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THE THEATRE

Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Theatrical and Musical Life

VOL. II, 1902

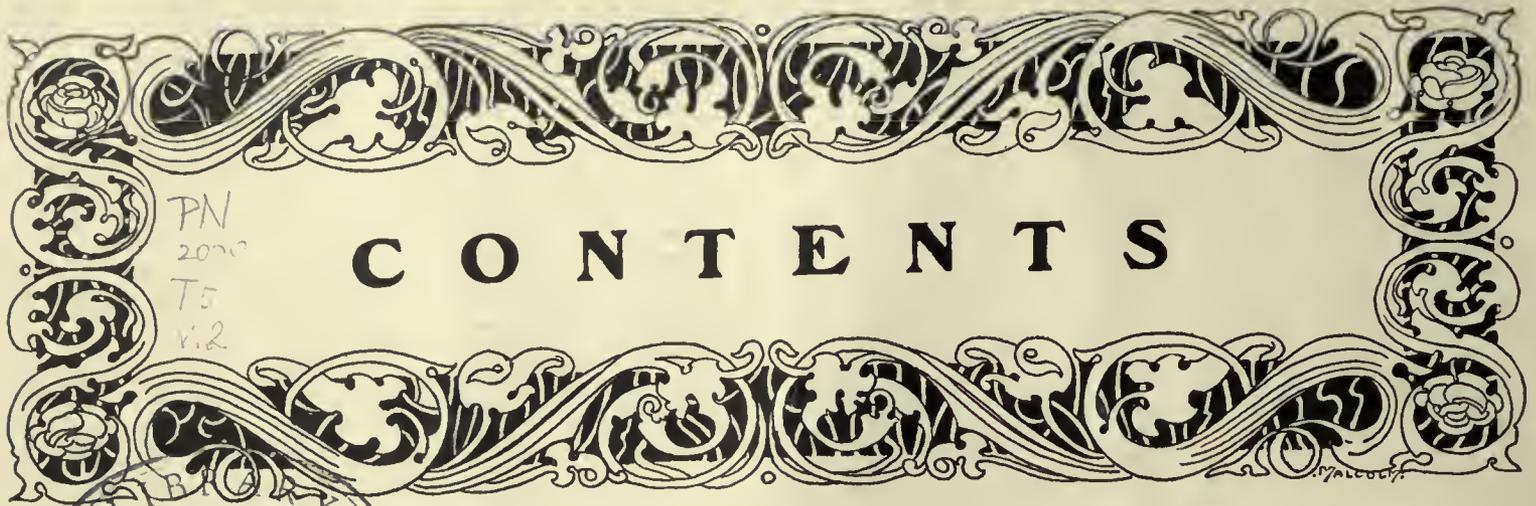


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THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE DRAMA AND MUSIC



MISS VIOLA ALLEN

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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



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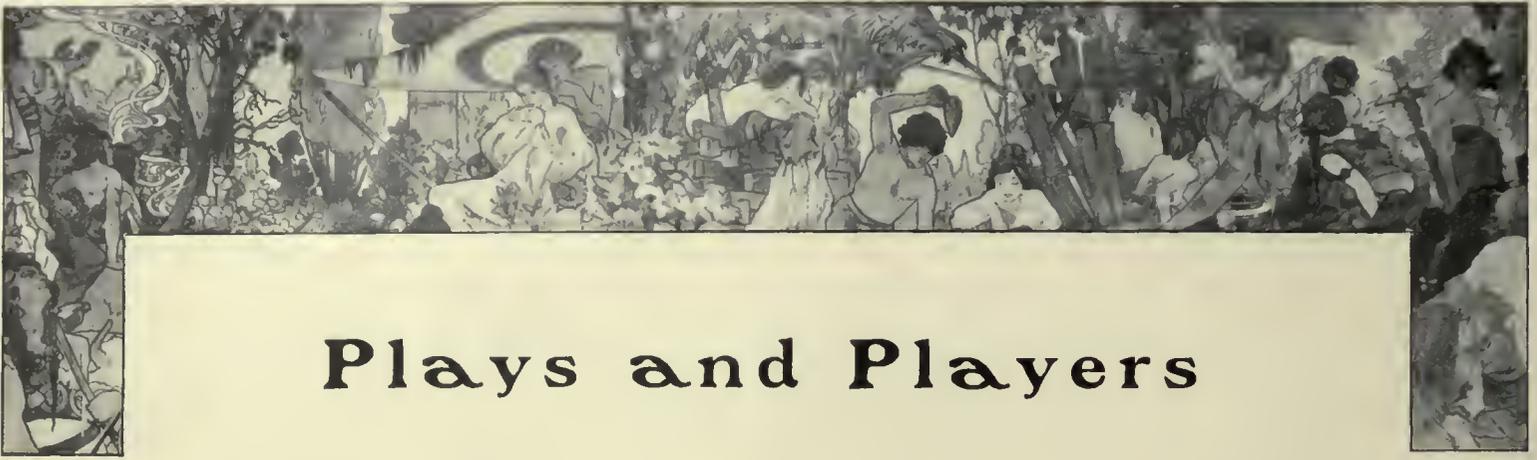
WINIFRED STANTON
(Miss Annie Russell)

MRS. CHARTRES
(Mrs. Gilbert)

GEORGE CHARTRES
(Mr. Orrin Johnson)

ACT II.—WINIFRED: "Don't go, dear Mrs. Chartres"

"THE GIRL AND THE JUDGE" AT THE LYCEUM



Plays and Players

WITH the present issue THE THEATRE enters upon its second year. When the publication of this magazine was begun last May many wished us success, but believed success hardly possible in the face of the enormous number of periodicals already in existence. We were more sanguine. It seemed to us that in a vast country like this, where more interest is taken in the playhouse and its people than anywhere else in the world, there was room for a theatrical and musical magazine having nothing in common with the existing trade journals, but conducted solely in the interest of the theatre-going public, a monthly magazine which should be conducted in a dignified manner and with seriousness of purpose, free from suggestiveness and vulgarity, well and entertainingly written, pictorially and typographically beautiful, and, above all, independent and fearless in its criticisms. Our aim was to make this periodical an illustrated chronicle of the contemporary stage, so that future students of the drama may find in our files a faithful reflection of the theatre of our time—pictures of scenes from the plays of the day, portraits of our actors and singers, scenic art, costumes, etc.

THE THEATRE was started and continued on these lines, and a rapidly growing subscription list, substantial patronage of our advertising columns, to say nothing of the countless friendly letters received daily, assure us that the merit of the magazine is recognized by the public. We have incurred the displeasure of at least one prominent manager because of our

frankness regarding his productions; this we regret, but it cannot swerve us from our purpose to tell the truth at any cost and so serve our readers. Our one aim is to produce a magazine worthy of the noble arts THE THEATRE represents, and neither money nor pains shall be spared to make each succeeding issue better than its predecessor.



PHOTO BANDS & BRADY

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS JULIA MARLOWE

To be able to enjoy a play by Augier, after having been fed for many moons on the invertebrate offerings of our latter-day dramatists, is like being regaled with a juicy porterhouse steak after long dieting on gruel, for, old-fashioned as it is, "Le Mariage d'Olympe," the original of "The Marriage Game," which Miss Sadie Martinot brought recently to the Victoria, is a model of stage construction. In its English dress the piece demonstrates conclusively two things—how clever an adapter Mr. Clyde Fitch is, but also how far short he falls from possessing that technique which placed Augier among the immortals. It must be admitted that Mr. Fitch in brightness and up-to-dateness has improved on the French author's dialogue, and he also deserves credit for the strong curtain at the end of Act II., when the husband arrives unexpectedly upon the scene of drunken

orgy, and his wife in maudlin stupor drags the cloth from the table, which is not in the original at all.

The play, albeit half a century old, applies surprisingly well to the present time, when marriages between dukes' sons and music-hall singers are of everyday occurrence. Nor did

Mr. Fitch err in transplanting the scene to England, where such *mésalliances* are more common than in France. There is nothing very shocking in "The Marriage Game." The play, from the moral standpoint, is far less suggestive than "Sapho," "The Conquerors," "Coralie and Co.," and a score of other pieces that we have seen presented at leading houses. Pussie Carlisle, a notorious music-hall singer, gives out a ropert that she has died in California so she can marry a weak-minded lordling, the heir of the Duke of Montrose. The family, after some hesitation, accept the bride, taking her to be a respectable girl of humble parentage. But Pussie finds respectability killingly dull, and she allows a rich young fop to present her with some handsome pearls. The husband's jealousy is aroused. He realizes the mistake he has made, but rejects his wife's suggestion of a separation to avoid a public scandal. To the ducal home comes Pussie's mother, a broadly farcical character, admirably played by Mrs. Annie Yeamans. She extorts £10,000 from her son-



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MRS. LESLIE CARTER

Now appearing in "Mme. Du Barry"

in-law under threat of resurrecting the California corpse, and she is joined at the castle by a music-hall friend, an eccentric comedian named Gus Beano. These worthies proceed to have a good time. Pussie entertains them at supper in the absence of her husband, and everybody gets uproariously intoxicated. In the last act Pussie's identity is discovered by the old duke. He insists on her consenting to a separation. She refuses, threatening to retaliate by publishing a scandal relating to his niece. This enrages the duke, and, taking a pistol, he shoots the young woman dead. This scene, powerfully written and admirably played, is a painful one to witness, and, while likely enough in France, is highly improbable when applied to English characters.

The piece furnishes excellent entertainment, and it is doubly welcome since it demonstrates what a finished and powerful actress the American stage has in Miss Sadie Martinot. It were impossible to praise her personation of Augier's heroine too highly;



PHOTO BYRON

PUSSIE CARLISLE
(Miss Sadie Martinot)

MRS. HAWKINS
(Mrs. Annie Yeamans)

"THE MARRIAGE GAME" AT THE VICTORIA

The supper scene in Act II.



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ACT II — Beaucaire detects Lord Winterset cheating at cards
"BEAUCAIRE" AT THE HERALD SQUARE

it is doubtful, indeed, if the part has ever been better played. Miss Martinot has caught the satirical spirit of the piece exactly, and she plays the rôle of the corrupt, conscienceless, yet fascinating wanton with consummate art. She is wondrously natural and easy in the lighter comedy passages, and in the moments of stress, when the adventuress is forced to the wall, there are moments when she rises to tragic heights. A finer performance has rarely been seen in New York and no lover of the drama as an art should miss it. Praise must be given also to Mr. Edwin Arden, who played the old duke in precisely the right key, and to Mrs. Yeamans, an old-time and favorite actress, seen here at her best. Mr. Winchell B. Smith was capital as the comedian. The only weak spot in the cast was Mr. Guy Bates Post as the husband.

After reading Mr. Booth Tarkington's exquisite story, "Monsieur Beaucaire," to see it acted is a distinct disappointment. If, as we are told, the comedy antedates the book, we can only congratulate Mr. Tarkington on having woven an excellent piece of literature out of a very ordinary play. The chief charm of the novel lay in its atmosphere of true romance and its easy and natural grace of narrative, and of these there is no trace in the stage version. The comedy is in five acts,

opening with the scene in the famous Pump Room at Bath, whence the Duc d'Orléans, under the assumed name of Beaucaire, is ignominiously ejected because he is believed to be a barber. The succeeding scenes show his exposé of the Duke of Winterset as a cheat at cards; the ball at Lady Mary Carlisle's, to which Beaucaire is taken by the blackguard duke as the price of the Frenchman's silence; the moonlight attack on Beaucaire by the duke's hirelings; Lady Mary's contempt for the brilliant young foreigner, believing he has deceived her; and, lastly, the Assembly Room at Bath, where the Duc d'Orléans reveals his identity and wins his lady love. This last act, a barefaced concession to the matinée girl, is a radical departure from the novel, to which an added artistic touch is given by having the Duc pass airily out of the life of the laughly English beauty after convincing her of his worth and high rank. This story, as told in the book, is a masterpiece of fiction, strongly dramatic, absorbingly interesting, and narrated in forcible English in a style of rare beauty and grace. On the stage it becomes a very different affair. The attractive literary form is gone entirely; gone, too, the atmosphere of love, romance and chivalry. All that remains is a very tame swashbuckler play, dull in dialogue, presenting hackneyed situations, and with but a single part of any importance—that of the hero himself. The rest of the cast are the merest dummies, a set of living fashion plates, displaying on their respective figures, male and female, handsome costumes of the period of George II.

Mr. Mansfield is too good an actor to need plays in which he has everything and the others nothing. He is too fine an artiste to waste his time on a piece of absolutely no dramatic value, which a dozen actors of far less ability could do just as well, and in which most of the art consists in posing in smart clothes, changing his identity with his wig, spitting bravos on his rapier and making love to ladies of quality. Mr. Mansfield has won his present enviable position on the American stage in face of difficulties that would have proved fatal to the success of many players less highly endowed intellectually. He has won out by dint of brain and by untiring devotion to the best in the drama. Everything that Mr. Mansfield presents commands respectful attention and ensures for him at least a success of esteem. What Mr. Mansfield has to do in this play is of course delightfully done, but it is trivial and of no artistic importance. The part will not take so high a place in his repertoire even as "Prince Karl," which piece in some respects it resembles. His acting as the masquerading duke is full of those delicate shadings and artistic touches that have always marked his work and made it a delight to theatregoers. Indeed, the piece is only sufferable when he is on the stage. But as an impersonation the title part ranks far below those which have given this gifted actor his reputation.

"Clyde Fitch always puts an olive in his cocktail," remarked some one; "that is to say, he contrives to get in a soupçon of sensational or unaccustomed flavors, so as to tickle the palate of the public, whether they really like it or not." Perhaps in "The Way of the World" he got the flavor too strong; but in "The Girl and the Judge" Mr. Fitch seems to have hit it just about right—unless it be that New York playgoers are acquiring the taste for olives. In short, "The Girl and the Judge" possesses sustained interest and is good

dramatic entertainment throughout its four acts. There are but ten characters in the piece, and not one of them is wasted. They are all actively involved in a plot which turns upon the delicate—or, perhaps it might better be said, *indelicate*—theme of a mother's uncontrollable hereditary impulse of kleptomania. This unhappy kleptomaniac mother (Miss Emily Wakeman) has an exquisitely sweet and innocent daughter, the heroine of the piece, who is impersonated by Miss Annie Russell in one of the prettiest performances it has ever fallen to her professional lot to achieve. When the parents appeal to the youthful probate judge (Mr. Orrin Johnson) for a separation, each contending for the possession of the daughter who holds them both in equal affection, affairs are further complicated by the judge and the girl falling violently in love at first sight. The judge's mother, adorably played by dear old Mrs. Gilbert, staunchly encourages the match, even though her diamond pin is mysteriously stolen in the apartment of her prospective daughter-in-law and the latter's deplorable mother. The daughter's fearful



MME. DU BARRY

From a painting of the period

suspicion and accusation, the mother's insistent denial but subsequent terrified confession of the theft, constitute the dramatic climax, which is reached at precisely the right moment—the end of the third act. It is midnight, and the two women are in bed. The daughter has accepted the protestations of innocence and told her own love romance, when a sudden ring at the door-bell frightens the guilty mother into self-betrayal. This scene is the "olive." It is singularly effective; and, despite some affectations of distaste, it has caught the popular fancy. In the last act, the foregoing entanglements are ingeniously straightened out, as they should be, through the chivalry of the judge, the pure sincerity of the girl and the angelic tact of the judge's almost too-good-to-be-true mother. Mrs. McKee Rankin as the expansive landlady, and Miss Mathilde Cottrelly as Mrs. Ikenstein, the pawnbroker, contribute to the general excellence of a cast embracing an unusually large proportion of favorite players. The play will probably fill the Lyceum boards for some time.



PRINCE DE RETZ
(Mr. R. V. Ferguson)

DUCHESS DE MAYENNE
(Mrs. J. H. Jordan)

PRINCESS DE RETZ
(Miss Rose Eytinge)

ETIENNE
(Mr. Charles Dalton)

TORANCE
(Miss Grace Elliston)

ACT III.—ETIENNE: "In the absence of your guards, monsieur, pray make use of mine. Come, Torance"

"THE HELMET OF NAVARRE"



MR. HENRY MILLER

In his new play, "D'Arcy of the Guards"

The usual criticism made of a play taken from a popular novel is that the dramatic workman departed from the book, but this cannot be said of Mr. Edward E. Rose, who is responsible for the play current at the Garden Theatre under the title of "Alice of Old Vincennes." He truly followed his author, too closely, for the loose—the naively loose—construction of the story as shown by Mr. Maurice Thompson appears, but in a highly exaggerated form, in the play. Except as a medium for the introduction of Miss Virginia Harned to New York as a star this play is not worthy of serious consideration. It falls several degrees below the same craftsman's "Janice Meredith" and shows the same careless and even slovenly treatment. Like many of the pieces of to-day which pride themselves on their "action," this one is full of business in which nothing is accomplished of any moment. It is crowded with futile incidents which lead nowhere, comic dialogue which stifles the story and in fact it is "active" to no genuine dramatic purpose. Miss Harned plays the part of Alice surprisingly well. The adjective is used because no one could imagine her succeeding in melodramatic situations like those provided for her by the playwright. The Alice of Mr. Thompson's novel never gave one the impression of an unsophisticated girl, and Miss Harned does not affect any superhuman innocence or rusticity. She is dashing when the part calls for dash, and underneath the comedy situations which could be insipid, if not played as she plays them, she shows a real dignity and strength which proves that she has not

been deceived by the tinsel of the part and augurs well for her future. Mr. Charles Frohman, whose production this is, supposedly saw its weakness from the start, for he has bolstered up the play with a rainstorm, a rainbow and a snow scene. The last is realistic, and next to Miss Harned's personal appearance—which is extremely attractive—quite the best part of the show.

A curious exhibit is "The Helmet of Navarre," recently seen at the Criterion. For unrelieved artificiality and aloofness from real human life in any period this production is entitled to the palm. The novel of the same title was written by a school girl wholly innocent of the world and its ways, save for such knowledge as she gathered at second or third hand from tales of the old Dumas and new Stanley Weyman type. Having cleverly caught the trick of construction from these romantic hacks, Miss Runkle found little difficulty in piecing together a story, or rather a chain of stock incidents, which ran serially in a magazine, and then sold well at the literary bargain-counters of our big department shops. Of course, the logical finish of such a well-advertised story could only be dramatization. Accordingly, Mr. Lawrence Marston was called in, and he executed with neatness and dispatch the



PHOTO AIME DUPONT

MISS FLORENCE LLOYD

A member of Amelia Bingham's stock company, now playing the part of Mrs. Sillerton in "The Climbers".



PHOTO BYRON

COL. HAMILTON
(Mr. Arthur Hoops)

ALICE
(Miss Virginia Harned)

ACT II.—ALICE: "What does this mean?"
COL. HAMILTON: "It's the end of the story"



PHOTO BYRON

JOHN BEVERLY
(Mr. William Courtleigh)

COL. HAMILTON
(Mr. Arthur Hoops)

ALICE
(Miss Virginia Harned)

ACT II.—COL. HAMILTON: "Plans of the fort and list of defences"

"ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES" AT THE GARDEN



PHOTO
BYRON

MRS. HATCH
(Mrs. Fiske)

MR. CLEAVE
(Mr. Max Figman)

ACT I.—MRS. HATCH: "A woman who may have been reckless, but who always told the truth"

"THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH" AT THE MANHATTAN

job of fitting Miss Runkle's variegated tissue upon the frame of a ready-made scene plot. The pivotal rôle of Comte Etienne de Mar has been intrusted to Mr. Charles Dalton, a robustions and somewhat picturesque melodramatic hero of the good old London Adelphi school. Mr. Robert V. Ferguson is artificially effective as the booby Prince de Retz. Miss Rose Eytinge makes a capable dowager Princess, and Miss Eleanor Barry an arch and pretty Blanche de Tavannes. Mr. Roydon Erlyne, who has the temerity to come on as King Henry of Navarre, seems to be wasting his time.

Theatrical managers are fond of asserting that good plays do not grow on bushes, within the reach of those who seek them. But all the unacted plays are not as bad as they would lead us to believe, for in the unknown authors and their manuscripts are the dramatists and plays of the future. That which one does encounter with aggravating frequency is the number of brilliant ideas and themes spoiled by inexpert treatment. In the latter class one must regretfully include Mrs. Burton Harrison's dramatization of her own short story, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," which was Mrs. Fiske's second offering at the Manhattan. It is doubtful whether maternal love as the basic element of any piece provides the necessary material

out of which a play may become successful. The central idea of this play is the character of a woman whose nature is emotional, therefore impulsive, loving and hating well and hotly, these kindred emotions lying side by side in the soul of each one of us. Now, in the exploitation of this character for stage use, the story develops into that sort of a play in which the title rôle creates the situations, instead of, as in all expert plays, the situations creating the title rôle. It therefore becomes a play of explanations, and to know all of its motives and thematic element the auditor in the theatre must have a previous acquaintance with the original story in magazine form. The play is spread out over four acts. Had the author arranged it in three acts, she would have gained in compactness and secured a firmer grip upon the auditor. The proposition is too simple to develop any other form of play-building than this. As it is, each act seems thin and drags.

In act one, the lawyer, Mr. Cleave (Mr. Max Figman) informs Mr. Lorimer (Mr. Dodson), Mrs. Hatch's ex-husband, that legally they cannot restrain Mrs. Hatch from seeing her daughter Gladys (Miss Emily Stevens), for which purpose Mrs. Hatch has come east from California. They therefore arrange with Mrs. Hatch to go to Central Park the following day, and there, aided by an old Irish nurse, Agnes (Miss Annie Ward Tiffany), she may see her daughter, who is to be one of a group

of young ladies managing a May Day party for East Side children. With this scene the act ends. The second act is very bad. The one situation, having been already outlined in act one, counts for nothing when it is reached. More important than all, the element of suspense is thus entirely eliminated.

Standing by itself, however, the third act is a fine, vibrant piece of stage writing. It is true that the final scene does not amount to more than a fierce exchange of words, but of its kind it has the right note, and is vastly effective. It gives Mrs. Fiske a noble opportunity, and how this fine artiste does avail herself of it, calling to her aid all her splendid powers to crush the woman who has stolen her home and the man who has abetted her in the steal! Mrs. Fiske is here notably seconded by Miss Moretti (Mrs. Lorimer) and Mr. Dodson. It must be observed that the unwritten but immutable law of compensation has been overlooked in the play. There appears to be no good reason why Mrs. Hatch should not live to enjoy the daughter who has been restored to her, to accept the man she loves, and thus receive some "compensation" in the end, for the storm and wrack of her life. When Marguerite Gautier dies you feel that death and its oblivion are her compensation. But life, when it is best having, should be the reward of "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch."

The Endowed Theatre Project

STATEMENT BY MR. CARNEGIE

IF THE dream of a National Theatre, which alone can save the drama in this country from Commercialism, Degeneration and Decay, is ever to be realized, it will not be with the financial aid of Andrew Carnegie. This THE THEATRE is authorized to state most emphatically. For some time past it has been stated in various quarters that Mr. Carnegie approved of the general scheme—a theatre independent of box-office considerations, in which the classic plays should be regularly performed and new plays worthy of its boards produced, and which should become the permanent home of the finest stock company in the United States. Mr. Carnegie, it was stated, was ready to endow such a theatre. One journal recently went to the length of stating that it had unquestionable information that a National Theatre, with schools in all the departments of scenic endeavor, shall be an important part in the National University Mr. Carnegie has offered to the District of Columbia.

All these statements, however, are entirely unauthorized and have no foundation in fact. THE THEATRE, wishing to learn what Mr. Carnegie's attitude toward the proposed Endowed Theatre really is, sent to him the following:

"Will you make for publication in THE THEATRE a conservative general statement of your views anent the National Theatre project, or idea, particularly as related to the Washington University proposition? So much is being published which is both unauthorized and erroneous that we thought it conceivable you might be willing to make a brief statement to a representative journal such as THE THEATRE is."

To this the following reply was received from Mr. Carnegie:

"On the continent of Europe many theatres are subsidized by government but none by English-speaking peoples in any part of the world. It would be an experiment here, and if to be made, should be by government, as in Europe. It does not seem a proper field for private gifts."

The above definitely disposes of the Endowed Theatre scheme as far as it concerns Mr. Carnegie. It is to be regretted that the multi-millionaire, who has already done so much for the education of the people, should not realize

what a splendid opportunity lies within his reach for founding an institution that not only would be an important educational factor, but would develop the dramatic art in this country, give America a national drama and prevent the art of the actor from disappearing altogether, which, under existing conditions, it threatens to do. Mr. Carnegie's arguments that governments subsidize theatres in Europe and that therefore government should do so here, and that as the English have no subsidized theatre we should have none, are not very logical. It would be, he says, an experiment. Everything new is an experiment. However, the idea of an Endowed Theatre will not be allowed to die because it does not appeal to Mr. Carnegie. Who else among our wealthy citizens will come forward to make the gift to the nation?

The Yiddish "Sapho" was seen recently at a special performance at the Thalia. The title rôle was played by Mrs. Kalish, the best of the Yiddish actresses, and a woman of great spiritual beauty and personal magnetism. Mrs. Kalish is a mistress of her art, and with more effective stage management and a little wholesome criticism might do still better. Her acting in the lighter scenes is entirely charming, and she is by no means inadequate, although less satisfactory, when the dramatist casts her into the sea of her troubles. Nature intended her for smiles and quiet pathos, but she could do almost anything.



PHOTO BYRON

MRS. HATCH
(Mrs. Flske)

AGNES
(Miss Annie Ward Tiffany)

ACT IV.—MRS. HATCH: "This makes me think I'm giving a dinner again"

"THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH"

Chats with Players

Interview given exclusively to THE THEATRE

No. 2—ANNIE RUSSELL

AS I SAT in the pretty drawing-room, waiting to see Miss Annie Russell, I looked curiously about for some evidence of her theatrical interest. Not a photograph of any sort, not a picture, not a placque of anyone connected even remotely with the theatre in sight.

A delicious sense of homely ideals about me, in the arrangement of the conservative, old-fashioned furniture, in the faint sweet perfume of a few nodding roses, here and there, and in the large French landscape, with its tender yellows, browns and greens, that filled the room with a touch of spring.

When Mr. Clyde Fitch was commissioned by Mr. Charles Frohman to write one or two plays for him he selected Miss Annie Russell as a star model for one of these, and called it "The Girl and the Judge." Miss Russell was informed that this play was being written for her by Mr. Fitch, and she was duly delighted and alarmed. She asked for a brief outline of the proposed play, and observing that there was a bedroom scene in it, she shuddered.

"The scenario I received was very scant, and I had at first quite a false impression of the play," said Miss Russell to me in her quiet way.

"Mr. Fitch usually has a shiver somewhere in his plays," I murmured.

"I confess I had thought that he was inclined to experiment, to play tricks with his subjects, and—and——"

"You had the option of refusing the play, of course?"

"Of course; but when the author read it to me I realized that he had written a very clever play, absolutely compact

and normal in its story, closely woven, clearly and cleanly told, and that the scene, which had seemed so dangerous in the scenario, turned out to be the only natural sequence of the little story the play narrates."

"But why not have placed the scene in some other room at some other time?" I asked voicing the idle question of the crowd.

"Because under no other circumstances, at no other time of the night, in no other place than the intimate privacy of the chamber, would a confession have been made by the girl's mother. Every woman knows that if ever her soul says anything at all to her it is sure to speak in the darkness of her own bedroom, when the door is locked, the light turned out, and a ghostly ray of moonlight shines straight upon one spot in the room, deepening the shadows that are all about her. The tension of dramatic art attempts to reflect the tense moments of our dramatic lives, and our most dramatic moments come to us when, stripped of our fine feathers, shorn of our vanities, our rivalries, our personal struggles with each other, we are left alone in the dark like children haunted by things we have thought about or things we have done."



MISS ANNIE RUSSELL

"Such scenes have a sensational flavor that it is difficult to avoid," I suggested.

"Any scene that suggests the sex problem is dangerous, of course, but this particular scene is not of that nature; it is absolutely so lifelike, so devoid of any intention except to reveal the psychologic intimacy of mother and daughter, for the purpose of dramatic narrative, that I cannot understand

how anyone can do otherwise than recognize the extreme cleverness of the playwright in constructing so serious, touching and emotional a scene between a young sweet girl and her own mother."

"Still, you, as an actress, must feel the extreme danger of such a scene."

"I do; I confess it requires all the technique my life experience on the stage can summon to get through it with discretion, for we were all alive to the sensational possibilities of the scene. I might have stood in the centre of the stage, in a night robe, with a strong calcium on me, but I wouldn't, because I couldn't. The emotional requirements of the scene are very taxing, although the critics did not appear to recognize the gamut of feeling it demands; the author understood my possibilities when he wrote the part, however—but then the really artistic efforts are so frequently misunderstood by audiences. Will they understand it? is the fatal question that confronts every strong original play that was ever written!"

"They understood 'Elaine.'"

"Yes; I think they did, but that was not a great part; for, you see, no other actress has thought it strong enough to take up."

"Great parts are not written every day."

"If they were I don't think they would come my way. I have never played a really great part all my life, and I've been on the stage since I was eight years old; you see the chances come so rarely and to so few."

"But you are in the zenith of your glory as a 'star,'" I said, moved by the modest earnestness of this charming little

woman, brimful of those ideals that most actresses who have won fame equal to hers cast aside as frail impediments to their self-coceit.

"Oh, no! ah, dear, no!" she murmured, her big eyes aglow with the fire of great ambition. "I am a 'star,' of course, and my name is in big letters on the walls, but I have not given expression to all that I can do, to all that I can feel, in my work."

The personal importance of the modern star-actors, as I have witnessed it, seems ridiculous in the presence of Annie Russell, as I saw her in her drawing-room, sitting in the broad light of day with the sun pouring in at the window upon her, dissipating all theatrical illusions.

She might have been a young student of arts and letters, just on the heights overlooking the quivering field of artistic labor, wrapped in a sort of mystic delight that vibrates her whole being and concentrates in her eyes. There is not a false note in her nature, and there is an intuitive sense of harmony, poise and the general balance of things that is most comforting in a realization of the chaotic impulses of modern femininity.

"But you have played great emotional parts, 'Catherine,' for instance?" I said.

"I know; but—but—one of the papers said that it was wise for me to stick to the quiet, repressed, sentimental parts rather than attempt strong, emotional work. I've not had much chance, to be sure, and when I have, conditions have been unfavorable. But there it is. I often wish I had the gift of art-expression in some other form than acting."



PHOTO BYRON

FRESNOY
(Mr. Howell Hansell)

GASTON DE MARSAC
(Mr. Kyrle Bellew)

Mlle. DE LA VIRE
(Miss Eleanor Robson)

SCENE VI.—GASTON DE MARSAC: "I surrender!"

"A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE" AT WALLACK'S

"What are you saying?" I said, amazed and enchanted at this exquisite modesty.

"A painter only needs his bit of canvas, his colors, and he invites his friends to his studio, all at a small outlay; the composer can always find a piano somewhere, and give people an idea of what he is trying to do; a writer requires but pen, ink and paper to declare himself; but the actor, the actress, must have a theatre, scenery, advertising, money, money, money, before they can express what there is in them."

She paused a moment, stroked the sofa-pillow gently, as though she were smoothing her own thoughts, and then said:

"I've got an idea that audiences have been spoiled by too much scenery and not enough acting. Scenery never was convincing to me. Is it to you?"

"Not at all."

"For instance, 'A Royal Family' was a fine scenic production, but it was always unreal to me. The one tree, for instance, that we had to climb always grew in the same place, and the flowers that I picked were stuck in a grass mat round a painted rock. Materially, these never appealed to me except as they symbolized a characterization, a thought, an impulse. You know, I am thinking strongly of putting on a play without any scenery, just with chairs and tables and black curtains, as a test of acting."

"What character of play would you present in that fashion?"

"I am not quite certain."

"Ibsen drama?"

"No, I fancy one or two one-act plays. Of course it would seem to audiences that such a test would be disastrous, but personally I never play to the scenery, and it was never realistic to me—a mere necessary background to the expression of the art of acting."

It was quite evident that the sweet, sentimental, demure heroine, which every playwright and manager fasten upon Annie Russell, is not the height of her achievement.

"There is always more in us than we can express, I suppose," she said, wistfully.

"Out of the fullness of our lives we can express but one small share of all we feel," I said.

It was the right thing to say, evidently, for it set us both adrift again down a swift current of ideas that flows not from the reasoning mind, but from the rare, deep waters of a scattered experience.

"I suppose one must possess more, much more, than one can give out," resumed the little lady who sat talking to me so modestly, so honestly, that I quite forgot she was a celebrated actress.

"The gift of the poet, for instance," I said.

"Of course, we all comprehend poetry, we all feel its influence, and we all live poetic moments in our lives, the moments that we smother with conventional apeishness; it is the gift, the skill of expression that makes the poet."

"The technique of graceful minds!"

"Just as technique in acting gives one authority on the stage. And yet, how terribly afraid most of us are, in the theatre, of doing anything unprecedented. Our exits and entrances are always delicate moments, and so few dare to violate the stage conventions."

"Our exits and entrances in life are equally conventional."

"Oh! but sometimes we are daring, and it is amazing what a sensation is made when one tries something out of the ordinary!"

"On the stage?"

"I am thinking more particularly of the stage. The other night in my exit at the end of the act it occurred to me that



PHOTO MARCEAU

MME. MODJESKA as Marie Stuart

if I were in great distress of mind I would have some physical shock, slight, perhaps, but that I might indicate; so, instead of going straight out of the door, I tried to push the wrong side open, groped for the handle in a momentary blindness, common to women who are in distress. It just expressed pain, that the lines being true to life, and unemotional, for that reason could not. Now we had not rehearsed that exit in that way, except to try very hard, in various ways, to indicate the intense agony of mind under which I was suffering. It was daring, because unless skillfully done, it would have ruined the act. It is in flashes that the inner light, the soul of a play, is revealed to audiences, and the slightest carelessness or accident will destroy one's nature."

"You believe in talking on the stage as quietly, as naturally as men and women do in life?" I suggested, and she realized that I was touching upon the sensitive spot in her work, the sweet simplicity and direct sincerity of which has made the critics assert that the great emotional tragic rôles are not for her.

"Now, why do you say that? Is it not perfectly rational to represent a young girl as a young girl instead of attempting to make her stagey according to soubrette conventions? If I were cast for a heroine of a great historical or mediæval play, I should broaden my effects, my voice, my delivery, to meet the requirements of a big scene, a big subject. You know what they said of Sarah Bernhardt when she began to play important rôles according to her own convictions of quiet, repressed emotion? I have a book recently published containing her press notices at this period—that was in 1873—and the critics said unanimously that she had no voice, no power, no conception of great passions; that she was an ingenue, and would never be anything else."

"She may have improved?"

"Of course, no doubt she has, but what the critics could not understand was the new method of naturalness which Bernhardt introduced against the wild, hysterical outbursts of prevailing conditions in acting then. Duse had the same experience. There were duels fought and mobs threatened between the intelligent students of the Italian colleges and the

general public when she first appeared in Italy and began to portray her characters according to life-models. When I was in Italy last I studied Juliet with an Italian, just to get a knowledge of the character as Italians understood her. Well, people say Juliet was only fifteen years old. Granted, but an Italian child of fifteen is often married by that time; she is a woman with all the enrichment of her age and sex, with all the power of passion and feeling."

"Audiences are not proverbially intelligent," I said.

"They want to be amused, entertained; they are, of course, not interested in the means by which their amusement is provided; yet, why is it that in a great country, full of great men and women like ours, there is no high intellectual effort to establish a theatre for the sake of the art there is in it? I am quite sure there are many rich people who stand ready to contribute to such a plan, but no one has yet come forward with a practical, forceful scheme adapted to such a theatre, although I am glad to see THE THEATRE and other papers are advocating it strongly. There are many fine actors and actresses, many splendid plays, that would uplift and express so much more in this art that has not been expressed who are silent, stifled under the depression of public demands. What is the matter with us that we cannot do for the theatre what is done in Europe?"

"We are money-grabbers!"

"So are they all over the world; but artistes—artistes should be encouraged here as they are abroad, in spite of that!"

"You have ideals, and you are already grown to the full maturity of being a star!" I said, banteringly.

"But I am always a student. I shall never stop thinking, studying, learning, as long as I live. There is so much to do, so much to express, such worlds of artistic beauty to explore."

She followed me noiselessly, like a spirit, save for the slight rustle of her gown, to the door.

"Some day you will play a great part, a really great rôle," I said.

"Some day, perhaps, I shall," said this modest Annie Russell.

WILLIAM DE WAGSTAFFE.



PHOTOS
PACH LA CONTESSE
(Mr. V. H. Gibson)

L'INTIME
(Mr. R. Goelet)

LEANDRE
(Mr. J. P. Hoguet)

DANDIN
(Mr. W. D. Haviland)

PETIT JEAN
(Mr. F. B. Thompson)

LE SOUFFLEUR
(Mr. N. W. Edson)

ISABELLE
(Mr. W. A. Burnham)

RACINE'S "PLAIDEURS," PRODUCED BY HARVARD STUDENTS

Since 1888 the association of Harvard University undergraduates known as the Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard has performed each year, under the auspices of Mr. James H. Hyde, a French play. Last year the Cercle gave "Le Pédant Joué," a comedy, by Cyrano de Bergerac, and in previous years comedies by Molière and Labiche, all of which have been done most creditably. On December 4 last the undergraduates presented Racine's "Les Plaideurs" with considerable success. All the men in the cast have lived or studied in France, and two of them, Messrs. Haviland and Champollion, are native born Frenchmen. The production, as usual, was a brilliant social affair. Next month's THEATRE will contain an extended review of this association's work.



MISS PERCY HASWELL

Now playing in Western cities at the head of her own repertoire company

How I Interviewed Irving

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

IN the course of a varied journalistic career it has been my business to interview many people in different walks of life, and some of them have been highly placed. I remember several royalties and presidents of republics, several statesmen and scientists of the first rank—in fact, I have chatted as an interviewer with quite a collection of people who may fairly be called distinguished. And I have always found that the greater a man is (I speak of real greatness) the simpler he is, and that the more he has of real merit in him the less pretension he makes.

But what a different case when one comes to interview the little people who surround the great ones, those who frown and strut and give themselves airs, trying to shine a little by reflected light and not succeeding very well.

For instance, in a rash moment the other day I said I would call on Sir Henry Irving and ask him about—oh, the endowed theatre, or ticket speculators, or any innocent topic connected with the drama. The editor thought it would make a good feature, and I strolled guilelessly up to the Knickerbocker Theatre, recalling a pleasant hour I had spent with Sir Henry once in his quiet study back of the Lyceum Theatre in London; also various little kindnesses of Sir Henry's manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. I decided that I would speak to him first.

"Can you tell me where I will find Mr. Stoker?" I inquired of somebody at the box office.

"Round at the stage door," said the man, and I went to a dingy entrance on Thirty-eighth street, where a large individual without a collar stared at me through a glass window.

"Mr. Bram Stoker here?" said I.

"Round in front," said he.

At this moment a stout man with a heavy watch chain and a confidential manner came up and asked me what he could do for me. He said he was something or other of importance in Sir Henry's company, and I told him who I was and what I wanted.

"Be here to-morrow—twelve o'clock," said he.

"Can't I see him to-day—just a minute?"

He pulled his chin mysteriously and gave his head a quick little shake.

"They've gone off—scattered over the city—no telling where they are."

"I might catch 'em at the hotel, mightn't I? Where does Sir Henry stop?"

"Why—er—I don't know where he stops."

"Do you know where his manager stops?"

"Mr. Stoker? Oh, he stops with friends—er—friends."

I thanked this important gentleman, who didn't know the address of either his star or his star's manager, and went back to the box office. There was a round, red face behind the bars, and to this I said pleasantly: "Can you tell me where I will find Mr. Bram—"

"Stage door, 'round the corner," chirped the red face, and I moved along with a feeling of pity for this poor ticket seller who had evidently been deceived just as I had been. Here he was taking in thousands of dollars for Mr. Bram Stoker, and presently when he tried to deliver the money he would go around to the stage door and ask for Mr. Stoker and would be told that he wasn't there, that he had gone away, scattered over the city, nobody knew where, and then they would send him back to the front of the theatre, and then back to the stage door, and so on forever—carrying baskets of money for Mr. Bram Stoker. It was very sad.

Presently I met a dap-



MISS MAUDE ADAMS

as Adrienne in "The Celebrated Case"

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PHOTO BYRON MISS AILSY (Miss Laura Lemmers) MISS PEGGY (Miss Justine Cutting) MISS ANNE (Miss Maud Reindollar)



LELIA CROFTON (Miss Grace George) BURLEIGH MAVON (Mr. Ralph Stuart)

ACT II.—MISS AILSY: "If I blow out your witches' light
Next Hallowe'en shall see me wife;
But if the light refuse to fade
Next Hallowe'en I'll still be maid"

ACT IV.—LELIA: "Still I cannot marry you"

"UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES" AT THE REPUBLIC

per young man with black hair and diamonds, and some connection with the theatre, who was very sympathetic, but incredulous as to my being able to see Mr. Bram Stoker the next day at twelve. He thought the stout man had been trifling with me; twelve o'clock was the very *worst* time to see Mr. Bram Stoker. The thing for me to do, he said, was to call on Mr. Alf. Hayman, who owned the Knickerbocker Theatre or controlled it or something, and *must* know all about Mr. Bram Stoker and Sir Henry.

I thanked him for this good news and asked where I could find Mr. Alf. Hayman, and was directed to the Empire Theatre Building, two blocks up Broadway.

A man in Mr. Hayman's office looked me over coldly and wanted to know my business. I explained the case hopefully.

"Go to the Knickerbocker Theatre," said he.

I sighed.

"Go to the stage door."

I groaned, and then he seemed to relent, and bade me go down the passage to another room and ask for another Mr. Hayman, who would tell me everything. Mr. Alf. Hayman was—was in Chicago—yes, Chicago, but his brother was down the passage.

I went down the passage and came to a young lady with a picturesque complexion who guards the portals around the

other Mr. Hayman. She arose from her typewriter and listened to my story with evident disapproval. She could see no good in my desire to meet Mr. Bram Stoker, much less Sir Henry. She was satisfied Mr. Hayman would take the same view of it. Besides, this was the wrong Mr. Hayman. He wouldn't know anything about Mr. Bram Stoker. I must go up the passage to Mr. Alf. Hayman's office and ask him.

I told her about Mr. Alf. Hayman being in Chicago, or somewhere, but she hardened her heart. Would she please tell the other Mr. Hayman what I wanted? No, she wouldn't. Did she usually decide important questions for the other Mr. Hayman? Yes, she did. She was very positive and very brave and—well, she was the final obstacle that blocked my purpose, for I said to myself as I turned away: "If these dramatic folk are enveloped in such a cloud of mystery, *why* try to break through it? Why spend days and days, perhaps weeks, in the discovery of Mr. Bram Stoker? Why not try something easier, like exploring the Antarctic circle, or interviewing some everyday emperor?"

And in this attitude of mind I wished the gentle young lady in the other Mr. Hayman's office a polite good morning.

* * * *

The next day I received a friendly invitation from Mr. Bram Stoker to call on Sir Henry at the Bristol Hotel.



MR. S. PIEMAN

The Yiddish Theatre in New York

By BERNARD GORIN



MR. N. M. SHAIKEVITZ

IT is scarcely a score of years since something resembling a theatre for the amusement of a Jewish audience was established for the first time in Roumania. During that time many Yiddish theatres have bloomed, withered and again come into bloom all over Europe and in many of the great cities of the Union; but nowhere has the Jewish theatre attained to such a degree of success and prosperity as in New York.

The Jewish stage was founded in Bucharest, Roumania, by the poet, Abram Goldfaden, who, although not of the profession himself, formed a troupe from persons whom he picked up here and there and whom he taught the art of acting. He had to prepare a new field and create something out of nothing under very unfavorable conditions. He was threatened by the orthodox Jews, who were all opposed to the idea, because in addition to the fact that Goldfaden came out in his productions as a champion of *Haskalah* (enlightenment), the true rabbinical spirit does not tolerate theatres, as will be seen from the following prayer written in the first century: "I give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, my God, that Thou hast placed my portion among those who sit in the House of Learning and the House of Prayers, and didst not cast my lot among those who frequent theatres and circuses."

Goldfaden was met with still greater enmity by the cultured Jews, especially by those who were dreaming of solving the Jewish question by assimilation. But in spite of all this, Goldfaden, who was not very far removed from the people in education, taste, etc., instinctively found a way to certain hidden chords in their hearts, and the Jewish theatre slowly made a way for itself. Many of Goldfaden's plays fill the houses to overflowing up to this day, and the songs he composed to go with them are sung in the shops and

nurseries all over Russia, Roumania, Galicia, England and America, wherever Yiddish is spoken. Notwithstanding all this, their author is now in his old age forsaken and almost starving in Paris.



MME. BERTHA KALISH, the Yiddish Sapho

In New York the Jewish theatre came into existence much later than in Europe, but under almost the same conditions. Its initial appearance on American soil met with interference by the "reformed Jews," who saw in the theatre a menace to the development of and Americanizing of the immigrants. The first performance had to take place in the "Turn Hall," on Fourth Street. The originators were Golubok and Borris Thonishelsky, the latter a mere boy. For hours before the doors were thrown open the street was crowded with people who had come to see the play, and the hall was quickly filled. Before the time for the curtain to rise some representatives of the Jewish Immigration Committee entered and begged and pleaded with the audience to leave the building; not succeeding in this, they appealed to the prima-donna, Mrs. Krantzfeld, urging her not to appear in her rôle, and she complied with their wish.

Despite the obstacles the first theatre proved a material success, and another was opened soon afterward. Both thrived for some time. From an artistic standpoint, however, the stage was not a success, for the plays had no literary merit whatsoever, and the acting did not rise to that brilliancy which it afterward achieved.

Originally the plays were produced by stock companies, the stars getting the lion's share of emoluments and the other members satisfying themselves with the crumbs. At that period perfect harmony reigned among the authors, the actors and the public, all standing on the same level; the actor understood the author and the public; the playwright understood the actor

and the public, and the public understood and admired both of them. The authors considered themselves far superior to any one else; the actor called every one outside of his profession a "yold" (guy), while the public venerated the fame of both and packed the houses.

But this state of affairs did not continue long. Under the influence of the advanced Jewish press and the better productions upon the Gentile stage, the harmony of the Jewish stage was soon disturbed. This first manifested itself among the players. Seeing some of the great literary dramas and masterly interpretations of the giants of the stage, the Jewish actors awoke to the insignificance of their own plays and acting, and a radical change was the result. The Jewish stage was soon flooded with classical dramas, and the actors tried to imitate the great masters whom they had seen in these rôles. Their ambition was aroused and they did their best, but the public did not appreciate the effort and the classic drama proved a failure. Shakespeare's plays,

however, had a great success. "Hamlet" filled the house to suffocation, although the audience had no idea of the author's identity. On the night of the first performance of "Hamlet" the public rose like one man, and with deafening applause demanded that Shakespeare should appear before the curtain. When the manager, Mr. Heine, came out and explained that Shakespeare had been dead for some centuries, but that the translator, Mr. Seifert, was present, the audience shouted, "Bluff! Bluff! Shakespeare! We want Shakespeare!"

At that time Mr. Jacob Adler, the most popular actor among the Jews, bethought himself to try his power in the realistic drama. He opened a little theatre on the Bowery and secured Mr. Jacob Gordin to write the plays. He had almost no actors beside himself and wife, who was also a well-known



MR. JACOB ADLER as King Lear

and talented actress. In forming a troupe of his own he happily selected some young men of a higher intelligence than that of the average Jewish actor. Thanks to this we have now such actors as Messrs. Moshkovitz, Tornberg, etc., who have distinguished themselves in the better plays. These players are especially to be commended for the painstaking care they give to the studying of their rôles, a trait in which most of the Jewish actors are sorely deficient. At Adler's Theatre have been produced many good plays, among others "King Lear," "The Wild Man," "The Black Jew," "The Russian Jew," "Two Worlds" and Ibsen's "Nora," with a fourth act added, in which Nora dutifully returns to her husband. Because this theatre was wholly dependent on the cultured few and on the more advanced workmen it could not long exist.

A new spirit had now penetrated the Jewish stage, and it did not grow weaker through the closing of Adler's Theatre. The leading actors of the other places lost their assur-

ance and began to show their dissatisfaction when playing in the usual bombastic dramas. Mr. Kessler, lessee and leading actor of the Thalia Theatre, reveals his contempt for such plays by certain ludicrous and ironical tricks in the midst of the most serious parts, which the "patriots" understand, but the public at large does not, and very often warmly applauds him for them. Mme. Bertha Kalish, leading actress of the Thalia, who has also distinguished herself in the better sort of plays, has of late begun to follow Mr. Kessler's satirical example. When Mr. Adler, after closing up his theatre, became a member of the company which was then playing at Windsor Theatre, he tried as far as possible to extricate himself from rôles in that class of plays, a policy he continued at the third Jewish theatre, the People's, of which he and



MR. THOMASHEFSKY in "Spanisher Konig"

Mr. Thomashefsky are now the leading actors and lessees. But Adler is not as happy as could be expected in the laurels he has won playing in good drama, because even in the moments of his greatest triumphs the thought that the majority of the same public would to-morrow bestow their approval on every kind of foolishness and buffoonery does not leave him, and his warmest wish is to appear one day before an American audience in one of the Broadway theatres.

But notwithstanding these changes, even those of the actors who up to a short time

ago could boast of their success in the trashy melodramas, or in the so-called historical operas, are now ready to admit that they are not working for their art, but merely for their living. But they are glad if an opportunity offers itself to appear in a dramatic production of literary merit. Only the most gifted comedian of the Jewish stage Zelig Mogulesco, does not show any preference for the better plays.

Thanks to the discord among the favorite authors of the past, the actor and the public, plays are very short-lived upon the Yiddish stage. In the last few years the average duration of a play has been three weeks, no matter whether the piece was of the trashiest kind or had the highest literary merit.

It is hard to say what sort of play suits the taste of the public, for both the good and the bad have had the same fate. This shows that the Jewish stage is now passing a crisis; it has not advanced far enough to cast off the trashy melodramas altogether and it is not strong enough as yet to keep to the better plays. But the public is gradually advancing, and sooner or later the time will come when the Jewish stage in New York will give only the highest literary productions, and the bombastic melodramas will entirely disappear.



MR. ROSENTAL in "Galileo"



MR. JACOB GORDIN



MR. TORNBERG as Nuchenze

MR. MOGULESCO in "Cokete Dame"

MRS. LIPZIN in "The Slaughterer"

MR. D. KESLER in "Virginus"



America's Greater Players



No. 2—CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN (1816-1876) was one of the two players of the first rank that America thus far has produced. Miss Cushman, like Mr. Forrest, her great contemporary, was bountifully endowed by nature. Like him, she would have left a great name as ruler of an empire. I doubt if either Catharine of Russia or Elizabeth of England was a woman of the all-round mental gifts that Charlotte Cushman was. As a player Miss Cushman was great because she played great parts greatly, and not because she was of the few that excel alike in tragedy and comedy. Her matchless Rosalind would have made her only a great comedienne, which is one remove from being a great actress; certainly it would not have entitled her to a place in the first rank.

Miss Cushman played many parts as no other woman of her time could play them—Bianca, Julia, Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine, Rosalind, Meg Merriles, Romeo and Wolsey being some of them. She is best remembered as Meg and as Katharine, one of which characters she may be said virtually to have created; and in the other I am confident she never has been equalled. In appearance Miss Cushman was always commanding, but never handsome. She was somewhat above medium height, sturdily built, with square shoulders and a high, broad forehead, while her eyes, her biographer tells us, were the finest in the world. Her voice was good, but by no means phenomenal. Like Mr. Forrest, she owed her supremacy mainly to the intelligence she breathed into her delivery. Miss Cushman was a great actress, a great personator of great characters mainly because she was a supreme mistress of the difficult—and much misunderstood—art of elocution. She and Mr. Forrest were the only great elocutionists this country thus far has produced. If there have been others they have passed unsung.

In 1844 Miss Cushman went to England, arriving on the 18th of November. Nearly three months were consumed in negotiating for an opening. Finally, on the 14th of February, '45, she appeared in the great tragic part of Bianca. Though at first the audience was unsympathetic, the curtain fell on a great triumph. Thenceforth her path was easy. All London rang with her praise and the theatre was crowded nightly.

After a series of exceptional successes in tragic parts Miss Cushman turned to comedy. Of her Rosalind one writer said that "Mrs. Nesbit, Madame Vestris and Helen Faucit *played* Rosalind, while Miss Cushman *was* Rosalind." He added: "Never have we heard language more perfectly enunciated. Not a syllable was lost, and each syllable was a note. The beauties of the author were as clear, as transparent, as if the thoughts themselves, instead of the words that are their vehicles, were transfused through the senses. Miss Cushman becomes the character she represents."

The distinguished author-actor, James Sheridan Knowles (1784-1862), the author of *Virginus*, "The Hunchback" and other standard plays, wrote of Miss Cushman: "I have witnessed with astonishment the Romeo of Miss Cushman. Unanimous and lavish as were the encomiums of the London press, I was not prepared for such a triumph of pure genius. You recollect, perhaps, Keau's third act of 'Othello.' Did you ever expect to see anything like it again? I never did, and yet I saw as great a thing last Wednesday in Romeo's scene with the Friar. I am almost tempted to go further. It was a scene of topmost passion; not simulated passion—no such thing; real, palpably real; the genuine heart-storm was on—on in the wildest fitfulness of fury; and I listened and gazed and held my breath, while my blood ran hot and cold. . . . My heart



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

From an engraving in the collection of Col. T. Allston Brown

and mind are so full of this extraordinary performance that I know not where to stop or how to go on. There is no trick in Miss Cushman's performance; no thought, no interest; no feeling seems to actuate her except what might be looked for in Romeo himself were Romeo reality."

As a reader of plays Miss Cushman never has been surpassed, and probably never has been equalled. She was fully the equal of Fanny Kemble in individualizing the various characters, and was Miss Kemble's superior in the very difficult art of fully bringing out the author's meaning. Miss Cushman was the more scholarly. Herein she was the superior of all other elocutionists save one—Edwin Forrest.

Theatregoers and players that date back to Forrest's and Cushman's time— all, as far as I know—are of opinion that their school was the school not only for their time but for our

The first of these articles, devoted to a critical estimate of Edwin Forrest, appeared in THE THEATRE for December.

time, and for all time. The younger generation of players, however, are of opinion that this is an error. Forrest and Cushman, they assure us, would now not be accepted. A few days ago, when I told an actor born about the time Forrest died that I thought Forrest's Lear and Cushman's Katharine would receive as much attention now as ever they received, he assured me, with a deprecating shake of the head, that I

was mistaken, quite mistaken. "They were thought great personations in their day, no doubt," said he, "but we have outgrown them. No, sir, no; their school would not be accepted now—declamatory, sir; they wouldn't do now; the public of to-day wouldn't have them." I won—dered—how—he—knew!

ALFRED AYRES.

(To be continued)



Operatic Stars En Voyage

(By one of them)



MME. CALVÉ

Opening night, October 8, 1901. 5:30 P. M. "Montreal! All out!"

The train is eleven hours late, and "Carmen" has been advertised for that very evening with Calvé and Salignac. Both had arrived the previous evening so as to be in better condition.

The other members of the company make a mad rush for the platform amid a tempest of exclamations, cries, complaints, groans, and recriminations in every living tongue, provoked by the absence of porters to handle the small baggage.

Mr. Latham, the manager, grapples in vain with the universal ill-humor. "Where is my carriage? Where's my hotel? It's disgraceful!" exclaims a fat woman, her face crimson from excitement. "Never again will I let Eugene travel like this. When one has created six rôles at the Opera one is entitled to some consideration!" She is the new tenor's wife, giving vent to her indignation, much to her companion's amusement. In the centre of an animated group those artistes billed for the evening performance are gesticulating wildly and threatening not to sing.

The manager is distracted. The previous evening he had ordered by wire twenty-five carriages, of which no trace can be found. However, he secures all the cabs in sight and begins to pack off his stars, beginning with those of the first magnitude. One sees drive away rapidly the famous Mme. X., an elderly little woman, followed by a yellow maid, and delicious Mlle. Y., dainty bit of Saxony bric-a-brac in a bundle of furs, followed in turn by the good-natured Mme. S. H., substantial star and fat, beaming-faced mamma, who makes a grimace at her companions as she goes.

Then off go the stars of to-morrow—Mlle. F., a powder puff, insolent little nose, *frou-frou* of laces, accompanied by a beardless *capellmeister*, who resembles the late Mr. McKinley.

A man of unusually tall stature advances calmly amid a very animated group. They are the French members of the company. One cries in a falsetto voice: "Why, I haven't even a shirt!" It is the orchestra leader Flon, who has just

been told that of the eleven express wagons ordered for the baggage only one has come; also that there is not a man to handle the trunks, and that Frank, the baggageman, declares it will be impossible to deliver the trunks before 8:30 P. M.

"Let us go and eat, anyhow," suggests Gilibert, the "big man."

Meantime the first lot of carriages have driven off, others have come up. Everyone finally is seated, and soon the station resumes its normal appearance.

6:30 P. M. The theatre.

The immense circus is divided into two almost equal parts by a stage hastily constructed, and in front of which have only just been attached the scenery and curtain.

Nothing here yet. The station is a long way from the theatre. The management is worried. Can they begin on time? That is the question.

Salignac, the Don José, appears at this juncture. He has a cold, and would gladly see the performance postponed to some other night. He bets Castel Bert, the stage manager, a quarter that the curtain will not rise before 9 o'clock. Other bets are offered and taken.

Calvé is already in her dressing-room with her two maids and her dog Jack, who does not appear to relish the life he is led.

7 P. M. The audience begins to fill up the house. The first wagonload of scenery arrives at the stage entrance. Everyone makes a mad rush, but the scenery is that of the second and third acts!

It is getting late. All the singers are there, but only one trunk—Calvé's.

The Micaela goes from dressing-room to dressing-room looking for his trunk. It begins to rain, which adds to the general confusion. A heavy wagon draws up and queer-shaped, funereal-looking boxes are piled on the sidewalk. They are the 'cellos and contre-bassos.

7:30 P. M. The instruments arrive and are promptly unpacked. The call boy, a slave to duty, cries among the dressing-rooms: "Half an hour!"



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JACK

Only Calvé is ready. She amuses herself throwing rice powder on her dog's nose to make him sneeze.

No longer recognizing his mistress in her stage costume, the animal snarls and growls and takes refuge under a chair, to Calvé's great amusement.

8 P. M. It is time to begin. The house is packed; a superb audience. It's always the same thing. Everyone is beside himself.

Every now and then a dressing-room door opens and a glimpse is caught of Salignac holding a handkerchief to his mouth for fear of the draughts, and crying in a stifled voice, "My trunk!"

"Not yet," replies Castel Bert, and the door closes quickly.

8:30 P. M. A few trunks begin to circulate; their owners dress hastily.

In front the audience is losing patience.

M. Flon suggests pacifying it by playing a few selections, but he is in his flannel undershirt. It would certainly be the height of impropriety to present himself in such a costume. What can be done? They discuss ways and means. One lends him a collar, another manufactures him a "dicky" from a wigmaker's circular torn from his dressing-room wall, a third furnishes him with a cravat, and thus correctly attired—from a distance—the leader is able to climb to his chair.

9 P. M. The orchestra strikes up the English national hymn amid enthusiastic applause.

The audience seems delighted.

In the wings they have succeeded more or less well—rather less—in dressing the tenor in a chorus outfit.

Calvé is still a marvel of calm. She continues powdering her dog, who persists in not finding the pleasantry to his taste.

9:30 P. M. Castel Bert has lost his bet; the curtain is still down. The orchestra attacks the overture of the "Meistersingers." The audience is delighted.

But the singers are beginning to get nervous.

"Where's my wig?" cries Micaela. "I can't go on without a wig."

"Nor I without my trousers," echoes the baritone, vainly struggling to insert himself in trousers too tight, which he says some one put in his room.

10 P. M. The orchestra attacks the valse in "Faust." The audience is delighted.

They are now waiting for only one thing—the scenery of Act I. At last! Here's a wagonload. The scene shifters rush forward. No, it's a mistake. They've sent lot 81 instead of lot 18! A statue of Tanit, perched on the vessel of "l'Africaine," contemplates the general excitement with serene calm. Castel Bert foams at the mouth.

With the exception of the scenery the only things lacking now are the wigs, the helmets, and the swords. All the soldiers are at their post.

10:15 P. M. The orchestra attacks the overture of the "Vaisseau Fantôme." The audience is delighted.

On the stage they decide to do without the Square in Sevilla setting. For it will be substituted a gloomy forest with an empty lot, on which, later, there can be no objection to building a tobacco factory.

10:30 P. M. The orchestra courageously attacks the overture of "William Tell." The audience is delighted. Only one cranky person remarks mildly that it would be much better if they played the overture to "Carmen," for which he had bought his seats. The audience hoots at him. The police expel him.

All was ready on the stage when the singers declare it undignified to appear without helmets, wigs and swords. All go back to their dressing-rooms.

Salignac, thinking of his cold, says to himself: "If only they'll end by not giving a performance at all!"



PHOTO MARCEAU

MISS ESTELLE LIEBLING

Soprano, recently heard at the Kubelik concert at the Metropolitan Opera House



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M. SALIGNAC

10:45 P. M. The orchestra attacks the overture of "La Muette." The audience is delighted.

Calvé, still a miracle of calm, has succeeded in powdering her dog until he now resembles a Christmas toy. Then she sends out for oysters to "kill time."

At the stage entrance the scenery continues to accumulate. There are mountains of cases,

among which are finally discovered those containing the wigs, helmets and swords. At last everything is there. Everyone fixes himself up. The curtain is about to rise at the signal from the stage manager, when—not having been told of the change—the orchestra attacks the overture of Beethoven's "Leonore." The audience is delighted.

The stage manager, tearing his hair, sits down again in utter despair. It means another fifteen minutes at least.

11 P. M. At last. This time all is as it should be.

The orchestra attacks bravely the overture of "Carmen." "Better late than never," grumbles the crank.

The audience is delighted.

The curtain rises, creaking.

Soldiers and young women, all smoking, invade the stage.

A corporal enters, sits down and twists a piece of string, which is a piece of wire, according to the explanation he makes to Carmen.

Calvé appears, radiant. Thunder of applause. The curtain falls.

11:15 P. M. The orchestra attacks the overture of the second act. The audience is delighted.

In a house of bad repute, but full of comely women, a stout toreador sings the ladies a sentimental song, while a thin tenor energetically refuses to do the same.

Calvé dances a little air. Frantic applause. The curtain falls.

