang For Me," "The Land League," "The Bowery Grenadiers," "She Might Have Licked McCarthy," "Slide, Kelly, Slide!" "Come Down, Mrs. Flynn," "Trow Him Down, McCloskey," which brought fame and fortune to Maggie Cline. He also wrote a lot of songs to which the names of other men are attached as authors.

Kelly was ill only three days. He was taken sick on Tuesday, but recovered sufficiently on Friday to go from his home, No. 56 West Ninety-third Street, to the residence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. McGrath, at 51 West Eighty-seventh Street. He complained of pains in the region of his heart, and died before a doctor could be called in.

His last public appearance was at Tony Pastor's, on June 14, at William F. Kaye's benefit. The following Tuesday he appeared at an entertainment given for the prisoners on Blackwell's Island.

Kelly's funeral took place from his late residence yesterday afternoon. The services were conducted by New York Lodge of Elks, No. 1. There was a very large attendance, and the floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. The body, under the escort of a committee of New York Elks, was taken to Philadelphia on the 3 o'clock train. The interment will be in the Cathedral Cemetery.

Kelly leaves a wife and two children, the older of whom is five years of age.

## Garden—Alice of Old Vincennes.

Dramatization by E. E. Rose of Maurice Thompson's novel of the same name. Produced Dec. 2.

Alice Roussillon	Virginia Harned
Nanette St. Pierre	Margaret Gordon
Jane Bartlette	Sadie Lauer
Madame Roussillon	Helen Tracy
John Fitzhugh Beverly	William Courtleigh
Colonel Hamilton	Arthur Hoops
Father Beret	Thomas McGrath
Gaspard Roussillon	Wallace Erskine
Captain Farnsworth	Lawrence Eddinger
Lieutenant Barlow	Cecil De Millie
Captain Helm	George E. Bryant
Rene De Ronville	Robert Broderick
Sergeant Mulkenan	Sidney Donalds
Jean	Richard F. Sullivan
	Harry Lewis

At the Garden Theatre last evening Virginia Harned made her first appearance in New York





THEODORE HAMILTON.

Having in mind the gloomy reports of Theodore Hamilton's ill health that were current some weeks ago, a MIRROR representative who called upon him at the time fully expected to interview an invalid. He rapped lightly at the door in the subdued manner that one assumes when visiting a hospital, and, while waiting for a reply, prepared his voice for the conventional sick-room tone. But the thundering "Come in!" that came from the other side of the door put a sudden end to the reporter's preparations. Entering, he was greeted heartily by the sturdy old player, who looked as though he had never suffered an ill during his lifetime.

"So you have come to interview me!" exclaimed Mr. Hamilton in response to the MIRROR man's opening speech. "I am quite willing to have you do so—only I insist that you shall give me the cues."

"To begin with, then," said the reporter, "where and when were you born?" "In Baltimore—in the year 1836. I spent my childhood there and, like most boys who have eventually become actors, I played in various garret and barn productions in the days of my youth. The prices of admission and the salaries were reckoned in pins and pennies. Had we risen to the dignity of printed programmes for those juvenile performances, the bits of paper would certainly be interesting and perhaps valuable now, for our company included Edwin Booth, Stuart Robson, John S. Clark and James Talbot. Oddly enough, Robson was inclined toward tragedy then, and he used to play heavies, at the age of twelve, with precisely the same voice that he wins laughter with now."

"Did you step directly from that company to the professional stage?"

"No. In those days nearly every boy learned a trade. I chose typesetting, and served my apprenticeship in a Baltimore printing house. In 1853 I came to New York and went to work as a compositor at the *Herald* office. During my two years there I did very little in a theatrical way, but in 1855 an opportunity was offered me to play Buckingham to J. W. Wallack's Richard III., at a benefit performance, given at the old Bowery Theatre. That was my debut, professionally, and marked the end of my typesetting career."

"My first regular engagement was with the stock company at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, where I remained through one season. The next winter, 56-57, I was a member of the Richmond Theatre Stock company. In that organization were George Boniface, Edwin Adams, Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Jefferson, John Jack, and Mary Devlin. The bill was changed every night, and you can easily imagine what hard work it was for a beginner. Then to cap the climax, Edwin Forrest was engaged to star for one week, supported by our stock company, and all of the six plays that he presented were new to most of us. We had two rehearsals on each piece, however, and got through the week splendidly."

"The next Summer I played with John Drew and in the Autumn went back to Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, where I remained until the outbreak of the war."

"You served in the Confederate army, did you not, sir?"

"Yes. I went South when hostilities began and enlisted under General Longstreet—in whose division I served for eighteen months. At the end of that time I was sent to Mobile and was engaged immediately by W. H. Crisp, the manager and actor, and the father, by the way, of Speaker Crisp. We played at many of the larger cities in the South during the latter years of the war, and had, naturally, some very odd experiences. The company itself was odd, in a way, being composed almost entirely of members of the Crisp family. I remember our cast of *The Rivals* as we presented it in Atlanta in 1863. It was: Sir Anthony, W. H. Crisp; Captain Absolute, Theodore Hamilton; Sir Lucius, Harry Crisp; Fagg, Charles Crisp; David, John Davis; Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. W. H. Crisp; Lydia, Cecilia Crisp; Lucy, Jessie Crisp. Our Fagg subsequently studied law and went into politics, and eventually, as you know, became Speaker Crisp."

"My engagements during the years immediately following the close of the war were with John T. Raymond, Lucille Western, Maggie Mitchell, and several other stars. The season of '67-68 I spent at Barney Williams' Theatre, at the corner of Broadway and Broome street. Then, after one season of stock work in Memphis, Tenn., I became leading man at Booth's Theatre, opening there with Miss Bateman in *Leah, the Forsaken*. In the production of *Hamlet* that followed Leah, I played the King for one hundred nights to Mr. Booth's *Hamlet*. The next production was *Macbeth*, in which I appeared as Macduff."

"Were you not in the first production of *The Black Crook*, Mr. Hamilton?"

"No—not the first. I went from Booth's to Niblo's in 1870 to play Rudolf in the second New York run of the *Crook*. That engagement lasted for five months. At its close I went to the National Theatre, Washington, to play

leads and manage the stage. My one season there was followed by four years on the road as manager for John E. Owens."

"That brings us down to 1876," said the reporter.

"Yes," assented Mr. Hamilton. "In that year I went to Australia and took a five years' lease on the Princess' Theatre in Melbourne. The theatrical business there, twenty years ago, was in a bad way. Audiences were poor and salaries low. I organized a stock company, put on every sort of drama that I could get hold of and played all the stars and combinations that happened along. We ran *Ten Nights in a Barroom* for thirteen weeks, I remember, and it seemed to please the audiences better than any other play we presented. Perhaps one reason for its popularity was that in some way the people got the idea that the drama was from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher. They had heard a great deal about the noted preacher, of course, and were naturally curious to see his play. It was an excellent thing for us—though rather rough on Mr. Beecher. The Melbourne *Argus*, in reviewing the play, said: 'If the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preaches as badly as he writes dialogue, we sincerely hope that he will never visit Australia.'"

"Shortly after the expiration of my lease on the Princess' Theatre, I came back to New York and played one season at Booth's. That was in 1883—if I remember rightly. Then I went to England and toured for two years in Unknown, playing the role of Jack Salt. In 1886 I jumped from London to San Francisco and remained on the Pacific Coast for four years doing many parts in many theatres."

"Were you not with Daniel Frawley's company in California?"

"Yes: for some time. And, by the way, in that company was Blanche Bates, who is soon to appear in *The Musketeers*. I had not seen her since she was a little girl out in Australia, when her father and mother were members of the stock company at the Princess' Theatre."

"And how long ago did you return to the East?"

"About a year ago," answered Mr. Hamilton. "Upon the death of Frank Mayo I assumed his role in *Pudd'nhead Wilson* and after appearing in it for some time came on to New York. This season I have been with Stuart Robson, playing Captain Oliphant in *The Meddler*, until, a short time ago, I was obliged to retire from the company on account of the trouble with my leg."

"An old wound, is it not?"

"Rather the result of an old accident," said Mr. Hamilton. "I was thrown from a horse during the war and have never entirely recovered from the injury. But I am quite over this last attack and shall be able to dance again before long. The only worry I have in the world is about growing old—that is, growing old outwardly while I feel young inwardly. The only safety for an old actor is in keeping up with the times."

"You are not a firm believer in the old methods, then?"

"No, indeed. Times change and methods change, and I believe that they constantly change for the better. Why, bless you, if it was not so we should all be talking as Chaucer wrote, and we players should be acting in booths at village fairs. Every year brings some improvement. When I entered the profession the majority of actors came from the poorer classes of society. Now the aspirants for stage honors come from the colleges and universities. There is not another profession that demands so many excellent qualities in its recruits as the dramatic, and I must say that there is no other profession that rewards its members so poorly. To succeed at all on the stage a young man must have intellect, a good education, good looks and graceful bearing, a pleasing voice and more than all a tremendous capacity for hard work. He may possess all of these attributes and yet fall far short of the goal of his ambition, because of the lack of the true artistic instinct. In the old times Edmund Kean succeeded in spite of his physical shortcomings, but it is doubtful if the public of the present would overlook them. The stage demands always the best—and the best of a decade ago is the mediocre of to-day. This is all to the point that an actor must keep up to date, never rest on his oars, and in the end expect but little recompense for his labors."

"What are your own plans for the future, sir?" asked the MIRROR man.

Mr. Hamilton smiled. "We were getting rather far away from the subject of the interview," he said. "If you insist upon having me talk about myself all the time, I suppose I shall have to submit. Up to three days ago I had no definite plans for the rest of the season. I had rather expected to rest for several months. But I am perfectly well again and have just signed a contract with R. L. Giffin to join his new stock company at the Grand Opera House, St. Louis. We are starting to-morrow morning—and that reminds me that my trunk is not yet packed."

"In that case," said the reporter, "I bid you good day, sir."

## CORN EXCHANGE WALLINGFORD

Lessees, The Corn Exchange Company, Limited, Wallingford.  
Manager - - - - - MR. I. ZANGWILL

On Thursday, October 22, 1903

AT THREE P. M.,

Will be produced for the first time, under the personal supervision of the author,

## Merely Mary Ann

A Comedy in Four Acts, by I. ZANGWILL,  
(Founded on his story of the same name.)

### CHARACTERS.

Lancelot	Mr. Ernest Henham
Peter	Mr. Jerome K. Jerome
Herr Brahmsen	Mr. Israel Zangwill
Rev. Samuel Smedge	Sir A. Conan Doyle
O'Gorman	Mr. George Jenkins
Jim Blades	Mr. Harold Crichton
Lord Valentine Foxwell	Mr. Fred Miller
Mrs. Leadbatter	Miss Blanche Maine
Rosie	Miss Olga Hentschel
The Sisters Trippit	Polly
	Kitty
Lady Chelmer	Miss Elsie Marria
Caroline, Countess of Foxwell	Miss Norah Cook
Lady Gladys Foxwell	Miss Henrietta Stanley
Hon. Rowena Fitzgeorge	Miss Gertrude Miller
	Miss Winnie Shorland
	Miss Rowena Jerome
MARY ANN	MISS ELSA STEELE

Scenery specially painted by Mr. Fred Miller. Costumes by Madame Pauline. Furniture by Mitchell & Co. Song in Act IV. by Miss Cecile Hartog.

ADMISSION . . . . . ONE GUINEA

W. D. Jenkins, Steam Printer, Wallingford.

Something New Under the Calcium at Last! Israel Zangwill Starts Fashion of Playing in His Own Piece, Assisted by Other Eminent Authors.

"An author can be successful as an actor only in a line of comedy parts."

Ralph Stuart hissed these words yesterday when he learned that in fact, off England Israel Zangwill had organized an all-star cast the like of which had never before been gathered together on any stage. As he spoke, the delicate Nile-green of professional jealousy blazing from his flashing eyes made a striking contrast with the pink-tinted sunset in the Western skies.

But Mr. Stuart was not alone in his expression of disapproval of the fact that Mr. Zangwill, not content to reap the glory and royalties accruing from the production of his piece, had also sought to make further inroads into the box office by playing one of the leading roles. The all-star cast which Mr. Zangwill has organized includes such histrionic luminaries as Sir A. Conan Doyle and Jerome K. Jerome. The piece was "Merely Mary Ann," the four-act comedy in which Eleanor Robson has just appeared with such conspicuous success out Chicago way.

### England Must Not Be Slighted.

Mr. Zangwill could not be present at Miss Robson's performance, but he decided that England, too, should see his masterpiece, and with a company that would make theatrical history. So he announced that the performance was merely for copyright purposes, but that does not account for the high-salaried artists he employed to make the formal presentation. The Corn Exchange, Wallingford, somewhat removed from the heart of London's theatrical district, was chosen as the dog upon which the piece was tried several days ago, and it is suspected that the triumvirate of stars purposely suppressed the press criticisms of their efforts, hoping to take the London public by surprise later in the season, for a report of the performance reached this

side only yesterday.

cal setting I will compose the music myself and add my name to the cast. We will kill the business of any musical comedy now in the city."

### Zangwill's Right, Says Horan.

"While I do not consider it good form for an author to appear in his own plays," declared James Horan, "I am convinced that Mr. Zangwill's project is a sure money maker. I have never appeared in one of my own plays—in fact, none of them have ever been produced—but when a clairvoyant assured me that some day I would be a great author I immediately resigned from Charles H. Hoyt's company lest I be deemed guilty of a breach of professional ethics."

"Mr. Zangwill and his colleagues have set a dangerous precedent," argued Frederic Ranken. "I hope that it will not attain to any vogue in this country. Don't you see the difficulties in the way of the thing? Fancy Isidore Witmark and myself starring in 'The Chaperons,' or Hall Caine the feature of 'The Eternal City.' Or think what a cast this would make: David Belasco, Fitzgerald Murphy, Theodore Kremer, Clyde Fitch, Theodore Burt Sayre, Augustus Thomas, Hal Reid, Edith Ellis Baker, Genevieve Haines, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Margaret Mayo and Lillias Lorraine Hollis. You couldn't get anybody to believe 'em, now could you? Then they'd all be wanting to rewrite their parts."

"I have been wondering about the dis-

position of the dressing rooms in Mr. Zangwill's company," said Julian Mitchell. "Very likely Mr. Zangwill, tripling in brass, so to speak, by being author, producer and actor, demanded the star room, but in that event Sir A. Conan Doyle and Jerome K. Jerome would certainly have mutinied. It presents a grave problem, and I hope that the habit will not spread."

"Mr. Zangwill is acting entirely within his rights," was Edward Harrigan's opinion. "Naturally the author of a play has an ideal in mind for the principal role. Why shouldn't he engage him? I always do for my plays."



## AT THE THEATRES

To be reviewed next week:

THE TRUTH TELLERS. Grand Opera House.  
FRITZ IN TAMMANY HALL. Herald Square.  
THE SAMBO GIRL. West End.

## Garrick—John Bull's Other Island.

Satire in four acts, by Bernard Shaw. Produced Oct. 10.

Thomas Broadbent ..... Mr. Mitchell  
Cornelius Doyle ..... Mr. Crosby  
Larry Doyle ..... Mr. Daly  
Peter Keegan ..... Mr. Farren  
Father Donnelly ..... Mr. Price  
Matt Haffigan ..... Mr. Findlay  
Tim Haffigan ..... Mr. Smith  
Barney Doran ..... Mr. Sparks  
Hodson ..... Mr. Tyler  
Patsy Farrell ..... Mr. Madden  
Nora Reilly ..... Miss Herne  
Aunt Judy ..... Mrs. Findlay

It can be readily seen why John Bull's Other Island would amuse the members of Parliament and other English folk who gathered for the special matinee at which it has been seen in London. Why it should be thought possible that it would interest an American audience can not be so readily perceived. Like all of Shaw's plays, it is, of course, without any sincere heart interest or true sentiment. Worse, it has none of the dramatic strength and universality of appeal of Mrs. Warren's Profession, or even Candida, little of the true character observation and satire of You Never Can Tell, or the satirical reversal of a general problem like the impudent slapping of Cupid's face in Man and Superman. It pleased the English because it deftly barneys the national efficiency. It fails to please Americans, partly because generally they care nothing for the family quarrel between England and Erin, and especially because it is without form and void as regards dramatic structure. Shaw has blatantly blown his horn and proclaimed himself superior to all the masters of stage technique of all languages and literatures. If he hadn't sent out this worst of rickety offspring, it wouldn't have been referred to again, for a paranoiac suffering under the delusion of personal grandeur is to be pitied and no more to be exploited than other humanity shames. The great test is the audience. Although the clever Mr. Daly had dress-rehearsed for the brothers of the pen on the preceding afternoon, nothing was definitely known as to the fate of the play until the public were in their seats. It was an educated and fashionable gathering of wide awake Americans. The amorphous mass of hashed epigrams and peppery phrases dragged along for three and one-half weary hours. Even clever people could be seen nodding. Of all things—to sleep at a Shaw play! The settings were in the usual fine Liebler style. The so-called play began nowhere and ended in the same place at near midnight. One puzzled man came out when the curtain was down and anxiously inquired of a professional reviewer: "Is it as bad as I think it is?" The disgusted answer was a growled "Much worse." At the end no one knew what all the pother was about, or its why and wherefore, and nobody cared.

There is no story worth telling, no strong backbone to give this jelly-fish thing the erect carriage of a vertebrate drama.

In the first section of this lecturer's object lesson on all the many varieties of the Irish question, Free Trade, Protective Tariff, Separatists, Nationalists, the Reform League, Rents, Landlords, the Disestablished Church, Home Rule, Electioneering, Foreign Landowners, Liberals, Tories, Unionists, House of Commons, Foreign Invasion, and the Catholic Church, a stupid and bumptious Englishman plans a visit to Ireland. He is imposed on by a caricature of the stage Irishman, who has never been in the country but has all the brogue and "Broth of a bye" and "Top of the Morning" phrases ready to his tongue. He is laughed at by his chum, Larry Doyle, who is a real Irishman, but hates it because he has imbibed practical sense in eighteen years' life in England. The time of an act is mainly devoted to a dialogue on the Irish characteristics. The second time the curtain goes up the scene shows a beautiful hill in Ireland. Nothing happens except the arrival of the visitor and the running away of the Irish girl, too proud to seem to be running to meet Larry, whom she has loved for eighteen years. In the second scene she is sitting at the foot of the ancient tower, and the Englishman meets her and immediately declares his love. She convinces him that it is because he is drunk, and leads him back to her home. The third so-called act occurs on the lawn before Cornelius Doyle's house. Larry tells his real views on the Irish question, which seem to have as many premises as a thousand-legged worm, and is rejected as a candidate for Parliament. The Englishman gives them a lot of bombastic buncombe and is approved by the natives, though they are not hoodwinked. A comedy climax is forced by his taking the pig of one of his constituents home in his motor car. The pig and the car come to grief, much to the enjoyment of the natives. The Englishman wins the girl when she is in tears, after having been cruelly rejected by Larry for her own good, and then plans many material improvements for Rosscullen.

The practical Englishman, so efficiently clever in his stupidity, was forcibly played by Dodson Mitchell, who had the main burden of the long evening. Arnold Daly won his chief laurels of the production by his really remarkable work as a producer. Mr. Crosby was carefully conscientious in his Irish characterization as the father of Larry. Mr. Farren made a hit as an unfrocked priest who is called mad because he is different. He is an idealist, and, in most things, the sanest man of the play. In his white-haired glory of a refined old age he was an impressive figure that will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Price was excellent as a typical priest who rules his parish with a rod of iron. Mr. Findlay added another to his many successes in character delineation, and was heartily welcomed by an audience that was still grateful for his masterly waiter in You Never Can Tell. Mr. Smith was good as Tim Haffigan, and Mr. Sparks delighted with finished and clever work as an Irish type. Mr. Tyler had one curtain as the English valet who calls down the Irish for continually whining about their sufferings, and made it impressive by strong work. Mr. Madden was good in little, as was Mrs. Findlay. Miss Herne was beautiful and winningly sweet enough to make any man hated who could treat her rudely, even by a look. She was described as thirty-six, but the audience was grateful that she couldn't look it. She could be heard, a virtue that a number of the principals did not have, and when Shaw's lines could not be heard there was nothing left, for there was no developing action to interest. Liebler and Company deserve especial credit for the artists they have furnished for the scenery, as well as the minor parts.

## Wallack's—Rip Van Winkle.

Comedy in five acts, by Dion Boucicault. Revived Oct. 9.

Rip Van Winkle ..... Thomas Jefferson  
Dorrick Von Beekman ..... Frank C. Bangs  
Cockles ..... Earl Western  
Nick Vedder ..... Russell Bassett  
Jacob Stine ..... Karl Ketter  
Clausen ..... D. Jones  
Little Heinrich ..... Viola Flugrath  
Little Meenie ..... Leonl Flugrath  
Gretchen ..... Ethel Fuller  
Dwarf ..... Dudley McCann  
Heinrich Hudson ..... Robert Brown  
Heinrich Vedder ..... Malcolm Duncan  
Sally ..... Walter S. Howard  
Meenie ..... Lauretta Francis  
Katchen ..... Meta Greene

In order to be as great as a great father a son must be twice as great. Thomas Jefferson does not throw into shadow the memory of

that wonderful personality that was forceful enough to clothe the bare bones of this empty skeleton of a play with such charm that it has become a national tradition. He plays his famous father a high tribute when he shows how ineffective an ordinary actor is beside the giant original. It would have been in better taste to have buried the prompt copy with the genial actor who has gone to his long sleep, and used any fortune made by it in producing something else that might become an American tradition. Thus the family name would have stood, not for trade, but for progress, and that American spirit that is fond of anything but the system of entail.

There was a kind hearted gathering out to welcome the son. The only tears that were shed were those caused by the memory of departed glory. The audience only saw a faithful, though in all things superficial, copy that reminded them in external of the original of Rip. It was soulless and empty, like an old house where everything is kept in place but the fire has died to ashes. The dialect was half Harvard, half Louis Mann. The only real applause was given the new decorations and stage effects.

Frank C. Bangs, in the thankless part of the brutal miser, did the thoroughly good work always associated with his name. Earl Western was excellent as the scheming nephew, and Russell Bassett a typical innkeeper. Malcolm Duncan made old fashioned lines seem possible. Leonl and Viola Flugrath proved most delightful and attractive as the children. Lauretta Francis was charming as the grown-up Meenie, and Ethel Fuller's Gretchen was unusually strong in truthful characterization and convincing. The scenery is up-to-date, but the costumes lacked those many little details that would have helped to create an illusion. But in any artistic illusion the whole evening was found wanting.

## Grand Opera House—The Belle of Avenue A.

Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Harry Williams and Aaron Hoffman, music by Egbert Van Alstyne. Produced Oct. 9.

George Fairfax ..... Hal Clements  
Judge Stuyvesant Green-de-Mint ..... Will S. Rising  
Lord Cecil Cavendish ..... Frank Hollins  
Spike McNeill ..... Billy Kent  
Carl Klatz ..... Nat Fields  
Solomon Bloom ..... Harry Fields  
Snatchem ..... William Scott  
Straight ..... Robert Wade  
Jack ..... Francis MacGuire  
Marie Fairfax ..... Marie Dumont  
Sophronia Cambridge ..... Maud Earl  
Mrs. McClusky ..... Ada Boschell  
Bernice Deriga ..... Bertha Gilbert  
Maggie Burns ..... Elsie Fay  
A Newsboy ..... J. C. Wheat  
An Organ Grinder ..... Walter Wellman  
An Officer ..... Edward Ash  
A Bootblack ..... Alfred Lewis  
A Street Vender ..... Orison Swett

Elsie Fay might have had a better vehicle to bring her to New York as a star, but she could not have had a more cordial welcome than the crowded Grand Opera House gave her last week. The facts that the book might have been better, and that, with a couple of exceptions, the lyrics could be improved, detracted nothing from the general enjoyment that was evident. A stage full of flowers and ardent demands for a speech at the close of the second act formed part of the demonstrations. Miss Fay made the speech. She said her ambition was to reach Broadway. With the proper sort of play this ambition may be realized.

The Belle of Avenue A is Maggie Burns, who, when out of work, accepts an offer from George Fairfax to pose as his wife so that he may obtain a fortune left him by his father on condition he marries before a certain time. Maggie's introduction into swell society, and the attempts of "Spike" McNeill, a pugilist, and of Carl Klatz and Solomon Bloom to rescue her from what Spike believes to be a dangerous position, form the basis of the farcical fun. The piece is well staged. The first act shows Avenue A at the corner of Eighth Street, with familiar street characters. Act two is the interior of a Fifth Avenue mansion, and act three the gardens of the mansion.

Miss Fay's work has changed very little in style since she made her first big hit in Mam'selle "Awkins, which means that she has lost nothing of her tremendous vitality and unusual self-possession. She sang her songs with her whole body, making up for defects of voice by vivacity of action. Of course, "The Belle of Avenue A" was her principal vocal attempt, though she had three other songs, of which "When the Band of Reubenville Turns Out," gave her the best chance. One or two touches of straight comedy, almost approaching pathos, in fact, showed her ability in another direction, and made one wonder if she might not realize her Broadway ambition through straight work.

The star is fortunate in having a support sufficiently strong to keep the whole performance at a high standard. Lack of opportunity was the only thing from which any of them suffered. Maud Earl, in the small role of Sophronia Cambridge, from Vassar, proved herself to be a good singer, and her two songs, "I Would Like to Have a Photograph of You," and "Why Don't You Try?" with the assistance of a pleasing chorus, made noticeable hits on the opening night. Ada Boschell, in the character part of her work. Marie Dumont, as Marie Fairfax, was attractive in face and manner, though her singing of "The Cobweb Man," with a chorus of pretty young ladies, did not prove that she has a good voice. Bertha Gilbert effectively filled the very small role of Bernice Deriga. Billy Kent, as Spike McNeill, the pugilist, though light in weight, put good work into the part, which he played with a sincerity unusual in musical comedy. His dancing was a feature of the play. Harry Fields, as Solomon Bloom, and Nat Fields, as Carl Klatz, succeeded in creating a good many laughs by time-worn methods. The former sang several parodies with due seriousness and received generous applause. Hal Clements was altogether satisfactory as George Fairfax, and Will S. Rising, as Judge Green-de-Mint, and Frank Hollins, as Lord Cavendish, played. Good dressing marked the chorus of pretty girls, who showed a lack of drilling, but aided the piece not a little. Altogether, The Truth Tellers.

## Liberty—The Player Maid.

Comedy in four acts, by Louise Malloy. Produced Oct. 13.

Maurice Beaufort ..... Elliott Dexter  
Charles Barry ..... Charles D. Coburn  
David Garrick ..... Charles Mylott  
Samuel Foote ..... J. D. Walsh  
Lord Canning ..... John Stepping  
Sir Robert Estcourt ..... James Connor  
Doggett ..... Fred Walker  
Kitty Hayden ..... Marguerite Calla  
Mrs. Pendarves ..... Loretta Wells  
Lady Dorothy Hastings ..... Margaret Corcoran  
Sally ..... Pauline Soules  
Boy ..... Hector Berber  
Eleanor Hallum ..... Florence Davis

The most pathetic thing in professional life is the too common mistaking of the desire to do for the power. Having arrived at the age when a popular saying gives actresses sufficient knowledge to play Juliet, Miss Davis chose to appear at a matinee Oct. 13, as an actress playing Juliet, in a play that is a poor copy of Mistress Nell. The audience was disposed to be very friendly, but the play was so lacking in construction and proper writing that no actress could have carried it to success. Although Miss Davis has an easy manner and a pleasing personality, the task was, unfortunately, too much for her.

An actress of Drury Lane Theatre; (poor old Drury Lane!) is making a hit in Romeo and Juliet, according to the reports brought back to her dressing-room. Her Romeo and every one else is supposed to be dying for love of her,

but she is plucked because Beaufort, the Earl of Roxbury, refuses to meet her. When a lady of high degree comes begging her to take her place while she marries the man she loves, instead of this same Earl, the actress promptly accepts. She goes to the home of her petitioner. Of course the Earl promptly falls in love, but she is depicted by the author as such an unlovely and unlovable character that the audience pities him. She is finally forced to tell her secret before the guests. If she had been a fine character she would not have kept on lying until caught. The Earl takes her to his arms, and every one leaves, with hatred of the nobility thoroughly revenged. No wonder; this venture met with such disastrous results when recently exploited on the road.

The supporting company, costumes and scenery were well selected, but the company had too little to support. Elliott Dexter was a handsome Earl, and Charles D. Coburn artistically unpleasant as the jealous lover who is so disagreeably treated by an unpleasant lady. John Stepping was good as the uncle who tries to outtell and outtemper a very vociferous and ill-tempered intruder. Margaret Corcoran was beautiful and high bred as the aristocratic girl. Marguerite Calla did the good work her excellent record led the audience to expect. Loretta Wells was the comedy aunt, and made one scene so good a farce that it was genuinely applauded, and the author missed a good point by not bringing the curtain down on it, instead of the following anti-climax. The shorter parts were capably filled.

## Murray Hill—The Way of the Transgressor.

Comedy melodrama in four acts by Charles H. Fleming. Produced Sept. 25.

Romp Henderson ..... Victoria Walters  
Bob Adams ..... William F. Carroll  
Lieutenant Ralph Osmer ..... Arthur Ellery  
John Harris ..... George A. Holt  
Zeke Underdoo ..... Billy Williams  
Tom Morley ..... James S. Kitts  
Magnus Ellison ..... George W. Park  
Ben Grantly ..... W. P. George  
Inspector of Police ..... Hal S. Twing  
Jerry ..... John E. Starling  
Tobe Scroggins ..... C. V. Wayne  
Silas Wheatley ..... Albert H. Woodson  
John Chase ..... Henry Riddell  
Jaines ..... Fred D. Gibbs  
Purcell ..... John A. Brady  
Stella ..... Marie Rainford  
Becky ..... Kate Duryea  
Liza Ann ..... Edith Tanner

The Way of the Transgressor drew crowded houses at the Murray Hill last week, a troupe of trained dogs being used in the production and proving an attractive novelty. These four-footed actors and some human accomplices united their efforts to set forth a story of the usual conventional type.

A plausible villain, one John Harris, gains the confidence of Judge Ellison by pretending to be a relative, makes love to Stella, the judge's daughter and only heir, with unpleasant vehemence, and, being rebuffed, waylays the judge, kills him, and contrives to cast suspicion on Ralph Osmer, the daughter's sweetheart. The latter is arrested, but, escaping from prison, becomes a wanderer, with the officers on his trail. Incidentally he rescues his sweetheart from drowning and again comes to her aid when the villain, after tying her to a railroad track, has left her to be crushed by the oncoming train. In these episodes the dogs play a prominent part, "Leo," "Zip," and "Charlie," arousing great enthusiasm by the villain's manoeuvres. The scheming Harris enjoys a brief hour of triumph, nevertheless, for he obtains control of the judge's money and succeeds in abducting Stella, whom he brings to his palatial home, intending to force a pretended marriage on her. But following hard on his track are the avengers. Bob Adams, a Scotland Yard detective with many disguises, has crossed his path, and recognizing him as a much wanted criminal starts to run him down. With the assistance of Romp Henderson, Stella's cousin, and Ralph Osmer, Adams locates his quarry, and in the very hour of his apparent victory the plotter is snared and handed over to justice, while the lovers are happily united. Some of the scenes are quite elaborate. The first act shows Judge Ellison's mansion on the Hudson, introducing Romp and her dogs, "Patricis" and "Bonaparte." Act II discloses the water front on the Hudson River. In Act III Twin Tunnel Station is seen, and Act IV presents the residence of Harris, terminating with a tableau of the canine professionals.

Victoria Walters as Romp Henderson was vivacious and amusing, and William F. Carroll as Bob Adams was interesting in his several impersonations, his sketch of the Irish ballad seller being extremely good. The Magnus Ellison of George W. Park was well drawn and very effective. The Lieutenant Ralph Osmer of Arthur Ellery was satisfactory, and George A. Holt as the knavish John Harris earned all the hisses he received. The inevitable "darker" role was cleverly handled by Billy Williams, who got all the laughs that the part could yield. James S. Kitts as Tom Morley impersonated a cockney tramp with zeal if not with discretion, while Marie Rainford's role as Stella gave her an opportunity for some good work. Other parts were starred by W. P. George, Hal S. Twing, John E. Riddell, Fred D. Gibbs, John A. Brady, Kate Duryea, and Edith Tanner.

Some specialties offered in Act II met with much applause. They comprised songs by Victoria Walters and W. F. Carroll, songs and dances by Billy Williams, and eccentric juggling by "the Great Lyons," the latter making a great hit.

## West End—The Sambo Girl.

Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Harry B. Smith; score by Gustave Kerker. Produced Oct. 16.

Raphael Rubens ..... Melville S. Collins  
Henri Du Pont ..... George K. Henery  
Willie Runabout ..... F. Harry Lane  
Angelo Martini ..... Arthur O'Keefe  
Celeste ..... Marie Gribben  
Madame Martini ..... Florence Morrison  
Carlotta Dashington ..... Eva Tanguay

A year or two ago The Blonde in Black proved either too much or too little for Blanche Ring and they separated early. Eva Tanguay, grasping the same play under a new title, seems to have secured a hold on it that will not be easily broken. The not particularly strong book and music are almost entirely lost in the restlessness of the new star, and if her nerves hold out these adjuncts to the piece may become altogether unnecessary. The audience at the first New York night soon forgot that the scenery showed signs of long use or long storage; they did not mind if the West End orchestra was unable to keep the pace set for it or if the other members of the cast looked disconsolate and alone so long as Miss Tanguay sparkled and danced and made a noise like singing. She changed her gown twelve times, which is a feat worth noting when the construction of her gowns is considered. At the end of the first act she received flowers and made a speech.

The plot of The Sambo Girl is the same as that of The Blonde in Black, though the names of the characters have been changed. Henri Du Pont, a Parisian dressmaker and conductor of a matrimonial agency with an insurance feature, is about to lose 50,000 francs because the wife of one of his customers persists in flirting with other men before the policy insuring against flirting has expired. The Sambo Girl, who instructs pupils in the cakewalk, agrees to flirt with the husband in order to make the wife jealous. Raphael Rubens, a young artist, is in love with the Sambo Girl, and the time not occupied with the troubles of Du Pont and the singing and dancing is used for love scenes. Just how it ends is undetermined. Even this much of the plot is clear only after quiet analysis.

Miss Tanguay as Carlotta, the Sambo girl, so dominated the whole thing that it is hard to say what her work was like. Her first song, "I Don't Care," was a sort of index to her hair, eyes, face, figure and character, in which she confided to the audience that she did not care what they thought about her looks. "I'm for You," of which Melville S. Collins acknowledges authorship, was another confidential song where the spot light helped a great deal. "The Banjo Serenade," in which Miss Tanguay was assisted by the chorus dressed as children, received much applause, and "Eva Tanguay's Love Song," also by Mr. Collins, got the whole audience to humming. Her drinking song, with the assistance of Mr. Collins and George K. Henery, was the biggest hit. Miss Tanguay soaked her hair with champagne and probably ruined her dress during its progress.

The support did well. Melville S. Collins as Raphael Rubens sang one of his own songs, "I'm a Bohemian," and interested the audience with some piano music. George K. Henery as Henri Du Pont worked to keep up with Miss Tanguay and stood a good many hard falls. Harry Lane, in the role of Willie Runabout, was fair in his comedy work and sang a t Toreador song so well that the audience wished he would sing again. Arthur O'Keefe as Angelo Martini, a ballet master, was agile and athletic and appeared to be able to dance. Marie Gribben, who played Celeste Du Pont, sang well—much better than she spoke or acted. The three numbers given her were heartily enjoyed. Florence Morrison as Madame Martini, the circus queen with aspirations for grand opera, did the best character work in the piece, playing a burlesque part with just enough seriousness to give it value. The small chorus was well dressed and sang fairly, though hardly loud enough.

Miss Tanguay and her Sambo Girl are not good enough for Broadway perhaps, but they do not bore one and out of the city they should find much favor. This week, in New York Town.