It will soon be midnight. Wagons continue shooting out on the pavement pyramids of absolutely useless scenery in a drenching rain. The vessel of "l'Africaine" looks as if it were shipwrecked, while the "Valkyrie" horses, which look as if they had escaped from some merry-go-round, fraternize with the corpse of Fafner, Siegfried's dragon, whose yawning and dripping jaws remind one vaguely of a mediæval gargoyle.

11:30 P. M. We must hurry. Save time. "Cut, cut!" howls the stage manager. "Yes, yes!" approves Salignac.

Third act. Micaela insists on nothing being cut out. Directly after his aria a pistol misses fire in the wing, and the toreador cries joyously: "A few lines more and it will be all over."

To go quicker they make a quick change without lowering the curtain, while outside, in the drenching rain, they begin to reload on the same wagons all the scenery and cases that still encumber the wings and sidewalk.

Again we see Tanit, this time standing on its head. The dragon, reduced to the condition of an old rag, hangs sorrowfully over the side of "l'Africaine's" ship, now dismantled, and in the centre of which rises a gnarled tree.

A scene shifter gives a cry. They have at last found the Sevilla tobacco factory. It was carefully hidden away—perhaps on account of the rain—under the "Salamambo" staircase.

Midnight. Curtain. Last tableau.

Calvé wants to see the bull fight.

Salignac doesn't. Quite hoarse, he sings: "Pour la dernière fois, Carmen, veux-tu me suivre?"

"In such weather! Never in my life!" responds Calvé in the same key.

It's too much. A flash of lightning. A fist falls, two bodies follow suit, the curtain does the same.

Calvé's dog, hearing his mistress cry, begins to howl.

The orchestra attacks frantically the first tremolo. The audience is delighted.

"Nice opening night!" gasps Salignac as he washes off his makeup.

Flon, steaming, takes off his "dickey" and finds printed on his flannel undershirt:

"JOHN STEGMAN, Wigmaker, 1399 Main Street."

The cashier counts up \$12,000. Most successful night!

The next day. Extract from the *Montreal Daily Advertiser*:

"Yesterday evening proved a veritable triumph for the members of the Metropolitan Opera House company and for Mme. Calvé in particular. All the artistes were sublime—as actors. As to their voices, alas! we are in the painful necessity of having to reserve all comment, we having heard no more than the rest of the 3,000 persons present. The audience, however, was delighted with the numerous orchestral selections with which the talented maestro, M. Flon, favored it. But it is most regrettable that—for reasons that possibly may not be foreign to politics—a masterpiece, all finesse and detail, should be sacrificed in a circus of cyclopean proportions, and that of such eminent lyric artistes we should be permitted to see only the pantomime, exquisite as it was. Meantime let us thank the distinguished singers who opened the opera season so auspiciously. The audience was delighted. So were we."

EUS. THOMAS.



CALVÉ'S THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD PROTÉGÉE

The above is a portrait of Edna Darch, a little California girl, only thirteen years old, and said to possess extraordinary vocal gifts, and whom Mme. Calvé is reported to have adopted. While Calvé was resting last month at Pasadena, near Los Angeles, writes a correspondent, the singer's attention was drawn to the child. Calvé sent for her, and, after hearing her sing, declared her to be a great artiste. Calvé offered to adopt the little girl and teach her herself, and promised to make a great singer of her in two or three years.



MUSIC AND MUSICIANS



MISS JESSIE SHAY

THE past month has contained but little musically of absorbing interest, and this little has been centred around one or two new works and the wondrously heralded Jan Kubelik.

On December 18 a small but expectant audience snatched a brief supper and clothed itself in sacerdotal raiment to attend the début of Miss Esther Fee, violinist, but illness supervened and the début did not occur.

On the afternoon of the 19th Mr. Gregory Hast, the English tenor, gave a song recital at Mendelssohn Hall. He would certainly be a happy salon singer.

The Oratorio Society was heard

in "Elijah" on the 20th, with Frau Lilli Lehmann and Mr. Gwilym Miles as chief of the soloists, Mr. Frank Damrosch conducting. Frau Lehmann's English diction was a surprise.

On the 24th Mr. Josef Hofmann drew a large crowd to his piano recital at Carnegie Hall. The *pièce de résistance* was Beethoven's "Appassionata," and it was very fearful. Give Mr. Hofmann music which requires steel digits and no emotional exertion and he shines with the gleam of an arc-light, but his sponsors in baptism should keep him from further incursions into Beethoven, which requires many, many pianistic attributes not yet nascent in Mr. Hofmann. There is, however, something captivating in the cool, clean pictures he presents and the poise and balance of his dissection of a work. Were technique all, he would be one of the masters.

A concert of ancient music was given at the Lyceum Theatre by Mr. S. Franko and a suitably small orchestra. The works were from as early a date as 1633, and came as a cooling draught upon our Richard Strauss-strained ears. Mrs. Morris Black was the soloist—but what of it? I regret space does not permit me to write at length of the works given, especially of Sacchini's (1734-1786) overture, "Œdipe a Colone."

Mr. Hofmann gave another recital on the 28th, and on Sunday night Mr. Paur gave a large benefit concert for St. Mark's Hospital, being assisted by Miss Electra Gifford, Miss Augusta Cottlow, Mrs. Morris Black and Mr. Jean Gérardy. Miss Gifford sang the mad scene from "Hamlet" well. Her voice is fresh and flexible and she has a sparkle of temperament in it usually non-resident in an American girl. Of Gérardy there is nothing to write: he is two Kubeliks of the 'cello. Miss Cottlow surprised by the virility and surety of her playing of the Grieg Concerto.

After weeks of ingenious advertising, Jan Kubelik made his first appearance at Carnegie Hall on December 2d, and an audience of mighty

lungs and big hands rose at him. It was the thing to do; it was expected, and it happened. The audience enthralled me more than the young Bohemian, who is a new species of mortal. He must have at least 3,000 fingers. This was the programme:

Overture, "Der Freischütz,"	Weber
Concerto, D-Major (Cadenza by Sauret),	Paganini
KUBELIK	
Concerto,	Henselt
MISS SHAY	
Concerto, No. 2 (Gesang Scene),	Spohr
KUBELIK	
Scherzo,	Litolf
MISS SHAY	
"Carnival Russe,"	Wieniawski
KUBELIK	

The entire programme outside of Kubelik was excellent. To me Kubelik is a wonder, but I wish he had been more modestly and decorously heralded. When one remembers the opposing poles of Paganini and



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MISS DOROTHY HARVEY

American Soprano, who has appeared frequently with the Pittsburgh Orchestra with success

Spohr, the great and different difficulties of each, the understanding and logic read into them by Kubelik, we should hesitate to criticize adversely. Remember, Kubelik is scarcely twenty, and he stands the king of technicians. Where others playing Paganini simply fiddle, Kubelik secures a large, warm tone. True, he often forces his bow, but his temperament runs away with him, and in these cold days one can excuse him. I had many back thoughts and secret fears that when Kubelik should strike into Beethoven and Bach that the illusion would be gone; but when he played from these masters at his recital I was actually dumbfounded over the breadth and magnitude of his musical understanding. I cannot but think that Kubelik has every attribute of a violin genius, and that when he has settled into his art—is a few years older—he will reign supreme. There are times when a critic should be discreet enough to say nothing and wait—and this is one of them.

Mr. Paur conducted and Kubelik was ably assisted by Miss Jessie Shay, a young American pianist and pupil of Alexander Lambert. Miss Shay's creditable work gave evidence of excellent training.

At Kubelik's second recital this programme was played:

Concerto, E Major,	<i>Vieuxtemps</i>
KUBELIK	
Piano Solo, "Cetineelle,"	<i>Moszkowski</i>
MISS SHAY	
Aria,	<i>Bach</i>
Romance, G Major,	<i>Beethoven</i>
KUBELIK	
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12,	<i>Liszt</i>
MISS SHAY	
Nel Cor Piu Nou Mi Sento,	<i>Paganini</i>
KUBELIK	

RUDOLPH FRIML at the Piano

Do you remember Sophocles' "Œdipus?"



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M. JEAN GÉRARDY



MISS ELECTRA GIFFORD

Sophocles left in his dramas more than one noble theme worthy a symphonic setting. Herr Max Schillings, a German composer who tries hard to speak the modern orchestral *sprache*, set the tragedy of "Œdipus" to music called by him a "Symphonic Prologue." Mr. Paur introduced it at the last Philharmonic

concert. As a work it commands attention, but it will not endure. The chief theme of dark hue is given to the bassoons, tuba, strings, etc., and the effect is strong. The technic throughout is advanced, but it is music which appeals exclusively to the brain. The other numbers on the programme were the Tschaiakowski "Pathetic" Symphony, one of the grandest works ever penned, and the Saint-Saëns Concerto for violoncello, redeemed from the disgrace of uselessness by the wizard fingers of Gérardy; an overture, the "Leonora" No. 2, by Beethoven, which closed this concert.

There were, scattered between these events, various and sundry recitals, but none of much moment. This month's review must close with the second visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Knowing the senescence of Mr. Gericke's conducting, and with that malign intent which characterizes all faithful worshippers at times, I added my voice to those who banteringly invited him to come to New York and give Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben."

He came; he did—a parody! Such little things encountered our consciousness as a brass instrument coming in half a bar too soon, a total estrangement between men and director, a "battle scene" like the duel between Viola and Sir Andrew, the "love theme" complacently sawed out with the romance of a hurdy-gurdy,—oh! it was a beautiful study in the iniquitous possibilities of what a good orchestra misdirected can accomplish.



MISS AUGUSTA COTFLOW

By the way, to digress, how much actually free, unprejudiced, unbiased criticism obtains in New York to-day? Charles Gregorowitsch was the soloist, playing Vieuxtemps, a minor concerto, and every critic of rank found him excellent. This seems rank criticism, for I fail to see one redeeming feature of his work. His technique is average, his tone small, and, above all, I cannot see where the musical intelligence enters into his work. His bow is not straight on the strings, and there is no reason why he, an average violinist, should be exploited as a distinguished soloist.

Other numbers were Goldmark's Concert Overture, "In the Spring," and Beethoven's D-Major Symphony, No. 2. At the second concert this was the programme:

Overture, "Cockaigne" (In London Town)	<i>Edward Elgar</i>
Concerto, E-Minor, Op. 11,	<i>Chopin</i>
Symphony, No. 2, D-Major	<i>Brahms</i>

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.



Elsie Leslie—Yesterday and To-day

BARELY a dozen years ago a little girl, a sweet-faced child with golden curls and blue eyes, played the leading part in a popular play with precocious intelligence and rare charm. Her name was on everyone's lips. Poets sang to her, artists painted her, sculptors chiselled her. The child was Elsie Leslie, the play, "Little

Lord Fauntleroy." That child has now grown into womanhood, and at the present time is appearing in the part of Glory Quayle in this season's revival of "The Christian."

Fortune has smiled on Elsie Leslie. If the way to the centre of the stage were as easy for all as it has been for her how many would seek it! Of the disappointments, the trials, the seamy side of the theatrical life she has known nothing. Her path has been ever strewn with flowers and sunshine, and she has always had the advantage of good and elevating associations, as well as the constant companionship of her mother.

To her friendship with Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Hutton, Mark Twain, and other famous people of the stage and literature, this immunity from the hardships and perils of the stage career is largely due. Mr. Booth was very fond of

little Elsie, and she always called him "Uncle Ned." A photograph of herself taken with Mr. Booth is now in Miss Leslie's possession. The friendship with Mr. Jefferson dates many years back, long before there was any thought of Elsie becoming an actress, for there had never been any actors in her family before. When Elsie was a mere tot it was remarked that she was clever at mimicry, and Mr. Jefferson advised her mother to put her on the stage, offering an opportunity in his own company. After much pleading and greatly against her family's wish, little Elsie made her debut at the age of five as Meenie in "Rip Van Winkle." She remained with Mr. Jefferson two years, when one day the opportunity came to play in "Editha's Burglar" at the Lyceum, Mr. E. H. Sothern being the burglar. Although only eight years old, her performance as Editha was so clever

that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett decided that the child was the only possible interpreter for her new play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." In fact, the author informed the manager who was going to produce her play that she would withdraw it from his hands unless he secured Elsie Leslie to play it. So Elsie was engaged and appeared as the little Lord in 1889, she then being nine years old. Her next part was the dual rôle in Mark Twain's "Prince and the Pauper."

Elsie Leslie left the stage when she was about twelve, her brilliant career as a child actress ended. She then took up her studies, necessarily interrupted during her stage work, and put all thoughts of the footlights away from her.

When she was sixteen the passion for the stage again asserted itself, and once more she joined the forces of Mr. Jefferson, playing with him such parts as Lydia Languish in "The Rivals," and Dot in "The Cricket on the Hearth." This season Messrs. Liebler & Co. offered her the part of Glory Quayle, and, according to report, the young actress has met with much success in the part. Miss Leslie's future is full of promise. Her fondest dream is that one day she may play Viola in "Twelfth Night," a character for which she is well fitted by her beauty and sweetness of speech.



ELSIE LESLIE as Fauntleroy



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MISS ELSIE LESLIE

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MISS GRACE GEORGE in "Under Southern Skies"

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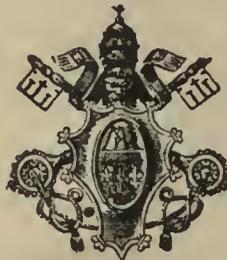
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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



PHOTO BYRON

DU BARRY (Mrs. Leslie Carter) COSSÉ (Mr. Robert Lorain)

ACT V.—On the way to the scaffold

"DU BARRY" AT THE CRITERION

PLAYS AND PLAYERS



OOD society, to which Mrs. Patrick Campbell makes her strongest appeal, cannot see much to interest in the elaborate and careful narrative of how Magdalena Schwartz, a truant from the narrow, provincial home of Lieutenant-Colonel Schwartz (retired), comes back on a brief visit to flaunt her jewels and laces, her queer taste for chocolate and coffee stirred together, and becomes involved in a

painful tragedy. Good society sees nothing dubious in the moral views of the great singer, but the high plane of her father is for them something to ridicule and condemn. The play of "Heimath," then, in a translation by Louis N. Parker, was an unfortunate selection for the English actress to make her début in. The audience she collected at the Theatre Republic on the night of January 13 would have been better pleased if she had given them the picture of a merely conventional woman set in piquant surroundings; they would have liked to see Mrs. Tauqueray or the notorious Ebbsmith woman, for their instinct told them that Mrs. Campbell was better fitted by training to play either of these now familiar types. But Mrs. Campbell's entire career on the stage has indicated that she is a headstrong woman, who goes her own way, and this way on the occasion of her début led her to show what she could do with a part in which Sarah Bernhardt had failed. Mrs. Campbell did not fail; she won a quasi-success. Her triumph would have been greater if she had consented to bid for applause by appealing to the baser qualities of her audience, as she might have done with either Madame Tanqueray or Madame Ebbsmith. But, considering everything—an untheatrical play, a very indifferent company—she succeeded in a degree. In her way Magda is as narrow in her outlook upon life as the retired colonel, her father, in his. But she is a noble character, and belongs to the realm of tragedy.

The Englishwoman who comes to us so badly equipped, save in the matter of dress (she has some exquisite gowns), is a tragedienne. The sombre note is in her lightest speech; a recognition of the powerlessness of the human struggle against fate is in every glance of her large dark eyes. She belongs to tragedy and should have a death scene in every play. So from that standpoint she is to be considered. Tragedy is her métier, but she is not yet a great tragedienne. She is still

cribbed and confined by her experience as a "society actress," and it is doubtful if she will ever round out her nature. The truest statement of her art and the briefest is that she attains glimpses of the height but lingers in its valley; she is a very gifted amateur. Having said this, one may proceed to contradict it. Mrs. Campbell bears herself as naturally on the stage as Duse; when she is not speaking she is living the character of the play—her quiet moments are life itself. It is when she rises to bursts of passion, and she literally always rises to them, that one scents indignantly the odor of declamation, an offensive odor in the critic's nostrils. One sees that she is prone to repetition; that her tragic quiver



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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS MAGDA

is far from full, and that, in short, she shoots the same arrow over and over again.

As Mrs. Tanqueray the actress is far more successful in her bid for applause than as Magda. The passion of that woman is quite within her present powers, and she plays the erring eunnyce in a way that seems to be very true to life. But the same limitations that apply to her in the one case also fit the other. The forced rhetorical effect is aimed for and the lofty truth is missed. But Paula's death was admirably devised by the playwright for this woman, and when she left the stage for the last time to drink her hemlock, you felt, and knew not why, the note of tragedy. It needed not the irruption of the daughter with her cry to tell you the truth; you had anticipated it. This was not true in the same degree when Miss Nethersole played the part, and when Mrs. Kendal had gone from the scene you knew she was comfortably seated in her drawing-room. So for this effect Mrs. Campbell deserves great praise. Whether due to accident or art, it was a wonderful touch. Mrs. Campbell's acting in "Beyond Human Power," a translation from the Norwegian of Bjornsen, was marked by a degree of tragic power higher than that she showed in "Magda" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," but of the same kind. There are few passages in this play where an actress, no matter how mistakenly she sought for elocutionary moments, could find them, and consequently the actress's work was more uniform in its eloquence. In Bjornsen's drama, too, she employs her deep undertones more than the high notes of her voice, and the former are with Mrs. Campbell extremely effective. The actress made, therefore, a strong impression in a play which is utterly devoid of brilliant moments.

Under the title of "Frocks and Frills," that much-adapted French trifle, "Les Doigts de Fée," has been done into English by Mr. Sydney Grundy so deftly that Mr. Daniel Frohman in presenting the piece at Daly's omits all allusion to the original authors. This style of crediting, whatever it may be

to Messrs. Scribe and Legouvé, is but simple justice to Mr. Grundy; for the task which he has successfully accomplished of transferring such an iridescent bubble intact into new environment, epoch and language is as delicate as metrically translating a lyric of De Musset's. Frocks and frills and the *modes* are indeed the whole business of this lightest of comedies. There is, however, a diaphanous fabric of plot, which sets forth how Olive Devereux (Miss Hilda Spong), a lovable but destitute young gentlewoman, occupies a position of humiliating dependency in the household of her cold and distant



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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS MRS. JORDAN, ACTRESS



PHOTO
BYRON

MRS. MARTINEZ
(Miss Alice Fischer)

LADY POMEROY
(Miss Dorothy Dorr)

ACT III.—MRS. MARTINEZ: "Oh, my dear! quelle jolie petite robe!"

"FROCKS AND FRILLS" AT DALY'S

relatives, Lord and Lady Athelstan, who desire to be rid of her, the more so as they hope to make a match for a nearer and dearer young relative of theirs, a Miss Enid (Miss Gertrude Bennett), with Athelstan's son, the Viscount Noel (Mr. Robert Loraine). But Noel loves Olive, while Enid's affections are desperately entangled with Sir Richard Kettle (Mr. Jameson Lee Finney), who stammers so badly that he cannot say "I love you," yet is a good deal of a man in a small way, as he expresses it. This Kettle has gold in his heart as well as in his purse, so in a purely friendly way he sets Olive up in a fashionable dressmaking business, where, under the name of Clotilde, she becomes a power in the social smart set. With dukes and stock-market magnates dropping into her shop daily to lay their titles, coronets and other assets at her feet, she finds little difficulty in straightening out the love affairs of Enid and K-k-kettle, likewise of herself and Noel. Moreover, she adjusts most happily the celebrated feud between two rival social leaders, Mrs. Martinez (Miss Alice Fischer) and Lady Pomeroy (Miss Dorothy Dorr). This latter episode furnishes the best moments of the play, being brilliantly carried off by the two actresses named. Miss Spong, whose sumptuous though stolid beauty never fails to win due appreciation, seems rather a mature Olive, especially in conjunction with her juvenile lover, as agreeably portrayed by Mr. Loraine; yet, the gentleness, tact and womanly self-reliance of the character are well within her grasp. Mr. Jameson Lee Finney has in the rôle of Kettle the best oppor-

tunity that has fallen to his lot for years; and, in a delightfully insouciant yet ever sympathetic way, he makes the quaint little baronet the central figure of the action. As Enid Miss Gertrude Bennett finds expression for a certain winsomeness that is her own.

The production of "Du Barry" at the Criterion aroused varying and conflicting emotions—pleasurable surprise at Mrs. Leslie Carter's remarkably fine performance as the royal harlot of France, amazement at the unprecedented splendor of the stage settings and costumes, but also regret that with the rich material furnished by the Du Barry's extraordinary and tragic career Mr. Belasco should have evolved only a play that, while theatrically effective, is crude in characterization, entirely lacking in literary quality and as untrue to the facts of history as a play professing to present a historical personage can well be. In order to excuse and exalt his degraded heroine, Mr. Belasco represents her as a pure woman at heart, ever true to her first love, who is dragged irresistibly down by destiny to splendid infamy. The proper sequence of events has been changed to permit of this roseate fiction, and even of the historical personages little remains but the mere names. Thus the playwright shows us a Du Barry entirely of his own conceiving, a fretful woman bewailing her fate and spouting maudlin sentiment, the old Cossé-Brissac as a dapper and ardent young guardsman, the easy-going Louis as a jealous and quarrelsome lover, and the accomplished

blackguard, Count Jean Du Barry, as an old-fashioned villain of the approved East Side pattern. Not, however, that this perversion of history is likely to affect the popular success of the piece, which will doubtless have a long run. The average theatregoer knows little of history and cares less. Unable to distinguish the genuine from the spurious article, he is satisfied if he is thrilled or amused, indifferent to the fact that a play of this kind has really little value unless it reflects faithfully the period in which it is laid.

What are the facts regarding the famous mistress of Louis XV.? Marie Jeanne Bécu, later known as the Comtesse Du Barry, was the daughter of a dissolute woman and a defrocked priest, and was born some time in 1743. She was brought up in a charitable institution and afterwards became a flower vendor.

Later she was employed in the shop of a fashionable milliner named Labille. There she soon fell a victim to the

the Comtesse Du Barry was presented at Court. She was a woman of no education; she could not even spell correctly, and the blunders in grammar and court etiquette she made were often the subject of jest. But her lack of culture did not

temptations that beset her and she lived as a courtesan under the name of Mlle. Lauge. Her great and peculiar personal charms led Count Jean Du Barry, a titled adventurer, to form the design of receiving her into his gambling house to act as a decoy. Her success surpassing his expectations, his hopes took a higher flight, and he presented her to Lebel, the valet of Louis XV., with the intention that she should become the mistress of the King. In this she succeeded, but as the marked favor shown by Louis to a courtesan roused remonstrances from his ministers and the members of the royal family, Louis, who was too infatuated to remove her, met their wishes half way by securing for her a nominal husband. Count Jean Du Barry was married, but his brother William offered himself for the ceremony, and shortly after its performance



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MR. FRANK KEENAN

Now appearing at the Manhattan in "The Hon. John Grigsby"



PHOTO BYRON

JACK FAIRFAX (Mr. T. Daniel)

DOLLY VARDEN (Miss Lulu Glaser)

DICK BELLEVILLE (Mr. Van Rensselaer Wheeler)

ACT I.—DOLLY VARDEN: "O, Guardie, is that really and truly a man?"

"DOLLY VARDEN" AT THE HERALD SQUARE



WINDEATT, CHICAGO

MISS GERTRUDE NORMAN IN "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"



WINDEATT, CHICAGO

MISS MARCIA VAN DRESSER AS FRANCESCA

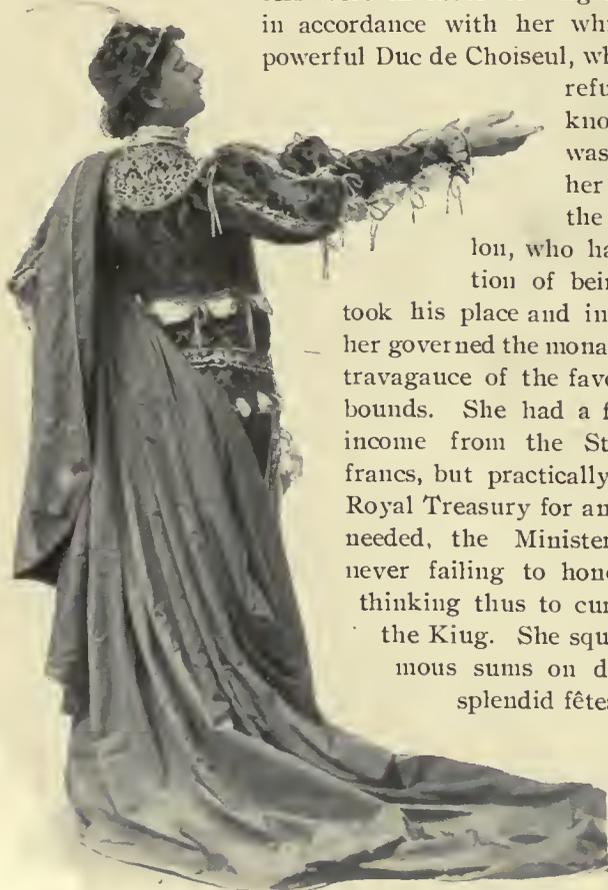
diminish her charms as a woman, and her influence over the monarch was absolute until his death. Courtiers and ministers were in favor or disgrace with him in accordance with her whim. The all-powerful Duc de Choiseul, who had always

refused to acknowledge her, was disgraced by her wishes, and the Duc d'Aiguillon, who had the reputation of being her lover,

took his place and in concert with her governed the monarch. The extravagance of the favorite knew no bounds. She had a fixed monthly income from the State of 60,000 francs, but practically drew on the Royal Treasury for any amount she needed, the Minister of Finance never failing to honor her drafts, thinking thus to curry favor with the King. She squandered enormous sums on dress, and her splendid fêtes at Versailles

were the talk of Europe. The story goes that she ordered for her

own use a bath-tub of solid gold and work on it was actually begun, but was stopped by order of the King, who feared arousing public opinion. The favor of Louis for his mistress continued to estrange him from his children and most of the royal family, and this isolation induced him to build for her the magnificent mansion at Luciennes. At the death of the King from smallpox in 1774, she was banished by Louis XVI., but Marie Antoinette — who had previously treated her with disdain — interceding for her, she received permission to reside at Luciennes with a pension. There began her romantic attachment for the old Duc de Cossé-Brissac, probably the only pure and disinterested love affair in her life. On the outbreak of the Revolution the Duke was one of the first victims, and his gory head was brought to her at Luciennes and thrown on her breakfast table. Later she was herself accused before the revolutionary tribunal of having dissipated the treasures of the State and conspiring against the Republic. She was condemned to death and beheaded the same day, being then fifty years old. She was



WINDEATT, CHICAGO

MR. AUBREY BOUCICAULT AS PAOLO



WINDEATT, CHICAGO

MR. WILLIAM NORRIS AS PEPE

completely prostrated on hearing her sentence and was taken shrieking to the scaffold.

So much for the facts; as to the play, it is mainly fanciful. It opens in the milliner's shop. Cossé-Brissac wins Jeanne's love, but Count Du Barry lures her to his gambling house on pretence of seeing the King go by. In Act II. Cossé has persuaded Jeanne to elope with him, but this is prevented by Count Jean. The King hears of Jeanne's beauty and comes masked to see her. Louis is infatuated, and Jeanne, forced to choose between love in a cottage and infamy in a palace, goes to Versailles. Next we see the favorite holding a petit lever. She bewails her desertion of Cossé and upbraids the King for his jealousy. Suddenly Cossé, wounded, bursts into the room. He has been shot by the guard and seeks refuge. The King knocks for readmission and the Du Barry hides her lover in her bed. In the following act a night fête is in progress in the palace grounds. Count Jean, foiled in an attempt to blackmail the favorite, betrays Cossé to the King, and the Du Barry, in a paroxysm of fury, beats him insensible with a candlestick. In the next act the King is dead and Cossé brings a warrant to Luciennes for the arrest of the favorite. Count Jean, historically already dead, turns up here and jeers at his former protégée as she is led away. Then come the scenes of the prison and the ride to the gallows. If one considers the play merely as a piece of skillful dramatic workmanship there is much in it to praise. Mr. Belasco has exhausted all the resources of his undisputed dramatic talent and pieced together a play in the true Sardou manner, in which the mechanism is plainly visible throughout, but having situations of extreme theatrical effectiveness. The action moves swiftly forward to the final catastrophe, the interest is well sustained to the end, and the various stage pictures are of compelling beauty; indeed, the scenery, painted by Ernest Gros, and the costumes, designed by Archie Gunn, eclipse in magnificence anything ever seen before in this country. Mrs. Leslie Carter, as the royal wanton, excelled all her previous achievements in the way of emotional acting. It is, indeed, doubtful if any other English-speaking actress could approach her performance of the part; certainly Bernhardt herself, whose methods Mrs. Carter closely imitates, could hardly improve upon it. Her comedy is capitally done, and in her passionate scenes she holds her audience as under a spell. In the last act, when, her spirit broken, and quaking with womanly terror, she is dragged to the scaffold, followed by a jeering mob, her simulation of mortal agony is almost painfully realistic. Mrs. Carter has been charged with committing an anachronism in appearing in her own natural red hair during a period famous for its powder. As a matter of fact, the actress is right, for the Du Barry always refused to powder her hair, claiming it was too beautiful. Mr. Hamilton Revelle plays the part of



WINDEATT, CHICAGO

MR. OTIS SKINNER AS LANCIOTTO

the lover with grace and spirit, and Mr. C. A. Stevenson is satisfactory as Louis XV. Mr. Campbell Gollan plays the inartistic part of Count Jean in an artistic manner.

That New York does not like tragedy, save in the columns of its yellow newspapers, is an axiom that theatrical managers have had ground into their consciousness by meagre box-office receipts. They approach the city with fear and trembling when they have aught else to present but comedy or happy endings. Mr. Otis Skinner, therefore, is a correspondingly happy man since the poetic tragedy of "Frau Scaccia da Rimini"



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH
MR. FRANCIS WILSON IN "THE TOREADOR"

ni," in which he is appearing this year, has proved an exception. Boker's tragedy, all things considered, has shown good wearing qualities. A very long period of time has elapsed since the late Lawrence Barrett presented it with what was then considered an elaborate scenic display. The play was old even at that period, but it was new to playgoers if not to students of the poetic drama. It has not lost its faults then noted—a rather heavy and prosaic treatment, somewhat conventional and matter-of-fact blank verse, and a lack of the element of surprise. Tragedy lurked in the opening lines and the comic mask was rigorously excluded. Mr. Skinner, who appeared with the elder actor in the rôle of the younger Malatesta, is now burdened with the deformity of the elder, which was Barrett's part. He has not forgotten how Barrett played the rôle, but his active memory does not influence him to give a slavish imitation. The fear of ridicule and disdain, which bit so cruelly into the soul of this unfortunate, is shown by Mr. Skinner with all the strength and subtlety that Barrett manifested, but the monotonous delivery of the lines which marred the elder actor's speech is absent from Mr. Skinner's. In this rôle the younger actor evidences a great stride forward in his art. Taken as a whole, the play is well contrived to stir the emotions of an audience, although their sympathies are divided. They sorrow with the deceived Lanciotto, but they compassionate even more deeply the luckless pair of lovers. To have preserved this sympathy for Paolo and

Francesca proves that the play is strictly dominated by the true poetic spirit, despite the solemn sameness of its declamatory speeches. It is beautifully staged, with the exception of the lights, which are not well handled, and the supporting company is above the average of those who circle for a season about a star. Miss Marcia Van Dresser is the Francesca; Mr. Aubrey Boucicault, the Paolo, and Mr. William Norris, Pepe, the bitter-tongued jester.

Among the most interesting plays seen thus far this season must be included "The Cardinal," a drama by Mr. Louis N. Parker, which Mr. E. S. Willard presented recently at the Amphion, Brooklyn. This piece, which is founded on one of Charles Lever's Irish stories, has for its main motive the obligation placed upon the priest to respect the secrets of the confessional, even at the price of sacrificing the life of his own kinsman. This idea has been used before on the stage, but the superior dramatic and literary qualities of Mr. Parker's play entitle it to the claim of originality. The dramatist has taken only the pith of Lever's story, and transferred the scene to Rome in the sixteenth century. Giuliano, brother of Cardinal Giovanni di Medici, is a rival of Andrea Strozzi for the hand of the fair Filiberta. The Medici suit is successful and Strozzi, in a fit of fury, kills the girl's father. He confesses the crime to the Cardinal, who gives him absolution. Mean-



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MISS ADELE RITCHIE IN "THE TOREADOR"

time suspicion has fallen on Giuliano, who is sentenced to death. The unhappy Cardinal's lips are sealed. Strozzi, more powerful than ever, offers to save Giuliano on condition that Filiberta weds him. The Cardinal scornfully spurns this bargain, and as a last resort the priest employs craft to trap his enemy. Feigning insanity, he lures Strozzi to an interview and induces the latter to admit before a concealed magistrate that he is the guilty man. This intensely human story is told with great skill. The action begins only with the second act, but from this point on the interest never flags. The third act, where the distracted Cardinal tries to force Strozzi to utter the word that will save his brother, is ingeniously constructed and powerfully written. In fact, it is too good, for Mr. Parker could not keep it up. His last act is less satisfactory, the device employed to secure the admission of guilt being too obvious. Mr. Willard has some magnificent moments as the Cardinal, his fine physique, commanding presence, sonorous voice and excellent diction giving full authority to the rôle of the picturesque, ambitious churchman. The scene of the confession is admirably done, and the priest's agony and outburst of passion following the knowledge of his own impotency to save his brother's life is superbly portrayed. The part will rank with the best this sterling actor has been seen in. Mr. Ernest Stallard played the magistrate well, Mr. Sydney Lawrence's Strozzi was convincing, and Mr. J. G. Taylor contributed an artistic character bit as an old bell-ringer.

The old saw about too many cooks spoiling the broth seems to have a striking illustration in "The Toreador," an alleged original musical play by no fewer than six authors, in which Mr. Francis Wilson has been recently disporting himself at the Knickerbocker. But for the clever fooling of the star the show would prove entertainment of the dullest kind. There is nothing worth remembering in the "music," and the "lyrics" at no time rise above the commonplace. Mr. Wilson is seen as Sammy Gigg, a cockney "tiger" who goes to Spain with a bull-fighter's sweetheart, and finds himself mistaken for the toreador and faced with the painful necessity of fighting a bull in the arena. The complication is mildly interesting, and Mr. Wilson's antics and dry humor are always funny. When he is not on the stage doing "stunts" the audience yawns. Miss Christie McDonald, Miss Adele Ritchie, and Miss Queenie Vassar are conspicuous in the cast, and do nothing to merit special mention, but Mr. Joseph Coyne is clever as a drawling British lordling. A noisy claque, which one would think had been hired for the express purpose of encoring the worst numbers, is allowed to interfere seriously with the comfort of the audience.

In "D'Arcy of the Guards," at the Savoy, Mr. Louis Evan Shipman has succeeded in writing an agreeable light comedy, chiefly because of his tact in leaving out heavy plots and wearisome complications; whilst Mr. Henry Miller, in the dominating rôle of the light-hearted Irish Britisher, bestows an artistic buoyancy upon the impersonation, as well as a discriminating care upon the entire cast and production, which will probably make this play, slight as it is, stand out as the most acceptable of many attempts to dramatize the war of American independence. George Washington is not brought upon the scene; there is no fighting, no "liberty-or-death" speechifying, and only one solitary Continental soldier in



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MISS AMELIA BINGHAM

Now appearing at the Bijou in "Lady Margaret"

blue-and-buff to a dozen or so British redcoats, with even a Hessian or two. Moreover, these King George men are such hale, good fellows well met, that the element of villainy is totally lacking in Mr. Shipman's little story, which is to this effect: It is the winter of 1777-'78, and the British occupy Philadelphia, while Washington with the American army is encamped at Valley Forge. In the Townshend mansion, Philadelphia, are quartered Major Jack D'Arcy and his friend Captain Gregory, surgeon of the Grenadier Guards (admirably characterized by Mr. Walter Allen). Miss Pamela, daughter

of the house (played to the life by pretty Miss Florence Rockwell), is an uncompromising rebel, so that D'Arcy's case, when he falls in love with her, seems hopeless, particularly as her brother is a suspected spy. D'Arcy, irresolute 'twixt love and duty, gets the brother off, but is obliged to stop Pamela when she undertakes a little spying on her own account. She resists, and handles a pistol so awkwardly that D'Arcy is shot in the arm. The fair rebel is arrested, but D'Arcy has taught her his formula for easy lying: "Tell the truth, nothing but the truth—but not necessarily the *whole* truth." So the affair is laughed off. Pamela nurses D'Arcy well of his wound, he slips his one available arm around her waist, and kisses her. Final curtain. There is genuine "atmosphere" in this play, as done by Mr. Miller and his company. The singing of "Sally in Our Alley," by the carousing officers in the third act, is delightfully natural and spirited, and should stand as a protest against the too-prevalent custom of merely dragging in songs by the ears. The piece is worth seeing.



MISS LOUISE DREW

Daughter of Mr. John Drew, now appearing in
"The Second in Command"

It is one of the curiosities of American theatrical management how little discrimination is used in the selection of plays. A "Colorado" is produced because of an "Arizona," and "A Prisoner of Zenda" created a perfect orgie in the managerial mind for the dramatization of books. "A Gentleman of France," dramatized by Miss Harriet Ford from Stanley Weyman's novel of the same name, produced at Wallack's, with Mr. Kyrle Bellew as Gaston de Marsac, supported by Miss Eleanor Robson as Mlle. de la Vire, is of a piece of all these so-called romantic plays, in reality melodrama in costume. The play, like the book, tells a story of political intrigue in the time of Henry of Navarre and Henry III. of France, out of which is created a love interest between the two principal characters. Constructively it is not a good story out of which to build a play. There is no sub-plot, no background against which the picture is held up to view. Nevertheless, the play has effective situations, color and motion, but the characterization is of buckram. De Marsac starts in on one strident key, compelling Mr. Bellew to



PHOTO BYRON

MAJOR JOHN D'ARCY
(Mr. Henry Miller)

CAPTAIN GREGORY
(Mr. Walter Allen)

COLONEL SIR EDWARD JENNISON
(Mr. Arthur Elliott)

ACT III.—COLONEL JENNISON: "Here's to King George and his fighting men!"

"D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS" AT THE SAVOY



MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL
As Pamela in "D'Arcy of the Guards"

use every artifice in the repertoire of his really splendid art to maintain the pitch throughout the play. Mr. Weyman does not differentiate between his characters. This is shown when the actors commence to develop their parts. It would have involved no *tour de force* for the same actor without change of costume to have played either De Marsac, Henry of Navarre or De Rosny. Mr. Bellew, always an actor of authority and fine stage presence, plays De Marsac as only a true artiste could play it, by making the most of a hollow part and covering up the weakness of Mr. Weyman's personage. In Mlle. de la Vire Mr. Weyman has given us a fine, high-spirited young woman, not any more French than she is Anglo-Saxon, therefore natural and successful character-drawing. Miss Robson lends to this part a charming stage presence, fine authority and a diction that is a delight to hear. Of the situations in the play, the great fight at the end of the "second

period" is the most thrilling thing of its kind that New York has seen for many a day. It is splendidly done by all concerned. Messrs. Liebler & Co. have gone to a great expense in staging this play. The production is upon a dignified scale, but whatever measure of success the play is to meet with must be dependent upon the authoritative manner in which the trite material is made effective by the fine work of Mr. Bellew, Miss Robson and the supporting company.

If time could turn backward in its flight for about twenty years at the Madison Square Theatre, where "Sweet and Twenty" is playing, it would find on the same stage a simple little play entitled "Mayblossom," in which a love story is brewed out of substantially the same elements as those which serve the author of the current piece. Mr. Basil Hood's play, consequently, has no significance in the development of the drama, but it has the charm of simplicity and wholesomeness. Mr. W. H. Thompson, as the vicar, has never done better work, for, in the part, he has advanced to gentleness and emotion. Mr. Sidney Drew breaks cups and saucers and window panes with a droll *gaucherie* that furnishes proof that he is a true descendant from the best Mrs. Malaprop our stage has known. The lovers, good and bad, Messrs. Richard Bennett and Harry B. Stanford, do their parts well. Miss Annie O'Neill is sweet and amiable, naturally and by the requirements of the play, for it is by reason of this that one of the young men takes to drink and the other to telling lies. They



PHOTO BURR MC INTOSH

MISS GRACE VAN STUDDEFORD
Now appearing in "Maid Marian" with the Bostonians

are brothers and love the same girl. The one the girl secretly loves makes way for the other, goes off to the navy, which only makes Sweet and Twenty love him more secretly and more ardently. Kicked out of the navy for drunkenness, like the prodigal son, he returns, is supposed to be hopeless, but braces up and marries the girl. The piece furnishes an evening's entertainment plentifully bestrewed with pathos.

When an author has fairly established himself in general esteem, one is not disposed to chide him overmuch for his occasional shortcomings; and the less when, in a three-act play, he atones at last in summoning up all his finer resources to win us back. In two acts of "The Wilderness," now playing at the Empire, one feels that he is being trifled with, but in the third and last the author finds himself again, and there is delight. Criticism of certain weaknesses in parts of the play are idle in view of what he accomplishes with the material, which is really as old and trite as may be found in all drama. A girl, frivolous apparently, but of passionate temperament, puts aside her first lover—an attractive but penniless scapegrace, whom she thinks she loves—in order to marry a genuine but plainer man, not for himself, but for his money. He is happy in the illusion of her love, but outspoken in declaring that if it were destroyed he could hate her. There is a fascinating capriciousness about the woman as acted by Miss Margaret Anglin. When her former lover returns and begs her to "fly with him"—the old, old, dramatic situation—she hesitates and finally refuses. She gets back the letter which she had written to him on the very

night of her success in capturing the richer man, in which she disavows all sentiment for the man who is to be her husband. Left on the table, this letter is read by him whom she has learned to esteem, and, without knowing it, to love. Then in the scene between husband and wife all the elements of outraged, awakening, repentant love—love in all its moods—join in a wild conflagration. He, about to depart forever, ends by taking her in his embrace; she, contrite and broken-hearted at first, finds secure happiness in the result. It touches the heart, this same old, eternal situation, as it has rarely ever done before. We have our Esmond back again, pure, simple, elemental, noble. The play has some true art when it comes to the point, but there is a subtler touch in it than that. The art of the acting in the play is perhaps superior to the art of the play itself. Miss Anglin has some of the very same qualities that belong to Mr. Esmond. Her art is fine, but her temperament is finer. It is hardly forced to say that, with the artificiality of the other personages of the play at times, she alone seemed the only one who was not acting. Mr. Richman is effective, and plays with more than usual freedom from constraint; and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Whiffen, Mr. Crompton, Mr. Courtney and others contributed good art, but the charm of nature was overwhelmingly with Miss Anglin. When Mr. Esmond gave us "When We Were Twenty One" we gave him his charter to labor on. It was his first play. He is ours by adoption. Individual qualities show in his work which are rare. In the main, he is purity, simplicity and genuineness itself. He has not reached his full development, but the charm of the man is never absent from his work.



PHOTO BYRON

JACK KENNERLEY
(Mr. William Courtney)

LADY PAWSON
(Mrs. W. G. Jones)

MR. GILBERT PAWSON
(Mr. E. Y. Backus)

MISS MABEL VAUGHAN
(Miss Margaret Anglin)

SIR HARRY MILANOR
(Mr. Charles Richman)

ACT I.—MABEL: "Lady Pawson, what would you do if you had a cousin who declined to take you to the Academy?"

"THE WILDERNESS" AT THE EMPIRE

Chats with Players

Interview given and photographs taken
exclusively for THE THEATRE :: ::

No. 3—E. S. WILLARD

READ, somewhere or other, a tale that told of a man who secretly implored the gods to spare him the ignominy of being wrinkled, yellow, lean and shrunken in his old age. "Let me always show in my face the undying youth and radiance of the spirit," he prayed. "As the influence of your spirit," answered the gods, "can command the will of

your heart, your mind, your body, so shall your wish be granted, for the radiance of youth is the light of the soul, unsullied by the mystery of the life of the world"

The thought there was in this, though clothed in a fantastic literary garment, came to me when I walked into a room at the Holland House the other day and met a man who symbolized the motive of the story. During all the years that have intervened since I used to see him wandering about Kensington Gardens in London, sharing the study of the Shakespeare he held in his hand with a great big St. Bernard, Mr. E. S. Willard has never lost a bit of that

wonderful radiance of expression, or that smile of his, which seems almost to defy such possibilities in life as care or melancholy mood. It is very rarely one can say of a man that he is radiant. The great majority of men never look it, under any pressure of feeling imaginable. It is essentially a feminine accomplishment, for women who are not actually beautiful cultivate radiance and succeed well in so doing, but a man's fibre is not so pliable to the arts that simulate. Handsome faces grow old, gracefully, no doubt, but perceptibly old, whereas let a genuine source of beauty, which is necessarily of the soul, be in the face, and the years that mark those lines where one's nature has failed in ideals merely heightens the radiance on the faces of those who have fought against conventional failures successfully. Assuming this to be a plausible theory, it is quite clear that Mr. Willard has lost none of his idealistic nature since it was born in him and told to us in his face. The years, not a burdensome number, be it remembered, have added the distinction that a man earns when his chosen work in life has been approved.

Mr. Willard began by playing villains, and Mr. Haddon Chambers, the playwright, told me once that the true hero of most plays, in the minds of the audience, is the villain, if he is only earnest and devoted in his stage villainy. Mr. Willard was an irresistible stage villain. He was convincing because he always invested the character of a villain with a human touch that fascinated and magnetized our sympathies. I have seen him throttle a man on the stage with such grace of action, and heard him condemn his victim's outcry in such rich tones, that the act of murder suggested an art heretofore neglected. He performed the deed, he killed his man, but we were ready to have him go on killing more of them, so that we might enjoy the peculiar art he put into his work, an art that left no room for interest in the man he had killed, and even aroused our sincerest belief that as a murderer he was the most charming element in the plot of the play. I saw him play the King to Wilson Barrett's Hamlet, and that was the one occasion when this actor overcame the symptoms of his nature and smothered it in the brutal manner and make-up of Shakespeare's most subtle villain.

"Good plays are as rare as ever," he said, as he kneeled one knee on a chair and leaned his elbows over the back, a favorite anchorage when he is interested and at home in his relations with a man. Other men light a pipe and put their feet above their head, or, in England, hold their coat-tails out to the fireplace.

"How are good plays to be found?" I asked.

"I can only speak from my own experience. For instance, 'The Cardinal,' which I am doing now, my friend, Louis M. Parker (the author), was in such a desperate state of mind to find something to write about that I think his condition preyed upon me till I felt it to be a personal responsibility. He would come to my house dejected, fretting,



PHOTO TONNELLE



PHOTO TONNELLE



MR. E. S. WILLARD

As he appears in his new play, "The Cardinal"

his whole creative machinery in check. He wanted to write a play; there was a dramatic composition in his system aching for an outlet, but it eluded him; he could not give it form, shape, nature—in short, he was getting quite moody and ill, as any man would with the weight of an unwritten play on his mind."

The actor paused and sat down on the chair he had been using for a centre of gravity.

"I am very fond of Parker; he's a most companionable chap, speaks half a dozen languages, which leads him into all sorts of embarrassing translations, and is a scholar and a good fellow. After awhile I realized that if some one didn't give Parker a subject for a play—well, there is no knowing what would happen to him. So I came across an old poem of Charles Lever's, with a dramatic story which told of a confession made to a priest by a murderer and the subsequent accusation of the priest's brother of the same murder. The whole story turned upon the violation of the seal of the confessional. The next time Parker turned up I read the poem to him. He was fascinated with the subject, and suggested that we transfer the story to Italy and put it back in some remote century of splendor. This we agreed upon, and he set to work. It was really a treat to see him getting better and

cheerful again. The priest of Lever's poem became Giovanni di Medici, a cardinal, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was Pope at the age of thirty-six. Of course, we had to inquire into many facts in the Roman Catholic religion to substantiate the story. Would a cardinal hear confession, for instance? We were told he would be compelled to, if so asked, although it was unusual. Then came the most important question, would a priest ever break the seal of the confessional? Never! Such a thing had never been known to happen in the whole history of the Roman Catholic church. Priests had changed their faith, become Protestants, but had never revealed the secrets of the confession. Would a priest use outside influences to entrap a murderer, for instance, into a confession under the canon law of the community? Yes, such a case was possible, and had occurred.

"These facts settled, Parker buried himself in the Black Forest and set to work getting the play out of his system. One morning I received a telegram from him to come and hear the first three acts. I joined him in forty-eight hours, and between breakfast and luncheon the three acts were read. When he had finished the third act I told him that he had got himself into a terrible tangle; that I had no idea how he was going to get out of it.

"'I return home after lunch,' I said to him. 'What! won't you stay and talk it over?' he asked in dismay. I told him that our only hope was that he should shut himself up and work it out alone. A fourth act must be written, and no amount of strolling and talking could do the work he had before him. He saw it as I did, and I went back to my little cottage in England after luncheon satisfied that he would work it out, which he did; and now the pleasantest occupation I have is writing royalty checks for Parker," concluded the actor, with a sigh of relief at obstacles overcome and a radiant, boyish smile in token of difficulties surmounted.

"When I made my contracts for an American tour this play was not written, and although Mr. Frohman offered me five weeks at the Garden Theatre, I resisted coming to New York because I had nothing new to give the critics to write about, and now I am sorry." He continued: "'The Cardinal' is such a success that I shall shelve 'The Middleman,' which I have played nearly eight hundred times."

"Have you lost interest in the character of Cyrus Blenk-harn?"

"Perhaps I have. I have played it so often that I find myself thinking of other things when I am playing it, which is a sign that an actor should stop playing that particular part."

"One's ideals need resetting," I suggested.

"Acting is an art that requires fresh impulses to keep it alive," said Mr. Willard.

"That is one of the tenets of the Endowed Theatre scheme. What do you think of such a plan in this country?" I asked.

"I can only speak of the subject as I know it in London, and there we certainly do not want it. The actor-manager, it seems to me, supplies all that the Endowed Theatre sets out to do. Such men as Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, Hare, the Kendals and Irving surely can always be relied upon to provide plays that are, in point of good taste and fine

art, the outcome of cultured and scholarly selection. The public don't want Ibsen, and they don't want dissecting rooms on the stage. I certainly do not think the so-called Independent Theatre scheme of this country is wanted, either. The actor-manager is the solution of fine art on the stage, I believe; at any rate, it has been proven in London."

"But the actor-manager is a rare combination," I suggested.

"I don't see why, just because a man is a good actor, he should know nothing about the business conditions of the art to which he belongs. We must certainly expect more comfort and consideration in a theatre for the actor that is conducted by the actor-manager. Look at the dressing-rooms that most theatres provide for actors. Managers seem to have no realization of the fact that an actor is as sensitive to surroundings as he is himself. The manager's office is fairly comfortable, and he never takes the trouble to go behind and see if the dressing-rooms are equally comfortable."

"Has the dressing-room any direct influence on the actor's work on the stage?" I asked, perceiving Mr. Willard's earnest manner in discussing this subject.

"Every part is born, takes form and life according to the atmosphere the actor can give it. For instance, take Cyrus Blenkarn, an inventor, a dreamer, a man whose mind is absorbed in the ideals of his inventions. The

other night I got into a dressing-room, ready to make up, to put myself and my thoughts into a frame of mind fitting the part I was to play, and right under my room was a dynamo machine thumping away every notion of calm peace of mind. Thumpety-thump, thumpety-thump, the thing kept going till I said: 'For heaven's sake let me dress anywhere, anywhere but here; put up the portable dressing-room on the stage, and I'll get into that.' That is one sort of annoyance. Then, in another place I find a dressing-room so dirty that I am compelled to spread a sheet over the floor before I can take off my boots even. I am dressing for 'The Cardinal,' for instance, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, a man who thought nothing of spending a thousand dollars for a speck of lace; and in one corner is a broken water pitcher, a wabby wash stand, and various odors that baffle description, and then the critics say, perhaps, after the performance: 'Mr. Willard seemed to lack the dignity of a cardinal.' It is a wonder he was able to appear at all."

And yet men and women are struggling every day for a chance to go on the stage!" I said sadly.

Mr. Willard threw his head back and laughed buoyantly at the melancholy of my tone.

"But it is true," I persisted, "although I have heard old actors say that they would never allow a daughter or a relative to become an actress."

The actor looked serious and looked out upon the afternoon promenade of young women on Fifth Avenue.

"It is a life full of discomfort for a woman and should not be taken up lightly, frivolously. Still, if a young woman came and asked me if I advised her to go on the stage—a girl who was compelled to earn her own living—I should say she was just as well off on the stage as in a shop. The so-called temptations are not any greater for her on the stage than if she were a resident governess, we'll say, and the prospects far greater." He had been talking very quietly with a good deal of feeling, and when he turned to me from the window his face was serious as he added: "Unless a young girl is compelled to earn a living it is so unnecessary, however, to become an actress." And as he finished, the old radiant smile softened the suspicion of sarcasm in the words.

There is an aristocracy among actors that the realistic writers of smart fiction will not admit, but it is an aristocracy that springs from men and women on the stage who have a hobby for developing ideals—like E. S. Willard.

W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

The latest theatre-building rumor is that Miss Elsie de Wolfe is to have a theatre of her own somewhere near 45th St. and Broadway, of which Miss Marbury will be the manager and in which Miss Norma Munro will be interested financially.

Miss Julia Marlowe will be seen next season in a new play of revolutionary days entitled "Dolly Madison."



PHOTO BYRON JOAN TREVELYAN DOUGLAS FLOYD
(Miss Annie O'Neill) (Mr. Harry B. Stanford)

ACT I.—DOUGLAS: "I have something to tell you"

"SWEET AND TWENTY" AT THE MADISON SQUARE



MR. JAMES H. HYDE

HARVARD'S French club and its performances of the French classic plays is an interesting feature of the year's work at that university. For some time not only private clubs and societies, but also college institutions have taken up theatricals in an amateur way, both as a pastime as well as an easy and effective way of mastering the difficulties of a foreign language.

French seems to have been the favorite. The Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard, which was founded by a group of undergraduates in 1886, under the name of Conférence Française, developed into a social and literary club, and in 1887 took its present name and gave its first play, "Le Misanthrope et l'Auvergnat." Since that time French plays have been presented annually by the club, except in 1896. In 1898 Mr. James H. Hyde, Vice-President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, was named president of the Cercle, and under his intelligent and liberal régime the work of the club has since attracted considerable attention. During the last five years the Cercle, through the generosity of Mr. Hyde, has been able to invite some distinguished French littérateur to Harvard to give a series of lectures each year. MM. Doumic, Rod, de Régnier and Deschamps have al-



ONE OF THE CLUB'S POSTERS



M. HUGHES LE ROUX

ready appeared under the auspices of the Cercle, and this year M. Hughes Le Roux, the well-known dramatist and littérateur, will give a series of lectures.

The elaborateness of the *mise en scène* and the taste and ability displayed by the students in their dramatic productions have attracted considerable attention to the work of the club not only here, but also in France. Last year, when the Cercle Français gave "Le Pédant Joué," a comedy by Cyrano de

Bergerac, which had never previously been staged even in France, the French dramatic critics expressed surprise at the intelligence shown in the production. The late Henry Fouquier, in an elaborately illustrated account of the performance, published in a leading Paris review, said: "It can be said that though they (the students) are foreigners, they have grasped the meaning of our vernacular better than many Frenchmen would have done." The plays presented by the club since it

started are as follows: 1888, "Le Misanthrope et l'Auvergnat," by Labiche; 1889, "Les Deux Sourds," by Anicet Bourgeois; "L'Affaire de la Rue de Lourcine," by Labiche; 1890, "Le Voyage à Dieppe," by MM. Wafflard and Fulgence; 1891, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," by Molière; "La Poudre aux Yeux," by Labiche; 1892, "Le



PHOTO PACH

HARVARD BOYS AS BALLET GIRLS



LA COMTESSE
(Mr. K. H. Gibson)

PETIT JEAN
(Mr. F. B. Thompson)

CHICANNEAU
(M. André Champollion)

SCENE FROM "LES PLAIDEURS" (1901)

Bourgeois Gentlehomme," by Molière 1893, "Le Mariage Forcé," by Molière; 1894, "Les Fourberies de Scapin," by Molière; 1895, "Le Malade Imaginaire," by Molière; 1897, "Le Bourgeois Gentlehomme," by Molière; 1898, "La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas," by Molière; 1899, "Le Pédant Joué," by Cyrano de Bergerac; 1900, "Crispin Médecin," by Haute-
roche and Truffier; "Un Jeune Homme Pressé," by Labiche.

Boston society gave its hearty support to the enterprise of the students from the outset, and the three or four performances given by them at Cambridge and in Boston on the stage of a real theatre are not the least attractive features of the Boston season.

Last December the Cercle Français presented at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, and also at the Bijou Theatre, Boston, "Les Plaideurs," a comedy in verse by Racine.

The play was interspersed with ballets, representing in pantomime the fable of the "Oyster and the Petitioners," by La Fontaine. The idea for "Les Plaideurs" came to Racine in the tavern of St. John's cemetery, where the poets and wits of the 17th century used to gather. The plot was suggested by an unsuccessful law-

of the spirit in which the students take up their parts, which are by no means easy. The famous French actor, Coquelin, on two different occasions, in 1897 and 1890, in testimony of his interest in the efforts of the Cercle, gave two very interesting lectures before the students, one on Molière and the other on "L'Art du Comédien." T. S. R.



Mr. A. C. White, '02 (Manager) Mr. J. A. O'Reilly, '02 (Ass't Manager) Mr. W. D. Haviland, '02 (Dandin) Mr. C. H. Y. N. Bernard (Coach) Mr. A. S. Dixey, '02 (President)
Mr. K. H. Gibson, '04 (La Comtesse) Mr. J. P. Hoguet, '04 (Léandre) Mr. W. A. Burnham, '04 (Isabelle) Mr. A. Champollion, '02 (Chicanneau) Mr. E. C. Edson, '03 (Le Sonffleur)
Mr. R. Goelet, '02 (L'Intimé) Mr. F. B. Thompson, '03 (Petit Jean)

THE CAST OF "LES PLAIDEURS"

suit, which, although petty, had dragged along for years, and left Racine with no other weapon than his power of ridicule with which to take vengeance on the judges who had given a verdict against him.

The performance by the students was most creditable, and nearly every member of the cast made an individual hit. Most of the students have lived or studied in France, and two of them, Messrs. Haviland and Champollion, are native-born Frenchmen. The affair, as usual, was a brilliant social function. The illustrations which accompany this article give an idea



SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE AS FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

Duse's Coming American Tour

IT is now definitely settled that Signora Eleonora Duse will pay another visit to the United States next October, under the management of Messrs. Liebler & Co. It will be the third tour of the great Italian actress in this country. As on her previous tours, Signora Duse will bring over her entire company, a prominent member of which may be Signor Gustavo Salvini, a son of the great Salvini. The performances, as usual, will be given in Italian, and in the repertoire will be several plays not yet seen here, including Gabriele d'Annunzio's "La Citta Morte" and "Francesca da Rimini," which last tragedy has just had an extraordinary reception in Rome. Mr. William Archer, the English critic, who witnessed the performance, says many of the scenes are of extraordinary dramatic intensity, and praises the exquisite beauty of the dialogue. The tragedy is in five acts. It opens at the court of Guido da Polenta. Ostasio is discussing Francesca's marriage to Gianciotto Malatesta. The latter being deformed, he advises deceiving her by presenting the handsome Paolo. Francesca descends and is told about her future husband, who

later appears in the person of Paolo. Act II. takes place on Malatesta's tower, whose inmates are defending it against the enemy. Francesca is playing with a torch. Paolo appears and she reproves him for his connivance in the stratagem. She promises forgiveness if he will fight at a window without his helmet, thinking that if he comes out of the ordeal alive he will have expiated his sin; in fact, only an arrow remains entangled in his hair. Malatestino, Gianciotto's brother, is brought in, wounded while capturing a rival, who is his prisoner now. In Act II. Francesca admits her passion to Paolo. In the following act Malatestino's prisoner is heard groaning under torture. Francesca begs his captor to stop his cruel pastime. Malatestino promises to do so and reappears with his prisoner's head. Francesca vanishes, horrified. Gianciotto upbraids Malatestino, and the latter retaliates by accusing Francesca of illicit love with Paolo, offering to prove his assertion by surprising the lovers while feigning a departure to Pesaro. The last act is in Francesca's bedroom. She dismisses her maid to let Paolo enter. They are interrupted by Gianciotto's voice demanding admittance. Francesca opens a trap-door to let Paolo hide himself. But his armor is caught while the unsuspecting Francesca opens the door to Gianciotto. He sees Paolo and attacks him. Francesca throws herself between them, and is killed in the arms of Paolo, who is also wounded mortally.

COMPAGNIA DRAMMATICA DI ELEONORA DUSE

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

TRAGEDIA IN 5 ATTI IN VERSI DI
GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO
CON INTERMEZZI DI
ANTONIO SCONTRINO

Personne della Tragedia

I figli di Guido Minore da Polenta	I figli di Malatesta da Verucchio
Ostasio ————— Ciro Galvani	Giovanni lo Sciancato ————— Bruno Bianchi
Bannino ————— Livio Pavanelli	dello Sciancato ————— Carlo Rearpina
Francesca ————— Eleonora Duse	Paolo il Bello ————— Gustavo Salvini
Samaritana ————— Angelina Pagano Givani	Malatestino dall'Occhio ————— Emilia Varini
Le donne di Francesca	i partigiani di Malatesta
Biancofiore ————— Giuseppe Gaggero	Odo dalle Laninate ————— Carlo Serbelloni
Alda ————— Fernanda Datteno	Foccolo d'Ornano ————— Livio Pavanelli
Garvenda ————— Mercedes Cipriani	il Tortigliano ————— Livio Comadini
Alchimara ————— Ida Campagnano	il balistrere ————— Luigi Chiesa
Adonella ————— Lina Maimardi	Archeri e balestrieri
Lasciava ————— Svelimina Magazzari	
partigiani di Guido	
Ser Toledo Berardengo ————— Ettore Magagnoli	il mercante ————— Ettore Magagnoli
Aspinello Aperti ————— Carlo Serbelloni	il fanchello ————— Bruno Bianchi
Viviano de' Vivi ————— Livio Comadini	il medico ————— Luigi Chiesa
Bertrando Livro ————— Luigi Chiesa	il giullare ————— Antonio Galliani
il balestriere ————— Livio Bergonzio	l'astrologo ————— Livio Comadini
	i musici ————— I portatori di fiaccola

A RAVENNA NELLE CASE DEI POLENTANI LA RIMINI NELLE CASE DEI MALATESTI
XIII SECOLO

Stac. A. MARZI-Roma

Art. KAROLIS

PROGRAMME FOR THE ROME PRODUCTION OF "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

America's Greater Players

No. 3—EDWIN BOOTH

EDWIN BOOTH (1833-1893) was probably the most popular player with the general theatre-going public America ever has known, and quite certain it is that he received a larger sum for his playing than any other actor that ever has lived.