## Belasco—Du Barry.

David Belasco revived Du Barry last week for fourteen performances with all the sumptuousness that marked the first production of the piece. As was the case in the revivals of Adrea and Zaza, Mrs. Carter showed that she had continued the study of the role and put into it increased vigor. Her support, almost entirely changed since the first production, also met with the approval of large audiences. Charles A. Stevenson was seen again in the role of Louis XV, the character that he originated. Leonard Cooper again played the Duc d'Aiguillon, and W. T. Bune, H. G. Carlton, and Eleanor Stuart appeared in their original roles. The cast:

Louis XV ..... Charles A. Stevenson  
Comte Jean Du Barry ..... Francis Powers  
Comte Guillaume ..... Fred Hamford  
Duc de Brissac ..... Herbert Millward  
Comte-Brissac ..... Charles A. Millward  
The Papal Nuncio ..... Tott Johnson  
Duc de Richelieu ..... Harold Howard  
Maupeou ..... H. G. Carlton  
Terray ..... Marshall Welch  
Duc d'Aiguillon ..... Leonard Cooper  
Denys ..... Frank Westerton  
Lebel ..... George Harcourt  
M. Labille ..... Gilmore Scott  
Vaubernier ..... James Linhardt  
Scalo ..... J. D. Jones  
Zamore ..... Frankie De Gez  
Flute player ..... A. Joly  
Valroy ..... William Shay  
D'Altaire ..... Edward Brown  
De Courcel ..... H. Koser  
La Garde ..... W. T. Bune  
Fontenelle ..... F. H. Evans  
Renard ..... Charles Wright  
Citizen Greive ..... J. W. Carroll  
Marac ..... Ernest Dale  
Denisot ..... H. G. Carlton  
Tavernier ..... Lydian Durrett  
Gomard ..... Maria Davis  
Hortense ..... Belle De Gez  
Manon ..... Grace Noble  
Julie ..... Hazel Neason  
Leonle ..... Zaza Delaro  
Nichette ..... Marion Sealey  
Joliette ..... Lizzie Bonway  
Marquise de Quesnoy ..... Calla Roberts  
Sophie Arnaud ..... Miss Davis  
The gypsy hag ..... Bertha Carlie  
Mademoiselle Le Grand ..... Eleanor Stuart  
Madame La Dauphine ..... Edna Griffin  
Marquise de Crenay ..... Corah Adams  
Duchesse d'Aiguillon ..... Amie White  
Princess Alix ..... Miss Leonard  
Duchesse de Choisy ..... Sadie Tillotson  
Marquise de Langers ..... Florence Neason  
Comtesse de Marsen ..... Lillian Sanborn  
Sophie ..... Laura Osborn  
Rosalie ..... Miss Adams  
Jeanette ..... Estelle Porter  
Jeanette Vaubernier ..... Mrs. Leslie Carter



# AT THE THEATRES.

## Knickerbocker—The Merchant of Venice.

Play by William Shakespeare. Revived May 24.

The Duke of Venice ..... Frank Weston  
 Morochus ..... William Courtleigh  
 The Prince of Aragon ..... Frederick Perry  
 Bassanio ..... Aubrey Boucault  
 Antonio ..... Maclyn Arbuckle  
 Salarino ..... Arthur Stone  
 Gratiano ..... Vincent Serrano  
 Lorenzo ..... Henry Woodruff  
 Shylock ..... N. C. Goodwin  
 Tubal ..... Nell O'Brien  
 Portia ..... Maxine Elliott  
 Nerissa ..... Annie Irish  
 Jessica ..... Effie Ellsler  
 Gobbo ..... W. J. Le Moyne  
 Lancelot Gobbo ..... J. E. Dodson  
 Leonardo ..... W. F. Simpson  
 Balthazar ..... S. M. Hall  
 Clerk of the Court ..... Frank Mayne

The event of last week was the production of *The Merchant of Venice* by N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott at the Knickerbocker Theatre, on Friday evening. The performance, long heralded and much discussed in advance, drew together a large audience. There was an attractive element of the extraordinary in the idea of Nat Goodwin, justly popular as a comedian, venturing into the classic drama. The public displayed generous interest in the enterprise and stood ready to sing the actor's praises loudly should he succeed, or lend sympathy should he fail. The company had had the experience of several performances of the play in other cities. The enterprise, therefore, had passed through the experimental stage, as far as the players were concerned, and sought only the verdict of New York. It was a most important night in the career of Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott, and a very interesting one to those in front.

The production was vested with all the outward glitter and show that the stage of the day may supply. The programme bristled with the names of popular actors and actresses. The scenery and costumes were of the most expensive sort. The production was a fine spectacular display, and it bore evidence of sincerity of purpose on the part of the leading players. If the will might be taken for the deed, in the theatre, little else than praise might follow this production of *The Merchant of Venice*. But admirable as were the intentions disclosed, the actual results were altogether disappointing.

Mr. Goodwin's impersonation of Shylock was utterly flat, and to those who looked for some fresh interpretation of the role, utterly unprofitable. He was indeed a sorry Jew. His characterization was conventional without possessing those graces that, since Macklin's time, have grown, through long-continued custom, to be a part of the role. He was unimpressive even when speaking lines that, if spoken at all worthily, are most impressive in themselves. His performance gave evidence of thought, but it was the thought of an artisan rather than that of an artist. He did not in one single moment sound the depths of the role. His first scene proved his inability to do more than present the external trivialities of the character. He recited the terms upon which he might lend the three thousand ducats to Antonio with a glibness that seemed to indicate long consideration of the matter. This glibness of speech was displayed by Mr. Goodwin through the whole performance. His Shylock never paused, never pondered, never, apparently, weighed the words that he uttered. His portrayal was unscholarly because he was ignorant of the significance of many of the lines, because he constantly gave false emphasis in his reading, and, more than all, because he did not display in speech, expression or gesture a true knowledge of the character. He did not show the splendid melancholy of Shylock in the least. His Jew was merely a grasping money-lender, trivial in thought, and incapable apparently of genuine feeling. The one saving grace of his performance lay in his distinct speech. Every word, however wrongly emphasized and in some cases mispronounced, was distinctly enunciated. Mr. Goodwin's Shylock was a man of many and costly clothes, but he arranged the wearing of them oddly. In the first act, in the concerns of business, he wore very handsome raiment. In the trial scene, when it would seem the Jew might have attired himself as richly as possible, he wore a very plain and modest dress. Mr. Goodwin's experiment was a laudable one and a daring one, but artistically it failed completely.

Maxine Elliott, as Portia, was in every respect more successful than her companion star. Her beauty compelled admiration even when she was dramatically at her worst. She patterned her impersonation after Ada Rehan's, though she made Portia a far more flirtatious damsel than her model did. In the lighter, brighter scenes she was indeed attractive. Especially in the casket scene did she play with captivating spirit and grace. In the trial scene she was quite beyond her depth. Her reading of the "quality of mercy" speech was utterly ineffective. There was not in her performance, however, a single fault that might not with training be easily overcome.

The supporting company was, as has been intimated, an assemblage of notables. Nearly every name in the cast was familiar, but very few of them had ever been associated with a Shakespearean production before. By far the best performance of the evening was that of J. E. Dodson in the role of Lancelot Gobbo. He played, as none of the others played, in the true Shakespearean spirit. His first scene was magnificently done. In elocution, bearing and manner he was a well-nigh perfect Lancelot. Maclyn Arbuckle as Antonio was ponderous without being impressive in the least. Antonio was really a sad man. Mr. Arbuckle made him merely an uninteresting man. Aubrey Boucault acted Bassanio with spirit—though frequently misguided spirit. His reading was careless, his manner at times quite too theatrical. Vincent Serrano was a very explosive Gratiano in speech, and his movements were more sprightly than they were appropriate to the character. Henry Woodruff was an excellent Lorenzo, and William a very good old Gobbo indeed, and William Courtleigh a capital Morochus. Frederick Perry as the Prince of Aragon was almost faultless. His portrayal stood well up among the best of the evening. The other men in the cast, all of whom were satisfactory, were Frank Weston as the Duke of Venice, Arthur Garrels as Salarino, H. P. Stone as Solanio, Nell O'Brien as Tubal, W. F. Simpson as Leonardo, S. M. Hall as Balthazar, and Frank Mayne as the Clerk.

In the role of Nerissa Annie Irish showed to advantage her excellent talents and accomplishments. Hers was a delightful portrayal, well balanced and polished. Effie Ellsler as Jessica played with the sentiment and sincerity that have always characterized her impersonations, and her portrayal was altogether pleasing.

Despite the evident costliness of the scenery none of the settings was particularly effective except the Judgment Hall. That setting was admirably designed and painted. The two choral pieces in the performance were nicely sung, and the stage-management was excellent.

## FEBRUARY 3, 1906

### Daly's—The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt.

Comedy in four acts, by Alfred Sutro. Produced Jan. 22.

Lady Clarice Howland ..... Ellis Jeffreys  
 Aggie Cowles ..... Ruby Bridges  
 Marchioness of Hendingby ..... Lena Halliday  
 Lady Clementina Desborough ..... Essex Dane  
 Miss Pelling ..... Muriel Wylford  
 Mrs. Brevel ..... Constance Walton  
 Mrs. Mellon ..... Eleanor Delaporte  
 Mary Vanderveldt ..... Hylda Franklin  
 Colonel Raynor ..... Frank Worthing  
 Lord Woolham ..... Claude King  
 Sir Bartholomew Cardick ..... Herbert Sleath  
 Mr. Goddlestone ..... Reginald Eyre  
 Rev. Hubert Langston ..... Rudge Harding  
 Mr. Mellon ..... Henry Halley  
 Aline ..... Gerald Henson  
 Footman ..... Edward Benham

Mr. Vanderveldt was supposed to have no heart, no vestige of a conscience, no memory of what it felt like to be possessed of a scruple, but nevertheless to be an adept woman charmer against whose strategies no feminine heart could be too strongly fortified. In an emotional costume play he would be the villain of immense wealth and wondrous skill with the rapier; in a modern light comedy of manners, with a moral nailed onto it at the tag end of the last act, he becomes more entertaining if not more heroic than the virtuous and meddlesome bore who wins the fair widow. The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt is quite delightful as a play, yet, though little fault can be found with specific details of Sutro's work, the whole effect is somewhat artificial and too unemotionally scintillating to make a thoroughly good stage comedy. As will be observed from the plot, it bears a certain similarity to Henry Arthur Jones' *The Liars*, which does not signify that it is a composition of at all the same calibre. *The Liars* has a splendidly sincere and emotional scene in the third act; in *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt* the only attempt at anything of the kind is a superficial character bit in the very beginning. Mr. Sutro seems to forget that if every tragic cloud should show the glint of a silver lining the clear sky of comedy should allow an occasional thunder head to peer above the horizon, if only to emphasize the azure of the wide expanse. Even twentieth century satire cannot subsist on epigrams alone. There is much that is clever in the piece, especially the idea of centering a comedy on a woman's sense of humor, but it is safe to predict that ten years from now Mr. Sutro's methods will be strangely altered. At present his work is a curious anomaly, sermonizing in purport, superficial in expression.

Lady Clarice Howland, the widow of a certain unimpeachable cricket champion, found herself under the disagreeable necessity of contracting a second marriage in order to replenish a purse which had been seriously depleted by her extravagance. Her mother and her sister, two moralizing dames—Clarice describes her mother as "so delightfully early Victorian"—commanded her to choose between a certain judge and a certain wealthy musician. Both of these suitors were old friends, eminently unimpeachable, fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, yet golden rich withal. The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt, having lost his hold on one giddy young Mrs. Brevel through the intervention of Colonel Raynor and Lady Clarice, suddenly transferred his amorous attentions to the widow herself, boasting that he would shortly become engaged to her in the most proper and preferred fashion. In the capital third act the remorseless lady-killer attempted to make good his threat by quoting Browning and taking Clarice on *The Last Ride*—in an automobile. Fifty miles from home, having pulled out the sparking plug, he announced that the machine had broken down. He had chosen the time and the place, the inn of the Cow and Calif, with infinite care; he had even arranged to have all the horses in the neighborhood employed at a distance hauling granite. When he frankly explained what labor he had sustained to compromise her, Lady Clarice, with her un-English sense of humor, found the situation irresistibly funny. However, the local clergyman, an adorer of her deceased husband, acted as amateur chauffeur, enabling her to escape to the nearest railroad station, seventeen miles away. When she arrived home at 9 o'clock in the morning the dowager, the suffragist sister and the two old lovers were all on hand with importunate demands for an explanation. Only the valiant colonel never doubted her. Consequently Vanderveldt had to confess to the military man that he was not engaged to Lady Clarice, as he had claimed the day previous, and that the lady, in a sudden burst of admiration and longing for soldierly rectitude, delivered her future happiness into the colonel's keeping. It is to be hoped that the colonel found this conclusion less absurdly illogical than the audience, and that the wife found her husband more agreeable on a more intimate footing. This abrupt ending looked as if the author, having almost lost sight of the moral football, were making one final plunge to recapture it and hug it close to his heart.

Ellis Jeffreys as Lady Clarice gave a competent and painstaking rendition, yet she has not the genius wherewith entirely to cover the artificiality of her accomplishments. She acted well, yet one was always conscious that she was acting. Frank Worthing was the charmer—the man who knew just what to say to women—and said it. He had mastered the ironical and gentlemanly qualities of the character and there was something of masculine magnetism in his presence which might not have been any the less salient had it been a trifle more volatile. Claude King, Colonel Raynor, was a monotonously unattractive embodiment of all the serious virtues. The American girl and her aristocratic specimen of British lover were fortunately unimportant characters. Constance Walton furnished an excellent character bit as the vacillating, light-headed, blonde Mrs. Brevel; Lena Halliday was a magnificently domineering old marchioness. Essex Dane was the sanctimoniously officious sister of the heroine, and Muriel Wylford certainly was realistic as the lady "companion," whose dependency had not worked gracious marvels on her temper. The old judge and Mr. Goddlestone were frankly inventions of stage authorship, admitted merely to swell the list of entries in the race of love and to afford some aged hooks for suspending epigrams. Arthur Lewis in his judicial capacity gave the better impersonation, which may have been partially due to the fact that he had a more familiar type. The other members of the large cast did the little that they had to do nobly.

## Murray Hill—The Shadow Behind the Throne.

Melodrama in five acts by Alicia Ramsay and Rudolph De Cordova. Produced Sept. 18.

Henry Seaton ..... Joseph Manning  
 Bobby Carruthers ..... Everett Butterfield  
 George Ingram ..... Roy Applegate  
 Prince ..... Charles F. Southworth  
 Ralph Cook ..... Herbert E. Denton  
 Dorothy Calhoun ..... Lida Merab  
 Blanche ..... Gertrude Fowler  
 The Viceroy ..... Charles Gibeby  
 The Mandarin ..... Leander De Cordova  
 Colonel John Calhoun ..... Aubrey Beattie  
 Li Lung Foo ..... Robert Y. Dudley  
 Madame ..... Ethel Blande  
 Tancred ..... William Hudson  
 Janet ..... Adelaide Campbell  
 Saunders ..... Alan Brooks  
 De Roche ..... Harry Thomas

## Garrick—The Little Gray Lady.

Play in four acts, by Channing Pollock. Produced Jan. 22.

Perriton Carlyle ..... John W. Albaugh, Jr.  
 Samuel Meade ..... William Humphrey  
 Captain Henry Jordan ..... Charles A. Gay  
 Richard Graham ..... Robert Ober  
 Mr. Upton ..... Cyril Vezina  
 Rob ..... Harry Wagner  
 Anna Gray ..... Julia Dean  
 Ruth Jordan ..... Dorothy Donnelly  
 Mrs. Jordan ..... Eva Vincent  
 Mrs. Graham ..... Justina Wayne  
 Miss Wadleigh ..... Rachel Barr

Channing Pollock has written a play that really plays, instead of ambling along and spouting superficial floods of rainbow-colored dialogue until the exhausted audience craves the shelter of intellectual umbrellas. This does not mean that the dialogue lacks either wit or workmanship, but merely that the action is not dropical with undue accumulations of words. It is a positive relief to witness a play having such a robust continuity of action and such an inexhaustible fund of heart interest which, though it is neither

poetic nor tragically most profound, is at least sincere and effectively realistic.

The Little Gray Lady herself is the central figure in an absolute maze of official and boarding house intrigue which could never have been expounded without the presence of a Secret Service man; yet, complicated though the plot appears to be when articulated in scenario form, it has the admirable quality of elucidating itself as visualized upon the stage. For theatrical purposes a story is overcomplex only when it confuses the audience or hampers the normal development of emotional values.

The whole cast lived at an inexpensive boarding house in Washington and the larger portion of it was employed in the Treasury Department. The young people, like most young people earning small salaries, more or less impecunious and members of such "large families," were in a constant state of romantic ferment. Anna Gray, the little lady in question, having been brought up side by side with Perriton Carlyle and having moved to Washington at the same time, was in love with the comrade of her childhood, who had deserted her quiet attractions for the dippant charms of Ruth Jordan, the landlady's daughter. Carlyle was an impatient youth whose rash impulses always turned in the wrong direction. Before the opening of the drama he had stolen \$20 from the Treasury by the simple device of having torn off bits from a number of the notes which had passed through his itching palms. Being hard pressed for money to marry the extravagant Miss Ruth, he repeated the performance on a grander scale, this time piecing together a banknote for \$100. Samuel Meade, the Secret Service agent in charge of the investigation, was a man in the finest old-fashioned sense of the word and a man deeply in love with Anna Gray. Through him Anna learned that the note had been stolen and her instinct immediately fastened the theft on Carlyle. In the second act, when Anna was just completing her preparations for the retiring, Carlyle entered, having forgotten the purse containing that \$100, and Anna, to prevent his deliberately running his head into the noose, locked him up in the closet, only to have her plans frustrated by the arrival of the future Mrs. Carlyle. In the third act the Treasury cat came out of the bag—Carlyle discovered that he loved Anna after all, and the little gray lady herself assumed the responsibility of the crime. Last of all, Carlyle regained his manhood sufficiently to return, instead of escaping to South America, the marked banknote was recovered, the manful detective called off the dogs and regeneration clapped the climax. The most improbable feature of the story was the secret marriage of two young people in the boarding house and the consequent scandalous "misdiscoveries" of the prying landlady. Some details of pantomime—looking under the folding bed in the retiring scene, the showing of the lady's underwear, which came to the young husband, and the landlady's facial massage with borrowed cold cream—were obviously introduced to force a timely laugh, but any one who has lived in boarding houses knows that even these extravagant bits were strictly in character. Some portion of the public—the two-dollar orchestra-seat public—may never have had a chance to learn how ridiculous this phase of life actually is.

Julia Dean as the Little gray lady proved herself delightfully competent in her impersonation of the heroic and unassuming girl whose love was a sacred and a cherished secret. She was the acme of that unobtrusive adoration with which so few men are ever fortunate enough to be favored. Dorothy Donnelly as the "flip" Ruth Jordan was intensely amusing. Her nasal voice, her impertinent smirk, her attempted allurements, her affected walk and her evident insincerity, fitted the character like an elastic glove. John W. Albaugh was convincing as Carlyle and Robert Ober as Richard Graham did an unusually natural piece of romantic acting, but the honors should be accorded to William Humphrey. Mr. Humphrey was the Secret Service agent, the bluff young man who loved and lost, yet bearing no grudge, saved the honor of his successful rival. He was never afflicted with the heroics; his whole ambition was to make Anna happy and to endure his isolation as inevitable fate. Eva Vincent was the landlady, just such a scheming busybody as most of us have had our dealings with. She must have set a good table to offset her garrulous tongue. Justina Wayne made a charming ingenue; her marriage, since it was clandestine, did not interfere with her assuming such a role. Charles Gay was a realistic type of landlady's husband; Rachel Barr, having very little to do, ambitiously did too much of it, and Cyril Vezina gave rather a clever Treasury "bit." Harry Wagner was a diverting urchin.

# AT THE THEATRES

To be reviewed in THE MIRROR next week:

THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON ..... Princess  
 THE BOLD SOGER BOY ..... Fourteenth Street  
 SPOTLESS TOWN ..... Metropolis  
 QUEEN OF THE HIGHWAY ..... New Star

## Madison Square The Earl of Pawtucket.

A comedy of to-day by Augustus Thomas. Produced Feb. 5.

Head Waiter ..... Wilbur Hudson  
 Henry ..... H. H. Sleight  
 Conrad ..... Alfred Mayo  
 Paul ..... Wilburforce Thompson  
 Mr. Fordyce ..... Charles W. Stokes  
 Senator Barker ..... Robert McWade  
 Lord Cardington ..... Lawrence D'Orsay  
 Page ..... James Gardner  
 Harriet Fordyce ..... Elizabeth Tyree  
 Miss Jane Putnam ..... Louise Sydmet  
 Ella Seaford ..... June Van Buskirk  
 Mr. Seaford ..... John W. Paul  
 Arthur Weatherbee ..... John W. Dean  
 Wilkins ..... Ernest Elton  
 Mr. Silas Hooper ..... James Otley  
 Mr. Duffield ..... Frederic Hawthorne  
 Head Waiter ..... Frederic Hawthorne  
 Brennan ..... Wilbur Hudson

## Garden—The Galloper.

Farce in three acts, by Richard Harding Davis. Produced Jan. 22.

Copeland Schuyler ..... Raymond Hitchcock  
 Kirke Warren ..... Edgar L. Davenport  
 Mr. Hewitt ..... Harry Stone  
 Captain Anstruther ..... L. Rogers Lytton  
 Mr. Griggs ..... Harold Vizard  
 Billy Ashe ..... Herbert Cortell  
 Captain O'Malley ..... T. Daniel Frawley  
 Colonel Ostah ..... Scott Cooper  
 Captain Mouzaffer ..... Harry Preston  
 Crown Prince of Greece ..... E. B. Tilton  
 First Officer ..... Fred Johnstone  
 First Officer ..... H. White  
 Sergeant ..... Alf Hudson, Jr.  
 Boatswain ..... M. Black  
 Captain Zonya ..... Edgar Potter  
 Innkeeper ..... M. W. Rale  
 Max ..... Nannette Comstock  
 Grace Whitney ..... May Buckley  
 Blanche Bailey ..... Helen Lackaye  
 Mrs. Sybil Schwartz ..... May Helmuth  
 A Greek Girl ..... May Helmuth

Raymond Hitchcock has come back into his own peculiar style of comedy, which means that the Davis farce at the Garden Theatre has been cut to fit the curves of the star's disposition and is not a ready-made suit to which the star has adapted himself. Mr. Hitchcock is funny when he plays caricatures of himself and he is popularly liked for doing it. He is a "comic," as the down-easters say, rather than a comedian. And the Davis farce fits him—that is, the Davis character of the pretended galloper who does not know how newspaper copy looks is Mr. Hitchcock. The farce would fit any player capable of showing enough comic ability to appear in it in good company.

The time of the story is 1897, during the Greco-Turkish War, and the scenes are laid in Athens and at the front where the fighting is. Copeland Schuyler, a New Yorker of wealth, has followed Grace Whitney, trained nurse, to Greece in order to be near her. He agrees to take the name and possibly uphold the reputation of one Kirke Warren, famous war correspondent, in order to be still nearer Grace in the field. The reputation of Mr. Warren is easier to uphold than his name is to bear. This gentleman has been followed to Athens by his divorced wife, Blanche Bailey, the "Human Fly," to whom he owes alimony, and by Mrs. Sybil Schwartz, a widow who owns two breweries and a department store in Newark and to whom he has proposed marriage. He, Warren, has, besides the troubles, a feud with the Foreign Legion because he poured a quart of Burgundy into the colonel's boot, and is pursued by the undying and demonstrative gratitude of the Cretians because he fostered their revolution. All of these Mr. Schuyler accepts when he takes the name of Warren. The payment of the alimony settles the difficulty with Miss Bailey, some vigorous lying gets rid of the widow, a remarkable show of bravery postpones the duels, a speech in which Marathon, Thermopylae, Andrew Jackson and the Republican party are blended satisfies the osculatory Cretians, and Mr. Warren, *à la* Schuyler, gets to the front with the nurse, two English war correspondents and the "Human Fly," who has volunteered as a nurse for press purposes.

The whole party succeeds in getting captured by Turks, who respect war correspondents and Red Cross nurses. And the Turks, fearing a bombardment by the Greeks, permit one of their prisoners to ride into the Greek lines to notify the attacking forces that there are women among those about to be attacked. Schuyler is the chosen messenger. He gallops away in a rain-storm and returns in time to find a bag of pearls hidden by Alcibiades in a chimney corner. The arrest of the real Kirke Warren, who has been disguised heretofore in anarchistic red whiskers,

and the capture of Mrs. Schwartz and a captain of the Foreign Legion allow matters to be adjusted, chiefly to the advantage of Mr. Schuyler, who wins Grace and is decorated with a Greek order for bravery.

Since the play was constructed for no other purpose than to afford entertainment, and as it seems to succeed in accomplishing this end, criticism from a serious viewpoint would be in bad taste. A small attack of melodrama in the last act, when Grace falls the Turkish commander by showing her Red Cross badge, is a line away from the farcical spirit. There are several slow scenes in the first and second acts that will become more vigorous with growth, and the climax of the third act resembles too much the finale of a comic opera to leave quite the hilarious impression one likes to carry away from a farce. There is the same quality in the lines and situations that made *The Dictator* successful and something of the same burlesquing of types. The Athens manager of a New York newspaper and the two or three war correspondents are probably people of the author's experience, and one can readily believe that some of the incidents are not altogether imaginary.

It is unnecessary to speak of Mr. Hitchcock's acting. The role of Schuyler seems entirely congenial to him and he plays it with a romping evidence of satisfaction. May Buckley as Blanche Bailey, the "Human Fly," gives an altogether delightful impersonation of a peculiar kind of vaudeville soubrette on the lookout for press notices. Nannette Comstock as Grace Whitney takes the part rather too seriously and fails to get out of it some of the farcical comedy it contains. Helen Lackaye is a kittenish Mrs. Schwartz and gives the impression that she must have been very young when she married her late husband.

Edgar L. Davenport plays the real Kirke Warren with a proper display of assertiveness where his paper is concerned and nonchalance when he is in personal danger. L. Rogers Lytton as Captain Anstruther, of the *London Times*, also plays well in a straight role and gives the same impression of sincerity as Mr. Davenport. Harold Vizard appears to advantage in the comedy role of a stammering, self-important correspondent of another London paper. Herbert Cortell plays the part of Billy Ashe, Athens manager of the *New York Republic*, as though he had studied the role in a newspaper office. T. Daniel Frawley is rather too heavy as Captain O'Malley, of the Foreign Legion. Now and then he seems to be unable to make anything out of the situations into which the author has thrown the character. Scott Cooper is a gruff Turkish colonel and Fred Johnstone and H. White do well with the small parts of two steamship officers. Among the extra people were several imported Greeks, who added to the ensemble effect.

## Wallack's—The Salt of the Earth.

Comedy in four acts by Joseph Arthur. Produced Jan. 3.

Tom ..... Theodore Babcock  
 Mathew May ..... George W. Wilson  
 Jean A'Laibrabie ..... Frank Lander  
 "Doctor" McBriggs ..... E. A. Roberts  
 Isaac Kelly ..... George W. Denham  
 Jedge Lingenfelder ..... Harry Spear  
 Rowley ..... Charles Harris  
 Ann May ..... Annie Russell  
 Cynthia May ..... Alice Fischer  
 Meemie Dole ..... Marion Borg  
 Kate Boudinot ..... Maud Odell  
 Mr. Small ..... Charles J. Greene  
 Mr. Smithers ..... Harry G. Vernon  
 Mr. Smoot ..... Herman Noble  
 Granger ..... Robert Robson



During the past four years Olga has grown somewhat stout, which was a disadvantage in her role. She looked as though her personality had not been preserved by beautiful youth. She still had vocal control of a high order, and an undeniable wealth of passion and idealism that one regretted, no less than in former years, her peculiar taste in selecting roles. She was at her best when she was Frank Hamilton. Hamilton Revelle and Hubert Carr succeeded in obtaining a French atmosphere in giving their respective roles of M. de George such Gallic fervor as they were capable of inspiring. The children were all good examples of stage precocity. William Farr was a fairly acceptable father—and nothing more—and Louise Muddle managed to play the part of Marianne's farseeing mother with consistency and earnestness. Charles Grimston was far better as Hubert than as his wife, and Cicely Richards had but a small opportunity as Madame de Madeira rather unusually good use of it. The four anonymous minor characters the director did not particularly mention.



## Manhattan—The Triangle.

Play in four acts, by Rupert Hughes. Produced Feb. 20.

Harvey Forbes ..... William Morris  
Willie Enslee ..... Ferdinand Gottschalk  
Hon. Joseph Tait ..... William Bramwell  
Sidney Thorne ..... Guy Coombs  
Crofts ..... Colin Campbell  
The Caddy ..... Victor Herman  
Persis Van Duyn ..... Charlotte Walker  
Mrs. Holt ..... Mrs. Goldfinch  
Alice Holt ..... Consuelo Bailey  
Winifred Baddeley ..... May Isabel Fisk

Rupert Hughes calls his drama a "play of manners." It is a satire on the polite tradesman set of society, a commentary on the buying and selling of happiness. It might properly be called a "tragedy of fallacies." Its denouement is the too late awakening of two people to the falsity of the social doctrines they have been taught.

The weakness of the play is in the first and second acts. The author seems to have had the final tragedy so close in sight that he sacrificed the earlier acts to the greater conception. In the fourth act the strongest moment is so immense that it is likely to topple through its very strength. The first two acts are merely narrative in dramatic form and the characters are of the stage stagey. In the third act the people suddenly become imbued with a tremendous vitality and the play becomes a living drama.

The plot is the eternal triangle of a man, the wife he purchased and the other man. In these three characters lies all the interest. The others are hardly more than accidental, external influences, a sequence of indirect causes leading to the inevitable tragedy. The story is this:

Persis Van Duyn has been taught by her mother to believe that a woman's career meant the securing of a husband with wealth and position. She discards the impecunious Lieutenant Harvey Forbes, whom she loves, to marry the weak and wealthy Willie Enslee, whom she does not even respect. In spite of Forbes' attempt to forget her, his love returns when he comes under her influence a second time. He sacrifices his career to follow her, and so far forgets discretion that his infatuation becomes club gossip. Enslee hears of the relations between his wife and her lover and surprises them in each other's arms, their farewell embrace. He is too weak to shoot the man, who is allowed to go, but he satisfies his desire for revenge by stabbing his wife, who, dying, accuses herself to save the husband from a charge of murder.

The first act takes place on the golf links of a club near New York. Senator Tait, middle aged and wealthy, is the intended victim of several mothers with marriageable daughters and several older bums with matrimonial desires. Mrs. Holt, one of the former, has secured him for her daughter, Alice, whom the Senator loves. Alice, however, is in love with Sidney Thorne, a well-born but poor young man. Realizing that he cannot hope to win this girl's love, the Senator offers Thorne to better his position and to become instrumental in bringing about the match the young people desire. The Senator's attention is soon turned from Alice and Sidney to Lieutenant Forbes, whose infatuation for Persis is entirely undisguised. The Senator understands her nature, having once been in love with her mother, and warns Forbes against her. When the Lieutenant learns from Persis herself that he and his love are to be sacrificed to wealth and position he turns to the Senator for help. Tait agrees to accept the ambassadorship at Paris and take Forbes with him as military attaché.

The United States Embassy at Paris is the scene of the second act. In spite of Tait's care, Persis and Forbes meet, and the woman, now Mrs. Enslee, again arouses Forbes' love for her. She pits her influence against that of Tait and wins. The love of Alice and Thorne is progressing, though their meetings are clandestine. Persis learns of their intention to elope and in a lecture full of worldly wisdom so frightens the girl with a picture of poverty that the plans of the young people are considerably disturbed.

Between the third and fourth acts six months are supposed to have elapsed. In this time Ambassador Tait has died. Forbes has returned to America and his friendship with Persis has begun to set gossip talking. The scene is the drawing-room of the Enslee home. Persis is expecting a call from Forbes and has given orders to the old deaf butler to admit no one else. Enslee returns from his club disgusted over some gossip he has heard there and goes to his room for a nap before dinner. Mrs. Holt calls, and the butler, forgetting his orders, admits her. Before she leaves Winifred Baddeley, an unmarried scandal monger, also calls and admits herself. Together the two women discuss Persis, who is absent from the room. While they are there and before Persis can countermand her former order Forbes is admitted. Delighted with the gossip possibilities of this *contretemps*, the two women leave. Forbes and Persis then realize that their relations must either cease entirely or that they must come out above board and face the world. Before they can decide Alice and Thorne arrive, escaping from Alice's mother. Persis, who has learned a great deal of truth in the last six months, advises them to marry at once and take the results of Mrs. Holt's anger. Mrs. Holt, who has followed her daughter, forces her way in and Persis risks this women's enmity to help the girl escape. Mrs. Holt vows to publish in every family Persis' relations with Forbes. When she has gone Persis and her lover come to the decision that they must separate, and while they are embracing for the last time the curtain at the doorway moves. Enslee has overheard them, and with drawn revolver he faces his wife and her lover. But he is too weak to shoot. Forbes takes the pistol from him and leaves unmolested. As he goes the butler announces dinner.

"Shall we take the servants into our confidence?" asks Persis.

"I think you may rely upon my breeding," Enslee answers, and holds the curtain aside for her to pass.

In the fourth act Enslee and Persis are seated at a polished table banked with flowers. Enslee complains that his cocktail is missing. Persis mixes one for him. They pretend to eat, the old butler serving them.

"Why, Master Willie, are you crying?" asks the butler.

It is the pepper in the deviled crab. Enslee explains, and petulantly orders the dish away. When the servants leave the room to bring another course he and Persis try to discuss what has occurred.

"When did you hear of it?" she asks.

"At the club," he says. Some one told him that his wife and Forbes were better friends than the law allows.

"What did you say to him?" asks Persis.

"I told him he was a cad," Enslee replies.

"Did you strike him?" is Persis' next question.

Enslee did not strike him; he was too weak. He begins to revile his weakness and his complicity, working himself into a pitiable frenzy. Suddenly he seizes the carver laid by his plate for the roast.

"I was too weak to strike him," he says, "but I am not too weak for you!"

Persis does not understand his intent until he is by her side. He stabs her once, below the heart. Then he realizes what he has done and is seized with horror. The old deaf butler returns, and Persis calls him to her side.

"Remember this," she says, speaking with difficulty. "Mr. Enslee and I had a quarrel, and I stabbed myself. Remember this."

Enslee, grovelling at her feet, is unable to

greatest tragic actress. Charlotte Walker, who plays Persis, is essentially a comedienne, and that she falls in this tremendous episode is nothing to her discredit. In the earlier scenes of the play, when Persis appears to be only a heartless, fortune-hunting woman, Miss Walker's work is extremely good. She makes Persis something more than a coquette, something greater than a seeker after wealth, yet she keeps the impression of heartlessness as the dominant note in the character. In the third act and the early part of the fourth the tenseness of the situations are never marred by any fault in her acting. Only in the supreme finale does she fail, and fall completely.

Ferdinand Gottschalk has given several excellent portrayals of eccentric characters this season, but all of them will be forgotten in his remarkable acting in the role of Willie Enslee. He seems to have lost many of the mannerisms which usually are evident in his work and to have made of this character a distinct creation. That is, he makes the personality of the weak, complaisant man dominate his real personality. Usually his characterizations are the reverse. In the final act he reaches the edge of the play's possibilities, leaving no point undetermined and in no feature overplaying it. Whether a man of Enslee's temperament would have had the courage to stab his wife is beside the question and has nothing to do with Mr. Gottschalk's work.

William Morris is stiff, cold, unimpassioned as Harvey Forbes, and does not convince one that he would risk his career for love. His delivery is slow and his speeches lack shading. William Bramwell as Joseph Tait is handicapped by having to play a rather artificial character. He is inclined to be preachy in his longer speeches, which consist chiefly of good advice. His stage presence is good and his evident confidence does a great deal toward improving the character. Guy Coombs is boyish and impetuous as Sidney Thorne, but rather too boyish, it would seem, to hold the position of secretary to an ambassador. Colin Campbell gives an excellent impersonation of the old butler, and Victor Herman is very good as the caddy in the first act.

Mrs. Goldfinch has a congenial role in the character of Mrs. Holt and plays the part with a hint of the comedy spirit back of it. May Isabel Fisk as Winifred Baddeley also has a role with comedy possibilities, which she realizes well. Consuelo Bailey, who plays Alice Holt, is a new and apparently talented actress, who created an altogether good impression upon her first appearance. Whatever fault is to be found with her work is due to her youth. She seems too young to play the role of society girl who could attend an embassy ball in Paris and be a possible match for a middle-aged ambassador. However, she is pretty, graceful, possessed of a well modulated voice and has been taught how to use her hands.

Taken as a whole, whatever faults *The Triangle* may have are to be found in the lack of dramatic interest in the first two acts and in the unusual strength of the final act, which is beyond the capabilities of most actresses. It ranks high in dialogue and offers sufficient indication that Mr. Hughes' ability as a writer of plays has

## Daly's—The Toast of the Town.

Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced Nov. 27.

Miss Betty Singleton ..... Viola Allen  
Miss Roxana ..... Isabel Irving  
The Dowager Duchess of Malmesbury ..... Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt  
Lady Charlotte ..... Alice Wilson  
The Duke of Malmesbury ..... Robert Drouet  
Lord Phillips ..... Harrison Hunter  
Lord Algernon Fairfax ..... Hassard Short  
Master Harry Bent ..... Charles D. Pitt  
Mr. McLaughlin ..... C. Leslie Allen  
An Author ..... Maurice W. Stewart  
Call Boy ..... Harold De Becker  
An Old Man Lodger ..... Ferdinand Gottschalk  
Walters ..... Leopold Lane  
Footman ..... M. L. Bassett

Insipidity is the chief characteristic of this Clyde Fitch play, more strongly marked because of some striking situations and some virile dialogue, like lumps of ginger in a half-sweetened pudding. It was written for and produced by Madame Modjeska some ten years ago under the title of *Miss Betty* and proved at that time an insufficient vehicle for the star. In preparing the work for Viola Allen Mr. Fitch has made some revisions and has supplied a happy ending—in the original *Miss Betty* dies in the lodging house. The comedy element has been developed at the expense of the emotional, and the character of *Miss Betty* made to better fit the temperament of its present portrayer. But the play leaves the impression of tastelessness. The plot is as devoid of ruggedness as the patched and powdered gallants who move through it, and the characters, with two or three exceptions, seem artificial beyond even the consideration of their customs and costumes.

The plot, in brief, tells the story of Betty Singleton, actress in the time of George III, who at the height of her popularity marries a Duke with hereditary bad habits. The new-made Duchess discovers her husband to be a drunkard, and within a year after her marriage leaves him, believing him to be in love with his cousin, Lady Charlotte. After two years' separation the Duke offers to take her back to his home, but, still believing he loves Charlotte, she compromises her own honor to give him an excuse for divorcing her so that he may be happy. She hides herself in the garret of a cheap lodging house, where she is discovered by the Duke, starving and almost insane.

The first act takes place in the green-room of the theatre, on the night of Betty's farewell performance, and it is here that Miss Allen has the best opportunity for exhibiting her charm as a high comedy actress. Her gayety, her anxiety about her appearance, her mingled grief at leaving her stage life and joy at marrying the man she loves, and finally her choking farewell speech before a second curtain, with the real audience made to take part in the play, compel the greatest admiration for her work in this character. In the second act, the home of Betty the Duchess, the action moves so slowly toward a foreseen climax that Miss Allen's work seems lacking in sparkle and in conviction. Her scene with the actors and author, who have come for her decision about a play, is done naturally, but her refusal of Lord Phillips' proposition does not carry weight.

The setting of the third act, an inn garden overlooking a stretch of river where "practical" swans are swimming, is a picture beautiful enough to draw applause on its own account. In this act Miss Allen has the strongest scene, one that might be made ludicrous by over playing, but which she plays with the right degree of emotion. In the fourth act Miss Allen's fine art prevents a long monologue from becoming too sentimental.

Isabel Irving as *Miss Roxana* shares honors with the star. The role is that of a thoughtless, selfish young actress and is played with charming skill. Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt finds a wealth of comedy in the role of the Dowager Duchess. Alice Wilson as the Duke of Malmesbury has a struggle to make the character more than an artificial blackguard, but succeeds in giving it a semblance of manliness. Ferdinand Gottschalk, appearing only in an Old Man Lodger, Harrison Hunter plays Lord Phillips, the only really human character in the play, in such a way as to win constant approval. Hassard Short does fairly well with the part of Lord Algernon Fairfax. Charles D. Pitt as Harry Bent, C. Leslie Allen as Mr. McLaughlin, and Maurice W. Stewart as an Author, are fully satisfactory. Harold De Becker does some rather clever work as the Call Boy in the first act. The other characters are adequately played.

## West End—Behind the Mask.

Western melodrama in four acts, by Edmund Day. Produced Feb. 19.

Squire ..... Lew A. Warner  
Thomas Burroughs ..... Walter Collihan  
Collis P. Huntington ..... Joseph W. Smiley  
Sir Henry Paget ..... Benjamin Horning  
Mrs. John Gresham ..... Minnie Pearl West  
Lady Cressford ..... Beatrice Moreland  
Margaret ..... Hedda Laurent  
Nellie Torrence ..... Kitty Cameron  
John Gresham ..... George C. Robinson  
Parthena Virginia Kinkead ..... Nellie Fillmore  
Smiley Granger ..... Lawrence Atkinson  
Robert Courtain ..... Stanley Johns  
Ned Latimer ..... Lewis Western  
Perry ..... Richard Toles  
Donson ..... Will Cole  
Morris ..... Louis Thompson  
Todd ..... Fred Gray

*Behind the Mask* is introduced to the audiences as a "play of the Golden West," the gold being presumably concealed in that odd little dwarf of a scenic mountain conveniently situated in the back yard of John Gresham's Colorado residence. Though this was alleged to be peculiarly an Occidental performance, the characters all had a unique fondness for evening dress—that is, all of them except a reformed desperado, who joined the United States Secret Service, changing his robber costume for the professional garb of a minister. Speaking with all critical seriousness, Edmund Day's melodrama, which had two excellently "thrilling" scenes at the end of the second act and the conclusion of act number three, was so defectively constructed as to be tedious in its development. The first act, for instance, was a species of short story in itself—the tale of an emerald robbery and the return of the jewel—being connected with the essential, subsequent incidents only inasmuch as it explained how John Gresham, for many years a respectable citizen, had formerly been the head of a gang of robbers and was still their nominal chief in spite of himself. After the middle of the second act the play, in Kipling's phrase, began "to find itself," but the general impression remained throughout that the material could have been arranged to much better purpose—or, better yet, that some of it might have been omitted without detriment to the production.

To say that the plot was "involved" gives absolutely no idea as to the intricacy of its evolution. It contained a detective, two reformed villains, a supposititious murder, three love stories, a nest of criminals, an attempted train robbery and a mysterious parentage. Also it contained many other things, among them the selling of a fake gold mine to a couple of negro servants. One needed to enter the labyrinth of this intrigue as a certain mythological gentleman visited the habitation of the Minotaur, taking a thread with him in order to find the way out again. Here is the thread of the narrative stated as concisely as may be. John Gresham was the owner of a gold-

conda in the mining way, having come into sole possession years ago by killing his partner in self-defense—that is to say, he thought he had killed Torrence, and accordingly had adopted Torrence's daughter, Nellie. Two of the members of his old "gang"—the "gang" already mentioned—being at his house as guests, stole a valuable emerald from an aristocratic British spinster who was visiting under the same roof. He forced them to return the jewel by announcing publicly that Sir Henry, one of the brotherhood, had fortunately found it. The gang promised to disband if Gresham would aid them in robbing one of the trains running over the road of which he was president. Gresham was helpless to refuse when they threatened to deliver him up to justice for the murder of his ancient "pal," Robert Courtain, a Secret Service officer, detailed to hunt down the gang, was living at Gresham's and had fallen in love with Margaret, Gresham's own daughter. One night, when the nefarious associates held a directors' meeting, Courtain hid behind a screen, was discovered, knocked on the head and locked up in the safe, apparently dying. Courtain's assistant, an ex-burglar, whom all the audience instinctively identified as the missing Torrence, entered at a signal adventitiously given by one of the criminals and blew open the safe, making a rescue and getting hold of the incriminating documents all at once. In the third act the train robbery at the Georgetown Loop was frustrated by Courtain, his red-headed friend—adorer of the adopted daughter—and a detachment of United States troops. When the other captives were forced to unmask young Courtain considerably permitted the father of his sweet heart to retain his disguise. The last act brought about the obvious happy denouement.

The strict truth about the acting is that it averaged somewhat more conventional even than in the bulk of Harlem melodramas. John Gresham was impersonated by George C. Robinson, who had every right to the honor, since he was decidedly the most convincing of the mature characters and showed considerable self-restraint under a natural temptation to rant. Lawrence Atkinson was unbearable in that first scene wherein he recognized his daughter and begged the detective not to force him to submit to the indignity of being handcuffed; but, singularly enough, when his morals had undergone a reformation his acting distinctly improved. Stanley Johns enacted the heroic Courtain, who preferred duty to a prospective wife—had been a philosopher one would not have wondered at his choice—and tried his level best to appear as magnificent as demanded. The task was impossible. Lewis Western as his enthusiastic, fiery-wigged friend had double the vitality of any one else except Nellie Fillmore, who appeared as the African kitchen deity. The three main conspirators were acted by Joseph W. Smiley, Benjamin Horning (the stage-director) and Richard Toles, the last named having the smallest part and being the best in it. Mr. Horning, however, did a capable character bit when he appeared in the last act as the hunted criminal. Of the women Kitty Cameron as the ingenious Nellie made an impression which would have been thoroughly good had she been content to speak in a voice less artificially naive. Hedda Laurent had unfortunate moments of self-consciousness as Margaret, but for the most part she sustained her quota of the heroics bravely. Minnie West was not a prepossessing Mrs. Gresham, but her role certainly exempted her from any display of personal charm; Beatrice Moreland did an unusually accurate piece of character acting for so mediocre a production. Walter Collihan was an average detective and Lew A. Warner was much more than an average negro butler. In terminating this review the critic is obliged to state that, despite the clever situations, this particular melodrama falls rather below the standards of the season.

This week, Rufus Rastus.

## Wallack's—The Sword of the King.

Play in a prologue and three acts by Ronald MacDonald. Produced Oct. 6.

Prince William ..... Sheridan Block  
William Bentinck ..... Frederick C. Bertrand  
Count Schomberg ..... Henry Gunson  
Godemar De Roudinacque ..... Henry Bergman  
Edward Royston ..... Aubrey Boucault  
Lady Mary Royston ..... Ida Vernon  
Sir Michael Drayton ..... Barton Hill  
Philippa ..... Henrietta Crossman  
Philip ..... Addison Pitt  
Simon ..... William Herbert  
Erudence Emmet ..... Gertrude Bennett  
Christopher Kidd ..... F. J. McCarthy  
Sergeant Morhead ..... F. J. McCarthy  
First Servant ..... Edwin Fowler  
Second Servant ..... F. J. McCarthy

## Madison Square—The Title Mart.

Anglo-American comedy in three acts, by Winston Churchill. Produced Feb. 20.

The Marquis of Tredbury ..... Frank Gilmore  
Reginald Barking, M. P. .... Arthur Hare  
Mr. John Blackwell ..... Sam Edwards  
Mr. Lawrence Pepys ..... Murray Carson  
Roy Clarkson ..... Frederic Sumner  
Hiram Peters ..... Sam Reed  
Ezra Swazey ..... A. D. Wilks  
Tilden ..... George S. Stevens  
A. Butlerman ..... Martin Henry  
A Footman ..... F. B. Hersome  
Second Footman ..... L. Phelps  
Edith Blackwell ..... Dorothy Revell  
Mrs. Blackwell ..... Ffolliott Paget  
Lady Marjory Ticknor ..... May Pardoe

The *Title Mart*, though something of a warmed-over lunch as far as material is concerned, goes to prove that Winston Churchill is better able to do himself justice on the stage when working directly in the capacity of playwright than when leaving his books, such as "The Crossing," to the tender mercies of a mediocre dramatist. This light comedy is an Adirondack water-color. It starts off at a snail's pace, in the second act it begins to awaken and by the third act it has become thoroughly amusing. Had the company been less competent in supplying a certain number of unique characterizations the effect would have been monotonously conventional. As it was, the entertainment was satisfactory, if not to be ranked among the brilliant successes. Winston Churchill shows the hand of an amateur in opening his piece with an interminable dialogue between a rustic and a railroad president who is still a country boy at heart, in spite of having accumulated a score of millions. The construction of the third act, however, is practically without a flaw. Undoubtedly the worst feature of the comedy is its hackneyed material and antediluvian complication, its surest claim to favorable notice being the dialogue. Like most story-tellers, Mr. Churchill depended on words where he should have supplied essential action, but the words were excellent. The critic found it a genuine relief to listen to this dialogue. It was replete with subtle humor, without being crammed to the muzzle with artificial epigrams. Most of the comedy conversation one is condemned to hear at present is stuck full of forced witticisms, as if the writer, by throwing in a handful of alleged plums, were trying to pass off a literary suet pudding for dramatic fruit cake.

The Marquis of Tredbury, a very "decent sort of chap," came to America for the explicit purpose of supplying a troublesome deficit in the hereditary treasury, being somewhat handicapped in his task by conscientious scruples against marrying for money alone. He wanted love into the bargain—and he got it. Having been informed by a letter from Lady Marjory Ticknor that Edith Blackwell was "hoydenish" and "impossible," the Marquis thought to shield himself by changing names with his comrade, a wealthy British "bouncer" by the name of Reginald Barking, a conceited little bantam addicted to lavender waistcoats and socks, who was by no means so utter a fool as he looked. Barking, on first meeting the beautiful and strenuous Edith, mistook her for a certain actress, and thereafter thought to perpetrate a good joke on the aristocracy by introducing her to Tredbury as said lady of the limelights. Edith fathomed the deception immediately, but kept her own counsel. Tredbury did not discover he was really in love with the heiress until the conclusion of the final act. In the meanwhile Mrs. Blackwell suffered unnamed tortures attempting to arrange an engagement between her recalcitrant stepdaughter and the supposed nobleman, while Edith complacently made life miserable for the unperceiving "bouncer" by dumping him out of the canoe and carrying on a surreptitious courtship with the titled gentleman himself. Everything ended precisely as such acrostics of identity have always been solved since the days of Oliver Goldsmith—and hundreds of years before that, too. As a commoner the Marquis won the confidence of a title-hating father, who was consequently willing to deliver a blessing at the proper moment. Barking deliberately sacrificed himself to Lady Marjory, who certainly had common sense enough for two. The action mostly took place at one of the so-called Adirondack "cottages," in which the husband and wife occupied separate wings, much to their mutual satisfaction.

The acting was more than ordinarily competent, although practically the entire cast had a tendency to exaggerate on the opening night. Arthur Hare was really funny as Reginald Barking and will unquestionably improve as he grows more familiar with the part, knowing where and when to expect the laughs and being content to labor somewhat less nervously. His singular method of choking and laughing, overdone though it may have been, proved immensely diverting to the audience. Frank Gilmore had a pleasing personality, though he was somewhat too persistently farcical in his exuberance. The most polished and accomplished performances were given by Murray Carson as a New York lawyer, a "man of the world," and by Ffolliott Paget, whose reappearance on the New York stage is a welcome event.

Dorothy Revell as Edith had the saving grace of humor, but it was not saving enough to conceal a mechanical artificiality. May Pardoe was Lady Marjory, the aristocratic Englishwoman who unconcernedly helped herself to everything in sight and even telegraphed to New York for her favorite brand of tea, and she gave an efficiently consistent impersonation. Sam Edwards was the half-fellow-well-met millionaire, Sam Reed was the conventional country storekeeper-shepherd, and Frederic Sumner was an indomitable reporter. The most vigorous piece of action, the cock fight, unfortunately took place behind the scenes.

## Herald Square—Beaucaire.

Comedy in five acts, by Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. Produced Dec. 2.

The Duke of Winterset ..... Joseph Weaver  
The Marquis De Mirepoix ..... Charles James  
Lord Townbrake ..... Arthur Berthelet  
Sir Hugh Guilford ..... C. H. Geldart  
Beau Nash ..... Alexander Frank  
Monsieur Beaucaire ..... Richard Mansfield  
Mr. Molyneux ..... A. G. Andrews  
Mr. Bantison ..... M. A. Kennedy  
Mr. Rakell ..... Ernest Warde  
Mr. Bicksett ..... James L. Carhart  
Captain Badger ..... Joseph Whiting  
Jolliffe ..... J. Palmer Collins  
Francis ..... Henry Laurent  
A Footman ..... Milando Tilden  
Lady Mary Carlisle ..... Lettice Fairfax  
Countess of Greenbury ..... Sydney Cowell  
Mrs. Mabsley ..... Ethel Knight Mollison  
Lucy Rellerton ..... Dorothy Chester  
Mrs. Llewellyn ..... Myra Brooks  
Lady Betsy Carmichael ..... Irene Fraher  
Miss Markham ..... Kathleen Chambers  
Hon. Ida Fairleigh ..... Margaret Dilla  
Mrs. Purtil ..... Margaret Kenmare  
Miss Palletot ..... Adele Claire  
Miss Presby ..... Edythe Rowland  
Miss Castlemaine ..... Laura Eyre  
Lady Southesk ..... Mrs. Preston  
An Old Lady ..... Mrs. Preston

Richard Mansfield made his reappearance in



# THE PASSING OF SARAH A. BAKER.



Again the evening-cloud of death has descended gently over the Edwin Forrest Home. The little company of aged players there, to whom its visits have grown sadly familiar, watched its coming with sorrowful, apprehensive eyes, and when it rose again they mourned the departure of one of their most treasured friends, Sarah A. Baker, the oldest American actress. This leaving-taking, the twenty-seventh in the history of the Home, occurred late in the evening of Friday, Sept. 1.

Mrs. Baker's stage career began in 1837, when, at the age of nineteen, she played Virginia in the *Virginian* of Charles B. Parsons, at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia. The occasion was a benefit performance given to her father, Charles S. Porter, who was a favorite actor and manager during the first half of the century. Being a Philadelphian by birth, and coming of such parentage, it was natural that Sarah Porter should receive a cordial welcome upon her first appearance. Her performance was so artistic, moreover, that she won the sincere approbation of the audience, and was straightway engaged by Booth for his Pittsburgh company. She played juvenile parts there, and in the succeeding years worked up to leading roles while supporting such noted actors as W. E. Burton, Edwin Forrest, E. L. Davenport, Joseph Jefferson, James Anderson, and C. W. Coudock.

In the summer of 1853 she made her New York debut at the Bowery Theatre, in *The Lady of Lyons*, supporting William R. Goodall; and in the same year she became the wife of J. S. Baker, whose death occurred ten years later. The daughter that was born to them is now Mrs. Clarence Handyside. She is the one relative that Mrs. Baker leaves behind.

After the war of the rebellion Mrs. Baker played with Edwin Booth and with various traveling stars. She appeared almost entirely in the classic drama, taking up different lines of work as age advanced upon her, and during the sixty years of her stage career she impersonated every female character in the Shakespearean plays that have been produced in this country.

About eighteen years ago the old actress—she was then beyond sixty—made a strange contract with the late Thomas W. Keene. It provided that as long as she cared to act she should be a member of his company, and that when she chose to retire she should go to the Keene homestead at Castleton Corners, Staten Island, there to spend the remainder of her days. For sixteen years she played in the support of Mr. Keene, whom she loved as a son and regarded as one of the greatest actors that America ever produced. On his side the tragedian treated her with thoughtful tenderness, never slighting an opportunity to add comfort and happiness to her declining years.

During the Christmas holidays of 1897 the sixtieth anniversary of Mrs. Baker's debut was celebrated at the Walnut Street Theatre, Cincinnati, where the Keene company was then playing. After the performance of *Richard the Third*, on New Year's Eve, the curtain was raised again and Mrs. Baker was discovered seated beneath a canopy of flowers, with the members of the company grouped around her. Mr. Keene delivered an eloquent congratulatory address, many handsome gifts were presented to the veteran actress, and telegrams of congratulation from a score of the most noted American players were read. These messages evidenced the affection with which Mrs. Baker was regarded by both old and young in the profession. Many of them were directed to "Mama" Baker, by which loving title the sweet old lady was known to her intimate friends of the stage.

During the period of Mr. Keene's final illness Mrs. Baker nursed him with the tenderness of a mother, and after his death she remained at the Staten Island homestead, comforting Mrs. Keene in her grief and by her gentle smiles and kindly deeds bringing some little ray of gladness to the household where sorrow reigned supreme.

Early in December of last year Mrs. Baker, despite the entreaties of the family with whom she had lived so long and for whom she had the deepest affection, decided to accept the hospitality of the Edwin Forrest Home. She was welcomed there with joy by the old players, many of whom had acted with her when they and she were young. Unfortunately, a few days after her arrival, the malady with which she was burdened became more serious, and with the exception of one or two occasions she was not able to leave her room during the whole time of her stay at "Springbrook." Seated in her great arm-chair, from which she commanded a glorious view of the broad meadow lands and the Delaware River, she received daily visits from her old-time friends and enjoyed to the utmost the charming atmosphere of the Home. There, in the midst of these sweet surroundings, death came to her—not bitterly nor with violence, for even death itself must needs be gentle toward women noble as was she. Two days later, on Sunday, in the drawing-room of the Home the aged guests assembled to pay their final homage to the dead, and on the following morning all that was mortal of Sarah A. Baker was laid to rest in the outskirts of the city of her birth.

## Madison Square—A Case of Arson.

Play in one act, by H. Heyermans. Produced Jan. 9.

John Arend .....	Henri de Vries
Ansing Arend .....	Henri de Vries
Thomas Blankert .....	Henri de Vries
Biesen .....	Henri de Vries
Putten .....	Henri de Vries
Post .....	Henri de Vries
Bik .....	Henri de Vries
A Magistrate .....	H. Vibart
An Usher .....	C. N. Schaeffer

### THE BRAISLEY DIAMOND.

Farce in three acts, by W. A. Tremayne and I. L. Hall.

William Brailsley .....	Henry Vibart
George Winston .....	George Probert
Howard Suttle .....	H. C. Mortimer
Johanna Buffum .....	C. N. Schaeffer
Chub Burns .....	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Charles Pinkham .....	H. Bruce Delamater
Marion Brailsley .....	Dorothy Drake
Grace Marsden .....	Helen Grantly
Roberta Benson .....	Grace Merritt
Minnie Daly .....	Edith Yaegeer
Cynthia .....	May Vokes

The first American appearance of Henri de Vries at the Madison Square Theatre gave an American audience the opportunity of repeating what London audiences said for a year about this actor: That it would be difficult to find seven actors capable of playing the seven characters in *A Case of Arson* as well as this one man portrays them. Quiet judgment, however, might change the "as well as" to "better than," for the American stage is not so poor in good players as to allow such a sweeping charge to be justly made against it. Mr. de Vries is remarkable enough in his versatility and his art to stand without comparisons.

The play itself is a gem of directness, intensity and reality. Hermann Heyermans, its author, belongs to the school of Hauptmann and Sudermann and is known as the author of such plays as *Ghetto* and *The Good Hope*. A magistrate in a Holland village is examining witnesses in a supposed case of arson. The cigar factory of John Arend has been burned and his little daughter killed in the fire. Incendiarism is suspected and the magistrate believes that John's half-witted brother, Ansing, is guilty. Ansing and John are questioned, then Thomas Blankert, John's garrulous, palsied stepfather; then in order Biesen, an asthmatic police sergeant; Putten, a sly and humorous innkeeper; Post, an inquisitive and gossiping grocer, and Bik, a gruff, independent house painter, with whom Ansen boarded. The magistrate learns enough to recall John and question him more closely. Finally John is made to confess that he has set fire to his own shop in order to gain the insurance. Ansing, when he learns that his brother's guilt has been discovered, insists that he did it himself, closing the play with an infinitely pathetic scene.

All of these characters, with the exception of the magistrate and an usher, are played by Mr. de Vries. The fact that he has a complete change of costume and make-up for each character is hardly of consequence, for that, while clever, is mechanical. He changes every feature of appearance—his hair, forehead, brows, eyes, hands, body, even his height, and, one might say, his soul. Not one of the characters suggests any other one. When John appears it is at once forgotten that Ansing, who preceded him, was played by the same man. Post, the grocer, is an undersized, cringing, effeminate man. Bik, the house painter, who follows, is tall, broad-shouldered, gruff, having not a single characteristic attribute of the other. It is impossible to describe what nearly perfect art is shown in each of the characterizations and with what fidelity Mr. de Vries has studied the small things that make individuality.

Mr. de Vries, though away from Holland but a year, speaks his lines in excellent English and has mastered several difficult brogues prepared by the English adapter of the play. Only on rare occasions can a trace of foreign accent be noticed.

H. Vibart, who also made his first American appearance last week, plays the magistrate with much ability, and C. N. Schaeffer is notably good in the small part of the usher.

The Brailsley Diamond preceded *A Case of Arson* and it must be confessed, bored the audience very much. It is a commonplace, unamusing and at times vulgar farce, cut from the usual pattern. Mrs. Brailsley gambles in stocks, contrary to a promise made her husband, and in order to cover her losses pawns the Brailsley diamond and substitutes a paste jewel to fool Mr. Brailsley. This gentleman, also breaking a promise, drinks too much, meets bad company, has the paste jewel, which he believes genuine, stolen from his tie and orders another false diamond to take its place. The wife and the husband each try to recover the jewel, without discovering the substitution to the other. Implicated in the complications are a clerk in a diamond firm, a broker, a professional crook and go-between, a detective, a female crook, Brailsley's niece, who is worried about a will that prevents her from marrying the diamond clerk; a romantic young lady, who has run away from college, and a slatternly, literally minded servant. The piece abounds in talk badly placed, long and unnecessary explanations and a great many constructive faults. Reduced to its proper dimensions, it might make a vigorous one-act sketch.

Henry Vibart, who successfully portrayed the magistrate in the shorter play, had the role of William Brailsley, and worked hard to give it life. Dorothy Drake played Marion Brailsley conscientiously, but was able to make but little of the role. Grace Merritt, with better opportunities in the role of Roberta Benson, had some amusing scenes. May Vokes as the servant aroused constant merriment when she was on the stage and played the character inimitably. Ferdinand Gottschalk gave an excellently artistic characterization of Burns, the crook, and showed that he was using his brains as well as his experience. The others in the cast cannot be justly criticised for shortcomings. They had no material with which to work.

It is understood that *The Brailsley Diamond* was put on hurriedly when it was discovered that Henry Drouet would not recover from an attack of pneumonia in time to play the leading role in *The Lucky Miss Dean*, the play originally scheduled to precede *A Case of Arson*.

## Daly's—Cashel Byron's Profession.

Comedy in three acts, arranged for the stage by Stanislaus Stange from the book by G. Bernard Shaw. Produced Jan. 8.

Bashville .....	Joseph Kilgour
Phoebe .....	Marion Little
Lord Worthington .....	Herbert McKenzie
Ned Skene .....	John C. Dixon
Bob Mellich .....	Luke Martin
Cashel Byron .....	James J. Corbett
Lydia Carew .....	Margaret Wycherly
Alice Goff .....	May Tulley
Lucian Wyllie .....	Lionel Adams
Captain Trillan .....	Sydney Blow
Herr Abendgasse .....	Frank Opperman
Mrs. Hoskyns .....	Maudie Groux
Mrs. Skene .....	Alice Leigh
Adelaide Gishorne .....	Kate Lester
Sergeant .....	Charles Sturgis
Paradise .....	John C. Dixon

During the past two or three years the general public has done George Bernard Shaw considerably more than justice, but he has received no such consideration at the hands of Stanislaus Stange. Mr. Stange will reap no particular harvest of laurels for his dramatization of the story and it is not probable that either he or Mr. Shaw or the management will be embarrassed by any tremendous influx of wealth.

The play is a very amateurish piece of construction, filled to the brim with superfluous explanations and old-fashioned remarks to the audience. However, there is one exceedingly dra-

matic moment in the last act. Cashel has been indulging in one farewell pugilistic contest and, having been interrupted by the police, is pursued by them to the kitchen of the Warren Lodge, which has been fitted up as a library and literary workroom by the heroine, Lydia Carew. She consents to hide her battling lover in another room, disgusted though she is by his occupation. The constable arrives and Bashville, the footman, who is secretly Cashel's rival, goes into the second apartment just mentioned. During his absence there is a brief period of magnificent suspense and there is one instant of superb relief when the footman re-enters, indicating that he will not betray his rival. Apart from this one incident the play is of the customary Shaw volubility, dancing a species of verbal jig altogether out of tempo with the dramatic lethargy. This particular satire cannot afford any great satisfaction to the devotees of the Irish wit because the paradoxes are not sufficiently extreme to promulgate any topsy-turvy ethical theories. The drama is founded on the acknowledged truth that the most intellectual women are sometimes irresistibly attracted by the physical charms of the opposite sex, and the heroine of real life is fortunate if only the captivating physique belongs to so honorable a man.

The plot is so simple and so generally known that a detailed synopsis of the episodes would only waste valuable space. Lydia Carew was the affluent and romantic ideal on which were centered the affections of three men—Lucian Webster, her cousin; Bashville, her model footman, and Cashel Byron, pugilistic champion of the universe. She fell in love with Byron the second she accidentally caught sight of him in a running costume which exhibited his manly proportions to fine advantage. Cashel was living at the neighboring establishment of the sporting Lord Worthington, being in training for his contest with a rival by the name of Paradise. In the natural course of events Lydia did not discover the precise nature of her lover's physical culture until Cupid had consummated all his mischievous intent. In the end the hero and heroine were betrothed, Lydia frankly admitting her passion in the recognized fashion of Shaw's feminine creatures; the cousin was appropriated by a needy friend, and the ambitious footman retired with his dignity unimpaired. There was some exceedingly bright dialogue, as when Cashel's mother, an actress, saw her stalwart son for the first time in eight years and remarked that he had acquired an odiously professional air!

James J. Corbett, of prize-fighting fame, impersonated the refined pugilist, or rather he was the pugilist, inasmuch as "Gentleman Jim" had simply to act himself in order to fill all the requirements of the role. The task may not have been arduous, but it was well done, and being natural on the stage is a more difficult undertaking than the unprofessional observer is apt to imagine. Corbett made a fine and gentlemanly appearance; he was as happily ingenious as a child and his personality was delightful. Moreover, he acted intelligently and his enunciation was agreeably distinct. Margaret Wycherly as Lydia was hampered with a part which utterly failed to reproduce the seriousness of the original character, and in consequence was less effective than she easily might have been. May Tulley as Alice Goff, her practical friend, had more solidity than art. Joseph Kilgour as the superb and romantic footman gave a capital impersonation of *la G. B. S.*, and Phoebe, the adoring maid who worshipped him from afar, was excellently well done by Marion Little. Lionel Adams and Herbert McKenzie left no very definite impressions, but Bob Mellich, the "trainer"; Ned Skene, ex-champion of England, and Mrs. Skene were all most amusing. Kate Lester as Cashel's histrionic parent, furnished an admirable bit of character acting in the third act. The minor parts were in competent hands. It is bare justice to state that the acting was superior to the playwriting and supplied numerous deficiencies.

## Liberty—The Clansman.

Play in four acts, by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Produced Jan. 8.

Rev. Ephraim Fox .....	George B. Jackson
Dick .....	Albert Lovern
Mose .....	Samuel Hyams
Alec .....	Henry Riley
Nelse .....	John B. Hymer
Carpetbagger .....	De Witt C. Jennings
Thompson .....	Joseph Woodburn
Judge Wallace .....	J. F. Miller
Duncan .....	Robert Gibson
Gus .....	M. J. Jordan
Eve .....	Jeffrey Lewis
Austin Stoneman .....	Holbrook Blinn
Dr. Richard Cameron .....	Joseph Wheelock, Sr.
Flora .....	Frances Shannon
Nellie Graham .....	Grace Scott
Alice Worth .....	Jeanne Madeira
John Durham .....	Fred Kley
Elsie .....	Georgia Welles
Helen Lowell .....	Gretchen Dale
Kate Larens .....	Ruth Hart
Julia Duncan .....	Grana Bennett
The Postman .....	A. H. Symmons
Ben Cameron .....	Sydney Ayres
Silas Lynch .....	Austin Webb
Freedman's Bureau Agent .....	James Grady
Negro Corporal .....	Joseph Woodburn
William Pitt Shrimp .....	Murry Woods
Jake .....	Harry Mainhall
General N. B. Forrest .....	James J. Ryan
The U. S. Commissioner .....	John Nichols

It is difficult to do justice to so bad a play as *The Clansman*. This statement may seem contradictory, but the fact is that this peculiarly obnoxious melodrama contains some effective episodes and some clever stage-management. Why at the present day, in the dawn of a friendly understanding between the South and the North, Thomas Dixon or any other man should consider it his duty to recall the terrors of that horrible period immediately after the Civil War it is difficult to comprehend. Moreover, he has distorted history so as to make affairs seem even worse than every one knows they actually were. There was once a negro lieutenant-governor of South Carolina, but he was not in office at the same time as the original of the white ex-convict Governor whom Mr. Dixon has introduced into his play. In addition to this the notorious Ku Klux Klan was far more strictly a political organization formed for the distinct purpose of frightening the negroes so that they should not dare to vote.

It certainly is not the business of the technical critic to write historical essays, nor is it the business of the playwright to tamper with American history for the distinct object of reawakening sectional prejudices. As a matter of fact, *The Clansman* failed to create any such disturbance as had been anticipated by the managers. The Northern man has no more desire to see actual social equality, including intermarriage, between the black and the white races than his Southern brother, who has had to deal with the question in a more disagreeably personal way. As a piece of constructive playwriting *The Clansman* is altogether amateurish.

The first act opened with the election of 1867, in which the negroes of South Carolina usurped a political tyranny over the whites, being directed in their campaign, according to the play, by a Northern abolitionist, who had become a fanatic on the subject of social equality, and who had a beautiful daughter by the name of Elsie Stoneman. Silas Lynch, the negro official, had had the temerity to select Elsie as his future wife, and Ben Cameron, the son of a typical Southern aristocrat, had more naturally nourished a similar passion. In the second act the Camerons came within an inch of having their old mansion sold over their heads to satisfy the outrageous taxes imposed by the drunken black Legislature, but the homestead was saved at the last instant by the individual efforts of Miss Elsie. In the first half of the third act Elsie learned that Ben had become the local chief of the Klan and bade him choose between her and his allegiance. Almost immediately thereafter Flora, Cameron's little thirteen-year-old daughter, was assaulted by a negro and was found—dead. The second scene of the same act showed the secret tribunal of the Klan in a deep cave. The negro was hypnotized into repeating the unspeakable action of his hideous deed and condemned to death. He was hung, and the next morning his body was thrown on the doorstep of Mr. Lynch. In the fourth act Silas Lynch had Ben Cameron condemned by a drumhead court martial, though Elsie stubbornly refused to give such testimony as her father demanded against him. Then he had the audacity to lock Miss Elsie into his library and to explain to her the precise nature of his passion. She cried out, he strangled her and thrust her into an inner room under the guard of a couple of negro soldiers. The father returned, and Mr. Lynch repeated those claims of social equality in which the abolitionist had himself instructed him. When the subject was presented to him in this personal manner the old man immediately retracted all his statements, declaring that he had no intention of permitting his famous race to end in a brood of mulattos. When Mr. Stoneman endeavored to shoot, the negro informed him that a pistol shot would give the signal for his daughter's death, and sent one of his orderlies to procure a minister. Just as Stoneman was asserting that he had rather see his child dead than married to a black man the Ku Klux Klan, clad in their white robes and tin hats, arrived in full force—and the tables were turned completely upside down, or rather right side up.

Whatever one may think of the nature of the drama—and the critic is with difficulty choking down the anathemas with which he would like to blight its abominable existence—one must admit that the night meeting of the Klan was an impressive stage episode. It was even more somberly spectacular than the inquisitorial scenes with which the public is more familiar. The only light was a greenish one from the right side of the stage, which gave the white robed figures a ghastly appearance and seemed to color their voices—for voices have color in technical parlance—with a subterranean hue. It is no wonder that nervous women have become hysterical at that point of the performance.

As often happens in these instances of vulgar sensationalism, the acting was much superior to the deserts of the piece. In fact, many of the characters were admirably impersonated, especially those minstrel elements introduced for comedy contrast, such as the old slave who had been appointed sheriff of the county. This minor character was so well done by John B. Hymer that he merits the distinction of being mentioned among the principal actors, as also does D. C. Jennings, who played the leading comic role of the old-fashioned negro, and Jeffreys Lewis, who was the old mammy, his wife, Holbrook Blinn, of Napoleonic laurels, displayed undeniable dramatic force as the abolitionist advocate of the negro rampart. His attitude was so sincere that even the Southerners who were suffering at his hands were obliged to respect his mistaken convictions. Joseph Wheelock, Sr., the conservative aristocrat of the South, who dreaded the Klan almost as much as he abhorred the negro league, gave one of his usual clean-cut characterizations. Sydney Ayres, the Clansman himself, was thoroughly conscious of his exalted position and had an affected tendency to posing. Austin Webb as the negro despot was at times convincing and at other times melodramatic. In reviewing his performance, however, it should be remembered that he was forced to grapple with a most impossible character and may therefore be pardoned for going about his task with hammer and tongs. Murry Woods was genuinely subtle in rendering the miserable white trash specimen of vacillating governorship, and James J. Ryan made a spectacular, though altogether unnatural, General Forrest. Georgia Wells was a charming Elsie and Grace Scott made a pleasant impression as the inevitable "daughter of the South," but Frances Shannon as the thirteen-year-old child made the feminine hit of the production.

## Yorkville—The Royal Box.

Drama in five acts, by Charles Coghlan. Produced Jan. 22.

James Clarence .....	William J. Kelley
Prince of Wales .....	Charles Arthur
Count Felsen .....	Harold Hartsell
Lord Bassett .....	Frederic Kirby
Marmaduke .....	Thomas F. Fallon
Montmorency .....	F. C. Tilden
Davis .....	Charles King
Tips .....	Louis Frohoff
Winch .....	Ralph Locke
Widges .....	Daisy Lovering
Rickards .....	Walter Raymond
Stage Manager .....	Ralph J. Locke
Celia Pryse .....	Gertrude Coghlan
Courtess Helen .....	Jane Wheatley
Ebba .....	May Louise Aigen
Juliet .....	Grace Dalton
.....	Estelle Loomis

On Monday, Jan. 22, William J. Kelley, who has won popularity in Harlem as the leading figure in Proctor's 125th Street company, made his first appearance as an independent manager and star, having taken the Yorkville Theatre for the rest of the season and having engaged a competent supporting company. The play presented was a revival of *The Royal Box*, by Charles Coghlan, which was first presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1897, when the author made one of the most pronounced triumphs of his career as James Clarence, actor and genius. The piece is an effective comedy, full of dramatic, perhaps melodramatic, interest and situations. Some of the dialogue runs to extravagant expressions, but the old piece has much to recommend it in the way of action and vitality, two characteristics singularly lacking in most contemporary productions.