Mr. Booth's share of the profits of the Booth-Barrett combination in three years was \$579,600. His weekly share was often more than \$10,000. As is well known, only a few years before his death, owing to losses in managing, Booth was a bankrupt; yet, after giving away money right and left by the handful, and giving approximately \$150,000 to the Players' Club, he left a fortune of about \$600,000. Such earnings never have been approached by any other player.

Mr. Booth was doubtless indebted, in some measure, for his phenomenal popularity to the name he inherited, and in large measure, many persons think, to the notoriety the tragedy of '65 gave him. To my thinking, more than to either of these causes he was indebted for his popularity to the oriental beauty of his head. At the least, with the gentler half of the public, Mr. Booth's handsome head counted for more than would the finest exhibition of the player's art that ever has been seen. Mr. Booth's place as an actor, great as he was as an entertainer, is not among the great; yet, after the death of Mr.

Forrest, he was easily our best player of tragic parts. Mr. Booth had a good figure, though slight, a good though not a big voice, and his facility in articulating was phenomenal. No matter how rapidly he spoke, the words always came from him clean-cut and sharply defined. With dramatic instinct he was generously endowed, and he was a close student of dramatic situations. In repose he was singularly lacking—he was always gesticulating with his forearm or shaking his finger at somebody—and his reading was exceedingly faulty. Never, probably, has there been another actor, with a great reputation, that misplaced his emphasis as often as did Edwin Booth. Even in Hamlet, when he had played the part perhaps a thousand times, he was absolutely exasperating. He would go wrong at every breath. But he could

be in earnest, terribly in earnest, and earnestness makes amends for more sins, twice over, in a player than does any other one thing. Indeed, with the non-critical, earnestness is well-nigh a mend-all.

Booth could hardly be called a student of the art of acting; he was a student, rather, of the effects to be gotten out of situations; hence he was a theatric rather than an artistic player. The actor that fails to the extent Booth did to discharge his duty to his author

is far from being worthy of a place in the first rank. The actor's mission is simply to make clear and effective the thoughts of his author. The action, the facial expression, the tone, the emphasis, the inflections and the pauses—in short, all the actor does is done to compass the one end. Now, to read well is to read intelligently, and to read intelligently one must comprehend one's author. Appreciation of the text is always the first step to effective elocution; and inasmuch as the action serves no other purpose than to emphasize the thought, the surest way to make the action effective is to take the first elocutionary step, to master the text. Did Booth do this? Judging from the manner in which he continually read, it would seem that he did not. Again, to achieve greatness as a tragedian, is it not vital to be endowed with a sturdier, a more heroic, make-up, especially

mental, than Nature endowed Booth with? Would Booth's place have been rightfully in the front rank, would he have been a really great actor, had he been a student? I do not think so. Certainly he would not have been the peer of Forrest and Cushman, nor would he have been the peer of Augustus Adams, if Adams was what old players say he was. The public seemed to prefer Booth's Hamlet to his other personations; for my part, I liked him better either as Iago or as Richard, while his best performance, to my thinking, was his Richelieu. When he was at his best, his ending of the fourth act of Richelieu was very effective. His fifth act also left little to be desired. If those qualities that make men lovable counted in fixing an actor's place, Edwin Booth would have been the greatest of them all.

ALFRED AYRES.



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EDWIN BOOTH

From a photograph taken four years before his death

The Opera



IS IT possible that New York, socially and musically, is becoming satiated with grand opera, as given under Mr. Grau's all-star, no ensemble régime at the Metropolitan Opera House? I ask the question because I do not recall any season which was ushered in so quietly, and which, from the very inception, excited so little hearty, general comment. Contrary to worm-eaten tradition, whereby we have had the glories of the opera season gently unfolded to our view by a performance of "Faust" or "Romeo and Juliet," tribute was paid to our advanced culture by giving as a first night "Tristan and Isolde," with Ternina as Isolde, Van Dyck as Tristan, Schumann-Heink as Brangäne, Bispham as Kurwenal, Édouard de Reszké as King Mark, and Muhlmann as Melot, Walter Damrosch conducting. Of this superior cast there is not a great deal to say—indeed, criticisms written years ago are quite applicable now to most of the operas and their casts. Van Dyck is still leagues out of tune, Schumann-Heink is still ungainly, de Reszké remains de Reszké, and the orchestra and chorus sin as of yore. Ternina alone atones for all; her interpretations are occult and supernatural. A large and brilliant audience kept itself awake during the hours of heavy music—it would be affectation to pretend it understood or appreciated. So much for the first night.

Mr. Grau brings new artistes with him and presents new works, such as de Lara's "Messaline" and Paderewski's "Manru," the latter said to be a difficult work and satisfactory only in spots. Among the new, and comparatively new, artistes we find: Emilio di Marchi, a really excellent tenor, after the Italian fashion; Maurice Declery, a French baritone; Albert Reiss, for buffo rôles; Andres Perello de Segourola, a Spanish basso; Luigi Tavechia, an Italian buffo singer; Louise Reuss-Belce, a Wagnerian soprano; Sibyl Sanderson, who came, married and went; and Camille Seygard, soprano—not a really great name in the list! On the 6th Donizetti's dear old opera, "La Fille du Régiment," was returned to us, and the only Sembrich, blessed with exquisite art and rarest intellect, achieved one of her notable triumphs in it. Four years ago, when Sembrich returned to America, the critics were far from according her the encomiums with which they now are lavish. I said then, with forceful rhetoric, that she was the greatest living singer of her genre (which is a widely operative one), and I repeat what I then wrote.

We have also had Calvé's "Carmen" raging in our midst, and she has excited wide comment, because she has a fund of about 7,000 Carmens with which she alternates in teasing the public. She is just as apt to come out as decorously as a nun as she is to sweep the stage with a whirlwind of harlotry and passion. But whence the long, loose wrapper, in place of the traditional and tantalizing short skirt? Is it a case of where ignorance is bliss it were folly to be wise? We must not, however, puzzle over the mysteries abiding in Calvé's garments, because the one notable event of the season demands attention. It was "Tosca"—Ternina and Tosca. Ternina has owned this part ever since she set London on fire with it two seasons ago. It also served to introduce to us Mr. Grau's young tenor, di Marchi, who played the gruesome and uncomfortable part of Cavaradossi, wherein he suffers from love, thumb-screws and bullets. The first affliction he has with him all the time; the other two are



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MR. DAVID BISPHAM

sporadic happenings, which keep him speculating upon the strange immutability of human events. You know Sardou's story, do you not? Taken for granted. The book is so strong that it would require a Richard Strauss adequately to score for it; and Puccini is another disappointment doled out to us by modern Italy from the point of pure musical criticism. We shake hands with old, old

friends, from Bellini to Strauss, even though Puccini strives to delude us by dressing them in orchestral dominoes.

The *juste milieu* in phrasing and acting parts like Tosca and Scarpia can never be found save by artistes of the rarest attainments, for the entire melodrama could, by one small, wrong touch, be hopelessly brutalized and disgusting. It is hazardous to deal as directly with certain of the passions rampant in some types as Sardou does, and it is still more risqué to paint them up vocally and orchestrally. Ternina's Tosca is a marvel of dignity and refinement. She does not rend the rafters in her outraged womanhood, nor become an incipient Clara Morris in her hideous grief. She sings and plays the very heart out of one; the poignancy of her action in every detail, from the coquettish jealousy in the first act to the time she stabs Scarpia, is one of our exotic latter-day products. Scotti made Scarpia sufficiently, alertly, villainous, but, like Ternina, vulgarity is not in him. There is one saving grace about the libretto, without which I, for one, would not care to see the work. Tosca and Scarpia are not individuals—they are types—just like Marguerite and Faust, hence their woes are more general than personal to us. Merciful heaven! Think of a woman listening to the shrieks of a lover being tortured, when her heart would ache violently if he but stubbed his toe and swore forthwith! Di Marchi sang as he should, cleanly, clearly and bravely. He uses the *voce bianca* detrimentally, but he is the balm of Gilead after the wheezy, throaty German, or shrill, effeminate French tenors, with which we have been cursed. As for the orchestra and one M. Flon, I haven't the courage even to register my complaint.

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

IT is difficult for me to enjoy without reservation the playing of the Kneisel Quartet, for it has become so settled in its classical lines that warmth has been nearly eliminated from its playing. Music without warmth is a tree without foliage. On the 18th of December they played three Beethoven masterpieces, and although the ensemble was fine, we missed the breadth of phrasing inseparable from the real Beethoven. These same Boston musicians came again on January 8th and played a new work by Ottocar Novacek, which should not be. At this concert M. Zeldenrust, the Dutch pianist, appeared for the first time in New York, assisting with the great Schumann Quintette.

Herr Jan Kubelik, the gnome of the fiddle, gave recitals or appeared in concerts on December 19-23 and January 12. I give the dates simply as a record. Herr Kubelik reveals to those keen of eye and perception every quality necessary in a violin master, but he needs something very awful to happen to him to flood his playing with that light now missing. He needs to fall in love and suffer very badly. The difference between Kubelik and all competitors is that other violinists are violin *talents*—he is a violin *genius*. I applied the latter word to Mr. Fritz Kreisler, but it was an accident. Mr. Kreisler is one of the biggest *talents* of our day, but not a genius. The difference is more than subtle. Herr Kubelik is now touring and the critics took a long sleep, for he has kept us busy, vigilant and at loggerheads.

One can go broadcast through music land and not find a more faithful expositor of vocal music than Mr. David Bispham, whose intelligence rules supreme, even over a lugubrious and sepulchral voice. On the 5th he gave an interesting and murderous recital at Carnegie Hall, in which "Eduard's" father (Loewe's tragic setting of an old ballad) and "Kelly's Cat" were both ruth-



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MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

lessly slain. It was sad, but not as sad as the singer's attempts to make his Fafuresque voice gambol over mirthful songs.

We may say this of Mr. Bisham, but, *sotto voce*, his is a sincere art. A *musiciau*—but not *musical*.

The Philharmonic Society is getting frivolous in its old age. Jupiter Pluvius alone knows what new works Herr Paur will unearth—they will probably be unearthly. May the fates forefend that he goes to China! The Philharmonic concerts of the 20th and 21st were childlike and bland compared

with preceding upheavals. We had Mr. Fritz Kreisler as soloist and a new symphony by Mr. Hadley of New York.

The symphony is a musical ode to the seasons and it pays thematic and instrumental tribute without prejudice to the masters. There is a little Bach, a Wagner period, a punctuation by Strauss—but it is cleverly made, and one of the strongest works ever created in this country. Mr. Kreisler played the great Bach Concerto and the Tartini Fugue superbly. He is a finished artiste. Strauss's "Death and Apotheosis" closed the programme, and what a work it is! Strauss keeps music within its realm, but he enlarges the realm. If ever a narration of the voyage of a soul through life found sentient expression, it is in this symphony. I should not like to have suffered enough to conceive such a masterpiece—it is bad enough to be able to perceive a small portion of his intent. Herr Paur, as the critics of New York write, gave "one of his virile and conscientious readings"; or, "Herr Paur displayed his customary care"—something like this. Mr. Gericke's hot blood and surging passion appeal to them more strongly.

At the brace of concerts on January 17 and 18 a new dramatic love poem by Richard Burmeister, called "The Sisters," and Josef Suk's "Fairy Tale" were presented for the first time. They interest for once, but not deeply. Tennyson's poem, "The Sisters," is a ballad, and dressed up for full orchestral accompaniment it miscarries. Mme. Schumann-Heink sang it enthusiastically.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (C minor) was also on this programme, and Herr Paur gave "one of his careful readings!"

On the 20th Herr Josef Hofmann bade farewell to us with a long recital, after which the audience rose at him. It is too bad that he didn't elect to leave us with a greater work ring-

ing in our ears than the Tannhauser Overture, which is intrinsically inartistic, even as it is difficult.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler and Mme. Schumann-Heink gave a joint recital on January 1, and on the evening of that same day Herr Kubelik and Mme. Ternina did the same. The first two artistes had the better programme, the latter the lion's share of ability. So all things balance. I do not chronicle programmes, for, as a very general rule, the same works are given, and all that is before us is criticism of the individual manner of interpretation, which only interests a given few.

Miss Estelle Lieblich, the soprano, made her debut on January 9, and the critics have treated her with consideration. There is not alarming talent, but she pleases mildly.

Another débutante was Miss Augusta Cottlow, who appeared on the 10th. The best thing about this pianist is her preference for good, solid music. She is advanced technically and ranks high among pianists of a certain genre.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, who sheds wet tears over criticism, gave a song recital on the 18th, all in German, of well-worn music, even to the "Brindisi," from "Lucrezia Borgia," Donizetti's ever-popular opera. From this vivaudière song no critics nor friends can divorce this amiable cantatrice, because with it the gallery gods riot with glee. She has a gorgeous voice—this mother of eight—and her temperament fairly hisses. This is something—even if it does lead to devious musical paths.

Also on the 18th Herr Zeldenrust gave his first recital, and he was most successful. We find him a muscular technician and a novelty. His ideas are entirely his own, but when you think them over you rather approve of them. His fingers are marvels, and, above all, he does not punish the piano.

Mr. Harold Bauer, pianist, and Miss Olive Mead, violinist, were the soloists with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on January 17 and 19. Mr. Bauer played the Saint-Säeus concerto with virtuosity, and Miss Mead the Goldmark concerto with virtue. She is a pupil of Mr. Franz Kneisel and is well schooled—but, alas! The Boston algor afflicts her. No musical novelties were presented save by Mr. Gericke's baton and left hand. This orchestra is superb and the musicianship among the men preserves it. Gericke's motto is, "Hoc opus, hic labor est."

E. G. VON T.



GESBORD, N. Y.

MR. FRITZ KREISLER



GESBORD, N. Y.

MR. HAROLD BAUER



CALVÉ IN HER MUSIC ROOM AT THE HOTEL MAJESTIC

Calvé as a Fairy Godmother

ADORABLE CALVÉ had a new toy. What matter if it is broken now and gone back to California, where the singer found it? While Calvé had it with her she felt that a new happiness had come into her life, that of playing fairy godmother to a poor but very gifted little girl. Not that Calvé neglected her Japanese dolls, but most of her attention was given to her little thirteen-year-old protégée, Edna Darch.

It reads like a romance, this sudden attachment of the great singer for the little California girl. Calvé was resting at Pasadena near Los Angeles when her attention was drawn to a young girl of marked musical talent, who was organizing a concert in the hope of making a little money. A newspaper woman having spoken to Calvé about her, the singer's sympathy was aroused. She sent for the child, and after hearing her sing, declared she had the voice and personality of a great artiste. Calvé offered to adopt the child for five years, teach her herself and pay all expenses. The consent of the mother was obtained, and little Edna joined the great singer in New York last December.

What matter if her little protégée proved an expensive luxury? Calvé is a theosophist and takes no credit to her-

self for her generosity. "It is all owing the child," she says. "Long before she was born it was decreed that I should discover her, cherish her and develop the talent that is in her."

Edna is very fond of "auntie," as she calls Calvé. Sometimes, however, she pouted when she had to sit quiet in the parlor and listen to Calvé and five or six friends chattering French; for the child does not understand that language and Calvé speaks only a few words of English. The fairy godmother and her protégée communicated with each other through an interpreter. Noticing the pout, Calvé would say suddenly: "Come, dar-r-r-ling, play something—with sentiment." Edna sat down at the piano and played.

"Eh bien, now, mon enfant, something light, much execution. Prodigious, is it not?" asked Calvé of her friends. "Oh, she is very gentille, mon enfant, my poor baby, is it not?" Suddenly Calvé remembered her "poor baby" did not understand, she kissed her rapturously, brushed the curls from the child's eyes, or arranged caressingly the ribbon that fastens her braid, which she never tired of doing. Edna seemed indifferent to these kind attentions and sat aloof, dreaming of her little sisters and mother and father in the humble home in far distant California. But her



MOJONIER, LOS ANGELES
MISS EDNA DARCH

day-dreams were soon interrupted, for "auntie" wanted her to sing "quelque chose." If Edna did not like being made an exhibition of, she sulked. Then Calvé called her naughty and told her she was too quiet.

"Oh, why have you not the Latin blood? Oh, mon enfant, you have not enough of the fire, the caractaire, yes, my dar-r-r-ling, it is necessary you study—study much."

Whether Edna understood or not did not matter, the singer talked on just the same.

On Christmas eve Edna was very happy. Calvé dressed a beautiful tree, and the process of opening the packages of presents for the different children that were to attend had begun. One large parcel was laid down on the floor, and "auntie" cried with delight:

"Ah, voila! for my big baby!"

Edna's eyes grew moist, and not waiting to see the contents, she threw her little arms around the neck of her benefactress and kissed her repeatedly. An exquisite white serge skirt, elaborately trimmed with lace, was the first dainty that met the child's gaze.

"Oh, how beautiful! And a real silk lining, too!" murmured the child. She could hardly believe her eyes. Then she opened the other treasures—a muff with a bunch of violets pinned on coquettishly, an automobile coat, a hat and a beautiful suit of blue cloth. But the last thing was the best—a large doll with a complete trousseau.

Calvé watched the effects produced on her "dar-r-r-ling" with dilated eyes.

"Oh, if uamma could just see all these things just for a minute!" cried the child. And with a sigh she suddenly sat down at the piano and gave vent to her feelings by improvising some sad melody.

"She is so droll!" laughed Calvé, and the singer threw up her arms and rolled her beautiful eyes and thanked the *bon Dieu* for sending her the little dar-r-r-ling.

When the Christmas dinner was set and Edna took in the scene of splendor and luxury, she turned to "auntie" and said

without a tremor: "All these things are new to me—you are very good to me, auntie, but I would a thousand times rather sit down to mush with my mother."

"What she says?" asked Calvé. When the sentence was translated Edna was kissed for her good sentiments.

Calvé kept the child very much secluded, fulfilling in this a promise to the little girl's mother. When the moment of parting came Calvé said in solemn tones to Mrs. Darch: "As the *bon Dieu* knows, this angel will return to you as pure as she is to-day, I swear!"

So Edna was allowed to see nothing of the fascinating life of a public favorite, but lived with a quiet French family. When Calvé made her first re-appearance at the Opera in "Carmen" the child begged to be allowed to go and see her. Calvé consented, but only on condition that she would sit in the upper balcony and be seen by no one. That is why, during the performance, Calvé was seen repeatedly shading her face with her fan and looking up to see if her "gentile baby" was happy up in the balcony.

But the "gentile baby" soon got homesick, and, fearing she would fall ill, Calvé telegraphed for Mrs. Darch, who took the child back home.

IGNOTUS.



FROM "THE KING"

A snapshot of Paderewski going to the Opera-House, Dresden



A Serious Defect

Paderewski Joseffy Fortissimo Lee
Was the greatest pianist you ever did see;
He rendered fantasias, gavottes and cantatas,
Cadenzas and overtures, fugues and sonatas.
He could play like the sweep of a rushing cyclone,
Or as softly and low as the south wind's faint moan.
He knew all the works of Beethoven and Liszt,
Of Wagner and Chopin—not one had he missed.
He gained honors and laurels wherever he went,
And he knew he deserved them, so he was content.

But his pride had a fall, so one summer day
A dear little girl came to hear this man play;
And she said, as he turned politely to greet her,
"Please, sir, can you play 'Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater'?"
He was deeply chagrined, and he felt very blue,
But he meekly replied, "No, I can't, dear. Can you?"
"Oh, yes," she responded. She flew to the keys,
With her two fat forefingers she played it with ease.
And she afterward said, "I would rather be me
Than Paderewski Joseffy Fortissimo Lee." —Judge.

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MR. EDWARD S. WILLARD, in "The Cardinal"

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 Digestive after meals
 General Tonic at all times

“King of Tonics
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HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.
 After Portrait by Chartran

Leo 17. 11. XIII -



Letter from His Eminence—CARDINAL RAMPOLLA

“Rome, Jan. 2.

“It has pleased His Holiness to instruct me to transmit in his august name his thanks to Monsieur Mariani, and to testify again in a special manner his gratitude. His Holiness has even deigned to offer Monsieur Mariani a Gold Medal bearing his venerable image.

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THE THEATRE

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NEW YORK, MARCH, 1902

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



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MME. EMMA CALVÉ AS MESSALINA



PHOTOS BYRON

LORD CANNING (Mr. Herbert Kelcey): "I'll not be the victim of your caprices"

INDIANA STILLWATER (Miss Effie Shannon): "I'm not homesick, at least not all the time"

"HER LORD AND MASTER" AT THE MANHATTAN

Plays and Players



THE approach of the silly season is heralded by the production of the inevitable annual review and a plethora of cheap comic opera. The past month, as is usual during Lent, was a dull one in the theatrical world, at least as far as New York was concerned. With the single exception of "The Hon. John

Grigsby," which was favorably received (and at the time we go to press "Notre Dame," the new version of the Hugo story by Paul M. Potter, at Daly's, and "Her Lord and Master," a new play by Martha Morton, at the Manhattan, have not yet been seen), none of the productions made scored very heavily and some of them were soon withdrawn.

Another new piece promised for immediate production is "The Twin Sister" at the Empire. This is a play of mediæval days, by the German author, Ludwig Fulda, and has been running for some time in London. The story in its main lines is as follows: Orlando della Torre (Mr. Charles Richman), of Padua, in the fifteenth century, flirts outrageously with a serving

wench, Lisa, who is the wife of his huntsman, Lelio. In order to bring Orlando to his senses his proud wife, Giuditta (Miss Margaret Anglin), pretends to set out on a journey to see her mother. Her twin sister, Renata, whom Orlando has never seen, is due to visit Orlando in his wife's absence. As a matter of fact, Giuditta impersonates her twin, and Orlando falls desperately in love with her, his passion being fanned by the fact that his elderly bachelor friend, Count Andrea Parabosco, also falls in love with (the supposed) Renata. The play has been in rehearsal at the Empire for some time.



SPPELLMAN, DETROIT

MISS EFFIE SHANNON

In this issue THE THEATRE begins the publication of a special series of portraits of leading players, drawn by Mr. Forrest Halsey, the well-known artist, whose clever work has attracted wide attention. This series of extra plates will be known as THE THEATRE'S "Gallery of Players." Each plate will be printed on heavy paper without text on the back so it can be detached from the magazine if desired and framed. The first portrait of the series is a portrait of Mrs. Leslie Carter as Mme. Du Barry.

Those theatregoers who did not see Mr. Charles Klein's admirable



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MR. ROBERT EDESON
Now starring in "Soldiers of Fortune"

comes to demand Grigsby's resignation, he is brought face to face with his own past. The play thus ends happily, Meg becoming the wife of her champion.

In the person of Grigsby we have a type of the men who helped to build upon its foundations of truth and justice the superstructure of the United States. The lesson of the play may not be sufficiently appreciated by those who seek the theatre for amusement merely, although the play is entertaining and dramatic. John Grigsby belonged to the period of Abraham Lincoln, and it does not detract from the play in any degree, as has been suggested, that the leading character is patterned after the martyr President. The action is melodramatic at times, but the simplicity and loveliness of this noble type of American manhood lifts itself above the trivial artificialities of the playwright. Mr. Frank Keenan, as Grigsby, established himself in the esteem and affections of all who are capable of appreciating an art carefully measured to personal limitations and absolutely faithful to the spirit and facts of the character. He may be placed henceforth among the faithful few who love their art for truth's sake in

comedy, "The Hon. John Grigsby," presented recently at the Manhattan, certainly missed an artistic treat. It is not only one of the best plays of the present season, but it is distinctly American. To an extent that at least characterizes the comedy as native, it treats of conditions and characters which belong exclusively to this country. John Grigsby was a native of Sangamon County, Illinois, in the forties. Left an orphan, he served as a grocer's clerk, studying at night by the light of a "tallow dip," and prepared himself for the bar. His sympathies ever on the side of the weak, he wins the sobriquet of "the poor man's lawyer," but remains as poor as most of his clients. At the opening of the play he is a widower, with a son of eighteen, in whom all his hopes are centred. The young man reciprocates this parental solicitude by leading a wild and dissipated life, until he happily falls in love with Nellie Ogden, daughter of his father's fiercest opponent; for Ogden heads the Southern party, which is seeking to introduce slavery into Illinois, which Grigsby opposes. During a deadlock in the Whig convention, Grigsby is nominated for Judge of the Supreme Court and becomes the deciding quantity in the situation, inasmuch as the court is divided on the legality of the Illinois Compromise Bill, and Grigsby's vote will decide it. Therefore Ogden finds it advisable to conciliate Grigsby, even consenting to the engagement of his daughter to Grigsby, Jr., failing which he has bought the impecunious lawyer's note and holds over him the threat of bankruptcy and ruin. A friend of Grigsby's, a woman, comes to his relief, and gives Ogden a check, ostensibly for campaign expenses, but which Ogden afterwards uses to persuade Grigsby that his nomination was bought; for Grigsby has undertaken the case of Meg Ronalds, a young woman whose crime is that she has been teaching negro children to read, whereby she incurs the enmity and persecution of Ogden and his party, who organize a mob to drive her from the town. Grigsby becomes her champion first from a sense of duty, and later from a more tender sentiment. Pressure is brought to bear on Grigsby to compel him to abandon the case, but he persists, in face of seeming failure, until the chance discovery that Ogden is the father of the girl he is persecuting. Therefore, when he

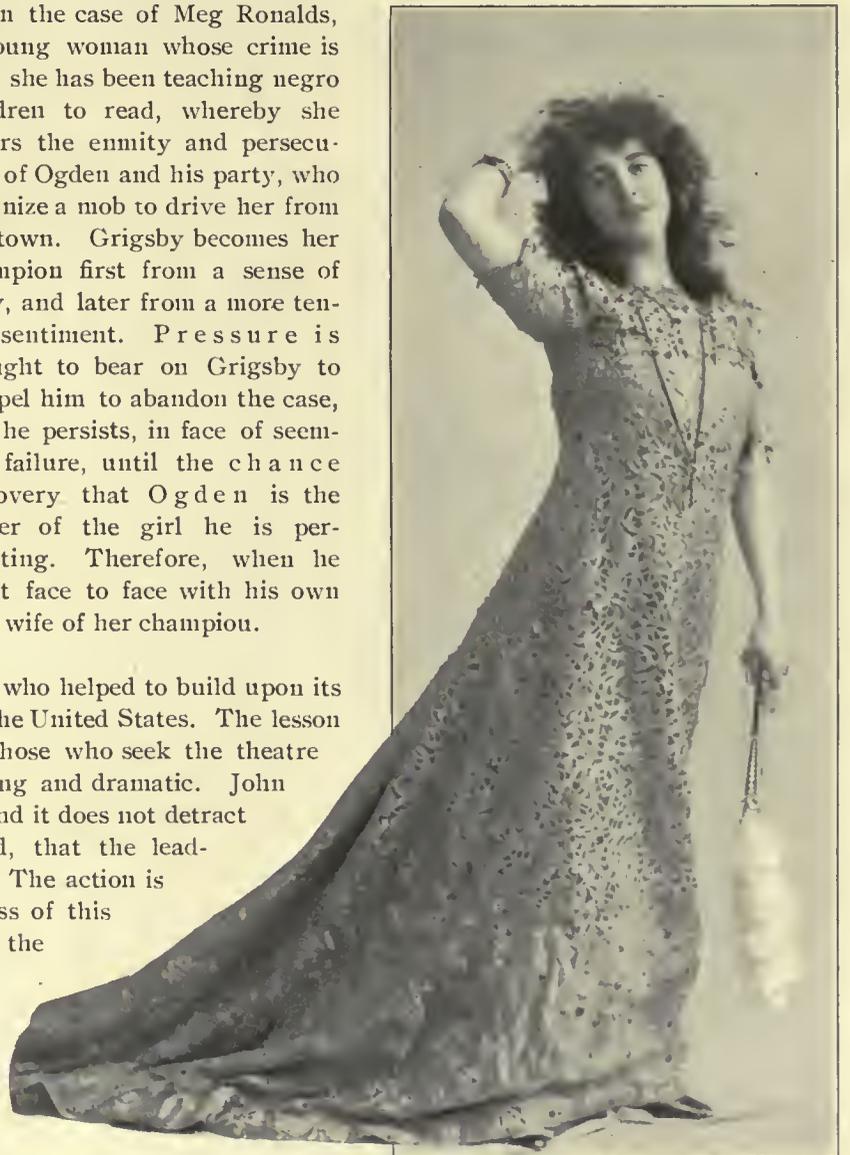


PHOTO BARNY

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN

As she will appear in the new Empire play, "The Twin Sister"



MISS MARIE WAINWRIGHT AS LADY
TEAZLE

perfect sincerity. The play itself is not always true to its subject, but lapses into trickiness, and should, at points, be toned down, but with the aid of Mr. Keenan we have a type of character that makes the play well worth seeing. Mr. Fiske has done well in giving the actor his opportunity and in playing host to these shadows of our past. Miss Edna Phillips looked pretty but was not convincing as the schoolmistress. Mr. Taylor Holmes was so surprisingly good as Grigsby, Jr., that one is inclined to think a bright future awaits him on the stage. Mr. Frank McIntyre contributed good low comedy, Mr. Frederick Murray a capital character bit, and Miss Josepha Crowell, in the character part of Mrs. Marston, made all her points as only a trained actress of keen intelligence can.

Messrs. Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith, athirst for new honors to follow up

those bestowed on "Robin Hood," have written a sequel to that operetta, which has come to us in the shape of "Maid Marian," a slender maid indeed, and a fragile one, with the malady of weakness in her score and libretto. One hardly looks for virile and original music from Mr. De Koven, but we do expect him to display his pristine skill in musical "adaptation," and this he has not done. The book from the pen of Mr. Smith shows much ingenuity and some repartee. Robin Hood, now a respectable citizen, has gone to the Holy Land as a crusader, and he has left his fiancée, Maid Marian, in charge of his estate. This is the opportunity for the wily and wicked Sheriff of Nottingham to sow seeds of suspicion concerning Robin in the mind of Marian, hoping to wed her to his adopted son, Guy of Gisbourne, and usurp the ownership of Huntington. Marian refuses to believe ill of Robin, and accompanied by all the boon companions of his outlawry days, she sets out to find Robin in the Holy Land. Clever writing could do much with such a situation. The Saracens capture her; Robin and his retainers rescue her; and, to make a long story short, they all sail on the seas of light opera for Merrie England and oust the wicked sheriff, who has taken possession of Huntington, believing Robin to have been slain.

The Bostonians have spared no expense in staging and costuming the production and the various groupings and poses are artistic, but the performance drags and often reminds one of amateur theatricals, not to be taken seriously. Mr. De Koven has given his gentle music dainty and refined manipulation, and some of the little tunes will probably become popular.

Some of the orchestral devices are actually ingenious. The most enjoyable and spontaneously mirthful portion of the evening lay in the comedy of the inimitable Friar Tuck, while the meritorious and serious moments centre in Miss Grace van Studdiford, who is a singer of routine and authority—so much so, in fact, that those associated with her are taken at an unfair advantage. Aside from Mr. George Frothingham, Mr. Barnabee and Miss van Studdiford there is but little talent in the cast, although Miss Adele Rafter (Alan-a-Dale) possesses a contralto voice which would be unusually good could it receive proper cultivation. Miss Josephine Bartlett as Dame Durden makes the most of her part, which is approximately true of Miss Belle Harper, who plays the Lady Vivian. Among the men the vocal honors are borne off by Mr. W. H. MacDonald, the true and tried Little John. Mr. Fitzgerald as Guy of Gisbourne shows much natural talent as a comedian. Of Mr. Frank Rushworth's Robin Hood very little can be said, since he is deficient vocally and histrionically. Surely there must be better talent in America obtainable for the ranks of the Bostonians. One can spend a pleasant evening with the "Maid Marian," but one would not care to call twice unless much more spice, vitality, wit and action were invested in her.

"Miss Simplicity," described as an operatic comedy, by R. A. Barnet (the author of "1492") and H. L. Heartz, came to the Casino on February 10 and proved poor stuff. Nothing much worse, as regards both book and music, has yet been seen in a Broadway house. The story—the old one of the valet masquerading as king while his royal master woos a supposed beggar maid—is nonsensical, and has not the redeeming quality of being clever nonsense. An absolutely vacuous libretto and music so blatant as to almost deafen the unfortunates seated near the orchestra combined to depress and weary the spectator, and it was only by the titanic efforts of the star, Mr. Frank Daniels, whose genuine drollery provoked hearty laughter, and dissipated to some extent the growing ill humor of the audience, that the piece was saved from disaster. Mr. Daniels was very funny indeed as My Man Bloss-



MR. BARTON HILL AS SIR PETER TEAZLE



PHOTO BYRON

JOHN GRIGSBY
(Mr. Frank Keenan)

JAMES OGDEN
(Mr. George Staley)

WILLIAM STURGESS
(Mr. F. Powers)

ACT II.—GRIGSBY: "Out with you!"



PHOTOS LYONDE, TORONTO

MISS JOSEPHA CROWELL as Mrs. Marston



MISS EDNA PHILLIPS as Meg Ronalds



MISS KATE LONG as Mrs. Sturgess

"THE HON. JOHN GRIGSBY" AT THE MANHATTAN



MR. FRANK DANIELS AS MY MAN BLOSSOMS

soms, and he made his greatest hit in an impromptu speech between the acts, in which he floundered among the biggest words in the dictionary. It is possible that Mr. Daniels' fine sense of humor will enable him to purge "Miss Simplicity" of her dullness and transform the piece into a success. As presented by its authors, it will not do. Mr. Daniels was well seconded by Miss Helen Lord, a young woman of pleasing personality and agreeable voice. Miss Lord played the beggar maiden in rather too serious a vein, but possibly she felt out of place amid such

surroundings. A poor imitation of the "Florodora" sextette, introducing uninteresting youths and willowy "ladies," should be cut out. Some of the stage groupings were harmonious and effective, and a few unusually pretty girls were noticeable in the chorus.

"Lady Margaret," at the Bijou, proved an inferior version of "Les Doigts de Fée," the French original of "Frocks and Frills." According to the playbill, the new piece had

been "freely adapted" by Edward Rose—not the American rapid-fire machine dramatist of that ilk, but the English Rose who blossomed out in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Under the Red Robe." Even this better of the two Roses is not the equal of Sydney Grundy; but in the present instance the "adapting" required lay mainly in the province of the costumer and the stage carpenter—who in "Lady Margaret" acquitted themselves handsomely. Miss Amelia Bingham was consummately well-fitted in the rôle of Lady Margaret, whom she succeeded in making prettily girlish as to face, figure and mien. At every point, inevitable comparisons were suggested between the Binghamized comedy at the Bijou and the Frohmanized one at Daly's. These comparisons need not be "odorous," inasmuch as merits and demerits were divided in such equal balance as to mutually enhance the interest in both pieces. For example, the playgoer who preferred Miss Bingham's Lady Margaret to Miss Spong's Olive was most likely to admit that Mr. Finney made a better stammering Kettle than Mr. Gottschalk a stuttering McLeod of Ince. He could not fail to acknowledge that Miss Cora Tanner as Mrs. Gloster-Gloster fell far short of Miss Alice Fischer's spirited characterization in the corresponding part of Mrs. Martinez, while, on the other hand, Miss Annie Irish's Lady Champton was perhaps a few points superior to Miss Dorothy Dorr's Lady Pomeroy. In "Lady Margaret" the dramatist had been at pains to force something meant to pass for fun out of several minor characters, such as Frampton, the maid (Miss Bijou Fernandez), Herr Bollinghausen, the hotel-keeper (Mr. Edward S. Abeles), and Norman, the precocious "buttons" (Master Walsh); but for these efforts it was hard to feel thankful. Miss Minnie Dupree's Lady Effie was a piquante ingénue. Mr. Frank Worthing's Fergus, who wins the hand of Lady Margaret but does not appear in the least to deserve it, was surprisingly poor. Evidently Mr. Worthing imagined he was still playing that bad Richard Sterling in "The Climbers"—so he should find comfort in the actual revival of the Clyde Fitch play, on the scene of its first success.



PHOTO BYRON

MISS HELEN LORD

The military review

Mr. James K. Hackett's differences with the Syndicate having been smoothed over—and the initiative to that end, we understand, came from the latter—the popular young actor-manager will organize at once a special Spring tour in company with his wife, Miss Mary Mantering, opening at the Garrick some time in June and presenting alternately "Camille" and "Don Cæsar's Return." Mr. Hackett, of course, will play Armand in the Dumas play, and Miss Mantering will be seen as Maritana in Mr. Mapes' piece. This reconciliation between actor and manager is said to be due to the apprehension caused in Syndicate circles by the growing strength of the opposition, as shown by the increase of independent theatres and stars.

TO ALTHEA, FROM BROWNE'S CHOP HOUSE

Long swords do not a drama make,
Nor Spanish cloaks a star;
They only emphasize the fake
That some productions are.
If I have reason in my play,
And wit and poetry,
How can it hope to reach Broadway,
With such sincerity?

"The Hall of Fame," now occupying the boards of the New York Theatre, consists chiefly of burlesques, more or less humorous, of the principal plays of the season. Messrs. Sydney Rosenfeld and George V. Hobart, the authors, have done cleverer work than this review, which is clumsily constructed and often dull. There is plenty of life and color on the stage and a riot of spectacular scenery and costumes, but the entertainment furnished is only mediocre in quality. Not, however, that performers are lacking, for there is a mammoth cast, which includes several local favorites. Mr. Daniel McAvoy's imitation of David Warfield in "The Auctioneer" goes far to redeem the shortcomings. He is immensely funny. Miss Ada Lewis is no less admirable in her burlesque of Mrs. Fiske, and Mr. Leon Kohlmer gives a capital imitation of Mr. J. H. Stoddart in "The Bonnie Brier Bush." Mr. Frank Doane's effort as John Drew, while worth mentioning, is less satisfactory. Miss Marie Dressler, who for some occult reason is much in evidence throughout the show, is obstreperous and not a bit droll, nor is Mr. Louis Harrison more successful.

"Ulysses," the new poetic drama by Stephen Phillips, is a great success, according to all accounts from London. Mr. James M. Barrie, reviewing the play, says: "To take two thousand Londoners, to transport them from the Haymarket to Olympus, to the wondrous blue of the Ogygian Sea, to Hades, and to the shores of gaunt Ithaca; and to make them feel the lifelikeness of the immortal story of Ulysses—that is a very great achievement. Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Tree, Mr. Hawes Craven and the rest of their fellow-conspirators have compassed this difficult feat of illusion. 'Ulysses' stands out a colossal production, to which all London will flock out of mere curiosity, and to which a small band of enthusiasts for poetic drama will return again and again



PHOTO BYRON

Scene in "Sky Farm," new rural play by Edward E. Kidder, to be seen shortly at the Garrick

with increasing interest. * * * Penelope triumphs and grows stronger in 'Ulysses' as he descends into Hades—one of the most wonderfully-mounted scenes ever put on any stage. 'How shall I descend in flesh and blood unready and unripe?' asks the hero, and Hermes answers with 'Remember Ithaca!' a phrase which becomes the motive of the whole second act, perpetually revivifying Ulysses with a grim purpose. Nothing more thrilling has been seen on our stage for years than the curtain of this act showing Ulysses in his glistening armour mounting the stairway on the ascent to earth amid the white arms of the shades stretched towards him in wailing appeal. The imagination which stage-managed and scene-painted the play is simply wonderful. 'Ulysses,' in short, makes one proud of the artistic instinct that can put on such a work." It is not unlikely, in view of this favorable reception, that "Ulysses" will be the first of Mr. Phillips' plays to be seen in America, as Mr. Mansfield has entirely abandoned his idea of producing "Herod."

What a welcome relief from so many of the inanities and puerilities of the present season was the revival the other day of "The School for Scandal" by the allied forces of Liebler & Co. at Wallack's! And the experiment, too, of proving that the old comedies are not entirely moribund met with some measure of pecuniary reward, for the audience was a large one. That it was entertained, amused and instructed was amply proved by the constant laughter, liberal applause and rapt attention that followed the delightful development of Sheridan's immortal masterpiece. Such revivals are doubly valuable, first, in that they give the rising generation an opportunity to become practically familiar with the classics of the stage, and second, in that they give young and ambitious actors, debarred by modern theatrical conditions from actual familiarity with the great histrionic rôles that have been the making of the big actors of the past, a true opportu-

uity to show the real talent within them. Perhaps Mr. Kyrle Bellew, the Charles Surface of the occasion, is not as young as he was when he last played the part on the same boards; but there was no discovering the fact in his gay, rollicking and dashing performance of the reckless but lovable spendthrift. And what a lesson for the young actor in front—and there were many of them—as to what constitutes the necessary requirements for the perfect

realization of that elusive quality—*atmosphere!* Here was the true beau-gallant of the days when George was King. The sparkle, the grace, the elegance, cynical yet not unkindly

human, of the rôle were brought out with the impeccable surety of a perfect artiste; and yielding but little to it in its faithful adherence to the true spirit of the traditional was Mr. Clarence Handyside's Sir Oliver, an impersonation instinct with jovial unction and convincing authority. As Sir Peter Teazle Mr. Barton Hill was more faithful in his adherence to the well-established theories attaching to the part than he was to the text; but there was a nice, gentle touch of pathos in several of his moments that did not go unrecognized. Mr. Edward Morgan was not entirely happy as the specious Joseph. His elocution was so painfully confidential that only the few in front were favored



HALL, N. Y.

MR. JOSEPH COYNE IN "THE TOREADOR"

"Everyone's so awfully good to me"



PHOTO BYRON
MR. FRANK DOANE
as John Drew

MISS MARIE DRESSLER
as herself

MISS ADA LEWIS
as Mrs. Fiske

"THE HALL OF FAME" AT THE NEW YORK



DRAWN BY MR. FORREST HALSEY

MRS. LESLIE CARTER
AS *Mme. Du Barry*

Forrest Halsey
Leslie-Carter



MISS NANETTE COMSTOCK

Who was recently seen in "Joan o' the Shoals"

with what he had to say. His style, too, was too essentially modern, and the sophistic logic with which he seeks to swerve Lady Teazle from her path of duty was over-forcetful rather than insinuating. Mr. Frederick Perry gave a neat and finished portrait of Sir Benjamin Backbite; the contained insolence of Trip was delicately expressed by Mr. Edgar Norton; Mr. Russell Crawford scored Moses' usual points, and Mr. Henry Stockbridge, as Sir Harry Bumper, sang "Here's to the Maiden," etc., with graceful abandon. Looking a picture of rare beauty, Miss Marie Wainwright made a delightful Lady Teazle. It was a breezy, wholesome rendering of the transformed rustic beauty, while in the screen scene the sense of poignant shame and honest regret were convincingly expressed.

The perpetration of a comic opera that is not comic is a serious enough offence; thanks, however, to the refreshing manner in which Miss Lulu Glaser skips through the title rôle, "Dolly Varden," the new musical piece at the Herald Square, was saved from failure. The story is founded on Wycherley's "Country Girl." Dolly's father left her a large fortune and appointed one John Fairfax, a wealthy bachelor, her guardian. Fairfax is at first in a quandary as to what to do with his pretty ward and finally determines to make her his wife. Dolly, however, objects, and is restive under the restraint her guardian puts on her. She prevails on Fairfax to take her to London to his sister's wedding and in the British metropolis Dolly has everyone at her feet, particularly one Dick Belleville, a dashing young officer. All this im-

perils Fairfax's chances and he keeps a close watch over his ward, but by plot, counterplot and disguise the old guardian is outwitted and Dolly and her lover have it their own way. Miss Glaser scored a genuine personal hit as the country wench, whose comeliness sets all London aflame, and, in truth, this clever operatic comedienne has done nothing so well since she first established her reputation some few seasons ago, when leading woman to Mr. Francis Wilson. In this latest offering by Messrs. Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards she sings, laughs and dances with so much spirit, abandon and natural grace, and looks so ravishingly pretty in her dainty frocks of 1730, that there is delight the whole time she is on the stage. Not so much can be said of her fellow-performers. Mr. Van Rensselaer Wheeler, an agreeable singer, appears ill at ease as Dolly's soldier lover, being evidently handicapped by a part which gives him scant opportunity. Mr. Mark Smith's Lord Gayspark is a very leaden-footed effort, absolutely without humor, and there is real relief when Mr. T. Daniel, the basso, reaches the end of his songs. The truth is Miss Glaser is the whole life of the piece, and when she is absent matters drag tiresomely along. Mr. Stange's book is uncommonly dull, containing such heavy jokes as making one of the characters mistake the French phrase *je t'adore* for shut the door. There are one or two songs which Miss Glaser renders effectively; otherwise the lyrics are mediocre. As to Mr. Edwards' music, it is on the same plane as most of this composer's work—what is good is reminiscent and what sounds new is commonplace. The management has mounted the opera without regard to expense and provided an interesting and beautiful display of the costumes of a picturesque period.

Regarding "Joan o' the Shoals," the dramatic concoction by Miss Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, in which Miss Henrietta Crosman made her reappearance in New York on the night of February 3, the less said the better. It is inconceivable how an actress of Miss Crosman's intelligence should jeopardize both reputation and money in a piece so absolutely worthless that it had not one re-



PHOTO MARCEAU

MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN

As she appeared in the play, now defunct, called "Joan o' the Shoals"



PHOTO OUPONT

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH

The clever English entertainer, who is again visiting America

deeming feature —neither interest of story nor strong situations, nor even a "fat" part for the star. Miss Crossman, who is a sympathetic and capable actress, did wisely in acquiescing at once in the common verdict and shelving "Joan" for "Mistress Nell" a pretty play, in which the artistic methods and pleasing personality of this

operas. The company includes eighteen principals, a chorus of sixty and a ballet headed by Mme. Mari. The principal prima donna is Mme. Rachel Laya. It is planned to open the season with "La Jolie Parfumeuse." This will be followed by various old and new Paris successes. Scenery brought from Paris will be used.

The editor has received several letters from readers who have taken exception to certain remarks regarding the late Edwin Booth made by Mr. Alfred Ayres in our last issue. These letters were forwarded to Mr. Ayres, who replies as follows:

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

It would seem that not a few of the admirers of the late Mr. Booth are inclined to think my judgment at fault when I deny that he was an accomplished reader. They ask why, if Mr. Booth misplaced the emphasis as frequently as I say he did, I did not, at the least, give one example. Because lack of space prevented. As I had intimated, even Mr. Booth's Hamlet, much as he had played the part, teemed with instances of emphasis misplaced. Here we have one: He was wont to emphasize *o'erwhelm* very strongly in this sentence:

Foul deeds will rise
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

Act I., Scene 2.

Now, what is the thought? Simply this: "Foul deeds will rise though covered with all the EARTH." If Booth read the sentence properly, intelligently, then we should read, "Foul deeds will rise though COVERED with all the earth." Unless Mr. Booth was an exception to the rule, even his action would have been better had he been a painstaking student of the language of his parts. If the action would be suited to the word, the mind must not go wrong. In the sentence cited, Booth's action, naturally, was on the word he emphasized, *o'erwhelm*, whereas it should have been on *earth*. His reading would surely be the less likely to conjure up the proper picture in the imagination of the auditor.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED AYRES.

actress are seen to better advantage than in anything she has yet done, with the exception, perhaps, of "Gloriana," which admirable performance some years ago many of Miss Crossman's present admirers seem to have forgotten. Miss Crossman's production of "As You Like It" will soon be followed by a new play entitled "Madeleine."

New Yorkers, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, are to have a taste of comic opera as they do it in Paris. The French Opera Comique company of New Orleans will begin a seven weeks' engagement at the Victoria Theatre on March 31 and present several of the best French light



PHOTO BYRON

MRS GLOSTER-GLOSTER (Miss Annie Irish)

VISCOUNT INVERESK (Mr. Frank Worthing)

LADY MARGARET (Miss Amella Bingham)

MCLEOD OF INCE (Mr. F. Gottschalk)

ACT III.—MRS. GLOSTER-GLOSTER: "What, invite that woman!"

"LADY MARGARET" AT THE BIJOU



PHOTOS TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"

BY TONNELLE

CHATS WITH PLAYERS

No. 4—Mr. Francis Wilson



FRANCIS WILSON lives in New Rochelle—so does Julian Hawthorne and Augustus Thomas and Frederic Remington, for that matter—but they are living in modest cottages compared to the big stone residence that crests the hill where the comedian lives.

The comic-mind, to quote Mr. Wilson, is nowhere apparent in that big, rambling house of his in the suburbs. I suppose that there are as many different kinds of comic-minds as there are comic-books, for there is a wide difference between Francis Wilson the comedian and the Mr. Wilson I spent an hour or so with in New Rochelle.

There are comic-books which, as we scramble through them, startle us into a laugh that is forgotten when we lay the book aside, and there are other comic-books that have the flavor and charm of playfulness, a style that lifts them above comicality, a culture in drollery that filters through the mind as streams of pure water freshen the parched ugliness of a barren field—Thackeray, Lamb, Boswell, Field, Twain, Stockton and Dickens, for instance. When Mr. Wilson said to me, modestly, that I might find the "comic-mind" a trial, I assumed the particular quality of his own to be among the latter, for artistes are as easily classified in their natures as are books.

If a man is to be measured by the material comforts of his house, then Mr. Wilson is a very rich man, although he told

me he was not. The matter that interests playgoers most is not how much money a comedian has made but how much fun he has given them, and what manner of man he is that could have dug so much humor out of life. We do not really care so much about the comic as we do about the droll, the playful. The clown is for little children, the comedian is for big children.

Francis Wilson, off the stage, is a very cultured, keen, art-loving country gentleman. He has his dogs, his horses, his books, his pictures, his family, and his favorite views across stretches of field and water, that banish all atmosphere of a stage-door and a red-wig. The interesting fact is that he can assimilate this delightful country life with his excursions into stageland.

"How do you ever get up courage to leave this place for the theatre?" I asked him.

"A taste for contrasts, I suppose. I enjoy my work in the theatre, and I enjoy my ease out here. Look at that view, isn't that compensation enough for a comic-mind?" he said.

"If all actors could accomplish this," I murmured, as later on we sat in front of a wonderful landscape of Mauve's quietly enjoying the peace of its temperament, the power of its coloring.

"Well, you see, I never drink and I never smoke; that in itself is enough to make a nest-egg," he replied, simply adding: "You've seen Mauve's work? No? He was a famous Dutch artist and died when he was fifty. I am very fond of



PHOTO TONNELE
MR. WILSON'S HOUSE AT NEW ROCHELLE

him; he is so rugged and strong and so true in his feeling for nature. I don't care so much for figures, but I have some of his. Look at that wood scene. There's a mere blot, a brushful of dark paint, when you look at it near by, and yet you can see it is a woman coming down the wood-path." And he settled back comfortably in the window seat and absorbed the life of the picture silently.

It is impossible to escape this actor's enthusiasm for pictures. He points them out to you in dramatic detail that shows the lover of them even more than the critic.

"You know I shouldn't care to have a gallery. That always seems to me—well, it's like making a show of one's personal belongings," he went on, speaking slowly, very softly—a keynote, as it were, to the quiet and peace of the big house, with its wide corridors and staircases and open doors. "I just like to catch bits of them as I come down the stairs, or look through a door, or enter a room. They are a soothing influence, are pictures." He rose from his seat, put his hands in his pockets and glanced at this and that painting—glimpses of them in the rooms and hallway where we were.

"Now there is the best bit of work, as a painter, Joseph Jefferson ever did," continued Mr. Wilson, with a quick turn of the heel to reach an electric button that set a light on the picture. It had a place of honor, because the owner enjoyed the luxuriant loneliness of the scene—a giant oak, stooping with the age of many more years than one man will ever see. Nothing was said about Jefferson the actor, nor was there a note of criticism suggested—only admiration and delight.

Mr. Wilson is fond of his pictures for the story they tell, and one may infer from their character that the comedian prefers nature to idylls—mostly landscapes, Dutch interiors, a Bonheur, a Corot, a Schreyer, a Neuhuys, a Ziem, a Thaulau, the best of his particular choice.

"I am fond of nature; I like simplicity, honesty, the heart of things that are real and unaffected," said the actor, his voice merely mechanical, his words but half telling their message. "You know that is one reason why we live out here in the country; we can look out of the window and see pictures all the time changing with the seasons."

It was really a surprise to find these poetic touches in an actor whose professional celebrity seemed to spring from an entirely different source, and yet, clearly, it was in this serene atmosphere of his home-life, from his intimate contact with books and pictures, that Mr. Wilson sustains a refinement of

the comic-mind. As we passed on up the broad staircase, I saw that the walls were covered with all sorts of "Napoleons" and "Bonapartes," prints, engravings, black and white and in colors.

"These were part of your study in the 'Little Corporal'?" I said.

"Yes, yes; I used to be very much interested in Napoleon, but I've lost a good deal of it now. Some day I am going to bundle them all out and auction them off for some charity; what is the use of keeping things around you that have lost their influence, their inspiration?"

One could read, between the lines, as it were, that here was a man too high spirited by nature to enjoy mere reminiscent glories. Actual possession meant nothing without some active relationship, some timely enjoyment in return.

Not a comic picture, not a cartoon, not a photograph of himself anywhere to be seen. And, strangest fact of all, he had not told a funny story or given me an effective "gag" or "wheeze" to show the reader what a really comic fellow he was. Comedians usually maintain a pose of this sort, particularly with the interviewer, but Francis Wilson has the timidity of the true artist's nature, the theatre being only the school-room and the home a place to prepare lessons in.

I expected to find some actual testimony of the comic-mind in his study, but instead the room was lined with books, the desk scattered with sheets of manuscript freshly written, the

easy-chair, so large that when the comedian sat in it he was almost lost to the world, appropriately so and enjoyably so, for in it he shared the luxury of conversing with the comic-books before mentioned.

"If every actor could be sure that he would eventually build himself a harbor like this!" I said, and his answer was more direct than my question.

"People think that I am a very rich man, but I am not."

"Of course, I hope I may never have any fear that if I stopped playing I would not have enough to live on till I die,



PHOTO TONNELE
MR. WILSON RUMMAGING AMONG HIS BOOKS

but I am not a rich man in any sense of the term to-day. I have had heavy strains on my resources, through family ties, loving ties to be sure, ties that I hold fast to," he added tenderly.

"But, there is one picture of Corot's downstairs, alone, that must be worth ten thousand dollars!"

"Yes, but I did not pay that much for it," he said, smiling.

"Let me tell you," went on the actor, as he sank deeper into the recesses of the easy-chair, and his eyes looked out of the window, beyond the horizon, across the years that were gone.

"I feel that I am justified in collecting these things some people call luxuries about me. You see, my parents were not able to give me the education I wanted and they would like me to have had. It is a little late for me to go to college now, and so I am educating myself in this way. These books, these pictures, are my tutors. They give me the knowledge I have always sought and couldn't get. I am a fiend of curiosity. I want to know, to see for myself, to dig my way into the light of things historical and creative. So you see, now that I can afford it, I've done it. Books give out a great deal of the minds that made them, but I developed a craving to know the writers, to see some actual trace of the life that was in them, and so I began collecting autographs, and—well—here and there and there," and quick as a flash he was pulling out drawers and opening cabinets piled high with autograph folios.

"I don't think there is a celebrity in art, in literature, in history, you could name whose autograph is not here," he said quietly, with a challenge in his eyes, and the suspense of being found wanting adding zest to his question.

I named several, which of course he had—poets, statesmen, kings and queens. An actor's autograph seemed a trivial thing among these world-powers traced on paper.

"Well, there is another curiosity-mood settled," said the comedian, as he pushed a folio of these precious names out of sight. "It is nice to have them, but possession is an illusion, in a way, is it not?" he added, smiling again.

"Books are not so ephemeral, surely!" I suggested, glancing over the array of shelves filled with books.

"No, no," said the actor warmly; "books live with us, live longer and more peacefully than anyone or anything

else." He moved over towards the shelves and picked out a book delicately and richly bound.

"To show you what companionship they represent," he said, opening the stiff leather covers, stamped with a gold design he had made himself; "this is a little paper-covered French story I picked up in Paris—just a simple little story, by no one in particular, but I took a fancy to it; we found each other companionable and in a sort of mutual understanding; when I got back, I dressed the paper-cover up in style and dignity, appropriate to the regard I had for the services of companionship it had rendered."

I don't think I ever heard a prettier confession of any bookman's devotion, and I said something of the sort.

"Why, books—books are the most loyal friends a man can have; we frame portraits of the people we like best, why not books?" he commented dryly, while fingering among them for another treasure which he produced.

"Here is a copy of Lamb's 'Green Fairy Tales.' My wife and I read this together, enjoyed it together; we were so pleased with it, so fond of it, that, you see, I had it bound in a bit of my wife's wedding-dress—her wedding-dress," he repeated in the dry monotone that showed a bit of self-control in the voice.

"Comedy seems to grow here, in close intimacy with very tender sentiment," I said.

He looked over his shoulder at me, putting the book away, and his fine eyes were very bright as he answered, "Of course, the line between laughter and tears, is it not very slender?"

"Is it a line—isn't it an entangling tie?"

"I always find a chance, when I am playing, to give the merest touch of sentiment somewhere. It is quite human, I think."

"You might have been a romantic actor if temperament had been obeyed," I suggested.

"When I began in a stock company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, I used to think of it, but it did not take long to settle that."

The last I saw of him was as he disappeared up the country road for an afternoon trot, with his dog racing him as fast as he could run.

W. DE WAGSTAFFE.



PHOTO HALL, N. Y.

THE SPANISH BALLET IN "THE TOREADOR"



HOW I CREATED "SIMON LEVI"

A Novel Quest for Local Color in the Ghetto

By DAVID WARFIELD

FOR many years the portrayal on the stage of the Jew such as we see him in the ghetto has strongly appealed to me, and any success I may have achieved in presenting such characterizations is, perhaps, largely due to the care and time I have given to studying the quaint Russian types which come to this country from south-eastern Europe.

People who have the impression that the Jews, as a race, are clannish have very little knowledge on the subject. From time immemorial the Israelitic people have been split into factions between which the lines of demarcation have been so strongly defined as to equal those between them and other nations. The Portuguese and Spanish Jews, better known as the Separdim, form one community, the English and American Jews a second, the French a third, the German a fourth, while the Russian or Slavic Jews constitute a regular series, each different from all the rest. To find these Slavic Jews one must go into the very heart of the East Side and there you encounter types the same as you would find in the market place of Odessa, or of Cracow. They are a timid, suspicious, but kindly and affectionate race. They have been crushed and maltreated so long that they instinctively regard a stranger as a foe. Their only defence in those lands from which they come is avoidance, deception and craft. The same qualities appear in New York but of course are not called into play, yet they leave their marks upon the faces, carriage and speech of these immigrants.

When you go among them one of the first things you notice is the expression of the eye and mouth. It is pleading, fearful, intelligent and gentle. The voice corresponds with the face, being seldom loud, harsh or indignant. The favorite tone is a piano and often a pianissimo. They use the body, especially the hands, in

gesticulation. One of their very ancient customs is the avoidance of the razor and allowing the beard to grow naturally. This produces a softer and silkier growth upon the face than our modern system of daily shaving. On the other hand, the hair comes out irregularly in regard to space and very fuzzy, and even crinkly in respect to texture. The beard of the Slavonic Jew is very different from that of the adult of any other country. I go into this in detail because it will appeal to every person interested in the technique of acting.

Another point is the coloring of the skin. In youth the Slavonic Jew has the bright red and white skin which marks health and strength, but on account of the confinement of the European ghettos, the inability to obtain regular exercise and the unnatural modes of living forced upon them by harsh laws they do not develop physically. This unnatural growth

expresses itself in the pigmentation of the skin. It is not a yellow, as careless observers suppose, but a dead white or grey white, produced by the non-development of the muscles and the absence of a normal amount of blood from the capillaries of the face. Living in close quarters for centuries has also resulted in a slight but perceptible change in the eyebrow and orbit. Had the process kept on for a long time it would have terminated in the evolution of the power of the nocturnal vision, namely, a larger dilation of the iris. For this reason probably a larger number of the people of the East Side wear eyeglasses and spectacles than does any other community in the metropolis. To simulate this feature for stage purposes demands a more or less chromatic treatment of the face around the eyes. There is a larger amount of color in the eyelid and in the skin just below the eyebrows than with the average American. Another consequence of past con-



"THEY THOUGHT ME UNDIGNIFIED"



"NO ONE RECOGNIZED ME"

ditions is a curious unevenness of gait and an abnormality in the pose. The departure from the normal is so small that it is difficult to describe, yet any one who studies these people of the ghetto will remark it and be able to imitate it very quickly.

It was while studying these features that I came to know the ghetto. Taken altogether, it was a pleasant experience. After the ice is broken and you have won the confidence of the people, you are treated with more suavity and trust than in any other part of the city. There is a certain individuality in the Jewish character which is invaluable in the battle of life. It is also of great advantage to the actor, because it is bound to produce extreme types, which are of use in serving to suggest character studies upon the boards. A single day on the East Side will show a score of odd individuals, each one of whom would

make a hit in a powerful drama. Sometimes it is in the clothing. A man with a deep love for his ancestors or for some historical past will use clothing which to his mind represents one or the other or symbolizes his own mental attitude. The gaberdine of the Middle Ages has long passed away, but on the East Side may be found now and then coats or tunics which are so shaped that they require only a few changes to become gaberdines. The headwear of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has left recognizable relics which are still worn in the ghetto. Many forms of jewelry and ornamentation which may be seen there to-day are likewise souvenirs or echoes of the dead years.

Nearly all of these types are so salient as to appeal to an audience at first sight. They do not require distortion or exaggeration to make them effective. In depicting a stage Irishman or German, the general rule is to caricature. Without this the representation is apt to seem painted in too low a color, but in depicting a Russian Jew it is unnecessary to have recourse to disproportion to obtain a perfect effect.

After I had made what I regarded as a satisfactory study of my involuntary models, I thought one day that I would attempt to get a verdict upon my work from the very people I was simulating, so I made up as a typical Slovak and went down to the East Side. Here I violated the laws of art; I should have gone by a Third Avenue car but as a matter of fact I went on a bicycle. The moment I reached the ghetto, I noticed that the wheel was producing a profound impression. It was not that the people were unaccustomed to that style of vehicle but they were amazed to see a bearded Russian Jew,

apparently a newcomer from Europe, employing an accomplishment which is usually confined either to Americans or to wealthy young Hebrews.

I was the cynosure of all eyes and many were the comments, complimentary and otherwise, made upon my appearance. I treated it all with Jewish composure, excepting now and then when I answered some critic in a way that turned the laugh upon him. In a short while I realized that my "make-up" must be a success. It had produced no especial criticism from the Gentiles who had seen me *en route*, neither did it provoke inquiry in the ghetto itself. This I thought was the highest compliment ever paid to my skill in making-up. I paused several times during my trip and talked with the people, some of whom I knew by sight and others who were entire strangers. The former did not remember my real personality, and neither one nor the other detected that it was an ordinary American to whom they were talking and not one of their own community. Several mature men intimated that it was very undignified for a respectable Jew to go dashing around town upon a wheel like the frivolous Gentile youth, while others asked if it was pleasant and easy of locomotion, if one could save time, and if it was easily learned and could be used in preference to the street cars. These queries had all a business basis and came from men who had not been here for a very long period. Those who were old-timers asked no questions and made practically no comments.

I dropped into several places, including stores, a synagogue and restaurant, with no different results from what I had encountered in the street. My trip included brief visits to the places from which are taken the various scenes and parts in "The Auctioneer." In the picturesque sales-rooms I witnessed the bustle, chafing and gentle humbug which marks auction rooms of every race, and at various places I saw the people from whom I have redrawn the characters for stage purposes.

I would it were possible to put in tangible form vocal and facial peculiarities as well as those which belong to costume and appearance. Could this be done, it would be easy to form a multitude of rôles, each and all unique upon the American boards.

The eightieth birthday of Mme. Adelaide Ristori (Marchioness Capraica Del Grillo), the famous actress, was celebrated in Rome, Jan. 29. The King of Italy called personally to offer his congratulations.

MR. WARFIELD AS SIMON LEVI
IN "THE AUCTIONEER"

THE GERMAN THEATRE IN NEW YORK



PHOTO TÖHNELE

HERE is food for reflection in the fact that while all lovers of the serious drama are busy agitating for the establishment in America of a national or endowed theatre, the German population of New York has, without endowment, created for itself a playhouse in this city which, while not above earning an honest penny through its performances, has at least a higher standard for its productions than obtain elsewhere in this country.

German theatres have existed in New York for the past fifty years, but it may be said that not until the advent of Heinrich Conried as the manager of a stock company at the Irving Place Theatre, nine years ago, did the German stage in this country have the advantage of a cultured and artistic director. Mr. Conried, indeed, is the best equipped theatrical manager in the United States, he being a fine actor and musician, a master of languages, and an excellent man of affairs. To this rare and exceptionable combination is due the high standing his theatre and his company have secured. Mr. Conried is now in the twenty-fifth year of his managerial career in this country. In recognition of his services to the stage, the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Belgium and Italy, the Duke of Sachs-Meiningen have conferred on him decorations, and the Emperor of Germany the highest order yet given to an actor. The University of Pennsylvania has given him the degree of M.A. and Harvard University recently elected him a member of the committee on Germanic literature.

There are two traits of character, innate in themselves, that should form part of the equipment of the man who manages a theatre. They are taste and imagination. The commercial sense is equally indispensable, but the two other qualities

are *sine qua non* to guide the selection of plays and

develop the actor's art. It is because of the possession of these essential characteristics by Mr. Conried that one finds a literary quality in many of the plays produced at his theatre which is almost wholly wanting on our American stage.

True, the dramatist must create the literary condition in his play, but it is equally true that Mr. Conried has a wider sympathy with this flavor in a play than any manager since Augustin Daly. German authors have a fine flow of language, resembling in this the French, because, like their Gallic *confères*, they are poets, whereas the English writing dramatists, Pinero, Grundy, Esmond, Gillette, Belasco, Howard, Fitch, Thomas *et al.*, are first playmakers and then playwrights. And yet Stephen Phillips is upon the horizon. The writer once consulted Mr. Conried concerning a certain stage effect which no American stage manager seemed to understand.

"Do you expect to do this?" asked Mr. Conried.

"Is it practical?"

"Yes; but it will cost a lot of money."

"That makes no difference, if I secure the desired result."

"Now," concluded Mr. Conried,

"that is where the American and German writers differ. You will show this thing; they would describe it in beautiful language."

And there you have it.

The difficulties of the average American manager are as naught compared to those which encompass Mr. Conried in the management of his theatre. To begin with, German



PHOTO PACH

MR. HEINRICH CONRIED

Irving Place Theater
HEINRICH CONRIED, DIRECTOR.

Montag, den 16. Dezember, auf vielseitiges Verlangen:
Das verschleierte Bild zu Sais
Schauspiel in 3 Akten von PAUL HERTZ

Dienstag, den 17. Dezember, zum letzten Male:
Flachsmann als Erzieher
Schauspiel in 3 Akten von OTTO REUTY

Mittwoch, den 18., Donnerstag, den 19., u. Samstag, den 21. Dezember,
zum ersten Male in Amerika:
DER Heirathsmarkt
Schauspiel in 3 Akten von SEBASTIAN KRZAKOWSKI

Freitag, den 20. Dezember, auf vielseitiges Verlangen:
Sudermann's Johannisfeuer
auswähltes Schauspiel

Samstag, den 21. Dezember, MATINEE, im ersten Acte:
Wilhelm Tell
Anfang 8 Uhr 30. Sitze jetzt zu haben. Matinee 2 Uhr 15.

actors are not indigeuous to New York. They do not grow upon the rialto nor are they to be found at agencies. If an Americau manager needs an actor to fill a certaiu part, he takes a walk on Broadway or visits the various agencies and in a few minutes he has the actor he needs for his production, whereas the German actor must be imported from Germany and Austria. These difficulties compel Mr. Conried to keep forty-three principal people on the salary roll of his stock company, nearly three times as many as are engaged for either Daly's or the Empire.

At the close of every season in New York, Mr. Conried makes a tour of the principal German theatres on the continent looking for talent. At first he had immense difficulty in securing even mediocre actors willing to risk their precious lives crossing the Atlantic, to live in a country where the language is not their own and to brave the dangers from the barbarians with whom

New York, in the simple Teutonic mind, is largely peopled. Then there were idiosyncracies of previous managers of German theatres in New York to be wiped from the slate. Now, however, all is different. The German theatre in New York



HERR FERDINAND BONN

The distinguished tragedian, who will be seen in New York next month

is recognized throughout Germany as one of the representative theatres of the German stage, and Mr. Conried has comparatively little difficulty in securing a first-class all round stock company to risk themselves for several seasons in New York. Nevertheless, leading German actors whose position is already assured at home will not come over, or at the best under exceptional circumstances, so that Mr. Conried is compelled to recruit his people from German actors whose talent and repertoire are desirable, but have not achieved the highest distinction in the Fatherland.

Some of the difficulties of the position of a German manager may be realized from the statement that the Irving Place Theatre company has three leading men and five leading women. Now, any one who has even the most meagre knowledge of the theatre can at once form an idea of the dangers of this situation. Not a leading part does Mr. Conried give out but that there are vigor-

ous protests from at least two of the leading men and tears from four of the leading women. Now here is where diplomacy and tact are factors in the situation. When the two indignant leading men call with their grievances, be-



PHOTO TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"

MR. CONRIED DIRECTING A REHEARSAL

BY TONNELLE

cause the last new part has been entrusted to their dear colleague, the director smooths matters over with the aid of a good cigar and the actor leaves with another bad part in his pocket. But four leading women to pacify would tax the skill of Machiavelli. How is it managed, how is a crisis averted? Well, Mr. Conried has a formula, by which, figuratively speaking, his life is saved. He carries in stock the manuscript of a number of great classic rôles which he knows his leading women have never played in Germany. But he also knows that it is the dream of their lives to play them, so when the supreme moment arrives, where resignations are threatened and other dire results, the director blandly hands forth "Marie Stuart," or "Die Braut von Messina," or "Iphigenia in Taurus," "Lady Macbeth," and the complainant leaves all smiles and happiness. Of course, she seldom if ever reaches the performance, but in two weeks another new part and perhaps a good one is at hand, the leading woman scores a hit in it, and the angel of peace once more hovers over the destinies of the German theatre. And these little sham battles happen every day, but if Mr. Conried were to rely upon the usual complement of leading men and women (one of each) they would own the theatre.

Another of the great difficulties encountered in forming the company is in securing contracts with the young women of the stage who play the ingénue and sonbrette rôles. It never is accomplished without engaging one or both of her parents and sometimes the whole family to come to America. And then,

frequently, the young woman is the principal support of the entire family at home, so that the adjustment of the salary for America to meet all the necessities of the case is a serious problem. Fraulein Kaethe Brandt, a most talented young actress of his company, has recently died here and Mr. Conried fears it will be more than ever difficult to induce the younger members of the craft to come to New York.

Rehearsals at the German theatre are going on every day in the week. There are sometimes as many as four plays produced

in six days. Usually not more than four rehearsals are given to the production of a new play, whereas from two to four weeks are generally devoted to making a new production in an American theatre. There are various reasons why this is possible. The most important of all is Mr. Conried's supreme authority with his company. One and all realize that before he attempts a rehearsal he has with his intimate knowledge of every part in the piece so elaborated all the business of each rôle, arranged all the stage positions, the entrances and the exits, so that at rehearsal every actor cast for that particular play understands at once that there is to be no discussion as to what is best to be done, but accepts without question the manager's directions and seeks to give them vitality. An immense amount of

time is saved in this manner. Of course, the prompter's box is still in evidence, but then some of the actors have several hundred parts in their repertoire so it is but natural that they should like to hear occasionally the first line of an important speech. In spite of these quick rehearsals, the first nights go off without a hitch, everybody works together and the ensemble is admirable.

A custom long extinct upon the American stage survives in full bloom upon the German stage, that of benefits. It is part of the contract of the leading members of the company, and is looked forward to by them as an important perquisite for their season's work. Wreaths and other manifestations from friends are handed up over the orchestra upon these occasions. The only other theatre in this country where this custom still prevails is at the French Opera in New Orleans, and there I have seen a canary in a handsome cage handed up by the leader of the orchestra to the prima donna whose benefit was being celebrated.

On an average Mr. Conried reads one play a day throughout the year. The German authors give him a great deal of



MAYER, DRESDEN

HERR FELIX SCHWEIGHOFER



BIEBER, BERLIN

FRAU ODILON

trouble. Firstly, America is supposed to be an Eldorado. Royalties from New York are satisfactory, because when a play makes a hit business is large during its run. But, outside of New York, business at German theatres is almost nothing, although Philadelphia has now a German stock company playing in Mrs. John Drew's old Arch Street theatre, which is said to be on a paying basis. The difference between New York business and that of Chicago, Milwaukee, etc., causes much hard feeling. When the box office receipts amount to \$39.50, five per cent. on this and ten per cent. commission off for royalty bring but cold comfort to the author in Germany who cannot be persuaded that all American cities are not like New York. It sometimes takes years to heal the breach and restore confidence and to induce the author to make contracts for his new plays.

It is inevitable that a comparison should be drawn between the character of the productions at the German theatre and those on the American stage. It is forgotten, however, that there is an enormous difference in the character of the plays presented.

The German stage seldom brings forward aught but plays the scenes of which are laid among the plain people; whereas, upon our stage, in its best theatres, inheriting its traditions from London and Paris, one finds plays dealing almost exclusively with the higher classes.

Mr. Conried has two elements to please in his theatre, the German born and the German-American. Both these elements must be dealt with, one demanding more solid food than their German-American children, who, already somewhat Anglo-Saxonized, refuse to patronize problem plays, so that it is no easy matter to arrange a reper-

toire that shall meet and satisfy these opposite tastes. And yet in spite of the great German population in New York, six performances is the limit of a run, even with a great success.

The leading actors of the Irving Place company include Hedwig Lange, Hedwig Von Ostermann, Marie Reichardt and Hermine Varma, and Herren Alexander Rottmann, Adolph Zimmermann and Gustav Von Seyffertitz. In addition to this regular company the distinguished actors, Herren Adolph Von Sontentahl and Ferdinand Bonn, and Frau Helene Odilon, are expected to arrive in this country at the end of March and appear here in April.

It is much to be regretted that the German theatre is not in the heart of the amusement district. This community is a lazy one. It must needs reach its pleasures without much effort. Fifteenth street and

Irving place is an out-of-the-way and forgotten amusement neighborhood. There seems to be no question that if the German theatre were within easy reach of the great mass of the theatre-going public, that its clientèle would be much larger, thereby doing much for itself and also for general stage affairs in the United States. Mr. Conried as a producing manager stands without a rival in the American amusement world, and if he presided over the destinies of a theatre on Broadway he would be the only manager there situated capable of producing and rehearsing his own productions. The Germans of New York, a power of wealth, culture and thought in our community, should see to it that their theatre is second to none in location, importance and development among the whole people.

HARRY P. MAWSON.



BIEBER, BERLIN

FRAULEIN HEDWIG VON OSTERMANN



HOFFERT, BERLIN

FRAU SORMA in "Die Versunkene Glocke"



BZEKELY VIENNA

HERR SONNENTHAHL in "Nathan der Weise"



JOHN McCULLOUGH

America's Greater Players

No. 4—MURDOCH, McCULLOUGH and RUSH



CECILE RUSH

JAMES E. MURDOCH (1811-1893) was a man that during all his long life was held in the highest esteem, both as man and as player. If versatility would make greatness, he would rightfully

stances that a very considerable portion of the public came to think that he was a great tragedian, while in fact he was, at the best, a tragedian of the third rate.

have been accounted great, for in genteel comedy—in such parts as Charles Surface, Young Mirabel, Rover, Benedick and Mercutio—he was unsurpassed, while in the lighter tragic parts he was reckoned among the highly respectable.

His merits as a player were

bounded by bare respectability, when he was at his best, which was in such parts as Damon, Virginius, Metamora and Spartacus. His Hamlet, Richard, Lear and Richelieu were very indifferent personations. With the general public, McCullough's reputation was incomparably greater than

He began, continued and ended as a close student, to which circumstance and to a steadfast belief in himself his success was largely due, for he was only moderately endowed with the dramatic temperament. Throughout his whole career he was an ardent student of the art of elocution. He taught elocution and wrote about it, and in his time he was very generally believed in. Of late, however, the believers in the school he cultivated have steadily become less numerous, and those of them that are left are reckoned, by the reformers, among the superannuated.



JAMES E. MURDOCH AS PETRUCHIO

From an engraving in the collection of T. Allston Brown

With the adherents of the Murdoch school voice and tone are not everything, but they come so near to being everything that they destroy any tendency there might otherwise be to be natural. Theirs is an easy mode of delivery, but it is very tedious for the listener. Murdoch's comic personations were marred comparatively little by the school he cultivated. Better no school in elocution than one of the bad schools, which are vastly in the majority. The longer we travel a wrong road the farther we are from where we should like to be. The author's thought, and not the reader's tones, is what we want. Since Mr. Murdoch's death Mr. F. F. Mackay is, probably, the most distinguished living exponent of the school that makes voice and tone the great essentials of good delivery.

John McCullough (1832-1885) was so favored by circum-

stances that a very considerable portion of the public came to think that he was a great tragedian, while in fact he was, at the best, a tragedian of the third rate. His merits as a player were bounded by bare respectability, when he was at his best, which was in such parts as Damon, Virginius, Metamora and Spartacus. His Hamlet, Richard, Lear and Richelieu were very indifferent personations. With the general public, McCullough's reputation was incomparably greater than was, say, that of the late Mr. Couldock, yet Mr. Couldock was far and away the greater artiste. The one by the public was greatly overrated, the other by the public was greatly underrated. Such is the public's judgment of players!

Popularity with the average theatregoer is small evidence that a player's merits are exceptional. Indeed, not a few of the players of to-day that stand high in public favor are ignorant of the essentials of their chosen calling.

Cecile Rush, née de Lange (1832-1897) was, said the late Ben De Bar, one of the few women of his time that could act. Mrs. Rush was born in Philadelphia, of a French Jew father and an American Gentile mother. She was married young and was the mother of two children before she thought of the stage. When she was well into the twenties she studied certain of the

great serious parts under the tutelage of the late James Booth Roberts, and at the age of twenty-five she made her first appearance at the Walnut Street Theatre in the great tragic part of Bianca—the part Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance in in London. Of the other Biancas I have seen none could compare with her. At the outset Mrs. Rush made a lunge for the topmost rung of the ladder, and, like not a few others, caught it and held on to it. In the East she was little heard of, and in the West, owing to unfortuitous



PHOTO BYRON

LITTLE JOHN
(Mr. W. H. MacDonald)

MAID MARIAN
(Miss Grace Van Studdiford)

ROBIN HOOD
(Mr. Frank Rushworth)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM
(Mr. H. C. Barnabee)

DAME DURDEN
(Miss Josephine Bartlett)

ACT. I.—Robin Hood takes leave of Marian



PHOTO BYRON

LITTLE JOHN
(Mr. W. H. MacDonald)

ALAN-A-DALE
(Miss Adele Rafter)

SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM
(Mr. H. C. Barnabee)

FRIAR TUCK
(Mr. G. B. Frothingham)

GUY OF GISBOURNE
(Mr. W. H. Fitzgerald)

"MAID MARIAN" AT THE GARDEN

ACT III.—The Sheriff in possession

circumstances, she played for only three or four seasons. Mrs. Rnsh's natural gifts were extraordinary. In feature and in figure she was one of the handsomest women that ever faced a footlight, while to her beauty nature had generously added an intensely tragic temperament, exceeding grace of movement and a clean-cut articulation. The few parts she

played she had studied most carefully, and, as a consequence her elocution was of the sort that holds the attention, though it may not stir the gods. Had circumstances favored, Cecile Rush would have left a great name behind her.

ALFRED AYRES.

(To be continued.)



LAST ACT OF PADEREWSKI'S OPERA, "MANRU"

COURTESY N. Y. TRIBUNE

Produced at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time in America, Feb. 14



IGNACE PADEREWSKI

At the Opera

"MANRU," Paderewski's three-act opera, has been given to us as a valentine, and, in spite of the untoward incidents attendant upon insufficient rehearsals, the great pianist has proved that as a composer he is a man to be seriously considered.

Every seat in the Metropolitan was sold out long before the first performance, and the dazzling audience treated the no less dazzling virtuoso to such an ovation that he must have been deeply touched.

The argument of the libretto is of itself exceedingly simple, but as Paderewski has scored to it, it becomes almost as psychological as one of Richard Strauss' tone poems. Alfred Nossig, the librettist, alternately heavy of hand and feeble, has told us that Manru, a gypsy, a Romany of the Romanies, is in love with Ulana, a simple Galacian peasant girl. Gypsies, owing to their thievish, marauding tendencies, are not popular with law-abiding peasants, and when Ulana and

Manru wed they become outcasts. The girl's mother is especially bitter, and after a short time Ulana returns to seek her forgiveness, in which she fails. She consults the dwarf Urok, a wizard, who loves her, and who gives her a love potion, which shall hold Manru at least temporarily. Nature calls to Manru; the moon, forests, rocks and rills beckon to him and seem to taunt him in his domestic captivity. Asa, a gypsy maiden in love with him, adds to his distress by tempting him to flee, and Manru chafes more and more beneath the restraint. Oros, the chief of the vagabonds, and who loves Asa, rejects the proposition to receive back Manru, and calls him accursed and a renegade, but Asa and Jagu, a gypsy fiddler, triumph. Manru deserts wife and child, is made chief in place of Oros, who abdicates in rage, and who finally triumphs by hurling Manru down a precipice, just after Ulana, in despair, having heard of his treachery, has thrown herself into the lake.

Paderewski proceeds from the *leit-motif* basis. We have the gypsy themes, the Ulana, Asa and Urok motives, and they are used with a certain amount of ingenuity. Symphonic writing and writing for the theatre are very widely separated

fields of musical endeavor, and throughout "Manru" Paderewski seems to have been hung on a peg midway between the two, to the detriment of both. He thinks in short curves, so to speak, after each of which an embarrassing, unfilled moment occurs. One goes from moment to moment roughly, for the work needs blending and filling up. In construction the second act is labored, and weakened by an anti-climax nearly as powerful and playing upon the same emotions as the climax proper. The first and third acts are the best, especially the latter, which convinces that Paderewski will yet accomplish something of really great musical moment if he desires. The score is clear and clean and his orchestral technique is, generally speaking, excellent, but there is not sufficient fertility in melodic invention nor plasticity in manipulating the few themes he has seen fit to employ. He tells us orchestrally that "Mauru" is a type to be treated by psychics, and all the temptation, the struggle and fall are synonymous with the troubles we encounter with our souls.

The ballet music of the second act is perhaps the most interesting of all, although the love duet strikes a firm, full note of passion for which we have not been prepared by anything preceding. As yet, Paderewski does not write sympathetically for the voice, but his lyrical proclivities are pronounced. Of course there are moments when we can feel the pulse of Wagner beating through the score; this cannot well be obviated when Wagner's dramatic methods are followed. Resemblances we shall always find, and unless they are too transparent they do not call for condemnation.

For all the detail of music, costume, score and performance space cannot be given now. The principals on this first night were Mme. Sembrich as Ulana; M. Bandrowski as Manru; Mme. Homer as Hedwig; Miss Scheff as Asa; Mr. Bispham as Urok; Mr. Muhlmann as Oros; Mr. Blass as Zagu; and Mr. Walter Damrosch directed. M. Bandrowski is the Polish tenor imported to play Manru only, and while his acting is effective, his voice is not entirely so. It cannot get out of his throat. Naturally Mme. Sembrich's superb musicianship, her refinement, added to her rather unexpected triumph in a tragic rôle, made of the evening, for her sake alone, a glorious recollection not soon to be forgotten.

Of the work of the exhausted orchestra men, of the singing of the choruses and conducting, there is no occasion to speak.



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MME. SEMBRICH IN "MANRU"

How often have we had an ensemble from Mr. Damrosch or at the Metropolitan Opera House, and when were adequate rehearsals ever held? "Manru" is a hard, latter-day score, not to be given smoothly by a few rush rehearsals. I shall speak more in detail later. All in all, the first night of "Manru" was a success from every vital standpoint.

"Messaline" came and decent-minded people went, thus establishing that distance between them which lends enchantment. It seems that when Messieurs Sylvester and Morand contracted a virulent form of *cacoethes scribendi* they became so enfeebled that Messaline herself—appearing to them as a fine and holy subject for latter-day opera—could not infuse one meritorious thought, and left them obfuscated and obsessed and sunk in inspirational oblivion, from which they sought to rescue themselves by doling out indecencies, which in turn are so feeble that they are innocuous and even plaintive. When De Lara strove to compose music suitable to the ideas given him, he became inoculated with all the diseases of the libretto, with the result that one can vivisect the work and not find one dozen praiseworthy ideas, moments or effects. Had the trio of workmen gone to Bellevue, they could have found any number of subjects which might at least have imparted a form of virility to their pens. "Messaline" should receive pathological treatment. The opera is an illegitimate brother to Carmen, but Bizet need not feel his laurels tremble at its approach nor squirm from anxiety in his tomb. Messrs. Sylvester and Morand resurrect the unfortunate wife of Claudius and show her to us in the arms of her various lovers. The dissolute queen loves Harès, a ragamuffin poet, who shrieks diatribes against her ere he succumbs to her seductions, which, as revealed by Calvé, any man would do. Harès' brother, Helion, a gladiator, enters into the queen's consciousness when he rescues her from insult in a red-light resort, whither she has gone to revel with the poet. She promptly goes away with Helion, and as the curtain descends—a way it has of doing in this opera at the most critical moment—Harès sees the situation. Ultimately the gladiator slays his brother, present with the queen in the royal box, without recognizing him, leaps to the lions in the arena, and Messaline, who would follow him, is held back by the death grasp of the poet, and witnesses at once the death of two of her lovers. Nice, is it not?

With the exception of the director, each person did creditable work with his or her part, especially in view of the fact that there is not a vocally grateful spot in the opera, unless we except Calvé's "*Aimer pour*" song in the first act. There are four long, weary acts and five tableaux most vivant. If only the opera were healthfully, vigorously sinful, one would feel less imposed upon, but it is strong only in the futility of its attempt to be overwhelmingly suggestive and iudécent. Calvé costumed and acted the part with a brazen effrontery which

caused one's teeth to chatter from apprehension and shock, and one felt an actual solicitude for the well-being of Scotti, who, as her lover-poet, looked very ashamed of himself and sang of his mimic passion blushing. There is positively no use of discussing, from any save a sociological standpoint, such a mass of mediocrity, banality, viciousness, impotent sensuality and inspirational paucity as this perpetration Mr. Grau very kindly permitted us to witness. We have seen! take it away!

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS



MME. LILLIAN BLAUVELT, beautiful and melodious, opened the month's music for us more than auspiciously. She was assisted at her recital in Carnegie Hall on January 19 by Mr. Charles Gregorowitsch, the violinist. One can do little else but praise this one really musical American singer. She uses her flute-like voice as a rational person should. Her trills, arpeggios, staccato flights and impeccable fidelity to pitch could serve as models to many of those somewhere near Thirty-ninth street who think they sing. Schubert's seldom heard "*Der*

Hirt auf dem Felsen," with clarinet obligato, was sung with attention to tradition which surprised even those who expected much from the singer, and this was true, too, of her treatment of the old Italian songs by Caccini and Durante. Mme. Blauvelt fills a niche all her own and we are very proud of her.

On the evening of this same day, and also at Carnegie Hall, Herr Zeldenrust, the Dutch pianist, delivered himself of a long and difficult recital. His treatment of the Schubert-Liszt "*Erlkoenig*" was better than any I have heard for a long time, as he played to the poem and observed its intent. His Bach playing, also, was more dignified than at his first recital. Nothing is so horrible as a piano virtuoso who attempts to flirt with the massive Bach. Zeldenrust certainly has the gift of digital fleetness and strength reduced to a nicety, and, moreover, he has much sentiment.

Two concerts were given on January 21—one by Victor Herbert's orchestra, the other by the Kneisel Quartet, which introduced Mr. Ernest Hutcheson to us as a pianist of rare and musically gratifying ability. Mr. Herbert's programme was fairly interesting, presenting Tschaikowski's Suite No. 1, G minor, Rubinstein's D minor piano concerto and a suite of his own. The piano concerto was played by Mme. Rivé-King at a moment's notice. Mr. Herbert's suite, "*Woodland Fancies*," has many poetical ideas thronging it, and it was well received by the critics and public. As a direc-

tor, his leading virtue is an unbounded enthusiasm, which enables him to leap many obstacles with ease. All things considered, the orchestra did well, but a few years more of experience are required by both the director and the men. The Kneisel Quartet presented a new quintette by Chadwick, which could not be heard a second time with pleasure. Mr. Hutcheson did telling work with the piano part. He is extremely strong rhythmically and plays with beautiful tone. The other numbers were Grieg's impossible quartette in G minor and Beethoven's quartette in F minor. Both received the masterly treatment one expects from the Kneisel Quartet.

Mr. George Hamlin and Mr. Sidney Biden, a baritone, and a stranger to New York, appeared in a song recital at Mendelssohn Hall on the afternoon of January 26. Mr. Biden needs much more schooling but he has a good voice to work with.



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MISS LILLIAN BLAUVELT



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FRITZ KREISLER, JEAN GERARDY, JOSEF HOFMANN

Who will appear together in a series of trio concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House, beginning March 30

Mr. Walter Damrosch has been in the throes of his Wagnerian lectures, which are food for reflection alike to those who do and do not know. He intersperses his lectures with song, employing a voice which refuses to respond, and he plays the piano with hands which have an unholy alliance with wrong notes. However, his lectures do much good and little harm. Mr. Bispham assisted him at the dissection of "Rheingold," singing "Alberich's Curse" with profane portent.

Mr. Ruben has commenced his series of morning musicales and dramatic readings at the Waldorf-Astoria, the first having taken place on the morning of Feb. 14. On the music programme were Mr. Heath Gregory, Miss Adah Campbell Hussey, M. Jean Gerardy, and Mlle. Fritzi-Scheff. The dramatic part of the entertainment was contributed by Miss Amelia Bingham and Mr. Frank Worthing, who appeared in a "playet" by Miss Beatrice Moore, entitled "Mrs. or Miss." These affairs are through and through delightful, from their fashionable audiences to their splendid programmes. Indeed, they constitute an important feature of the season.

Mme. Sembrich appeared in a song recital on Feb. 3, and a packed house of enthusiastic, discriminating mortals awaited

her. What a genius she is! The category of her gifts would fill a large book, so how can they be but vaguely touched upon here? Her lovely voice, her musicianship, her temperament, refinement and *esprit!* She is unique. She is a model for ages past and gone, and, so far as I know, for those to come.

The début of Florizel Reuter has set the whole musical world agog. He is an uncanny, supernatural little old man infant. That a boy of nine years holds twenty concertos and hundreds of difficult violin pieces in his mind is of itself stupefying, but when he plays them with the authority of a pedagogue and the virtuosity of a brilliant technician, one feels that one has but dreamed. A chubby, curly-headed boy—and yet we find clear, double-stopped harmonics, pearly staccato runs, generally speaking clean intonation and full tone, and—just think of it!—SENTIMENT! It is hardly to be believed! He should be enabled to retire to a boarding-school and conservatory, or he will develop an uneducated boy of great but dwarfed capabilities.

Florizel Reuter is the son of Jacob Reuter, who was born in Milwaukee about thirty-seven years ago, and who was one of the most astounding violin talents of this or any other age. The father had but little instruction, but at Florizel's age played almost as well as he, and this after working matters out for himself, while Florizel has had the best of instruction. Had "Jake" Reuter, as he is known to Milwaukeeans, been indigenous to a town where cultivation and art lovers instead of beer and rich merchants control the situation, his genius would have received the same sort of recognition and patronage the East has accorded Florizel. The father married a young woman who was a pupil of his. Florizel is a perfect miniature of his father, and has tricks of bearing identical with those of



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MASTER FLORIZEL REUTER



FROM "LA VIE ILLUSTRÉ"

At the recent reappearance of Jean de Reszké at the Paris Opera House in "Siegfried," the famous tenor was compelled to divide the honors with the new Fafrer invented by the Opera's head carpenter. The dragon, gigantic in size and fearful of aspect, roars and darts flames from mouth and nostrils as it makes fantastic leaps about the stage, pursued by the fearless Siegfried. The accompanying picture shows how the monster is worked behind the scenes. Fifteen men are required. Six, seated in the tall, turn cranks which force the monster forward and backward; two electricians in its belly send the flames from its mouth, and a weird orchestra, situated directly under its mouth, gives birth to its terrifying roaring.

his unfortunate progenitor, who, instead of getting palm branches at Carnegie Hall, is teaching young savages in Wausau, Wisconsin, the mysteries of intonation and positions. Major Pond should now exploit the father, and the public would cease to marvel at Florizel.

The record for the Philharmonic Society the past month is a good one. On Jan. 31 Mr. Paur gave us Tschaiakowski's "Hamlet" overture; Mendelssohn's concerto for violin, played by Mr. Gregorowitsch, and a legend from the "Kalevala," a new work by Finland's famous composer, Jean Sebelius, and Brahms' C minor symphony. The "Hamlet" overture seems written after Tschaiakowski's imagining rather than Shakespeare's drama. It is a peevish and belligerent "Hamlet" according to Tschaiakowski's scoring, and one at odds with tradition. Sebelius has not a great deal to say. His legend is this: "Lemminkainen is the warrior-hero, the Achilles of Finnish mythology. His intrepidity and beauty make him a favorite of the women. Exhausted by a long series of wars and combats, he determines to seek his home, so turns his sorrows and cares into war-horses and sets out. After a journey replete with adventure he reaches his native land, so full of the recollection of his childhood." Sebelius, the greatest of Finnish composers, as they claim, has done his best with a really inspiring subject, but his best is not very good, for his fantasy is limited and his orchestral technic only average. Brahms' great and glorious symphony in C minor brought this concert to a close. It is architectural and lofty; it is full and rich, with a minor note which finds response in every heart capable of understanding. As Mr. Paur reads Brahms to us (like every other master he elects to interpret), there is no meaning, no romance, no mood but what is high-lighted by his baton. Tired out as the Philharmonic men habitually

are, they still rise to deeds of valor beneath his tempestuous and even stern beat.

Feb. 14 and 15 they gave us Mozart's C major (Jupiter) symphony; Schumann's concertstück for piano, in G major, opus 29 (Mr. Bauer being the soloist); Richard Strauss' love scene from the song poem, "Feuersnot" (new); Liszt's "Todtentanz," a paraphrase for piano and orchestra; and Huldigung's march by Richard Wagner. The Mozart symphony remains a little piece of heaven, and is, perhaps, the broadest, strongest work from the master's pen. Talk as we will of modern scoring, when it is placed in stern relief against the only Mozart or Beethoven, we clearly detect the fruit of the inspiration of genius and that of the inspiration of talent and ambition. This symphony is lofty as a Gothic temple, and read as Mr. Paur reads it, it remains in our hearts a monumental musical emblem. The Richard Strauss "love scene" is heroic, and, for a wonder, the audience understood it and demanded a repetition, which means that the heavy-headed individuals who were stunned by Strauss at first are now becoming sentient to his message. It is time. The story of "Feuersnot" is too

long for these columns; it is sufficient to say that it is Richard Strauss from fiddle to harp and back again. The Philharmonic Society responded to Mr. Paur's demands so well that sins we have grown to expect, by virtue of the age or fatigue of the men, were gratefully absent. The other numbers can be passed in silence. Mr. Bauer strengthened the good opinion he won last year of his pianism.

When a man plays as often before our public as Mr. Fritz Kreisler does the unhappy critic with limited space at his disposal can do but little else than add, "And Mr. Kreisler also played." On Jan. 30 a joint recital was given by Mme. Emma Juch and Mr. Kreisler, Mme. Juch making one of her seldom and wholly unnecessary reappearances. Never a distinguished artiste, although popular, one wonders what need there is for her to reappear in concert when her voice is more than threadbare and when there are dozens of younger singers whom an appearance like this would have benefited. Mr. Kreisler played, among other works, Bach's great G minor concerto, clearly but dryly. He is invariably recalled by his audiences, who are aroused to enthusiasm as much by his temperament as by his skill.

Of Mme. Lehmann's farewell concert, given on Feb. 8, there is but little cheerful to say. The assisting artistes were Kubelik, Mme. Blauvelt and Mme. Gadski. Mme. Lehmann's voice is too often preposterous. Mme. Gadski forces her naturally beautiful voice, and her rhythms are not always steady. Herr Kubelik distinctly bored; Mme. Blauvelt alone charmed by her sweet simplicity and pure voice. We were proud for once of a native-born singer. Just imagine Lilli Lehmann singing the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria"!

E. G. von T.

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



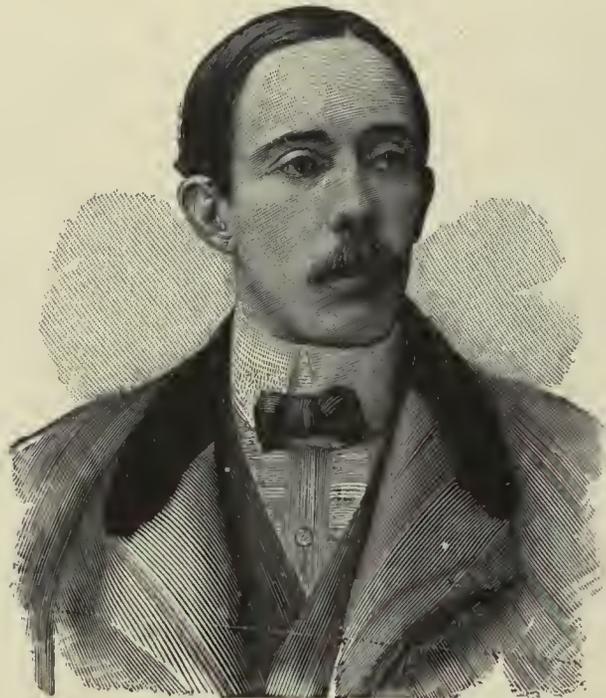
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MISS MARGARET ANGLIN, as *Giuditta* in "The Twin Sister"

Appetizer before meals
 Digestive after meals
 General Tonic at all times

“King of Tonics
 Tonic of Kings”



SANTOS DUMONT.

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PARIS, FRANCE.



Santos-Dumont
 writes

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THE THEATRE

VOL. II., NO. 14

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1902

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



PHOTO BYRON

GIUDITTA
(Miss Margaret Anglin)

ORLANDO
(Mr. Charles Richman)

ACT II.—ORLANDO: "Thank heaven, he's gone!"

"THE TWIN SISTER" AT THE EMPIRE



PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE THEATRE, in regard to its merits as a magazine of theatrical and musical life, speaks for itself. We could not begin to print the numerous letters received daily praising this periodical and approving its independent policy. But the following unsolicited endorsement, received from the President of the most important society connected with the stage and its literature in this country, is so encouraging that we reproduce it here:

New York, March 20, 1902.

To the Editor:

"The Theatre" is the finest dramatic paper in the world except its French contemporary.

DOUGLAS TAYLOR,
President of the Dunlap Society.

In "The Twin Sister," the poetic comedy by the German author, Ludwig Fulda, at the Empire, provision is made in every way for the romantic expression of the play. Its single setting is a beautiful room or balcony looking out upon a gar-

den of roses, while the costumes are of the sixteenth century, period of silks and satins and color. Externally, then, the play delights, and in the person of Miss Margaret Anglin, it has one element of forceful and charming vitality. She has real emotions and a just cause of action. The scene of the play is not at Utica or Cohoes, so while improbable, it is not impossible that she could impersonate her sister, who has never been seen by the husband, and set the impressionable beast afire by the assumption of unwonted vivacity and coquetry, with a succedaneum of hair in old gold. All that we can accept, just as we have welcomed romance many a time before, that good may come of it, when some beautiful truth waits upon it. But romance must be logical and substantial. The author must be sincere. We must take as the object of a play the impression produced. Here his text is but a pretext to make a study or exhibition of the beastiality of Orlando, the husband. If he were the same Orlando of "As You Like It," his amorous desires would have come to easy



PHOTO BYRON

HOPE LANGHAM
(Miss Gretchen Lyons)

MMK. ALVAREZ
(Miss Dorothy Donnelly)

GENERAL MENDOZA
(Mr. Edwin Brandt)

"BOB" CLAY
(Mr. Robert Edeson)

CAPT. STUART
(Mr. Guy Bates Post)

SCENERY BY JOE. PHYBOS

"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE" AT THE SAVOY

ACT III.—"BOB" CLAY: "You assassin!"

terms with Audrey; he would have had no difficulty in illustrating the way of a man with a maid in the case of Phoebe, and he would have put Celia to the proof as well, and thereby gained the heart of Rosalind.

This Orlando is prevented from corrupting the maid only by accident, and his wife—with the golden hair—has to bolt the door against his impetuosity. He finally discovers the loving deception of the wife, his wife fully aware of his gallantries, and the play closes with a state of affairs that proves nothing. The magisterial justice of an audience requires bonds for Orlando's future behavior, and none are given. His unredeemable type existed B. C., and will survive up to the latest calendar. If the ground of the action of the play had been laid in Orlando's charge that Guiditta, his wife, never possessed piquancy and was incapable of adventure, there could have been a logical series of events that would have corrected his mistake in her character and capabilities, and there would have been a real ending in his confession of love for the new beauty of soul and mind and person revealed to him. But, no—there remains a taint of technical insanity in the piece. Why is it that, when an author once achieves success, it is believed by some that he doeth all things well? He has not done this well. Could Guiditta have not shamed Orlando into a sense of righteous love, as did and does Isabella, in "Measure for Measure," the deputy Duke Angelo? Had Fulda forgotten the lovely power of persuasion from evil of Marina in "Pericles"?

The power of goodness never dies in romance

or in life, nor does it lose its charm, repeat it ever so often, in play or song or true living. With all respect due to the excellent stage management and the translation of Mr. Louis N. Parker, and with homage to the uplifting grace of Miss Anglin, the play cannot secure for Herr Fulda that generous, hospitable and brilliant reception which we accord on occasion to a visiting foreigner. Lebe wohl, Herr Fulda! Hoch, Miss Anglin!

To expect to see a stage picture of the Forest of Arden painted with the depth and fullness of Diaz or Rousseau would be like looking for figs to grow on thistles, but in the scenic output which served Miss Julia Arthur's turn and now serves Miss Henrietta Crossman's the lack of any poetic feeling is distressingly felt. Here is a glade in an American forest of undergrowth, glaringly lighted and utterly unfit to be the background for Shakespeare's delicious comedy. It is always the same time o' day in this monotonous forest at the Republic, where there are no shadows as well as no clocks. We do not see it in the morning when veils of blue tulle—the forest vapors—rise from the ground; we are not shown its different look as the sun goes behind a cloud or shines out brilliantly; we do not see it in the evening, when the brilliant tints of day disappear and everything in the wood should take on a purplish tint. Some day a painter will give us a Forest of Arden which will satisfy us—more speed to his coming!

But if there is so much that is lacking in this stage picture of inanimate things, Miss Crossman and her company go far to console us. They give the play admirably, and it is no wonder that students of the Bard are to be seen nightly listening to the music of his verse. The producing company is well balanced, if not perfect. Mr. Barton Hill plays the Duke as if he were a dowager of foreign extraction; the Touchstone bursts too much to the comedy of his colorless eyes; the Jacques of Mr. John Malone has a too modern note of pessimism, and the Orlando



BARONY, N. Y.

MISS MARGARET DALE

New leading woman in Mr. John Drew's company



GUSHNELL, SAN FRANCISCO

MR. WILLIAM COLLIER

Now appearing in "The Diplomat" at the Madison Square Theatre



ARCHDEACON FROLLO
(Mr. J. H. Gilmour)

QUASIMODO
(Mr. Geo. W. Barbier)

ESMERALDA
(Miss Hilda Spong)

CLOPIN
(Mr. Wm F. Owen)

ACT IV.—*Esmeralda finds sanctuary*

"NOTRE DAME" AT DALY'S

SCENERY BY UNIT

of Mr. Woodruff, with his loose, pouting mouth and explosive laugh, falls far short of our ideal. But these are mere blemishes on the beautiful picture Miss Crossman paints as Rosalind. To hear her exquisite voice, to see her graceful bearing, to study that lovely ebullient nature, compounded of glee and maidenly passion, is an unmixed delight for which we should be duly grateful. There is not a point, hidden though it may be in Elizabethan obscurity, which she fails to bring out, and her reward is a constant bubble of laughter which ripples unforced from a charmed audience. Miss Crossman's success in this most difficult comedy rôle was not to be predicted from the record she made in "Mistress Nell," for in the Shakespearian character she plays with a lighter, easier grace, her touch is surer and her control of an audience is more pronounced. Surely she ought not hereafter to be in need of plays, for there are other characters in Shakespeare's gallery waiting for her skill.

It would seem incredible that any dramatist could make a play from Victor Hugo's rich and grandiose novel, "Notre Dame de Paris," without retaining some vestige of the romantic splendor of the original, some echo, if only a single poetic speech or line. Such a vacuous achievement, nevertheless, is Mr. Paul M. Potter's crude and repellent melodrama, with

which Mr. Daniel Frohman has startled, not to say shocked, whatever portion may remain of the old clientèle of Daly's Theatre. This piece bears about the same relation to Hugo's epic work that a chromo-lithograph would to one of the stupendous paintings of Gustave Doré. Moreover, it is not as a play consistent in itself, having logically neither beginning nor end. Yet Mr. Potter takes five acts and seven tableaux in which to set forth his version of the story.

Esmeralda (Miss Hilda Spong), the Egyptian dancing girl, is shown in Act I. as lavishing her wild devotion upon Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers (Mr. Howard Gould), who sometimes loves her, but at other times is going to marry Fleur de Lys (Miss Margaret Illington), an aristocratic young lady, possessed of an unaccountable mania for associating with vagabonds and cutthroats in the slums of Paris. Three other ill-assorted but ardent suitors for Esmeralda's untamed affections are: Claude Frollo, the Archbishop (Mr. F. H. Gilmour); his foundling protégé, Quasimodo (Mr. George W. Barbier), the misshapen bellringer of Notre Dame; and Gringoire (Mr. Jameson Lee Finney), a starveling poet. Such is the condition of things with which the play starts.

If the spectator in the audience has previously read Victor Hugo's novel, he may shrewdly surmise why this and that are thus and so; otherwise he can discover no rational motive for

what is transpiring on the stage, and is from the outset to the final curtain hopelessly befogged. He wonders, in Act II., at Esmeralda's nonchalantly marrying Gringoire to save him from being hanged, though the poet is accused of no crime, and she doesn't in the least care for him. In the scene immediately following she appears in a disreputable rendezvous with Phœbus, who is stabbed in the back by the jealous Fleur de Lys; then, Esmeralda being accused of the crime, the Archdeacon turns up (this scene is in a vile hovel under the Pont St. Michel) and carries off the girl to hide her in the belfry of Notre Dame. The spectator's bewilderment grows during the subsequent acts, when he witnesses the beastly assault upon Esmeralda by the Archdeacon; the latter's punishment, he being hurled from the platform of the belfry by Quasimodo, the burning of Esmeralda at the stake as a witch, the sudden joint appearance of Phœbus and Gringoire as her rescuers; after which, with petticoats badly singed, she dies peacefully, a much-wronged and much-misunderstood heroine. The irresistible comment upon all these doings is: Why? And the only possible answer is: Because something of the sort is in the book.

The admirable scene-pictures of the old cathedral and of the Seine and its bridges, painted by Mr. Unitt, deserve unqualified praise. Alas! when we come to the characters in the play and their acting, commendation must abruptly cease. With the exception of Esmeralda's goat, the only natural-appearing, convincing creatures on the stage are Mr. Barbier's Quasimodo, Mr. Finney's Gringoire, and, in a limited way, Mr. Bangs' Major Galiache.

As for Miss Spoug, she never so much as approaches the true rôle of Esmeralda—not even in her make-up, which is that of a blonde colleen bawn rather than of a dusky African gypsy. Mr. Gilmour is a kind of Eighth Avenue priest, and Mr. Howard Gould does not quite succeed in making Phœbus stupid.

If you want to have a good laugh, but to laugh until pleasure becomes a pain and the muscles of your face ache from sheer exhaustion, go and see "Sky Farm" at the Garrick. Here, at last, is a good play of American rural life, presenting real and strongly-drawn New England types, with situations of genuine humor, sparkling with witty lines, and with just enough serious interest to compel one's attention to the end. Mr. Edward E. Kidder, who is well known as the author of "Peaceful Valley" and "A Poor Relation," has done nothing better than this piece, which, if merit counts for anything, should have a very long run. It is, undoubtedly, one of the best productions of an otherwise barren season. It makes no pretences to being a great play; it deals with no great human problem. Its story of village life is simple and inconsequential, and the suppressed will and secret marriage, around which the action revolves, is the conventional material of cheap melodrama. But Mr. Kidder has dished it up with an expert hand, and has cleverly subordinated the dramatic episodes to his delightful humor, which predominates throughout. No funnier situation than that in the third act, where the village hoyden simulates a fit in order to escape the importunities of an amorous widow, has ever been seen on the American stage. It is almost too funny, for the audience becomes nearly hys-



PHOTO BYRON

FLEUR DE LYS (Miss Margaret Illington) ORINGOIRE (Mr. Jameson Lee Finney) ESMERALDA (Miss Hilda Spoug) PHÆBUS (Mr. Howard Gould) QUASIMODO (Mr. Geo. W. Barbier)

SCENERY BY UNITT

"NOTRE DAME" AT DALY'S

ACT IV.—The death of Esmeralda

terical. The scene of the play is a village in Massachusetts, Sky Farm—so called because of its elevated situation among the hills—being the home of the Rev. Milo Towers, a popular parson (Mr. Edwin Holt). Marigold, his daughter (Miss Caroline Keeler), has secretly married Warren Breese (Mr. Frederick Trnesdale) several months previously. She implores him to make their marriage public. He refuses, owing to the hostile attitude of his father (Mr. Frank Losee) towards the girl, and the vicissitudes of the play relate to Marigold's efforts to save her honor and the young man's attempts to circumvent an angry father. A pathetic touch is given the last act, where the stony heart of Benjamin Breese is melted by the tiny fingers of Marigold's child. The play is admirably acted by everyone in the cast. First honors must be accorded to Mr. William T. Hodge, who is exquisitely droll as the village rustic dodging the widow. Miss Jessie Busley, a clever and popular actress, is seen at her best as the widow's pert sixteen-year-old daughter, and Mr. Forrest Robinson makes a sympathetic, manly lover to the charming Jonquil of Miss Carolyn White. Miss Sarah McVicker is excellent as the husband-hunting postmistress, and Mr. Charles Crosby does cleverly the amusing part of Sleepy Jackson, a tired hired man. Miss Caroline Keeler has little to do as the tearful heroine, but she does it well. The play has been adequately mounted by Mr. Charles Frohman.

The spirit of expansion has seized upon our drama coincident with the spread of the wings of the proud bird of freedom, or, in other words, the American stage has asserted a new Monroe doctrine in establishing its authority over the republics of South America. Bluejackets

from the U. S. S. Detroit have

landed at Valencia, the capital of Olancho, and rescued Robert Clay, an American citizen, from the villainous designs of either General Meudoza or Col. Garcia or President Alvarez or General Roja. The accounts are not entirely clear, but it is all set forth in "Soldiers of Fortune," by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the stage version by Mr. Augustus Thomas, and presented recently at the Savoy Theatre. While the entire plot is not developed by action, the action which is provided is of such a spirited kind that other shortcomings are forgiven. The drama leaves pleasant impressions and closely resembles a fine play. Taken in its details, it contains certain characters, created originally perhaps by Mr. Davis, which bear the delicate touch of Mr. Thomas in briskness of dialogue and humor in expression.

Mr. Robert Edeson, who makes his début as a star in this play, has easily vaulted into public favor. His manliness is forceful and natural, and at no time theatrical. He wins the confidence of his audience in his sincerity, just as, in the play, he wins that of his millionaire employer, dominates those under his orders, and gains the heart of the girl. It is not within memory when young American manhood, in its best type, was not admirable and inspiring; and in the character represented by Mr. Edeson we have the development of this day and generation which has produced such young manhood as has glorified a peaceful nation recently aroused to war.

The play sparkles with insouciant Americanism. Mr. Langham, the American millionaire, as played by Mr. Charles Abbott, would reconcile a gallery of street boys to their inequality with the captains of industry. Mr. Harry



PHOTO BY THE MISSES DELBY, N. Y.

MR. HAMILTON REVELLE

As Cossé Brissac in "Du Barry"



PHOTO BARONY

MR. CAMPBELL GOLLAN

As Jean Du Barry in "Du Barry"

Harwood's McWilliams is excellent, and the two Langham girls, Miss Marie Derickson and Miss Gretchen Lyons, say what you may, are not a discredit to the nation in the exciting events which follow the attempt of Gen. Mendoza to be bribed and, in revenge, to confiscate by means of an army the property of the millionaire managed by Mr. Clay. The latter, let us add, is not the kind of a man to be upset by any such high-handed procedure. He employs an army of his own, which somehow gets identified with the opposition party, and elects Mr. Clay dictator. It appears, however, that after this eminently wise and easy adjustment of affairs, Mr. Clay sails for New York with his bride, the Langhams, McWilliams and the rest immediately following the fall of the curtain. The property is saved; that is absolutely clear. Miss Dorothy Donnelly, as Mme. Alvarez, had an impossible part. Mr. Edwin Brandt, as Gen. Mendoza, and Mr. E. W. Morrison, as President Alvarez, were actual South American conspirators. Our stage has seen few such polished rascals. "Soldiers of Fortune," in short, is charming in its details, thrilling in its situations, excellent in its characterizations, captivating, on occasions, in its dialogue. It will serve the fortunes of Mr. Edeson and those concerned with him.

Since Miss Martha Morton first made a name for herself, some ten years ago, when her prize play, "The Merchant," was produced at the Union Square Theatre, she has displayed considerable skill in writing and adapting for the stage, but "Her Lord and Master," which Miss Effie Shannon and Mr. Herbert Kelcey presented recently at the Manhattan, will add little to her reputation. The native dramatist has splendid material to hand in this country, and there are vast possibilities for good play making in the drama and comedy in the daily lives of the people. To foreigners our history may seem prosaic. It is not. We have had to contend with political elements unknown to any other country. We have had problems and burdens to bear that only a free and self-reliant people could undertake, and romance has attended every step of our struggle upward. It seems unfair, therefore, for an American author to place her own countrymen in an altogether unfavorable light and present as typical Americans persons whose lack of manners is seen only too plainly in contrast with the high breeding of the English characters in the play. To be sure we meet with such Americans abroad, especially in "personally conducted tours," but it is inadmissible that the mother and grandmother of a woman of Indiana's presumed social position at home would act in the extravagant fashion they do in this play. "Her Lord and Master" is an up-to-date version of the "Taming of the Shrew," the shrew in this case being Indiana Stillwater (Miss Effie Shannon) the impulsive and spoilt daughter of an American millionaire (Mr. Charles W. Stokes), who is entertaining on his Colorado ranch two British noblemen, Viscount Canning (Mr. Herbert Kelcey) and Lord Nelson Stafford (Mr. Morton Selten). Lord Canning falls in love with Indiana, and disregarding her father's warning that she will



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Now appearing in "Du Barry"

always insist on having her way, weds her and takes his bride to England.

The play does not really begin until this point. The young wife, whose "Americanisms" have been toned down by the Dowager Lady Canning (Mrs. Isabel Waldron), is docile enough until the arrival in London of her relatives. They induce Indiana to go to a restaurant on a Sunday evening against Viscount Canning's wish. On her return after midnight she finds her husband has locked the door. The old family butler comes to her aid and helps her to climb in at a window. Indignant at what she considers her husband's cruelty, she berates him and declares she hates him, but he shows her she is in the wrong and finally induces her to beg for forgiveness. The play, as may be seen, is of the thinnest possible texture and presents no novel dramatic proposition or striking originality in characterization. The young lover (Mr. E. Douglas Fairbanks), who calls on Lord Canning at midnight to give him advice as to how to manage his wife, is a preposterous conception. Much of the dialogue, however, is cleverly written, as in most of Miss Morton's plays.

Miss Effie Shannon, deservedly a great favorite with theatregoers, plays the part of the wife in her usual natural and sweetly girlish manner. But why persist in acting these kittenish parts when she has it in her to do far more serious

and ambitious work? This ability she proved years ago at the Lyceum when she made a great personal hit in "Lady Bountiful." Mr. Kelcey is more acceptable as Lord Canning than in any part we have seen this actor in for a long time, playing the nobleman with excellent tact and with the proper restraint and dignity. Mr. Morton Selten makes his rheumatic Lord Nelson appear like a locomotor ataxia patient.

Quite different is "The Diplomat," Miss Morton's most recent offering, now on exhibition at the Madison Square. This is not a play at all, and being singularly free from all pretence to serious purpose, it accomplishes well the object for which it was obviously intended: to provide a suitable vehicle for the peculiar talents of Mr. William Collier. If one does not expect too much and is easily content with what is served, "The Diplomat" may be found entertaining. Of story there is none, but the piece fairly sizzles with clever jokes and epigrams, which Mr. Collier delivers in his usual felicitous manner. A.—Only the brave deserve the fair. B.—No one else can live with them. A.—If I were to raise your allowance \$5,000 a year, what would you do, eh? B.—I don't do much now, but in that case I wouldn't do anything. These are examples of the bright spots in Miss Morton's dialogue. The "comedy" itself properly belongs to the order of vaudeville, the various characters doing nothing in particular and the



PHOTO BYRON

MR. W. T. HODGE MISS JESSIE BUSLEY

ACT III.—"Have a bite?"

"SKY FARM" AT THE GARRICK



PHOTO MARCEAU

MR. ARTHUR BYRON

Member of Miss Bingham's stock company

proceedings being enlivened by the usual dance, gracefully done in this instance by Miss Louise Allen. That Mr. Collier scored a personal success there is no manner of doubt whatever.

He is the life of the performance, contributing most of the fun, in which he is well seconded by Mr. Edward Abeles. But Mr. Collier is too good an actor to be wasting his time on pieces of this kind, and Miss Morton is too clever a woman for us not to look for better work from her pen.

That "Foxy Grandpa," who long since endeared himself to every youngster, would eventually find his way from the newspaper comic supplements to the stage was a foregone conclusion. Mr. R. Melville Baker, taking the cartoons for his ground material, has made an amusing musical hodge-podge, which goes with snap and furnishes an evening of capital entertainment. Indeed, it is a long time since the old Fourteenth Street Theatre has honored such a popular success. Mr. Joseph Hart impersonates admirably the crafty and frivolous old man immortalized by "Bunny."

Regarding Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," Mr. E. A. Dithmar says:

"Dramatically the play suits the stage better than many who had read it expected, and the scenes between Lucrezia and Giovanni are really wonderfully effective, while the crisis



DRAWN BY MR. FORREST HALSEY

MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN
AS *Rosalind*

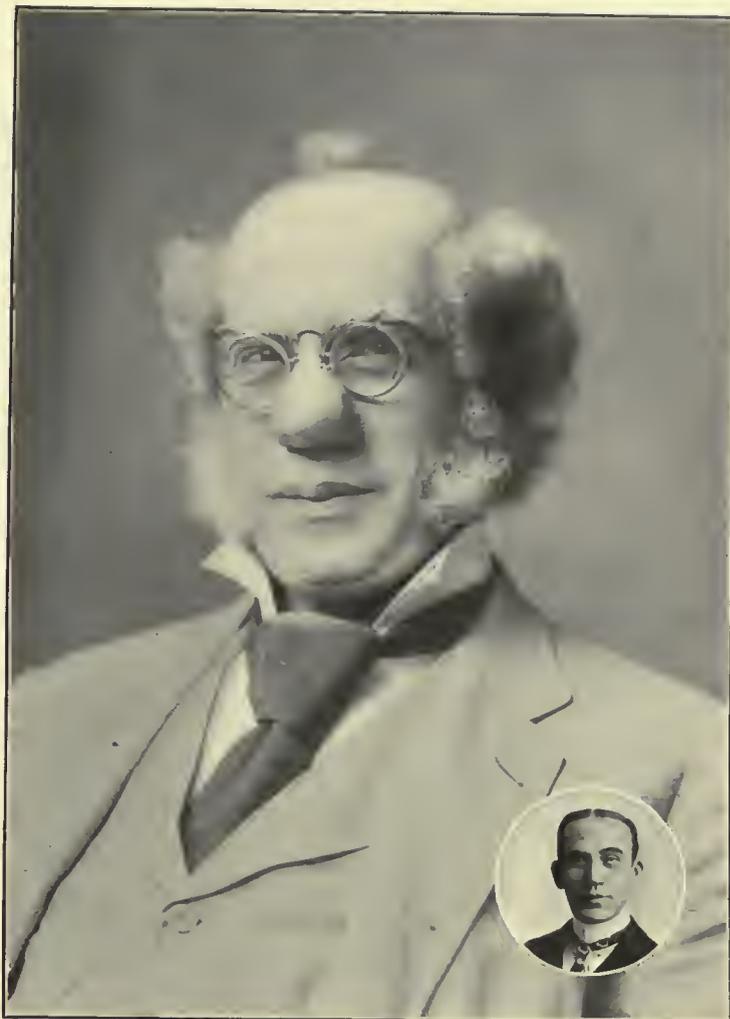
of the drama holds one breathlessly. Many passages, however, are lyrical and descriptive, and lack the requisite theatrical touches."

Not so absurd as it may seem at first is the report that Mrs. "Jack" Bloodgood is to be starred next season, provided the proper vehicle in the shape of a society comedy turns up. Mrs. Bloodgood's limitations are doubtless many. No one would like to see her in an attempt to play Juliet or Camille, but in her artistic presenting she has a vein of earnest as well as light feeling. She can give life to the undercurrent of emotion which is present in the most frivolous nature, and the paradox which she cleverly shows to an audience is undeniably fascinating. Better than this is the ease of her bearing on the stage. It seems as if she had nothing to learn in this respect. But a play in which these traits can be exploited, and at the same time contain a story which shall be of general interest, will be difficult to find.

Three important German stars will be seen jointly at the Irving Place Theatre this month. They are Herren Ferdinand Bonn and Adolph von Sonnenthal and Frau Helene Odilon. Herr Bonn will make his American debut as Franz in Schiller's "Die Raeuber;" his second part will be Kean, and his third rôle "The Violin Maker of Cremona." In this last play he will have opportunity to exhibit his virtuosity as a violinist. Another rôle in his repertoire is the Japanese Kiwito, of which play he is the author. Frau Odilon will open her engagement this season in Fulda's "Twin Sister." Among the new plays in which Frau Odilon will appear are Blumenthal's latest comedy, "Die Fee Caprice" (Fairy Caprice); a one-act drama, "Colombine," and a three-act comedy, "Liselott." She will also play "The Countess Gucki," identified in American minds with Rose Coghlan and Genevieve Ward. Adolph von Sonnenthal will open his star engagement as Nathan der Weise, which will soon be followed by "King Lear."

Who wrote the play "Du Barry"? M. Jean Richepin, a distinguished French poet and dramatist, says he did, and Mr. David Belasco, who at present figures as the author, is equally sure that he (Belasco) did. In his answer to the suit brought by the French author, Mr. Belasco charges M. Richepin with plagiarism, saying that his play, "La Du Barry," which Mr. Belasco read and claims to have discarded, was "plagiarized and copied from publications open to the public." How any play dealing with an historical personage long since dead could be written without consulting "publications open to the public," Mr. Belasco does not explain. He declares, however, that his play, which was written after reading M. Richepin's manuscript, is entirely original and in no way connected with the work of the French author. A writer in *Town Topics* says with much sense:

"The contention can be, and ought to be, easily and promptly decided. Richepin's manuscript, which certainly has had time to reach this country, will show, beyond peradventure of doubt, whether there is any sound basis for his claim that the drama now being played at the Criterion is, in the main, his work and not Mr. Belasco's. It would seem as if nothing but barratry or prearranged advertising scheme could make a complicated case out of the obviously simple conditions. Divested of quibbles, subterfuges, evasions, and, possibly, tricks for the promotion of the public's interest, the question is as plain as day, and



PHOTOS WHITE, N. Y., AND MORRISON, CHICAGO

JOSEPH HART AS FOXY GRANDPA

Showing the actor with and without his "make-up"

the answer to it lies patent in typewritten pages at the command of the courts. Neither judge, jury nor public need long remain in doubt as to whether M. Richepin or Mr. Belasco is the author of 'La Du Barry' or 'Du Barry,' as the Criterion play-bills name the work. The 'deadly parallel' would determine the matter at a glance. And it is strange that Richepin has not already had recourse to it, if his claims are as strong as he and his lawyers assert. Or, better still, why does not the French author produce his 'La Du Barry' in Paris, and thus let the whole world of letters see?"

From what we know of M. Richepin's work, and what we see in the "Du Barry" play presented by Mrs. Leslie Carter, we are inclined to think Mr. Belasco has just grounds for his claim to originality.