William Kelley and Gertrude Coghlan, the daughter of the author, who has been especially engaged for this initial production, carried off the honors. The other players, whose acting showed a good average efficiency, were Charles Arthur, Harold Hartsell, Frederic Kirby, Thomas Fallon, F. C. Tilden, Charles King, Louis Frohoff, Ralph Locke, Daisy Lovering, Walter Raymond, Jane Wheatley, May Louise Aigen, Grace Dalton and Estelle Loomis. Mr. Kelley is a conscientious artist and an ambitious young man. His present venture has opened under favorable auspices and there seems to be no valid reason why his labor should not win a just reward.

This week Shenandoah will be presented.



## Herald Square—Coming Thro' the Rye.

Musical comedy in two acts, by George V. Hobart, A. Baldwin Sloane and J. Sebastian Heller. Produced Jan. 9:

Ippy Ippstein	Dan McAvoy
Lord Battersbee	Frank Doane
Van Dyke Brown	John Park
William Cactus Claude	Raymond Hatch
Macon Spayce	Burt Weston
Augustus Petro	George W. Jennings
Eaglefeather	Charles Swayne
Phil	Allen K. Foster
Van Treadle	Harry K. Francis
Van Toodle	Paul T. Case
Van Toddle	Percy Jennings
Bronco Boy	By Himself
Mrs. Kobb	Alice Fisher
Loleta	Amelia Stone
Bossie Claude	Nena Blake
Diana Conway Black	George Kelly
Countess Christiana	Joseph Standish
Daisy Field	Bessie Evelyn Gibson
Rosy Day	Florence Martin
Pansy Potts	Natalie Olcott
Lily White	Agnes Dasmarr
Pinky Lawson	Ethel Kirkpatrick
Violet Hughes	Florence Radcliff
Primrose Bank	Bertha Blake
Poppy Tulips	Maud Mills

In spite of its seductive name, *Comin' Thro' the Rye* at least has the virtue of falling to in-luxicate or even to arouse such mild satisfaction as may be obtained from certain temperance beverages. It appeared to be an antediluvian piece of musical comedy, with so little skeleton or reason for existence that it is a mystery why it keeps together at all. Public taste, or rather public education, has improved during the past few years until audiences demand a certain amount of intelligence in the construction and production even of these alleged musical "shows." As it now stands, the piece was a conglomeration of songs, scenery, burlesque complications and choruses, which were not especially attractive, to say the least. If one had to judge of the three authors solely by this one product of their combined efforts he might reasonably suppose that they had come through the rye arm in arm before sitting down to work, imbibing on the way. Some of the music was better than most of the comedy and several of the conscientious performers wasted considerable artistic effort in attempting to create parts which were too flimsy to be "interpreted." The most amusing part of the entertainment was a rather clever burlesque of *The Squaw Man* in the last act. In other words, the best part of the comedy was an extraneous interpolation.

The plot, which might have served for a story-ette in some of the decidedly "popular" magazines, centered about a painting by Van Dyke Brown, entitled "Comin' Thro' the Rye." One Mrs. Kobb, a parvenu of the most flagrant character, was trying to break into society and therefore permitted Brown, a well-connected Bohemian, to occupy a spacious studio in her Newport villa. Brown became entangled in a plot to marry a Swedish countess, though he was really in love with his model, Loleta. Loleta's father was Ippy Ippstein, a Yiddish tailor bent on collecting a bill due for "pants." He impersonated Brown, was taken by Mrs. Kobb for a Turkish pasha and got the whole company into a frightful mess, which was disentangled during the second act at the Newport Casino. The most impressive moment of the play was when Nena Blake as Bossie Claude, the cowgirl, entered riding a white horse. Though not impressive in the ordinary sense of the word, this at least made an impression that could be remembered.

Dan McAvoy's idea of "comedy" is to raise a "rough house" at any cost, and he proceeded to raise it to the best of his ability. It is barely possible that he considered his own performance as highly ludicrous, though the critical mind could not avoid regarding it in a tragic light. The expenditure of so much dynamic force to so little purpose must always have an element of pathos in it. Alice Fisher did her courageous best with Mrs. Kobb, which was a far greater compliment than the character deserved. Amelia Stone and John Park were allotted the major part of the singing, about the only bit of wisdom displayed by the management, for both of these people are vocal artists. Frank Doane did his best to be an Englishman, Charles Swayne was an Indian, and Burt Weston was a shameless libel on all press agents. The best song was a duet called "Spoon-time."

## Fourteenth Street—The German Gypsy.

Comedy in four acts, by Robert Sidney. Produced Jan. 8.

Metz Engelbrecht	Al. H. Wilson
General Von Lundberg	Thomas M. Hunter
Wolfgar	Ross O'Neal
Clarence Rock	Al. T. Holstein
Jake	Chris Naumann
Martin	W. H. Marble
Quig	Harry Coburn
Zanar	Alton Maguire
Bruno	Len B. Kane
Zilpha	Evelyn Selbie
Widow Teller	Florence Storer
Rose Teller	Lillian Rhodes
Granny	Frances Ibbotson
Little Gretchen	Glady's Huletto

Al. H. Wilson was the attraction at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last week, appearing in the leading role of *The German Gypsy*, a new comedy by Robert Sidney. The production was successfully given under the management of Sidney R. Ellis and drew good houses. Mr. Wilson's mildly humorous dialect efforts were well received and he was capably supported by a fair company.

Comedy, with a dash of pathos, pervades the scenes of the play. Metz Engelbrecht, who loves Rose Teller, and ventures to speak to her mother, Widow Teller, of his wishes, is understood by the widow to be asking for her own hand, and is promptly and enthusiastically accepted before he can explain the mistake. This embroils him with his sweetheart and also with his uncle, who is himself courting the widow and is enraged at his nephew's apparent rivalry. To complicate matters still further, a gypsy girl appears and claims Metz as her husband, alleging she had married him by gypsy rites some time previous. Metz had spent his early youth among the gypsies, and from that life his uncle had rescued him. Now that he is in trouble he thinks he will turn his back on the "roof dwellers" and try his luck with the gypsies once more. He finds, however, that the old life has no charms for him. His uncle and sweetheart follow him, the gypsy wife relinquishes her claim, and a reconciliation and explanation lead to a happy ending and to the downfall of a villainous rival who has been giving the easygoing Metz many anxious moments.

The strenuous scenes of the play are punctuated agreeably by several new songs: "The Love Trust," "Under the Harvest Moon," "No Love Like Thine," "My German Rose," and "The Girl for Me," all pleasingly sung by Mr. Wilson. The Gypsy Trio—John F. Reidy, Gertrude Currier, and Charles White—also contributed several excellent selections.

Mr. Wilson's work in the part of Metz showed his usual characteristic features. A winning smile, a blond wig and an ingenuous, confiding manner, with a canary-bird-like willingness to break into song at unexpected moments, were all in evidence. Thomas M. Hunter as General Von Lundberg was an amusing middle-aged lover.

## Criterion—Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire.

Play in three acts, by J. M. Barrie. Produced Dec. 25.

Colonel Grey	Bruce McRae
Mrs. Grey	Ethel Barrymore
Amy Grey	Beatrice Agnew
Cosmo Grey	Cyril Smith
Stephen Rollo	John Barrymore
Leonora Dunbar	Mary Nash
Nurse	Davenport Seymour
Fanny	Florence Busby
Richardson	Lillian Reed

## PANTALOON.

Play in one act, by J. M. Barrie.

Clown	John Barrymore
Pantaloone	Lionel Barrymore
Harlequin	John P. Kennedy
The Child	Leona Powers
Columbine	Beatrice Agnew

J. M. Barrie's two fantastic plays at the Criterion Theatre not only add more laurels to the author's crown but furnish a triumph for the Barrymore family—a triumph of individual merit separated from the traditions of their name. Ethel, John and Lionel, in widely different characters, show a new development of their art and, to say it tritely, do the best they have ever done. Considerable comment on the plays, most of it in praise of them, has reached this country from England, where the comedies were first produced. The longer of the two, *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, appeals universally, or so far as civilization and theatres extend. *Pantaloone*, the one-act fantasy, is calculated to be much more appreciated by British audiences, to whom the pantomime is an institution, than to Americans, who know it today only in perverted forms.

The first is a satire on the current problem play and its effects upon young minds. Very briefly the story is this: Colonel and Mrs. Grey come back to England after a life spent in India and become acquainted with their three children, who have been sent home from the warmer climate before they were old enough to "take notice." Amy, the eldest, has developed a theory of life from the plays she has seen, and when she overhears her newly arrived mother accept an invitation to visit a bachelor's rooms she is suddenly seized with the idea that the mother must be "saved." Amy reaches the rooms first and hides herself in a cupboard. Her persistence in "saving" her mother and in getting back in "the letters" cause Barriescue complications, which are finally cleared when the mother learns of Amy's romanticism.

Ethel Barrymore's triumph was all the more pronounced when it is considered that her twenty odd years had to appear forty, the approximate age of Alice, the mother. She was not altogether successful in getting her appearance to correspond to her age, but in manner, speech and apparently in temperament she looked and played the mother with tenderness, delicacy and with a delightful appreciation of the humor of the situations. In one little scene in the second act, when she discovers Amy in the cupboard and believes her guilty of clandestinely meeting Stephen, the bachelor, and in her farewell to frivolity and the welcoming of her new role of *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire* there was a convincing touch of pathos that almost turned the laughter into tears.

John Barrymore played the role of Stephen Rollo, the bashful bachelor, with whom no one ever flirted, with a skill marked strongly by the contrast between this role and the character he assumed in the shorter play. He strikingly resembled his father, both in looks and manner, and showed a growing certainty in his methods. Beatrice Agnew as Amy Grey fulfilled Mr. Barrie's idea of the part and played it as he directs, sincerely. She was constantly and intensely in earnest, getting the deep irony of the character by her directness. Bruce McRae played the genial, common-sensed Colonel Grey artistically and satisfyingly. Cyril Smith, who had the same role in London, was excellent as the overwise boy, Cosmo. Mary Nash did well with the part of Leonora Dunbar, Amy's chum. Davenport Seymour caught the spirit of the play in her small part of the nurse. Florence Busby played Fanny, the maid, satisfactorily, and Lillian Reed, though rather too well dressed and too well fed, was amusing as the "Slavey" Richardson.

Mr. Barrie calls the one-act play "a plea for an ancient family." It is a family that American audiences nowadays know very little about, and many of the points of the fantastic little piece are entirely lost. Those who remember the Humpty-Dumpty of a generation ago will find more interest in it than those who have seen only the recent attempts at like pantomime. What it means when Harlequin is masked, what value to put upon Pantaloone's references to the butcher shop and sausages, why Columbine and Harlequin are mute, what is the peculiar humor in an imitation red-hot poker are almost hidden mysteries. A key to the play might legitimately be printed on the programmes.

There is a little story that tells how Pantaloone, already beginning to feel that his popularity is waning, is discharged by Clown because Harlequin runs off with Pantaloone's daughter, Columbine, when Clown wanted her for himself. The return of the elopers with their baby Clown, who calls Pantaloone "old un," again restores the old gentleman's happiness, and the curtain falls with a merry dance going on.

Lionel Barrymore as Pantaloone played with an astonishing representation of senility and sustained the character so thoroughly that one forgot he ever did anything else. Just one fault was noticeable: At moments his voice lost the querulous quality of old age and became too strong for his appearance. John Barrymore as Clown displayed remarkable agility and a good sense of the broad fun of clowndom. His exaggerated Cockney accent was excellent. Beatrice Agnew as Columbine was pretty, graceful and danced with a freedom that Columbine is seldom able to show. Particularly noticeable in her work was her ease in pantomime and her ability to express emotions by gestures and facial expression. John P. Kennedy, the Harlequin, was an able companion to Miss Agnew, though his dancing lacked much of the grace she exhibited. In pantomime, too, he was hardly her equal. Leona Powers, aged about ten, was an amusing counterpart of the older Clown and with as much agility and sense of fun.

## Garrick—Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.

Comedy in three acts, adapted from Sardou's *Les Pattes des Mouche*.

Horace Belmore	Addison Pitt
Mrs. Belmore	Miriam Nesbitt
Violet Merivale	Louise Galloway
Manders	Kate Jepson
James	John Marble
Thaddeus Brown	George Woodward
Miss Dorothy	Ida Vernon
Alky	Walter Thomas
Herbert Danvers	Boyd Putnam
Hobbs	C. A. Chandos
Mary	Henrietta Crossman

Some one, not mentioned on the programme, has revamped the comedy, *A Scrap of Paper*, that the Kendals had adapted from the French of Sardou, and has attempted to make it appear American and modern by references to New York and automobiles. The foundation of inconsistent farce, delightful originally, and Henrietta Crossman's bubbling humor depreciate the adapter's effort, for they are the features that make this "new" play agreeable. There was no need of modernizing it. No more was there need of lumbering it with the meaningless title of *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*. Mary was by no means contrary, and moderns, anyhow modern Ameri-

cans, are never befuddled by such simple tricks as Mary and Bertie use, however amusing these tricks are. And let it be said that boys in long trousers and girls in ankle-length skirts, whether modern American or 1861 French, never are half so silly lovers as Violet and Algy.

But the character of Mary, even though devoid of contrariness, is a part in which Miss Crossman can revel. Her laughter bubbled and rippled across the footlights. Her hysterical lying when the jealous husband seeks his wife, her equally hysterical anxiety when she thinks the beetle has escaped, her laughing triumph over Bertie when he starts to burn the letter, found the audience in a sympathetic humor. Miss Crossman triumphed over the antiquity of the play and its modernization.

Boyd Putnam played Bertie. He was rather fair skinned for one who had traveled for three years, but he made a good opposite to Miss Crossman. There was a little too much heaviness in his manner, however, and he gave but little outward evidence of being consumed by an ever-burning love for Mrs. Belmore. Mrs. Belmore was played by Miriam Nesbitt, who was pleasant to look upon, but who acted rather crudely at times, and was not convincingly lovable. Ida Vernon was the maiden aunt, Miss Dorothy, and seemed to dislike the part very much. She was more like a dowager duchess than a maiden aunt. Louise Galloway as Violet spoiled what would have been fairly satisfactory work by a peculiar, affected lisp and the dialect of a Western melodrama ingenue. Kate Jepson did all that could be done with the part of Manders, the housekeeper. Addison Pitt, made up to resemble the president of Yale University, competently played Horace Belmore, the jealous husband. George Woodward was agreeably amusing as Thaddeus Brown, the bug enthusiast, and appeared to appreciate the comedy of the play better than any other of the men. Walter Thomas as Algy was either very bad or the part was unsuited to his age and long trousers. In either case his appearance was painfully silly. John Marble gave a good impersonation of James, the butler, and C. A. Chandos was acceptable as Hobbs.

The comedy is too good to be spoiled by modernization, and, coupled with Miss Crossman's delightful playing, it furnishes an agreeable relief from plays with vague purposes and neurotic characters.

## Knickerbocker—Mlle. Modiste.

Comic opera in two acts, by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Produced Dec. 25.

Henry de Bouvray	William Pruette
Captain Etienne de Bouvray	Walter Percival
Hiram Bent	Claude Gillingwater
Gaston	Edna Fasset
General Le Marquis de Villefranche	Leo Mars
Lieutenant Rene La Motte	George Schraeder
Francis	Howard Chambers
Madame Cecile	Josephine Bartlett
Fanchette	Edna Fasset
Nanette	Bianche Morrison
Marie Louise de Bouvray	Louise Le Baron
Bebe	Miss La Mora
Fleurlette	Ada Meade
Mrs. Hiram Bent	Bertha Holly
Fifi	Fritzi Scheff

Mlle. Modiste, the new Fritzi Scheff opera, proved several things more or less conclusively: Victor Herbert's music is thoroughly effective; but it is becoming more and more "all of a kind." Henry Blossom is much better as a librettist than as a creator of legitimate comedy, and scenic ideas borrowed from other productions—borrowed, as most people borrow books, with no intention of giving any credit to the lender—are not necessarily useless acquisitions. No one can long go the rounds of the New York theatres without becoming a student of theatrical kleptomania. Given from two to five acts which must be filled with material and having no material scruples as to where or how it may be obtained, once he has discovered the emptiness of his own imagination, the ambitious author naturally takes to intellectual burglary and excuses himself on the time-worn plea of unconscious imitations and coincidences. This is said neither with particular reference to Henry Blossom nor to Victor Herbert, who conscientiously extracts principally from his own earlier works. William Shakespeare himself did that repeatedly, so perhaps there is nothing unknighly about the modern manner of helping oneself to whatever is convenient. The first scene of Mlle. Modiste suggests the florist's shop of Veronique in all its essentials, the second scene is reminiscent of Babette and the third makes us think, like Lewis Carroll's *Walrus*, "of many things." Just those qualities in the handicraft of Henry Blossom that made *A Fair Exchange* a failure produced admirable results in a comedy libretto. Operatic characters are unreal anyhow and the more artificially brilliant the dialogue the better for all concerned. Hiram Bent's description of himself, for instance, as a promoter, "a man that will furnish the ocean if you get the ships," would have been less laughable in a legitimate play just in proportion as it would have appeared more forced.

The plot was luminously transparent, which is surely the best sort of an intrigue for such a purpose when the music and the dialogue are sufficiently entertaining to sustain the interest. Fritzi Scheff, alias Mlle. Modiste, alias Fifi—which last was her real name in the opera—was the brightest and most popular, as well as the most valuable of the girls in the Parisian hat shop of Mme. Cecile. She could sell more hats for more money than even either of Madame's two charming daughters, Fanchette and Nanette. Young Capt. Etienne de Bouvray loved her and proposed to marry her, but, since she was only a shop-girl, his uncle, Comte Henri, threatened him with disinheritance and all the dire vengeance of social ostracism. Madame wished to wed her to Gaston, the agreeable spendthrift of a son, thereby permanently acquiring her services for no pay at all. Fifi loved Etienne too much to marry him in face of his uncle's objections. She abandoned both the shop and her lovers, took the money Hiram Bent had lent her by a kindly subterfuge, and went upon the operatic stage. In the second act she was the reigning operatic queen of the season and had consented to sing gratis at a charity bazar over which the old comte was to preside. Having recognized her the old fellow refused to listen to reason, and, declaring that she should not have an opportunity to meet Etienne again, ordered her out of the house and sent to the opera for a performer. Fifi came back from the opera in another costume and under her professional name, and sang so charmingly that the crusty old bachelor, who had truly been aching all the while to grant Etienne anything in the way of a wife that he might have a fancy to, retracted all his oaths and left the young people to suit themselves. Fritzi Scheff, looking up into the eyes of her ardent lover, gently said, "I'll have to call you down a little." And he came! The old count, who had never been married because he had moral scruples against divorce, was certainly the best character of the composition. His song, "I Want What I Want When I Want It," though by no means the only capital piece of music, was the best. There were a number of other good songs, such as "The Time and the Place and the Girl," and there was an excellent farewell chorus at the conclusion of the first act.

As Mlle. Modiste Fritzi Scheff had a part pre-eminently adapted to her capabilities, full of vitality and fun and with enough ambitious music to make the singing a factor in itself. She may reasonably expect to be borne high on a wave of popular appreciation, much higher than during her previous engagements on Broadway. Her voice has lost something of that sweet quality it possessed when she was a favorite at the Metropolitan Opera House, and she had a tendency to wander off the key, yet both her voice and her technique were eminently superior to anything a comic-opera audience has any normal right to demand. Her most effective and most exacting song was that wonderful trilling melody which she sang at the charity bazar. As has already been intimated William Pruette was a great success as the gaudy bachelor; he sang well, he acted well and he was finely sympathetic, as if in spite of himself. The audience was perfectly willing that the old fellow should get anything he wanted when he wanted it. Claude Gillingwater

was a clever type of philanthropic American capitalist and Leo Mars, the tenor, got a laugh every time he appeared as the smiling, complacent and very Gallic artist. Howard Chambers, Lieutenant La Motte, had a good bass voice, George Schraeder did a fair character bit as the General and R. W. Hunt was a comical burlesque porter. Josephine Bartlett as Mme. Cecile made a hit when she sang in the lowest of her contralto notes, "I Don't Like to Be a Cat"; her daughters were both pretty girls and good light sopranos and Marie Louise was mediocre. Fleurlette and Mrs. Hiram Bent were acceptable and Miss La Mora showed herself to be an exceptional danseuse.

## Lyric—The Babes and the Baron.

Musical extravaganza in two acts. Book by A. M. Thompson and Robert Courtneidge; American version by Robert B. Smith. Music by H. E. Haines and others. Lyrics by Charles M. Taylor. Produced Dec. 25.

The Baron	Junie McCree
Robin Hood	Maude Lambert
Jack Tuff	James C. Marlowe
Bill Ruff	Louise Wesley
Will Scariet	Mabel Wilbur
Little John	Vera Cameron
Allan A'Dale	Margaret King
Charlie	Will Archie
Cissie	Adele Cox
Touser	Alfred Latell
The Cowardly Policeman	Eddie Garvie
The Duke	Edward Craven
Chinaman	David Rogers
Cinderella	Lillian Coleman
Lena Pickles	Carrie Behr
Clorinda	Florence Guise
Thysbie	Florence Trevillon
The Fairy Godmother	Lillian English
Dorothy	Gertrude Douglass
Dorcas	Margaret Von Keese
Phyllis	Marie Luytlemn
Royal Messenger	Mildred Warde
The Toy Soldier	Fred Walton

Though rather free from originality in book or score, there are enough hard-working, real comedians and laugh-producing business in *The Babes and the Baron* to supply several paupered musical plays with material without sacrificing much of the merit of this new, Americanized English extravaganza. Several scenes, in setting and in story, are reminiscent of another musical play that has had a long run recently, and some of the lyrics are more than reminiscent of lyrics heard before this season. But few if any of the current representatives of the genus musical comedy have such a good supply of well-fitting funny people who do things artistically without the use of an axe or a slapstick.

Of plot there is almost none. Robin Hood, the well-known and esteemed outlaw, is in love with Cinderella, daughter of a haughty baron, formerly Bill Burke, robber. In the last scene Robin and Cinderella announce that they are to be married. The Baron, in order to secure a legacy left to his nephew and niece, Charlie and Cissie, has the children kidnapped by a couple of his former companions. The children are protected by a large and human-like dog named "Touser," are found by Robin Hood and his band and returned in time to foil the wicked uncle. The two robbers are punished by being compelled to marry the historic, ugly step-sisters of Cinderella. During the interval between the first and the last scenes the Baron keeps a department store, the children are taken to Toyland, and there are songs and marches by the prettiest chorus seen in New York for a long time.

Of the cast Fred Walton as the Toy Soldier stands first. This is Mr. Walton's first appearance in New York and the first time that audiences here have had a chance to see to what artistic perfection pantomime may be brought. The Toy Soldier has not a line to speak, yet he drills a company of dummy figures, settles a quarrel between two of them, acts as clerk in a dry goods store, is a personal conductor for the children in Toyland, and unavailingly attempts suicide by drowning. He is made up to resemble his dummy command and looks exactly like them, yet he expresses with his wooden face more emotions than the average actor is able to express with hands, face and voice combined. His dancing, too, is of exceptional merit.

Junie McCree has the role of the Baron and plays it with genuine humor. His automobile specialty, in which Charlie and Cissie have a share, is uproariously funny, and his appearance as proprietor of a department store provides him with opportunity for clever work. Maude Lambert has the part of Robin Hood and her voice is heard to advantage in several songs, of which "The Light of the Honeymoon" seems to be the most popular. Lillian Coleman makes a pretty Cinderella, though rather lacking in spirit. She has a song with chorus about a tailor's dummy that receives considerable applause. Carrie Behr plays the part of Lena, the German nurse, with vivacity, but with very little dialect. With the Baron she sings a polyglot song with a catchy though somewhat familiar air—"I Would Like to Be Your Pal," by title. James C. Marlowe and Louise Wesley as the two robbers, Ruff and Tuff, support the Baron in much of his comedy work, and have several good scenes for themselves, in which they appear to advantage. Eddie Garvie as the Cowardly Policeman makes much of the few opportunities he has. Will Archie as Charlie and Adele Cox as Cissie are completely at home in these roles, and Archie plays the mischievous boy with the same art he puts into all the roles he attempts. Alfred Latell makes the dog "Touser" a realistic animal with human intelligence. Edward Craven as the Duke does a bit of pantomime cleverly. Florence Guise and Florence Trevillon are sufficiently catfish for the two ugly step-sisters. The other speaking parts are satisfactorily filled.

A feature of the piece is the dancing of La Petite Adelaide, a small and charming young person whose art is of the highest quality. A march of the toys, a brass band of women players, the setting of the department store and of the forest in the second act, and the general costuming of the chorus are all effective. The music is light and hardly calculated in any part to become popular. Probably the topical songs "Knock Wood" and "Think It Over" and the song "Milo," with a novel chorus effect, all three sung by the Baron and the robbers, will be the best remembered among the musical numbers.



## Liberty—The Gingerbread Man.

Musical comedy in two acts, by Frederic Ranken and A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced Dec. 25.

Kris Kringle	J. P. MacSweeney
Machevallus Fudge	Homer Lind
Madame Santa Claus	Ross Snow
Doughnut	Gus Weinberg
Marchmallow	Gilbert Gregory
Wonderous Wise	W. H. Mack
Jack Horner	Helen Bertram
Simon Simple	Joseph Welsh
Taffy	Lillian Leon
Toffee	Uria Rottger
The Gingerbread Man	Eddie Redway
The Flery Dragon	H. L. Zeda
Cookie, a Baker's Boy	Frankie Bailey
Duke of Pie	Almyra Forrest
Mazie Bon-Bon	Harriet Burt
Sallie Lunn	Harriet Burt
Margery Daw	Nellie Lynch

Even a gingerbread man may be dramatized—or made into a musical comedy, which is a totally different thing—if one has resolutely made up his mind to the stupendous task. Frederic Ranken left the book and lyrics of *The Gingerbread Man* behind him in a posthumous state when he passed onward and upward. A. Baldwin Sloane wrote the music and wrote it with so much verve that one may correctly speak of its having been "composed." Whoever had charge of the costuming is the one man concerned in staging the piece who deserves to be severely reprimanded. He insisted on crowding the stage with hosts of women in the closest of close tights so continually and unnecessarily that he succeeded in vulgarizing the tone of the entire entertainment. When operas such as *Veronique* and the more commonplace *Moonshine* have absolutely proved how superfluous these degrading anatomical exhibitions are it is curious and regrettable that those responsible for the presentation of this latest fantasy should have chosen to make their appeal to the most rudimentary of public instincts. Two-thirds of the programme was taken up with the names of these figurantes, and some portion of the audience may have been interested in making a leisurely inspection of their individual "points." Except for this one heinous offense to all good taste, the settings had many unique and charming qualities to recommend them. The first act was supposed to take place in Santa Claus Land, the centre of the stage representing a sort of open court or square, about which were grouped all the different buildings of Kris Kringle's various manufacturing departments. The scene of the second act was "the dividing line between the realms of King Sugar Plum and King Bunn," all the buildings and gateways and walls being constructed of appetizing cakes and confections.

The cast of characters was a grand array and melée of old names familiar in Mother Goose Rhymes. There was something which masqueraded as a plot for this "fanciful fairyland," as the programme describes it; but the interest was centered wholly on the theatrically humorous dialogue, the very bright lyrics, the excellently contagious music, and the singers. In the beginning, long before the opening of the play, Mazie Bon-Bon had been a princess, but she had been changed first into a plum and thence into a confectioner's salesgirl. This had originally been the work of that malevolent and malicious dealer in black art, Machevallus Fudge, who had more recently taken a contract to work the whole spell backwards, returning to Mazie her royal rights. Mazie and Jack Horner had fallen mutually in love, and the "sympathetic note," if there was any at all, consisted of Jack's desolation when Mazie was transformed in the midst of a theatrical upheaval of thunder and lightning and carried away in an airship. Ultimately the Gingerbread Man himself turned out to be a royal personage, willing to abdicate in favor of Jack, who happened to be his son and heir. Except Mrs. Santa Claus, the "good fairy," who attempted to confound the knavish tricks of Fudge, the other characters were all incidental to the main idea. The wonder of the evening was a fiery dragon who belched Wagnerian smoke and flame and whose interior workings were cleverly manipulated by H. L. Zeda, a man gifted with a singular talent for wriggling along more or less as the biblical serpent. The scenic sensation was a song with the refrain of "Moon, Moon, Moon," as pretty a serenade melody as has been heard in musical comedy for many a day. Mazie appeared among the clouds, sitting close in the embrace of the new moon, which would swing half way in its arc across the stage and then stop while she sang an answer to Jack's amorous petition. The tune of "Mazie" served as a basis for the finales and reappeared so constantly that by the end of the evening half the audience had caught the infection and could whistle it without a blunder. Other very successful songs were those entitled "Beautiful Land of Bon-Bon," "John Dough," "Nursery Rhymes," and a sextette of "Every Little Something."

J. P. MacSweeney, whose name heads the programme in the character of Santa Claus, literally had nothing to do except to wear his whiskers and speak perhaps a dozen or two unimportant lines. Homer Lind was not particularly funny as Machevallus of the evil eye, but he did the character full justice and showed the undeniable results, especially in his singing, of patient labor. Ross Snow, having been clad in tights and a ballet skirt, was given a lightning rod surmounted with a tin star and left to his own devices for completing a hideous burlesque of a good fairy every whit as offensive as the similar role in *The Pearl and the Pumpkin*. Jack Horner himself was impersonated by Helen Bertram, who would never have achieved in this role the enviable popularity she has acquired in other mediums. Her appearance certainly was not very romantic and her voice has begun to show signs of hard use and abuse. Almyra Forrest, on the contrary, was utterly fascinating as Mazie. She sang unusually well, her acting was artistic and her personality had not a trace of the customary shop-worn taint. Nellie Lynch also gave an entertaining performance as the village tomboy, for she was filled with exuberant vitality. Eddie Redway was the Gingerbread Man himself and looked the part in his ingenious brown garb and brown face, with frosted ornaments on his clothes and frosting about his eyes and mouth. His work was good and conscientious, yet not by any means so funny as that of W. H. Mack, who acted the part of Wonderous Wise. However, he was much more laughable than Joseph Welsh as Simon Simple. Santa Claus had two very ridiculously bad boys in Gus Weinberg and Gilbert Gregory. Less important parts were fairly well played by Lillian Leon, Uria Rottger, Frankie Bailey and Harriet Burt.

## JAMES T. POWERS, STAR.

### The Cast.

Pierre Lerouge	James T. Powers
Simoon Pasha	William O'Donnell
Mufti	George Cameron
Yusuf Potiphar	Clifton Crawford
Ali	Frank G. Hill
Zaidas	Miss Blanche Ring
Mimi	Miss Rachel Booth
Herallie	Miss Carrie Perkins
Corinne	Miss Reine Davies
Consuelo	Miss Ida Gabrielle
Avril	Miss Harriet Burt
Mait	Miss Cecile Bohda

## Knickerbocker—The Taming of the Shrew.

Comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Revived Oct. 16.

Baptista	William Harris
Vincentio	Frederick Lewis
Lucentio	E. H. Sothern
Petruchio	T. L. Coleman
Gremio	Pedro de Cordoba
Hortensio	Fred Eric
Tranio	Frank Reicher
Blondello	Frank Kingston
A Pedant	Malcolm Bradley
Tailor	Edson R. Miles
Haberdasher	Rowland Buckstone
Gremio	Julia Marlowe
Katherina	Alice Harrington
Blanca	Millie McLaughlin
Widow	Mrs. Woodward
Curtis	Mrs. Woodward

Shakespearean conventions, born of a long line of serious minded student-actors and growing more dignified with each stage-generation, have received a smashing blow. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe played *The Taming of the Shrew* as though it were a modern, noisy, acrobatic farce. There is no reason to believe that Shakespeare's company played it otherwise. So far as the farcical element of the play is concerned, even to the introduction of all possible accessories to increase the fun, there is no fault to be found with Mr. Sothern's production. Shakespeare might have provided Petruchio with a pibald horse and Gremio's donkey with an enticing bunch of stuffed carrots, had he thought of them, and Mr. Sothern is not to be blamed for such commissions; but the interpolation of lines to suit his own purpose and the addition of a cook and other characters unmentioned in the published texts certainly are not so excusable. The pruning of lines and scenes is not objectionable; the omission of Christopher Sly is rather commendable, though the induction does not give to the comedy a *raison d'être*. But the cutting out of such scenes as the quarrel between Lucentio and Hortensio in Act III and the leaving in of the scene where the rival schoolmasters become friends is liable to make the story vague to those who have not read it often.

The play opens with the entrance of Lucentio and Tranio and for the first two acts follows closely Shakespeare's text, so far as time and place are concerned. In the second act comes the first noticeable interpolation. Katherina is made to say, in effect, that there is a way of managing a man without his knowledge, a speech which does not occur in the text, but for which Miss Marlowe finds good use. These two acts are without undue boisterousness. Act III of Mr. Sothern's version is occupied with the progress of the love of Bianca and Lucentio and the meeting with the pedant.

Act IV is devoted to the wedding and the incidents at Petruchio's house. In the first scene, the courtyard of Baptista's house, Petruchio's arrival mounted on a pibald horse, the starting of the wedding party for the church, and Petruchio's departure for his home bearing Katherina on the crupper of his horse, begins the rough and tumble farce that marks the rest of the play until the final act. Undoubtedly effective is some of the added business in the second and third scenes, but some of it is unwarranted by the text. Petruchio, after sending Katherina supperless to bed, sits before the fire, caressing her shoes and bedraggled stockings, while he muses on his plans. Katherina, in wooden shoes, clumps down the stairs and to the table in search of food. She threatens with a wooden shoe her apparently sleeping husband and then steals back upstairs. Again, in the third scene, Mr. Sothern has taken the liberty of adding business to complete the incident that Shakespeare's lines leave unfinished. Petruchio insists that it is seven o'clock; Katherina that it is two. But Katherina in this play then counts seven on her fingers, her first concession to Petruchio, and as they leave she takes down one hand and defiantly waves two fingers at her husband's back.

The first scene of Act V completes the story of Bianca and Lucentio and introduces Katherina tamed into calling the sun the moon. The second scene shows the banquet room at Lucentio's house and into it a bit of business is brought that seems to kill the whole intent of the comedy. After Katherina's speech on the duties of wives, and after she has placed her hand on the ground for her husband's foot and he has raised her, Petruchio goes down on his knees before her and lays his hand on the ground, and a triumphant Katherina places her foot upon it. It is not a tamed shrew, but a woman who has changed her method of managing a man.

Miss Marlowe played Katherina, not as a ter-magant or a headstrong woman, but as one irritated by the weakness of those about her and venting her irritation on them. In her scenes with Petruchio, especially after the wedding, her temper was more petulance than shrewishness, her anger that of a spoiled child. In enunciation she was delightful and her speech to the two wives in the last act was particularly a pleasure, though she gave it with an air of irony, as if it were said for the benefit of the men and that there would be another tale for the women alone.

Mr. Sothern's Petruchio was boisterous, swaggering, loud voiced, but with a touch of gentleness that redeemed an otherwise disagreeable character. His elocution was not so good as Miss Marlowe's and at times his voice lacked the dominant quality of Petruchio's nature. His playing was entertaining.

The supporting company was not remarkable. Rowland Buckstone as Gremio played that comedy role with earnestness, but sometimes in the spirit of buffoonery that marked much of the play. Fred Eric made a gentleman of Tranio and Frederick Lewis was a satisfactory Lucentio. W. H. Crompton as Baptista, T. L. Coleman as Gremio, and Pedro de Cordoba as Hortensio filled their roles unobtrusively. Frank Reicher was grotesque as Blondello. Alice Harrington played Bianca fairly well, but hardly in a way to induce violent love in so many suitors as she had. Millie McLaughlin as the Widow and Mrs. Woodward as Curtis acceptably filled those small roles, as did Frank Kingston as the Pedant, Malcolm Bradley as the Tailor, and Edson R. Miles as the Haberdasher. William Lewis as Vincentio failed to put much life into the scene in which he appeared.

The production is scenically good, but not elaborate, and the costumes and properties are handsome. Especially good is the handling of the extra people in the wedding and banquet scenes. The play as a whole is extremely entertaining, but it is not conventional Shakespeare.

## Grand Opera House—The Truth Tellers.

Comedy in four acts by Martha Morton. Produced Oct. 16.