CHICAGO, Feb. 25, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

In THE THEATRE for February I am made to state that I read Mr. Louis N. Parker a poem written by Samuel Lover, and that it was from that source he gained his inspiration for the play entitled "The Cardinal." What I intended to convey to my interviewer was that I told Mr. Parker the old, old story upon which Lover's poem was founded, and which, strange to say, Mr. Parker had never heard. I myself did not read Lover's poem until November last, some weeks after the production of "The Cardinal."

Yours faithfully,

E. S. WILLARD.

Chats with Players

No. 5—Miss Margaret Anglin

THESE is no truly artistic woman who ever resembles a preceding one. There is always an original something in a genuine artiste that has not been in woman before, and will not be in woman after. Since Miss Margaret Anglin became the leading lady of Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Stock Company, I have seen her do subtle work, and I had just such preconceived notions of her personality as any average man in an orchestra-chair might evolve.

One cannot escape this critical egotism, though an atrociously egotistic thing it is to criticise.

In every respect I was wrong, which only goes to show that

one cannot take oneself seriously. No, Miss Anglin is not the demure, svelt young woman, with a lot to say about problem plays, Bernhardt aspirations, and ethereal gyrations of the soul. She can look all that, and no one would question it, but it is not the real Miss Anglin.

I knew by the expression of amused interest on the face of the maid who opened the front door to me that I was not going to be taken officially.

"Miss Anglin at home?"

"Yes, sir," said the servant, still smiling knowingly, just as if she had penetrated the whole flimsy fabric of a professional interview, as she would have penetrated the disguise of Santa Claus, for instance. Someone with an orange tree under one arm and a bundle under the other brushed past me in the hall and vanished into the drawing-room. I was ushered into the breakfast room, near a table graphically suggesting someone's breakfast by a toast rack, a tea-cosy and the morning letters. Across the hall, the drawing-room was being put in order for the comédie à trois, the photographer, the interviewer, the victim.

The interviewer was discovered on the scene, indicating a serious reverie upon the art of interviewing, when Miss Anglin entered the drawing-room. It was a good, sweeping, centre entrance, ceremonious, but breezy.

She came in, with every intention of being ceremoniously dignified, and perhaps even Ibsenish.

In appearance she might have been a young girl just home from college, full of independent ideas about art perhaps, and with a decided light of mischief in her eyes.

"Awfully sorry to have kept you waiting," she said, in the head-tone of fashionable talk, "but you see both the cook and the housemaid went to see me play last night and it has demoralized the household."

"How they must have enjoyed it!"

"They came home shockingly late,—I don't know what they thought of the play—would you like to know; shall I ask them?" Although her face was quite serious, there was a great deal of mischief in her eyes, still.

"No, I won't trouble you. The housemaid looked very happy, I thought."

"Bright face, hasn't she?" murmured Miss Anglin, as she moved to the threshold of the door and called her.

"Bring me a cup of chocolate, in here,



PHOTO BY FREDERIC GOLBURN CLARKE

"I'VE NO DESIRE TO BE A BERNHARDT"



PHOTO BARONY

"TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK OF ME?"

Mary," she said, a little grandly, I thought, and as she swept across the room and sank gracefully amid the pillows she was every bit the leading lady.

A slight pause followed.

"Charming house, this home of yours!" I said, by way of being agreeable.

She started, as if she had heard a cue, but was not quite certain, then she went on, according to precedent.

"Yes, I love my home; I only wish I could be here more than I am. This is all I care for—this and—mother," she added, with correct and touching emphasis; then she looked down, her lips quivered with a repressed smile, and she twisted them violently into serious line again, then turned rapidly and looked away.

Mary brought in the chocolate. It seemed a frugal breakfast; I said so.

"I never eat breakfast now. I take it later in the day," she said, trying to put a far-away expression in her eyes.

"Are you serious?" I asked, meaning her mood.

"Perfectly!" she said, meaning the breakfast.

"And you are so good at serious work!" I went on, pursuing my purpose.

"Do you think so? That's very nice of you to say so. I do hope you will find me interesting?"

"Do you like problem plays?" I asked, ignoring the mischief of her mood.

"What are they?" she asked, with grave simplicity.

"Ibsen?"

"Oh! dreadful!"

"Well, then, Pinero?"

"Oh, splendid!"

"Then you do like the psychological heroines?"

"I suppose the girl I played in 'The Wilderness' would be in that class?" she asked, leaning forward with appealing politeness.

"I think so, although she was very contradictory."

"Isn't that woman?" she said, putting the cup in her hand aside.

"Clearly, it is."

"And isn't woman most attractive when she is most womanly?" she said. There was less restraint in her voice, she was impetuous and natural.

"She is most charming."

"Life isn't all serious, is it now?" she broke out suddenly, pointing the question plainly at me.

"No, of course not—but I thought——?"

"I know, you thought I was fond of problem heroines; you were going to make me tell about them, weren't you?"

"Not exclusively."

"Well, you thought I was a very serious person, with intellectual ideas about the drama—own up now—didn't you?" she said, arranging and disarranging the pillows with a rapidity that indicated she might hurl them at my head to slaughter my dignity.

"But I know you understand the psychologic heroine, I've seen you——"

"You mean that part I played in 'The Wilderness,'" she interrupted.

"Well, Mabel was just a girl, and she had as many contradictions in her as most girls have. I suppose

you would call her a problem part. I wouldn't — I am not so serious," she added with a mischievous laugh.

"But you are—on the stage."

"Not always; I often see the people in the front row put up their opera glasses when I have a pathetic scene, and hear them whisper 'Now she's going to cry, let's see the real tears,' and then I think how silly it is, to be standing there, talking to each other on the stage for so much a night." She caught her breath, and looked at me defiantly, as if she would say, "There now, that will give



PHOTO BY FREDERIC GOLBURN CLARKE

"YOU THOUGHT I WAS A PROBLEM ACTRESS"



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MISS MAUDE PEIXOTTO

Sister of the well-known artist, and now playing in Mrs. Fiske's company under the name of Victoria Addison

you something to think about; you never heard that before."

No one can appreciate the penalty of a masquerade so well as the masquerader, and Miss Anglin knew it.

"How can you do that?" I asked in a studied tone of amazement.

"Oh! I've no great ambitions, I don't want to be a great actress!" she went on, delighted at the speed with which she was outrunning traditions.

"Don't want to be a Bernhardt?"

"No!" she said, shaking her head emphatically.

"Don't want to be a great star?"

"That's another proposition. You see I didn't start this thing because I had great beauty I wanted to show, great soul I wanted to soar with, or a great ambition to be famous."

"What thing?" I asked.

"Why, acting—this art I suppose you would call it," she added mischievously. "I just went into it because I had to do something, and it was one of the things a woman can do—there are not many in this world of selfish men—but the stage is one of them."

Then she told me how she had come to New York from

Toronto, and of her first engagement with Charles Frohman in a small part in "Shenandoah."

It requires a dash of originality even in such an adept as an actress to escape the conventional view of ordinary things, like interviews for instance. Miss Anglin was generous in her surrender of a personal mood, and her splendid indifference to diplomatic pose was something to be grateful for. And it was all an accident of mood, the pivot upon which so many psychologic problems turn. Unconsciously Miss Anglin revealed a glimpse of the sources in her nature from which spring such fine emotions, such ingenuous comedy. Ideals are moulded in men and women who have fearless inspirations, whose emotional instincts are so deeply rooted in sweet soil that they grow bigger and taller and stronger than others. No one would confuse the mission of the white-rose with the classic severity of the lily.

All she had said was told with an impetuous, girlish manner, and a sense of mixed humor and tenderness in it that showed a warmth of human nature more enduring and more wholesome than the morbid fire of genius one reads about in relation to great actresses. There is something of that wonderful human quality that has made Clara Morris so beloved in this young actress, who is so full of fine dramatic sense, and with it all so ingeniously sensible and direct.

"Then you never yield entirely to the emotional impulse of a scene?" I suggested.

"Well, I did, once—I just let myself go, I suffered—but I shall never do so again, it made me ill for a long time," she said, seriously, "but of course I am always alive to sentiment, and I am very dignified in the theatre."

"And very serious," I added.

"Tell me, what are you going to write, what do you really think of me?" she said, leaning forward on her chair, a most mischievous expression on her face.

And then the photographer, who had been silently enchaind, could hold in his admiration no longer.

"Why, I'll tell you what you are!" he said, with deep-toned enthusiasm; "you are just a real human being, and I tell you expressions flit over your face like clouds across the sun; it's a hard matter to catch them with a camera."

"You don't really mind the theatre?" I asked her, after a pause, being thoroughly



BAKER ART GALLERY

MISS MARGARET MCKINNEY

Now appearing in "The Sultan of Sulu" in Chicago

convinced that here was a celebrity who did not pose for it.

"I love a new part, I like the element of mystery to be solved in working out a new characterization. One has to ask so many questions of oneself about woman, don't you know—would she do this, if she felt that? or—would she feel that, if she did thus and so?—I'm perfectly happy when I've got a new part."

"And then, after awhile, it gets monotonous?"

"It's very much like going to school, after awhile!" she said, as she stood up, clasped her hands behind her back, and leaned against the mantelpiece.

"I hope you won't think I am always like this," commented Miss Anglin later, realizing, perhaps, that she had presented a more intimate side of her nature than the promiscuous readers of a magazine would understand. The innate reserve, that armor of dignity that all women wear in the presence of the crowd, asserted itself.

"Surely you are not going to forbid me to describe this mood?" I said.

"I am a little skeptical as to whether it will be understood," she said, more seriously.

"But it is so difficult to see ourselves as others see us!" I suggested.

"That is true, of course; but you see one's moods are too intimate for public scrutiny, and I don't want people—the crowd—to get a glimpse of my real self."

There was no mock modesty in her meaning; it was the charm of natural reserve, a gentleness of disposition, that is the source of genuine dignity and pride.

"It is my fault that you thought I was a problem actress, and you wanted to talk Ibsen with me?" she added, in mock repentance, still full of repressed spirit.

She came out upon the porch of the house to say good-bye, and as I turned the corner of West-End avenue she called after me, in her full, rich tones:

"Really, now, life is not all serious!"

Clara Morris had just such witchcraft of simplicity and humor as Miss Anglin possesses, yet, as I said, there is no truly artistic woman who ever resembles a preceding one.

W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

Stephen Phillips' Drama, "Ulysses"

Mr. Stephen Phillips' new poetic drama, "Ulysses," which is a great success in London, will be the principal feature of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's repertoire during his forthcoming American tour. The descent of Ulysses into Hades and other pictures, says Mr. E. A. Dithmar in the *New York Times*, has scarcely been surpassed in the history of the English stage.

At the gate of Hades Ulysses is finally separated from the remnant of his faithful followers who have shared his dangers. Athene encourages the hero for the ordeal, from which he shrinks as he has never shrunk before. He must bravely encounter Hunger and Hate, "Gliding Murder with his lighted



FROM "THE GRAPHIC"

MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS ULYSSES

SCENE FROM "ULYSSES"—THE DESCENT INTO HADES

face," Madness, Fear, Lust, and Melancholy, and must descend to the river of hell and see with his own eyes the fate of Tantalus, Sisyphus, and Prometheus. Hermes leads him into the cave of darkness:

"A whist world but for whirring as of wings."

The souls of children plead to him, the souls of suicides beg him to lead them to the Sun's light, the Furies mock him, yet on he goes:

"Now I seem to wade, and now to part
Entangled branches—now pass through a cloud."

Charou urges him to desist, the souls of Phædra, Agamemnon, Teiresas, and the shade of his mother, Anticleia, warn him. But he survives all the horror, and, having borne the ordeal, forces his way out of the abyss toward the sun, crying:

"Ithaca!

I gasp and fight toward thee! Still endure!
Think me not dead! O, hear me out of hell!
Ah, shall I reach that glimmer? Upward, up.
Faint not, Penelope, faint not, endure!
The light, the light! The air, the blessed air!
I come, I come, I stagger up to thee,
I stumble toward the gleam! Hear, hear me yet!
'Tis not too late—Penelope! The sun!"



EDWIN FORREST

"SPRINGBROOK," FROM THE DELAWARE RIVER

The Heirs of Edwin Forrest

Luxurious Home Near Philadelphia Bequeathed by
America's Greatest Actor to His Needy Fellow Players

WHOSOEVER passes through the gates of "Springbrook," be he the chance visitor of a day or one who comes to spend his remaining years in the Edwin Forrest Home, cannot but feel at once that he is a guest of the long dead tragedian. Whimsical as the fancy may be, there are few indeed so unpoetic of soul that they do not recognize the mysterious presence of their host. Thus Edwin Forrest lives on in the minds of men as a kind and noble gentleman, as great in his charity as he was in his art. The memories of his dramatic achievements may dim with time, the playhouses that were the scenes of his triumphs will soon be all destroyed, but the finest qualities of Edwin Forrest's heart will abide in the world so long as the Home at "Springbrook" shall endure.

The idea of founding an institution for the aged and infirm members of his profession came to Mr. Forrest in the days of

his greatest artistic and financial prosperity. When, in his later years, he was assailed by sorrow and disappointments, he cherished the dream and spent many a lonely day and wakeful night in laying plans for the institution and its government. The instructions that he left regarding it were marvelously complete. No detail was unconsidered; no problem in its management was

left unsolved, and it is due to this careful and loving thought, no doubt, that the spirit of the man seems ever present in the Home.

The location of the institution at Holmesburg, nine miles distant from Philadelphia, came about in the following fashion: A boyhood comrade of Mr. Forrest owned a farm on the outskirts of Holmesburg, and the great tragedian used often to seek refuge there from the excitements of his public life. Near the farm lay the estate called "Springbrook," then the country home of an Englishman who had a passion for horticulture and forestry. The place, with its stately mansion and well-kept grounds, won the admiration of Mr. Forrest. In 1866 the property was put up for sale, and Mr. Forrest purchased it for \$95,000. This was the first definite move in his long considered plan.

"Springbrook" was then much as it is to-day, save that the years have added grandeur to the trees, and have bestowed upon the mansion walls the mellow tints of age. The tract of land, one hundred and ten acres in area, slopes gently from a hill-crest down toward the placid Delaware. The ground immediately surrounding the house remains precisely as it was originally laid out in lawns and flowerbeds, with here and there clumps of fine



S. H. PARSONS

MR. CHARLES J. FYFFE, LIBRARIAN



GILBERT & BACON

MR. ANDREAS HARTEL, SUPERINTENDENT

old trees, and gravel paths winding through them. Eighty acres on the outskirts of the estate are devoted to agricultural purposes and are rented outright to a farmer. To the casual passer-by "Springbrook" appears to be the private place of a man of wealth and taste, so perfectly is it cared for and so dignified is its aspect.

Upon the death of Mr. Forrest, in 1872, his executors, James Oakes, James Lawson and Daniel Dougherty, found that by the terms of the will the entire estate of their illustrious friend, except for a few bequests, was to be devoted to establishing and maintaining the Home. In the will itself the purpose of the institution is most beautifully outlined:

"My professional brothers and sisters," wrote Mr. Forrest, "are often unfortunate, and little has been done for them, either to elevate them in their profession or to provide for their necessities under sickness or other misfortunes. God has favored my efforts and given me great success, and I would make my fortune the means to elevate the education of others, and promote their success, and to alleviate their sufferings, and smooth the pillows of the unfortunate in sickness or other disability, or the decay of declining years."

In his further instructions regarding the Home contained in the will Mr. Forrest wrote:

"The institution shall be for the support and maintenance of actors and actresses decayed by age or disabled by infirmity, who, if natives of the United States, shall have served at least five years in the profession, and if of foreign birth shall have served in the profession at least ten years, whereof three years next previous to the application shall have been in the United States, and who shall in all things comply with the laws and regulations of the Home, otherwise be subject to be discharged by the managers, whose decision shall be final."

The executors carried out the wishes of Mr. Forrest to the letter. In November, 1876, the Home was opened, and W. B. Lomas was admitted as the first "guest." The fine old mansion had been thoroughly renovated. The magnificent library,



FOX, PHILA.

MAIN HALL, SHOWING THE STATUE OF FORREST AS CORIOLANUS

containing eight thousand volumes, and the splendid collection of paintings were removed from Mr. Forrest's house in Philadelphia to "Springbrook." The property of Mr. Forrest, other than "Springbrook," had been sold, and the money thus obtained, amounting to \$230,000, was invested in safe securities to provide a regular income for the support of the Home. The government of the institution is in the hands of a board of managers, consisting of seven men, of whom the Mayor of Philadelphia is always to be one. This board considers and passes upon applications for admittance to the Home and has absolute control over the affairs of the institution. A resident superintendent is its representative at "Springbrook" and attends to the details of management. He is more than a mere superintendent, however. At the head of the household and on friendly terms with the guests, he holds the position of representative, in fact and in sentiment, of Edwin Forrest, the host.

As it stands to-day, the Edwin Forrest Home is the most comfortable charitable institution of its kind in America. Its founder chose to provide a luxurious home for a few persons rather than simply a shelter for many. The number of guests, therefore, is limited to twelve. Each has his or her separate room, distinctively furnished; each is permitted to exercise individual taste in the purchase of clothing; and each is provided



FOX, PHILA.

THE DINING-ROOM



FOX, PHILA.

ONE OF THE BED-ROOMS

with a small annual income for personal use. There are few rules. The guests live the lives of well-to-do old ladies and gentlemen, and are protected entirely from the humiliation and reproach that usually falls upon those who receive the bounties of a benefactor.

The surroundings in which the old players pass the evening of their lives are in every way such as Mr. Forrest would doubtless provide were he still the actual master of "Springbrook." There is a fine old-fashioned dignity expressed in the aspect of the house and in its furnishings. The mansion is a square, solid structure, of generous proportions. Its verandas, covered with vines, suggest quiet summer afternoons with friends and books and day-dreams. Its doorway is of ample size and has about it an air of hospitality. Inside the house there is an atmosphere of quiet gentility, as rare as it is charming. The stately hall impresses one by its simple elegance. A statue of Edwin Forrest as Coriolanus stands in an angle of the quaint stairway. Portraits of distinguished players and statesmen of the past hang upon the walls. The furniture is of the massive, honest sort that is no longer made. The parlor, the drawing-room, the library, the dining-room, all possess the same splendid dignity and beauty. There is no jarring note in the decorations, no tawdry object to mar the attractive picture that each room presents. The house is, in truth, a perfect example of old-time elegance, and it contains treasures in the way of books, pictures, statuary and furniture that are almost priceless. The rooms of the guests are comfortably furnished and the house is kept in most perfect order by a competent corps of servants.

Fortunate indeed is that player who, when his little hour of triumph or his period of hopeless battling for fame is done, may enter the gates of "Springbrook" to end his days in tranquillity and peace. The "family" ordinarily consists of six gentlewomen and six gentlemen. Few of them are under seventy years of age. Most of them are in the neighborhood of fourscore. They belong to various nationalities,

their paths during their careers on the stage led in different directions of art and through different lands, but their "last engagement" at the Home levels rank and distinction. They are equally honored now in being the guests of Edwin Forrest. Age alone gives precedence at "Springbrook." When the fine, old company passes into the dining-room the oldest lady leads the way, and the gentlemen, white-haired and feeble though they be, bow, as she passes, with old-time courtesy. It is a place of gracious manners and of kindness, the Edwin Forrest Home. At times, it is true, the serenity is disturbed by misunderstandings or the revival of professional jealousies of the past. But these dissensions are usually of short duration. The dignity of the old house itself seems to forbid ill-will to linger there.

It is but natural that a certain shadow of solemnity should hover over this retreat, because of the thought that all who dwell there are approaching their journey's end. Yet the prospect of the inevitable hour is robbed of much of its bitterness by the exquisite calm of the place. Each player there has played his part. His hopes, his work, his friendships and his triumphs lie far back in the yester-years. In the dreamy days of retrospection and contemplation at the Home he has made his peace with God and men—and death comes always in kindly guise at "Springbrook."

A year or two ago an old, old actress at the Home waited patiently and calmly for the grim visitor. It was her habit to sit at her window far into the night looking off across the fields to the river where the lights of the boats passed to and fro. One night she saw, on the roadway leading to the house, a familiar figure. The figure came nearer and she recognized Edwin Forrest, dressed as he had been when she had seen him last, more than thirty years ago. With no alarm the sweet old lady rose to greet him. The figure stopped directly beneath her and, raising its hat in the fashion of a by-gone day, said: "Madame, I shall soon have the honor to welcome you to a sweeter home than this." The old lady happily related the story of her vision to her friends on the following morn-



FOX, PHILA.

THE RECEPTION-ROOM

ing. And before eventide of that day she was dead. This hallucination of one who had been a guest at the Home illustrates the feeling of nearness to and love for Edwin Forrest that abides in the hearts of all who dwell at "Springbrook." In the quarter of a century that the Home has been open

more than forty old players have been the guests of Edwin Forrest, and in that time no day has passed without spoken words, thoughts and prayers of gratefulness to the founder of the Home. Truly, the memory of Edwin Forrest endures, and shall endure forever.

RANDOLPH HARTLEY.

The Art of the Actor

By Otis Skinner



WINDEATT, CHICAGO

MR. OTIS SKINNER

IN all the arts there is a standard of excellence. When approach is made to perfect achievement the result generally stands as a record for future reference. The speeches of great orators, the masterpieces of great painters, sculptors and musicians, the finest examples of the works of great writers, and the master rôles of great actors have all been guideposts for later generations.

The actor's part, perhaps, presents the greatest

difficulty in fixing any definite quality or example as a standard. This is not so much due to the mutability of fashion and method as to the complexity of individuals who have succeeded in all ages. To be sure, there are in the history of the stage definite "schools" of acting established by daring innovators who have won renown. There was a Garrick school, a Kemble school, and the schools of Kean, Macready, Matthews, Forrest, Booth, Burton and others.

In our own time we have many examples in the individuality and manner of prominent players in the establishment of followings that have adopted characteristics of illustrious originators. One can easily trace to-day in the work of many of our players the Barrett method, the Jefferson method, the Duse method, the Lotta method or the Ada Rehan method. The pronounced success of any actor of strong peculiarities has invariably led to a host of imitators. At one time we came near having a Henry Irving method, but the difficulties of the school became too apparent, and the model too obvious.

But the examples imitated, while famous, can hardly be said to afford us inflexible standards, since they illustrate the force of individualism rather than technique. It would be folly to insist on the comparative excellence of any two distinguished players. How could one say that Jefferson is greater than Salvini; that Duse is greater than was Edwin Booth?

So one is put to some difficulty in finding a common factor that can be accepted as a standard or demonstrating a principle in art. It cannot be said to be finesse or elaboration of detail. Mr. X has just as much of this quality as Mr. Y, and yet Mr. Y is set down as the lesser artiste. It certainly is not the quality of studious insight and intellectual grasp; if

it were, some of our college professors would be our greatest actors. It is not popular personality and the power of compelling the enthusiastic applause of audiences, for Mr. A, the popular singing comedian, receives more demonstrative plaudits than M. Coquelin.

What, then, is the vital principle of the actor's art? I can find but one thing common to all of the most eminent examples, and that is control. It is the very essence of the player's art. He must control, he must hold his audience; he must keep them in the hollow of his hand; he must sway them and move them to tears, to terror or to laughter by the one power that makes his art supreme. Without this quality the most finished, graceful, intellectual performance is rendered nearly valueless. Some critics have termed this quality "magnetism," but this is a much misused word. The belle of a drawing-room may possess to a high degree the quality of magnetism and yet be unable to act. Proper control on the stage uses magnetism as it uses intellectuality, poetic temperament and technique, launches it across the line of footlights and seizes the auditor. Poetry, romance, gaiety, pathos, tragedy—these are the great factors of the theatre's art, but they of themselves are nothing except as their truth is brought home to the spectator through the medium of the actor. The actor's deep insight and poetic soul may grasp well his author's meaning, and his power of mimicry may be unlimited, yet his efforts will go for naught if he have not the one essential factor—control of his audience.

How, then, is this power acquired? The actor cannot, Sven-gali-like, turn his audience into a composite Trilby. He cannot gain this control by brute force. He can



PHOTO SCHLOSS

MISS LAURA HOPE CREWS

Member of the Murray Hill stock company, and lately seen in the elaborate production of "The Christian" at that house

gain it only by much self-sacrifice and many bitter lessons. Final success is built up from his many failures—from the awakened knowledge that the actor must first control himself and learn to harness his temperament.

I do not hold with Coquelin that the actor should set his soul aside and keep it passive while all his faculties are keenly active in portraying a dramatic character. Certain spiritual exaltation I believe to be essential, but it must be kept well in hand. It must be dominated by the actor, and must never dominate him. He must know himself and his machinery, and his hand must ever be on the throttle.

It is a common error to presume that an intensely emotional nature and a sympathetic capacity are all that is needed to convey sympathy and emotion to an audience. A story told me by the late Edwin Booth illustrates this point most forcibly. He was on one occasion playing Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge," and when he came to the scene of the tender meeting of the jester and his daughter, he was suddenly aware that never had this moment seemed so real to him. His emotion became acute and actual. The Fiordelisa was no longer an actress speaking the lines of the part, but his daughter, his own flesh and blood. His simulated rage racked him; his tender expressions of love choked his utterance; his tears were real and rained down his face. When his calmer mood returned he found himself, having made his exit, pondering over his strange sensations. Never had he played so well, he was sure of that. His ideas of art became for the moment revolutionized. He was convinced that during all his playing of this part of the fool he had never so completely affected his audience. Before his self-analysis was complete, Mr. Booth's daughter, Edwina, who had been watching her father from a proscenium box, hurried to the stage, and, breaking in on his reverie, said: "Father, what is the matter? Are you ill? You never in all your life played that scene so badly!" The actor had lost himself in the chaos of his own emotions and his listeners had remained unmoved.

A rock on which some actors have found shipwreck is over-exertion and strenuousness of an audience. I found an interesting study of this subject in experimenting with various methods on the last act of Boker's "Francesca da Rimini." The tragic events of the play culminate in a triple killing before the final curtain. At first I and my associates were borne along on the torrent of passionate feeling to a violence of speech and action apparently in keeping with the scene's intensity. It was noticed that the audience was restless. Something in the scene did not ring true. I set about to find the false note, and discovered that by lowering the pitch of the entire act into a dominating intensity, even to the use of whispered words, that the house remained almost breathless in its attention. The suggestion of butchery was removed and the poetic beauty of the tragic sacrifice made more apparent.

The establishment of perfect sympathy between the actor and his auditors becomes the medium by which the artiste rises to power. His control must create it and his art work all its effects through this medium. His audience must believe in him. The greatest actor is he who from the greatest number of cultured theatregoers wins the most belief.



PHOTO MARCEAU

MISS CECILIA LOFTUS

As she appears in "If I Were King"



JAMES H. HACKETT

CHARLES FECHTER

LOTTA

From photographs and engravings in the collection of Col. T. Allston Brown

America's Greater Players

No. 5—Charlotte Crabtree, Charles Fechter, James Henry Hackett and Lawrence Barrett

CHARLOTTE CRABTREE, "LOTTA" (1847-), was one of the truly clever players of her time. The great public looked upon her as merely a clever entertainer, a winsome hoyden; she was much more; she was an artiste. The public seemed to think that because she played the banjo and danced a breakdown better than the rest that she could not do anything else as well as the rest, whereas in fact there was not a one of them, not even Agnes Ethel or Mrs. Kendal, that spoke dialogue of everyday life more intelligently or more naturally than did Charlotte Crabtree, otherwise Lotta. Everything Lotta did teemed and beamed with intelligence.

James Henry Hackett (1800-1871) turned to the stage after having spent some years in commerce, making his first appearance at the old Park Theatre in 1826 as Justice Woodcock in "Love in a Village." After playing several minor parts, among them Sir Pertinax Mac-Sycophant in Macklin's "Man of the World," Hackett essayed Hamlet, Richard, Iago and Lear, but with only indifferent success. He now turned from Shakespeare tragedy to Shakespeare comedy, and made himself famous by personating the inimitable Falstaff. He is reckoned among the greatest comedians the English language has produced. No player was ever more esteemed as a man, for his probity was known to be of the strictest.

Charles Fechter (1824-1879), a French actor with a German name, who was the original Armand Duval, essayed certain classic parts in London with considerable success prior to his coming to New York in 1870

and opening at Niblo's Garden in "Hamlet." That Fechter was an accomplished player none ever disputed, nor did anyone ever dispute that he was masterful in the romantic drama; it was with regard to his Hamlet—the only classic part he played in this country—that opinions differed. The great majority of theatregoers saw in his Hamlet much to admire; the small minority saw in his Hamlet nothing to admire. The judgment of the minority—of the few, as usual—was worth something; the judgment of the many, nothing. Fechter's make-up as Hamlet was bad, his enunciation was bad, his reading was worse than bad, and his innovations, which were numerous, were as bad as his reading. Fechter's English never sounded like English. It always had the French intonation, even when the individual words were pronounced with tolerable correctness. There never has been

one Continental player, not one, that has come to America whose Shakespearean persuasions in English have been worthy of serious consideration. To the unintelligent reading of the native they add the faulty enunciation of the foreigner. We can, and we do, man and mangle Shakespeare sufficiently without their assistance.

Lawrence Barrett (1838-1891), despite his lack of physical advantages—he was under medium size and plain featured, and his voice naturally lacked fullness—had he begun and continued in the right way, would have been the first American tragedian, after the death of "The Old Man," as the actors were wont, reverently, to call Mr. Forrest. Mr. Barrett was a man of unusual all-round



PHOTO FALK

LAWRENCE BARRETT

intelligence, of great ambition, of exemplary habits and of plentiful dramatic instinct. He was studious, but he had the misfortune to begin and continue in that elocutionary school that never by any chance speaks a line in a natural way. He was a chanter, a sing-souger; his mind was always more occupied with the tones he was making than with the thoughts he was speaking. He once said to me: "The New York critics say I am unnatural, that I am a chanter. It would not become me to say that they are wrong; I will say this, however: If my elocution is as bad as they say it is; if I am a chanter, I am not conscious of it." Now, Mr. Barrett really had no elocution, since elocution is good delivery. Bad delivery is no more elocution than a bad handwriting is calligraphy. If we would use words in their strict signification, instead of saying that an actor's elocution is bad, we must say his delivery, or his reading, is bad; he is no elocutionist.



PHOTO BURR MCINTOSH

MISS HELEN LORD

Leading soprano in "Miss Simplicity" at the Casino

the go - right - ou - and - be - uatural chumps to the contrary notwithstanding.

ALFRED AYRES.

(The first of these articles appeared in THE THEATRE for December.)

An Old-Time Actor

To a Photograph of James E. Murdoch Found in My Grandmother's Album

IN the heart of an album, old, tattered and rotten,
I found you all faded and folded away,
Quite carelessly crushed and completely forgotten;
Yet somebody styled you a "star" in your day.

Your long hair and broadcloth are both out of fashion,
All tarnished the tinsel and velvet you wore,
On your art, with its pathos, its power and passion,
They have rung down the old drop and darkened the door.

And your voice, that once thrilled with its melody magic,
Is stilled! Red and rusty the sword at your side;
Forgot your emotions, pathetic or tragic,
Your love-makings, duels, the deaths that you died.

What a monarch you made—every inch of you royal;
With ten feet of stage and a gilt-paper crown,
Some cotton-lined ermine, and one subject loyal,
As "Sultan," or "Cæsar," you brought the house down.

But the lights are all out on Life's stage where you played them,
The wigs and the buskin are rotting away;
On a shelf in Life's property room, where you laid them,
Your old fashioned passions are rusting to-day.

The sorrows of Hamlet, the sins of Othello,
The shame and chagrin of old Shylock, the Jew,
Like the leaves of this album, are tattered and yellow—
Old Time would exchange them for lamps that are new.

And you? Long ago, in an era old fashioned,
You made your last exit from Tragedy's hall;
With thunderous tones and a gesture impassioned
You waved down the curtain and took the "last call."

Like a star in the sky of a night that has vanished,
Your light has gone out and your fame is forgot;
To rise to the zenith, to shine, to be banished—
An actor's—an actor; and this is his lot! IRENE ROWLAND.



A Talk with Emil Paur



“ARE you always so easy of access as this?” I inquired of Mr. Paur, almost before I had time to recover from his virtuoso handshake.

“By no means,” he answered; “in fact, I am forced to ask you to excuse me while I continue dressing for a luncheon. You can’t imagine how worn out and tired out I am.”

After he had passed into another room in quest of a cravat I inspected with curious eye his music room, which leads off to regions unexplored. I saw hundreds of photographs, celebrities all of them, all lovingly inscribed, from Rubinstein and von Bülow down to the famous picture Melba had taken with Joachim. Through the kind offices of a mirror I was able to watch Mr. Paur without his knowing it, and once more my hat was off before this great and simple man with the head of one of the ancient gods.

In spite of his never-failing courtesy there is a haughty reserve about Mr. Paur which must be all but impenetrable, save perhaps to his own kith and kin. The reserve seems to be that cultivated by an abnormally sensitive person. As he came back into the room I picked up a picture of a beautiful child with long curls and dressed in a velvet suit. The child was playing a violin.

“Who is this?” I asked.

“Well”—and here he blushed—“it was taken after my first public appearance, which was when I was five years of age.”

“I thought you were a pianist?” and, looking embarrassed over his numerous gifts, he said:

“I was a solo violinist until von Bülow made me become a concert pianist and then Rubinstein and von Bülow and others hurried me into the field as a director. I have conducted since my 19th year.”

A very weary look came over his face as he evidently recalled in mental review the years passed. I thought that he had a good right to experience waves of melancholy when I reflected how much he must have labored to obtain at his age the position he has held on two continents, but I could not stop to ruminate.

“What I want to know,” I said, “is something of your ideas concerning the musical situation of New York.”

“Orchestral or operatic?” he asked, warily.

“Both.”

He yawned in an embarrassed, non-committal way, and looked at his watch.

“Ach! I must hurry up, but I will tell you what I think. You hear much about the so-called “star” system, but people are mistaken. The stars are not over-paid, nor is too much money spent on the opera. On the contrary, the appropriation should be much larger, so that the best choruses and orchestra should be secured to offset the stars,—thus you would have your ensemble. It isn’t enough to pay a big price to a few people, you must keep the whole organization up. But, until opera is run by the State, as in Europe, it will never be, truthfully speaking, a real *artistic* success. Besides this, too many performances are given. With opera every day twice, or something like this (here his English commenced to falter), the orches-

tral situation is injured. We should have opera three nights and two afternoons—no more.

“The musical salvation of a country,” he went on, “lies with the orchestra—not opera. New York will never be musically strong until she has a permanent orchestra established on the strongest financial basis. This is what the young talent of the country needs to hear. A given number of concerts is not enough; there should be a constant opportunity afforded the student and music lover to hear the great works again and again. Could the opera and orchestra situation be adjusted”—the sentence was finished with a sigh and a far-away, dreamy look. By this time his frock coat was in place and I saw some ribbons in the buttonhole. In response to my inquiry, Mr. Paur said that he was wearing some of his decorations because of Prince Henry’s presence in America. We left the hotel and as we walked along I asked:

“Do you compose?”

“Ach! ja! All the time. I can’t help it,” he said, in a deprecatory manner. “I have piles of songs, piano pieces, and orchestral works, but they are for me only.”



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MR. EMIL PAUR

Director of the Philharmonic, and who is spoken of as conductor of the opera next season

"Why don't you publish them?"

"Bewahre! I am neither brave nor egotistical enough. Perhaps my boys will do so when I am at rest." It was another theme he did not care to pursue.

"What about American talent?" I asked.

"It is of an unique order and much I expect from it. You know I have produced several American compositions this year, and they caused us all to think very seriously."

This was an ambiguous remark, but I felt that the best con-

struction was intended. "Besides," he added, volunteering a remark without my having to apply a suction pump, "the American voice is beautiful; the American woman is beautiful."

"Has the American warmth—temperament?" I asked. Mr. Panr looked gently at me a moment and a suspicious twinkle appeared in his eyes. He grasped my hand and said:

"Auf Wiedersehen! Here is my car!" IGNOTUS.

Music and Musicians



THE two occurrences of greatest interest during the last month, meaning since February 15, were the return of M. Paderewski and the winding up of the opera season, which took place the first week in March. Some new singers were brought over, but none of the significant ability we have grown accustomed to expect. Furthermore, managerial shortcomings were prominent throughout the season. Opera improperly staged is wilted, and the efforts of all the critics in New York have not sufficed to revolutionize this particularly noticeable condition at the Metropolitan. The chief artistic interest centred in the two new works given, concerning which comment was made in the last issue of THE THEATRE, "Manru" and "Mes-saline," and in the revival of Donizetti's "La

Fille du Regiment," in which Mme. Sembrich more than triumphed. Add to this Mme. Ternina's incomparable "Tosca," and you have the distinguished features of the opera season of 1901-1902. We missed the promised Verdi Cycle. It is to be hoped that Mr. Grau has learned to desire that ensemble we have more than invited him to give us.

The first Paderewski recital was given on February 15, the day after "Manru's" first night, and seats could not be had save at advanced prices. The pianist, who remains as popular as ever, played the "Waldstein" Sonata in a manner which would have caused Beethoven to writhe in his grave from alternate currents of supreme ecstasy and supreme pain. His singing tone was monumental, but he lost all dynamic appreciation in forte passages. The balance of the programme, that of a typical piano virtuoso, brought forth the customary ovation. One may recognize his exaggerations, but Mr. Paderewski remains point for point the king of piano players of our day. At the second recital on March 8 he played Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 27, No. 2; Haydn's variations in F minor; Schumann's F minor Sonata; the A flat ballade, and selections by Liszt and Rubinstein. The tense nerves of the pianist are treacherous in that they lead him far afield into tonal extravagances when they are least expected, but notwithstanding these too mighty contrasts and audible pedalling, the intellectual and poetical strength animating all he touches atone for his faults, which are of minor moment.

The vigorous and magnetic Mr. Plunkett Greene returned

to us on March 11, and he sang one of his typical programmes. His art has settled into its own lines and remains unique with Mr. Greene. His diction and phrasing are captivating, and there is a grateful lack of affectation about him. On March 12 Mme. Eleanor Cleaver appeared in recital. Her natural voice is large and warm, and she has abundant temperament; in fact, her temperament needs a bridle. Her Brahms group went very well. She was assisted by Mr. Bruno Huhn, an excellent accompanist, and Mr. Ingo Simon, an alleged baritone, of whose performance the less said the better.



MME. SEMBRICH AND HER HUSBAND

It is not generally known that the great singer studied the violin before taking up singing and was once as expert with the bow as she now is with her voice. Professor Stengel, her husband, was her violin teacher

For no apparent reason Mr. H. H. Wetzler has appeared sporadically as an orchestral conductor. The first concert was given on February 16, with the assistance of Mrs. Morris Black and Mr. David Bispham as soloists.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was with us on Thursday evening, February 20, and on the Saturday afternoon following. For the former this was the programme, with Mr. Kreisler as soloist:

- Beethoven Overture "Leonore," No. 3, op. 72
- Tschaikowski Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic," B minor, op. 72
- Spohr Violin Concerto No. 8, op. 47
- Wagner Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger"

On Saturday afternoon they played this programme, assisted by M. Paderewski:

- Glazounoff Overture Solenne
- Ignaz Jan Paderewski Concerto A minor, op. 17
- Goldmark Symphony No. 1, "Rustic Wedding," op. 26

The first programme was intrinsically a temperamental one—and what could a Mr. Gericke do with it? How could he reveal to us the tortuous emotional mazes of Tschaikowski's transcendent "Pathetic." Neither the demands of emotion nor sentiment could make him delay or hasten a fraction of a second in the metronomic precision of his beat, and declamation is not in him. His men do wonders over and above him, at times, but fall back in attack and virility perceptibly.

Mr. Kreisler's treatment of Spohr's great Concerto, played here several times by M. Jan Kubelik, was a finished and refined one. He is a very satisfying artist most of the time. At the second concert the interest centred in the Paderewski Concerto, which is piano music pure and simple. It has pleasing melodies, which have received paternal treatment, but it is doubtful if the work possesses strength enough to carry it actively into the future. It is not profound nor does the note

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PROGRAMME

<p>WAGNER'S OPERA LOHENGGRIN Act I. (<i>In German</i>)</p> <p><i>Alte Von Brabant</i> MME GADSKI <i>Ondine</i> MRS. NICHMANN-HEINE <i>Lohengrin</i> MR. DIPPFL <i>Präsident von Trolowand</i> MR. BENFAN <i>Brabantischer Graf</i> MR. MULLMANN <i>Der Herrgott des Königs</i> MR. ED. DE BUNCK <i>Hilf mir den Vagler</i> MR. ED. DE BUNCK <i>Deutscher König</i> MR. ED. DE BUNCK Conductor MR. WALTER DAMROSCH</p> <p>BIZET'S OPERA CARMEN Act II. (<i>In French</i>)</p> <p><i>Cornejo</i> MR. CALVE <i>Micaëla</i> MRS. LARRIE BRIDGEMAN <i>Don José</i> MR. ALFARIZ <i>Françoise</i> MR. BELLEMY <i>Don José</i> MR. GIBERT <i>Mercedes</i> MR. BROWN <i>Escamillo</i> MR. SCUTTI Conductor MR. FLOU</p> <p>VERDI'S OPERA AIDA Act III. (<i>In Italian</i>)</p> <p><i>Aida</i> MRS. ENMA LAMBS <i>Aménos</i> MRS. LOUISE HOMER <i>Aménos</i> MR. CAMPANARI <i>Aménos</i> MR. BUCKLEY <i>Aménos</i> MR. IN MARCHI Conductor MR. AFFELLS</p>	<p>WAGNER'S OPERA TANNHÄUSER Act II. (<i>In German</i>)</p> <p><i>Elizabeth</i> MRS. MIKA TRESINA <i>Tannhäuser</i> MR. VAN DYCK <i>Herman</i> MR. BIAM <i>Walter</i> MR. JACQUES BARRÉ <i>Herman</i> MR. BROWN <i>Elizabeth</i> MR. MULLMANN <i>Elizabeth</i> MR. YOUNG <i>Herman</i> MR. VAN DYCK Conductor MR. WALTER DAMROSCH</p> <p>VERDI'S OPERA LA TRAVIATA Act I. (<i>In Italian</i>)</p> <p><i>Violetta</i> MRS. BUNNETT <i>Frau Bruchmann</i> MRS. VAN CAUWEN <i>Giulio</i> MR. VAN DYCK <i>Bruchmann</i> MR. JACQUES BARRÉ <i>Marcello</i> MR. BELLEMY <i>Dottore Cremona</i> MR. GILBERT <i>Alfredo</i> MR. BROWN Conductor MR. SCUTTI</p> <p>MASSENET'S OPERA LE CID Act IV. Scene I. (<i>In French</i>)</p> <p><i>Celine</i> MRS. LUCIENNE BREVET <i>And</i> MR. ALFARIZ <i>And</i> MR. ALFARIZ Conductor MR. FLOU</p>
--	--

Die Meistersinger in America. AMERICA.

Fac-simile of the special programme for the gala performance given at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Feb. 25, in honor of the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia

of musical sincerity ring through it. It was admirably played by the composer, who, against the stern law of the orchestra, was compelled to play an encore. The Goldmark Symphony was charmingly read, both by director and men.

Two events of interest were the vocal recitals given at the New York College of Music, by Andreas Dippel, on February 18, and Mme. Gadski on March 3. Mr. Dippel sang an interesting programme, including three songs by Hugo Wolf, in a manner which elicited loud applause from the large audience. He had the unusually capable assistance of Miss Mercedes O'Leary as accompanist, and she shared honors evenly. At the Gadski recital Miss O'Leary and her sister played several piano duets more than well. Mme. Gadski's selections were well chosen and executed.

Mr. Arthur Hochman, a new pianist, who played on the evening of March 11, has every attribute which should lead him high among pianists. Ample technic, fine touch, self-control, fairly good intelligence and temperament. He needs a larger mold for all he does, but this may come with time. He is a fresh and vigorous young talent, and we shall hear from him significantly. Another interesting recital was that given by Miss Helen Augustin. She possesses good technic, rhythm and temperament.

The concert of the Philharmonic Society was the crowning event of the month. Mr. Panr gave us Haydn's G major, No. 13 Symphony; Liszt's colossal, "A Faust Symphony;" and Mr. Van Hoose sang in a praiseworthy manner the solo from the "Faust" Symphony and the Gluck aria, "Unis de la plus tendre enfance." Mr. Panr's conducting was record-breaking. The concert was of the nature of a triumph.

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.



PHOTO MARCEAU
MISS AUGUSTA ZUCKERMAN
Gifted young pianist and pupil of Alexander Lambert. Heard recently with the Frank Damrosch orchestra



Amateur Players



The Editor will be pleased to receive for this department regular reports of dramatic performances by amateur societies all over the United States, together with photographs of those who took part (which last should be in costume), and, if possible, good flashlight pictures of the principal scenes. Each photograph should be marked legibly on the back with the title of the play and the names and character names of the performers. The benefit of this department to all amateurs is obvious. Each society will thus have an opportunity of seeing what other societies are doing, what plays are being presented, how staged, etc., etc., and it may also lead to an interchange of plays suitable for presentation. All questions regarding plays, costuming, etc., etc., the Editor will be happy to answer to the best of his ability.

AMONG the important amateur dramatic organizations in America the Amateur Comedy Club of New York is, perhaps, entitled to first consideration. Apart from the unique position it holds in the city in regard to the personnel of its associate membership, its performances have at all

Morrell, Mr. Theodore V. Boynton, Mr. James Barnes, Mr. Gordon Cleather, and many others, it is easily understood how the reputation and standing of the club has been earned, and why an evening at the "Comedy Club" is looked forward to with so much interest by its patrons.

The organization is a purely self-supporting family affair, no tickets being sold, and cards of admission being strictly limited and confined to the personal invitations of its members, of which the Associates are allowed to issue six and the Actives four for each performance. This associate membership is entirely confined, however, to New Yorkers of prominent social position; in fact, the club is probably the most exclusive in the country of its kind.

The plays are given on four consecutive nights, including the dress rehearsal, which, contrary to custom elsewhere, is always played to a full house. The most recent performance and one of the best in the history of the club was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "A Way to Win a Woman," in which Mr. Arthur M. Blake in the lead-



BYRON

HARRY HALWARD
(Mr. Arthur M. Blake)

DR. CHRISTOPHER HALWARD
(Mr. James Barnes)

SCENE FROM "A WAY TO WIN A WOMAN"—New York Amateur Comedy Club

times nearer approached professional standard in regard to dramatic talent and skill in making stage productions than those of its many rivals. Organized as far back as 1885, the club has regularly produced three plays annually, the general scheme of which, as outlined at present by its popular President, Mr. Jacob Wendell, Jr., being that the first performance of the year is always a straight comedy, the second a heavier and more emotional play, with a screaming farce to end up the season for the third and closing bill. Starting with the University Club Theatre as its birthplace, and after moving its domicile from time to time for want of better stage facilities, the club is now permanently installed at the cosy little Berkeley Lyceum Theatre in 44th street, where it has its own very comfortable club-rooms, and the benefit this year of the new and larger stage recently constructed.

The mere mention of the names of some of the active members of the club gives an idea at once of the talent at the club's command, and with players of such marked ability and experience as its President, Mr. Jacob Wendell, Jr., his brother, Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell, Mr. Edward Fales Coward, Mr. Arthur M. Blake, Mr. Frederick E. Camp, Mr. Robert Lee

ing part did capital work as Harry Halward, originally created by Mr. E. H. Sothorn. Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell in the part of Dan Graham gave an excellent performance of the cynical journalist friend; indeed, it was the best bit of work he has done for the club. The well-known war correspondent, Mr. James Barnes, as Dr. Christopher Halward, in his short but intensely sympathetic scene with his son, brought tears to the eyes of many in the audience, and Mr. Norris Underhill, a new member, won instant recognition in the light comedy rôle of Archie Philbrick.



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Articles—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to ensure the return of contributions not found to be available.

Photographs—All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. The Editor invites artists to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender and, if in character, with that of the character represented. Preference will be given to panel sized pictures. If the photograph is copyrighted, the written authorization if the photographer to reproduce the photograph should in all cases accompany the picture. Any photograph will be returned after reproduction if desired.

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MR. WILLIAM H. RONEY AS PETRUCHIO
(Cornell)

On the first Friday of every month during the season an informal tea is given at the club rooms, the women members officiating, and music being an enjoyable feature.

THE CORNELL MASQUE.

Amateur theatricals in the great universities are becoming one of the most important diversions; in fact, in some universities a course in the drama is a part of the curriculum. There is probably no university which has not its dramatic club, and some of these have attained considerable prominence, for example, the French Club and Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard; the Mask and Wig of Pennsylvania, and the Masque of Cornell.



MR. HARRY R. MCCLAIN AS BONAPARTE (Cornell)

Of the women in the cast Miss Mildred Eyttinge gave a very clever impersonation of the blow-hot, blow-cold young heroine, Madge Carruthers, whilst Mrs. Eugene Richards and Miss Georgie Shippen, as Mrs. Carruthers and Pamela respectively, added fresh laurels to their long string of "character" successes.

The following plays, produced among others in the last year or so, well illustrate the aims and ambitions of the executive committee:

"The Cabinet Minister," "The Private Secretary," "Jim the Penman," "The Lottery of Love," "A Scrap of Paper," "The Last Word," "All the Comforts of Home," "A Pair of Spectacles," "Love in Harness," "A Night Off," "Nancy & Co.," "The Highest Bidder," "The Hobby Horse," "Dandy Dick," "The Magistrate," "The Maister of Woodbarrow," and "Sweet Lavender."



ONE OF THE CORNELL MASQUE'S POSTERS

given each year. The performances have been varied. The plays of Shakespeare, original plays, burlesques, musical comedies, farces and minstrel shows have been given with pronounced success. The following are a few of the plays produced during the past few years: "Instructor Pratt," "Seeing and Believing," "A Bit of Act-

(Continued on page 30.)



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The Cornell Masque was founded in 1890, and since that time it has made many successful productions. The organization is composed of undergraduates, who are chosen by competition. The policy and general management is left to the Masque council, composed of two members of the faculty, a graduate treasurer, president, secretary, stage manager and business manager. The stage manager has absolute control, subject only to the direction of the coach, and in the latter's absence he acts as assistant coach. For the past three years Mr. Henry Gaines Hawn, of New York, President of the Association of Elocutionists of New York, has acted as coach.

The selection of the plays is left mainly to the coach and stage manager. At least two performances are

Actors Who Failed

Joseph Jefferson, when asked by the *Herald* for his opinion regarding the proposed law compelling actors to undergo a preliminary examination as to their ability, said:

"My experience tells me that no stage manager could decide upon the future excellence of an actor by an examination of his earlier efforts. The nervous quality and modesty which accompany talent would confuse an amateur while under the scrutiny of his judges. I remember hearing that J. W. Wallack, Jr., when but twenty-two years of age, was cast in a part, and from the inferior quality of his rehearsals was taken out of it, and my half-brother, Charles Lurke, was selected to replace him. Young Wallack retired in his mortification and was scarcely heard of for many years. He eventually became one of the great actors of his time, both in America and England.

"I saw the first appearance of a young man in the character of Tressel, to his father's Richard III. It was a complete failure. He afterward acted Wilford in the play of 'The Iron Chest,' and this he played so badly that the actors and the public declared that he had not inherited his father's talent. This young man was the great dramatic genius, Edwin Booth. Here, then, we have unmistakable examples of two great actors who upon examination would have been dismissed for their incapacity.

"There are a few examples of persons being famous in the beginning of their careers. Master Betty at twelve years of age captured London with his performance of Hamlet to such an extent that Edmund Burke while looking at the play exclaimed to Charles Fox, 'This boy is as great as Garrick.' A few years afterward young Betty lost his powers and dropped as an actor into mediocrity. Of course I could name many other instances, but the recital would only become wearisome, as the line would stretch out to the crack of doom. Nearly all of the actors and actresses of the present day who are now shining favorites before the public when studying their profession may have failed to exhibit any of the excellence which they have since attained. The reverse of this, in the case of one who has passed away, recalls an anecdote.

"Edwin Forrest, one of America's great tragedians, made a most successful debut in the character of young Norval, in the tragedy of 'Douglas.' The story goes that William Wood, the stage manager, who was seldom known to praise anyone, being caustic and severe in his criticisms, was one night relating in the greenroom, before the whole company, that the finest first appearance he had ever witnessed was that of a young gentleman from Philadelphia in the character of Norval. Thereupon the great tragedian arose, and, bowing with comic gravity, said, 'Mr. Wood, I was that young gentleman.'

"The actors were delighted to see that Wood had unintentionally betrayed himself into a compliment, when Wood exclaimed:—'Well, sir! You have never done so well since.'"

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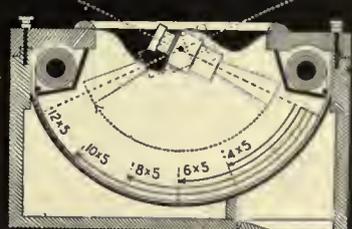
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(Continued from page 28)

ing," "The Prince and the Showman," "The Widow O'Brien," "The Princess Forget," "A Fresh Start," "David Garrick," "The Pink Mask," "The Full Hand," "Nila's First," "The Governor," "Hamlet & Co.," "The Good-natured Man," "My Wife's Mother."

In 1899 it became a settled policy of the Masque to have women play female parts. Since that time women of the university have been invited to assist the Masque in many productions.

In 1900 the Masque gave "The Man of Destiny," which was courteously lent to Cornell by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. This play is a strong picture of Napoleon at the outset of his career. The character of Bonaparte was admirably acted by Mr. Harry R. McClain, '02, who is the present stage manager.

In June, 1901, an elaborate production of Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" was made with great success. This was one of the most ambitious productions ever made by the Masque. No expense was spared to make it complete in every detail, and no fewer than eleven complete changes of scenery were used. The Daly version of the play was used.



BYRON
MR JACOB WENDELL, JR., IN "JIM THE PENMAN" (Amateur Comedy Club, N. Y.)

Among those who distinguished themselves on that occasion were: Mr. William H. Roney, '03 (Petruchio); Mr. Harry R. McClain, '02 (Grumio), and who also acted as stage manager; Mr. Robert Dempster, '03 (Lucentio). Credit for the artistic finish of the Masque plays are due to the efforts of Coach Hawn and Stage Manager McClain.

The first entertainment of the Minneapolis Dramatic Club, a new amateur organization, was given in that city recently. "Gringoire" and "Six and Eight Pence" were presented in a very creditable manner. Mrs. S. C. Tooker is the moving spirit of the club, and the dramatic director is Clayton D. Gilbert. The club will give another play this month (April).

There was given at Ford's Grand Opera House, Baltimore, on March 24, by the Powhatan Club, an original two-act burlesque by Archie Edwin Morrow, entitled "Why Dr. G. Kyll Will Hide." The Powhatan Club was organized in



MISS PAULINE CORY AND MR ARTHUR M. BLAKE IN "THE CABINET MINISTER" (Amateur Comedy Club, N. Y.)



MR ROBT LEDGER DEMPSTER AS LUCENTIO IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" (Cornell)

the summer of 1901. This burlesque is the first effort of the club in theatricals.

The Dramatic Club of the University of Minnesota gave its sixth dramatic evening at the Lyceum Theatre in Minneapolis on February 10, presenting "Les Romanesques," by Rostand.

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VOL. II., NO. 15

NEW YORK, MAY, 1902

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JULIET
(Miss Eleanor Robson)

ROMEO
(Mr. Kyrle Bellew)

JULIET: "A thousand times good night"

BALCONY SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET," PRESENTED AT A MATINÉE AT WALLACK'S THEATRE ON APRIL 12



PLAYS AND PLAYERS

TO BE present at the birth of a new Juliet was, a decade ago, a matter of more general interest than it is to-day. Most of the spectators who went into Wallack's Theatre at the matinée performance of Saturday, April 12, were surprised rather than otherwise to read in the bill that the regular performance was to be preceded by the balcony scene from Shakespeare's fervid drama, with Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Miss Eleanor Robson in the name parts. Their enjoyment of this titbit was not lessened by this fact, and the score or so who had been attracted to the theatre for no other purpose than to witness Miss Robson's début as the love-lorn Veronese had not their pleasure spoiled by surrounding indifference. It was a pleasure to hear Miss Robson in the beautiful, passionate lines. Her lovely voice, contralto in its tones, with the possibility of tears never far away from it, was a constant delight to the ear. One could have listened to such music with real gratitude for a much longer period than the short quarter of an hour the scene requires. In this gift, a heaven-sent one to an actress, Miss Robson is blessed, and to touch upon it first is only natural when one considers what a feature her voice has been in the success of this young and ambitious actress. She made a very charming picture, too, in her white ball-dress with its angel sleeves, for this Juliet had not time to change her gown to a negligée before she sought as a confidante the ear of night. While her face is not regularly beautiful, it is a charming face, and veiled in heavy, dark curls, was seen at its best. She acted the part with sweet impulsiveness, and several times in the brief love duologue her interruptions of Romeo, made a little too early, on account of nervousness, no doubt, gave her an appearance of spontaneity, which wins more attention and sympathy than any art can do. This lent, however, a modern note to her acting, which those

bound tightly to tradition will surely criticise. But whether right or wrong, it seemed unstudied, and it gained its end.

In plastic grace Miss Robson as yet is wanting. Her attitude, when she leaned upon the low railing, had a certain angularity which does not blend with Italy. Indeed, her start, when alarmed by the voice which "stumbled on her counsel," was fairly awkward. But here again nervousness was the cause, and this time it is to be blamed. This Juliet did as much as could be expected when but a fragment of the picture was given. She led her audience to wish for more—for the entire play, in fact; and it was partly regret that the great classical play was to be succeeded by the ordinary, if interesting, modern one, as well as admiration of her undoubted talent, which induced the audience to summon her sympathetically before the curtain. Mr. Bellew's Romeo has not aged; he is as young, as graceful, as agile as ever. His voice charms with the same melody, and if the occasion had not been Miss Robson's, his interpretation should be dwelt on with more particularity.



KIRKLAND, DENVER

MISS VIOLA ALLEN

As Julia in "The Hunchback." Shortly to appear in a revival of the Knowles play in Chicago

"The Last Appeal" is a romantic theatrical impossibility in four acts, written by Leo Ditrichstein, a Hungarian nobleman enjoying some reputation as an American actor-dramatist. This piece was originally produced in Philadelphia, last October, and it seemed then a not altogether hopeless nursing. Subsequently it was taken West, but deteriorated instead of improving, so that it would scarcely have survived the New York presentation, at Wallack's, even had not the unfortunate collapse of that sterling actor, Mr. D. H. Harkins, in one of the principal rôles, given the *coup de grace* the first night. It is only fair to say that no play could be as bad as this one appeared to be on the occasion mentioned. Still, doom had marked it; so 'twas as well the agony should not have been longer drawn out.

The little fairy tale that Mr. Ditrichstein made up out of his head had to do with a Crown Prince Waldemar (Mr. Robert Drouet), who loved and married Melitta Arendt (Miss Katherine Grey), daughter of Franz Arendt (Mr. Harold Russell), a commoner. Naturally, the old king strenuously forbade this mésalliance, and then tried to break it off. Papa Arendt was also violently opposed to the match, just out of sheer contrariness, and remained relentless to the last, notwithstanding the marriage had been duly solemnized, to say nothing of a baby born. Indeed, this Arendt was a sad example of the pig-headed German father, "Magda" type, such as dramatists now and again saddle upon their heroines for sympathy's sake—as no audience could possibly help sympathizing with a heroine so afflicted. Well, after struggling along together for a year so, on a princely income, in their luxurious mountain castle, the loving pair decide to make a break for the old king's forgiveness, by surprising him with a last appeal on his birthday anniversary, when he hears the grievances of his humblest subjects, and rights their wrongs while they wait. This appeal is successful, according to the dénouement of the play; but it comes too late for the audience, who, an act or so further back, have already irrevocably pronounced the death sentence upon the whole thing.

Mr. Robert Drouet was a fine, manly Prince, but his infatuation seemed unaccountable for such a charmless young person as Miss Katherine Grey's sophisticated and self-conscious acting made Melitta appear. The part of the King, so badly blurred by poor Mr. Harkins at the initial performance, was afterwards taken by Mr. Brandt. Mr. Harold Russell's Arendt was life-like in stupidity; Mr. Henry Bergman and Mr. Richard Sterling made the most of a morsel of light comedy, and Mr. George Boniface had one minute of masterly characterization as an old peasant. Of Miss Cora Tanner as Melitta's gelid aunt, Miss Clara Glendenning as an aged and gabby housekeeper, Miss Nancy Paget as a servant maid in red boots, and Mr. Stephen Wright as the Prince's aide—suffice it to say, in parlance of the turf, they "also ran."

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

The calciums chuckled, the footlights gleamed,
And the border-lights shone gay;
They gossiped and chafed, and sang, as they laughed:
"We are truly the whole of the play!"

And hidden and humbled, far back in the wings,
The torchlight of Art shrunk away—
Forgotten, alone; she said, with a groan:
"No more am I part of the play!"

Because Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, the English author, has attempted the complicated feat of converting a Danish or German story into an American one, "A Modern Magdalen," at the Bijou, the best-acted play of the month, if not of the season, is robbed of its possibilities, the public of rational sentiment, and the actors of the effects for which they labor with such consummate skill.

In the matter of production and personal achievement Miss Amelia Bingham has lost nothing; indeed, in this play, her agreeable personality on the stage, her liberality in management and artistic sincerity have again won for her distinct appreciation. Subtracting the faults of Katinka Jenkins from Miss Bingham personally, the actress need harbor little regret. The character alone is to blame. On the pretext that her



BURR MCINTOSH, N. Y.

MR. HARRY WOODRUFF AS ORLANDO

Seen recently in Miss Crosman's revival of "As You Like It"



BURR MCINTOSH, N. Y.

MISS BINGHAM AS KATINKA

rare, pale half-sister, Olivia, is about to die of inanition, Katinka refuses two offers of marriage, and goes out into the world to seek the protection of a married *roué* in order to restore her sister to health. She sells her soul for the physical betterment of another. She is then seen living in splendor, a triumphant music-hall singer, under the protection

of her rich friend; and finally she renounces all this in order to nurse the sick and wounded in Cuba. Meanwhile her family have become prosperous and well fed by means of the funds supplied secretly to the shiftless father. She has scenes of indignant virtue, stoung character, petulance, disgust with the conditions of her life, quarrels with her stepmother, scorn of an unwelcome suitor, ordering a pursuer out of the room, a frank confession to a true-hearted young lover that he is too poor for her immediate use, even if she loved him, gayety at a supper in her apartments, cajolery of a canting missionary and exposure of him, in addition to a few spirited tilts with the three men in the case. She has various meetings with her father, her stepmother and her sister, and at no time is she without emotion and character, one bibulous moment being acted in a discreet, dreamy haze. To act these many parts requires more than common skill and resources. Except for Katinka, Miss Bingham would have triumphed. She wrestles well, and overthrows all but Katinka. Her acting is admirable.

Mr. Henry E. Dixey as Hiram Jenkins never acted better in his career, and despite an unsympathetic part, has won back all the praise he ever lost. To the traits of a Micawber and Eccles Mr. Dixey adds a happy conceit of business, or some humorous fancy by token of voice, look or movement. Mr. Wilton Lackaye as Brinker, the "straightforward" money lender, brusquely and brutally and honestly in love with Katinka, furnishes a study of life absolutely true, far beyond his conception of Svengali, for it is closer to our next-door neighbor. Mr. Arthur Byron as Eric, the young lover; Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk as the reformer, Mrs. Madge Carr Cooke as the mother, and Miss Spinney as the second daughter are fit companions of this memorable cast.

All that which is American in the play is admirable. But the play—and Katinka! The modesty of the Danish author probably accounts for the absence of his name on the bills, so that we must be content with Mr. C. Haddon Chambers. But we are not content with Mr. Chambers, and beg leave to prefer the request

that he adapt no more such plays for America. The importance of knowing conditions in this country, the importance of being earnest in one's appreciation of this land, is commended to all who would write American plays. Plays fail by the hundreds for the lack of some one vital point. In this case there is neither proved cause nor just motive for the conduct of the pivotal character. The assumed but unproved facts are German or Danish facts and not American facts. Plays based on social misery and its consequences exist and are being written by the score in Germany to-day; and the incident of the recent arrival here of a transatlantic steamer with a record number of immigrants might enlighten Mr. Chambers as to the difference between the conditions in this land of freedom and hope and those in a land of privileges, with its unearned increment of happiness for the classes and of despair for the poor. Beyond doubt the original play put the blame for Katinka's estrangement from virtue where it belonged—upon the state. Directly or indirectly, that is what is meant. At all events, the young man Eric, who boarded at that humble home, was in as hopeless poverty as she. His attire was that of a working man. No American girl fit to put in a play would have rejected the well-clad, sturdy youth whom we see submitted to us. Perhaps Mr. Chambers wishes to present a study of a woman's soul in a state of decomposition as a study in pathology—yet he wants our sympathy for her. He does not get it, and a valuable play will be wasted unless some American dramatist takes it in hand and atones for Mr. Chambers' infinite ignorance of American life and character.

When Algernon Moncrieff receives a letter in his London chambers, and sniffing it, recognizes the writer by her favorite perfume, and destroys the missive without reading it, he does as funny a thing as is done in the Oscar Wilde farce, "The Importance of Being Earnest." The audience, however, laughs consumedly at this "joke," and throughout the three acts of the revival at the Empire Theatre they are continually amused, and giggle,

BYRON, N. Y. ERIC HARGREAVES
(Mr. Arthur Byron)KATINKA
(Miss Amelia Bingham)

ACT III.—ERIC: "STOP!"

"A MODERN MAGDALEN" AT THE BIJOU



BYRON, N. Y.

JOHN STRONG
(Mr. F. Gottschalk)ERIC HARGREAVES
(Mr. Arthur Byron)

KATINKA

(Miss Amelia Bingham)

BRINKER

(Mr. Wilton Lackaye)

HAROLD FISCHER

(Mr. Alfred Fisher)

SCENERY BY PHYBIO

ACT III.—KATINKA: "You blaspheme in the name of Him who loved the Magdalen and hated the Phartsee"

"A MODERN MAGDALEN" AT THE BIJOU

though it isn't yet the silly season, without shame. Smart dialogue occurs in spots in this farce, though it is always as remote from life as the most artificial of the old comedies. There are dreary places, too, but one endures them sure of a relief of laughter a little further on. Of course all the characters, from the leading man down to utility, speak the same language, and this would become unendurable if the play had the smallest serious motive. It hasn't; so as mild cynicism, smart speeches and pretty gowns make up the piece, it is not essential to break this butterfly on a wheel.

In construction, "The Importance of Being Earnest" is as crude as the comediettas written for an occasion, seen on drawing-room stages; the people come on and go off without any reason, but as they are openly puppets the author perhaps was wise in making no attempt to hide the wires which make them dance. The trifle is excellently played. Miss Anglin, as the solemn society maid, who takes down her lover's proposal verbatim in her diary, is deliciously funny. Miss Dale does well as the ingénue who is tired of good people, and Mr. Richman has for once dropped his heavy shoes. Mrs. Whiffen, Mr. Crompton, Mr. Courtenay and Miss Hornick fill out the cast.

Without knowing a single formulated law of the drama, the public often makes its decrees on technical grounds! For example, it informed Mr. Anson Pond, the author of "Life," which lately had a brief and inglorious career at the Garden, that he was at fault in the matter of dramatic construction

and in certain fundamental principles. The play contained a number of scenes and characters drawn with fidelity from certain phases of city life. Miss Georgie Lawrence as Mamie Mahoney, one of the lady waiters in a cheap restaurant, was such a good mimeograph that one could hardly tell her from the actual, living original. And so with other characters; but, taken as a whole, the play degenerated into mere life and was not dramatic. Life is admitted into the drama, is a part of it, but it is admitted only on the conditions of the drama. It is not a question of the scenery; it might have been worse and success yet have attended the production if it had held up as drama and not declined into mere life. For a while we were touched by the old story of a trusting girl deceived and abandoned, the search for her by the father, her being helped by a fallen woman, who is redeemed in the end by her own charity of heart; but Mr. Pond, after the second act, stopped trying to write drama and essayed the function of creating life—which is not in mortal power to do. Miss Annie Irish and Miss Minnie Dupree, in their respective characters, were capital, but when life—mere life in the play—began, the audience naturally resented the effect of Liz Gould and Kaye Mahan personating Miss Irish and Miss Dupree. No, mere life in a play will not do, and so *requiescat in pace*.

Mrs. Fiske will close her road season on May 3 at Philadelphia and will begin on May 6 a brief spring engagement in New York, at the Manhattan Theatre, where she will make several revivals, the first of which will be "Tess of the D'Ur-



BYRON, N. Y.

SCENERY BY PHYISOO

SCENE FROM "THE LAST APPEAL" AT WALLACK'S

Melitta refuses to leave the Crown Prince, her husband

bevilles." Mr. Frederic De Belleville, a fine actor, trained in the best school, and who is pleasantly remembered as the Alec in the original production of the play, has been re-engaged for this and other productions. The Hardy drama will be followed by "Divorçons," with a strong cast, including Mr. De Belleville. With this play will be performed Mr. Horace B. Fry's admirable one-act tragedy of Italian life in New York, "Little Italy," which has recently enjoyed the distinction of being published in book form. Mrs. Fiske's own one-act play, entitled "A Light from St. Agnes," seen some time ago at the Garden, will probably alternate with Mr. Fry's piece. It is also likely that Mrs. Fiske will be seen again as Nora, in Ibsen's "Doll's House."

Miss Mary Mannering and Mr. Kyrle Bellew are busy rehearsing "The Lady of Lyons." The joint tour of these interesting players in the old comedy will begin at the Garrick, in this city, on May 19. The engagement here, however, is only a brief one. After a week in New York they will visit Boston, Chicago, and other cities.

So far, writes our London correspondent, the season has not been a profitable one for the theatrical manager. He still feels the effects of the war, while society people are too much occupied with their preparations for the coronation ceremonies to pay much attention to the theatre. Several pieces which might have had good runs have had to be withdrawn. All the more remarkable, therefore, is the success that has attended the productions of Mr. Stephen Phillips' two poetic

plays, "Ulysses" at Her Majesty's, and "Paulo and Francesca" at the St. James. Here we have a young poet of whom a year or two ago we knew nothing. First it was reported that Mr. Alexander had secured for the St. James Theatre a poetic drama by a new poet; but people paid little heed till Mr. Beerbohm Tree, on October 31, 1900, produced, with that magnificent setting for which Her Majesty's has taken the lead in London, Mr. Phillips' "Herod," the one play which, in a season unparalleled for its disappointments, was received on the first night with unanimous shouts of approval. Next came "Ulysses," and following these the production, by Mr. George Alexander, of "Paulo and Francesca," which some think, though an earlier work, is even finer than "Ulysses." It has been said that theatregoers care only to be amused in a questionable way, to laugh at bedroom comedy, to gloat over the illicit loves of Mr. Daventrays, Mrs. Danes and such like people, and their attendant tragedies. Mr. Tree has at least proved that what he and other leaders in the dramatic world have done to elevate the drama has borne good fruit. He has shown that, given serious drama, real poetry, befittingly mounted and acted, the public are only too ready to go and see it.

One can never tell what may turn up. "The Princess's Nose" is the latest new play by Henry Arthur Jones, and has been produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London. On the face of it this is a whimsical comedy, and as such is not to be sneezed at. The impartial critics, however, seem to agree unanimously that it is not quite up to snuff.



Henry Miller

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MR. FORREST HALSEY

MR. HENRY MILLER
IN "D'Arcy of the Guards"

Human documents on the acted drama, of unique interest and value, are presented in the April *Atlantic Monthly* by Elizabeth McCracken, in an article entitled "The Play and the Gallery." Miss McCracken, herself an enthusiastic playgoer, is also a college settlement missionary in Boston, hence her intimate opportunities for getting the unreserved opinions of that large class of working people and tenement-house dwellers who go to the theatre to see the play—not the individual players who act in it, nor because it is a faddish dramatization of some popular book. That these gallery audiences have their own standards of criticism, their own methods of drawing a moral and applying it to the everyday conduct of life, is shown by such observations as these: A shop-girl who saw "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the sacrifice of her supper said: "All the trouble came because they all cared so much about looks. . . . Looks ain't what count. It's what we *do* that counts." A poor woman of the tenement confided: "I jes' remember Miss Terry as Portia, and what she said 'bout havin' mercy. People ain't always had mercy for me, but I don't want to be mean, 'cause of her." Another woman remarked: "Othello believed everything he heard. Remberin' how *he* ended has kept me from believin' lots *I* hear." An absurd melodrama with a crazy heroine taught one afflicted mother to "take things calm, and not get excited and lose her head." Another liked "Way Down East" because "it touched the heart." An ambitious boy, who was working his way up from the slums, deduced from "The Gay Lord Quex" the dangerous lesson that "The people in it are a bad lot, but they get out all right. The worst is the best, and they gets out best." An intelligent girl, who read history,

reasoned thus: "Nell Gwynne wasn't a good woman, but in the play she gets along best. If she wasn't good and people thought her bad in the times she lived, why do the people who make the play, and everybody that goes to see it, think now that she was all right?" Her friend, another serious girl, said: "I don't believe in seeing immoral plays, even when great actors and actresses act them. But you don't know *what* you are going to see when you go to the theatre." Still another, who had seen "Ben Hur," declared: "The scenery was grand, the clothes were grand, the chariot race was grand; but when I go to the theatre I like to see *acting!*"

There is a grim, sardonic humor in these last two remarks especially, not unworthy of the most pessimistic metropolitan press critic.

THE EDWIN FORREST HOME,

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, PA., March 31, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

Dear Sir,—I am deeply your debtor for two copies of the April number of THE THEATRE, a wonderfully beautiful magazine, artistic from cover to finish. The illustrations of "The Heirs of Edwin Forrest" are exceptionally fine, and the article pleases us greatly. Mr. Hartley's forceful, flattering pen has placed our home life tenderly and winningly before the players in the cast, who have but a vague idea, indeed, of the great Forrest, or Cushman—so rapidly do the idols of the hour crowd each off the mimic stage. Many thanks to Mr. Hartley for his comforting words, and to THE THEATRE for its superb illustrations of the same.

Yours faithfully, CHARLES FYFFE, Librarian.



PHOTO ILLUSTRATING CO., CHICAGO

SCENE FROM "JIM BLUDSOE," AT McVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO

SCENERY BY PHYSGO

This melodrama, founded on Secretary Hay's poems, is reported to be a great success. Jim returns from the front after the war, accompanied by a negro boy who saved his life. The town folks object to the negro and try to drive him out of the State. When a break occurs in the levee Jim and his boy are accused of causing it, and a mob forms to lynch them. They are saved and later Jim displays great heroism in a disastrous river race, when one of the boats takes fire. The cast includes such well-known actors as Mr. Edwin Arden, Mr. W. H. Thompson, Mr. Frank Lander, Miss Margaret Fuller and Miss Olive White.



ANTON LANG AS CHRISTUS (Oberammergau, 1900)

The Passion Play on the American Stage

By the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant

Rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York City

CHURCH-GOING people are shocked when they hear that it is proposed to give the Passion Play on the American stage. Such a performance seems to them irreverent, if not blasphemous. Their objections, however, are largely theoretical, for very few people in America have seen a Passion Play. The *idea* shocks them. Why is it that the bare thought of a dramatic representation of the last days of the life of Jesus deeply offends Christian people? The story of Christ as given in the Gospel is the most dramatic story in the world. Nothing can exceed in tragic and awful meaning the earthly vicissitudes of the Creator of all things. Christ's life in its most human and liberal interpretation is a great drama. Why, then, should the modern believer in the most dramatic of all religions condemn the dramatic representation of this story?

Many religious people condemn the theatre *in toto*. Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and many other

denominations, regard going to the theatre as unbecoming in a church member. Drinking, gambling, and theatre-going, according to the moral code in which many of us were reared, constitute a trinity of wrongdoing.

Why do religious people condemn the theatre?

The attitude of church-going people toward the stage may be a traditional one. It may have originated with some of the sects at their foundation—in Puritan disapproval of court pleasures and of the lax morals seen at that time in plays and players. Perhaps the hostility of some Christian people to the drama is a reminiscence of the saturnalia that in the middle ages developed around the festival occasion when miracle plays were rendered. This antagonism may have a remoter origin. It may be the memory of early Christian suffering in the arena and the profligacy and cruelty which attached to the circus and to the sports of Rome. The feeling may be deeper founded in Christian consciousness



SCENE OF THE LAST SUPPER (as presented by the Bavarian peasants at Oberammergau, 1900)

than Apostolic times. It may be an inheritance of the old Hebrew fear and hatred of idolatry which left that people (unwilling as they were to make representations of created things) totally deficient in all the arts. Perhaps, however, religious disapproval of the stage is merely founded upon that constant asceticism, cropping out from time to time in human history, which asserts that pleasure itself is wrong.

There are those, perhaps, who, like the late Bishop Brooks, doubted the value of the stage, because it seems to them that when an actor sinks his own personality and assumes many and various parts he cannot develop a strong character. It is natural, then, that to people who do not believe in the theatre, and who consider the profession detrimental alike to players and spectators, a Passion Play on the American stage should seem hideous sacrilege.

Why do theatregoers object to a Passion Play?

Many church-going people do attend the theatre.

Episcopalians, Catholics and others are not by their creed opposed to the theatre. In fact, there are plenty of liberal members in all churches who enjoy the drama. Why are these people opposed to a Passion Play?

They would not like to see Christ and the Apostles, Mary and the other women of the sacred story personated by actors and actresses who had played parts of a very different sort or whose lives were in conflict with the ideals of these holy men and women.

Another objection to a Passion Play is that a theatre has most incongruous associations. Religious people feel that playhouses have a very versatile description. The same edifice holds "Ben Hur," "Sappho," and the Rogers Brothers. They do not wish to see a stage with comic, sensational, spectacular or vulgar associations trodden by the feet of Christ.

Moreover, serious people do not like to think of the Passion Play as a purely mercantile venture. The leading theatrical managers of America, I do not doubt, are estimable men, but many of them are of a race and of a faith that does not presuppose deep attachment to Christ's religion. For these gentlemen, in despite of their own inherited and ancient faith, to present to the public a dramatic representation of Christ's Passion as a financial speculation would seem actual profanation. Neither will religious people tolerate a Passion Play organized and managed by men associated with



ANTON LANG (Christus) ANN FLUNGER (Mary) (Oberammergau, 1900)

the prize ring and similar entertainments.

Can the drama truly represent the deepest spiritual experiences?

There seems to be a point where the inner vision of events is so glorified that art cannot idealize them further. No matter how realistic art's method may be, it really is presenting a mental or idealized view of certain facts. Can it be that there are some facts so great in themselves that art cannot deal with them—so great that the moment they are embodied in painting, sculpture or drama they lose in their universal significance rather than gain. Some such experience as this has befallen us all. No one has ever seen illustrations for Shakespeare or for the Bible that satisfied him. His own mind receives a nobler impression from the story than the artists can give him. Charles Lamb used to say that he got tired of the theatre because his own mind could give him more splendid pictures of the old English drama than he could find on the London stage.

I believe, therefore, the acted drama will be found inadequate as a vehicle for the deepest religious facts and feelings.

It is a well-attested fact of psychology, however, that some minds lack the power of constructing for themselves pictures. There are many people who are deficient in this ability to visualize. I have no doubt that this deficiency is a partial explanation of the use of idols to represent to the eye of the worshipper his gods; that it explains the use of icons, crucifixes, religious paintings and whatever religious summons to its aid from the pictorial arts. To persons not richly endowed with imagination the dramatized representation of the great facts of their faith might prove to be helpful.

Are the objections to a Passion Play insurmountable?

Most of the objections to a Passion Play on the American stage that we have so far noticed, it would appear, could be obviated. I personally know actors and actresses whose characters are such as to fit them for even sacred parts. Indeed, there must be many whose representation of biblical personages would not seem glaringly unbecoming. There are theatres of sweet association, there are upright theatrical managers. Financial profit is, after all, incidental to anything that is produced with expense, and which is given to the public for a money consideration. I understand that the incident of profit does not always appear in theatrical ventures.

I have no doubt there are religious people who would



JULIEN DAOUST (as Christ)
(Montreal, 1902)

like to see the Passion Play given in America under proper conditions—noble actors, a stage of fine traditions and a manager devoted to high ideals. I have been very much impressed at the effect upon friends of mine who witnessed at the Lambs' Club, one Sunday evening in Lent, some scenes of Mr. Clay M. Greene's "Nazareth." The effect was spiritually stimulating, and it increased the reverence of those who spoke to me of the performance for Christ and His church. In the performance I mention, no one personated the Lord; a light prefigured Him. Such a method would remove one great objection to the Passion Play in the minds of the public.

The Oberammergau Passion Play is almost universally approved of. Those who have journeyed to the little Bavarian town return in awe. The difference, however, between the German peasants' presentation of the Passion Play and a presentation on the American stage is one largely of sentiment. The romantic origin of the Oberammergau play, the simple manner of life of the actors, the distant journey, all conspire to produce a sentiment favorable to the play, quite independent of its merits and independent of the essential question whether the drama should use the life of Christ as its theme. The conditions are favorable at Oberammergau. Could not the conditions be made favorable in America?

The drama to my mind is the most effective form of art. It can combine at its best poetry, that form of art which depends least upon material aid, with painting, architecture, sculpture, in a living and vivid presentation. It appeals not alone to one sense, as do the other arts, but to two senses. Painting appeals to the eye, music appeals to the ear, the drama holds the attention through both these avenues to the brain. The power of the drama for good and for refined pleasure is enormous. It is, and forever will be, the great human art. Painting is limited, music is vague, in comparison with the drama. We do not use the drama enough in its highest ways—to present great histories, to display beautiful manners, to reveal the inevitable realization of spiritual states, to charm and awe with sacred spectacles. We have to thank the stage to-day for humor, for pathos and for romance. If ever we have a National Theatre the stage in America may enter into its larger inheritance. I should like to see a Passion Play on the American stage, under proper conditions. I do not believe it would cheapen the Christian religion. Christian people must not shut their eyes to anything which tends to give greater reality to the story of Christ through fear that it will shake their faith.



EDMOND DAOUST (as Pontius Pilate) (Montreal, 1902)



BUSHNELL, SAN FRANCISCO

SCENE FROM "NAZARETH"—THE NINTH HOUR

The biblical play by Clay M. Greene recently presented at the Garrick Theatre, New York, by members of the Lambs' Club, and originally produced by the fathers of the Jesuit College, Santa Clara, California

Celebrities of the Paris Stage

Mme. Segond-Weber

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

A DISTINCT triumph of the season has been won by Mme. Segond-Weber in "Les Burgraves," the sombre drama of Victor Hugo, chosen at the Comédie Française (I really cannot see why) for the great poet's Centenary. I think we may say without irreverence that had any one but Victor Hugo written "Les Burgraves" it would have turned out rather poor melodrama, and, even coming from Victor Hugo's hand, it is dreary in parts despite its noble verse. With all its weird and spiritual grandeur (rather cold, though), "Les Burgraves" suggested to me a Wagner opera without the music.

It was in this, however, that Mme. Segond-Weber triumphed and in a rather ungrateful part, for I suppose a handsome woman, be she ever so great an actress, never quite enjoys making herself old and hideous, and no doubt when the rôles of "Les Burgraves" were assigned last December Mme. Bartet thought herself fortunate in receiving the fair and sympathetic Regina rather than Guanhumara, the witch, symbol in the poet's mind of palsied hatred and toothless revenge. It was this sinister part that fell to Mme. Segond-Weber, and it is edifying to observe with what artist zeal she threw herself into the creation of this gruesome figure, or rather its re-creation, for "Les Burgraves" had not been revived in France since the original production in 1843 and had left few traditions. That she gained greater acclaim than her comrade artistes may be due in part at least to this, that she took infinite pains in little things. For example, Guanhumara, according to Victor Hugo's directions, must wear a tattered gray garment and a black veil. Mme. Segond-Weber insisted on making this garment with her own hands (she used rough sacking), and she herself dulled the black of her veil with a bleaching fluid because she thought it a shade *too* black; Guanhumara must drag a chain fastened to a neck-ring and to one foot; Mme. Segond-Weber would have no tinsel chain and ring, but the weight and clank of real iron; Guanhumara must carry on her bosom a human bone—and here the artist's fancy led her to choose one particular and precisely indicated spinal vertebræ obtained for her by young Charcot, husband of Victor Hugo's granddaughter. Fancy that!

Such heed of trifles is but one among many interesting characteristics

of this charming actress. Never, for instance, does she declaim aloud the part she is studying, but learns it silently, saying it over and over again "in her head," as she expressed it to me; nor does she follow at all Coquelin's method of self-scrutiny in a looking-glass, but prepares herself entirely with eyes tight shut, so that she comes to rehearsals at the theatre having neither heard herself speak the lines nor seen herself act them. Indeed, she has a theory that she would achieve greater freshness and vigor in her playing if she might *never speak her part aloud* until the first public performance, and in the present case she so far tested this curious theory that in the touching ceremony of crowning Victor Hugo's bust that followed "Les Burgraves," she actually waited until the *première* before reciting the famous verses beginning: "Ce Siècle avait deux ans." Surely no one who listened to her on this great occasion imagined that the words spoken by that fine, pale face of tragedy had literally never been spoken by her before.

As a woman Mme. Segond-Weber is keenly alive to the present, as an artist she lives in the past—a tortured spirit of ancient Athens, one might say, reincarnated somehow in a very attractive *Parisienne* of to-day. Hers is a personality of singular contrasts. She cares little for most modern writers, little for Dumas *filis*, less for Augier, in fact there is not much prose that she cares for at all. She feeds on the great poets and finds her inspirations in ancient tomes and art-laden museums. The statues of the Louvre are her dear particular friends, often visited and held in a sort of strange communion; very real to her, I believe, and helpful. This seems fantastic, but who shall explain the ways of a spirit of trag-



MME. SEGOND-WEBER AS GUANHUMARA



PHOTO REUTLINGER

MME. SEGOND-WEBER

edy! Anyhow this is the woman whom Paris is lauding to-day; it was she who was chosen to apostrophize in sounding verse the great poet at the Panthéon ceremony, it was she who laid the laurels on his brow, it was she whom other cities of France chose as muse at their Victor Hugo celebrations, to her the Hugo family have offered their homage in gold and emeralds, to her the government has awarded its Victor Hugo medal and now the Comédie Française has made her *Sociétaire*. All of which shows that merit does count in the long run and that the path of an actress is now and then strewn with other things than thorns.

A letter addressed to "Dick Klein, Esq.," was forwarded to Charles Klein, at the American Dramatists' Club. The author of "Hon. John Grigsby" returned the missive promptly, with the indorsement:

"Dick-Klein-ed, with thanks!"



HERR VON SONNENTAHL AS KING LEAR



BIEBER, BERLIN

HERR BONN AS HAMLET

Ferdinand Bonn

By WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

WITH the advent of the Royal Prussian actor, Ferdinand Bonn, at the Irving Place Theatre, New Yorkers have recently enjoyed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a great actor. Of Herr Bonn's commanding ability intelligent doubt can hardly be entertained. Although certainly the choice of plays made for his American début cannot, as a whole, be called fortunate, yet despite this peculiar drawback two facts in regard to his acting could not fail to impress themselves on the mind of him who followed the performances: first, the painstaking, conscientious attention of the actor to the minutest details, his absolute and constant identification of himself with his assumed part; secondly, his wonderful versatility, which is even greater than that of Richard Mansfield. The first of these qualities, if it may be so styled, he shares, of course, with all great actors; to find his equal, however, in point of versatility is by no means an easy matter, as he is not only a master of tragedy and comedy, but also a successful playwright and violin virtuoso. In the last of these rôles he was seen to advantage in Coppée's rather unconvincing one-act drama, "The Violin Maker of Cremona," in which he had first been called to play years ago in Munich after his teacher's (Possart) failure in the title rôle.

Herr Bonn opened his engagement in New York on April 3 with Schiller's youthful drama, "Die Rauber," in which he played the part of the arch-villain, Fraz Moor. There is a certain lurid grandeur of wickedness in this character which gave scope for the display of an intensity and forcefulness that went far to relieve the crudity and inordinate length of the drama. Indeed, forcefulness is perhaps the dominant characteristic of Herr Bonn's acting, and the quality most likely to prove a stumbling block in an interpretation requiring great subtlety, as Hamlet. It would not be fair, however, to judge of his interpretation of the melancholy Dane by the glimpse caught of him in the part in Dumas' comedy of "Kean," as in this scene he presents, not the Hamlet of his own conception, but what may be supposed to be the conception of the overwrought, excitable English actor. As such, his rendering of the part was eminently satisfactory. In the humorous situations he was unequivocally delightful, not only in this play, but also in the other comedies in which he appeared, notably in his own comedy, "Kiwito."

Of Herr Bonn's powers as a comedian there cannot be two opinions; it is only regrettable that the opportunity to judge of his qualities as a tragedian has on this occasion not been as satisfactory as could have been wished. It is, however, hardly a matter of difficulty to understand the interest which induced the Kaiser personally to take a hand in the negotiations between the "intendant" of the royal theatre and the actor-

playwright, who, up to two months ago, was connected with the Lessing Theatre of Berlin, and to bring them to a satisfactory close, despite Herr Bonn's somewhat unusual demand for opportunity to play yearly as Gast in other cities. Fortunately, arrangements have already been completed for his return to New York next year and the year following, with a repertoire including many of Shakespeare's plays besides other classics.



ADELE, VIENNA

FRAU ODILON IN "THE TWIN SISTER"



COURTESY OF "THE CRITIC"

DR. HENRIK IBSEN

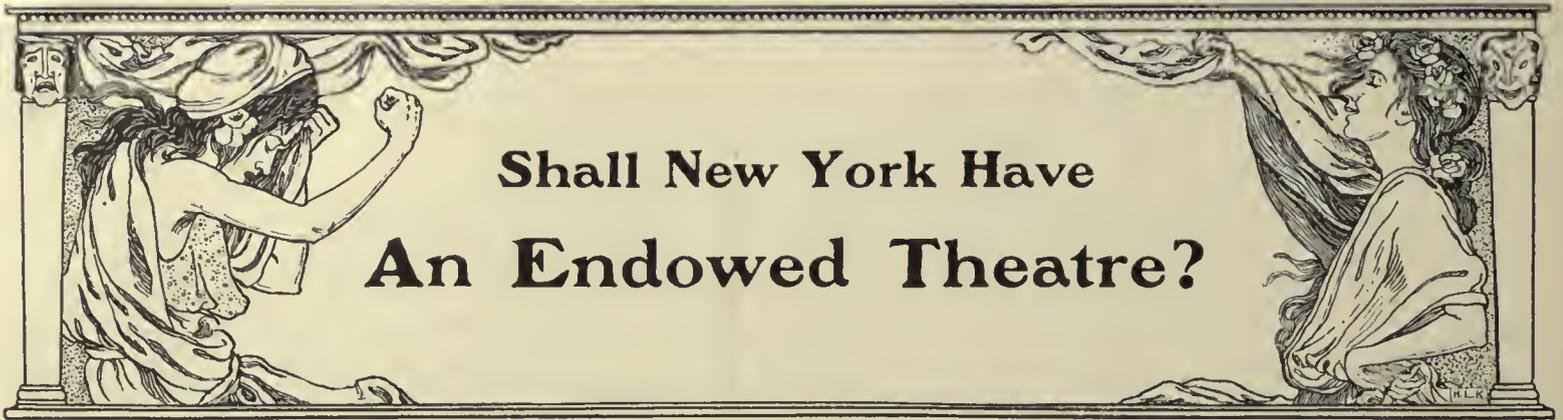
(From a cartoon by Carlo de Fornaro)

TO HENRIK IBSEN

ON ENTERING HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR, MARCH 20, 1902

Red Star, that on the forehead of the North
 Hast flared so far and with so fierce a blaze,
 Thy long vermilion light still issues forth
 Through night of fir-woods down thy waterways,
 And draws us up its sinister, wild rays;
 Lower it falls and nearer to the sea—
 But still the dark horizon flames in thee.
 All stars and suns roll their predestined course,
 Invade the zenith, hang on high, and turn;
 Thrust onward by some god-like secret force,
 They sparkle, flush, and, ere they fade, they burn,
 Each quenched at last in its historic urn;
 Each sloping to its cold, material grave,
 Yet each remembered by the light it gave.
 Thy radiance, angry Star, shall fill the sky
 When all thy mortal being hath decayed;
 Thine is a splendor never meant to die,
 Long clouded by man's vapors, long delayed,
 But risen at last above all envious shade.
 Amid the pearly throng of lyric stars
 Thy fighting orb has lamped the sky like Mars.
 And when the slow, revolving years have driven
 All pearl and fire below the western wave,
 Though strange new planets crowd our startled beaven,
 The soul will still hear on its architrave
 The light reflected that thy lustre gave.
 Hail, burning Star! a dazzled Magian, I
 Kneel to thy red refulgence till I die.

—EDMUND GOSSE, in *The Athenæum*.



Shall New York Have An Endowed Theatre?

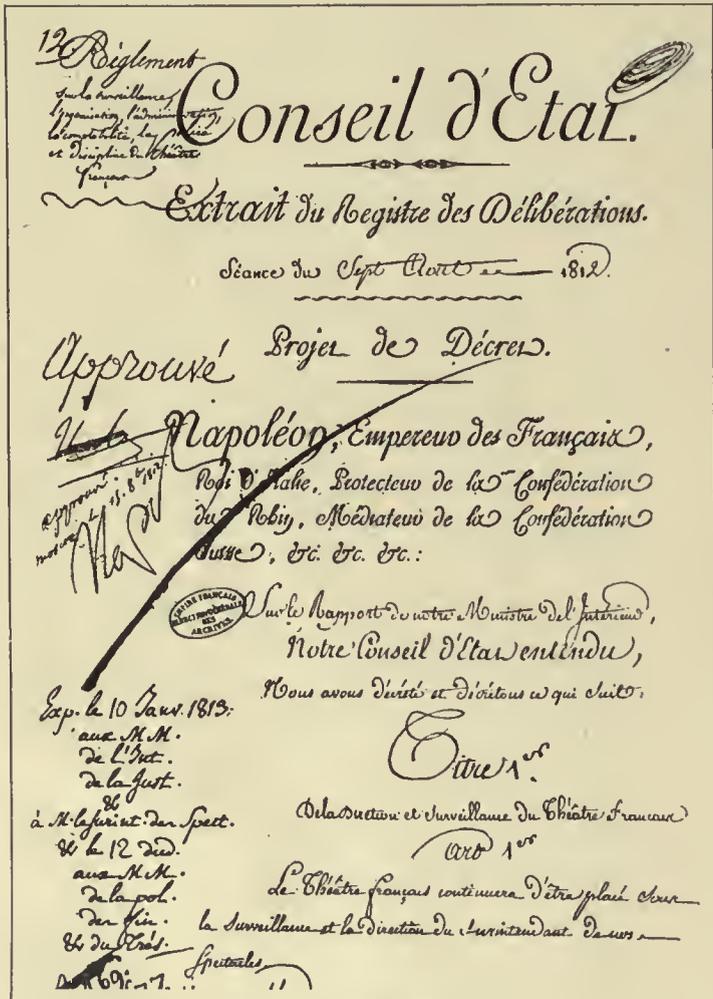
FROM its inception this magazine has advocated the establishing in this city of an ideal theatre devoted to the highest aims of the drama. In England the need of such an institution has been keenly felt for many years, and at the present time an agitation in London for the establishing of a National Theatre is receiving the support of many persons prominent in theatrical and literary circles, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the distinguished dramatist, Mr. Cecil Raleigh, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. John Burns, M. P., and others being at the head of the movement.

In America, and particularly in New York, the centre of our theatrical activity, the scheme of establishing such a theatre has been long a cherished dream by all earnest lovers of the drama and of the art of acting. Some placed

their trust in Andrew Carnegie, but the steel magnate shattered all hope in this direction when, in his recent communication to this magazine, he expressed his opinion that the theatre was not the proper field for private gifts. But since then the agitation has continued, and, we believe, with good results. It is understood that certain other rich men are ready to come forward and furnish the capital necessary to establish an ideal theatre, if they can agree on a plan of action and on the man to whom the direction of such a theatre should be entrusted. In short, the Endowed or National Theatre is by no means such a day dream as many may suppose. Its realization may come sooner than many think. With a view to obtaining a consensus of opinion THE THEATRE sent to the leading managers, dramatists, actors, etc., the following letter:

Many lovers of the serious drama are in favor of establishing in America an Endowed or National Theatre that, by reason of its independent monetary condition, should be untrammelled by box-office considerations—a theatre in which the classic plays should be regularly performed and new works worthy of its boards produced; that should become the permanent home of the finest stock company in the United States, establish a standard of acting and speech on the American stage, and, by giving the classic plays regularly, preserve the traditions of the stage and educate and refine public taste. (1) Are you in favor of founding a National Theatre? (2) If so, what sum do you consider necessary to establish such a theatre? (3) Should you be willing to join a committee to assist in founding a National Theatre? (4) Whom would you suggest as director of such a theatre?

To these questions THE THEATRE has received fifty replies. Thirty-five—and it is significant that most of these are actors—declare themselves in favor of an Endowed or National Theatre, eight are opposed to the idea and seven are non-committal. Twenty express themselves as willing to serve on a committee. Mr. Joseph Jefferson thinks an Endowed National Theatre desirable, but doubts the practicability of establishing one. Mr. John Malone endorses the idea enthusiastically and offers to lecture in public for the purpose of furthering the cause. Mr. Otis Skinner would like to see the experiment made, but thinks the scheme wholly Utopian, and resents the imputation that the actor's art needs a subsidy. Mr. E. M. Holland warmly favors the scheme and would gladly render all assistance in his power. Mrs. Leslie Carter is in favor of founding a National Theatre, and thinks the sum of not less than one million dollars would be necessary. Mr. William Bispham heartily endorses the project, and is of the opinion that five million dollars would be needed. Miss Julia Marlowe expresses herself most decidedly in favor of an Endowed Theatre and offers to serve on a committee.



THE DECREE OF MOSCOW

Reduced fac-simile of the first page of the famous decree of Moscow, by which, since 1812, the French Government has controlled the Comédie Française. It forms a voluminous document and Napoleon's signature appears twice on the front page. One, badly placed, has been erased; the other is seen underneath the words: "Approved, Moscow, October 15, 1812." At the bottom of the page is the following: "The Théâtre-Français will continue to be under the supervision and direction of the general inspector of theatres." We are indebted for this theatrical curio to the *Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire du Théâtre*.

Mr. E. H. Sotheru foresees no difficulty in finding actors and players for an Endowed Theatre, and says that in his opinion the man who founds such an institution should deserve as well of his country as the builder of a church. Mr. Kyrle Bellew enjoys the distinction of being one of the very few who disapprove wholly of the project. Mr. De Wolf Hopper is enthusiastic in his support of the scheme, but he says modestly that he has not given the matter enough thought to give his opinion as to its feasibility. Mr. Reginald de Koven is in favor of a National Theatre, which he thinks should include also musical works of a serious and artistic character. He writes that he should be willing to serve on a committee. Mr. Wilton Lackaye thinks that such a theatre would result in the most cultured of theatregoers being brought back to the playhouse, from which, he says, they have been driven by "indecent, bad acting and bad plays." Miss Martha Morton suggests making an appeal to the public to build a Municipal Theatre, every man, woman and child in this city to contribute 50 cents each, and thus create a direct interest in the theatre's welfare. Mr. A. M. Palmer—quoting from his recent article in this magazine—thinks the establishment of such a theatre would be a great blessing to dramatic art in America, a blessing to the dramatic critic, and, in the end, a blessing to the theatrical manager of the higher class.

In regard to the important question as to who should direct the destinies of such a theatre only a few designate any one person. Of those who put forward a name the majority give their votes for Mr. Heinrich Conried, the present manager of the Irving Place Theatre. Votes are cast also for Mr. David Belasco, Mr. William Gillette, Mr. William Seymour, Prof. Brauder Matthews and Mr. Franklin H. Sargent. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, editor of *The Critic*, and Mr. Edward Fales Coward, both of whom heartily endorse the scheme, think they should like to undertake the management themselves. Among others who declare themselves in favor of the project are: Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mr. James S. Metcalfe, dramatic critic of *Life*; Mr. Douglas Taylor, President of the Dunlap Society; Mr. Norman Hapgood, dramatic critic of the *Commercial Advertiser*; Mr. Henry Tyrrell, lately editor of *Judge*; Mr. J. Ranken Towse, dramatic critic of the *Evening Post* (with reservations); Prof. W. H. Carpenter, of Columbia University; Miss Clara Bloodgood, Mr. Frank A. Munsey, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, Mr. John E. Kellard, Mr. Alfred Ayres, Mr. Horace B. Fry and Miss Katherine Grey Mason. Below are a few of the more interesting of the letters received:

THE BREAKERS,

PALM BEACH, FLA., March 19, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

In reply to your questions, I beg to say, without going into details, that while an Endowed National Theatre might be desirable, the idea of establishing one is impracticable.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.



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MISS RUTH BERKELEY

Played Dorothy Manners in "Richard Carvel" this season. Will appear during the summer with the Buffalo stock company

NEW YORK, April 3, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I think a National Theatre an excellent idea. Farther than that I do not feel myself confident to answer your questions. I have no idea what step would be necessary to take to start such an enterprise, and I should feel exceedingly foolish to be a member of any committee. I would rather mention my ignorance incidentally to people individually than to have them collectively discover it! With best wishes for success,

Sincerely yours, ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES A. BUCHEL
MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS ULYSSES

NEW YORK, April 7, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

Yes, most decidedly I am in favor of establishing an Endowed or National Theatre, and I would be willing to serve on a committee formed to that end. The choice of a director would be dependent on future developments of the enterprise, and it would hardly be expedient to suggest such a choice off-hand, so far in advance of any actual accomplishment.

Yours faithfully, JULIA MARLOWE.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I should think the theatre suggested would be a splendid proposition, but I am not sufficiently in touch with the many details of so fine a project to offer opinions at the present moment. I should not like to treat it lightly.

Yours truly, DE WOLF HOPPER.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, March 19, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I should like to see the experiment of a National Theatre tried, but the scheme strikes me as being wholly Utopian and opposed to the spirit of enterprise in art. The American actor is an intensely ambitious man. He desires always to exert his independent ideas regarding the exploitation of his work. Why do you decry the box-office standard of the theatre? It is a very good standard. Why should we

attempt to give the public what it does not wish to pay for? The painter, the sculptor, the poet, the musician, must produce salable work or go unrecognized by the world. Why should the actor's art be the only art to need a subsidy? The subsidized theatres of Europe sprang from times when kings and queens demanded the services of court players. We have no kings and queens in America. The actor or dramatist who fails to win substantial recognition through his own unaided efforts has himself, not the public, to blame.

Most truly yours, OTIS SKINNER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I am distinctly in favor of founding a National Theatre, which, however, in my judgment, should not be confined to the production of dramatic works as such only, but should, also, include musical works of a serious and artistic character. I should think that the theatre once being built, an endowment of at least a million dollars would be necessary to carry on the work. I should be willing to be one of the committee and assist in founding such a theatre. It would be difficult, before the scope and purpose of the enterprise are a little more clearly defined, to name any one man of sufficient experience, artistic judgment, sympathy, broad-mindedness and independence to place at the head of such an enterprise. The best results might, in my judgment, be obtained by a small board of directors with a managing director.

Faithfully yours, REGINALD DE KOVEN.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I am heartily in favor of an Endowed Theatre. Some time since I made a careful estimate. To make such a theatre absolutely independent, to house it properly, to provide for three or four productions annually, and to have them staged as they should be staged, would require at present rates of interest an endowment or investment of six million dollars. Until the proper man is born or developed the control would have to be a matter of divided responsibility.

JAMES S. METCALFE.

UNION LEAGUE CLUB,
NEW YORK, March 15, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I am in favor of establishing a National Theatre. I think after the theatre and the ground on which it stands are paid for and out of debt, and the house has been dedicated rent free as a National Theatre, that the interest at four per cent. on a million dollars should be enough to cover a possible deficit. I think that the theatre should be managed by a director and a board of two or four advisers (for in the multitude of counsellors there is safety), but their choice is a task that will be performed most probably by the capitalists whose money establishes a National Theatre.

Very truly yours, HORACE B. FRY.

PLAYERS' CLUB, NEW YORK, April 5, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I am not in favor of a National Theatre. Our institutions make such a thing impossible. However we may call ourselves a nation, the fact is we are not. We are an aggregation of States tied together by a limited federal agreement. In that agreement no provision is made for the encouragement of the arts. That work can only be done by the power of the individual State. Even were it possible for the federal authority to maintain a theatre, the influence of political changes would render it impossible to protect such a theatre from corrupting influences. The same cause would prevent the maintenance of a State or Municipal Theatre upon a safe and stable plan. The only means by which the theatre can be made free from competition is to establish it by private endowment and disinterested supervision. Therefore I strongly favor a privately Endowed Theatre, and as New

York is the most influential city of the country, I believe such a theatre should be here. A sum sufficient to acquire a site in New York City, to erect an adequate building accessible to the theatregoing public and establish a fund which would ensure a yearly disbursing fund of about \$30,000, would be \$2,500,000. I should be willing to join a committee to found such a theatre, and would volunteer my services to lecture in public for the purpose of furthering the plan. I know of no man better fitted to be director of such an institution than Mr. Brander Matthews, Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia College. I am sure there are few actors who have *modestly* enough to bear the strain. I would be very glad to hear that a way will be found to advance the project.

Yours very sincerely, JOHN MALONE.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I am in favor of founding an Endowed Theatre, that is, an experimental theatre, for the production of the classics, etc., but supported by moneys invested, which should, I should think, by proper management, render a return. If such a theatre is to be located on or near Broadway, \$150,000 to \$200,000, I should think, would be needed. If the playhouse were situated in a popular East Side district, from \$75,000 to \$100,000, I should think, would be required.

Having for years had such a theatre in view, in conjunction with an expert stage manager like William Seymour, and a capable business man in front, I'd be by no means loath to try a hand myself. Very respectfully,

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I am not in favor of founding a National Theatre. When dollars cease to be the standard of success; when beauty is par-

amount to utility; when society ceases to consider its amusement a plaything; when art for art's sake becomes a dignified occupation; when individual effort ceases to be wholly selfish; when commerce does not absorb the strength of the nation; when the maker of a fine picture, statue, poem, play, or novel may earn permanent reputation for his endeavor; when an aristocracy may be founded upon brain; when the inventor is more entitled to credit than the promoter; when the critic would rather find merit than defect, and is encouraged to do so; when art is considered greater than those who present it; when the effort of the artiste is made without reference to pecuniary reward; when the public has an average standard of taste that does not depend upon extreme novelty and sensation—then a National Theatre may exist and live up to its name.

An Endowed Theatre is quite another matter, and might in time acquire a national character.

Yours sincerely, EUGENE W. PRESBRY.

NEW YORK, April 7, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I fear the scheme is impracticable, but if such a theatre should be established, the man of men for the position of director, in my judgment, would be William Seymour.

Yours truly, ALFRED AYRES.

AMERICAN DRAMATISTS' CLUB,

NEW YORK, March 25, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I am strongly in favor of such an institution, though skeptical as to its feasibility. As a general principle, I would suggest that the director of such a theatre should be nominated by the President of the United States. For a special nomination the name of Heinrich Conried seems to me an appropriate and admirable selection. HENRY TYRRELL.



PHOTO BYRON, N. Y.

MR. J. M. WEBER
(as Cossé-Brissac)

MISS FAY TEMPLETON
(as Mme. Du Barry)

MR. FRITZ WILLIAMS
(as Count Du Barry)

BURLESQUE OF "DU BARRY" AT WEBER & FIELD'S



MISS EFFIE SHANNON

Chats with Players



MR. HERBERT KELCEY

No. 6.—Miss Effie Shannon and Mr. Herbert Kelcey

MISS EFFIE SHANNON and MR. HERBERT KELCEY have been co-stars so long that to separate them, before the public, would be dramatic butchery; so it was agreed that this should be a composite study.

Miss Shannon won her way into the hearts of playgoers through a certain pensive personality that is herself. She is feminine of the old school, before women's rights were so complex as they are now, and there is in her personality and manner to-day, off the stage, a lingering charm of the girl of long ago, whose mission in life was reserve and obedience.

I may express this clumsily, but as I met her the other day, she in a plain black gown, there was that delicate frailty about her shapely hands, her skin that changed to the pink color of a rose when she laughed, and her manner of holding her hands behind her when she stood talking to me, or folded demurely in her lap, as we sat together, that recalled a picture of ideals unmolested by modernity. Not that she was negative in what she said, far from it, she was most positive, but always in that unique quality of voice that is one of her distinctions on the stage, suggestive of romance in temperament, stifled by circumstance of conventions.

In direct contrast is Mr. Kelcey, who may be charged with having created a standard type of Lyceum hero, a type that is a counterfeit of life, but intrinsically a modern development. I think there is the making of a bohemian in Mr. Kelcey, but nine years' service as leading man of the Lyceum Stock Company has suppressed him.

When an actor has been so long compelled, for box-office reasons, to be a stage model of polite heroism, when his soul has been cruelly squeezed by the grip of patent-leathers and dress-shirts, and when the expression of his hands even have been masked in kid gloves, it casts a pallor over the warmth and passion of his stage methods.

"I broke away from that in '96," Mr. Kelcey expressed it, and there is an ominous prospect in the air that both himself and Miss Shannon will be seen next season in an emancipation from merely polite plays to the modern drama of human emotion.

But the most interesting quality in this dramatic partnership to-day is the wonderful harmony by contrast that is between them.

There has always been a unique invisible line that seemed to separate Miss Shannon from strong emotional acting. She has suggested in her voice a quivering possibility that she might cross this frontier between the appealing ingénué heroine and the serious emotional actress, but on that line stands Mr. Kelcey, tall, handsome, stately and serious, not a wrinkle in his coat, not a trace of dramatic passion on his face,—there he stands as though he would say: "No, Effie; emotional acting may be in you, it may be in me, but whatever we do, let us remember that the polite drama is still our specialty."

Off the stage, in the luxury of private personality, they are both modest and unassuming about their work. Miss Shannon occupies an apartment which she has just taken on the upper west side of the city, and a very prosaic, comfortable, homelike place it is. The atmosphere that a woman creates in her home is one of the most subtle indications of her nature.

Conspicuous above the mantelpiece were six gorgeous butterflies, painted by Bierstadt, the famous artist, who died a year or so ago. They had been painted especially for Miss Shannon and presented to her by the painter. I asked the actress if the butterfly might be, perchance, her mascot, and she denied it positively, merely saying that she had hung them up there temporarily. They were radiant enough to stay there always, shedding their glory upon the room. Miss Shannon has grown precise; matters of fact were uppermost in her mind during our talk. It was something of a surprise to look upon her pensive face, her girlish smile, her modesty of manner, and hear her talking authoritative wisdom about the business of plays, theatres and audiences. While she said that the greys of life were monotonous to play, there was a wintry conservatism in the way she told about it. Mr. Kelcey, on the contrary, was quietly jovial. He dropped the solemnity of polite dignity, and



TONNELE
"HE SEIZED A NOVEL"



TONNELE
"SHE TALKED AUTHORITATIVE WISDOM"



PHOTO TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"

"WE READ A MANUSCRIPT TOGETHER"

BY TONNELE

although, as he stood before the camera, he was tensely military, his eye was not serious, and his voice was warm.

"One talks so much for publication during the season that when spring comes one hasn't much left to say!" said Miss Shannon, with the sweetest of smiles and with that *voix blanche* that is so insinuatingly polite. Why had I come so

late in the season? Have you ever been in Denver?" asked the actress, looking out of the west window; "what a charming place!"

"They do these sort of things better in the West!" I suggested after a pause.

"They write very cleverly there; usually young girls do

this sort of thing—there were two of them, charming, in Denver—I forget what they signed themselves," continued the actress evenly.

After all, why tax one's memory with the names of people who write, in these days when ink is so cheap and everybody has ideas?

"Wonderful how they paint these thiugs!" murmured Mr. Kelcey, whose mind was still on the butterflies which Miss Shannon had dismissed. He had come over from his apartments to help Miss Shannon out in the ordeal of being interviewed, but seemed quite surprised when we wanted to take a picture of him.

"Why, I didn't know I was to be photographed, I'd have dressed up a bit," he said pleasantly, then added, "I suppose it's sometimes better when one is not, though," and yielding recklessly to a momentary instiuct of abaudou for the camera, he buried one hand in his trouser's pocket and seized a novel in the other.

"I believe in the husband-and-wife play," said Miss Shannon presently, as she sat back demurely but comfortably in a big chair. "I think, if in our play, for instance, 'Her Lord and Master,' the girl had been English and the husband American, the critics would have recognized the equity of the story."

"You see, you read things in the newspapers now and then that seem to allow the impression that all Englishmen beat their wives," said Mr. Kelcey, slightly elevating his eyebrows, "and it's not at all usual, is it?" he added naively, with a faint sarcasm in his tone.

"In domestic plays people often reflect the unpleasant possibilities of their own experiences—especially when the play is modern," I suggested.

"But, it is so perfectly life-like, and, after all, we didn't expect anyone to take this play so seriously; just as if we wanted to force an international problem upon them!" said Miss Shanuon, with a pensive protest that brought the most delicate rose-tint to her cheeks, and a most charming smile of interrogation. "You see, it's not a great emotional drama," continued Miss Shannon, in quiet debate with herself, as it were.

"Not at all!" said Mr. Kelcey, by way of mild punctuation.

"The character I am playing is an impetuous, spoiled child, and what emotion she interprets is more the petulance of temper than a woman's feeling stirred by some great climax of her life."

"Of course!" murmured Mr. Kelcey dreamily. "We chose the play because it seemed to fit the con-

ditions we require better than anything else we could get hold of. Modern plays have their limitations, and we ought to know, we read enough of them!"

"Do you read them together?" I asked.

"We decide upon a manuscript jointly and we read it together often."

The photographer's instiuct spoke out and he said he thought he saw a picture in the idea.

"All right; where shall I sit?" asked Mr. Kelcey obligingly. We put him in a chair and Miss Shannon stood looking on in an amused way.

"I'll sit on a stool beside the chair," she said finally, "and may the picture inspire some author to write us a strong modern play!" she added, when it was over. Exactly what Miss Shannon's idea of a strong modern play might be of course ran through my mind. I made a bold dash at the subject.

"Would you like to play Lady Macbeth?" I asked her. She smiled faintly, the rose-blush came back to her cheeks, and I thought she was going to touch the springs of romance with a word or two about poetry, but no; she was persistently moderu, almost business-like, in her trend of thought.

"I do think that modern plays have their limitations, that one can do a great many more impossible things in a costume play, and I feel that stroug emotional work is within our field," she said simply. I turned to Mr. Kelcey, and was about to ask him his opinion of an emotional play, when he evaded me.

"Got an important engagement with my lawyer down below City Hall somewhere," he said; "sorry to be obliged to leave you, but I must."

It was an essentially modern thing to do, to go and see one's lawyer, and although I should like to have had Mr. Kelcey's idea of an emotional play, it was not to be. Still I fancy Mr. Kelcey really prefers comedy, which he can play well.

Left alone with Miss Shannon, I noticed her eyes travel around the room, where one or two chairs had been displaced by the photographer, with a disconsolate glance, and she at once began to straighten things up in the room. These inner flashes are

the thiugs that give one a poetic license to measure personality. Miss Shannon's domestic sense of order is a part of her feminine charm; it gives a surprising decision to her thought, a precise and authoritative way of dismissing any subject that may come up—and yet the charm of the pansy is always in her face and the feminine pleading note in her voice.

She is in appearance tender and winning, and she is me-



PHOTO TONNELLE

MISS KATHERINE GREY

Recently seen in "The Last Appeal" at Wallack's

tally alert to the most complex modern tangle.

"You have thought a great deal about plays and theatres and audiences from a business standpoint?" I said, after she had told me much about the business side of a poetic calling.

"I live it, sleep it, eat it," she said, in so quiet and sweet a tone that she might have been quoting rhyme. "It is so interesting, too; different audiences look at plays from such a different code of morals," she went on. "In the South, for instance, domestic life is the one kind of play audiences care for on the stage. In New York the domestic drama must be spiced. A good many people think that this city is the dramatic cradle, where only a play can be nursed into life. Since we have been traveling we have found more genuinely American audiences outside New York than in it. Of course modern plays have their limitations; one cannot do impossible wonders in every-day stories of the hour, still I think we shall probably do a more powerful emotional drama next season than we have done before. I feel that in 'Her Lord and Master' the part is perhaps too girlish for me."

"You have outgrown the ingénue?"

"I suppose so. I think there is reason in that idea to be thankful for actor-managers. For instance, when Mr. Kelcey was at the Lyceum he went to Mr. Frohman once and said he would like the actual leading part in a certain play in which he was cast, as usual, for the kid-glove hero. 'But the leading part is an old man,' said the manager, 'and the box-office forbids you to become old.' It was against the régime of the Lyceum. An actor-manager would never make such a mistake."

Miss Shannon could have talked a long while about these technical facts of the theatrical world, but about herself, the inner searchings of her own artistic ambition, she would say nothing, except that she felt a desire to do a more powerful human and emotional play than she had done so far. She did tell me that she came from Boston.

The great passions of a Kean or a Forrest, the fine frenzy of a Rachel or a Ristori, are not the ambitions of either Mr. Kelcey or Miss Shannon. They are representative of the best modern domestic play,



PHOTO MAREAU

MISS IRENE HOBSON

Cousin of the hero of the Merrimac. Has just graduated from a school of acting and will make her stage début next season

and they carry into the theatre the genteel atmosphere of the homes their audiences have left to go and see them.

W. DE WAGSTAFFE.



JAMES W. WALLACK, JR.

America's Greater Players

No. 6—J. E. Owens, J. W. Wallack, Jr.,
and Mrs. D. P. Bowers



JOHN EDWARD OWENS

IN JOHN EDWARD OWENS (1823-1886) America had one of the greatest of comedians and players of a certain line of character parts. Owens' Solon Shingle and Caleb Plummer were among the finest delineations ever seen on any stage. I know nothing of the man or of his habits, but I am sure he must have been a great painstaker, else he could not have elaborated his personations as he did. No matter how much inborn aptitude—genius—one may possess, excellence is never achieved in any of the arts unless the aptitude is supplemented by careful study. Garrick could not have been Garrick, nor Raphael Raphael, nor Napoleon Napoleon, had they not been students. It is the stretch between respectability and excellence that costs. They that could and are content with the respectable we class with the indolent. Of these, what a number there are! What a number there are, especially in the actor's vocation, that might have been!

James W. Wallack, Jr. (1818-1873), son of Henry Wallack and cousin of John Lester Wallack, was born in London. His father was a Jew, and he showed his Semitic origin very strongly. He began his stage career at the early age of four as Cora's child in "Pizarro," at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Mr. Wallack's place was among the very first of actors of the second rate. He was far superior to some of his contemporaries of whom the world, for some reason, has heard a great deal more. His greatest popular successes were achieved in certain parts of the melodramatic order, Leon de Bourbon, in "The Man with the Iron Mask," and Fagin, in "Oliver Twist," for example. Fagin, which was probably the greatest success of his life, he played at the earnest solicitation of his manager, and not because he was under any obligation to play him or because he expected to make any special impression in the

part. Indeed, he went to the theatre, dressed and went on with only a vague idea of what he was going to do. The story, as he told it with all its details, was very interesting. Thus do we have greatness sometimes thrust upon us! Othello, Iago, Richard and Macbeth were among Wallack's better personations in the classic domain, while he was the only American tragedian that could boast of having made a distinct success of Byron's Werner. The general estimate of James W. Wallack, Jr., is far below what it should be, and James W. Wallack, Jr., was far below what he would have been had his habits been better regulated and had he been a closer student.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers (1830-1895) was the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, and was born in Stamford, Conn. She

began her long career as an actress and manageress at the early age of fifteen, and within two years thereafter she found herself the leading juvenile actress of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. During her forty and odd years of activity Mrs. Bowers naturally played a long list of parts. Among them were some of the greatest—Juliet, Portia, Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine, Mary Stuart, Julia in "The Hunchback," for example, in all of which she acquitted herself to the general satisfaction of the theatregoing public, especially in the South and West. In New York, like many another "provincial" star, she never secured an enviable following.

Mrs. Bowers was mistress of the theatric side of the player's art—she knew the player's trade thoroughly; but she was far from being mistress of the art side of the player's art. She was indebted for her success, which was considerable, in very large measure, to a graceful figure, a handsome face, a big, sonorous voice and an exceedingly sweet, womanly personality. She was the sort of woman that women



PHOTO FALK

MRS. D. P. BOWERS

rave over and that men fall in love with; nor did women or men, upon a nearer acquaintance, ever find that appearances had deceived them. If she was nothing else, winsome she was sure to be always. With dramatic instinct Mrs. Bowers was but moderately endowed. She seldom, if ever, thrilled anybody; neither her pathos nor her passion was ever

the real thing. What she especially lacked was intensity. Her reading was singularly lacking in intelligence; indeed, her reading was little else than a firing of sound at the open vowels. At the very end of her long career the accidental discovery that her elocution had always been very faulty affected her most unpleasantly.

ALFRED AYRES.



French Light Opera at the Victoria



THE audiences which have recently assembled at Mr. Hammerstein's theatre to feast their ears with the liquid measures of the French language and their eyes and ears with the charm of opera bouffe, testify that New York needs some such organization of her own. The French company at the Victoria presented such standard favorites as "La Belle Hélène," "La Jolie Parfumeuse," "Miss Helyett," "Boccaccio," "La Mascotte," "La Fille de Mme. Angot," "La Grand Duchesse," and presented them with commendable spirit, dash and verve. In all the operas they presented there could be greater familiarity with the music and text, but the singers, according to the standard of criticism applicable to this organization, did creditably. Mlle. Deliane, in the title rôle of

Miss Helyett, displayed an intelligence and refinement almost unexpected. Her voice charmed less than her appearance and esprit. M. Gabel had the true spirit of comedy, and, in fact, the entire cast called for individual praise, especially Mlle. De Ter as Manuela.

Offenbach, through the medium of "La Belle Hélène," roused the audience to fondest memories and enthusiasm. One would like more beauty among the singers as well as more costly raiment; the latter shortcoming, at least, could be supplied. Mlle. Laya, who was the Hélène, really possesses a very good voice and she is a clever actress, and merits special praise for neglecting to accentuate situations which verge on impropriety. The Menelas of M. Douchet was supremely ridiculous, and M. Queyla as Paris needs more outline to his characterization of the part.

It is not necessary to say more than that in all the operas seen each individual artiste merited more praise than blame.

To "Boccaccio," which, like the book itself, possesses perennial youth, Suppé gave a wealth of melody and rhythm, and it is a singable, lovable operetta. In its presentation the full strength of the company was revealed. Mlle. Laya, as Boccaccio, lacked rhythmical accent, and she was not helped by the orchestra, which was an abomination unto the ears of the righteous. One felt again the need of better costuming. I do not wish to be accused of unseemly frivolity, but I cannot help believing that almost the most enjoyable feature of this French opera company from New Orleans was--the ballet.

The dear old Philharmonic Society, which fired the opening gun of the season, also ended the battle with its final April concert. So, with the glorious strains of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, we can go to our vacations full of fatigue but with happy memories. During the last month we have taken a short farewell of dearly loved guests. We have said "Auf Wiedersehen" to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Kneisel Quartet, Paderewski, Kubelik, Kreisler, Gérardy, Hofmann, all the various givers of recitals, and now the weary critic can turn his back upon a public larger than that ever faced by any artiste and go to the woods, mountains or seaside and absorb ozone for several months to come. He certainly needs it. There have been about 315 musical events.

At the final Boston Symphony concert Mme. Schumann-Heink was the soloist, and she never sang better in her life; her superb voice went right to the heart. Orchestrally



PHOTOS RIVOIRE, N. O.

M. KAVILONI
French Opera Company



M. VILLETTE
French Opera Company



MLLE. BOSSI
Première danseuse, French Opera Company

the concert was an artistic success, as it lay well within the domain of Mr. Gericke and his men. Of Kubelik's farewell I can only repeat what I have written before, that no fault lies in him. But the piano playing of Miss Torrillon, who, for some mysterious reason, has been associated with him, should not be exploited outside of a drawing-room, and then only after dinner, when innocuous music appeals to the refined taste.

Outside of the last Philharmonic concert, the most interest has centred in the series of Trio concerts given by MM. Géardy, Hofmann and Kreisler. At the last they gave us Beethoven's Trio in B flat. Carnegie Hall is far too spacious for this music, which is chamber music, but a smaller hall could not hold the hundreds of admirers of these rare artistes. I have never heard a better ensemble; and this is the more gratifying because the tendency of each soloist is to stand alone. These are reverential spirits, indeed. The solos played were individually delightful and satisfying to the most captious critic. Of the scattering events there is no need to speak.