Ernestine Mortimer	Maudie Fealy
Sir Thomas Mortimer	Sidney Carlyle
Honor Mortimer	Corra Quinton
Crystal Mortimer	Leonor Powers
George Mortimer	Little Toy
Tamus, the Pinner	Alfred Hudson
Miss Mortimer	Louise Mackintosh
Lady Mary	Esther Lyon
Lady Camdentown	Blanche Moulton
Rosine	Clara Irving
Constance	Francis Nordstrom
Lady McCarthy	Rita Carlyle
Lillian Darling	Florence Burroughs
Lady McLane	Julia Vernon
Kildare	Orme Caldara
Colonel Fitzroy	Frank McDonald
The Vicar of St. Aloysius	Robert Rogers
Lord Dalston	George D. Parker
Captain Betsy	John Denton
Lawrence Fitzroy	Edwin Clayton
James	Palmer Collins
Corporal	James A. Boshell
Timothy	Prince Miller
Lord McCarthy	Herbert Jones
First Huntsman	Henry Sacks

This play failed to please the few who gathered at the Grand Opera House to see what it was

all about. They went away with only their guessing powers stimulated. The manager had done his part generously in giving the piece costly cast, costumes and setting, but the expenditure was not justified.

A group of five kilted orphans come to live with their antique aunt, who is a leading light among other incandescents of London society. They have been unpleasantly brought up to tell the truth. In a weary, formless first act there is some interest when they first appear with their big baggage player and riding their ponies. All that comes of their truth telling is the unwitting of an ancient dowager and disagreeable and illbred remarks about their aunt's sailing under false colors as to face and hair. In the following three acts they play with dolls and are stationed as guards for a youth who is fleeing from no particular peril. Of course there are subterranean passages, sliding panels and the trappings of anciently mellow drama that are not used dramatically, as there is no trace of suspense, heart interest or genuine comedy. It hasn't the simplicity or genuineness of story to please children of any age. There are a-plenty of storm effects, Autumn leaves and ponies, but they are all used without particular effect.

Maudie Fealy had the place of honor as star and right royally deserved it, for she seemed a veritable little princess. She was dainty and sweet, yet played with such artistic repose, sincerity and clearness of enunciation that there was a sense of security and ready homage whenever she was on the stage. She immediately won all hearts by her girlish yet womanly qualities, and they were so loyal that there was a sense of personal injury that she was not given something worthy her magnetic charms. Little Toy had the audience immediately. While only a tot of five, all lines were given distinctly and with much bravery, yet the infantile witchery was always retained. The other children were not so artlessly pleasing in untaught and natural spontaneity. Alfred Hudson was cleverly droll as the huge piper, who is the children's pet, even when hopelessly befuddled. Louise Mackintosh was the peppery tempered aunt of beauty and highbred finish, and played with that reliable skill and artistic finish that make her a corner stone of strength to any cast. Esther Lyon was another of the carefully selected ones who reflected credit on whoever picked out the artists to play fashionable folk. Blanche Moulton depicted the dowager duchess and pleased all with her droll delineation. Orme Caldara was the Irish leader who was supposed to get into trouble. If he had really been in trouble he could have carried it off in a way to win all matinee hearts, for he is a fine figure of a hero and has a pleasing manner, voice and good looks. Frank McDonald, George D. Parker, John Denton, and Edwin Clayton were members of the Fifteenth Dragons. The unkind author gave them nothing worth while doing. It seemed a shame to leave soldierly men unemployed with either real comedy or some strong story. Robert Rogers contributed an oily vicar and by his skilled art made a short part stand out in a way not soon to be forgotten. The rest of the men and women fitted the picture of fashionable life excellently, and were no mismates to fine clothes and superb scenery.

## Garden—As Ye Sow.

A drama in four acts by the Rev. John Snyder. Produced Dec. 25.

Rev. John St. John, D.D.	Frank Gilmore
Dora Leland	Charlotte Walker
Frank Leland	Franklin Roberts
Mrs. St. John	Marie Taylor
Belle St. John	Kate Benetue
Little Katy	Olive Wright
Dr. "Bob" Billings	Charles E. Craig
Deacon Bassett	Ernest Mack
Captain Hanks	Mac M. Barnes
Hulda Cushing	May McCabe
Steve Stetson	Forrest Robinson
Lute Ludlam	Douglas Fairbanks
Dolly Hincley	Marion Chapman
Mrs. Bassett	Pearl Sanford
Al Spencer	Frederic D. Freeman
Samson	Ben Cotton

As Ye Sow, which is honestly advertised as "a play for the masses," is a four-act melodrama clad in all the respectable stage paraphernalia of a legitimate production, and so well clad that one is inclined to regard the exhibition with considerable favor. If the minister portrayed in the play could have been secretly strangled and drowned in some of the real water which fell in the storm scene the whole situation would immediately have gained in sincerity. The trouble was not with the actor who played this leading role, but with the sublime and angelic affectation of the author's conception. There was comedy in the play—farical but laughable—some genuine wit in the dialogue, any amount of melodramatic suspense, a wealth of scenery, a thunderstorm, and a scenic rescue on the arrangement of which the stage artist who devised it deserves to be warmly congratulated.

The plot will sufficiently illustrate the moral which is supposed to adorn the tale, and whether one regards the ethical appendage as ornamental or simply banal its presence must be admitted, since the piece was composed by the Rev. John Snyder—whose sermons are presumably far more dramatic and far less psychological than the polite dissertations which we are accustomed to hear from the pulpit of the present day. Where the Rev. John Snyder got his data about life on Cape Cod, with such a preacher, such a life-saving crew—as a matter of fact these briny heroes take a two months' vacation in Summer—and a negro minstrel town crier, is a mystery. Of course he lived there and saw it with his own eyes, which suggests that his mental vision must be peculiarly distorted by some kind of ministerial astigmatism. In such a composition, however, the veracity or verisimilitude of the characters is of comparatively little importance. The Rev. John Snyder has perused a certain number of old joke books and current humorous journals most profitably, and somehow he has contrived to acquire a strong sense of dramatic construction and theatrical effect. What is still more extraordinary in an unprofessional writer, he has learned when and how and why to crowd the stage with supernumeraries. After seeing the production one cannot help reflecting that it would not be a bad idea for certain preachers and playwrights to exchange vocations. As to the moral force of this dramatized sermon little need be said. The audience was absorbed in the dramatic action, intensely interested in watching the two brothers reap the opposite harvests of their good and evil deeds, but was not much troubled with any didactic appreciation. If you are a saintly minister you may possibly become enamored of the wife of your unregenerate brother, and if you persist in being good you may ultimately marry her.

The Rev. John St. John, who, according to the

## Majestic—The Redemption of David Corson.

Dramatization in four acts, by Lottie Blair Parker. Produced Jan. 8.

David Corson	William Courtleigh
Dr. Paracelsus Aesculapius	Scott Siggins
Andy McFarlane	Harrison Armstrong
Jacob Carman	Robert Robson
Stephen Carman	Master Francis Fay
"Dud" Smith	William McKee
"Hank" Bunting	Lynn B. Hammond
"Al" Piper	William Lambert
Anthony	William Payne
Pepeeta	Enna Dunn
Mrs. Corson	Mrs. Samuel Charles
Dorothea Carman	Georgia Earle
Dorothy Fraser	Pearl Ford
Cleopatra	May L. Bell
Judge	John Sutherland
Captain of Mary Ann	Jay Mansfield
Mate of Mary Ann	Lynn B. Hammond
Jake	William Payne
August	William Lambert
Katrina	May L. Bell
Phillips Beauvoir	William Lambert
Dick Cortwright	Chester A. Lee
Foster Mantel	Alfred Cross
Dolphus	Joseph M. Lothian
Banty	Master Francis Fay
Madame Beauvoir	Elsa Hofmann
Mrs. Cortwright	Juliet Lear
Friend William Dorlon	Lynn B. Hammond
Friend Joseph Flazler	R. B. Cunningham
Friend James Griffin	Joseph M. Lothian
Friend Mary Dorlon	Mollie Fay
Friend Sarah Flazler	Elsa Hofmann
Friend Harriet Griffin	Juliet Lear

The church and the stage are bound more and more closely by the presentation every year of questions vital to each and by the participation of church leaders in the actual writing or source of some of the important productions. The Rev. Charles Goss' novel of clerical life, "The Redemption of David Corson," has been dramatized last week at the Majestic Theatre to a large and appreciative audience. The story is essentially dramatic, full of good material and has been well handled.

Young David Corson is a Quaker minister, whose life is passing without so much as a ripple on its smooth waters, when the arrival in the village of Dr. Paracelsus Aesculapius, a quack medicine man, and his pretty gypsy wife, Pepeeta, stirs up oceans of unrest. Dr. Paracelsus, who has an impediment in his speech, wishes to form a partnership with David, of the silver tongue, to carry on his trade. David refuses indignantly—then he sees Pepeeta. Like a bolt out of the clear sky his love strikes him, dumbing all sense of right and wrong, loosening pent-up desires, opening great highways of possibilities. He follows the doctor from town to town, going from one extreme to another. Loving Pepeeta madly, he begs her to go away with him. When she refuses, through gypsy reverence of the marriage vows, he bribes the judge to tell her that her former marriage was illegal. He fights with the doctor and, leaving him for dead, goes with Pepeeta to New Orleans, where he starts a gambling house, and by his wondrous luck turns everything he touches to gold. But the sense of his guilt oppresses him, and Andy McFarlane, a lumberman, indirectly converted by David, appearing when his soul is most ready to receive the old truths, turns him back into the way of the inner light. Paracelsus Aesculapius, beggared and blind, appears, and David devotes himself to making comfortable the man's last days.

Pepeeta, to whom David has disclosed his duplicity, seeks his old home and there David, on the death of the doctor, finds her. But by the command of the judging elders he is not allowed to come into his happiness. There is a term of servitude imposed, during which he must labor and repent in solitude. The final curtain lowers as he takes up his axe and vows to hew his path to Redemption.

The first act is rather helter-skelter in construction, the main theme being snowed under by patent-medicine tricks, con songs and Quaker bonnets. The story, however, is a good one and is strong enough to emerge successfully, even triumphantly, in the succeeding acts. What might otherwise have proved screaming melodrama was saved by good lines and by the sincere, capable acting of Emma Dunn. Too much cannot be said in praise of her quiet, intelligent acting and her thoughtful reading of a difficult role. Her voice is pleasing and her personality charming. William Courtleigh lacked the spirituality for the "Man of Visions" and the fire and enthusiasms his nature afterward reveal. There was a marked inclination for the center of the stage, but at times he did excellent work, especially during Act 2 and his confession in Act 3. Harrison Armstrong was strong and fine as Andy McFarlane. Scott Siggins made a picturesque Paracelsus. William McKee made a hit as the lazy "Dud" Smith, and William Payne was popular

in the double role of Anthony and the bell-boy Jake. William Lambert did a good character bit as August. Master Francis Fay proved an attractive, hearty boy. Mrs. Samuel Charles did her usual good work in the part of David's mother. Pearl Ford was a pretty, attractive Dorothy. Georgia Earle was direct and telling as Dorothea Carman. Her husband, Jacob, taken by Robert Robson, was stiff, even for the possessor of a Quaker backbone. The women of the cast were unusually good-looking, or it may have been that the Quaker costume is particularly becoming. May Bell did character work as Katrina and sang herself into favor as Cleopatra. Others in the cast were satisfactory.

The play showed good stage management, and the settings, particularly those of Acts 2 and 3, were especially effective. Act 2 shows a room in a hotel in Cincinnati, through the windows of which twinkled the lights of a large city. Act 3 was the gardens and exterior of David's Southern home.

## "NANCY BROWN," AT THE BIJOU.

### The Cast.

Muley Mustapha	Edwin Stevens
Mara Mustapha	Albert Farr
Boogartie Flin	Harry Brown
Noah Little	Al Grant
Vanderhyphen Jacks	Alfred Hickman
Count Fromage de Brie	George Behan
Baron Saubraten	Henry Vogel
Lord Worcestershire	John Havens
The Grand Duke Drinkamutchsky	Frank Dearduff
Hullybaloo	Madison Smith
Nancy Brown	Miss Marie Cahill
Muriel	Miss Grace Cameron
The Princess Barboo	Miss Judith Bordele
Mrs. John Jenks	Miss Jean Newcombe
The Dancer	Miss Prote
Tutu	Miss Alice Knowlton
Zuzu	Miss Mabel Esmersalda
Tulu	Miss Edna Esmersalda
Gwendolen	Miss Maud Francis
Maudie	Miss Adele Archer
Sally	Miss Maud Sloane
Gracie	Miss Leslie Mayo
Alice	Miss Teala Morton
Sadie	Miss Edith Meyer
Rena	Miss Helene Curzon
Nara	Miss Aline Boyd
Strolling Minstrels	Miss Lita Costello, Harry Burgess

## AT THE THEATRES

To be reviewed next week:

MONNA VANNA	Manhattan.
THE SQUAW MAN	Wallack's.
IN NEW YORK TOWN	West End.
IT'S UP TO YOU, JOHN HENRY	Grand Opera House.
A ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN	Metropolis.
WONDERLAND	Majestic.



## Weber's Music Hall—Twiddle-Twaddle.

Musical comedy in two acts. Dialogue and lyrics by Edgar Smith; music by Maurice Levi. Produced Jan. 1.

Philip Grabfelder ..... Joe Weber  
Ebenzer Dodge ..... Charles A. Bigelow  
Charles Jones ..... Edward J. Connelly  
Hon. Algernon Fitz-Haggis ..... Ernest Lambert  
The Grand Duke Joseph ..... Bonnie Maginn  
Captain Schmidt ..... Al. T. Darling  
The Emperor Franz Josef ..... Sam Marlon  
Jack Potter ..... Jarvis Jocelyn  
"Toots" Horne ..... Jack Joyce  
Charley Hawes ..... James Nugent  
Howell Goode ..... W. D. Stevenson  
Herr Bierheister ..... Joseph Kaufman  
Herr Drunkenstein ..... H. W. Robinson  
Herr Krautendurst ..... J. McLaughlin  
Herr Katzenjammer ..... John D'Arcy  
Ezyhaza ..... Ambrose Ball  
Raggy ..... T. C. Diens, Jr.  
Colonel Per ..... David R. Locke  
Monsieur Montmartre ..... Al. T. Darling  
Matilda Grabfelder ..... Marie Dressler  
Mrs. "Jack" Van Shaik ..... Trixie Friganza  
Maggie McGurk ..... May Montfort  
Gladys Dodge ..... Erminie Earle  
Count Ladislav ..... Edythe Moyer  
Cheata .....

Joe Weber's Music Hall was filled to suffocation on New Year's night with a typical New York crowd such as used to gather in the Weber and Fields days, when the entertainments given at the cozy little house were the most popular in town. As one passed through the lobby it seemed like old times, for flowers were stacked up nearly as high as the ceiling, and there was an air of good-fellowship that can be found in no other theatre in the city. The occasion was the reappearance of Mr. Weber's company in a new piece called Twiddle-Twaddle, billed as "a merry-go-round of mirth, melody and madness in two goes." The book and lyrics are by Edgar Smith and the music by Maurice Levi, and it is needless to say that every member of the cast was fitted with a part fitted to his or her personality. Mr. Smith has been the "word-tailor" for this company for many seasons, and while his latest effort is by no means his best it has many happy moments, and when the players settle into their parts it will undoubtedly go with the swing characteristic of skits at this house of cleverness.

The scene of the first act is laid on the Esplanade at Marienbad, and that of the second at Venedig, the Coney Island of Vienna. Philip Grabfelder, a German-American sausage-maker, has come to Marienbad with his daughter Matilda. Grabfelder has nothing but money, and his daughter has an ambition to mix in real society, so the old man pays \$1,000 to Algernon Fitz-Haggis, an impecunious Scotch lord, who agrees to introduce the Grabfelders to everybody worth knowing, even to the Emperor of Austria. A number of more or less amusing complications ensue, in which are involved an American insurance man and a typical Western gambler. Of course the plot amounts to very little, as most of the time is taken up with songs, dances, marches and comedy business. Ninety-nine and one-half per cent. of the honors fell to Marie Dressler, whose exuberance was the mainstay of the production. Miss Dressler bubbled and sparkled like a glass of good champagne, and every moment she spent on the stage brought joy to the hearts and laughs to the lips of the spectators. She sang "It's Hard to Be a Lady in a Case Like That," with great unction, and simply took the house by storm with a ditty called "Hard Luck Stories of the Stage," in which she imitated various types of actresses in an extravagantly humorous way that was truly refreshing. Miss Dressler is now at the zenith of her popularity. Mr. Weber was as good as ever in the sort of part he always plays. He uses no German partner in the present production, Miss Dressler taking the place of the male foil formerly employed. It is needless to say that she filled the bill to perfection. Charles A. Bigelow had few opportunities, but he made the most of those that came to him. Ernest Lambert played the Scotch lord in an amusing way, though he had to make himself look ridiculous in an ill-fitting suit of kilts that showed his painful lack of adipose tissue to great advantage from a humorous point of view. Edward J. Connelly played the gambler, and was more than equal to the task, his work being very clever. Bonnie Maginn did not look well in a dress suit, but when she appeared in blue tights later on she made a ravishing picture. She sang two songs, and though her voice will never make Melba envious her good looks carried her through very nicely. Trixie Friganza made a fine appearance and sang her songs well. May Montfort scored a hit as a Yankee girl running a newsstand at Marienbad, and is a valuable acquisition to the company.

The best-liked numbers in the score were "Butterflies of Fashion" and "For You and the Girl You Love," both done by Bonnie Maginn and the chorus; "My Syncopated Gypsy Maid," by Mr. Bigelow; "O Heigh Ho," by Mr. Weber, and "Hats," by Miss Dressler, Miss Friganza, Mr. Lambert and the chorus. The production was staged by Al. M. Holbrook, who deserves much credit for his excellent work. The costumes are beautiful and the scenery and accessories are in excellent taste.

## Fields—Julie Bonbon.

Play in four acts, by Clara Lipman. Produced Jan. 1.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Brunt ..... Dora Goldthwaite  
John Van Brunt ..... James Durkin  
Grace Carson ..... Muriel McArthur  
Mrs. Johnson ..... Mary Cecil  
Mrs. Lester ..... Alexandra Phillips  
Yama ..... R. Slato  
Mrs. Lavery ..... Maggie Fielding  
James Stevens ..... George Pauncefort  
Dr. Bunting ..... M. Thornton Simpson  
William Morton ..... J. Harry Knowles  
Julie Bonbon ..... Clara Lipman  
Jean Poujol ..... Louis Mann  
Charlie Madison ..... Meredith G. Brown  
Freddie Courtlandt ..... Gaston Bell  
Eddie Hudson ..... Wyley Birch  
Anne ..... Ray Beveridge  
Caroline ..... Elsa Ferguson  
Katie ..... Beatrice Bertrand  
Arabella ..... Amy Lesser  
Louise ..... Louis Larons  
Dan ..... Samuel White  
Max Schwartz ..... Anthony Asher  
August ..... Otis Sheridan  
Albrecht ..... Jules Weitzer  
Salvation Army Lassie ..... Katie Gilman  
Newsboy ..... James Helton  
Messenger Boy ..... Percy Helton

If Clara Lipman's first produced play depended upon originality of plot to make it go it would scarcely pass the corner. The story is hackneyed and has been told a great many times before in better and in worse form than Miss Lipman tells it. A French milliner falls in love with the scion of a wealthy New York family, the scion's mother objects to the marriage and uses possible blots on the girl's character to dissuade her son from the union. The son knows better than to believe evil tales, even when his eyes confirm them, and he and the milliner close the play with a fond embrace.

But the bid for success does not depend upon the story. There are enough unique situations, good characterizations and bright lines to give Miss Lipman a right to be proud of her work, and the joint appearance of Miss Lipman and Louis Mann in roles that give them excellent opportunities is attraction enough to keep the box-office man busy for some time to come. The opening night showed that the pruning knife needed to be exercised extensively and that a good deal of fringed edge awaited trimming. The play lasted from eight-twenty to eleven-thirty.

The first act shows the interior of Julie Bonbon's French millinery shop in New York, with a

full complement of salesladies and trimmers, and a supply of hats that should make every woman in the audience wish to have a part in the play. Julie returns from Paris with new creations, a collection of Paris labels and yards of smuggled lace wrapped about her ankle. Customers are fitted with hats and exhibit various traits of feminine nature, while Julie gives away a good many tricks of the trade. John Van Brunt, the wealthy scion, appears, learns the occupation of his fiancée, says it does not matter, and goes home to acquaint his mother with his intentions. Julie's reprobate father, Jean Napoleon Poujol, calls upon his daughter, who receives him with filial love and partly concealed disgust at his condition. Julie also receives a call from James Stevenson, an old beau, and accepts an invitation to a birthday dinner at Little Hungary. The act closes with a declaration of war between Julie and John's mother.

In act two Mrs. Van Brunt is receiving in her library calls from Mr. Stevens and from Julie's father, and is preparing a nice fit of hysterics to use in case John persists in going to Julie's birthday party. Mr. Stevens refuses to tell of his relations with the milliner and John refuses to give her up. Old Poujol, after helping himself to wine and cigars, becomes angry with John because John will not take "business" with him, and angry with Mrs. Van Brunt because she makes him return the cigars and other small trifles he had abscondingly stolen. He offers Julie to Stevens. Mrs. Van Brunt, finding John persistent in going to the party, has her fit of hysterics to keep him home, but a bustling doctor gives her a hypodermic injection of morphine, sending her to sleep, and John makes his escape.

The third act shows the interior of Little Hungary, with Max Schwartz, the proprietor, a Hungarian orchestra, a gathering of the sort of diners one expects to find there, and a table laid for Julie's party. The act is full of boisterousness and of horse-play, and while it goes with much spirit is more noisy than funny. Julie's party is held without John. Old Poujol makes a speech that is interrupted by the orchestra playing "Everybody Works but Father," and Julie does a dance on the table in the face of her lover, just arrived and much disgusted. John leaves her to her companions in the restaurant with a melodramatic speech, and Julie faints as the curtain falls.

The fourth act takes place in Julie's boudoir, where the merry-makers of the night before are sleeping in uncomfortable positions. Julie announces her determination to go back to Paris and forget John, and sends her friends to prepare her trunks. She learns from her father of his offer to Stevens, and after a strong scene with the old man forgives him and sends him out to take the pledge. Telegrams from John, followed by John himself, who announces that he has given up his family and is ready to marry Julie, change Julie's plans, and when Poujol returns, having pledged his watch and acquired a further supply of inebriation, he finds the young people in each other's arms.

It is safe to say that Louis Mann has never appeared to better advantage than he does as the old Frenchman. He typifies the broken-down boulevardier, absolutely worthless to himself and every one else, and altogether without sympathy. It is a pity that he does not distinguish better between humor and vulgarity however. At times the business that accompanied his lines was extremely gross, and unnecessarily so.

Miss Lipman deserves praise not only for writing the play, but for her playing. She was a vivacious Julie and in the one or two heavy scenes was convincingly emotional. Her French was better than the French accent to her English. The support was particularly gratifying. Dora Goldthwaite played Mrs. Schuyler Van Brunt carefully, and her exhibition of hysterics in the second act was excellent. Maggie Fielding as Mrs. Lavery, wife of a contractor, gave an amusing bit of character work in the first act and was missed when her only scene was finished. Muriel McArthur, Mary Cecil, and Alexandra Phillips as society friends of Mrs. Van Brunt sustained the parts well. Ray Beveridge made a dignified forewoman at Julie's shop, and Elsa Ferguson, Beatrice Bertrand, and Amy Lesser were agreeable salesladies. James Durkin failed to make a sympathetic character of the hero, John Van Brunt. George Pauncefort gave a good impersonation of the old beau, Stevens. Meredith G. Brown, Gaston Bell, and Wyley Birch played Julie's irresponsible boy friends with snap. Mr. Bell was particularly good as Freddie, the leader of the trio. Anthony Asher looked and acted very much like the character he played, Max Schwartz, the proprietor of the restaurant. The small roles were satisfactorily filled. A word of praise is due the extra people and the careful stage management.

## New Amsterdam—Forty-five Minutes from Broadway.

Operatic comedy in three acts, by George M. Cohan. Produced Jan. 1.

Mary Jane Jenkins ..... Fay Templeton  
Flora Dora Dean ..... Lois Ewell  
Mrs. David Dean ..... Julia Ralph  
Mrs. Purdy ..... Marion Singer  
Tom Bennet ..... Donald Brian  
Kid Burns ..... Victor Moore  
James Blake ..... Charles Prince  
Daniel Cronin ..... James H. Manning  
Andy Gray ..... Louis R. Grisel  
Station Master ..... Maurice Elliot  
Police Sergeant ..... Floyd E. Francis  
Messenger Boy ..... Nat Royster

Though neither George Cohan nor Fay Templeton would be chosen to exemplify the classic tendency of modern artistic endeavor, they are both of them much more accomplished members of the dramatic brotherhood than the greater portion of those writers and performers who take themselves more seriously. In creating Forty-five Minutes from Broadway, which is really more of a melodramatic farce than a "musical comedy," in spite of the songs and the choruses, Cohan has proved his ability to arrange tailor-made parts for others with the same skillful accuracy as for himself. Little Johnny Jones was never more pre-eminently adapted to the mannerisms of George M. Cohan than Mary Jane Jenkins to the peculiar methods of Fay Templeton. Before proceeding to any detailed criticism one important ground for general satisfaction should surely be recorded: It is a pleasure to see Fay Templeton in an absolutely clean play, one in which her wonderful powers of mute suggestion are not deliberately employed with a salacious intent. If Miss Templeton really understood how expert she has become and how much respect she truly owes to herself she would never debase her gifts by appearing in plays and burlesques of a less worthy nature.

## Garden—Richelleu.

Richelleu was Robert Mantell's bill for the first half of a second week at the Garden Theatre. Mr. Mantell's interpretation of the great Cardinal Duke was as a keen and kindly statesman, rather than the crafty and cold diplomat the school history would have the world believe. The staccato moments, which ever give the deepest dramatic color, though somewhat prolonged, with a perhaps too evident desire to impress, were evened up by the hurried action in the lesser passages. The house was well filled and, though somewhat given to hysterical applause, oftenest seen or rather heard at the melodrama, was sympathetic in its telling silences. Did some one ever say that an audience, like a woman, though never to be depended upon, was best judged as to cleverness when she keeps si-

lence. Forty-five Minutes from Broadway is a good-humored satire on the life and manners of New Rochelle, and the characters are naturally a mixture of natives and "wise guys" from the metropolis and more especially Forty-second Street. The plot was divided into three well-constructed acts, replete with puns and action, and some music to keep the ball rolling. A certain local millionaire died suddenly before the rise of the curtain, a man so miserly that "he made Russell Sage look like a spendthrift," and so economical that he and the housemaid used to "chip in" to buy ice cream on Sundays. All New Rochelle had anticipated that the old man would bequeath his wealth to this housemaid, Mary Jane Jenkins, but as no testament had been found the property had all passed into the hands of Tom Bennet, the heir-at-law. Tom arrived in New Rochelle with his theatrical fiancée, Flora Dora Dean, and Mrs. David Dean, his prospective mother-in-law, who was a loud-voiced termagant of a woman with a variegated past that it cost her no little trouble to conceal. For his secretary Tom had selected Kid Burns, whose former occupation had been playing the races and lounging around Broadway between times, but who had a true and loyal heart in spite of barroom manners and a tongue that could only speak English as she is written in the *Sunday Telegraph*. In the town were two important characters, James Blake, the upright public administrator who had executed the will, and David Cronin, a rascal who pretended to be in the mining business and who had sold a lot of worthless stock to the old millionaire, and now, being unusually hard put to it for cash, wanted to unload some more of his picturesque debris on young Bennet. It developed that Cronin

was conversant with the entertaining history of Mrs. Dean's former escapades—escapades more refined than some other words which might be more precisely descriptive—and the projector was not a man to let his weapons lie idle. He forced Mrs. Dean to invite him to the reception at the Castleton mansion, making her promise to establish him in the good graces of her son-in-law, and Madame might never have been suspected of complicity had the Kid not chanced to see the two villains—for they were unmistakably the melodramatic villains of the piece—parading off arm in arm. The second act was devoted entirely to an amusing parody of a reception to the populace of New Rochelle and to a series of laughable quarrels between Tom and the despotic Mrs. Dean, mainly occasioned by the unique table manners of the Kid. Tom was, of course, ignominiously vanquished at every onslaught, every time the mother and daughter rushed upstairs, and the reconciliations were still more ludicrous than the noisy disturbances. The final disagreement was caused by the entrance of Cronin, who came according to Mrs. Dean's invitation and was at first refused admission by Tom. The Kid spoke his mind to all concerned so freely that even young Bennet ordered him to quit the house next morning, and Cronin put the cap to the climax of his machinations by forcing Mrs. Dean to disclose the combinations of the safe. Cronin, pretending to be Bennet's lawyer, called him to town over the telephone and almost the moment the house was dark entered in burglarizing fashion, only to be seen by Mary Jane, who was on the point of retiring. Mary Jane started the pianola, Cronin bolted out of the window, and the Kid went after him in pajamas. The last act was naturally elucidating. The action took place at the New Rochelle railroad station, where the Kid and Mary Jane—both very much in love—came to depart for the metropolis. Mr. Burns produced the will, which he had found the day before in a suit of clothes he had bought from the butler and which bequeathed the entire estate to the housemaid. The Kid said he could not marry her if she had a million. She took him at his word and destroyed the document. Cronin returned in handcuffs, and Mrs. Dean and her lovely daughter departed in an automobile as the most speedy means of leaving town.

Fay Templeton, as Mary Jane, gave a wonderful performance. There is no disputing the fact that she has an extraordinary technique for burlesque comedy—burlesque, yet so nearly sincere that one does not think of it as exaggerated. She is never so convincingly funny as when she weeps, which is sufficient testimony as to her power of distorting human emotions into humorous channels. As the housemaid she had all of her ancient demure sophistication—the words are paradoxical, but so is she—with the difference already noted that there was no sensual suggestion. It is a perfect delight to hear her splendid elocution; it is almost an equal pleasure to hear her sing, for, though her rendition would never help another Orpheus to charm his sweetheart back from the under world, one knows that she is singing exactly as she wishes to and producing exactly the result she desires. It is always a temptation to write a treatise on Fay Templeton's artistic economy of gesture, her ability to get large effects with little motions, her strange power to make a modest droop of the eyelids, so to speak, re-echo through the whole house, and her magnificent control of comic repose. She is so excessively and literally simple one feels that she must be wiser than the equally stolid Sphinx, which may also have been laughing quietly to itself for centuries so far as we know. A love scene between Fay Templeton and Victor Moore, who played Kid Burns, is a treat that may well be considered a permanent standard for this particular brand of farce-comedy. Victor Moore was a capital Kid, wise enough to be no "tougher" than the actual reality of the race-tracks and skillful enough to exhibit the good qualities of a square sport. Julia Ralph as Mrs. Dean had a more resounding and voluble part than her daughter, played by Lois Ewell, but Flora Dora was quite as well done as her aggressive parent. Her continual plea, "Don't mind, mother dear," never for a moment deceived the audience into believing that she had any genuine love for the millionaire victim, yet she was such a pretty little thing that Tom's obstinate determination to marry her did not seem inhuman. Marion Singer did a certain old wailing and gossiping native of New Rochelle, and, in slang phrase, did her brown. Donald Brian was conventional as Tom Bennet, merely because his role was constructed along conventional lines: In the second act he showed himself to be a good comedian. Charles Prince, the honest administrator, was both a better man and a better actor than James H. Manning, the villain. Louis R. Grisel was an effective and unusual type of treacherous old butler. Three minor characters were well performed by Maurice Elliot, Floyd Francis, and Nat Royster. The eight New Rochelle girls formed a singularly attractive chorus, and the four reporters made a quadruple hit all of their own.

## Daly's—The Crossing.

Romantic drama in four acts, by Winston Churchill and L. E. Shipman. Produced Jan. 1.

Nicholas Temple ..... John Blair  
David Ritchie ..... Stokes Sullivan  
Auguste de St. Gre ..... Etienne Girardot  
Harry Riddle ..... J. H. Gilmour  
Baron de Carondelet ..... Ralph Delmore  
M. de St. Gre ..... Arthur Lawrence  
Dr. Perrin ..... Shelley Hull  
Captain de Crespigny ..... Edward Donnelly  
Lieutenant Saumarez ..... W. Wood  
Pierre ..... F. Richter  
Andre ..... Sidney Mansfield  
Fontaine ..... J. B. Delamater  
Picard ..... F. S. Coe  
Jean ..... E. J. McGuire  
Henri ..... Fred Hardy  
First Old Man ..... G. H. Bennerman  
Second Old Man ..... Andrew Stephens  
Mrs. Temple ..... Mabel Bert  
Antoinette de St. Gre ..... Violet Houk  
Baroness de Carondelet ..... Laura Clement  
Madame de St. Gre ..... Lillian Ward  
Madame Bouvet ..... Jane Gordon

Winston Churchill, before attempting to dramatize "The Crossing," should have called in a more experienced consulting physician than L. E. Shipman and learned the internal truths of his own composition. The plot, which served well enough in a novel, where the lack of plausibility was concealed by an historic purpose and by leaving the reader to visualize for himself, became little short of preposterous when presented on the stage. The average man or woman in reading a novel will take almost anything for granted if only the author is sufficiently clever to inspire a degree of interest; he is not accustomed to forming distinct pictures of the situations or characters involved. Making a drama of a story is not unlike performing a surgical operation on the book. All of its constructive maladies are relentlessly exposed to view. This is perhaps a circumlocutory method of presenting the simple fact that *The Crossing* as dramatized failed to create an illusion. The people purported to be human beings with human passions and motives, yet they were obviously inconsistent and unreal. An unconvincing play necessarily becomes monotonous—monotonously unconvincing. Moreover, the language of the dialogue was conventional and inflated. Under certain circumstances the villain offered generously to "crush" his mistress, the lady used such phrases as "I shall never see you again," and the melancholy hero "charged" people to speak. It takes a very grand manner indeed to carry off such characteristic bombast.

Ages before the rise of the curtain Mrs. Temple—who must have been a decidedly "weak vessel" to be led astray by such a man—had been betrayed by a certain Englishman named Harry Riddle. For his sake she had abandoned her husband, who seemed to have been an equally unprincipled brute, and also her innocent child, who matured to manhood much embittered and determined to have his revenge at any cost. This unchivalrous attitude toward his own mother was not surprising in the offspring of such parents. Riddle entered the Spanish service as Colonel Clive and was in New Orleans during the French possession in company with his paramour, who was supposed to be his sister and was made much of in the best society. David Ritchie and Nicholas Temple, the vindictive son, together visited New Orleans. Nicholas, who had already trav-

ersed various countries with the same purpose, still in search of his mother and Mr. Riddle. By this time Riddle had made up his mind to marry Antoinette de St. Gre—her father announces the betrothal in the second act—and proposed to have the ubiquitous Nicholas executed as a spy. Naturally Nicholas and Antoinette had fallen in love at first sight. By the middle of the third act Riddle, or Colonel Clive, was on the point of putting Madame out of the way by the simple expedient of having her shut up in a madhouse. Nicholas appeared upon the scene, discovered the identity of the Colonel, fought a duel, killed him, and with a sudden return of filial affection forgave his mother. In the last act Mrs. Temple admitted her maternity and disgrace just in time to prevent Nicholas from being shot by order of the Governor, Baron de Carondelet. Auguste de St. Gre, the comic juvenile of the piece, admitted that he had unsuspectingly carried to Nicholas' rooms the envelope containing the plans of the fortifications. As he had done this to oblige the Colonel, Nicholas was proved never to have been a spy but merely to have been the victim of a nefarious plot. The duel at the end of the third act was the strongest scene and would have been thoroughly effective had the circumstances leading up to it been reasonably possible.

John Blair as Nicholas, J. H. Gilmour as Riddle, Ralph Delmore as the Baron and Arthur Lawrence as M. de St. Gre all made a noble effort to assume "the grand manner," and, considering the difficulties, succeeded remarkably in sustaining a certain tone of elevation. John Blair certainly made the most of his role in many fashion; he was a good lover and an honorable antagonist. Gilmour was a villain from his hair to the soles of his feet, but no amount of melodramatic force could make his actions credible. Stokes Sullivan as David Ritchie, the companion of Nicholas, was competent, yet a little too normal for the exaggerated atmosphere of the play. Delmore as the Baron, whose ruling passion was the detection of American spies, made an interesting feature of the performance, and Etienne Girardot, the juvenile fop, furnished some comedy relief as it was and might have furnished a great deal more with a better opportunity. Edward Donnelly was the physician who recommended insane asylums and did well what little he had to do. Shelley Hull was a captain of the troops—and the rest of the men had their names on the programme mainly through the extensive courtesy of the management. Violet Houk, who is altogether inexperienced, made a fairly attractive Antoinette, although she displayed no unusual talent. Mabel Bert as Mrs. Temple perhaps deserved more credit than any individual member of the cast for the womanly spirit and resignation with which she contrived to endow her character. Laura Clement and Lillian Ward as two of the grand dames had no chance to distinguish themselves. Jane Gordon as Madame Bouvet was a very pretty innkeeper but unfortunately modern and American.



## Herald Square—Fritz in Tammany Hall.

Extravaganza in three acts by John J. McNally; lyrics and music by William Jerome and Jean Schwartz. Produced Oct. 16.

Fritz von Swobenzfritz ..... Joseph Cawthorn  
Pat McGinn ..... Mark Hart  
Bella McCann ..... Sue Stuart  
Elena McCann ..... Alison Skipworth  
J. Edward Corley ..... Julius M. Tannen  
Charles Hart ..... Frank W. Shea  
Lil McGinn ..... Ada Lewis  
Susette Sorbonne ..... Neva Aymar  
Alfred Hines ..... George Austin Moore  
Mille Meyers ..... Suzanne Halpren  
Grant Bellamy ..... Melville Ellis  
Teddy Mullane ..... Charles MacDonald  
Fergus O'Flaherty ..... Robert O'Connor  
Tim Sullivan ..... Harry E. Valois  
Shim Jim ..... Earl J. Benham  
"Patty" Dupois ..... Eli J. Brouillette  
Mat McGregor ..... Charles Close  
Bessie ..... Corinne Uzzell  
Tessie ..... Violet Barnes  
Lettie ..... Alva Holland  
Betty ..... Beryl Dare  
Pincus ..... P. Lekosky  
Walter ..... Eugene Roder  
Mrs. Hart-Judson ..... Stella Mayhew

The state of uttermost debility and senile exhaustion to which "comic opera" has collapsed on Broadway is finely shown by this case of Fritz. All the marks of the lost, drop-jawed, vacant-eyed dribbling of idiotic brain softening are in the so-called book of this thing the programme impudently calls a "musical play." No microscope is strong enough to find any red corpuscles of the real blood of playmaking in the stuff that flows sluggishly through its drainage system. These have been carefully gathered from the dish washings of all former feasts that have been enjoyed for the last ten years and served again in the hope that the costliness of the plate and the charm of the servers would deceive the public. If the price tag and costly settings could make every bit of paste a diamond rivers would be running glee and every carpenter's wife a scintillating wonder.

Joseph Cawthorn appeared at the head of a cast that would be difficult to reproduce in beauty of womanhood, charm of childhood or general brilliancy of talent. He conquered in spite of the lines he was given to utter, and scored by the magnetism and urbanity of a real comedian. In this he is a German baker, to whose arms a rich widow goes at eleven o'clock. His songs were artistically rendered, with unusual art in restrained acting, and in spite of pun-shredded English he won the hearts of his thinly scattered audience. His work with a concertina that he finds amid the marbled and gilt pillars of Tammany Hall was as musically artistic and popular as it has always been. Splendor dimmed none of his specialties or remarkable talents. Mark Hart was cleverly funny as an Irish politician who has married a fashionable wife. Alison Skipworth lent her beauty, skill and thoroughbred way of wearing handsome gowns to the part of his second wife. Sue Stuart was charming and pretty as the daughter of Pat. Julius M. Tannen was so easy and reposeful as a feeder to the Dutchman and Irishman his admirers regretted room was not made for some of his artistic and well-known imitations. Ada Lewis wandered on and off too seldom. Her characterization of a manure lady added another to her gathering of East Side types and is a worthy successor to those famous tough girls. Her song with chorus, "East Side Lil," was heartily enjoyed. Pretty Neva Aymar gave distinctive character to a soubrette type and was well liked in her song. George Austin Moore had a song with chorus that would have been a whistling hit if Edna May had not sung it first in her famous little canoe. Suzanne Halpren was beautiful to behold, but could not be heard. Melville Ellis rendered his small part with attractive dash and good comedy effect. Robert O'Connor was highly liked as a typical cop of "The Finest." Harry Valois was excellent in the bit of a newsboy. Eli J. Brouillette made an instant hit as a fresh kid who is looking for his lost father. Stella Mayhew added more fame to her thickly laureled crown. Her songs, "When You're in Love," "I'm a Woman of Importance," and her work in the trio "Yankee Doodle Boodle" with Mr. Hart and Mr. Cawthorn delighted and won many deserved encores.

Only the short second act went with that snap and quick beat that is the spirit and life of what this ambitious production strives to be. This was due much to the clever brains of those skilled stage-managers, Herbert Gresham and Ned Wayburn, and the fact that it was short enough not to be wearisome like the others. They introduced a droll song with real dolls, made the most of by fourteen clever children and forty of the prettiest chorus girls seen in a long time—in a police parade that made those in front wake up and take notice. It was appropriate to the subject and free from the mere Swedish movements too often seen in some recent work with crowds. One of the worst stupidities of the many during the evening was the placing of the first act in front of Cooper Union. It may interest the far distant regions whose inhabitants patronize the sightseeing coaches to see a photographic scene drop painted to look like an unattractive brick

## THE KENDALLS.

Ezra Kendall, whose portrait appears upon the first page of THE MIRROR this week, is one of the recent recruits to the White Rats of America. He is an enthusiastic supporter of George Fuller Golden's successful emancipation of the vaudevillian from the control of a syndicate. To use Mr. Kendall's own words, "The result of Mr. Golden's power to organize and execute is the beginning of the end of monopoly in theatricals, and the ultimate benefit to recognized managers of established theatres will be the protection of the individual manager from any combination of managers formed to exclusively control talent. The duty of the talent will be to render services in all reputable places of amusement, and to allow no 'corners' of talent by any combination of capital."

On this page is printed a reproduction from a photograph of Mrs. Ezra Kendall (Jennie Dunn) and the "six little Kendalls," four boys and two girls, ranging in height from two feet up to four, and in ages from thirteen to three. On the fifteenth day of this month, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall celebrated their fourteenth anniversary of marriage. The names of the children, beginning with the eldest, in the order in which they stand, are: Royal Arthur, Virginia Gladys, Roxanna Pormella, Ezra Ferris, Lewis Clark, and Willis Newton Kendall.

Jennie Dunn (Mrs. Kendall) is no taller than her diminutive brother, Arthur Dunn. Her last appearance was made in vaudeville with her brother nearly three years ago. When but eleven years of age Jennie Dunn went from an East Side district school to the stage of Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, and became the prima donna of Haverly's juvenile Pinafore company, singing the part of Josephine. Her brother Arthur will be remembered as the Dick Deadeye.

Following the Haverly Pinafore company's season came engagements with the Miles Juvenile Opera company, the Braham and Scanlon Opera company, and then the comedian, and accepted engagements in farce-comedies—A Bunch of Keys, Peck's Bad Boy, Pop, Tillotson and Pell's combination, and then in vaudeville, with Miner's Comedy Four company. In August, 1886, Mr. Kendall engaged the brother and sis-

## American—Mr. Blarney from Ireland.

A musical comedy-drama in four acts, by Charles E. Blaney. Produced Jan. 1.

Daniel Blarney ..... Fiske O'Hara  
Michael Murphy ..... J. P. Sullivan  
Charles Murphy ..... Edwin A. Sparks  
Samuel Barker ..... W. F. Walcott  
Patrick Croker ..... John Martin  
Jimmie Drake ..... George Cooper  
Buck Trainer ..... Howard Crampton  
Foxy Tabor ..... Herbert Jones  
Thomas Wilson ..... A. R. Voight  
Henry Watts ..... C. A. Ward  
Felix Watts ..... W. J. Walsh  
Isadore Cohen ..... J. S. Floyd  
Henry Foster ..... Charles T. Parr  
P. H. Dermott ..... William Trent  
James Conly ..... Albert Retnor  
Song Foy ..... Henry Farwell  
Kate Murphy ..... Eugene Hayden  
Sadie Croker ..... Florence Rossland  
Nora Scallen ..... Maggie Weston  
Little Mary McCann ..... Queenie Marble  
Mollie Callahan ..... Blanche Marble  
Mabel Jolly ..... Nellie Barnard  
Mother Quinn ..... Grace Marble  
Jennie Cluett ..... Lou Oberlie  
Winnie Thomas ..... Olive Carr  
Arlene Mercer ..... Myrtle Lorimer  
Myrtle Walton ..... Marie D. Stuart  
Tillie Dawson ..... Marie Bennett  
Mrs. Isadore Cohen ..... Olga Wagner  
Fannie Clark ..... Josephine Carr  
Sally Parker ..... Lavender Byers

It has been rumored that Fiske O'Hara is to be a rival of Chauncey Olcott, and he obviously is attempting to jump the fence and graze in the same field of Irish-American clover. Mr. O'Hara sings an effective tenor, very light and very lyric, which pleases the audience because of its melodious flexibility. Also Mr. O'Hara composes some of his own songs and has a sentimental fondness for holding small children on his knees and pouring delicate sentiments into the ears of attentive colleens. However, it should be distinctly understood that there is no reason or justification for reviewing this particular actor's work in a satirical humor, whatever one may think of that entire school of patriotic, histrionic sentimentalism. This new star is a fine, robust, jovial specimen of vigorous youth, he has abundance of hearty good-will, he has considerable dramatic talent, he has an agreeable voice and he sings with somewhat unusual technical skill. The Irish-American population is almost as important a factor theatrically as politically, and amply numerous to support yet another national comedian.

Mr. Blarney from Ireland was announced on the programme as an Irish-American musical comedy-drama, and it would be difficult to describe the entertainment more concisely. One observed that the plot was of a strenuous order, as though Charles E. Blaney were still keeping his cerebrum and cerebellum in condition by some mental system of Swoboda gymnastics, yet it was by no means such aggressive melodrama as many of the plays which make their bid for public favor on the stage of the American Theatre. Not a single piece of stage mechanism was called upon to do the rescue act; the hero was competent to overcome the villain and his dastardly associates without making any commonplace appeal to the stage carpenter. He could have faced the Spanish inquisition with unfaltering confidence and supreme good humor.

The delightfully heroic Mr. Blarney, graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, came to America, having been engaged as superintendent of Michael Murphy's real estate office to supersede a villain and embezzler named Samuel Barker, who unfortunately knew that the seducer of Sadie Croker was none other than Charles Murphy, the son of his employer. Sam Barker, being in possession of this exclusive information, had forced young Murphy to act as his cat's-paw and forge his father's name to sundry checks, and even though discharged from the office, he continued to levy blackmail. Old Mr. Murphy entered the Senatorial campaign. Barker and Blarney—who, by the way, must have secured his naturalization papers with strange celerity—became rivals in the aldermanic contest. In his political aspirations Murphy senior found the assistance of Barker and Foxy Tabor, a process server discharged by Blarney, indispensable and ordered his young superintendent to set matters right with these heelers—which he stubbornly refused to do. Blarney also chose to assume the guilt of young Murphy as the father of Sadie's illegitimate child and was consequently obliged to surrender his position. In a wonderful Tammany election, Blarney, backed by Buck Trainer and furnished with funds by the old housekeeper, Nora Scallen, managed to win out by some three hundred votes cast on the West Side. Finally, in the fourth act, Barker was arrested for stealing several thousand dollars from his former employer, young Murphy married the mother of his child, and the curtain fell on a joyful family reunion at Daniel Blarney's Summer residence on Long Island Sound. The three earlier settings comprised Michael Murphy's home on Riverside Drive, his office, and a street on the lower East Side of New York.

Fiske O'Hara's work as Daniel Blarney has already been sufficiently described: it was a typically Hibernian performance very attractively rendered, with a good deal of sentiment and also a generous supply of defiant masculinity at the proper moments. J. P. Sullivan as Michael Murphy was a characteristic Irish-American, no bet-

## Majestic—Abyssinia.

Musical play in five scenes. Produced Feb. 20.

Jasmine Jenkins ..... Bert A. Williams  
Rastus Johnson, U. S. A. .... George W. Walker  
Elder Fowler ..... Lottie Williams  
Miss Primly ..... Hattie M'Intosh  
Aunt Callie Parker ..... George Catlin  
Wong Foo ..... Maggie Davis  
Serena ..... Lavinia Rogers  
Lucinda ..... Ada Guiguesse  
Nettie ..... Aline Cassel  
Daphne ..... Craig Williams  
James ..... R. Henri Strange  
King Menelik II. .... J. A. Shipp  
The Affa Negus Tegulet ..... Alexander Rogers  
Shambal Bollasso ..... J. E. Lightfoot  
Zamish ..... Charles L. Moore  
Omreeka ..... William Foster  
Semra ..... William C. Elkins  
Hadji ..... Annie Ross  
Tal Tu ..... Hattie Hopkins  
Varinoe ..... Katie Jones  
Alamo ..... Aida Overton Walker  
Miram

A crowded house welcomed the negro comedians, Williams and Walker, in their new effort, Abyssinia, Tuesday evening at the Majestic Theatre and gave them an encouraging reception. The new vehicle is more pretentious than In Dahomey, but little more can be said of it. There is a paucity of wit and interest throughout that makes it drag hopelessly. The book and lyrics are by J. A. Shepp and Alexander Rogers, the music by Will Marion Cook and Bert A. Williams, but whether too many cooks spoiled the broth or the very meaning of the word Abyssinia, "Habesh, a mixture," got into the composition, the whole affair is a hopeless jumble and the pruning knife, to be effective, must be an axe.

The instrumental performances surpassed the vocal, where noise was substituted for harmony and a large chorus crashed out tunes with deafening insistence. There was none of the rich, soft quality of the negro melodies or voice that had been hoped for. Of the choruses, the first, "Ode to Menelik," was one of the best. "The Lion and the Monk," sung by Aida Overton Walker and maids, was good. Walker had two songs, "It's Hard to Find a King Like Me" and "Rastus Johnson, U. S. A.," and Williams one, "Here It Comes Again," which have swinging tunes and are likely to find favor. None, however, won the immediate success of Williams' "Nobody" of last year, which was called for by Tuesday's audience and received repeated encores.

The enunciation was so generally poor that any good lines there may have been did not get over the footlights. Williams and Walker were good in their specialties, not from any merit of their parts but on account of their own personalities. What little plot there was concerned the journey of a party of colored tourists from Kansas to Jerusalem, their route taking them through Abyssinia. Rastus Johnson, who has won the capital prize in the Louisiana Lottery, and his friend, Jas Jenkins, who helps him spend it, are leading spirits of the expedition, but in Addis Ababa, King Menelik's capital city, they are arrested because they resemble conspirators whom the king's agents are seeking. Their innocence is finally established and they live to join in the final chorus, "Good-bye, Ethiopia."

Of the individual performers, Bert A. Williams as Jasmine Jenkins gives the same popular portrayal of an awkward, slow-moving darkey which won him such favor in In Dahomey. George W. Walker, too, found his success in that sketch and follows the same lines in his new character, Ras Johnson. Charles Moore was fair as Elder Fowler. R. Henri Strange was entirely inaudible as King Menelik. George Catlin was good as the Chinese cook but indistinct. J. A. Shipp let his part of Chief Justice drag into boredom. Shambal Bollasso, the nephew, was somewhat of an improvement in the hands of Alexander Rogers. Aida Overton Walker has a good voice and is a sprightly, graceful dancer, for both of which accomplishments her role of Miram, a market girl, gave opportunities. Hattie M'Intosh gave the most genuine performance of the play, and her voice was too good to have been confined to one song. The lack of this very naturalness, which was Hattie M'Intosh's strongest quality, is what helped to render the part of Miss Primly, taken by Lottie Williams, inadequate and artificial. The rest of the cast failed to redeem the play, being stiff in their acting though good dancers.

The performance has the merit of novelty, and the costumes and stage settings are rich and effective. The spectacular features are handsomely presented. The first set, a mountain pass near the capital, and the second scene of the camping grounds among the palms, are especially well mounted. Aida Overton Walker's training of the dancers, also, deserves commendation.

## EZRA KENDALL IN THE VINEGAR BUYER.

Comedy in three acts, by Herbert Hall Winslow. Produced Feb. 2.

Joe Miller ..... Ezra Kendall  
Sandy Talbot ..... Charles Bowser  
Aleck Stripe ..... Edward Chapman  
Walter Talbot ..... Walter Thomas  
William Henry Stripe ..... Roy Fairchild  
Bob Bascomb ..... John D. Garrick  
John Burbage ..... Harry Hanlon  
James, butler at Mrs. Arlington's ..... Frank A. Howson, Jr.  
Mrs. Arlington ..... Ida Darling  
Mildred Arlington ..... Lottie Alter  
Mirandy Talbot ..... Marion Abbott  
Janie ..... Rose Norris

## Metropolis—Lovers and Lunatics.

Musical farce in two acts, by Walter Coleman Parker. Produced Feb. 19.

Richard Hamilton ..... Johnny Ford  
Ikey Rosenfeld ..... Joe Morris  
Heinrich Dinkelspiel ..... Sam Shannon  
Lieutenant George Richmond ..... George P. Watson  
Cornelia Dinkelspiel ..... J. Maurice Holden  
Nellie Richmond ..... Florence Little  
Nell ..... Henrietta Tedro  
Nellie Huntington ..... Mayme Gehrue  
Admiral Togo ..... Philip Zuker  
Napoleon ..... James A. Byrne, Jr.  
Cesar the Great ..... J. Davenport Hamilton  
Czar of Russia ..... William W. Benedict

A nondescript medley of slightly disguised popular airs and much vulgarity, relieved infrequently by a pretty, well-trained chorus and three fairly able entertainers, came into New York last week as a "musical farce." Audiences in small towns have suffered the concoction during the season, possibly for the sake of the pretty chorus and the aforesaid entertainers, but why it should be thrust into a theatre patronized by families can only be answered by the booking agency. Many of the lines and situations would hardly be tolerated in the lowest class of burlesque houses. That the stuff the book is made of should be considered amusing is one of the mysteries for psychologists or alienists to ponder over.

The story can be told in a sentence. A young man marries against his uncle's will, and then pretends to have married the girl of the uncle's choice, the fiancée of a wealthy fool. Now and then escaped lunatics from the asylum next door wander in between the salacious situations these extremely inane complications engender. A maiden sister of the uncle and a stage Hebrew, who have carried on a correspondence through a matrimonial agency, form a side line upon which more vulgarity can be placed.

Johnny Ford and Mayme Gehrue are two of the able entertainers, and Joe Morris is the third, when he is doing his specialty. When he is following the lines of his character he is guilty of the same sort of humor as the others. Mr. Ford and Miss Gehrue have carried into this alleged musical farce the life and spirit that made them popular in vaudeville. Their dancing is well worth seeing and, while Miss Gehrue's singing would hardly secure her a place in grand opera, yet her personality makes up for her deficiency in vocal ability. Mr. Ford's eccentric dancing is sufficient recompense for his lack of voice. Joe Morris does the specialty, the Jew with the pipes, in which he has been seen on the vaudeville stage. His parodies and his "Prince of Borneo" song are delivered with an evident sense of humor, and his playing of a small reed pipe disguised as a pibroch is "lifelike, if not altogether musical."

Sam Shannon is in prominence on the printed programme and is evidently free from any sort of comic ability. With the usual stage German make-up, in dialect he resembles almost any other nationality and, unless stumbling over his own heavy boots can be considered funny, does nothing laughable in the play. His song, "Sly Old Fox," was done well, with other words in the Isle of Spice, and another song, "I Read About It in a Book," has a familiar flavor. George P. Watson as Lieutenant Richmond, the tenor who is in trouble through marrying the wrong girl, has a duet with the one he married that is not altogether disagreeable, but his attempts at yodling in the songs that Al. H. Wilson sings so much better are only ludicrous. J. Maurice Holden plays the abomination of an old maid in the usual way and with the same business that time may have sanctioned but certainly has not made good. Florence Little as Nellie Richmond can be congratulated on her voice, but not on her stage presence. Henrietta Tedro plays a negro servant with a two-toned voice, starting in a low key and ending in about G above the scale. She resembles a negro about as much as Mr. Shannon resembles a German. She sings with some spirit, and in spite of a disagreeable voice succeeds in arousing some enthusiasm.

It is a relief to return to the chorus. The girls are pretty, well trained and apparently in earnest. More pretentious choruses could receive instructions in the art of make-up and the grace of dancing from these young women. The groupings are all well done and two or three effects particularly striking. Especially good are the tableaux for the song "My Own Boy" and for "Automobiling." On the programme credit for

## American—Kit Carson.

Melodrama in four acts, by Franklin Fyles. Produced May 27.

Kit Carson ..... Ralph Stuart  
Manuel Alvarado ..... Harvie Kirkland  
Marian Kent ..... Lotta Lintheum  
Bob Kent ..... William Thorne  
Fay Alvarado ..... Anna Buckley  
Ramon Vivo ..... Thomas J. Keogh  
Ralph Osborne ..... Herman A. Sheldon  
Yarrow ..... Menifee Johnstone  
Keltogor ..... Simon J. Broughton  
Lady Hooley ..... Julia Blanc  
Malisa ..... Georgia Welles  
Bill Carter ..... E. Dexter  
Dave Martin ..... James Stuart  
Tommy ..... Helen Campbell

Kit Carson, a four-act melodrama by Franklin Fyles, was produced for the first time on any stage at the American Theatre last evening by the Greenwall Stock company.

The play is built, of course, around incidents, real and fictional, in the life of the famous scout and frontiersman. The action passes in New Mexico in 1846, just before the annexation of the territory to the United States. Carson has been hired to conduct certain travelers from Santa Fé over the trail to New Mexico. Among them is Marian Kent, whose uncle, Manuel Alvarado, the Spanish Governor of New Mexico, coveting her fortune, makes her an offer of marriage. When she spurns it he opposes her departure and seeks to bribe Carson to assist him in detaining her. But the scout has recognized in her a woman he had long ago seen and loved, and he determines to rescue her from the Governor's toils. He refuses the bribe, and in the trip across the trail protects Marian from a variety of perils, for which both the Governor and the Indians are responsible. It is not until a series of exciting adventures have occurred that the journey and the play reach a happy termination. In the end the girl, who had despised Carson at first because of a slander, realizes his bravery and nobility and reciprocates his love.

The bulk of the play is devoted to the journey, and reveals a hand-to-hand conflict, a race for life on real horses, a rescue of the heroine from death as a sacrificial offering, and divers other lurid and dime-novels developments. In the third act these thrills tumble over one another in rapid succession. They were effective from a mechanical and spectacular viewpoint, and theatrical enough to draw much applause from the gallery. Aside from these appeals to the eye the drama revealed little that merited commendation. The love interest was not developed strongly, and the plot was brought out in a desultory, disjointed and obscure fashion. The first act in particular lacked life and compactness. Of local color there was almost none, except in the scenery and costumes. The dialogue was never brilliant, and oftentimes prosy. The character drawing, even in the case of the hero, was vague, and the comedy relief did not cause an



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*Brooklyn Eagle*.—Praise should be given to Emilie Ev-  
erett for good work as "Carmen de St. Henry."*New Haven Journal and Courier*.—Emilie Everett as the  
heroine made a very good impression and with a charm-  
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line can approach it.—Amy Leslie in *Chicago Evening News*Mrs. Craig's Mammy Lindy was the best piece of character work in that line ever seen on the local stage.—"Op-  
burn Johns in *Chicago Chronicle*.**Anne Sutherland**

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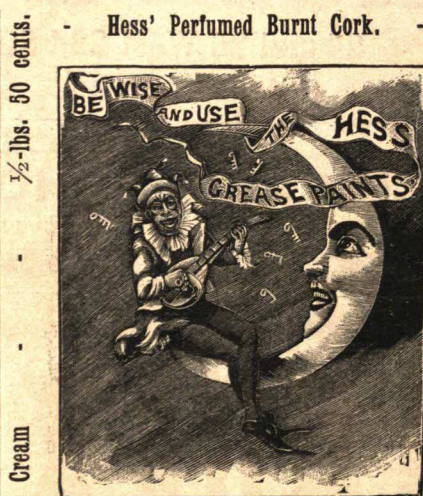
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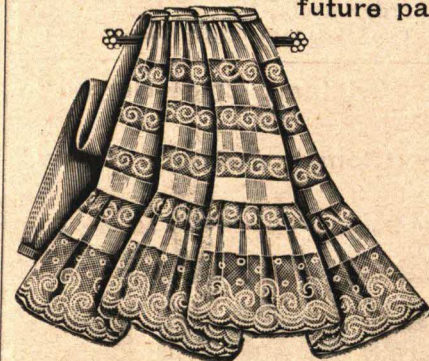
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## BROOKLYN.

SATURDAY, June 4.

With the exception of the remaining weeks of opera at the Montauk and the concluding bills of vaudeville at the Brooklyn Music Hall, the season of 1897-98 may be considered as practically ended in this borough. The Montauk has been devoted to a creditable production of Faust, which has been presented by the same principals and others that were enlisted in its rendition of the previous week at the American, across the river. In fact that is intended to be the mode of procedure during the remainder of the Castle Square engagement at Colonel Simm's—to transfer bodily the current presentation at the American for an ensuing week at this end of the bridge. The attendance at both performances on Decoration Day was unusually large, and has continued of gratifying size throughout the rest of the week. The next change of opera will be The Black Hussar, with The Bohemian Girl underlined for June 13.

The last week of the season at the Bijou has been given over to straight variety, participated in by the genuine Charmion. The rest of the talent has numbered Silvern and Emerie, Alf Holt, Johnson, Davenport and Loretta, Claressa Agnew, Herbert and his trained dogs, and Gallando; also the Picchiani Sisters. The Bijou began the campaign just ending on Saturday, Sept. 4, and has kept open thirty-nine weeks, during which two pieces had return dates, and one engagement lasted a fortnight. Forty plays have been seen, two of which, Julius Caesar and Othello, were repeated later by another visiting cast. These attractions have been presented in the order given: Sinbad, When London Sleeps, The Silver King, Sideways of New York, For Liberty and Love, The Kerry Gow, The Shaun Rhue, Eight Bells, Shall We Forgive Her, The Cherry Pickers, Down in Dixie, Sweet Inniscarra (two weeks), A Hired Girl, Chimmie Fadden, Under the Dome, Hogan's Alley, A Happy Little Home, The Guilty Mother, Heart of the Klondike, In Old Kentucky, The Great Train Robbery, The Electrician, Fallen Among Thieves, Cumberland '61, East Lynne, At Gay Coney Island, Sweet Inniscarra (return), Uncle Tom's Cabin, Alone in London, Adelaide Herrmann with Herrmann III., Northern Lights, McFadden's Row of Flats, Hamlet, Julius Caesar, Othello, Spartacus, Romeo and Juliet, The Two Orphans, Gettysburg, The White Squadron, Othello (repetition), As You Like It, Julius Caesar (repetition), Richard III., and Eight Bells (return).

The programme at the Brooklyn Music Hall has included Marion and Pearl, who, for blackface performers, are very agile acrobats. Annie Peyser, a youthful serio-comic, has a tuneful voice, pleasing presence, and exhibits promise. The Three Fanchetti women gave their stereotyped turn. The Eldridges had their audience with them from the start. They are two of the most intelligent colored people now in vaudeville, and in some respects are the best in their line. This man's rendition of "Get Your Money's Worth" is pre-eminently superior to all his competitors in the real con class. The Four Emperors of Music, Howard, Russell, Edwards and Whiting, scored heavily, as their merit well entitled them. Bessie Bonehill, not previously seen locally for over two years, has never appeared to better advantage. Miss Bonehill, with whom Father Time stands stock still, is just as winsome as ever, and in her dainty way gives that touch of innate refinement to all that she does in a manner that continues to captivate her every class of hearers. The Three Zollers have concluded the show with some well executed rough-and-tumble gymnastic feats.

Lee Ottolengui's testimonial at the Amphion, on Decoration Day, proved a deserved success. He has the best wishes of scores of friends in his newly chosen field at Newark.—The opening exhibit of fireworks at Manhattan Beach, on May 30, drew out an immense attendance. The business management proved wretched for those who purchased reserved seats, as the army of general admissions simply swooped into possession, and defiantly told coupon holders to "Go to it!"—The Summer season at Bergen Beach was inaugurated on Saturday, May 28, and is now in full swing. SCHENCK COOPER.

## SAN FRANCISCO.

The Poster, by L. G. Carpenter and J. P. Wilson, music by Chester S. Packard, received its first production at the Tivoli 23. The plot is briefly as follows: Angelo D'Aubert, a talented young artist, has several models, among them a *fin de siècle* woman, and an heiress with whom he is in love. Her father requires him to sell a picture for not less than \$10,000 before he will consent to the marriage. He has commenced one and the heiress determines to herself pose for it in order that it may be perfection. They are interrupted and she escapes, and there after the artist receives a package containing hashish from a friend in Persia, which he promptly smokes and his dream follows. The Man in Armor, a choice bit of studio bric-a-brac, comes to life, the impressionist friend of the artist enters and discovers a picture with a green face and red hair painted by the janitor, and sees in it a masterpiece, and thus the idea of the poster is born.

The second act is a street in a city with a flat decorated with numberless posters. The Man in Armor has become drunk, and after being burglarized by enterprising cracksmen, is arrested by a ubiquitous policeman. The scene ends with an amusing bill posting pantomime in which a series of well-known posters come to life.

The second scene of this act shows a grand exhibition of the Decadent Art Association, and several original ballets are introduced here, the first being the Playing Cards, the designs of which are the true poster style, then comes a grotesque dance of "Magazine Frontispieces" consisting of The Black Cat, The White Elephant, The Owl, and The Gray Goose, led by the Purple Cow, and lastly a grand ballet of up-to-date posters.

In the finale the prize is awarded to the artist, and he is crowned with laurel by the heiress, but just then two asses' ears rise on his head and he is jeered as an impostor. The artist tears the chaplet from his head and seeks death as being preferable to disgrace.

The third act is in the studio again, and after some prolongation of his dream he is aroused by aid of the janitor and policeman and is hardly able to realize that the heiress still loves him. She tells him the success of her plot, which was that when her father recognized his daughter's picture in a decidedly undraped pose he was furious, and tried to buy the painting, and by an arrangement of adverse bidders he was compelled to pay \$10,000 therefor, thus enabling the artist to meet his requirements, and his marriage follows as a matter of course.

It will be seen from the above outline that the idea is a clever one, and one that permits of much elaboration of stage setting and handling. The music is pleasing, and while not particularly original, nevertheless many of the numbers receive hearty encores.

Edwin Stevens as the artist has a part which is somewhat out of his usual run, in which, however, he is very good. Helen Merrill as the heiress is pretty to look at, and sings very charmingly a number of attractive songs. Tom Leary as the janitor, John J. Raffael as the impressionist, and Frank McGlynn as the man in armor, are all entitled to praise, and all of the other parts are satisfactorily taken.

Taking it as a whole, and particularly as a first effort, it speaks very well for the ability of the writers of the play, and the recurrence of much bright, sparkling and pointed wit throughout the piece argues well for the future work of these talented gentlemen. It will be continued until further notice.

Lewis Morrison, after an absence of many years, opened May 23 at the Alcazar, at which time he presented Yorkick's Love, assisted by Mrs. Morrison (Florence Roberts) and the Alcazar Stock co. Miss Roberts is a decidedly pretty woman, and as Alice, Yorkick's wife, displays much talent, being especially good in the pathetic bits. Wallace Shaw as Heywood lends much strength to the cast, and special mention should be made of Howard Scott, who gives a very clever impersonation in the role of Wallow, the gentleman villain. Mr. Scott is quite a young man, and has a brilliant future before him. Wright Huntington does not fit well into old style drama, and has been seen to better advantage in modern roles than as Edmund, the foster son of Yorkick. Charles Bryant as Gregory, the servant, does a good bit of character acting. The production is effectively staged under the direction of Gordon

Foster Platt, and taken as a whole the performance is an interesting one and deserves the large audiences which have filled this popular little theatre throughout the week. During the coming week 30-5 Mr. Morrison will be seen in The Master of Ceremonies.

Robert Mantell at the Columbia 23-29 is in his third and last week, and has been playing his repertoire to good houses. Clay Clement and co. in The New Dominion will follow 30.

Hopkins' Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty co. was the bill at the California 23-29, and is one of the best collections of vaudeville talent that we have seen in some time. It was originally billed at the Columbia Theatre, but through some misunderstanding was forced to appear at the California, and it is probably for this reason that business was only fair. Decidedly the star act of the bill is the banjo playing by Polk and Kollins, who are deservedly styled the Premier Banjoists of the world. It is necessary to hear Mr. Polk to appreciate the possibilities of the banjo in the direction of serious music. There is a clever comedy sketch by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman, which is very funny. Juno Salmo, a remarkable contortionist, and Frank Gardner, with his clever pony and wonderfully trained baboon, Jessie, are very interesting numbers. The co. will continue at the California 30-5.

The music lovers of San Francisco were afforded the rare opportunity of hearing three world renowned artists at the Baldwin Theatre 23-28, namely, Ysaye, Gerardi, and Lachaux, who gave us several delightful concerts. All three received enthusiastic welcomes and drew fair-sized audiences. The Baldwin will remain dark 30-5.

There was much merriment at Morosco's during the week of 23-29, where the farce Mrs. Partington and Her Son Ike drew good houses. Jessie Norton and W. J. Elleford were specially engaged for this production, and they were ably assisted by the regular members of the co. Many specialties were introduced and enthusiastically enjoyed.

W. H. Pascoe has left for a Summer engagement at Peak's Island, Me.

The date of the opening of the new Frawley co. has been definitely announced for 13, when Augustin Daly's comedy, Number Nine, will be produced, with Madeline Bouton in the leading role.

Manager John C. Fisher, of the Burbank Theatre, Los Angeles, was in town during the week making arrangements for the appearance of Madame Modjeska in this city in the near future. She will open at the Burbank 13 for a two weeks' engagement, and will then play interior towns.

Max von Mitzel, a clever juvenile from Philadelphia arrived during the week to join the Morosco Stock co. He has had much experience with Denver stock co's. W. W. KAUFMAN.

## MILWAUKEE.

The Salisbury Stock co. is rapidly winning general favor, the third week of the engagement being marked by largely increased attendance. The thoroughly satisfactory performances of the two previous weeks have been the means of arousing an unusual amount of interest and appreciation among local theatregoers, who begin to realize that we have in our midst an eminently first-class organization, presenting in an artistic and finished manner the highest class of standard plays.

Manager Charles P. Salisbury is an old friend, his previous theatrical ventures in this city being pleasantly remembered by many. Sweet Lavender was the offering for week commencing May 29, and it would be difficult for the most exacting critic to find any fault with the performance. The stage settings were tastefully and accurately arranged, due regard to the minutest detail being plainly evident. Though every member of the co. did praiseworthy work, the chief honors were clearly divided by Charles Harbury and Eleanor Robson. In the role of Dick Phenyl, Mr. Harbury treated us to a decidedly clever and most finished piece of character work, and his splendid interpretation brought forth several rounds of well earned applause. Miss Robson made her first appearance with the co. in the title role, and it would be impossible to conceive a more charming and delightful rendition than hers. The possessor of a beautiful face and graceful figure, she enacted the part with a naturalness of manner and display of power that completely captivated the audience and assured for herself a lasting popularity in Milwaukee. Benjamin Howard was received with applause, and in the part of Clement Hale repeated former successes. Richard Bennett was extremely good as Bevan. Brigham Royce did very good work as Wedderburn. Gus Weinberg handled the role of Bulger creditably, and Frank Richardson as the Doctor, and David Miles as Maw, were thoroughly efficient. Selene Johnson as Minnie Gilfillan repeated the excellent impression she has created in former parts. Maye Aigen in the role of Ruth Holt gave evidence of her ability to assume a widely varying range of characters. Her work in the strong scenes was most effective, and won her an outburst of applause. May Evelynne as Mrs. Gilfillan showed to good advantage. The audience were quite demonstrative in their approval, as many as four curtain calls being given at the close of the second act. The biograph displayed some new views, and was also much enjoyed. Held by the Enemy is underlined for next week.

The Summer opera season at the Alhambra will be ushered in 5, when the Stewart Harold New York Opera co. will make their appearance in The Grand Duchess. The following is a list of the artists who head the organization, by which it will be seen that Manager Miller has been unstinting in his efforts to secure for his patrons the best that can be had: Stewart Harold, Signor Guille, O. B. Thayer, William Schuster, Nat B. Cantor, William Stephens, Frank Palma, William Stewart, Annie Lichter, Beatrice McKenzie, Julia Armstrong, Viola Carlstedt, Jessie Smiley, Flora Richie, Alberta Vincent, Francie Delcroix, Clara Baldwin, Miss Klar, Gertrude Lodge, Lucy Loretto, and Helen Dalida. Stewart Harold is general manager; Frank Palma, musical-director, and O. B. Thayer, stage-manager. C. L. N. NORRIS

## BUFFALO.

Things theatrical are rather quiet here just now. Both the Star and Court Street Theatres are now closed and there remains but one more week of the Lyceum's regular season. The Wilbur Opera co. arrived here 1 and are engaged in rehearsing new operas. They will open at the Star for a long engagement 6. A number of changes have been made in the personnel of the co. Instead of May Baker, Marion Manola will sing the prima donna roles, alternating with Hattie Richardson. Miss Manola joined the co. here this week. E. A. Clarke has left the co. and is at present with the Kirwin co., his place being taken by Gus Vaughn.