At the final Philharmonic concert we were delighted—and I acknowledge the spirit of sarcasm—with addresses by the three presidents, the last of whom is Mr. Andrew Carnegie. It is pleasing to learn that this body of musicians built itself up all alone, and that none of the conductors have had anything to do with its artistic elevation. Not only were the devoted services of Theodore Thomas and Anton Seidl ignored, but those of Mr. Paur, sitting beside the speakers, and who has revolutionized the orchestra since he took its baton, were not even hinted at.

I cannot say that this sixtieth season of this society went out in that blaze of glory Mr Paur intended it to. These rehearsals with men who are physically tired out, a chorus wholly incapable of coping with their music, soloists of indifferent merit (at least concerning the Beethoven Ninth Symphony), all form a weird combination which all the genius of the director could not master. The critics seized the opportunity

to criticise the man, when they might have used their valuable space much more advantageously by criticising the situation.

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.

Ignace Jan Paderewski

American by adoption. Pianist, composer, president of the Polish Hair Trust and idol. Born Podolia, Poland, November 6, 1860. Was brought up from infancy on Poland water, which accounts for the wonderful clarity and liquidity with which he plays the piano. At the age of two he fell off the top of an upright piano upon which his father was playing, and, landing on the keys, struck the chord which formed the keynote of the opera of "Manru."

In 1876, having taken a keen interest in America, he vowed never to cut his hair until Samuel J. Tilden became President of the United States. At the age of seven, his parents' home having caught fire, young Paderewski did wonderful work, playing upon the piano with a garden hose, but was so prostrated by the excitement of the impromptu recital that he has not since encored the performance.

In 1878, his hair having remained uncut since the inauguration of Rutherford B. Hayes, he became a successful candidate for the chair of Rag-time at the Warsaw Conservatory of Music. It was while here that his wonderful command of technique was perfected, and there is a legend still current through Poland that even the piano legs danced when Paderewski played.

He is the only pianist living who can stretch seven octaves with one hand and strike a chord of ninety-eight notes with his thumb. His popularity in America is immense, and has forced him to a personal use of his great invention, the Recital Cage. This is a simple contrivance of iron bars, like any other cage, with a piano within, and is designed as a measure of protection against the kissing bug, which he has encountered frequently in his visits to Chicago.

Paderewski is a great admirer of Marconi, but claims that, while wireless telegraphy is all right, a wireless piano is an impossibility, and he doubts if music can really be transmitted from piano to ear without Poles.—WILBERFORCE JENKINS, in the *New York Herald*.



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Mr. Spinks: "Well, Willie, has your sister made up her mind to go to the concert with me?"

Willie: "Yes. She's made up her mind, and she's makin' up her face now."

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Amateur Players



The Editor will be pleased to receive for this department regular reports of dramatic performances by amateur societies all over the United States, together with photographs of those who took part (which last should be in costume), and, if possible, good flashlight pictures of the principal scenes. Each photograph should be marked legibly on the back with the title of the play and the names and character names of the performers. The benefit of this department to all amateurs is obvious. Each society will thus have an opportunity of seeing what other societies are doing, what plays are being presented, how staged, etc., etc., and it may also lead to an interchange of plays suitable for presentation. All questions regarding plays, costuming, etc., etc., the Editor will be happy to answer to the best of his ability.

THE Deutscher Verein of Harvard has of recent years taken a prominent part in undergraduate theatricals. It used to be thought impossible to produce a German play successfully at Harvard. In 1896, however, the late Herbert Schurz, son of the Hon. Carl Schurz and President of the Verein, wrote a German comedy which was acted by the club in Cambridge. In 1898 "Die Schulreiterin" was given at the Newtowne Club. Admission to these performances was by invitation only, and the affairs proved so successful that the next spring the Verein ventured on a public performance, "Die Deutschen Kleinstädter" being given. Last year two comedies, "Essbouquet" and "Kapituliert," were given in May.

Besides these annual performances the Verein has instituted a series of monthly comedies, presented on the stage of the club rooms on Harvard Square by new members. This mild form of initiation has served to make the meetings much more sociable and much better attended, especially by the honorary members, the professors and instructors of the German department. The Deutscher Verein has been active in still a third form of dramatic production. Under its auspices Director Heinrich Conried, of the Irving Place Theatre, New York, presented, last year, for the benefit of the new Harvard Germanic Museum, Schiller's comedy, "Minna von Barnhelm." Mr. Conried has shown great interest in the recent work of the Verein, of which he is an honorary member, and his suggestions concerning this year's play, "Der Herr Senator," were an important factor in its success.

This comedy of Schönthau and Kadelburg, given by the Verein in March, is a satire on the family tyranny still existing in modern Germany. The patriarchal tendency is embodied in the character of Senator Andersen, the opposition thereto in that of Doctor Gehring. The juxtaposition of these two extremes gives rise to many complications, which are finally smoothed out by the innocent mediation of the dramatist's ideal, Sophie Petzoldt.



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The Princeton University Triangle Club recently presented "The King of Pomeru" for the second time in New York at Carnegie Lyceum. The present Triangle Club is the outgrowth of the old Princeton Dramatic Club, which was organized in 1882, under the leadership of Mr. P. B. French, of New York. For the first few years no effort was made to produce original plays, the club confining itself to "She Stoops to Conquer," "As You Like It" and "The Rivals." In 1891 "Po-ca-hon-tas; or, the Gentle Savage," by Mr. James Barnes, was presented, and two years later the club met with great success in "Hon. Julius Cæsar," by Mr. Booth Tarkington, who took a leading part in this production. "The King of Pomeru" is a musical comedy, entirely the work of undergraduates, the libretto being by Mr. Ralph S. Thompson, 1901, of New York, and Mr. Ralph P. Swofford, 1901, of Kansas City, and the music

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by Mr. L. I. Matthews, 1901, of Philadelphia, and Mr. H. M. Saylor, 1901, of Pottstown, Pa. The principals were Count von Getzi, Mr. W. O. Morse, 1902; Marquis de Blimbeau, Mr. G. L. Young, 1902; Duke Finiginski, Mr. E. A. Moran, 1902; Prince Louis, Mr. H. Herndon, 1902; Randolph Gevins, Mr. W. B. Chamberlain, 1903; Jean Meyerstein, Mr. S. A. Lewisohn, 1904; Herman, Mr. H. B. Noble, 1904; Fritz Blander, Mr. H. L. Mills, 1904; Attendant, Mr. W. H. Abbott, 1904; Messenger, Mr. E. A. Lynn, 1904; Countess de Montaine, Mr. G. T. Bispham, 1904; Freida von Muckelheim, Mr. W.



PACH, N. Y.
 MR. W. S. CHAMBERLIN
 in "The King of Pomeru" (Princeton)

S. Katzenbach, 1904; Countess von Muckelheim, Mr. U. B. Gran- nis, 1903; Kate Meyerstein, Mr. M. P. Dunlap, 1905, and Freida's bodyguard, Messrs. H. G. Otis, 1902, and E. M. Mulock, 1902. All acquitted themselves with credit, the applause being incessant.

The Yale University Dramatic Association, which, two years ago, produced "The Second Shepherd's Play" and a dramatization of Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale," and last year performed a typical Elizabethan romantic play, "The Fair Maid of the West," this year completed the third step in the development of the English drama, by playing as a curtain raiser the Rev. James Townley's "High Life Below Stairs," followed by Sheridan's "Critic." Both plays were produced on April 23 and 24, at the

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| P. B. Robinson, '03
Mittelbach | W. S. Bedal, '03
Oscar | W. H. Chase, '04
Stephanie | L. G. Brooks, '02
Dr. Gehring |
| F. Watson, '02
Sophie | J. P. Hognuet, '04
Senator | P. H. Hooper, '02
Thekia | W. E. Sachs, '04
Dr. Steiner |
| | | | P. B. Olney, Jr., '03
Josef |
| | | | S. C. Colburn, '03
Helene |

THE GERMAN CLUB OF HARVARD

Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, Conn. A more detailed notice will appear later in these columns.

The most pretentious dramatic performance given at Vassar

since the production of "As You Like It" was given in Philalethian Hall, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., recently, before an enthusiastic audience of friends. The play was "Richelieu," and it was elaborately costumed and staged. The hit was made by Miss Uptegrove as Cardinal Richelieu. The cast was as follows: Louis XIII., King of France, L. Merritt, '03; Gaston, Duke of Orleans, E. Pierce, '02; Baradas, C. Allen, '03; Cardinal Richelieu, R. Uptegrove, '03; the Chevalier de Mauprat, C. Cross, '04; the Sieur de Beringhen, G. Kennedy, '04; Clermont, M. Morgan, '05; Joseph J. Suthin, '03; François, M. Brunner, '04; Huguet, E. Jackson, '03; Julie de Mortemar Caroline Stoddard, '02; Marion de Lorme, Kate Wheeler, '05; clerk, courtiers and guards were given by undergraduates.

The Mask and Wig Dramatic Society of the University of Pennsylvania recently presented their burlesque, "Old King Cole," at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, before a fashionable audience. The club is composed of undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania, and has been giving its entertainments at the Chestnut Street Opera House during Easter week for more than a decade. The chief dancing feature is a boating ballet, in which the dancers wear the college colors of "Penn," Cornell, Wisconsin and Columbia, and reproduce the intercollegiate race at Poughkeepsie.

"Our Jim," a four-act play, was recently presented at the East Brady (Pa.) Opera House, with a cast including Harry Thomas, Ardell Montgomery, Charles A. Royce, Adda Wallace, Arthur R. Lewis, Harry Zesky, Arthur Handcock, Belle Montgomery, H. Eugene Phillips and Anna Lewis.

A few examples from the collection of

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THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



PHOTO. SARONY.

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MRS. FISKE, in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles."





BY

CLARA MORRIS

A Story of the New York Stage



With a Frontispiece in full color by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

A PASTEBOARD CROWN

A
Novel
of
Great
Fascination
and
Power

A
True
and
Convincing
Picture
of
Stage Life

A Pertinent Extract

THE actor manager laughed derisively. "A pasteboard crown" he cried, "so thinly covered with gold-leaf you dare not try to burnish it!"

"You do not mean that, Mr. Thrall!"

"I do mean it! A cheap and gaudy thing, the outside blazing with rare jewels made from glass! Inside, paper, glue—a pasteboard crown! A thing worthless, meaningless!"

"No!" protested the girl; "your words are very cruel! I do not think you rightly judge the value of the Crown Dramatic, for even if it were but pasteboard it would not be worthless or meaningless! It would still be a sign, a symbol, of artistic triumph, of true excellence, of the world's approval!"

"You are obstinate," he declared.

"And you are not grateful to your profession, I'm afraid," she said reproachfully; then she hurriedly added: "I beg your pardon! Of course you know of what you speak, and I am very presuming in my ignorance, but"—she clasped her hands tightly above the rose on her breast—"I long to wear that crown some day."

A few red petals fell from the rose and were caught in Thrall's hand. He glanced at Sybil's rapt young face—his resolve was taken. "You shall have your wish," he said. "I will place the crown upon your head; only promise not to reproach me when you find for yourself that it is only pasteboard."

What the Story is

THE story is told with sincerity and feeling, the heroine being a young girl of good family who goes on the stage under the auspices of an experienced actress.

The tinsel, the glitter, the fascination, the triumph, the temptation, are all there—and so is the truth. As a novel, it is absorbing. As a revelation of theatrical life by one of supreme authority, it is altogether frank and convincing.

\$1.50

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THE THEATRE

VOL. II., NO. 16

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1902

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Byron, N. Y.

VIRGINIA CARVEL
(Miss Charlotte Walker)

STEPHEN BRICE
(James K. Hackett)

ACT III.—BRICE: "It is because I love you"

Scene from "THE CRISIS," the dramatization of Winston Churchill's novel, now being presented in other cities by James K. Hackett, and in which he will open in New York early next season



SCENE IN "THE LADY OF LYONS" AT THE GARRICK

PLAYS and PLAYERS

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found a complete list of all the plays presented in New York during the theatrical year of 1901-1902. Glancing the list over, one looks in vain for a single work of any literary or dramatic importance. In fact, the past season has been singularly unproductive. Mediocrity has been the rule. With but few exceptions, the novelties offered possessed but little merit, and, while some plays of a sensational kind and cleverly advertised have succeeded in drawing the unthinking crowd, none are really worthy to take place in the permanent drama, and most have not paid the cost of production.

There is also food for reflection in the fact that the best plays of the season are the work of foreign authors; for example, Justin H. McCarthy's graceful, romantic play, "If I Were King," Captain Marshall's "The Second in Command," J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street," H. V. Esmond's "The Wilderness," and Louis N. Parker's "The Cardinal." Our native dramatists have produced little of consequence, possible exceptions being "The Hon. John Grigsby," an artistic play by Langdon Mitchell and Charles Klein, which deserved a far greater monetary reward than it received, and Clyde Fitch's "The Girl and the Judge," which owed its success largely to the admirable acting of Miss Annie Russell. We must not forget, too, that "A Message from Mars," in which Charles Hawtrey, the English actor, scored a distinct success on his first visit here, is the work of an American.

"Du Barry," which has been played to crowded houses all season, is only melodrama thinly disguised, nor was there more to commend in "M. Beaucaire" and "A Gentleman of France," both of which plays owed their vogue chiefly to the able acting of Richard Mansfield and Kyrle

Bellew, respectively. "The Auctioneer's" popularity, also, was mainly due to Mr. Warfield's clever impersonation of a local type.

James K. Hackett and William Faversham as rival Don Cæsars were seen in plays that did not suit them, and Mrs. Fiske was not fortunate in her selection of the two pieces with which she inaugurated her home theatre, the Manhattan. Among the events of the season that one remembers with delight are Otis Skinner's superb revival of "Francesca da Rimini," Henrietta Crosman's "Rosalind," the appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, J. H. Stoddart's reappearance in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," and the performance by Kyrle Bellew and Eleanor Robson of the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet."

The spectacular piece, "Beauty and the Beast," has been probably a large money winner of the season, and it deserved its success, for it was a feast to the eye and good entertainment of its kind.



Marceau, N. Y.

MISS MARY MANNERLING IN "THE LADY OF LYONS"

It is interesting to consider the degree of success obtained by a new playwright, Genevieve G. Haines, as universal provider of the passion which is said to make the world go round. We may say at once that there was sufficient positive merit and force in "Hearts Aflame," the play seen recently at the Garrick, to encourage the author to toil on in the acquirement of an art which is not a mere inspiration, but a process of reasoning and, above all, a product of common sense. Truth and sincerity should be at the bottom of all criticism and of all play writing. Now, the play at the Garrick was a mixture of truth and falsity, filled with falsities of fact and falsities of art.

This dramatic proposition was presented: A drunkard husband is ruined in Wall Street. He borrows money from a bachelor friend who

has pursued his wife to the point of insult. The wife goes to the rooms of this man, interrupts an orgy and tells him he must withdraw his offer to her husband; then as the man becomes convinced she is a virtuous woman he is inspired with a new and greater love. She, too, grows to love him and in one unguarded moment she allows him to seize her in his arms. She returns home and demands that her husband return the money. He refuses, charges his wife with being unfaithful and strikes her in the face. The men meet and quarrel, but finally the husband takes a check and shuffles out, leaving the field to his rival.

From the point of view of the actor the drama had moments of great force; but incompleteness ran through the entire piece. If a rich libertine seeks the dishonor of a married woman, whose every thought is pure, where can begin the evolution of her love for him? What reason had he to imagine he could despoil this woman? If he had reason, we could have no sympathy with her; if he had none, we can have no feeling for him, except of loathing. There is no basis of fact, sentiment or common sense in their relations. It is time to call a halt to authors who merely write around "situations." Sincerity in a play, both artistic and human, begins with the conscientious fashioning of the plot. If the lover knew of the difficulties of the husband, and had sent the diamonds to the wife anonymously, and with no design on her virtue; if his relations with the creature from the dance hall were not actually meretricious, although he could have promised the diamonds to her, then we should have had consistency, preserved the right tone of character and deepened the situations themselves. The lover's declaration of his passion for the married woman, in the scene where she returned the diamonds, was absurd and vulgar to a degree.

An effective scene was where the latter gave the check to the suspicious and drunken husband ostensibly to rescue him from ruin—in reality to buy the wife—and no sophistry or pretence can make anything else of it. The "great" scenes of the play, then, touch upon human experience, but they do not stand analysis and that common sense which is the requisite of the drama. In attempting to provide social atmosphere for the play art is entirely lacking, for the characters, a score or more, talked and talked to the utter destruction of intelligible action. We wondered, after it was all over, what a certain Mrs. Dunbar was born for, and what justification there was for the existence and slanginess of such a flip-pant person as a Miss Alison Dye.

Miss Dorothy Dorr was worthy in her bearing and acting. Robert T. Haines as the lover and Arnold Daly as the brutal husband were excellent in themselves. In many details the play is crude, but if in her future work, or in the reshaping of this play, Mrs. Haines will submit to reason, and not be blinded by disproportionate overpraise, she will, in good time, come into her share of that reward which the public so willingly bestows on those who reach its heart.

Sir Edward Bulwer's drama, "The Lady of Lyons," would never have lived into its second half century if what the author



Marceau, N. Y.

MISS MANNERING IN "THE LADY OF LYONS"



Byron, N. Y.

STEPHEN BRICK
(James K. Hackett)VIRGINIA CARVEL
(Miss Charlotte Walker)LEADER OF THE MOB
(John Mackin)

"THE CRISIS"—ACT III.

BRICE: "Stand back. I'll shoot the first man who moves"

and the actor of his time had thought of it was true—that it afforded a genuine opportunity for a male star. While Claude is the protagonist of the play, as far as there is one, the lay sufferer, Pauline, is well-nigh the only being in it capable of being warmed into life. The recent revival of the tricky old play, with its false logic, its preposterous manners and its absurd moral, had a certain interest, because of the appearance of Miss Mannering in the rôle. No critic could have believed it beyond her powers, since the part offers very little genuine opportunity for the actress, and so the interest centered on Miss Mannering herself. How would she look as the proud and pampered daughter of the merchant of Lyons? in other words, how would she dress it?

We may state at once that Miss Mannering made a very beautiful picture; the flowing gowns of the period—that preceding the First Empire—suited her, and the dark beauty of her face was softened by the veils and lace with which she wrapped herself. It was easy to understand Claude's infatuation, even though it extended to the blank verse period. The one scene in which Pauline has anything to do or much to say was carried triumphantly, but such a success will never convince anyone that Miss Mannering possesses tragic power.

Mr. Bellew's Melnotte won applause as easily. It was the same Claude as of yore, with a little too much pose, considerably too much gesture. But it was the feature of the play, although an audience may not think so, for the race of actors to which this Englishman belongs is dying out. He alone preserves some of the good traditions. None of the younger men who are coming up to succeed him can carry off the swagger as acceptably. There are other parts than Melnotte which demand such qualities as Mr. Bellew in part reveals. Some of these rôles are well worth preserving. It looks now as if they must die with the school of actors they helped create.

Other rôles of "The Lady of Lyons" were filled by Edwin Arden playing the villain, whose motive was so feeble, and W. H. Thompson, the father of Pauline, with half a dozen lines to speak. Mrs. W. G. Jones appeared as the Widow Melnotte, a part she played at the old Park Theatre a half century ago. The part, like the play, has not improved with age.

Beginning with the July issue THE THEATRE will start a series of interesting stories of the stage, grave and gay in mood, written by Kenneth Lee and illustrated by Walter Tonnelé.



McIntosh

MISS IRENE BENTLEY

Now appearing in "The Wild Rose" at the
Knickerbocker



Falk
THE LATE SOL SMITH RUSSELL

Sol Smith Russell, an actor of quaint character parts, who was held in high esteem by the theatregoing public, died at Washington, D. C., on April 28th last. He was born in Missouri, in 1848, and went on the stage when a mere boy. In 1880 he made his *début* as a star in a comedy entitled "Edgewood Folks." Later he was seen in "A Poor Relation," "The Tale of a Coat," "Peaceful Valley," "April Weather" and "A Bachelor's Romance." In 1899 he produced "The Hon. John Grigsby," and it was while appearing in this piece that his health broke down, and he was forced to retire from the stage. His theatrical ventures were all successful and he died a very wealthy man. Edward E. Kidder, who wrote "Peaceful Valley" and "A Poor Relation" for Mr. Russell, writes to THE THEATRE: "I never wrote for any one who had such capability to give full value to an author's lines as had Mr. Russell. He wasn't half as solemn in character as his appearance suggested. Once I advised him to wear a colored tie to soften his clerical appearance, of which he was complaining. 'Never,' said he; 'I'd lose all my church trade.' About 1886 he decided to retire from the stage, and sent out circulars to that effect. He had made money with 'Edgewood Folks,' but the press declared him an entertainer and not an actor, which hurt his pride. Then I wrote him 'Bewitched,' 'A Poor Relation' and 'Peaceful Valley.' These last two, like Dockstader's horse 'Hydrant,' are 'running yet.' Mr. Russell had a personality that is at present unmatched in the dramatic profession, and probably got closer into the hearts of the people than any other player of our times."

"The Wild Rose," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, is billed as a "musical comedy." It *is* musical, to the limited extent that Ludwig Englander has been associated with the concoction; but the characterization as comedy is pure poetic license. What is more to the purpose, however, and sufficient to account for the silly-season prosperity which this sprightly and showy production can hardly fail to win, is the fact that it exploits such mirthful favorites as Miss Irene Bentley, Miss Marie Cahill, Edwin Foy and Albert Hart in principal parts, together with a couple of score of ultra-chic chorus girls, and that the whole thing is "personally staged" by George W. Lederer.

Rose Romany (Miss Bentley) is a charming gypsy maiden who wears picturesque rags and stockings that don't match in Act I., to contrast with an exquisite Paris gown, and later a Dutch boy's costume, in Act II. Needless to say, Rose is the daughter of a nobleman, carried off in infancy by a gypsy woman, who substituted her own child for the baby countess. The supposed countess grows up as Vera von Lahn (Miss Marie Cahill) and elopes in an air-ship with an alleged novelist named Victor Hugo de Brie (Junie McCree). A punctured gas-tire causes the eloping couple to "drop in" from the clouds to the gypsy camp near Strasbourg-on-the-Rhine, where the simultaneous and equally precipitate arrival, from the bottom of the river, of Paracelsus Noodle (Edwin Foy), a tramp hypnotist, causes a general mix-up, ending with the Countess Vera throwing over her historical-novelist lover for a gypsy Lothario (Albert Hart), and with Rose making a good match with a hussar lieutenant (David Lythgoe), who was obviously cut out for her from the beginning.

Miss Irene Bentley cannot help pleasing in everything she does, so it may as well be in "The Wild Rose" as in anything else. She has a very pretty song about "The Little Gypsy Maid." Miss Marie Cahill, too, is a bubbling spring of natural humor, and sings with demure refinement the pathetic ballad of a rustic youth invited to town by a soubrette young lady, whose uncle, Russell Sage, owns the Waldorf-Astoria and a few other hotels and yachts and things. Edwin Foy's topical *pièce de résistance* is on the refrain of "The Land That's Far Away," which deserves double commendation as being witty without the offence of vulgarity. Albert Hart is acceptable as the stalwart Romany Rye. As for the comedian who has the temerity to call himself "Junie" McCree, it must be admitted that he is not so bad as his name might lead one to expect, and has one really excellent bit in a droll spoken song on the burden of "Some Things That Can't Be



Byron, N. Y.

VIRGINIA CARVEL
(Miss Charlotte Walker)

STEPHEN BRICE
(James K. Hackett)

BRICE: "Virginia!"



Marceau

FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE

Specially engaged for Mrs. Fiske's revival of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and other plays

duced a year ago in the West, and report at the time spoke favorably of it; but, surfeited as we have been with the "musical" rubbish usually inflicted on playgoers at this season, the accounts of its success were taken with a large-sized grain of salt. Chicago's judgment may, however, be accepted unreservedly. Nothing better in the way of comic opera has been seen here in years. We have also made acquaintance with a practically new comedian, Raymond Hitchcock, who, in the title rôle of this piece, proves that he has no

Explained." George Ali does some excellent acting as a hypnotized bear.

After what has presumably been a very unprofitable season, Daly's seems to have a genuine success at last in "King Dodo," opera-bouffe, by Frank Pixley and Gustave Luders, and presented at that house on May 12 by Henry W. Savage. This piece was produced

superior as a fun maker on our stage. The story is good enough for the purpose. The sovereign of Dodoland, a merry old gentleman, deploras the fact that he has seen sixty summers, for he aspires to wed a girl of eighteen. He orders the calendars in his kingdom set back thirty years, but this causes endless confusion, and makes him feel no younger. He has the court physician concoct a rejuvenating mixture, and experiments are made with this with comical results. Finally His Majesty sets out in search of a fountain of youth, and comes to an island ruled over by a Queen who is convinced that only a man with the wisdom of many years is fit for her to wed. King Dodo, therefore, changes his mind, but drinking accidentally of the magic water, he loses his baldness and wrinkles, whereupon he is rejected by the Queen. A second drink, however, restores him to his normal state, and all ends happily with the desired nuptials.

Mr. Hitchcock has the burden of the whole thing on his shoulders, and he carries it exceedingly well. He is immensely funny in his grotesque make-up as the frivolous old King, and while he is on the stage there is constant joy. Long familiarity has, of course, permitted him to extend and elaborate the leading rôle, but his clever performance makes it evident enough that in him we have a comedian of superior gifts and original and pleasing method, and one who possesses the power of compelling laughter to an extraordinary degree. The women in the cast are acceptable in their respective rôles, although none shine with any great lustre. Miss Cherridah Simpson (a soldier of fortune), Miss Margaret McKinney (the King's ward) and Miss Gertrude Quinlan look well and sing agreeably. Mr. Luders' score includes some pretty, if somewhat reminiscent, tunes, and there are also several



Byron, N. Y.

QUEEN LIL
(Miss Greta Risley)

KING DODO
(Raymond Hitchcock)

Scenery by Walter Burridge

"KING DODO" AT DALY'S

The sovereign of Dodoland makes an impression on Queen Lil



Copyright, Burr McIntosh

MISS MAUDE FEALY

The youngest leading woman on the American stage, and recently returned from London, where she appeared with William Gillette
Will act with a stock organization in San Francisco this Summer

capital songs, notably "The Tale of the Bumblebee," which will outlive the piece. The production has the advantage of a good chorus and well-trained ballet, which is also much of a novelty. Mr. Savage never does things by halves. He has proved that pieces of this kind can be put on in good

taste, and, at the same time, be entertaining. The operetta is superbly mounted, the scenery, by Walter Burridge, being both elaborate and beautiful, while the costumes are unusually rich and effective. There is no reason why "King Dodo" should not enjoy a long lease of life.



Morrison, Chicago

MISS GEORGIE MENDUM

Niece of John Drew and leading actress with Joseph Jefferson

which was produced with great success by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt at her theatre in Paris, on April 22, has especial interest in being the first play written by an American or Englishman which has had its initial performance at a leading French theatre. When it is remembered that every dramatic author in France is eager to have his work interpreted by the "divine Sarah," the fact that Mr. Crawford wrote for her at her own request proves her confidence in his ability—a confidence justified, apparently, by the praise of the Parisian press, which is not usually over-leuient in its judgment of foreigners. Mr. Crawford met Mme. Bernhardt for the first time at the house of a friend in this city during her engagement here last Spring, and just before his own departure for his home in Italy. While speaking of that enchanting country, and of the inspiration which its history has always been to art, Mr. Crawford happened to mention that, while Dante had used the privilege of genius in choosing to treat the story of Francesca da Rimini in the manner which appealed most to him, it was a well-known historical fact that she was not murdered by her husband until fourteen or fifteen years after her marriage.

Mme. Bernhardt immediately saw the possibilities which such a part might hold for her, and at their next meeting she asked Mr. Crawford to write her a play in English, to be translated into French. It was begun during his trip to Europe, and he took it to her while she was playing in London, in June last. She accepted it forthwith, and Mr. Crawford then requested M. Marcel Schwob, author of the admirable prose translation of "Hamlet," in which Mme. Bernhardt appeared here, to put his work into French.

It is difficult to be entirely truthful when writing about the class of performance styled "musical comedy," yet truth the readers of this magazine must be told at any cost. Duty, then, compels the frank statement that a poorer and more meaningless spectacle than "The Show Girl," recently presented by Edward E. Rice at Wallack's, has seldom been seen on the boards of a first-class New York theatre. True, one does not expect much in productions of this kind, but one does look for a reasonable amount of entertainment, especially from Mr. Rice, whose reputation rests on his dexterity, in the past, in providing good comedians, pleasing stage pictures and be vies of comely ballet girls. One looks in vain for anything of the kind in "The Show Girl." The humor is heavy as a Lenten sermon, the alleged comedians are not comical, the singers can't sing, and as to the ballet—well, Mr. Rice should put on his spectacles. Surely, it is enough said when we add that the only feature in the whole performance which aroused a bored audience from its lethargy on the opening night was the rather clever antics of a man who appeared in the guise of a cat. It is hardly necessary to explain the plot—as thin as boarding-house soup. Suffice to say, it deals with the various vicissitudes of traveling Thespians on the Isle of Cyprus. Miss Marion Parker, a new comer to the stage, who appeared in the title rôle, has an agreeable personality and voice. Miss Paula Edwards, too, helped to reconcile the audience to a very stupid evening. That unmitigated nuisance, the organized claque, was out in full force, as usual, and succeeded in adding to the general discomfort.

—
 Marion Crawford's version of "Francesca da Rimini,"



MISS AMELIA STONE

As Princess Soo-Soo in "A Chinese Honeymoon"



From a poster by Ernest Haskell

MRS. FISKE

The Art of Mrs. Fiske

THE return of Mrs. Fiske to her home theatre and her reappearance in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Little Italy," and other plays of her repertoire, was an event of artistic importance during the past month.

Through the influence of a supremely artistic technique and by the force of a resistless personal magnetism, Mrs. Fiske makes the commonplace predominantly interesting, and it is not surprising that her genius, in the interpretation and portrayal of characters pregnant with strength and originality, transcends the limited instinct of appreciation and the scope of criticism. Analyze Mrs. Fiske's technique, and you will find that it surpasses nature's naturalness in this, that no defect, however slight be its tendency to detract from the effect of her characterization as a concrete whole, ever creeps into her portrayals.

Naturalism in acting does not merely consist in depicting eccentricities of manner or the diversified physical and vocal phases of distinct human emotions. That the demands of a perfect art must be satisfied, nature must be idealized and shorn of her many nerve-grating vagaries, occurring especially during moments of conflicting passions. It is in her adaptation of a perfected naturalism to her characterizations that Mrs. Fiske excels. She outdoes nature's own art. Moreover, she possesses a depth of introspection into the psychology of character and situation which commands admiration for the self-confidence of its power, and excites a justifiable wonderment by the finesse with which she conquers the difficult intricacies of its execution.

"Put self out and the other fellow in." This is the keynote of Mrs. Fiske's versatility in assuming such antithetic characters as Marie Laroche, Dora, Tess and Becky Sharpe. She sinks her own identity into that of the character she is portraying, and in so much becomes for the nonce a creature of the play. Apparently utterly oblivious of her audience, she never for even an instant stops the magnetic current of her self-personality, which she retains in all her characterizations to enforce, ennoble and beautify her creations.

Beneath her more powerful surface efforts at effect, one is compelled to realize the existence of a subtlety of thought and an exquisite polish of action that can only be compared to the insinuating melodies so ravishingly interwoven in the teupestuons grandeur of Wagnerian music. Her subtlety and finesse are supported upon a primary foundation of intellectuality. Mrs. Fiske's characterizations become idealized realities, because her intellectual capacity for grasping the possibilities of a rôle and foreseeing their required naturalistic execution is such that it rises superior to all the demands which the most exacting character makes upon her, and by means of this superiority of intelligence she is enabled to think a rôle in the very act of giving it an adequately artistic portrayal.

Bereft of opportunities, her temperament and personality are so strongly effective that her silence becomes even more convincing than her speech. Her face becomes the mirror of her soul when in "Little Italy" she listens to the song of the strolling harpist outside her window, and realizes that her former true and only love has returned. Words could not half so well express the secrets of her heart as do the glances of her eyes, the ever-changing expressions of her features, the pitifully regretful gestures of her hands, and the irregular heaving of her breast.

After all, it is only nature that she imitates, but with an intensity that makes us for the first time appreciate the true poetry and pathos of our commonest actions, thoughts and emotions. She does not strive to accomplish a conceited rendition; she is content to startle us with her limitless power of revealing the secrets of a boundless humanity, the inward truth and beauty of which she alone can fathom and properly express.

While playing a character to the limit of its possibilities, Mrs. Fiske displays a reserved force which makes her portrayals doubly strong. She obtains this effect not by under-acting her rôles, but by making each piece of by-play, each gesture, each intonation and inflection of voice, a separate design in the mosaic-motive of the whole. Her concentration of purpose is marvellously accurate in expression and unflinching in results.

All temperaments are hers, because she is a great artiste; yet she brings something more than temperament to the interpretation of her characters, a certain inspiration that throbs through her work and makes it live in the mind of the auditor not merely as a memory, but as a reality, thus combining in herself a technique of naturalism that must ever remain the despair of striving imitators; a temperament that encompasses the entire gamut of the heart's passions and emotions; a versatility of power and conception, limited only by her intellectuality and the unending subtlety of her executive ability,—it is but natural that in passing these qualifications, as it were, through the lens of her personality, they should culminate in the all-consuming focus of a perfect art.

F. H. McM.

A Latter-Day Cavalier

Being a Brief Parley with Kyrle Bellew

Illustrated with photographs taken specially for THE THEATRE

"CHATS WITH PLAYERS," No. 7

Photo McIntosh

KYRLE BELLEW is one of the few—the very few—representatives of a romantic spirit that is not in the plays of to-day. His style reveals the graces and mellow audacity of the true cavalier. There is about him, even in his morning tweeds, an atmosphere of the old school of actors, who have been stamped with the hall mark of sterling qualities, neglected or even unknown in modern acting.

In the days when he was serving an apprenticeship in his profession sentiment caused no such tangle of lives as it does now; lovers had no telephones to interrupt their emotions; the telegraph wires were not busy at Gretna Green, and married folks read their Shakespeare with as much simplicity of reverence for romance as that great poet intended to inspire. Cynics were pitiful idlers, misunderstood and not encouraged, while the theatre, in its best ambitions, aspired to seize the ideals of life rather than its materialism. Critics were not persistently subjected to inane exhibitions of degenerate problems, or to actors and actresses imbued with the business principle of "starring" as a trade.

Art to the actor of the old school was as his word of honor, and poetic drama the senior class he aspired to. Lines were spoken in their musical relations to rhyme or verse, and the man in the gallery who could not rid himself of his own dialect, perhaps, could tell in an instant the difference between a mindless

mouthings of Shakespeare and the true poetic impulse an actor gave his part.

This was the atmosphere in which Kyrle Bellew took artistic form and shape, and it lingers with him to-day, gives him that rare polish and distinction in any scene he plays, whether it is Romeo or the hero of a dark-change drama, or a bit of rare old-stage literature like Bulwer Lytton's "Lady of Lyons."

After all, individuality is a matter of ancestry; the history of the stage proves that the first play was the Greek tragedy, and the highest form of dramatic art leans still to its parent ancestry of poetic plays.

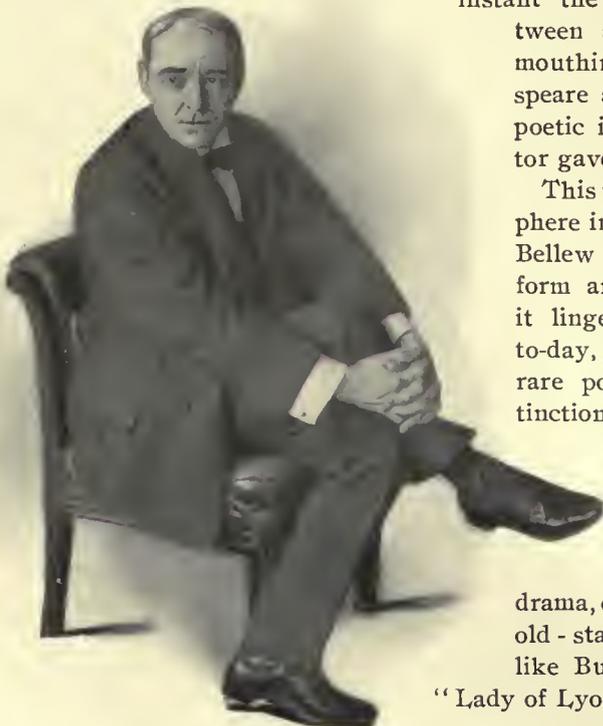
These are considerations that artistes like Kyrle Bellew inspire, and unconsciously, as nature will describe her motives in the presence and destinies of men, the actor moved, talked and looked the "graces" of an old-world cavalier. He had no sword at his side, and neither doublet nor hose did he wear, but in all that he said, as we talked, lived a cavalier spirit of true romance in art, until it needed merely a turn of a phrase or a twist of a word to give the interview a flavor of the period to which cavaliers and nobles belonged. It seemed as if we had stepped into an old inn instead of a modern one, and as though he were a cavalier who had laid aside his plume and cloak, his boots and sword, to wear the costume of a century he did not belong to.

Pursuing this fancy, based on certain indescribable indications in the matter more than the manner of his talk (which was modern enough), I have phrased the actor's words to suit the spirit of his thought, which would be impossible excepting under the spell of a standard classical type like Kyrle Bellew's.

"What, ho! without there; landlord, I say, refreshments for our guest, and good measure of the best ye have. Chairs for the company—be seated, gentlemen, and right glad I am to have you with me!"

Of course this is not what the actor *actually* said when the photographer and I met him; but except for the modern masquerade of twentieth century clothes, he looked the condescending cavalier of a romantic period, not the swaggering, swashbuckler cavalier of melodrama, but the high-bred cavalier, who spoke quietly, with a tone of chivalry and a swordsman's keen eye upon his guest.

Uppermost in my thoughts, of course, was the play I had



Tonnele

"True romance is not of this period"



Tonnele

"It ill becomes a gentleman of France to brag about himself"



Photo taken for "The Theatre"

KYRLE BELLEW

By Tonnele

seen him in at Wallack's Theatre, and our conversation fell upon it.

"It ill-becomes a gentleman of France to brag about himself," he said in substance; "nor would I, for a kingdom, discuss the adventures of any cavalier engaged upon so delicate a mission as the abduction of a lady. True, I have been drawn into many affairs of a romantic nature on the stage, and I have sighed a thousand times in such exquisite tortures of passion as Romeo's, for instance, but I take no credit to myself in these affairs, for I was reared with the last of the great cavaliers of a period in romantic literature that has passed away."

"The cavalier refers to the days when standard plays reflected the spirit of the times, as they fail to do to-day," I said.

"To be sure. Forsooth, I was trained with the last of the great actors, who not only could wear swords but learned to use them; men who spoke with the authority of kings or the humility of lovers, according to the chances of fortune."

He spoke as if of glories that had gone, and, seeing a trace of sadness in his face and hearing no warmth in his voice, I asked him if the poetry of life had died.

"'Tis the atmosphere that's gone," he answered quietly, a

certain bitterness in his harsh confession which seemed to harden his features.

"The love of two people will always appeal, if it be only real, so real that their sufferings will reach the hearts of all who know the story of their love, but it is not in the plays of to-day. There are few cavaliers who value the most trivial assailing of a lady's honor as they would their lives, and poetry of feeling is all but neglected."

"Is Romeo dead, is Juliet in her tomb?" I asked.

"What chance has an ardent boy like Romeo in these days of telephones and telegraphs, and how can Juliet feel the ecstasies of Shakespeare's mind amid the turmoil of a world gone mad on problems? Cavaliers are out of fashion; the lovers of legitimate drama have been so long neglected that forsooth this age has lost the habits of romance. The speech of Romeo has gone with the decline of poetry, and Juliet lingers sadly waiting his return, in the hearts of many ladies fair to see."

"Is there no promise in the man across the seas, whom rumor says has shown himself a poet in his drama named 'Ulysses'?"

"You mean Stephen Phillips. The man has poetical ideas; his verse breaks into nice stuff here and there. But, Lord

save us, is there anything original in it? I'd wager my blade against your pen that not a line of 'Ulysses' will ever be quoted," he said dispassionately.

"Are men and women different than they were in simpler days?" I asked.

"Nay, sir; God forbid that you should think me so poor a judge of my neighbors as that. Men and women are still warm of heart and loyal and brave in each

other's cause, but the love scenes of the modern drama are to blame. On my word, sir, they are put together with less skill than a carpenter would build a milkmaid's stool; they would not stand the pressure of any human reason for their words."

"Call you the play of feathers and swords the real drama of romance?"

He put his hand swiftly to the place where the hilt of his sword might be, quick as a flash, perhaps to resent a slight against the cavalier. Then a smile came about his firm lips, as he realized his clothes had pockets in place of weapons.

"You are well spared, sir, and may thank the period for that," he said playfully, "for, know you, there was no unreality about the cavalier, and his adventures are told to-day again and again in stories and plays, because his romance had one great reason that is not of the present century—love. Master Shakespeare always had reason in his love scenes. Not the reason of mere desire, mark you, sir, but the reason of heart and soul. There is more grace and spirit in one line of Shakespeare's plays than there is in almost any modern drama of this day."

"You mean in the whole world?" I asked, amazed to hear so sweeping a declaration so cavalierly told. "I would except, perhaps, some European countries," he continued slowly, more soft of speech than he had been before. Then turning suddenly, and facing me again, he spoke earnestly of a system by which great romantic players might be heard from time to time: "Know you, sir, that in Germany and France there still exists that system of high-meaning sentiment by which a man is trained to look and speak and feel the graces of an old-world cavalier. It is much as it was in England when I myself was but a stripling in the art of acting. The conservatories abroad are the surviving schools of a chivalrous spirit in the theatre. And let me add most

humbly my opinion that in this country a national school of cavaliers under government control would do much to keep alive a true romance of the drama."

"Why not a National Theatre?"

"Consider well, sir, that when Napoleon conceived the Comédie Française there were only one or two theatres in existence; but now, pardieu, there are as many as churches almost, and each one as good in its way as the next. And, after all, let us concede the fact that the legitimate play is not being written; therefore, what could you produce in a National Theatre?"

"Romance of the period."

He shook his head slowly as he said: "Romance is not of this period."

"But are there no poets living to-day who have beneath their modern guise a soul for chivalry?" I asked, nettled, no doubt, by the calm, hopeless fashion of his denials.

"Where are they? Bid them welcome, right heartily where'er they be; but where to find them? True, there may be men who have got the spirit of the old-world romance in them, but they treat subjects that are not of the public fancy, so no one will receive them. There was one I once knew, a good romantic writer, who lived, breathed, dreamed in poetry."

"His name?"

"His name was Henry Hamilton, and his first poetic drama proved his metal as a poet, but the people would not have his poems, so he took to writing melodramas and made a fortune. Aye! there was a fine romantic writer spoiled."

"Is there no poet you can name to-day who writes well for the theatre?"

"Just one, perchance, Edmond Rostand. He is the one dramatic poet of our day—'tis born in him, as it must always be, whether one is a notary, a pedler or a cavalier; we must be born to our places."

He drew himself up and one could almost fancy he was feeling for one end of his cloak to wrap about him.

The romantic atmosphere belonged to him—as he had truly said, it was born in him, and was his individually.

We said our adieux—this celebrated cavalier of the stage, full of the flavor of a past period—and I.

"'Tis a glorious day; there'll be an awkward moon for serenaders to-night," I thought I heard him say, as he parted with me at the door of his inn and left me under the spell of a bygone aristocracy of art. W. DE WAGSTAFFE.



Tonnele

"The speech of Romeo has gone with the decline of poetry"

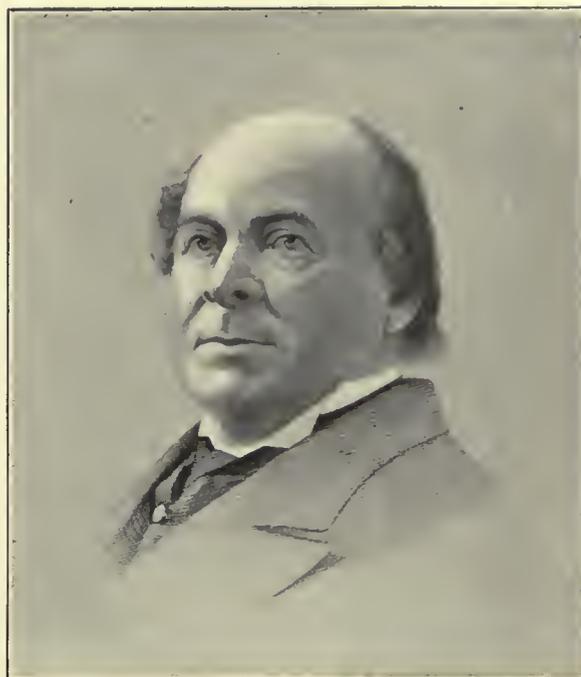


Tonnele

"Shakespeare always had reason in his love scenes"

America's Greater Players

No. 7.—E. L. Davenport, John Gilbert and James Booth Roberts



JOHN GILBERT

From an engraving in the collection of Col. T. Allston Brown

AMONG the more notable of America's actors of the second rank were reckoned E. L. Davenport, John Gilbert and James Booth Roberts. John Gilbert (1810-1889) for fully a generation had no rival in the personating of such characters as Sir Peter Teazel, Sir Anthony Absolnte, Jessie Rural and Old Hardcastle. Deservedly, as man and as player, Mr. Gilbert stood high in public favor, yet the general theatregoing public fell far short of appreciating his art. This was often demonstrated by the Wallack auditors, who would let him go off without a hand after his best scenes, though they were prompt to applaud the horseplay of the low-comedy man. To the last Mr. Gilbert took a youthful interest in his professional work. He was a great painstaker as a player, and a voracious devourer as a miscellaneous reader. When will there be another to take his place?

Edward Loomis Davenport (1816-1877) was one of those versatile actors that acquit themselves well in both serious and comic parts without achieving excellence in either. Mr. Davenport was an indifferent reader and was singularly lacking in magnetism. He was at his best in Hawksley, a character that just suited his temperament. Mr. Davenport's Hamlet was praised by many, but to my thinking it was a very indifferent performance. He did not read the lines, he chanted them—a style of delivery that exhibits little intelligence and less study. Mr. Davenport is best remembered for his Sir Giles Overreach, a personation highly praised by many whose opinions should have weight in such matters.



E. L. DAVENPORT

James Booth Roberts (1818-1901) was a player that achieved eminent respectability with a minimum of native equipment. A good face and an all-round intelligence were all the advantages he was indebted to nature for. His voice was indifferent, his stature small—he was only five feet four—and with the dramatic temperament he was only moderately endowed. Yet, despite his meagre native equipment, Mr. Roberts rose to the playing

the top—so far as parts are concerned. This he did in the only way possible for such as he—by unremitting industry.

He began by studying elocution with Lemuel G. White, a Philadelphia elocutionist of repute, who was also Forrest's preceptor. White's teachings, in the main, were sound, but he had certain ideas that are wholly at variance with those that must govern, if one would be at all successful in copying nature, which is the only mode of delivery that never palls, and is the only mode of delivery that, properly, can be called elocution. These Forrest's finer discrimination enabled him to shun. The consequence was that between Forrest's and Roberts' elocution there was a very wide difference, though their first notions of the art came from the same source. Forrest accepted the good and bettered it; Roberts accepted both the good and the bad and was loyal to his demigod, Lemuel G., to the last. Everything Roberts did was greatly marred by the absurd idea that every syllable should be sent to the farthest corners of the house. The Philosophy of Sound and the Measure of Speech were two hobbies that he rode to the confines of utter absurdity. Between the syllable-sender and the tone-varier (*i. e.*, the sing-songer) there is little to choose; both are wide of having any kinship with nature. In the placing of emphases—always a very important matter—Mr. Roberts was as careful as one could be, as careful, for example, as Mr. Forrest was, but with all his care, unlike Forrest, he often went wrong. The correct placing of an emphasis sometimes embarrasses the most clear sighted. Herein Forrest and Cushman were supreme. Like Forrest, Roberts was a student to the very last. Not a book came out in which he thought there might be something new that he did not immediately possess himself of a copy. If a man so stingily favored could do so much by dint of study, what could not the generously favored do—if they would!



JAMES BOOTH ROBERTS

ALFRED AYRES.



Childish Recollections of Clara Morris

By VIVIA OGDEN



"I had at that time a friend—Mrs. Mollie Ogden. * * * Suddenly she began to expect another visitor—a *wee* visitor, whom we hoped would remain permanently—and, goodness mercy! I nearly lost my reputation through the chambermaid finding in my work-basket some half-embroidered, tiny, tiny jackets; whereupon she announced to the servants, in full assembly, that I had too soft a tongue and was deeper than the sea; but she had her eyes open, and, judging from what she found in my work basket, I was either going to buy a monkey for a pet

or I had thrown away my character completely. * * * When the *wee* stranger arrived she might well have wondered whom she belonged to. At all events, she 'goo-gooed and gurgled' and smiled her funny, three cornered smile at me as readily as at her mother, and my friendly rights in her were so far recognized by others that questions about her were often put to me in her mother's very presence, who laughingly declared that only in bed with the light out did she feel absolutely sure that the baby was hers."—From "*Life on the Stage*," by CLARA MORRIS.



VIVIA OGDEN AS A CHILD

CLARA MORRIS, in her reminiscences of the days of the old stock company in Cleveland, has made frequent mention of my father and mother, and also of the fact that the assistance she gave my mother in preparing my wardrobe before my arrival on the stage of life very nearly resulted in her being seriously compromised in the eyes of her landlady.

In those busy days, with a nightly change of bill, daily rehearsals and the makeshifts one had to resort to for wardrobes of their own, it speaks volumes for the friendship existing between my mother and "Aunt" Clara (as I have always called Miss Morris) that she should steal time from her many duties to make clothes for me, especially as it must have been a hard task, because she always detested plain sewing, and then, too, my mother says her efforts to dress herself in those days were positively pitiful. On one occasion Aunt Clara was playing some part on short notice; it was a "dressy" part, and my mother and she had made the most of her poor belongings. Aunt Clara had arranged her hair very prettily and my mother stood off to admire the effect of their joint faking. My mother said: "Oh! Clara, wouldn't a yellow rose look lovely in your hair?" "Beautiful, Mollins—if I only had the rose." She had no roses in those days, only thorns. She told me that nothing has filled her with the pride and satisfaction that she experienced when she, as one of the guests in the ball-room scene of "*Camille*," appeared in a cheap muslin dress and a blue paper-muslin sash; not even when she played *Camille* in Worth gowns—a part which, by the way, she hated and fought against playing as long as she could, but in which she achieved one of her greatest triumphs.

She was very anxious I should bear her name and she be my godmother, but my mother had vowed, when in the convent, that her first daughter should be named Genevieve, so I was given that name at my baptism and have never been called by it since. Aunt Clara, being a Protestant, could not be my godmother according to the laws of the church, but for many

years she performed the temporal duties of that relationship, and to me she was a veritable fairy godmother, from whom I received spoiling whenever she was about, and presents of various kinds when she was not. Yet my own recollection of Aunt Clara seems to begin after she had left the stock company in Cleveland, and is connected with one of the bitterest disappointments I have known. At this time my father was the second comedian in Mr. Ellsler's company, and my mother was wardrobe mistress. They were away from home all day and I was left in the care of aunts and grandmother. One day I conceived the idea that when my mother returned Aunt Clara would accompany her; no one had told me this, nor had I heard it discussed; it was simply one of those fixed ideas which children sometimes get. I said nothing of this to any one, only I made up my mind that I would be so heavenly good that the aunts would be sure to tell my mother about it, and of course Aunt Clara would be duly impressed with my angelic qualities. All day long I was so sweet and obedient that the aunts would exchange glances of amused astonishment. Grandma looked anxious and felt my head, saying, "I hope the child isn't going to be sick." Then when my mother did come and no Aunt Clara, I was furious and burst into tears. It seemed a day of wasted effort, and no other disappointment has ever affected me any more strongly.

I also fought two battles on her account. The first one was with my "nintimate friend" Nette. We were about four at the time, and Nette and I were strolling up the street regaling ourselves with a confection popular at that period. It was called O. K. candy, and was a white stick with red letters, "O. K.," on each end. When the white had been dissolved there



CLARA MORRIS AT 18

still remained a small red stick, which could then be chewed. After the manner of children, we were seeing which one of us could boast most. Nette displayed something which a rich aunt had given her. I displayed my white dress and blue shoes. "My Aunt Clara sent these to me from Sincenati" (Cincinnati). Nette then boasted, and I took my candy from my mouth. "When I was in New York my Aunt Clara bought me blue 'O. K.' candy."

"Her didn't."

"Her did, and her'll send me a whole jarful of blue 'O. K.' candy."

"Her won't, 'cause they ain't no blue 'O. K.' candy."

"They is in New York."

"They ain't; 'sides, you said her was in Sincenati."

"Well (proudly), Sincenati is in New York."

"It ain't."

Further argument was impossible, and I regret to say we resorted to buffeting each other. My mother saw the fray and made me come home. I explained that my idol had been maligned, but she harrowed me more by saying: "Yes, I'd like to know what your Aunt Clara would say to you if she could see you fighting on the streets on Sunday. She'd disown you." This disgrace was too much, and I howled dismally.

My next battle was with a girl I met at the public school which I soon began to attend. Aunt Clara, with her own struggle for an education fresh in her mind, wished to spare me a like experience, and offered to send me to Paris to be educated, providing my mother would let her adopt me. Mamma would not consent, and in course of time I went to the public school. I was always a source of wonder to my school companions because I "acted in a theatre," and most of them had seen me play, at one time or another, the parts I was cast for, being, as a rule, unhealthy infants who were horribly good and died young—Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Little Willie in "East Lynne." This girl was much older and had histrionic ambitions. She came one Sunday and asked that I be allowed to go to church with her, and my mother consented. All through the service we talked in stage whispers about stage folks, until finally I announced: "My Aunt Clara is the grandest actress in the world, and she gets ten thousand dollars a night." The girl gasped: "Oh! you little liar." Now, on the stage the word "liar" was always followed by a blow; so I instantly slapped her face; we grappled; the pews were high old-fashioned affairs, with very narrow seats; we rocked madly back and forth, and finally pitched forward on the floor, and this in the most solemn part of the mass. A buxom Irish woman grabbed us, separated us, shook us well, and sat down between us. When I

recounted this to Aunt Clara she said: "Ten thousand a night! I wish I did, but what made you tell such a story?" I thought I was speaking the truth. It's a wonder I didn't make it millions."

Aunt Clara made several visits to Cleveland. She came once when my sister, her namesake, was a baby, and they took an instant aversion to one another. The baby had been very ill, and was much humored and petted. I know now that Aunt Clara imagined I was slighted, and it enabled her to give me a little extra spoiling; but to the baby Clara she did not take at all. It was mutual, for whenever the baby looked at her she would make a face, and Aunt Clara would make a worse one back, so that baby would yell and have to be taken from the room.

It must have been on this visit that Aunt Clara told us she was going to be married. She spoke of it on one visit, and then did her favorite trick—put a thumb in each ear and waggled her fingers. How I hated this possible husband! Not that I knew what a husband was, for I couldn't have been more than four at the time, and until quite ten or eleven I always fancied that every really nice girl married her father, but I felt in some way that he would lessen my popularity with Aunt Clara.

On her next visit my chief recollection is of her bringing

cold cream for my chapped hands, and as misfortune was largely our share at that time, arguing violently with my mother about the advantages I would obtain if my mother would only consent to her adopting me.

My mother and I went to see her at rehearsal. At this time no one carried their own companies; they came as stars and were supported by the stock company. When we got to the theatre Aunt Clara was kneeling at a man's feet weeping. I violated all rules of stage etiquette by starting across the stage to her. The stage manager tried to stop me, but she motioned for me to come and I went over and put my arms around her neck and tried to comfort her, wondering what she had done that the man should be so angry with her. It was the scene in the third act of "Camille," between Armand's father and Camille, but it all seemed so real, not like a rehearsal at all, and yet I knew all about rehearsals, for I had acted from the time I was three months old. The business she did in the last act of "Camille" is distinctly photographed on my mind—her supporting herself by the aid of a chair until she reached the window, and speaking of the little girl who offered her the toy. I wished she would take it and give it to me. It was very curious, but while I had always been connected with the theatre, I was never able to



CLARA MORRIS AT 21

From a photo taken before she came to New York



Copyright, Aime Dupont

MISS CLARA MORRIS AS SHE IS TO-DAY

separate the real from the unreal, so when she spoke of that child, to me a child really passed under the window. When I played in "Rip Van Winkle," although I knew every member of the cast, and even saw the men adjust their masks, nevertheless I would lie awake whole nights shaking with fear that Hendrick Hudson's phantom crew would come and carry me off. After seeing "Davy Crockett," every time the wind howled it was the wolves coming to devour me. So when I saw Aunt Clara carried on in the last act of "Alixé," and lie there motionless and rigid all through that last act, a fragment of foliage in her limp hand, to me she was positively and really dead, although I knew that when the curtain fell I would go back to her dressing room and see her. When I saw her next day she gave me a basket of candy with a big orange in the centre and pinned some money in my dress, which, heaven knows, we needed bad enough. She used to send us lovely things at Christmas, and so did Mr. Ellsler, or Uncle John, as we children called him. Everybody was uncle and aunt in those days, and some of them so funny and emotional and so like the people in "Trelawney of the Wells," that when my sister and I saw that play in New York she said, "Vivie, don't they remind you of the 'bunch' that used to come to our house when we were little?"

One Christmas Uncle John sent us a set of doll's furniture, bureau, bedstead, table, etc., and Aunt Clara sent a kitchen and laundry set. There was also a beautiful doll. It was exquisitely dressed and named Clara Morris. One day, while my sister was taking her nap, Nette and I put Clara Morris to

bed in all her Parisian finery in the little blue bedstead. She had to sleep on the slats, as we never had a mattress. Nette and I were keeping house behind the kitchen stove at the time, and when we had seen the lovely lady close her waxen lids we went calling, or shopping, or something. When we returned she was no longer a thing of beauty, for the heat of the stove had melted her face. How to break this awful news to her youthful mother we didn't know. Suddenly I had an inspiration. Small-pox was raging at that time, and when my little sister awoke I ran to her and said, "Oh, Clara! what do you think? While you were sleeping Clara Morris had small-pox." She looked at the doll a minute, then held out her arms: "Come to your muddy, darlin'." She seemed to love her all the better for her disfigurement and told everybody, "Mine poor schild had 'mall-pox."

One winter I played an engagement in New York and Aunt Clara was giving a series of matinées at the Union Square Theatre. I went to see her in her dressing-room before the matinée and stayed until the overture was called, when Mr. Harriott took me in front. The play was "Camille," and the house was packed. I cried until I was nearly blind, and so did nearly everybody else. I suppose it must have been a remarkable cast, but I remember only two names, Charles Thorne, who was the Armand, and Maud Harrison, who played Nanine or Nichette. After the performance, which ran until nearly six o'clock, owing to the length of time during the entre-acts, and for which Miss Morris was famous, I again went to her dressing room. She asked me what I would rather have than anything else, and I replied "A bracelet." The only thing that impressed itself on my mind during this visit was a box of the most beautiful rings, diamonds, sapphires, rubies, pearls, in fact every jewel you could think of, including a beautiful pink pearl and a curious thumb ring which she wore only in Cora in "Article 47." I was so absorbed in trying these on that most of the conversation escaped me.

Some time after that we were engaged as members of her company—Clara to play Paul and I to play Jane in "Miss Multon," a version of "East Lynne." Mr. Harriott directed the rehearsals up to a certain point, then Aunt Clara took charge. The first day, which was excessively warm, she appeared in a pretty summer silk, a big plumed hat and curious but beautiful turquoise earrings; her hair was elaborately dressed. As the rehearsal went on she removed first her hat, then retired to a room and put on a dressing sacque, and finally, during a particularly hard-working scene, she calmly unpinned her elaborate coiffure and laid it on the prompt table. Mr. Harriott put it in his pocket, knowing probably that she would not think of it again that day, and in all likeli-



Holland, Boston

MISS VIVIA OGDEN

Was a member of the "Way Down East" Co.
last season

hood she would be too tired to dress again, but would simply get into her carriage and be driven home.

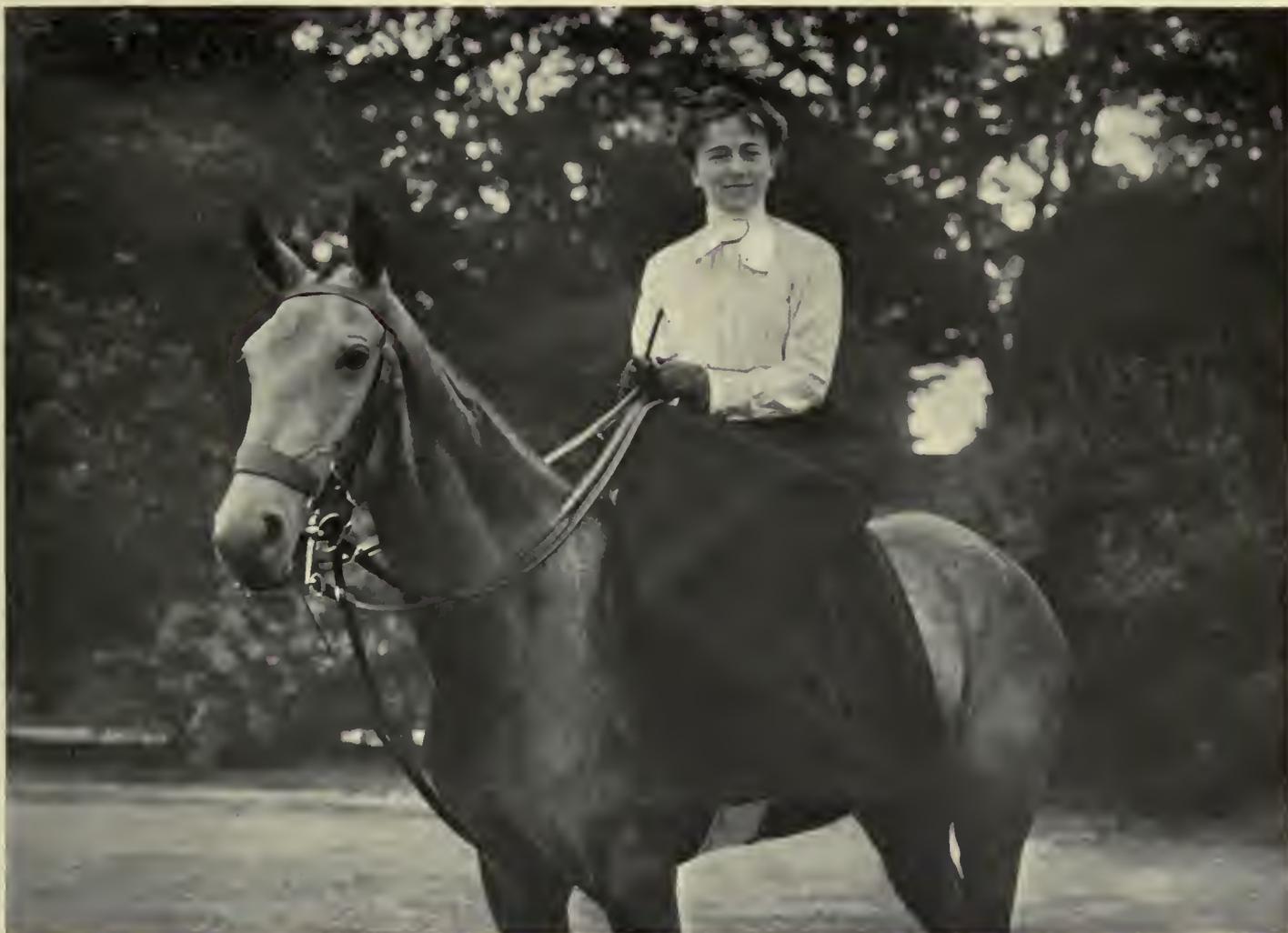
We rehearsed three weeks and then opened in New York. No one who is not a professional player can have any idea of the torture of a first night. I do not think I could feel any worse, and time never seemed to lessen the agony. Even if it is only to speak a few lines in the jayest one-night stand, it is the same. Jane was a very important part, all of her scenes being with Miss Morris. I don't know how I got through the early acts, but I shall never forget the last act. The two children enter upon the stage with their father, who has brought them to see their dying mother, who is to them their former governess, Miss Multon. We came on; Miss Morris turned to us and held out her hands, her back to the audience. Nothing—not all the three weeks of rehearsals—had in any way prepared me for the effect she had on me. Of course her make-up, the gray hair, pale face and the blue dressing-gown over the white night-gown all helped, but when I saw her face all quivering with emotion I burst into tears and ran into her outstretched arms.