Manager Laughlin is giving his annual production of Uncle Tom's Cabin this week at the Lyceum to immense business. The performances will not bear much criticism, but the audiences apparently are enjoying them. Some trouble has been occasioned during the week by the absolute refusal of the donkey to do anything that he is desired to do. During a presumably somewhat by reason of the donkey declining to make his exit. Several stage hands carried him into the wings, but Little Eva's death scene was marred for that performance. Manager Laughlin is distributing presents to the children, and a grand cake walk takes place at the end of each performance. Robert McWade in Rip Van Winkle 6-11. The performances of The Pirates of Penzance were well received here last week at Concert Hall. The amateurs did exceedingly well with the opera, the chorists being particularly excellent.

The Columbia Stock co. is rehearsing here preparatory to a Summer season. The organization is under the management of E. W. Oviatt.

Irene Taylor is at her home in this city for the Summer. She is arranging her tour for next season throughout Ohio.

Newton J. Drew has joined the Columbia Stock co.

Eva Tanguay has made a big hit on the Orpheum circuit with a new sketch written for her by J. D. Gilbert.

Harry Ferren, of the Court Street, has successfully staged a number of amateur operatic productions during the past season. He has lately returned from Genesee, where he staged Pinafore for the Genesee Cycle Club.

A minstrel performance to be given at the Star 4 for the benefit of the families of volunteers is attracting considerable attention. William Prunette, Arthur Deming, W. H. Kohnle, the Wilbur Opera co. Quartette, and Frank N. Darling are among the volunteers.

Emmett Drew has amused himself during the past

week with his brush and palette. Several specimens of his art are on exhibition at the Bohemian Club, of which he is a non-resident member.

Rumor has it that an opera co. will play a Summer engagement at the Garden, opening 20. Fred McClellan is booking the co. RENNOLD WOLF.

## KANSAS CITY.

All of the Kansas City theatres, except the Orpheum, which is playing to excellent business with first-class vaudeville attractions, are closed for the season.

The Bennett-Olmi Opera co., which was organized here principally with local talent, for a week's engagement at Fairmount Auditorium, opened before a large-sized audience May 30, singing The Bohemian Girl. The principals gave a good performance, especially George Olmi as the Count, whose singing and acting were both excellent and evidenced his long experience in operatic roles. Ella DeVine sang Arline in a manner that was worthy of a professional. She is the possessor of a sweet soprano voice of considerable strength, and was in no way nervous or lacking in confidence. J. B. Reton was the Devilshoof and acted and sang the part with good effect. Daisy Stowell, the possessor of a good, strong, full contralto voice, gave a thoroughly good rendition of the role of the Gypsy Queen. Marian Bohannon, the tenor, sang the role of Thaddeus, the Pole, with success. The remainder of the cast was fair. The chorus, under the direction of S. C. Bennett, was effective and showed considerable training. The costumes and stage settings were satisfactory. Altogether the performance was better than many professional attractions that have been seen here at higher prices.

The second Sunday concerts by Zimmerschied's Orchestra, at Fairmount Park 29, were largely attended, and the music delightfully rendered. Sunday and Thursday concerts will be a feature of the season at this resort.

Professor Gentry's Dog and Pony Show enjoyed such good business 23-29 that the engagement has been extended until June 4. FRANK B. WILCOX.

## DETROIT.

The Cummings Stock co. at the Lyceum are playing May 29-4 The Nominee. It had not been seen in Detroit before and was, therefore, entirely new to the large audiences that are patronizing the Lyceum, and proved to be immensely entertaining. The play is put on in the same splendid style that has characterized all the productions of this co., and the acting in this as in the others is almost beyond adverse criticism. Ralph E. Cummings as Jack Medford brings out all there is in that character, and Harry Glazier as Leopold Bunyon plays him a close second in point of fine acting; Blanch Douglas as the wife of Medford does clever acting, as does Julia Hanchett as Mrs. Van Barclay. All the other members of this co. do clever acting in this, as in all the other plays in which they have been seen.

Except Wonderland, all the other theatres in town are closed, so things theatrical are pretty dull. Work on our new Detroit Opera House is being pushed rapidly, and it is now confidently expected that it will be ready for the next season some time in October, at which time Julia Arthur will open the house.

Our first circus came to town to-day and will remain to-morrow, 1, 2. It is John F. Hummel's show, and as it is a good one and has been advertised largely and for a long time, and, moreover, as it is the first of the season, the people are turning out in full force. KIMBAL.

## COLUMBUS.

At the High Street Theatre May 27, 28 James A. Herne presented his beautiful play, Shore Acres, to crowded houses. Mr. Herne and his co. were given a big reception. This is his third engagement here, but the people never seem to tire of Shore Acres. This closes the season of this house. Manager Owens expects to furnish his patrons a fine line of attractions for next season, and he is sure of even better business than he had this year.

At the Grand Opera House 23-29, for the closing week of the season, the stock co. presented East Lynne, with Miss Henrietta Crossman in the leading role. It was preceded by a little one-act comedy, Bully, written for Anne Blanche. Miss Crossman won many friends by her clever acting. The patrons of the Grand, one and all, hope she will return with the co. in the Fall. The rest of the co. were seen to good advantage. The business was good at every performance. The Grand will be dark until Fall, when the stock co will open for another season.

The Southern Theatre is closed for the season. The Grand Stock co. left for Rochester, N. Y., 29. Professor Fred Neddermyer's Band is furnishing the music at Olentangy Park this season.

Al G. Field has secured several European novelties for his minstrels for next season. Blake and Sipe's Dog and Pony Show 30, under H. L. NICODEMUS.

## JERSEY CITY.

Sackett's Stock co. at the Academy of Music, May 30-4, presented The Three Hats to fair business. The parts were all well taken. Edward R. Mawson in comedy is very good. Will Granger as Captain Katskills plays Irish comedy to perfection. Thomas Meegan as Blithers is a versatile actor, and loses his identity in each part he plays. George Welch as the boy in buttons created lots of laughs. Rene D'Arcy, Eleanor Merron, Polly Stockwell, and Tempa Evans were all good. The play is nicely mounted and has been well rehearsed. The olio presents the Fenton Brothers in Irish comedy; Jennie Steele, serio-comic; Harry Winsman, whistling comedian, and war pictures by the cinematographe. For 6-11 the vaudeville will consist of Crane, the magician; Florence St. John, singer; the cinematographe, and others. Engaged will be the play.

Manager Frank E. Henderson celebrated the first anniversary of his marriage to Miss Sarah Albaugh 2 at Long Branch.

Business-Manager Harry Hyams, of the Academy of Music, was made a Master Mason 3.

Frank C. Bangs was a visitor here 2, when he met a number of old friends.

Manager J. E. Sackett has his eye on a Brooklyn house for next season.

Campbell and Beard, a clever musical team, were extra cards at the Academy of Music 30-June 4, and did a fine act. WALTER C. SMITH

## OMAHA.

This is the week of the opening of the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, in which 24 States and foreign nations generally, with the exception of Spain and Patagonia, are represented. Our city is crowded with strangers, and undoubtedly will be for the next five months. Every facility to attract, interest and amuse is offered, the attractions ranging from the grandeur of the Thomas concerts to the shows on the Midway. The legitimate downtown theatres will undoubtedly come in for a large portion of the patronage.

The Woodward Stock co., at the Creighton, is giving a powerful rendition of Young Mrs. Winthrop. It would be difficult to find any serious fault with the performance, and the splendid audiences in attendance are testifying their approval by repeated encores. Jennie Kennark as Constance carried all hearts with her. Emma Dunn as Edith is also securing much favorable notice. The old favorites are seen to great advantage in this play, and indeed it seems one peculiarly well fitted to the co. Gus Williams and the Blondells keep up the interest between the acts. Jim the Penman week of June 5.

At the Boyd Tim Murphy is doing Old Innocence and Sir Henry Hypnotized, and making his amusing curtain speeches to fair-sized audiences. Mr. Murphy will close 4, and will be followed by A Texas Steer for a week. JOHN R. KINGWALT.

## MINNEAPOLIS.

At the Metropolitan Theatre the Neill Stock co. opened the third week of its engagement May 29 in A Social Highwayman to a large and appreciative audience. The production was put on admirably. James Neill appeared as Courtice Jaffray and made a decidedly favorable impression. His work was artistic throughout. Herschel Mayall gave a splendid characterization of the role of Jenkins Handby. His conception of the part was intelligent and was carried out with rare discrimination. Edy the Chapman gave a most effective personation of Senora Caprice. Anne Sutherland won immediate favor as Mrs. Dean. Grace Scott added to her popularity in the dual role of Elinor Bernham and Dora La

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G. B., Author, care MIRROR.

Farge, Angela Dolores was seen to advantage as Duchess Clayborough. Agnes Maynard was thoroughly at home as Mrs. Pyle. Charles Wyngate made a manly Merton Harley. Herbert Carr was a pleasing Gordon Key and J. B. Everhart a satisfactory Carolus Despard. The Jilt 1-3.

Manager Jacob Litt, who was in the city 26-9, was so favorably impressed with the work of the Neill Stock co. that he has arranged with Mr. Neill to produce two plays during the St. Paul engagement, which will be put upon the road next season. F. C. CAMPBELL.

## ST. PAUL.

The Metropolitan Opera House and the New Grand Opera House are dark.

Manager Jacob Litt spent the past week in the Twin Cities completing arrangements with James Neill for the repertoire of plays to be presented by the Neill Stock co. at the New Grand Opera House during the Summer, beginning 12. During the season Mr. Litt intends giving the first presentation on any stage of several entirely new dramas by prominent authors.

Oscar Vanderbilt, district passenger agent Northern Pacific Railroad, who booked a large number of theatrical cos. on the Northern Pacific circuit to the Coast during the past season, says that the bookings on the "circuit" are all taken for next season, with the exception of last week in November, the month of December, two weeks in January and three weeks in February. GEORGE H. COLGRAVE.

## CLEVELAND.

The season of opera inaugurated at the Euclid Avenue Opera House May 23 by the Boston Lyric Opera co. came to an abrupt ending 28, although the second week had been billed as the last one.

Engenie Blair continues to play to large houses at the Lyceum Theatre. Ingomar was the bill 30-4, and Miss Blair's impersonation of the difficult role of Parthenia was a revelation, adding another laurel to her many successes, and proves her to be an artist of no mean ability. For the sixth week of the season Galatea will be the bill.

Halt north's Garden Theatre will be opened 6 by the Garden Opera co. in The Black Hussar. Manager Hennessey has arranged a varied list of operas. WILLIAM CRASTON.

## PITTSBURG.

Tony Farrell opened at the Bijou May 30 to a large attendance. The Hearsthouse and My Colleen were given during the week. The regular season will close 4.

The new stock co. produced Arabian Nights at the Avenue 30 to a good house. Next week, East Lynne. The Passion Play pictures are still at the Grand and will probably remain another week.

George Wilson's Minstrels will reopen the Bijou early in August.

The announcement of the death of Thomas W. Keene was received here with deep regret, as the tragedian had many warm friends in this city. E. J. DONNELLY.

## PROVIDENCE.

Theatricals are very quiet here and the amusement seekers are beginning to take to the shore resorts. The regular openings will occur in about two weeks. Crescent Park was opened May 30 and accommodated a large crowd. Concerts by the American and the Hedley-Livesey Bands were among the many features offered. At Rocky Point concerts were given by the National Band.

William H. Prendergast, of this city, has signed for the leading heavy role in On the Wabash for next season.

H. Irving Dillenback will again be press agent at Boyden's Crescent Park. HOWARD C. RIPLEY.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## ARIZONA.

**PHOENIX.**—OPERA HOUSE (George H. Keefe, manager): Dark.—PARK THEATRE (L. D. Henderson, manager): Chase-Daniels Stock co. May 23-29 in Yankee Jack in Cuba to good business and satisfaction. Same co. in A Fool from Boston 30-4. —GRAND OPERA HOUSE (S. E. Patton, manager): Will be completed in July.

## CALIFORNIA.

**LOS ANGELES.**—THEATRE (H. C. Wyatt, manager): Dark.—BURBANK THEATRE (John C. Fisher, manager): A most excellent spectacular production of The White Squadron by the Belasco-Thall co. was well patronized May 23-29, Harry Napier making a fine impression on his first appearance in the cast. June 30-4, when Hugo Doland, a prime favorite here, will make his initial appearances as a member of the Belasco-Thall co.—ITEM: Ysaye will give a recital at Simpson Tabernacle 30.

**OAKLAND.**—MACDONOUGH THEATRE (Friedlander, Gotlob and Co., lessees): Ysaye and Gerardy May 24 drew a very large and enthusiastic house. Hopkins' Trans-Oceanics 6, 7.—OAKLAND THEATRE (F. J. Mothersole, manager): Frank Linden and May Nannery creditably presented The Prisoner of Algiers 23-29; good houses entire week. Same co. in Moths 30-4.

**SAN DIEGO.**—FISHER OPERA HOUSE (John C. Fisher, manager): Ysaye, Gerardy and Lachauze 3. Elks' benefit 10, 11.

## COLORADO.

**OURAY.**—WRIGHT'S OPERA HOUSE (Dave Frakes, manager): Janet Waldorf played to small business May 23, 24 in Ingomar and The Hunchback; audiences pleased.—ITEM: The Opera House has been sold to F. H. Herzinger, who is making many improvements on the building, including new floors and new opera chairs. Scenery and piano will be purchased at once.

**PUEBLO.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. F. Sharpless, manager): U. T. C. May 24; fair business.—DE REMER THEATRE (Lackin and Harris, managers): Magniscope Exhibition co. 23-26; crowded houses.

**LEADVILLE.**—WESTON OPERA HOUSE (Mrs. L. Weston, proprietress): A Texas Steer 1.

## CONNECTICUT.

**NEW HAVEN.**—HYPERION THEATRE (G. B. Bunnell, manager): Koster and Bial's co. played to a packed house May 27; the bill was excellent. E. H. Sothern in Lord Chumley filled the theatre 28; Mr. Sothern was enthusiastically greeted, receiving a triple curtain call after act second. Roland Reed in A Man of Ideas drew a goodly number 30; Isadore Rush wore some stunning gowns and made a most emphatic hit. The arrangements for the opening production of Koster and Bial's Burlesque co. at the Hyperion 3, 4, with matinee Saturday, are now complete. Cook's Tours will be offered, with east including Josephine Hall, Georgia Caine, Adele Ritchie, Ada Lewis, Eddie Girard, Max Freeman, Joe Ott and others. About 15 Mr. Bunnell has announced that he will give over the Hyperion, and possibly Warner Hall, to a carnival; the Symphony Orchestra will give concerts afternoon and evening and there will be an interesting vaudeville entertainment.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Dr. Charles Breed, manager): The American Stock co. 23-28 were well received and gave acceptable entertainments to fair-sized audiences. Commencing 30 Manager Breed's Summer stock co. opened to crowded houses; Pink Dominoes was the offering; the cast, headed by Ethel Brandon, is a strong one and includes Fanny Gantis, Nellie Maskell, Florence Wallace, Frank A. Connor, Henry Stockbridge, Thomas Doyle, Thad Shine, David Elmer, and Spencer Cone; Mr. Cone is directing the organization; a different bill will be offered each week, and all will be carefully mounted and presented.—ITEMS: William Howland, the baritone, formerly with The Bostonians, was in town last week.—Tom Karl will open his Summer home, "Innisvale," at Martha's Vineyard, 1. Some of his earliest guests will be Professor and Mrs. Parsons, of this city; Mr. and Mrs. McGuckin (Lucille Saunders), and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Toedt.—Spencer Cone, of the Grand Opera House Stock co., who has many friends in the city, is being entertained by them right royally and is thoroughly enjoying his stay among us.—The shore resorts opened for the season 30, crowds going to Sayville Rock for the band concert, fireworks and vaudeville entertainment given in the grove. Daily concerts and evening entertainments will be in order for the rest of the Summer.

**BRIDGEPORT.**—SMITH'S AUDITORIUM (Edward C. Smith, manager): The forty-third and closing week of this house's very successful season opened May 30 with the Crane Brothers heading a vaudeville bill; others were Wilson Brothers, Joe Conlon, Waller and Waller, the Helstons, Billy Williams, Mulvey and Inman, and the Ventinis. The attaches' annual benefit is announced for June 6, when a host of volunteers are promised. Local actors will essay the final round up of the season in A Club Romance.—PARK CITY THEATRE (Walter L. Rowland, manager): The Bohemian Girl by the Sacred Heart Choral Union and local amateurs May 25 was a positive success, under the baton of Professor Dooley and the stage management of Frank David.—ITEMS: Will Schoenwalder, treasurer of Smith's Auditorium, will spend the Summer yachting along the Sound and adjacent waterways.—Immediately on finishing the season Manager Smith will put a force of men at work to renovate from top to bottom and from box office to back wall the house which bears his name. Carpenters, decorators and painters will be kept busy long enough to put the house in the best possible condition for the opening in August. The changes will be made under the personal direction of Manager Smith, who will remain in this city for the purpose and will forego his vacation.—Pleasure Beach, our trans-harbor resort, opened Decoration Day under the management of L. M. Rich, treasurer National Cycle Track Association. Vaudeville will be given in the auditorium at the Beach, commencing in a few weeks.

W. P. HOPKINS.

**HARTFORD.**—PARSONS' THEATRE (H. C. Parsons, manager): E. H. Sothern and a capital co. presented Lord Chumley May 27 to a delighted audience that completely filled the house. Koster and Bial's co., headed by Charmion, gave a fine vaudeville performance 28 to a large audience. Corse Payton's No. 2 co. 30-4 in Only a Farmer's Daughter, Woman Against Woman, East Lynne, Alone in London, A Member of Congress, A Unequal Match, The Banker's Daughter, The Octoroon, and Denise to fair business. Manager Parsons has gathered a stock co. of well-known people and will present a series of popular plays, the first of which will be held by the Enemy 6-11.—OPERA HOUSE (Jennings and Graves, managers): The second week of the Elroy Stock co. has been fairly successful; repertoire, A Fair Rebel, The Unknown, Wife for Wife, Paradise Alley, She, and The White Slave, which were presented acceptably. With this engagement this house will close the season, which has proven very successful.—ITEMS: Buffalo Bill's Wild West stranded in the mud here last week, the immense rains causing the ground at the trotting park, where they exhibited, to soften to such an extent that the wagons sank to the hubs. They were obliged to cancel the next stand, as it was impossible to extricate them in time to make connection.—The Chutes and Werder's Park, where vaudeville is given twice daily, opened Decoration Day to immense business. The Chutes will be under the same management as last season, which is a sufficient guarantee that the success which characterized it then will be repeated.

A. DUMONT.

**WATERBURY.**—ITEMS: The rumor formerly reported in these letters that our two theatres would be under one management the coming season proves to be correct. Manager Jacques will book and manage both houses. At Poli's Theatre will be seen the leading high-priced one-night attractions, and the Jacques will be devoted entirely to cos. playing three nights or a week at popular prices. Manager Jacques announces the above as the agreement arrived at between Manager Poli and himself.

**PUTNAM.**—OPERA HOUSE (George E. Shaw, manager): House will close a very successful season with the Burrill Comedy co. 13-18.

**TORRINGTON.**—OPERA HOUSE (F. R. Matthews,

manager): American Stock co. played May 30-1 to small houses; excellent co.

## IDAHO.

**WALLACE.**—MASONIC TEMPLE (M. J. Flohr, resident-manager): The Prodigal Father May 26 to fair business. Season will close with Robert J. Burdette 6.

## ILLINOIS.

**SPRINGFIELD.**—CHATTERTON OPERA HOUSE (George Chatterton, manager): Baldwin-Melville co. closed a very successful week May 29. Plays: The Devil's Web, Hazel Kirke, All the Comforts of Home, Over the Sea, Monte Cristo, Bulls and Bears, and A Mad Marriage; general satisfaction; attendance large.—CENTRAL MUSIC HALL (Frank Weidlocher, manager): Andrews Stock co. 23-29 did a large business and pleased the people with Kathleen Mavourneen and The Judge.

**LINCOLN.**—BROADWAY THEATRE (Cossitt and Foley, managers): F. A. Wade's Operatic Comedy co. opened for three nights to crowded house 1, playing The Beggar Prince (The Mascot), For a Million, and My Wife's Husband; small co., but gave satisfaction. Lester Franklin in Paradise Regained 11.

**FREEDPORT.**—GERMANIA OPERA HOUSE (Phil Arno, manager): Frederick Warde and his excellent co. deserved a larger audience than that which greeted them in Virginius May 24; performance very good.

**ROCKFORD.**—OPERA HOUSE (C. C. Jones, manager): Sam C. Hunt Comedy co. did fair business May 23-28, presenting Fanchon, A Friend of Freedom, and A Husband on Salary.

**CLINTON.**—NEW OPERA HOUSE (John B. Arthurs, manager): Wade's Dramatic Opera co. May 23-25 in The Mascot, For a Million, and Wanted, a Husband; fair business; good performances.

## INDIANA.

**NEW ALBANY.**—LYCEUM THEATRE (Charles Willard, manager): ITEMS: Manager Willard has appointed Arthur Emby stage-manager, to take place of Berry Harbeson. Mr. Harbeson is now serving in the 159th Indiana, stationed at Washington.—The New Albany Lodge of Elks have forwarded a handsome gold mounted sword to Robert Tracewell, Comptroller of the Currency, who will present the same to Captain W. J. Coleman of Company C, 159th Indiana, in the name of the lodge. Captain Coleman is one of the charter members of that organization.—Lawrence Griffith, of the Neill Stock co., of Chicago, is here for the Summer. Mr. Griffith will be pressed into service for the Elks' Minstrels.—R. V. Prosser, of Al G. Field's Minstrels, has signed a contract for next season with that organization.—Ned O. Risley, of Human Hearts, is here visiting relatives.

W. L. GROVE.

**AUBURN.**—HENRY'S OPERA HOUSE (J. C. Henry, manager): Warren Comedy co. opened for a week in Michael Strogoff to good house May 30; good satisfaction.

**TERRE HAUTE.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (T. W. Barhydt, Jr., manager): Season closed May 30 with the ushers' benefit minstrels; excellent performance to large house.

## IOWA.

**MARSHALLTOWN.**—ODEON THEATRE (Ike C. Speers, manager): Western Circuit Stock co. May 26, 27 in The Captain's Mate and The Pay Train, to good business; general satisfaction.

**GRINNELL.**—PRESTON'S OPERA HOUSE (F. O. Proctor, manager): Sanford Dodge in Othello May 26; excellent performance; attendance fair.

**WATERLOO.**—BROWN'S OPERA HOUSE (C. F. Brown, manager): Frederick Warde May 23 in Virginius to a good house; all pleased.

**OTTUMWA.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. Frank Jersey, manager): The Pay Train May 23-31 to good business.

**CRESTON.**—PATT'S OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Patt, manager): Mag (local) May 30. War-graph 1, 2.

## KANSAS.

**TOPEKA.**—CRAWFORD'S OPERA HOUSE (O. T. Crawford, manager): Marie Bell Opera co. 6, 7.—ITEMS: Local Manager O. T. Crawford is announced as preparing to take his vacation by piloting a vitascope entertainment through the State soon. I think he will do well with a show of this kind, provided he makes money with it.—The drums and other musical instruments which were left in this city by The Tramp's Dream co. some months ago are still with us. They are said to be now in the possession of Professor Jackson's (colored) Military Band, and as these swart but eminent musicians deglute and regurgitate the tubas and trombones they create much roar and furore among those of our citizens who dwell hard by the headquarters of the band.

THOMAS R. HYATT.

**MCPHERSON.**—OPERA HOUSE (J. F. McElvain, manager): Cuscaden Concert co. booked for May 25, canceled. Season closed.

**SALINA.**—OPERA HOUSE (W. P. Pierce, manager): Cuscaden Concert co. failed to appear May 24. Season closed.

## KENTUCKY.

**PARIS.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (D. C. Parrish, manager): A new one-act play, A Loyal Coquette, by Walter Champ, a newspaper man of this city, will be produced 1 by amateurs.

**OWENSBORO.**—NEW TEMPLE THEATRE (Pedley and Borch, managers): Gertrude May Stein May 30 to a large house.

## MAINE.

**BANGOR.**—OPERA HOUSE (F. A. Owen, manager): The season at this house closed June 1, rather earlier than usual, to reopen in August. Manager Owen has booked some very fine attractions for next season.—AUDITORIUM (William R. Chapman, director): Maine Symphony Orchestra concert 10, with Harriet M. Shaw, harpist, and Gwilym Miles, baritone.—ITEMS: The Bangor and Winter Port Railroad Co. has built a place of amusement on the line of their road in Hampden, five miles below Bangor, to be known as Riverside Park, which will open 13 under the local management of F. A. Owen, of the Opera House, with Marlow Brothers' Minstrels. The attractions will be furnished by the Hayes Amusement Co., of Springfield, Mass., and will be changed weekly. Mr. Atkinson, of Boston, is putting up a Hampton Court Maze that will be permanent for the season. There are also on the grounds a dancing pavilion and restaurant. The park is very pleasantly situated on the bank of the Penobscot River and no doubt will be a popular resort.

**PEAK'S ISLAND.**—THE GEM (Byron Douglas, manager): Diplomacy 6-11. Confusion 13-18. Aristocracy 20-25. As You Like It 27-29. —MCCULLUM'S CAPE THEATRE (Bartley McCullum, manager): The Dawn of Freedom will open the house 13-15.—ITEMS: Lisle Leigh arrived at Peak's Island May 26 and will be the guest of Mrs. George C. Ricker until the opening of McCullum's Cape Theatre, where she is to appear this season.—Seats are all sold for the opening night of the Gem Theatre 6.—Peter McCullum has accepted his old position on the door of McCullum's new house.—The Gem Stock co. arrived here 30 and the McCullum co. 1. Both cos. are well housed near their respective theatres and rehearsals are being held daily.—Messrs. Higgins and Watson, of the Jefferson, Portland, have been engaged as head usher and ticket taker respectively at the Gem, while Mot Woodbury, property man at the Jefferson, and Lew Wallace, stage carpenter at the Portland, will officiate in the same capacities at the Gem. Walter Flagg will be janitor there.

**PORTLAND.**—THE JEFFERSON (Fay Brothers and Hosford, managers): Corse Payton opened his fourth and last week 30-4, presenting The Daughter of the Regiment, Drifted Apart, Kathleen Mavourneen, The Pearl of Savoy, Camille, A Parisian Princess, My Kentucky Home, The Galley Slave, Ten Nights in a Barroom, Two Nights in Rome, Flirtation, and The Plunger, to tremendous business. The California Acrobatic Trio were a special attraction. Special nights last week were Regimental Night, May 31, when the High School Cadets were presented with a national flag; and Flag Raising and Souvenir Night 1, and Dewey

Night 2, when every lady received a silver Dewey spoon. Maine Symphony Orchestra 8.

## MASSACHUSETTS.

**LOWELL.**—OPERA HOUSE (Fay Brothers and Hosford, managers): E. H. Sothern gave Lord Chumley 1 and a very able co. supported him, especially Margaret Anglin, Rowland Buckstone, and Marshall Stedman. Mr. Sothern was accorded a splendid welcome, although the audience was but fair in size.—ITEMS: It is whispered that James Gilbert will open the theatre at Lakeview Park soon with an opera co. Mr. Gilbert is not lacking in ability nor experience at this resort, but the house is a doubtful quantity from a box-office view. Hayes' Merry Entertainers are giving an excellent open-air performance at this place week of 30.—The Nickelodeon is as yet among the active.—The Dazzler has closed and as a result Manager Cosgrove, Ed Cosgrove, William H. Way, Rose Leslie, Harry Reed, and Frank Mack may be found seeking the local rialto. Musical Director Ferdinand Singh is at home for a period, and his fellow director, William K. Hallowell, of the Palace, Boston, is a weekly visitor.—Ida Marie Rogers, who has been leading lady for The Dazzler the past season, is in town visiting. Her numerous commendatory notices are proof sufficient of how the press has viewed her excellent work.

ORMSBY A. COURT.

**WORCESTER.**—THEATRE (James F. Rock, manager): E. H. Sothern had a packed house in Lord Chumley May 30, the occasion being the annual benefit to Manager Rock. This will close the season.—LOTHROP'S OPERA HOUSE (Alfred T. Wilton, manager): O'Hooligan's Wedding 23-28 did a fair business with a poor show; Grace Tynon was the only one of the cast worth consideration. Manager Wilton's annual benefit took place 30 with twenty-five volunteers, nearly all well-known professionals; the house was crowded; after the performance the beneficiary tendered a banquet on the stage to the volunteering artists, the house attaches and the newspaper men.

**SPRINGFIELD.**—GILMORE'S COURT SQUARE THEATRE (W. C. Lenoir, manager): Local talent will present The Bohemian Girl 8, 9 for the benefit of the Maine monument fund.—NELSON THEATRE (P. F. Shea and Co., managers): Corse Payton's No. 1 co. will begin a week's engagement 6. The week's business of the No. 2 was phenomenally large, S. R. O. being the rule.

**WALTHAM.**—PARK THEATRE (Edward Davenport, manager): Joseph Greene co. May 31 in A Plain Old Irishman, for the benefit of the family of the late M. J. Greene, of the co.; performance very creditable and witnessed by a great number of friends of Mr. Greene.

**WESTFIELD.**—OPERA HOUSE (Clarence Van Deusen, manager): Patriotic and sacred concerts May 22 and 29 were very enjoyable and attracted fair audiences, but the pecuniary returns were such that Manager Van Deusen has decided to close the house for the season.

**PLYMOUTH.**—DAVIS OPERA HOUSE (Perry and Caverley, managers): The Peacemaker (local) May 30 to the capacity of the house. The play was written by Alfred S. Burns, of this city, author of The Volunteer. It gave satisfaction and will be repeated 7.

**BROCKTON.**—CITY THEATRE (W. B. Cross, manager): The Miles Stock co. did fair business, giving satisfactory performances, 23-28; the co. closed their engagement to large houses 30, presenting Michael Strogoff and A Fair Rebel.

**FITCHBURG.**—WHITNEY OPERA HOUSE (J. R. Oldfield, manager): Local production of Our Starry Banner May 30 closed this house for the season. The next season will probably open the last week in August.

## MICHIGAN.

**SAULT STE. MARIE.**—SOO OPERA HOUSE (C. W. Given, manager): Bryan's Comedians May 23-28 in The Census Taker, The Diamond Mystery, Bradford's Trouble, A Leap Year Legend, Uncle Meander's Visit, A Hot Time in the Old Town, U. T. C., and vaudeville; good houses; general satisfaction. Darkest America 30, 31. Senter Payton co. 6-13.

**MANISTEE.**—OPERA HOUSE (Edward Johnson, manager): Madame Ohmstrom Renard and Miss MacKenzie gave a concert here 24 to fair business. Darkest America 26 to crowded house; performance good.

**ADRIAN.**—NEW CROSWELL OPERA HOUSE (C. D. Hardy, manager): The Courtenay-Morgan co. opened May 30 in Sweetheart, or The Waif of Vicksburg, for a week, to a very good house, and gave satisfaction.

**LUDINGTON.**—OPERA HOUSE (U. S. Grant, manager): Darkest America to fair house May 25; performance fair.

**COLDWATER.**—TIBBITS' OPERA HOUSE (John T. Jackson, manager): Animated war pictures 4. Uncle Josh 9.

## MINNESOTA.

**WINONA.**—OPERA HOUSE (J. Straslipka, manager): The United Commercial Travelers presented to their convention, held in our city, a vaudeville entertainment May 27. It was furnished them by Colonel Hopkins, of Chicago, and made a hit with a big house. The co. was headed by Frank Bush, and included Herbert Albini, Nellie McGuire, Swor and Devoe, Charles Whiting, Howard and Bland, Edward Shields. The Cherry Sisters 28 gave one of their unique entertainments to a good house. The Gibneys 30-4. Martin's U. T. C. 2.

**DULUTH.**—THE LYCEUM (E. Z. Williams, manager): Town Topics 18; fair-sized and well-pleased audience.—ITEM: Andrew McPhee's Dramatic and Specialty co. under canvas 23-28 to immense audiences.—The Pavilion Summer Theatre will open for the season 5, under management of Matt Kussel.

**OWATONNA.**—METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE (George R. Kinyon, manager): William Owen co. May 30 in Faust to large house; excellent performance.

**HANKATO.**—THEATRE (Jack Hoefler, manager): Martin's U. T. C. May 31 to S. R. O.; co. good. Hoefler Stock co. 6-18. A Breezy Time 27.

**ST. CLOUD.**—DAVIDSON OPERA HOUSE (E. T. Davidson, manager): Empire Opera co. 2-4.

## MISSOURI.

**SPRINGFIELD.**—BALDWIN THEATRE (Charles E. Brooks, manager): Marie Bell Opera co. 30-4, benefit Elks.

## MONTANA.

**BILLINGS.**—OPERA HOUSE (A. L. Babcock, manager): Dick P. Sutton co. (return) in The Heart of Cuba May 27. U. T. C. 28; fair performance; poor business. A Boy Wanted 3.

**MISSOULA.**—UNION OPERA HOUSE (John Maguire, manager): The Prodigal Father May 25; poor performance to small house.

**HELENA.**—MING'S OPERA HOUSE (John W. Luke, manager): As You Like It May 23; good house; fair performance. A Boy Wanted 2.

## NEBRASKA.

**BROKEN BOW.**—NORTH SIDE OPERA HOUSE (E. R. Furcell, manager): Bosco, magician, May 30-1.

**LINCOLN.**—THE FUNKE (Frank C. Zehring, manager): Edison's war-graph May 27, 28; business good.

## NEVADA.

**RENO.**—MCKISSICK'S OPERA HOUSE (Edward Piper, manager): Katie Putnam in A Texas Steer May 24; performance excellent; good house.

## NEW JERSEY.

**NEWARK.**—COLUMBIA THEATRE (F. W. Voigt, manager): A Spy of Spain was the closing attraction at this house May 30-4.—ITEMS: Victor Herbert's Band gave a most enjoyable concert at the Newark Theatre 1.—Manager Fred Waldmann, upon his retirement from the house that bears his name, 28, was presented by the employees with a large American flag and a floral horseshoe.—Newark will have five theatres in operation next season.

C. Z. KENT.

**ORANGE.**—MUSIC HALL (George P. Kingsley, manager): The Princess and the Butterfly May 30.

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Mr. Cook's lyrics are well adapted to musical treatment, and are always bright and at times exceedingly clever.—Boston Herald.  
Mr. Cook has the mastery of flexible and diversified rhythm.—Boston Courier.  
Lyrics are far above the average in the modern comic opera.—Boston Post.  
Mr. Cook has written some admirable lyrics for the production, no librettist that I know of displaying such facility in this direction.—N. Y. Dramatic Mirror.

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Success in the Vaudeville.

Fairview Park Casino, Dayton, O., week of May 29th. Lake Hiawatha Park, Mt. Vernon, O., week of June 6th.

## GEO. W. MITCHELL.

Dialect character actor and stage director. Just closed at the Academy of Music, Rochester, N. Y. At liberty with or without stage management. Address 202 W. 29th St., N. Y.



## Thalia—The Eye Witness.

Melodrama in five acts, by Lincoln J. Carter.  
Produced Jan. 22.

George Lamont ..... Joseph Stanhope  
John Lamont ..... Fred Reynolds  
Silas Lamont ..... James Stillson  
Dolan McKinley ..... Charles Lorraine  
Biff Bass ..... Donald Franck  
Albert Wallace ..... Henry Harrison  
Bill ..... Emmanuel A. Turner  
Crooky ..... Charles Lorraine  
Dave ..... Emmanuel A. Turner  
McFarley ..... C. W. Boyer  
Ellen Wallace ..... Charles Mack  
Lulu O'Rafferty ..... Christine Prince  
Clare Emery ..... Edna Marshall  
Mrs. Hatchett ..... Jane Carson  
Bridget O'Rafferty ..... Mina Manley  
St. George Hussey

This melodrama—and there are five acts of it, subdivided into nine scenes—is far more conventional than Bedford's Hope, the Lincoln J. Carter production which has recently received such critical approbation. The Eye Witness returns to the typical Irish comedians, the typical tomboy of Bowery houses, the typical marriage certificate and the typical villains in the first and second degrees. The scenery, particularly that of the drowning and rescue, was remarkably constructed, as in all of Carter's concoctions. How that final cyclone was managed is a puzzle to baffle the uninitiated and to command the respect of the "old timers"; yet the general impression is not extraordinary. The leap of an automobile over an open drawbridge in the second scene of the fourth act was less thrilling than the posters would have led one to imagine, though it is true that the machine behaved precisely as advertised. Lincoln J. Carter, of Chicago, unlike most of our metropolitan wizards, does not deal in opium, white slaves, murder horrors from the yellow journals and the rock-bottom depths of the "social evil"; more-over, he can cram more scenery into one evening's entertainment than any other two authors on record.

For rather more than a year the eye-witness has been frustrating the dire purposes of John Lamont on the road, wherefore the public is already familiar with the black, black thread of the story. Old Ephram Lamont, being an unqualified villain, planned to get possession of Silas Lamont's estate, but Silas sold a mine, paid off the mortgage and had a surplus to boot, all of which, with the papers proving these transactions, he hid in an old squirrel hole. George Lamont, the good son of the sacred Silas, married Ellen Wallace, whom all careful observers knew to be the legitimate daughter of Ephram since they had seen Silas conceal her mother's marriage certificate with the other documents. Albert Wallace, brother of Ellen, supposing that his sister was married to the illegitimate son of her own father, persuaded her to decamp in his company, which naturally left the husband to suppose that he had been deserted. George went hunting for his wife, Silas died without telling any one where those papers had been hidden, and young John Lamont—devil by divine right of inheritance—appropriated all of his cousin's worldly goods. Ellen, on a dark night, returned to her foster-mother, Bridget O'Rafferty, lately married to Dolan McKinley, and that same evening the villain attempted to chloroform the inhabitants and burn the house, being foiled by O'Rafferty's daughter, the betrothed of Biff Bass. John saw that he could never be sure of the property so long as Ellen was alive. He hired a couple of thugs who sandbagged her, tied a rock around her neck and dropped her into the Chicago River. Biff was an eye-witness. The audience saw Ellen sink down through ten or twenty feet of stage water; Biff dove, untied the rock and triumphantly bore her up again to the surface. In the fourth act George discovered a letter telling of that squirrel hole, but one of John's spies overheard his in-judicious soliloquy. A race for home ensued. John bribed the men to open the drawbridge and George's automobile bravely leaped the gap. In the fifth and last act George, having been knocked senseless for the third time, was stowed in the cellar of the old homestead while John got possession of those precious deeds. At that moment there was a furious cyclone which made one think that all the scenery would have to be rebuilt for the next performance. All pandemonium was turned loose and the audience held its breath. The villain was killed, the hero, regaining consciousness, came out of the cellar and took the papers from the dead man's fist. In real life it

## PERSONAL.



GILMORE.—Paul Gilmore, at the close of his starring engagement in Under the Red Robe, was engaged by Henrietta Crossman to play King Charles in Mistress Nell for the current New York run of the play. Mr. Gilmore has made a good impression in the part.

ROYCE.—Brigham Royce was elected a member of the Lambs Club on May 23.

ORMONDE.—Eugene Ormonde has signed a year's contract with David Belasco and will go to San Francisco as leading man for Blanche Bates.

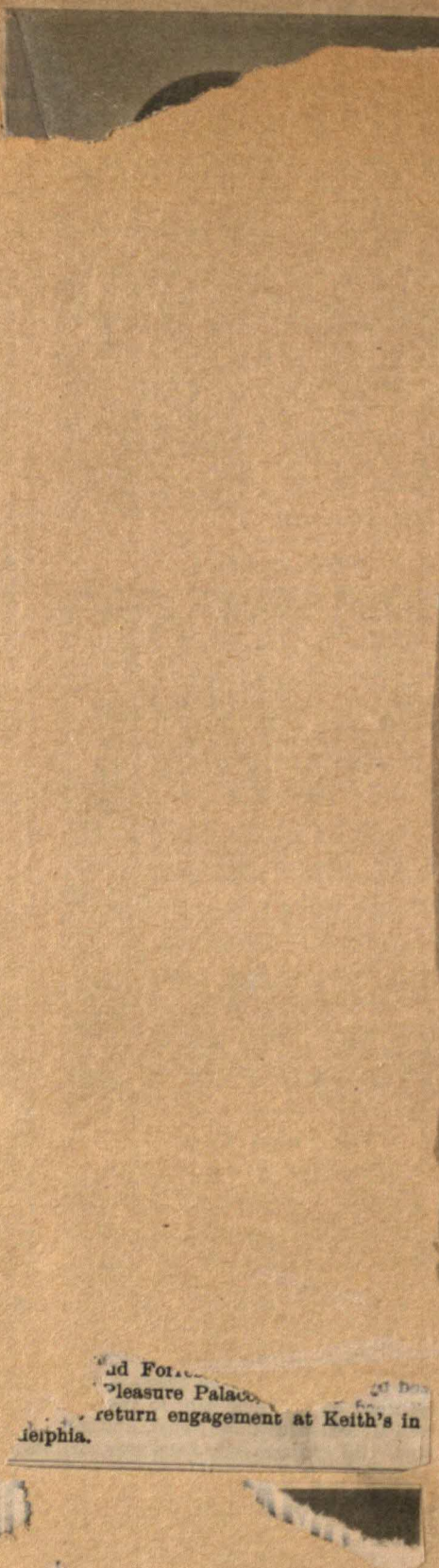
HOWLAND.—Jobyna Howland was engaged last week for one of the principal parts in The Messenger Boy, to be produced in New York next season. Miss Howland will spend her Summer in Maine, and will soon leave New York for that State.

YOUNG.—William Young, the dramatist, who has been abroad for some months, will sail for home this week. His health is much improved. Mr. Young will spend the Summer at the Highlands of Navesink.

DITMAR.—E. A. Ditmar has for some time been cabling dramatic news and views from London to the New York Times, of which he is dramatic critic.

PERKINS.—Walter E. Perkins returned to town on Saturday. His season in The Man from Mexico closed on May 11. He visited the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo and consulted with Mary, who was a dramatization of whose "Poor," he will

## A CLEVER IRISH COMEDIAN.



And For...  
Pleasure Palace  
return engagement at Keith's in  
Jeraphia.

## CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Week Ending March 30.

### Manhattan Borough.

METROPOLIS (Third Ave. and 142d St.), On the Suwanee River.  
OLYMPIC (2392 Third Ave., nr. 130th St.), The Victoria Burlesquers.  
HARLEM OPERA HOUSE (209-211 West 125th St.), Arizona.  
HURTIG AND SEAMON'S (209-211 West 125th St.), Vaudeville.  
PROCTOR'S (125th St., nr. Lexington Ave.), Continuous Vaudeville—2.00 to 10.45 p. m.  
CIRCLE MUSIC HALL (Broadway and 60th St.), Closed.  
PROCTOR'S PALACE (58th St., bet. Lexington and Third Aves.), Continuous Vaudeville—2.00 to 10.45 p. m.  
CARNEGIE HALL (Seventh Ave. and 57th St.), Symphony Concert for Young People—Sat. Aft., March 30.  
COLONIAL (1564 Broadway and 164-170 West 47 St.), Now building.  
NEW YORK (Broadway and 45th St.), The Giddy Thru—14th Week—109 to 116 Times.  
CRITERION (Broadway and 41st St.), Julia Marlowe in When Knighthood Was in Flower—11th Week—73 to 79 Times.  
BERKELEY LYCEUM (23 West 44th St.), Closed.  
VICTORIA (Seventh Ave. and 42d St.), My Lady—71 Week—46 to 53 Times.  
REPUBLIC (207-211 West 42d St., adjoining The Victoria), Viola Allen in the Palace of the King—13th Week—100 to 107 Times.  
AMERICAN (Eighth Ave., 42d and 41st Sts.), Henry Greenwall Stock in The Wages of Sin.  
MURRAY HILL (Lexington Ave. and 41st St.), Henry V. Donnelly Stock in Fedora.  
BROADWAY (Broadway and 41st St.), The Price of Peace—2d Week—5 to 12 Times.  
MENDELSSOHN HALL (113 West 40th St.), Fourth concert Kneisel Quartette—Tues. Eve., March 26.  
EMPIRE (Broadway and 40th St.), Mrs. Dane's Je-fence—13th Week—100 to 107 Times.  
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE (Broadway, 40th and 39th Sts.), Grand Opera in Italian, French and German—Repertoire 15th Week, Die Meister-singer (German), Salambo (French), Gotterdam-merung (German), Faust (French), Lohengrin (German), Tannhauser (German), Carmen (French).  
CASINO (Broadway and 39th St.), Florodora—20th Week—148 to 155 Times.  
KNICKERBOCKER (Broadway and 38th St.), To Have and to Hold—4th Week—25 to 32 Times.  
HERALD SQUARE (Broadway and 35th St.), The Girl from Up There—12th Week—89 to 96 Times.  
GARRICK (35th St., east of Sixth Ave.), Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines—8th Week—59 to 66 Times.  
KOSTER AND BIAL'S (145-149 West 34th St.), Vaudeville.  
SAVOY (112 West 34th St.), Closed for fourth time of current season—Sat. Eve., March 23.  
MANHATTAN (1285-1287 Broadway), Lovers' Lane—8th Week—56 to 63 Times.  
THIRD AVENUE (Third Ave., and 31st St.), Hogan's Alley.  
BIJOU (1239 Broadway) Amelia Bingham in The Climbers—11th Week 82 to 89 Times.  
WALLACK'S (Broadway and 30th St.), Edie Shannon and Herbert Kelsey in Manon Lescaut—2d Week—8 to 15 Times.  
DALY'S (Broadway and 30th St.), James T. Powers in San Toy—45 plus Revival 4th Week—25 to 32 Times.  
WEBER AND FIELDS' Broadway and 29th St.), Fiddle-Dee-Dee—30th Week—231 to 238 Times, and Travesties on The Gay Lord Quex—110 to 113 Times, and A Royal Family—110 to 113 Times—Burlesque on Captain Jinks announced for Thurs., March 28.  
COMIQUE (Broadway and 29th St., Closed Sat. Eve., Dec. 29).  
PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE (Broadway and 28th St.), Continuous Vaudeville—12.30 to 10.45 p. m., also Madame Butterfly—6th Week—61 to 72 Times.  
GARDEN (Madison Ave. and 27th St.), Under Two Flags—3d Week—57 to 64 Times.  
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (Madison and Fourth Aves., 27th and 26th Sts.), The Military Tournament.  
MINER'S (312-314 Eighth Ave.), The Trocadero Burlesquers.  
MADISON SQUARE (24th St., nr. Broadway), William Collier in On the Quiet—7th Week—51 to 58 Times.  
LYCEUM (Fourth Ave., bet. 23d and 24th Sts.), The Lash of Whip—5th Week—33 to 40 Times, also The Shades of Night—2d Week—9 to 16 Times.  
EDEN MUSEE (23d St., nr. Sixth Ave.), Figures in Wax—Concerts and Vaudeville.  
PROCTOR'S (23d St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves.), Continuous Vaudeville—12.30 to 10.45 p. m.  
GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Eighth Ave. and 23d St.), May Irwin as Madge Smith, Attorney.  
IRVING PLACE (Southwest cor. 15th St.), German Tragedy, Comedy and Opera.  
FOURTEENTH STREET (14th St., near Sixth Ave.), Channey Olcott in A Romance of Athlone—Re- vival—2d Week—10 to 17 Times.  
KEITH'S (East 14th St., nr. Broadway), Continuous Vaudeville—12.00 to 11.00 p. m.  
ACADEMY (Irving Place and 14th St.), Uncle Tom's Cabin—4th Week—25 to 32 Times.  
TONY PASTOR'S (143-147 14th St.), Contin- uous Vaudeville—12.30 to 11.00 p. m.  
DEWEY (126-132 East 14th St.), Howard and Eme- son's A New York Girl.  
STAR (Broadway and 13th St.), Col. and Johnson's A Trip to Coontown.  
GERMANIA (147 East 8th St.), Adolf Philipp in Der Millionen Schwab—14th Week—91 to 97 Times.  
LONDON (235-237 Bowery), The London Belles.  
PEOPLE'S (196-203 Bowery), The Hebrew Drama.  
MINERS (193-197 Bowery), Sam T. Jack's Own Bur- lesquers.  
THALIA (46-48 Bowery), The Hebrew Drama.  
WINDSOR (45-47 Bowery), The Hebrew Drama.

### Borough of Brooklyn.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC (176 to 194 Montague St.), PARK (383 Fulton St.), R. S. Spooner Stock in The War of Wealth—7th Week of Season.  
HYDE AND BEHMAN'S (340-352 Adams St.), Vaude- ville every afternoon and evening.  
NOVELTY (Driggs Ave. and South 4th St.), Vaude- ville every afternoon and evening.  
GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Elm Pla., nr. Fulton St.), Edie Elister in Barbara Frietchie.  
PAYTON (Lee Ave., opposite Taylor St.), Corse Pay- ton Stock in The Plunger and East Lynne.  
UNIQUE (194-196 Grand St.), The Broadway Bur- lesquers.  
LYCEUM (Montrose Ave. and Leonard St.), The Oc- torob.  
CRITERION (Fulton St., opposite Grand Ave.), Frank E. Baker Stock in Alabama—14th Week of Sea- son.  
AMPHION (437-441 Bedford Ave.), Richard Mansfield in King Henry V. A Parisian Romance, The First Violin, Beau Brummel, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.  
STAR (391-397 Jay St., nr. Fulton St.), The Utopians.  
EMPIRE (101-107 South 6th St.), Permanently closed Sat. Eve., March 16.  
COLUMBIA (Washington, Tillary and Adams Sts.), The Four Cohans in The Governor's Son—32 plus 1 to 8 Times.  
GAYETY (Broadway and Mott St.), The Little Minister.  
BIJOU (Smith and Livingston Sts.), The Convict's Daughter.  
MONTAUK (585-587 Fulton St.), Ada Rehan in Sweet Nell of Old Drury.  
PERCY WILLIAMS' MUSIC HALL (Fulton St. and Alabama Ave.), Side Tracked.  
ORPHEUM (Fulton St., Rockwell Pla., Flatbush Ave.), Vaudeville.

JUNE 6, 1914.

## 25 YEARS AGO.

Under this heading we will publish each week important and interesting amusement events oc- ccurring in the corresponding week a quarter of a century ago.

- May 31, 1889.—Johnstown Flood. The dam at North Fork, Pa., reservoir broke. The waters rushed down the Conemaugh Valley, carrying destruction in its wake and caus- ing great loss of life. The Johnstown Opera House and the Renova, Pa., Opera House were destroyed by the flood.
- June 1.—"The Spider's Web," by Paul M. Pot- ter and Harry Hamlin, first acted in America at Elgin, Ill.
- June 2.—John Snyder, contortionist, made his pro- fessional debut at the Apollo Theatre, Evansville, Ind.
- June 3.—"Eather Sandraz," Sydney Grundy's adaptation of Adolph Belot's novel, first acted in America at McVicker's, Chicago, Ill.
- June 3.—"For His Natural Life," Inigo Tyrrell's dramatization of Marcus Clerk's novel, first acted in New York, at the Harlem Omique.
- June 5.—Galveston, Tex., Lodge, B. P. O. Elks Instituted.
- June 6.—Freya's Opera House, Cort's Stand- ard Theatre and Smith's Bijou Theatre, all of Seattle, Wash., burned.

### DURING THE WEEK.

- PATTI ROSA's picture appeared on the front page of THE CLIPPER.
- A FORM, "Eleven P. M.," by Earle Remington, was published in THE CLIPPER.
- GILMORE'S PEACE JUBILEE was held at Boston. Sig. Campanini, Myron W. Whitney, Sig. Del Puente, Sig. Liberati and Sig. Ferrari were among the soloists.
- CORA TANNER, Wm. E. Sinn and Walter Sinn sailed for Europe.
- EDWARDS' LONDON GAIETY BURLESQUERS sailed for England.
- BILLY ANGEROTH was with the Dale Bros.' Shows.
- GARNELLA BROTHERS were with the McDonald & Co. Circus.
- WALLA LEONHART, Geo. Holland, Kate Hollo- way were members of the Holland & Gormley Shows.
- JOHN VIDOCQ was manager of Governor's, At- lantic City, N. J.
- MANY contributions from theatrical companies were sent to the Johnstown Flood sufferers.
- DAN SULLY's Baseball Club played a game with the Five As' nine at the Manhattan Athletic Grounds, New York.
- JAS. H. WALLICK had his stock farm at Circle- ville, N. Y.
- R. G. KNOWLES announced himself at liberty in THE CLIPPER.
- MARAUDER beat Hanover for the Brooklyn Cup, at Gravesend.
- J. H. WHALEN announced a number of im- provements would be made in the Buckingham, Louisville, Ky.
- HOWS AND DOYLE finished with Haverly's Min- strel.
- TOM GILLEN was matched to fight Eugene Horabacher for the feather weight championship of America at the Cribb Club at Harlem, for a purse of \$150, two ounces avoirdupois, the police inter- ferred and the fight never was finished.

# STAGEHANDS'



By JAMES WHITTAKER

**T**AIL between its legs and a bleached bone in its mouth, an American Social Era has finally crept off the historical scene. It was the era which will be tagged the "Age of the Metropolitan Opera Diamond Horseshoe" in the history books, which soon will be explaining in footnotes what was meant by this odd bit of elegant American argot—as follows:

"Diamond Horseshoe: North American slang description of boxes distributed in semi-circle in opera houses of the 'show-off' period; specifically 35 boxes of the original Metropolitan Opera House of New York City; also refers to the glitter of jewelry worn by the womenfolk of the box-owners, in the taste of the period, on necks, arms, in the hair; see Goelet, Vanderbilt, Astor, Harriman, Kahn, Mills, Cutting, Morgan; also Lind (Jenny), Caruso, de Reszke, Nordica, Fremstad, Chaliapin, Farrar; also Smithsonian Institution."

The event which will serve as marker on the site of dead social glories is publication notice, by the Diamond Horseshoe itself, of its abdication. Over the signatures of J. P. Morgan, Cornelius Bliss, Mrs. William Bayard Cutting, and other descendants of the opera founders, Generation No. 3 of the disappearing Wall Street Peerage has been invited to declare itself through—broke—down to a short peck of diamonds per daughter, and ready to move out of the Diamond Horseshoe and let the rhinestone ruff-raff move in.

Recipients of the Morgan message have been asked to vote the Metropolitan Opera Association of 35 Gotham First Families dissolved, and the plush-lined Broadway kennel where they displayed their blue ribbons on opera nights the property by gift to a non-pedigreed horde, including such human oddments as persons who go to the opera because they like it, and persons who perform opera because they know how.

It would be more pleasant to state that the prospects are that the next few months will see this mass abdication of New York's ultra-aristocracy (the part of it which considers the 400 a mob) carried out in regal style. At least in the magnificent "shoot-a-million" style which attended the birth of their dynasty a half century back, when Grandpas Ogden Goelet, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John Jacob Astor, George F. Baker, Ogden Mills, Adrian Iselin and J. P. Morgan the Elder drove up in their victorias to inspect the gutted ruins of the first "Met" on Aug. 27, 1892, and decided there and then, check-books in hand, to underwrite a \$5,000,000 fund from the 35 Big Spenders present to rebuild the joint gaudier and plushier than ever.

Yes, it would be nice to say that the

Era is going out as cockily as it came in. But sadly, this is not shaping up as the case. Some of the heirs of the Flashy Fathers are squawking that they ought to pull out with what the old man put in. Why not sell out, they say, and close New York Opera at a profit to themselves?

This point of view, however, is being challenged by a body of "opera commoners" called the Opera Guild, who have been footing opera bills for the last few years. Their scouts have unearthed the interesting fact that the Diamond Horseshoe occupants, far from being charged for the best seats in the house, have been making a tidy profit for 20 years out of the foresight of their forebears in providing that the boxes be family-owned. By tax-suit in 1926 against Miss Georgina Iselin, daughter of Adrian, founding owner of Box 15, the U. S. Government established that Miss Iselin not only had occupied her box on free pass for 68 opera nights of that year of Scotti, Gigli, Chaliapin and the debut of Lauritz Melchior, but that she had horse-traded her "dead-head" rights to social climbers on 47 other nights for a net profit of \$5,625.00.

At this writing, the faction that wants to pull up stakes and let all Diamond Horseshoe seats be sold at the box office appears to be a trifle ahead of the group that insists on proprietorship in their boxes.

Whatever the result, the Diamond Horseshoe as New York has known it is ended. And so is the social era it so lavishly represented.



"Girl of the Golden West" was performed at the "Met" in the halcyon days when Caruso thrilled the world with his golden voice. No one dreamed then that the descendants of the fathers of the Diamond Horseshoe

would one day vote themselves out of the charmed circle. Below, a photograph of the "Met" during performance, showing those who come to be seen, and those in the upper balconies who come only to hear.



Jenny Lind, whose singing prompted New York tycoons to establish opera in New York.



Lauritz Melchior and Kirsten Flagstad, Wagnerian singers appearing in present day opera at the "Met," are probably two of the finest operatic singers ever to play these roles.







Resplendent in jewels and ermine, society filled the tiers of the Diamond Horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House as a new season was launched. The blare of automobile horns and glare of photographers' flashlights added their own touch as the Met's fifty-fourth opera season began with the presentation of Verdi's "Otello." Here's the setting as seen from the stage, with Ettore Panizza, orchestra conductor, on the podium.

(By Wide World)



PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK



PETER STUYVESANT (MR. CRANE) KATRINA VAN DER PLANCK (MISS MILLIKEN) SIR REGINALD FARQUHAR (MR. COURTLEIGH) CONRAD TEN EYCK (MR. INGERSOLL) ANNEKE STUYVESANT (MISS HASWELL)

WILLIAM H. CRANE IN "PETER STUYVESANT" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE. SCENE FROM ACT II.—  
"MY HAPPY, HAPPY CHILDREN!"

## THE DRAMA

THE GREATEST success of the new American play by Bronson Howard and Brander Matthews, which Mr. W. H. Crane is presenting at Wallack's Theatre, has been won by the scenery and the costumes. These, indeed, leave nothing to be desired in the way of accuracy, quaint picturesqueness, and of delightful combinations of color. The four acts progress through three settings, the first in the garden of Whitehall, Governor Stuyvesant's house, painted by Homer Emens; the second and fourth, the work of Richard Marston, within the house itself, and the third, by Emens, at the old fort on the Battery. If the spectator could close his ears and follow the piece with his eyes only, he would be treated to a series of pictures, carrying him straight back to the New Amsterdam of the early sixteen-sixties, shortly before, as the programme explains, the name of the colony was changed to New York.

It is a pity that the conspicuous merits of the production should end with the accessories. The authors had a fine field, almost a virgin field, and in Peter Stuyvesant they found a character ideally suited to the stage. Washington Irving describes Stuyvesant as "a tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor." Every one of these qualities is scenic; taken together, they make a character more interesting and human than even Sir Peter Teazle. But what have the dramatists done with him? They have converted him into a petty, bothersome match-maker, whose fatuousness frequently borders on imbecility. They have forced him to become the central figure in a hodge-podge of crudely devised incidents, generally farcical, occasionally melodramatic, into which are woven the two main threads of the plot. The farcical incidents show how Governor Stuyvesant tries to force two young couples to fall in love with each other, mistaking them, of course. The inevitable word of explanation at the start would have made all these incidents impossible; but the dramatists could not have allowed this to be spoken, for it would have shattered their play by making four people happy at once, instead of uniting them according to their inclinations in the last act. The melodrama is equally gratuitous and even more involved. The old device is employed of throwing suspicion on the integrity of one of the lovers, the nephew whom Peter worships as his own son, and who refuses to declare his innocence in order to protect the other, who is his friend. This might have been treated with some freshness and vigor, but it does not for one moment endure the test of critical examination. It would have been a very simple matter for the young fellow to declare his innocence, without in any way casting suspicion on his friend. The best work in the piece has no connection with the plot; it concerns the love affair between a bachelor French doctor of middle age and the Governor's sister, adroitly developed from Stuyvesant's match-making proclivities. The two people agree to humor the Governor by pretending to fall in with his scheme and end by actually falling in love. This pretty little episode begins in a grossly farcical manner, but later takes itself out of the dramatists' hands and develops very naturally and charmingly. Of course, the idea has been treated again and again, but it rests on so recognizable a trait in human nature that it is always interesting.

In point of technical construction the piece shows the hand of the skilled play-builder. It is in the treatment that it fails. Even the exaggerated incidents might have been given vitality if they had been deftly handled. The greatest of the English dramatists has used

plots that would cause modern melodramas to be laughed off the stage, and yet he has made them seem life-like; but Shakespeare never touched a character without giving it humanity. Apart from a few of the secondary figures, such as the French doctor and the Governor's sister, the people in "Peter Stuyvesant" have no real individuality. Moreover, throughout the piece, there are none of those flashes of insight that light up a character. Some of the episodes have already done valiant service in the old English farces, now in oblivion. What excuse, for example, can be made for the introduction of cayenne pepper into the punch which the Governor forces his guests to drink? And what can be said for the manners of the English lover, supposed to be a gentleman, who grossly insults, on first meeting, the charming little Dutch girl who a few moments later is to fall desperately in love with him? This is a reproduction, by the way, of one of the episodes used by Jerome K. Jerome in "Miss Hobbs," and it shows how closely our modern dramatists follow nature and life. On the whole, the piece must be regarded as a great disappointment. Beside "Nathan Hale,"

do violence to the historical figures introduced. Art may be truer than historical facts, but there is no excuse for the vulgarization of character. If poor Peter Stuyvesant could see himself as he appears on the stage of Wallack's Theatre, he would turn in his grave.

There is another merit in the piece that should be recognized, negative perhaps, but still grateful, its avoidance of old-fashioned stilted language. To catch the antique flavor in dialogue requires genius, a quality which can be claimed for neither of the present collaborators; but they have shown talent in using language which, without being in any way brilliant, serves as an easy medium. It is astonishing, however, that playwrights so experienced as Mr. Howard and Mr. Matthews should have fallen into the mistake, common among beginners, of trying to achieve brilliancy by holding several of their characters up to ridicule. This kind of workmanship wins laughter and applause from the thoughtless playgoer, ready to be amused by any means, however trifling; but it is disastrous in a work designed as high comedy.

As the old Dutch governor, Mr. W. H. Crane has a chance to show what he can do in a part very different from the characters he has been identified with for several seasons. These characters, indeed, allowed him to play himself so consistently that they had become almost a reproach. Playgoers began to declare that Mr. Crane could play nothing but himself. As Peter Stuyvesant, unfortunately, he offers no evidence to the contrary. He appears in a fine make-up and he shows great ingenuity in the management of the wooden leg, with its silver ornamentations, so humorously described by Irving. But he never completely identifies himself with the character, he never makes you forget that it is all a pleasant make-believe. The part, as actors say, is very "fat," and it would tax the resources of a much greater player than Mr. Crane. In the first act, where he makes a long speech to his council, he falls into a monotonous delivery which suggests that he only half understands what he is saying. The speech itself is commonplace to the last degree; but it is the business of an actor to do the best possible for the playwright, to give such variety to the delivery of the lines that everything in them shall be clearly and forcibly expressed. The four young lovers are played by William Courtleigh, who advanced in skill with astonishing rapidity during his recent two years with the Lyceum Company; Miss Sandol Milliken, who made a good place for herself on our stage by her clever work in a variety of parts last season with the Murray Hill Stock Company; and by Miss Percy Haswell and Mr. William Ingersoll. Miss Haswell constantly offends by her affected and lachrymose delivery, but Miss Milliken acts with a most refreshing ingenuousness. The two men are adequate, nothing more. Mr. Courtleigh, who has unquestionable talent, ought to be sharply censured by his manager for not keeping in his character while he has no lines to speak. The best acting in the piece is done by Mr. William Sampson as the French doctor, a really beautiful performance, direct, life-like, without the least suggestion of exaggeration or burlesque. Good work is done, too, by Miss Leila Bronson, as a serving-maid, and by Mr. Thad. Shine, as her Irish lover, who is used as the scapegoat of the piece, the direct agency of the villainy which no one can take seriously, even the irate Peter making a joke of it at the end. Miss Bronson was like a ray of sunshine through the piece, and Mr. Shine almost succeeded in giving vitality to a wholly conventional character. Throughout the performance there were a great many charming groupings, and the dance, in which Peter showed how nimbly he could jump about with his wooden leg, was really delicious. The action of the piece would make first-rate pantomime.

JOHN D. BARRY.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHICKERING, BOSTON.

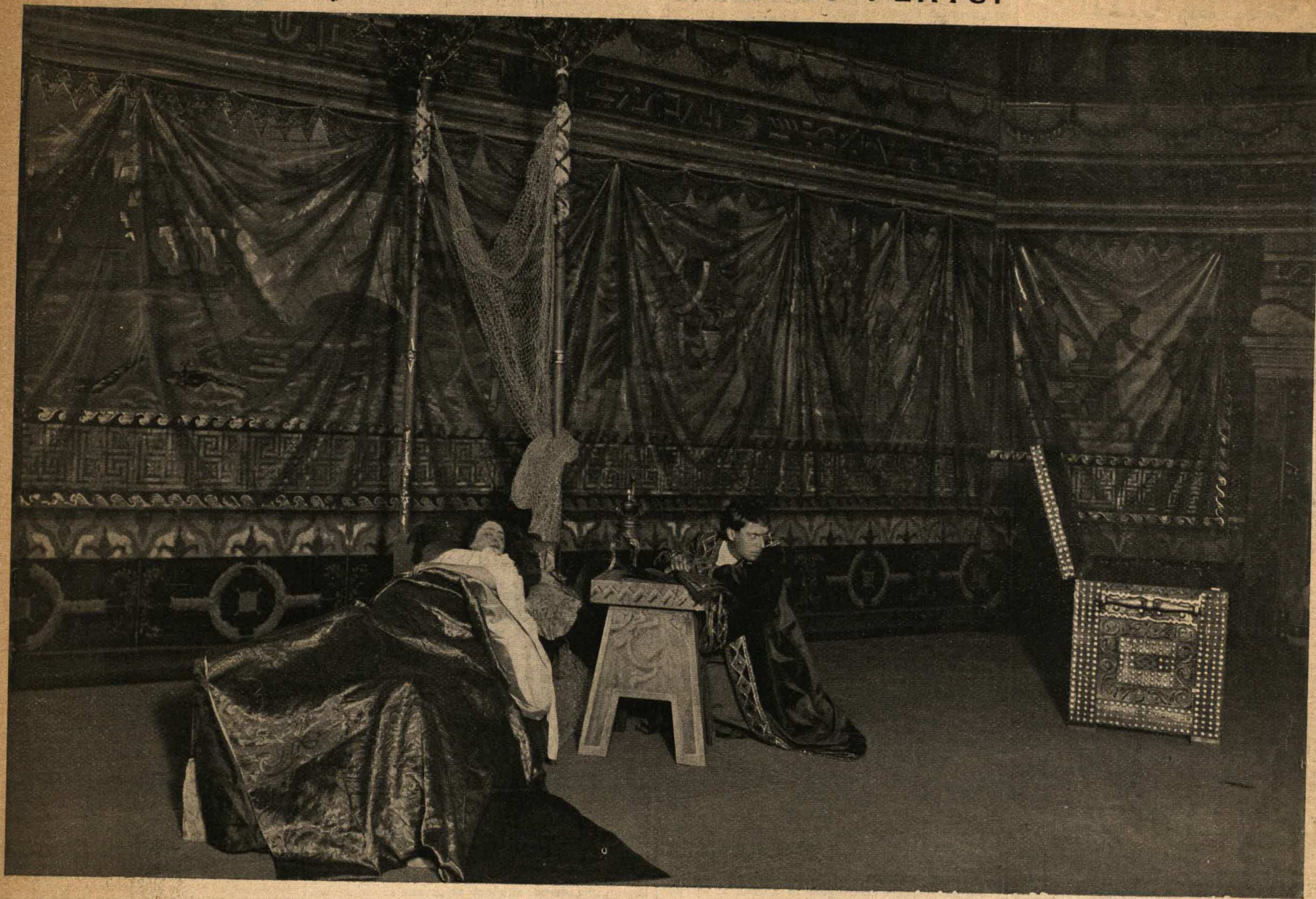
WILLIAM H. CRANE

which we saw last year, it seems a very feeble picture of American life. In much of its treatment "Nathan Hale" had a flippancy out of keeping with the theme; but it gave the sense of life and it was always interesting. "Peter Stuyvesant" will not add to the reputation of Bronson Howard, whose prestige as the best of American dramatists is now in jeopardy, with such young men as Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas working hard in the field of American manners.

The great virtue of the piece, the virtue for which it has received praise on all sides, lies in its treatment of an American theme. It seems pitiful that this should be so rare as to be considered a virtue; but it is in dramatic art that we have thus far proven ourselves most provincial. As has already been intimated, "Peter Stuyvesant" makes no pretence of being historically accurate. The dramatists have taken great liberties with their subject. There is no reason why such liberties should not be taken, as Mr. Howard remarked on the night of the first production, so long as—and here is the crucial point—the liberties do not



THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.  
SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



MARGARET MATHER.

E. J. HENLEY.

WALLACK'S THEATRE. CYMBELINE. ACT II. SCENE II: IMOGEN'S BED-CHAMBER.

IACHIMO: "I have enough. To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it."  
SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



CHARLES HARBURY. LOUISA ELDRIDGE.

FREDERICK BOND. ISABELLE COE.

KATHERINE GREEN. MAX FIGMAN.

GARDEN THEATRE: HIS ABSENT BOY. ACT III.—MR. PENNIE'S COTTAGE.



SCENES FROM CURRENT PLAYS.



M. DARMONT.

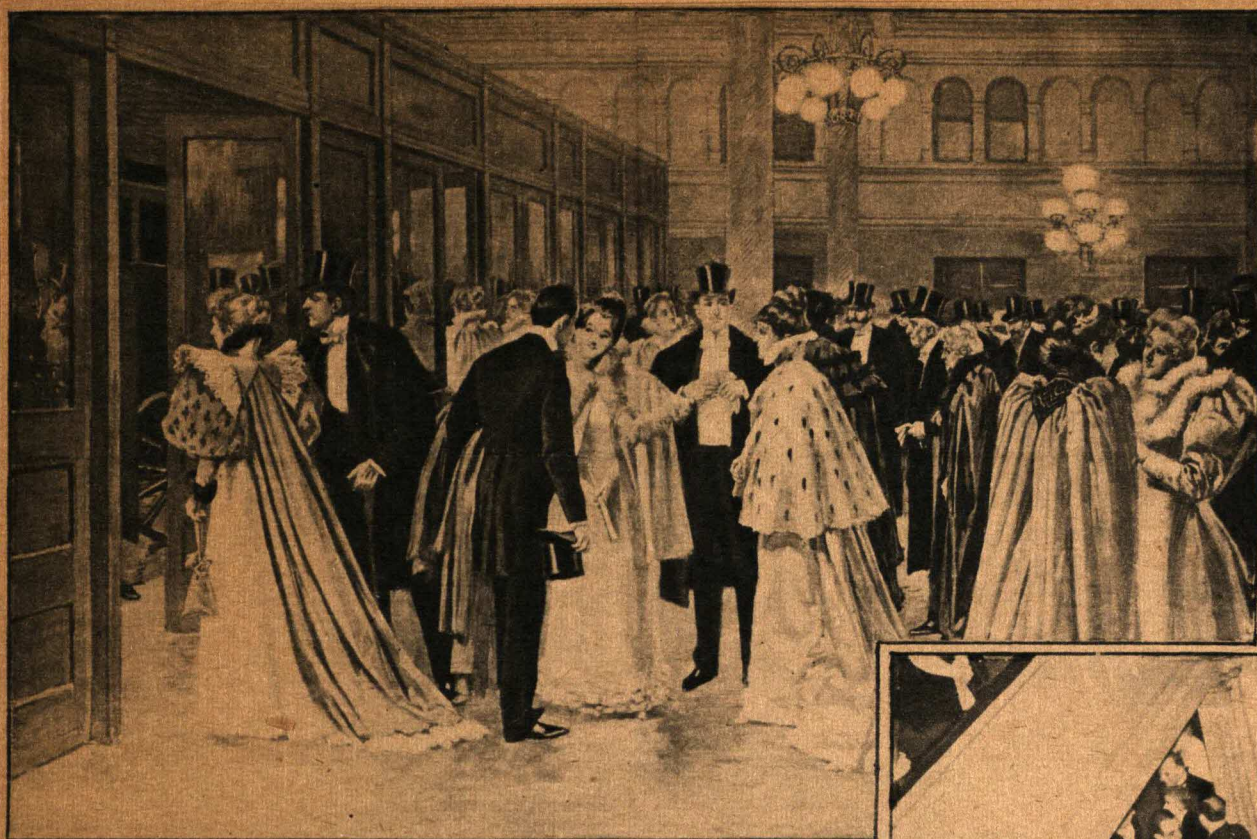
SARAH BERNHARDT.

ABBAY'S THEATRE.—ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR. ACT III.



The Chorus of Trusts in "My Syndi-Kate," New Amsterdam Aerial Theatre and Gardens





The drawing (above) depicts the "Met" during the days when New York's leaders in financial and social circles took out their check books to make the opera house New York's Mecca of society and

the arts. With the exception of the change in dress styles, the crowd shown in the lobby represented the same brilliance as that represented today in the photograph at the right.

# End of the Reign of the Diamond Horseshoe

JANUARY 14, 1940



The photograph (left) shows the "Met" in 1895; the photograph (lower left) shows a group of ladies rehearsing in that early period. These were the glittering days of the opera house; when Gotham's 35 First Families underwrote a \$5,000,000 fund to make the "Met" more glittering and gaudier than ever.

The present day crowd representing New York's top society attended "Die Walkure" sung by Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior, with probably the world's greatest Wagnerian cast.



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt (above) wife of the financier, who was one of the men who made the magnificent gesture in 1892, of investing in the opera to make it the world's finest.



FEB. 15.

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