The Doctor then seats Miss Multon in a chair, and Jane pleads with her to confirm the suspicion she has that Miss Multon is her mother, but finally throws herself into Miss Multon's arms, saying, "Call me your child—yours—mother!" How I ever gained self control enough to speak at all I don't know, but I managed to sob out my speeches and wound up with a great burst of grief. Miss Morris leaned over me, her own face stained with tears and agony in every line of it. She

improvised business, letting me sob and cry. Finally she leaned over and whispered, "Shut up now, and give me a show." This continued several nights until the nervous strain wore off, and I was able to simulate the same emotion without feeling it. The first night I played this scene, producing the effect of tears in my voice without shedding any, she gave me a pat on the back and said, "Good child." I used always to pretend to cry and sob, as I did in reality the first night, and when she thought we had obtained all the effect that could be produced, she would either press her fingers into my back or else whisper, "Ring off."

But her power was so wonderful that she could move the people who were acting with her almost as easily as she could her audience, and the man who played Gaston always came off from that scene with Camille in the last act with his eyes moist.

While Miss Morris did cry real tears, she never lost her self-control, for in the middle of a most emotional scene, during which you could hear the sobbing in the audience, and in which Miss Morris would be weeping copiously, she would suddenly turn up stage and say something in an undertone so spontaneous and witty that it was almost impossible to keep your face straight. Then in a second she would be plunging ahead, carrying everything before her. She had such a wonderful face and voice; she could do anything with it, and her hands were so exquisitely beautiful, and nearly as expressive as her face. There were certain tones in her voice, which, even to think of them now, will bring tears to my eyes.



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MISS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER TAKING A RIDE IN THE PARK



Tonnele, N. Y.

MISS GRETCHEN LYONS in "Soldiers of Fortune"

could hear the audience sniffing and weeping. One night, after a performance of Miss Multon in Kansas City, we children got into the elevator in the hotel with a man and a woman. The woman was positively raving. She said: "That woman, how dare she? She should be stopped; she's a wicked woman!" I looked around for the offending creature, when the woman began again: "That Clara Morris—she should be stopped. She has no right to wring people's hearts as she does. She ought not to be allowed to make people suffer in that way. She—" and the woman broke into hysterical weeping and was led away by her escort.

It frequently happened that in the mad scene in "Article 47" women would faint, and always at the same point. Miss Morris used to seat herself in a chair, and, asking a question, put her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand and gaze straight into the audience. People fancied she selected some person in the audience on whom she concentrated her gaze, and they were unable to stand the strain of this mad woman's eyes. This scene was simply marvellous, lasting from twenty to twenty-five minutes, with no one on the stage but herself, and during that time she portrayed every phase of sordid revenge and madness, and held her audiences spellbound.

I have never heard of any one who dared take the liberties

with the public that she did. The waits between the acts were something awful, lasting sometimes forty-five and fifty minutes, and this often for no other reason than simply that Miss Morris would not hurry. The public imagined, of course, that she was going through all sorts of physical torture and suffering, and this only added to their interest in the woman. Many times she was ill, but often she just dawdled around. Sometimes the managers of the theatres would undertake to discipline her, then we did have fun. One night the house was packed and the local manager came back and saw our stage manager, Mr. Bird. He said, "We ring in the overture at 8:15 sharp." Mr. Bird said, "I do not know if Miss Morris will be ready at that time." "Ready or not, we ring in at 8:15" Mr. Bird shrugged his shoulders and went to Miss Morris' door. "Will you be ready at 8:15, Miss Morris?" "Can't possibly say," retorted that lady. Mr. Bird reported this answer to the manager. "Ready or not, we ring in;" and he did. Miss Morris sent some one flying for Mr. Bird. "Who dared ring in without finding out whether I was ready?" "The manager of the house, madam," replied Mr. Bird, who was secretly enjoying the situation. "Oh! he did; very well, for that he can just wait or dismiss the house, as he chooses" It is needless to say he did *not* dismiss the house, and the "band played on" at intervals until about 9:30, when we rang up; and the manager learned that while he might be able to manage his house, he couldn't manage Miss Morris.

the time you

Sometimes after an entrance one was given an interminable time would elapse before she would make her entrance, and if you were the person waiting it seemed years. Miss Multon always had music for her entrances and the orchestra would play and play. One night she dashed into an entrance and said to my sister, "Has the music played through often?" Clara answered tactfully, "About fourteen times." Then again, in one of your speeches, she would whisper, "Excuse me," and disappear, be gone as long as she liked, return and say, "As I was saying," or "You were saying, dear?"

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Schloss, N. Y.

MISS DOROTHY DONNELLY in "Soldiers of Fortune"



Hall, N. Y.

THE STARS OF WEBER & FIELDS'

The above picture, taken on May 1, is particularly interesting from the fact that it is probably the last time all those photographed will be seen together as members of the Weber and Fields organization. De Wolf Hopper leaves to star next season in "Pickwick," and Sam Bernard also quits the fold to appear in a piece of his own. The portraits from left to right are: De Wolf Hopper, Miss Lillian Russell, Lew M. Fields, John T. Kelly, Fritz Williams, Miss Fay Templeton, Sam Bernard, Lee Harrison, Bessie Clayton and Joe Weber.

She did this one night to a girl who was playing Nanine in "Camille" for the first time. Aunt Clara finished her own speech, and just as Nanine was about to reply Miss Morris murmured, "Excuse me, Nanine," and wandered off. Nanine said that just as that cue came every line left her, and when Miss Morris spoke she could have embraced her, for it gave her time to collect her thoughts; but no, the truant speech would not return, and poor Nanine racked her brain in vain. It was useless, and she began to hope that Camille would never return, but presently Miss Morris returned and said: "As you were saying, Nanine?" Nanine gasped out, "I wasn't, I'd stuck." Miss Morris improvised something to help out the scene. Usually these little excursions were to get something to drink, milk or black coffee, which had not been placed on the stage. Often in one of her strongest scenes she would turn her back and take a drink of milk, or if milk was within reach and she felt a yearning for coffee, she would wander off and get it.

One of the stories they used to tell about Charles Thorne was, that once when playing Armand to Aunt Clara's Camille, in the parting scene in the third act, she got "a terrible thirst." Seizing Mr. Thorne by the arm she whispered hurriedly, "Excuse me, I want to go and get a cup of tea," and off she went. He looked after her a second, smiled blandly at the audience and said: "That's good; I guess I'll go and get a cup of tea myself," and off he went. With any one else these things would have been fatal, because no actor or actress can

afford to "drop" a scene, even if they don't leave the stage, but no matter how long she remained off the stage, the minute she returned she brought all the necessary atmosphere with her and was able instantly to regain her grasp of her audience; in fact, I think she didn't lose it, for generally they waited quietly; but if they did get restless, the minute she appeared they were as hushed and expectant as if the scene had never been interrupted.

Miss Morris had a curious aversion to food and clothes. For some time I traveled with her in her private car and stayed at the same hotels with her, and I never remember seeing her take any solid food of any kind. She drank milk and strong black coffee, never wine or liquor of any sort. She was supposed to drink beef juice, and this Mr. Harriott religiously prepared and handed into the room at intervals, but she only took a few swallows, as she said it was nauseous to her, and the rest we threw out of the car window. When Mr. Harriott referred, in my presence, to the good the beef juice was doing her, she would either wink solemnly at me or else pinch me. She never got up during the day, or rather she was supposed to stay quietly in bed and rest; she didn't though, but she never dressed until time to go to the theatre. I always saw her dressed in a beautiful night-gown, with quantities of fine hand-made tucks in it, and a pair of bath slippers. Her gown was usually fastened at the neck with a huge cameo brooch (Raphael's Second Hour of the Watch), surrounded by large diamonds. She was never with-

out this article of jewelry, either on her person, under her pillow or sometimes just carried in her hand. The combination of night-gown, diamond-studded brooch and bath slippers was exceedingly funny.

She would wander round and round the room, talking, talking, talking incessantly. First she would wind up her hair into a bob knot at the back, then she would unwind it. Her hair was plentiful and of various shades of brown. She always said, "My hair is striped like a zebra," and she had a cowlick at which she used to rail occasionally. She slept, I think, as little as she ate, because we used to talk half the night after we got home from the theatre, and we never got home very early, as our performances ran so late. The car we had was divided into rooms, and when Mr. Harriott thought we had talked long enough he would knock on the door and say it was time for me to go to bed. I would then ostensibly go to my room, only to steal cautiously back again when we thought Mr. Harriott was out of the way. Often in the morning, long before it was time for us to be up, she would bribe the porter to go and call me, for Mr. Harriott always left word that nothing was to disturb her until a certain time. I would creep in and we would talk in whispers. She had read everything and seen everything, and with her wonderful memory she retained everything, so she was a most entertaining companion and raconteuse.

One of the things which always aroused her ire was to tell her that she was a genius. "I am not," she would say, hotly. "I've worked, studied, struggled and fought and worked on, and it is the hard work that has told."

She possessed three beautiful rings, consisting of five stones each—sapphires, diamonds and rubies—red, white and blue. Sometimes she would send one to Bijon Heron, one to Clara, and one to me. Mrs. Miller was little more than a girl, and we three children had a lovely time wearing these beautiful jewels during a performance, and Clara and I would indulge in elaborate gestures, the better to display our rings.

Whenever we wore these it used to make our leading man, Eben Plympton, furious. He was erratic, but the best-hearted soul, and whenever he saw me with one of these rings on he would say: "My word, you little idiot, don't you know young girls in France never wear jewels?" "But I will," I retorted.

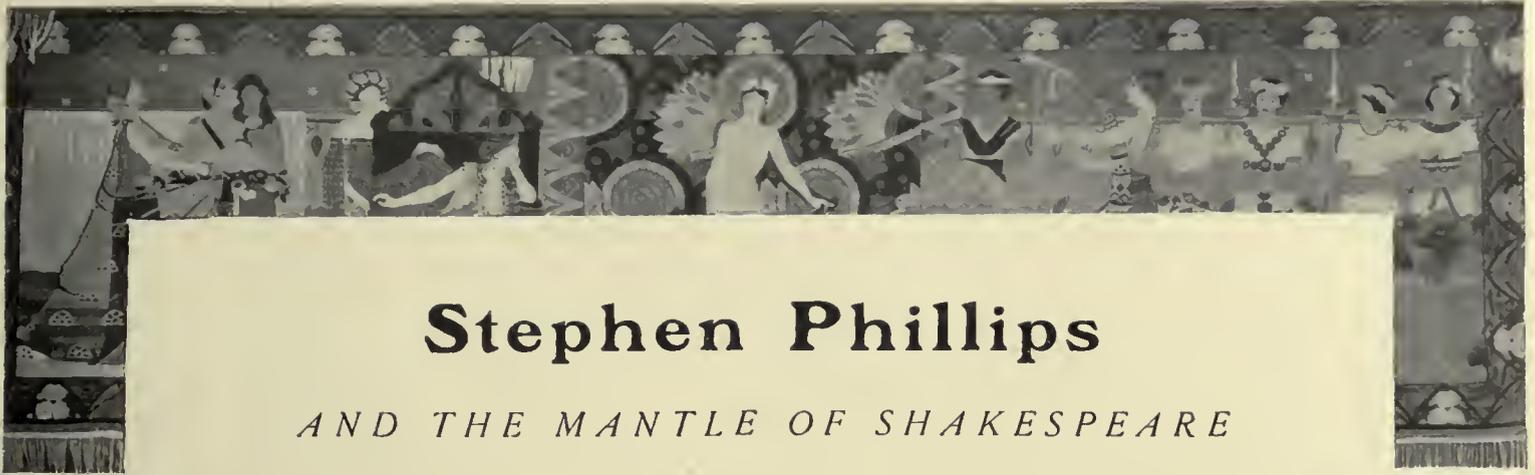
Miss Morris was very fond of having her face and arms stroked. She said it soothed and rested her as nothing else did, and she always said I had a particularly magnetic touch. I would do this by the hour, and often what little sleep she obtained she got in this way.

Sometimes, in the last act of "Miss Multon," I would run my hand up and down her arm, which her flowing sleeve left bare, and she would deliberately prolong the scene to enjoy this, the audience in tears, and everybody on the stage wondering what was delaying the action of the play. I remained in the company two seasons. Since then I have seen her only once. My mother had letters from her when she learned of my father's death, but she is a busy woman, and so am I; so we never see each other now, but for many years no one played quite so important a part in my life as Clara Morris.



Marceau, N. Y.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL



Stephen Phillips

AND THE MANTLE OF SHAKESPEARE

HAS a new Shakespeare arisen in England? Certainly it is with an unwonted quickening of the pulses that we recognize in the writings of Stephen Phillips the spirit of the English classics joined with the inspiration of the ancient Greeks—that we consider his actual achievement, unparalleled in our language in modern times, of enriching the theatre with three such acting poetic dramas as “Paolo and Francesca,” “Herod,” and “Ulysses.”

There is a certain sentimental interest as well as practical significance in the fact that Mr. Phillips—who is still on the right side of forty—was born on the banks of the Avon, and received a part of his early schooling at Stratford. Furthermore, he went to London, as Shakespeare did, and also became an actor at the Globe Theatre, in the excellent company organized by his cousin, Frank Benson, and in the course of six years' stage experience achieved success in various second-rate rôles, notably that of the Ghost in “Hamlet,” which tradition has identified with Shakespeare's own career as a player.

Lyric poetry, principally upon classic and biblical themes, occupied the serious attention of Mr Phillips long before he quit the stage to make literature his profession. In 1897 his “Christ in Hades” was crowned by the *Academy* as the year's best literary production. About the same time high critical acclaim greeted his “Marpessa,” which is full of such Marlowe-like passages as :

“Thy face remembered is from other worlds;
It has been died for, though I know not when;
It has been sung of, though I know not where;
It has the strangeness of the luring West
And of sad sea horizons.”

George Alexander, the artistic and enterprising actor-manager, boldly commissioned the poet to write him a play. The result was “Paolo and Francesca,” which chronologically is the first of Mr. Phillips' dramas. Mr. Alexander's boldness, however, seems to have faltered when it came to “putting on” the piece; and during the four years or so that he hesitated Mr. Phillips wrote “Herod” and “Ulysses” for another and still more eminent London actor-manager, who was and is his warm personal friend—Herbert Beerbohm Tree. So it came about that Mr. Tree's presentation of “Herod” at Her Majesty's Theatre last season preceded that of “Paolo and Francesca,” now running at Mr. Alexander's St. James' Theatre. Richard Mansfield, it was understood, acquired “Herod” for America; but subsequently his ardor must have cooled, inasmuch as his announcements for next season include almost all the other verse-dramas, or possibilities of them, in sight, from Shakespeare down, but conspicuously

omit the name of the bad biblical king. Meanwhile “Ulysses” continues its triumphant career in London, and next season will be seen here.

“Paolo and Francesca” and “Herod” are both tragedies. The latter has no comic relief whatever, yet it is distinctly the better work of the two. In the Italian story, Mr. Phillips in the first place had to live up to the lofty ideal plane of Dante; and in the second place he had to devise and create most of the fabric and all the machinery of his drama. In this he has been but partially successful, notwithstanding some poignant passages and many haunting lines. The action is oftentimes forced; some of the principal characters are conceived in an unnatural key, having their moments of passion, their speeches full of sound and fury, yet leaving the



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STEPHEN PHILLIPS

reader or spectator cold. The whole drama is too literary. The love of Paolo and Francesca is fatally preordained, according to the prediction of Angela, the blind old nurse, who says :

" Unwillingly he comes a wooing: she
Unwillingly is wooed: yet shall they woo.
His kiss was on her lips ere she was born."

Giovanni, the deformed tyrant of Rimini, who has married the child Francesca, is the gloomy protagonist of the play. Somehow he fails to compel sympathy. What is worse, the character of Paolo, as finally developed, does not by any means justify the excuses made for him at the outset. He is a soldier, yet deserts his command on the eve of battle, and deliberately returns to the temptation which thus far he and Francesca had withstood. Romeo-like, he buys poison, but is too weak to choose death before dishonor, so drags the young wife down with him to their mutual doom. Under the circumstances Giovanni simply becomes, as he says, "the accomplice and the instrument of fate." With grim, relentless savagery he slays the pair; and then, as the final curtain descends, cries :

" Hide them! they look like children fast asleep."

In "Herod" the dramatist works with a surer, a more masterly, hand. Through three terse acts, identical in scene, the story of the fierce and bloodthirsty Herod the Great, King of Judea, ally of Rome, and his gentle queen, Mariamne, moves with cumulative power straight to its baleful finish. Herod is secretly jealous of the growing popularity of Aristobulus, the young and beloved brother of Mariamne, and with diabolical craft plans his assassination, making it appear that accident caused the death. But Mariamne cannot be deceived, and having forced Herod to confess the crime, she recoils from him in loathing as intense as was her former love. This maddens the king, who adores her. It has been foretold of him that he shall slay the thing that most he loves. He lends reluctant ear to the envious accusers of Mariamne and condemns her to death. Then, a prey to loneliness and remorse, he wanders, raving, by the Dead Sea, and occupies his lucid in-

tervals with gorgeous plans for the rebuilding of the Temple. He has caused the queen's dead body to be embalmed, dressed and throned in state; gazing upon this gruesome relic, he is himself stricken with catalepsy, and so the play ends. Horror is indeed the soul of this plot; and the love motive, if so it may be called, is sinister in the extreme. The only allusion to the coming dawn of Christianity is in the mad Herod's query:

" And you, Gadias, think you not the king
That is to come might, with pure gentleness,
Found such a kingdom as no sword could make?"

As an instance of the manner in which Mr. Phillips seemingly invites and challenges critical comment, we may cite the lines:

" Am I that Herod
That ere the beard was on me, burned up cities,
And fired the robbers out of Galilee?"

Surely this is not an entirely *un-conscious* reminiscence of Shakespeare's curious couplet in Sonnet 144:

" Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt
Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

"Ulysses," the third and latest of Mr. Phillips' dramas to emerge in theatrical production, is a comedy—a poetic comedy of purest ray serene, recalling Virgil and Dante at times, Shakespeare in "The Tempest" more often, and echoing withal "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey." Here at last is the "lighter touch" which formerly was thought lacking in our new poet-dramaturge. A delicious prologue, in rhymed heroic couplets, shows us the gods in session on Olympus, whilst Athene pleads with Zeus for her protégé, Ulysses :

" Calypso this long while
Detains him in her languorous ocean isle,
Ogygia, green on the transparent deep.
There did she hush his spirit into sleep,
And all his wisdom swoons beneath the charm
Of her deep bosom and her glimmering arm."

Zeus permits Athene to go to Ulysses and offer him the choice of remaining with Calypso or returning home through desperate trials, in which he must go "from dalliance to the dolorous realms below," heavily winning his way back to Ithaca. In adjourning this Olympian meeting, Zeus genially calls out :

" The cup, bright Ganymede!
Ah, from the first
The guiding of this globe engendered thirst."

Ulysses, being roused from his spell, does not hesitate. He says to Athene :

" I'd go down into hell, if hell
led home!"

His yearning is expressed in a splendid outburst, beginning :

" Ah, God! that I might see
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of
the surge,



From "The Tatler"

Ulysses returns, in the disguise of a beggar, to his faithful wife, Penelope



MRS. GENEVIEVE G. HAINES
Author of "Hearts Aflame"

To me what rapture in the ocean path,
Save in the white leap and the dance of doom?
O Death, thou hast a beckon to the brave,
Thou last sea of the navigator, last
Plunge of the diver, and last hunter's leap!"

The stupendous descent into Hades, with Hermes for mentor, follows the hero's departure from Calypso's isle; and in the final act his return, in the disguise of a beggar, to his faithful wife Penelope, in the palace at Ithaca, is wrought out with graphic effect and infinitely varied charm.

Mr. Phillips gives us, in brief, dramatic poetry which is also poetic drama; the language of passion, in plots alive with the sovereign quality of movement; the glamor of romance, with the restraint of classic traditions; thoughts that make for permanence, and verses that move with the footfall of the immortals; proclaiming their author's kinship with Dante and with Sophocles and his lineal descent from the great Elizabethans.

HENRY TYRRELL.

The Endowed Theatre

THE discussion in our last issue regarding the utility and practicability of establishing in this city an Endowed Theatre has revived general interest in this important question. We are not yet at liberty to divulge the plans now being elaborated, but it may be stated that a group of wealthy men interested in the higher drama have the matter under serious consideration, and if a good working scheme can be evolved an Endowed or National Theatre, organized on the plan already outlined in THE THEATRE, will shortly become one of the permanent institutions of New York.

Heinrich Couried, manager of the Irving Place Theatre, whose name was put forward last month as the man best fitted to assume the direction of such a theatre, was seen by a representative of this magazine. He said:

"I have followed with much interest the discussion in THE

You lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,
The screaming seagull and the flying cloud —
To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,
To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,
To spring alive upon her precipices,
And hurl the singing spear into the air;
To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,
And plunge into the midnight of her pines!"

Calypso offering to make him immortal, like herself, if he will but stay, Ulysses nobly replies:

"I would not take life but on terms of death,
That sting in the wine of being, salt in its feast.

THEATRE, and I feel very much honored at my name being mentioned so prominently in connection with the scheme. Your plan of an Endowed Theatre in this country is admirable and quite practicable. Sacrifices of money are not necessary, nor is the establishment of such a theatre here an impossibility. Once in existence, it would not need the assistance of financial backing, and it would prove a most profitable business venture if carried on strictly on the plan as outlined in THE THEATRE.

"The only thing required is a house for the purpose, and I am willing to prove before any committee that may be formed that my convictions regarding the feasibility of such a theatre are based on sound business principles. I may say that I am ready at any moment to become director of such an institution, and I ask for no monetary subsidy. The only condition I should make is that a theatre should be built as I want it, with the necessary scenery and costumes to produce the classics; and, furthermore, I would pay as rent for such a theatre four per cent. of the money invested and secure those who built this playhouse with a continuous guarantee of \$50,000. I should also insist on being absolute head for not less than ten years, without any interference either in the artistic or the business management.

"An Endowed Theatre, with a constantly-changing repertoire, cannot be established in one year. To be able to do what the Comédie Française, of Paris, and the Burg Theater, of Vienna, do—that is, change the bill nearly every night, and certainly three times a week—would absorb not less than six years. After six years, the repertoire would include not only the world's class-



BEERBOHM TREE AS HEROD



Metan, N. Y.

ARTHUR FORREST
As Petronius in "Quo Vadis"

ics, such as Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Sheridan, Lytton and Echegary, but most of the modern authors, from the plays of Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptman, Sardou, Dumas fils, Bracco, D'Annunzio, to the light comedies of Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones and Clyde Fitch. American authors would have a generous hearing in such a theatre. The objection that native authors would prefer the larger profits offered by the present theatres to the short run necessarily given one play by a National Theatre, is not sound, for the reason that it would become a matter of pride with American authors to have their plays produced at the American National Theatre, as in Europe in the case of authors who have their plays done at the

Burg Theater and Comédie Française. After American plays are given a hearing and have made a success at the National Theatre, then they could go on tour and make still more money than they do now from the extra advertising they would get from that fact.

"Likewise, it would be the aim of every actor to become a member of this National Theatre, and certainly actors would accept much less salary than they could earn anywhere else for the added distinction playing on its boards would give them. In connection with this Endowed Theatre, I would establish also a pension fund for all actors employed at that house, so that, after a certain time of service, they could be sure of retiring with a pension for life."

The *Sun* devotes a column to commenting on THE THEATRE'S agitation for an Ideal Theatre, the substance of its arguments being that there is no necessity for such an institution, theatrical conditions in New York being ideal as they are. "The best acting," says the *Sun*, "that natural gifts and careful training can achieve; the best plays that the authors of fiction can be incited to write, and the best pictorial outfits that artists can be induced to paint, are now utilized on the American stage." The *Sun* evidently would have us think that the business or art of conducting a theatre is chiefly a matter of money, and that he who can command most capital makes the best manager, since money can "incite" authors of fiction and "induce" scenic artists. That is, it is true, the

vital principle of the Commercial Theatre. The Ideal Theatre is something else. Here brains and good taste count at least as much as money, and are utilized as often. The reasoning is not very sound: Because A has money he can make artistic productions; because the public patronize mediocre performances they could not appreciate anything better. The *Sun's* statement that the utmost possible advance in the direction of establishing a standard of acting is being made by the several dramatic schools, is probably intended to be humorous.

The *Sun* agrees with THE THEATRE, however, that the experiment is worth trying, and suggests that a series of special matinées be given each season by Al Hayman, Charles Frohman, Marc Klaw and A. L. Erlanger, controllers of the Theatrical Syndicate, who, says the *Sun*, have "made big fortunes by bringing the amusement business from chaos into good order, and by elevating dramatic art to the utmost that public demand will permit."

The Brooklyn *Citizen* views the matter more seriously. "For some time past," it says, "THE THEATRE, the leading dramatic journal in America, has advocated the establishing in this city of an Ideal Theatre devoted to the highest aims of the drama. It is assumed that the expression 'National Theatre' means simply an endowed playhouse, which shall be national in scope and character and shall embody the American spirit in the best sense of the term. The *Citizen* continues:

"While the scheme to ally the theatre to politics would certainly be open to serious criticism, it does not appear that similarly valid objections could be urged against a purely private enterprise. Otis Skinner, indeed, while not opposed to an Endowed Theatre, is nevertheless quite indignant over the implied suggestion that the actor's art needs any subsidy. But this is begging the question, for the avowed object of the Endowed Theatre is not to subsidize the actors, but rather to employ the drama to better advantage and in a higher degree in the culture of the people. The aim is primarily educational; only in its secondary aspect is it expected to benefit the theatrical world as such. But in so far as it does perform this latter function, the ultimate result will reach the public through the elevation of dramatic ideals and the refinement of theatrical productions.

"With such abundant opportunity for the education and uplifting of the people, it would be strange indeed if some of our millionaires did not sooner or later endow a theatre dedicated to the furtherance of the interests of dramatic art for the public welfare. A new school would add but another drop to the volume of the ocean of educational forces, but an Endowed Theatre would open a new spring of the inspiring water of life, giving health to generations yet unborn.

"It has been suggested that the managers of existing theatrical enterprises would violently oppose the endowment of a theatre. This, however, seems to be a hasty assumption, and could be true only of men who were short-sighted. One theatre more or less in New York will make little or no difference in the box-office receipts of the others, but on the contrary every new playhouse attracts a clientèle all its own and whets the dramatic appetite of thousands. Every stage adds to the throng of theatregoers. The Endowed Theatre would attract its own patrons, and the result of its influence would be that the classic drama could be played to crowded houses on Broadway. Then would the theatre manager reap the benefit, for he would have a market for the plays he had shelved because they were 'too good' for his public."

Worthy of Preservation

The May number of THE THEATRE is probably the best its editor has ever issued, and that is saying a great deal. The illustrations are all excellent. The dramatic comment and criticism is sound and well written. Altogether, the magazine makes a valuable portfolio for theatregoers and lovers of the drama, and is worthy of preservation in the library.—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

Little Italy's Great Actor

HERE is a queer little theatre in Spring street, Manhattan, near the Bowery, where for several years past marionettes have filled alternate engagements with a company of somewhat less wooden human players, the latter offering a nightly change of bill from a repertoire that includes alike the classic tragedies, modern romantic and problem pieces, musical comedies and farces in Neapolitan dialect. Antonio Majori, tragedian, and Pasquale Rapone, comedian, are the two partners who have here fostered and directed the precarious destinies of the Italian drama in exile, maintaining its traditions with a zeal worthy better encouragement than—until very recently—they have received.

As often happens, serious recognition came first in the form of a fad. Certain artists and writers of the literary smart set discovered new sensations in the way of entertainment in the tiny Punch-and-Judy playhouse of Little Italy. Theatrical slumming began to be organized, the Four Hundred gradually learned the way to Spring street, and there was something like a rapprochement of Murray Hill and Mulberry Bend. The marionettes were the original attraction, but when the Majori-Rapone company returned to present such ambitious fare as "Amleto, Principe di Danimarca," "Morte Civile," "Isabella Orsini," "Iris" (the book of Mascagni's latest opera, divorced from the music) and "Santarella," an Italian perversion of "Mademoiselle Nitouche," then the ladies and gentlemen from uptown awoke to the fact that they stood in the relation of sponsors to a highly-promising offspring of the legitimate stage. Far from shirking the responsibility, they urged Signor Majori, the bright, particular star of the aggregation, to do something on a large scale, with commensurate possibilities of publicity and profit. Hence the recent grand special performance of "Benvenuto Cellini," with Majori in the name part, at that legendary Bowery theatre, the Windsor.

This last-mentioned play is a turgid affair in eight acts and an epilogue, done into choice Italian verse from the French original by Paul Meurice. The character of the fiery Florentine artist, while not giving full scope to certain grandly poetic traits which make Majori's Hamlet a revelation to Anglo-Saxon playgoers, still showed him the possessor of a distinctive and forceful personality, a fine voice and classic charm of delivery, warmed and colored withal by a Southern ardor of temperament. His wife, a handsome Neapolitan, whose stage name is Concetta Arcamone, plays the leading female rôles with a certain naïve animation, which at least serves as an effective foil to her husband's masterly power and mentality.

"I hope to play Othello, and perhaps Hamlet, at a real uptown theatre," said the Italian actor to the writer recently, "now that encouragement has been given me to keep on aiming high. It has been uphill work these last few years, playing seven nights a week, sometimes with a change of bill each night. You see, our clientèle of compatriots is small, so in order to attract them to the theatre, even at ten, fifteen and twenty-five-cent prices, throughout a season, we are compelled to offer constant change and variety. Yes, I have been ten



Photo Burr McIntosh, N. Y.

ANTONIO MAJORI AS HAMLET

years in America. Had I taken up the study of English systematically at the beginning, I shouldn't be limited to playing in Italian to-day. As it is, I am almost as much a foreigner as if I had landed but yesterday."

As a matter of fact, our conversation had been carried on mostly in French, which language, like his native Italian, Majori speaks with academic fluency. His wife was busy arranging and cataloguing his theatrical library, which contains the standard Italian acting versions of several hundred repertoire plays, from Goldoni and Shakespeare down to D'Annunzio and Ibsen.

"No," said the tragedian, catching poor Yorick's skull on the fly, as it was tossed to him by his three-year-old daughter Marion, "I didn't go to Europe last year, though I had engaged with La Duse for a tour of the Continent. You see, she changed her plans suddenly and remained in Italy to produce D'Annunzio's 'Francesca da Rimini.' You know I am not permitted to return to Italy. I went on the stage as a boy, became associated with our great modern actor, Zaconi, and was just beginning to make a name for myself when I was called upon to drop all my ambitions and go into the cavalry for five years. Non merci! Perhaps it was a mistake to fly to America, but—"

I asked Majori what he thought as to the possibility of establishing an Italian stock theatre in New York.

"Why, we have done it already. If I have got along thus far with the support of my poor compatriots only, what may I

not accomplish under the patronage of the greater New York public? Surely there is room in this metropolis for a permanent Italian company, which might eke out its season with a tour of the chief cities, such as Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans. What a repertoire we could give them!—all the great classics of Europe—Ibsen in Italian! Maeterlinck, Sudermann, D'Annunzio! Then there are such dramas as Silvio Pellico's 'Francesca da Rimini' and Ponsard's 'Ulysse,' so much stronger and finer than the imitations of them by writers of to-day. The enterprise would pay for itself if I could only have the theatre rent guaranteed for a few weeks at the start."

What a contrast, this, to the ideas of those grave and rev-

erend seignors who discussed the Endowed Theatre last month in this magazine, and estimated—some of them—that a trifle of something like \$6,000,000 would be needed for a starter!

Signor Majori has been trying to secure an opening at one of the Broadway theatres, but finding none available this Spring he has leased the People's Theatre, in the Bowery, for a week, beginning on June 9, and will give a series of plays, opening with "Othello." He will also present "L'Onore" (Sudermann), "Il Padrone della Ferrière" (Ohnet), "Kean" (Dumas), "La Tosca," "Morte Civile" (Giacometti), and "Hamlet." Signor Majori also announces that next season he will appear at an uptown theatre in M. Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

H. T.



Plays Produced—Season 1901-02



The following is a complete list of the plays and operas presented in New York City from August 1, 1901, to May 31, 1902:

1901.

- Aug. 19. The Mormon Wife, Fourteenth Street Theatre.
 Aug. 26. A Royal Rival, Criterion.
 Aug. 31. Tom Moore, Herald Square.
 Sept. 2. The Second In Command, Empire.
 Sept. 2. The Rogers Brothers, Knickerbocker.
 Sept. 3. Don Cæsar's Return, Wallack's.
 Sept. 5. Hoity Toity, Weber & Field's.
 Sept. 9. Don Cæsar De Bazan, Murray Hill.
 Sept. 9. Richard Lovelace, Garden.
 Sept. 10. The Forest Lovers, Lyceum.
 Sept. 16. The Messenger Boy, Daly's.
 Sept. 16. Up York State, Fourteenth Street.
 Sept. 16. The Ladies' Paradise, Metropolitan Opera House.
 Sept. 21. The Red Kloof, Savoy.
 Sept. 23. The Bonnie Brier Bush, Republic.
 Sept. 23. The Auctioneer, Bijou.
 Sept. 24. Miranda of the Balcony, Manhattan.
 Sept. 30. The Cipher Code, Fourteenth Street.
 Sept. 30. The Liberty Belles, Madison Square.
 Oct. 1. The Veiled Image at Sais, Irving Place.
 Oct. 7. A Message From Mars, Garrick.
 Oct. 7. The New Yorkers, Herald Square.
 Oct. 8. A Blank Page, Irving Place.
 Oct. 10. Sweet Marie, Victoria.
 Oct. 12. The Love Match, Lyceum.
 Oct. 14. If I Were King, Garden.
 Oct. 14. The Little Duchess, Casino.
 Oct. 21. New England Folks, Fourteenth Street.
 Oct. 21. Henry Irving in King Charles I., Knickerbocker.
 Oct. 22. Prince Charlie, Criterion.
 Oct. 22. Dolly, Irving Place.
 Oct. 28. Eben Holden, Savoy.
 Oct. 28. The Fatal Wedding, Grand.
 Nov. 4. The Way of the World, Victoria.

- Nov. 4. The Beauty and the Beast, Broadway.
 Nov. 6. Johannisfeuer, Irving Place.
 Nov. 11. Quality Street, Knickerbocker.
 Nov. 12. Under Southern Skies, Republic.
 Nov. 12. The Third Squadron, Irving Place.
 Nov. 18. Colorado, Wallack's.
 Nov. 19. The Clemenceau Case, Irving Place.
 Nov. 25. The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch, Manhattan.
 Dec. 2. Beaucaire, Herald Square.
 Nov. 26. Flachsmann as Educator, Irving Place.
 Dec. 2. The Helmet of Navarre, Criterion.
 Dec. 2. Alice of Old Vincennes, Garden.
 Dec. 4. The Girl and the Judge, Lyceum.
 Dec. 10. The Marriage Game, Victoria.
 Dec. 10. The Marriage of Blood, Irving Place.
 Dec. 16. D'Arcy of the Guards, Savoy.
 Dec. 18. The Marriage Market, Irving Place.
 Dec. 23. The Wilderness, Empire.
 Dec. 25. Du Barry, Criterion.
 Dec. 30. A Gentleman of France, Wallack's.
 Dec. 30. Sweet and Twenty, Madison Square.
 Dec. 30. Ein Glueckliches Paar, Irving Place.
 Dec. 30. A Happy Couple, Irving Place.
 Dec. 31. Francesca da Rimini, Victoria.

1902.

- Jan. 6. The Toreador, Knickerbocker.
 Jan. 7. Frocks and Frills, Daly's.
 Jan. 7. The Colleague, Irving Place.
 Jan. 13. First appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Magda, Republic.
 Jan. 14. Two Irons in the Fire, Irving Place.
 Jan. 18. Beyond Human Power, Republic.
 Jan. 20. The Head Waiters, Grand.
 Jan. 20. Notorious Mrs. Ebsmith, Republic.
 Jan. 24. Mariana, Republic.
 Jan. 21. The Excursion Into Morality, Irving Place.
 Jan. 27. Lady Margaret, Bijou.
 Jan. 27. Maid Marian, Garden.
 Jan. 27. Dolly Varden, Herald Square.
 Jan. 28. Hon. John Grigsby, Manhattan.
 Jan. 28. Pelleas and Melisande, Victoria.

- Jan. 29. Hoppla! Vater Sieht's Ja Nicht, Irving Place.
 Jan. 31. School for Scandal, Wallack's.
 Feb. 3. Joan o' the Shoals, Republic.
 Feb. 10. Miss Simplicity, Casino.
 Feb. 17. Foxy Grandpa, Fourteenth Street.
 Feb. 24. Her Lord and Master, Manhattan.
 Feb. 26. Notre Dame, Daly's.
 Feb. 26. The Poachers, Irving Place.
 March 3. The Twin Sister, Empire.
 March 4. The Power of Darkness, Irving Place.
 March 6. The Affectionate Relatives, Irving Place.
 March 17. Soldiers of Fortune, Savoy.
 March 17. Sky Farm, Garrick.
 March 20. The Diplomat, Madison Square.
 March 18. Der Schlafwagen Controlleur, Irving Place.
 March 29. A Modern Magdalen, Bijou.
 March 30. French Opera, Victoria.
 March 31. Life, Garden.
 April 3. The Robbers, Irving Place.
 April 5. The Violin Maker of Cremona, Irving Place.
 April 5. The President, Irving Place.
 April 5. The Departure from the Regiment, Irving Place.
 April 9. Kean, Irving Place.
 April 11. Kiwito, Irving Place.
 April 12. Special performance balcony scene, Romeo and Juliet, Wallack's.
 April 14. The Last Appeal, Wallack's.
 April 14. The Importance of Being Earnest, Empire.
 April 21. The Fairy Caprice, Irving Place.
 April 23. The Daughter of Fabricius, Irving Place.
 April 24. The City's Heart, Wallack's.
 May 5. The Show Girl, Wallack's.
 May 5. The Wild Rose, Knickerbocker.
 May 8. Little Miss Mouse, Wallack's.
 May 12. King Dodo, Daly's.
 May 12. Hearts Aflame, Garrick.
 May 19. Lady of Lyons, Garrick.

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Photographs—All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. The Editor invites artists to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender and, if in character, with that of the character represented. Preference will be given to panel sized pictures. If the photograph is copyrighted, the written authorization of the photographer to reproduce the photograph should in all cases accompany the picture. Any photograph will be returned after reproduction if desired.

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Among Amateur Players



The Editor will be pleased to receive for this department regular reports of dramatic performances by amateur societies all over the United States, together with photographs of those who took part (which last should be in costume), and, if possible, good flashlight pictures of the principal scenes. Each photograph should be marked legibly on the back with the title of the play and the names and character names of the performers. The benefit of this department to all amateurs is obvious. Each society will thus have an opportunity of seeing what other societies are doing, what plays are being presented, how staged, etc., etc., and it may also lead to an interchange of plays suitable for presentation. All questions regarding plays, costuming, etc., etc., the Editor will be happy to answer to the best of his ability.



NOTWITHSTANDING the lateness of the season, there has been considerable activity in amateur circles during the past month. The Amateur Comedy Club, of New York, gave its final performances of the year at the Berkeley Lyceum recently, presenting "Col. Carteret, V.C.," and "A Pantomime Rehearsal." The leading members of this organization were applauded

in both plays.

In Philadelphia, on May 7, the Savoy Opera Company, a well-known amateur organization, gave a performance of "Pinafore" before a large and fashionable house. The chorus included a number of young men and women prominent in Philadelphia society. The principal parts were taken by Miss Nina Taylor, Miss Augustine Haughton, Miss Josephine McCulloh, Mills Thompson, Frank McLaughlin, Ernest Hill, John Ernest Allen, Clarence Brinton and Howard Stavers. Among the young women in the chorus were the Misses Marion Curtin, Ethel Houston, Esther Lloyd, Maria S. Beale, Else Coates, Nancy Allen,



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Scene from "Col. Carteret, V. C." comedy by Seth C. Comstock, recently produced by the Amateur Comedy Club, at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York

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The Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard gave the first public performance of its new three-act operetta, "Hi-Ka-Ya," at Cambridge on April 27. More than seventy-five of the best-known men in Harvard were in the choruses. In the cast were: J. A. Dix, H. L. Movius, H. L. Riker, S. Waller, A. C. Champollion, H. M. Gittings, G. S. Barton, M. W. Ware, G. S. Sargent, C. Platt, 3d, W. W. Wadsworth.

Graduates of Vassar on May 2 produced a light opera, entitled "Ganymede," by Mrs. Stella Prince Stocker, at the Carnegie Lyceum, this city, for the benefit of the Vassar Students' Aid Society. The leading rôle was sung by M. Vernon Stiles. Others who took part were: Miss Louise Courtenay, Miss Elfreda Busing, Miss Lily Heidelberg, Miss Rebecca McKensie, Avery Balvor and Madison Smith. They were aided by a chorus of 150. Miss Stella Miles led a scarf dance of sixteen girls that made a pleasing feature of the entertainment.

The Garrick Club of Baltimore, Md., although but a year old, is considered the best representative of local dramatic talent. Its first production was "David Garrick," preceded by the comedietta "His Best Friend," by Arthur L. Robb, a member of the club. The next play selected was "The Bells," in which the club achieved its greatest success. "David Garrick" was repeated on the club's visit to Havre de Grâce, and "Barbara" was used as a curtain raiser. This month the club will "ring down the curtain" on a season which every member is proud of. The play selected for the final performance was "The Crushed Tragedian," which was given under the auspices of Co. L, Fifth Regt.,

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I. M. N. G., of Baltimore. In the cast were several professional people, including Miss Mollie Brady, of the Percy Haswell Stock Co., Miss Ailsa Craig, formerly of the Roger Bros. Co., and J. W. Ashley, of the Creston Clarke Co. A. L. Robb, the leading man of the club, originated the leads in his own sketch, "His Best Friend," besides his portrayal of Dick Chiby in "David Garrick." Among the "acting" members of the club are Miss Edna Covrell, who assumes the leading rôles; Miss Mollie Brady, Ailsa Craig, Isabelle Frame, Lulu Roberts, Julia S. Turner, Fanny Hulme, Bertha Hartshorn; Messrs. Barry, Fenton, Hess, Pleitner, Curry, Gough, Magruder, Fraunholz, Osbourne, Bowen, Huth, Fleharty, Robb and Ashley.

Students of Barnard presented "The Rivals" in their College Theatre on



H. F. CRANDALL

In recent amateur production of "The Spinster" at Bradford, Pa.

April 26, the girls playing the masculine rôles, looking very pretty in doublets and hose, and all making their points and giving a performance that was creditable in every way. Miss Alice Corey was a capital Mrs. Malaprop, Miss May Johnson made a charming Lydia, Miss Romola Lyon was a handsome Capt. Absolute, and Miss Alice Fisher was admirable as Bob Acres.

The Dramatic Club of Minneapolis made its second production at the Lyceum, that city, on April 25, the affair partaking of the nature of an important social event. The bill consisted of "The Ladies' Battle," Scribe's well-known comedy. In the cast were: Miss Lucy Hart, Allan Brook, George Eustis, Miss Katherine Meredith, George W. Willard and

(Continued on page 33)

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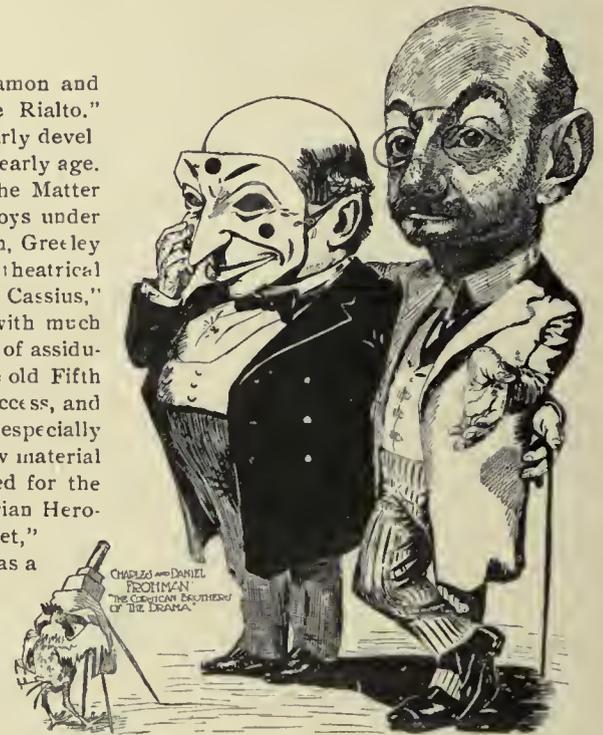
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The editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., will be ignored.

A READER, Lynn.—Yes, he did.

KATIE C. F., Minneapolis.—See the notice at the head of this department.

FIRST SUBSCRIBER.—See answer to above.

J. J. PEKAL, New York.—You had better address George C. Tyler, Knickerbocker Building, New York.

J. BRYAN PHILLIPS, Douglas, Wyo.—Ernest Gros, the scenic artist, 541 W. 21st street, New York, can probably supply what you need.

ARTHUR C. S., Tennessee.—We do not understand your letter. What method do you refer to?

EMMA M., New York.—We published a fine full page picture of the play in THE THEATRE for February last and a good portrait of Henry Miller in the January issue.

ANNIE A. T., Alabama.—Four act plays would not interest us, owing to our limited space, but we shall be glad to consider the other if you care to submit it.

L. W., Chicago.—There is no reason why you should not study profitably in the evening. You can send us the matter and pictures relating to the performance.

B. M. HESTER, Geneva.—We would suggest "Rupert of Hentzau." We believe the MS is in the hands of Daniel Frohman. Address, Daly's Theatre, New York.

G. V. L., Mobile, Ala.—We have published many pictures of J. K. Hackett. See THE THEATRE for May, August and September, 1901, and June, 1902.

W., JR.—Thanks for your kind appreciation. (2) The title of your article sounds interesting; if you send it to the editor he will give it due consideration.

JULIE A. HERNE, New York.—"The Shades of Night" is a fantastic sketch by Capt. Marshall, author of "His Excellency the Governor." It was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, March 18, 1901, with Miss Elsie de Wolfe and E. M. Holland in the cast.

J. D. T., Brooklyn.—To apply at the stage door of a theatre for employment in any capacity would be worse than useless if you are at all sensitive. The best way—if you cannot afford to join a dramatic school—is to cultivate the acquaintance of the stage-manager, who may be willing to give you a trial in a "thinking part." But unless you have dramatic ability you are wasting your time and inviting all kinds of trouble.

W. A. DE LA F., New York.—(1) Write to Schloss, 467 Fifth Avenue. (2) He has been leading man for two seasons. Robert Drouet was his predecessor. (3) To the best of our knowledge Miss Elsie Leslie is now convalescent. (4) There are about seventy five theatres and concert halls in Greater New York.

TALENT, Cleveland.—Col. T. Allston Brown, 1358 Broadway, is one of the best and most reliable dramatic agents in New York. (2) There are several stock companies all the year round in San Francisco, the leading organizations being those of Mr. Frawley and Fred Belasco.

F. H. P., Schenectady.—No; we should not advise any young man to take up dramatic criticism as a profession. There is but a scant livelihood in it even for the best critics, and the same amount of intelligence and industry spent in any other calling would bring double the reward.

"BROOKLYN," Brooklyn.—Mr. Faversham is an Englishman. He first played the legitimate drama in the English provinces. He came to New York and appeared at the Lyceum in "The Wife" and in "The Highest Bidder." Later he was seen in "She." He afterwards became leading man to Miss Minnie Maddern, and then was seen in "The Prince and the Pauper." Since that time he has been with Charles Frohman. He played in "All the Comforts of Home," and later made a hit in the part of a villain in Bronson Howard's "Arcturion." Since then he has appeared in "Sowing the Wind," "Gudgeons," "The Masqueraders," "The Importance of Being Earnest," etc., etc. Last season he made his first appearance as a star in a version of "Don Cesar de Bazan," and has appeared in it ever since. He will star next season in "The Right of Way."

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(Continued from page 29)

others. A rather novel finale was given in the form of a doll's song and ballet, cleverly done by Miss Harriet Wagner, Miss Helen Hoegh, Miss Helen Kenny, Miss Margaret Gray, Miss Hannah Dunwoody and Miss Charlotte Esmond. The production was directed by Clayton D. Gilbert, who planned the costumes and scenery. Mr. Gilbert will leave Minneapolis shortly to teach in a school of oratory in Boston.

The Arden Dramatic Club of Catonsville, Md., gave a performance at Chase's Theatre, Baltimore, on April 28, for the benefit of the Hollywood Children's Summer Home. The programme consisted of "The Parrot," an amusing two act farce, by Victor G. Bloede. The cast included Mrs. Arthur C. Montell, Mrs. Victor G. Bloede, Miss Nina Weillbacher, Mrs. Joseph L. Downes, Arthur C. Montell, Victor G. Bloede, Carl Schon Joseph L. Downes and a specimen of the parrot family.

The presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" by the senior class of the Erie High School on May 23 was an interesting event in amateur circles in Erie, Pa.

The best performance of the rural drama ever given in Erie by amateurs was the production on April 13 of "Our Jim," by the Strollers. Edmund Knoll carried off the honors as Uncle John, while Messrs. Sprague, Brugger, and Genshiemer as Bob, John Henry and the Major, and Misses Vetter and Koch as Bess and Grace won the favor of the audience.

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Oldest Living Players

The oldest living actress is Mrs. Eliza Young, mother of William Young, now with Elita Proctor Otis. She was born in London, England, on May 31, 1812, and made her last appearance before the public at the People's Theatre, in this city, on March 22, 1889, as the witch in "Macbeth," to Mrs. Langtry's *Lady Macbeth*. Her son was stage manager. Mrs. Young is now living in this city with her son.

Marie B. Wilkes, mother of Edward Wilkes, lately with Daniel Frohman, is now living in Philadelphia. She was born in Philadelphia, on July 4, 1816. She was a great favorite at the old Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, when Bob Stevens, Owen J. Fawcett and myself were boys, and almost nightly frequenters of the "old Arch." She was the original *Widow Melnotte* with Edwin Forrest.

Mrs. Henry V. Lovell comes third on the list. She was born on March 18, 1817. She was the sister of the well-known Bowery favorite, Julia Turnbull, and was afterward Mrs. James W. Pritchard. She was at the old Lafayette Theatre, in this city, in 1826, but retired from the stage in 1852.

Kate Ludlow, now in the Forrest Home, was born in New York on January 5, 1820. She was married to Joseph Littell, the first husband of Mrs. William J. Florence.

Mrs. Gilbert was born on October 21, 1822.

James Doel is the oldest actor in the world. He has just completed his ninety-ninth year. As a child he was taken out on Plymouth Sound, and saw Napoleon walking the quarter-deck of a warship. Mr. Doel was keeping a tavern lately in Plymouth, England.

The oldest living manager is John Ellsler, who began in the business in 1850.—Col. T. Allston Brown, in the *Dramatic Mirror*.

Built by a Pirate

The Tacon Theatre, in Havana, one of the largest and most famous in the Western Hemisphere, was built by an old reprobate, Marti, who was a notorious pirate in his day and obtained immunity for himself by betraying his comrades into the hands of the Spanish authorities. One dark and rainy night Marti slipped by the sentry guarding the palace in Havana and entered the apartments of the Captain-General, who was writing at a table. When the Captain-General raised his eyes and saw the cloaked figure before him, he reached for the bell. "Stop, Your Excellency," cried the stranger. "I am here on a desperate enterprise. I have come to deliver into your hands every pirate on the Cuban coast upon one condition—a pardon for myself." "You shall have it," was the answer; "but who are you?" "I am Marti, and I rely upon the promise you have given me."

Preparatory to this interview, Marti had appointed a rendezvous for the different bands, to which he conducted the Spanish force, and every pirate was captured and righteously garroted. As for Marti, he was not only pardoned, but was given a monopoly of the sale of fish in Havana, which made him a rich, and thus an eminently respected, citizen, who ended his days in the odor of sanctity. It will be remembered that another famous buccaneer, the Welshman, Henry Morgan, showed such remarkable military talent that he was knighted by Charles II. and made Governor of Jamaica, which he had previously captured.—*Army and Navy Journal*.

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THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



PHOTO. MARCEAU.

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MISS MARY MANNERING, in "The Lady of Lyons."

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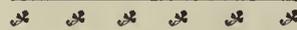
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THE THEATRE

VOL. II., NO. 17

NEW YORK, JULY, 1902

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



Lamarche & Hoffman, Chicago

MISS VIOLA ALLEN AS JULIA IN "THE HUNCHBACK"



Photo Tonnelé

JULIA
(Miss Viola Allen)

SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD
(Aubrey Boucicault)

SIR THOMAS: "Will it please your ladyship to take the letter?"

"THE HUNCHBACK" AT THE GARRICK

PLAYS and PLAYERS



THE *New York Times*, in its issue of June 2, reviewing the contents of the last number of *THE THEATRE*, says some very complimentary things about this magazine:

"The difficulties which it (*THE THEATRE*) has had to encounter in attempting to interest the professional world of the stage, as well as thea-

tragoers and the general reading public, have, doubtless, been immense. It may now, however, be said to be an achieved success, and if it is continued upon the same lines which have characterized its recent issues, there can be no doubt that it will fill an important rôle among American periodical literature. In *THE THEATRE* particular and general interest is so well appealed to that the actor is made acquainted with the tendencies of his profession, possibly before he has recognized them elsewhere, while the general reader receives, from month to month, in picture and text, impressions which can hardly fail to stimulate his interest in the persons of the stage, their life and their achievements."

Four performances of "The Hunchback" at the Garrick have served to exhibit Miss Viola Allen as Julia. The essay was hardly needed to prove that she could play the part acceptably or that it could be useful to her in the emergencies of the future. It would be profitless to measure this actress by the possibilities of the character or to make comparisons with distinguished achievements in it. Of course the Bertillon measurement would find Miss Allen lacking.

It is commonly said of a great performance that the actor possesses magnetism or an "indefinable something." It is a

praise easily given, and often accepted in full payment of public esteem. It represents the general impression in general terms; but there is nothing more definite than the qualities and the means used by the successful actor. Nothing can be more sharply defined than the conception of the part; and definiteness extends to every word and look. It is intellect and heart in combination; a discrimination that casts light and shade as nature demands; and that brings out in beautiful proportion each detail. The "indefinable something" is where discrimination does not extend to each particle.

But taking this "indefinable something" in its common meaning, the one player who possessed it in this particular production was Miss Adelaide Prince as Helen. There we had the right touch and ring unfailingly, a silvery voice and heart-reaching laughter, down to every syllable of articulate and inarticulate sound, everything in nice adjustment to the poetic composition.

It would be easy and graceful to praise everyone in the cast—Eben Plympton as Master Walter, Aubrey Boucicault as Sir Thomas Clifford, and James Lee Finney as Modus—but *THE THEATRE* is inclined to write history and not press notices, and can only record the performance as acceptable for the purpose.

A certain and perhaps studied disregard for the traditions is observable in all these recent reproductions of the old plays which delighted a former generation. Common sense as well as artistic sense would counsel otherwise. Is the work of the

great creators of the originals to go for nothing? Were Macready and Ellen Tree and scores of others, not to speak of unknown stage managers, inferior in invention and taste and discernment to the promoters of hastily gathered companies at the end of a season in New York? Could not these people, under the direction of the author of the play, and imbued with the spirit of the time and of the form, by some chance have established the right expression, the most effective business, the proper modulation of the voice and the true delivery of the words? Is Julia to describe how she "will shine" when she gets to London as she would recite "Mary had a Little Lamb"? No, mesdames and messieurs, you must either follow the traditions, or else give us the equivalent, at least. You can rarely get the equivalent of force by quietness. As a rule, it is best to play an old piece in the old way, or show us the reason why not.

Miss Grace George's venture as Frou-Frou, at the Garrick, was full of pleasant augury for her future. This actress will come to something. The promise is not so much in the nicety of detail in her art, but in her possession of temperament. If her manager and husband, who naturally takes a strong personal interest in her and does not hesitate to express his conviction that a brilliant future awaits his charming young wife on the stage, should prevail on her to accept careful training, she will soon gain popularity and complete acceptance.

The importance of the cast, in certain plays, becomes supreme, the effect of the leading part depending, it may be said, absolutely on others. Here is a home broken up and a woman's life ruined through the opportunity afforded by a fascinating man of gallantries. So far as tender commiseration is concerned, you might as well have her run away with the coachman as to take French leave with Donald MacLaren's Comte de Valreas.

It is also desirable to maintain the local atmosphere if the play is to retain the names of Meilhac and Halévy. The people must have the polish and other characteristics of the French. The events of the play were only possible by that reason, for it is a transcript of French life. Wilton Lackaye is always artistic and virile, and his Henry Sartoris was discreet and helpful.

"The limit of the Baruumized drama," was the comment of the average sane person upon the preliminary announcement, last year, of a production of "Romeo and Juliet," with Sarah Bernhardt in the rôle of the tragic boy lover and Maud Adams as the passionate Capulet girl. The idea attracted attention, but nobody took it quite seriously. However, the latest advices from London, where Mme. Bernhardt is now playing, and where Charles Frohman has been in final conference with her, reiterate and confirm the project, with added details. According to present plans, the deed will be done during Mme. Bernhardt's impending tour of the United States, which begins in October next. It will be a polyglot affair, Romeo Bernhardt wooing in classic French alexandrines, Juliet Adams responding brokenly in American Ollendorff, and the rest of the company using Shakespeare's English! For complex freakishness, this performance—if it ever really takes place—will surely establish a historic record. Sad as it must be to contemplate these two artistes—the one brilliant in future promise, the other with a glorious past—engaged in so fearsome a venture, we are not wholly unprepared. We have seen Mme. Bernhardt, alas! play Hamlet. We have seen Miss Adams play, or play with, Juliet. Each of these, taken separately, was a jar to cherished illusions: will not their combination prove a fatal shock?

The Messrs. Shubert, an enterprising and comparatively new firm of metropolitan theatrical managers, took possession of the Casino on



Photo Marceau

MISS GRACE GEORGE AS FROU-FROU

June 2, presenting as their inaugural bill a London musical comedy by Messrs. George Dance and Howard Talbot, entitled "A Chinese Honeymoon." The externals of this production recall to some extent those Oriental successes, "The Geisha" and "San Toy," but it may be said at once that the resemblance ends there. The book is weak and nebulous, even for Summer operetta, and as for the songs, they are more than mediocre. Perhaps, as the piece is the work of only two authors instead of the customary six, one cannot expect too much. Be that as it may, it is remarkable that shrewd managers should risk their capital staging a piece so invertebrate and so entirely lacking in the essentials of a popular success, to wit: comical complications, good songs, clever lyrics, and lively music. Of all this there is little trace in "A Chinese Honeymoon." The piece is only another variation of a senseless species of stage entertainment, plotless and formless, that has become popular of recent years, which is neither drama, comedy nor operetta, and defies all intelligent criticism. It is really vaudeville with the various "acts" strung on the slenderest possible plot, and in which come on,

in turn and without the slightest relevancy, all the expensive people the management can afford. Money the Messrs. Shubert have certainly spent with a lavish hand. They have stopped at no expense to give "A Chinese Honeymoon" a handsome frame. The stage settings and costumes are as beautiful as have ever been seen in this city, the delicate and varying shades of the Chinese gowns constituting a perfect orgy of splendid coloring. In the cast are several clever performers whose talents for the most part are sadly wasted. Edwin Stevens, one of our best comedians, looks positively unhappy in his rôle of a Chinese emperor, and succeeds in arousing his auditors' sympathy, while Thomas Q. Seabrooke, another popular fun-maker, has the star part as far as there is one, but finds difficulty in raising a ghost of a smile. The women, perhaps, were more successful. Miss

Katie Barry made a hit as a "slavey," a mildly amusing but wholly conventional creation, and Miss Aimée Angeles, lately of Weber & Fields, gave a rather clever series of imitations of Miss Lulu Glaser, Miss Fay Templeton and other actresses.



Photo Toumele

MISS ELIZABETH TYREE

Engaged for the title part of George C. Hazelton's new colonial comedy, "Captain Molly," to be produced at the Manhattan Theatre next season



Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia **PINEAPPLE** (Thomas Q. Seabrooke)

LORD HIGH ADMIRAL (William Pruette)

THE EMPEROR (Edwin Stevens)

LORD CHANCELLOR (William Burress)

FI-FI (Miss Katie Barry)

"A CHINESE HONEYMOON" AT THE CASINO



Photo, Byron L.

VASHTI
(Miss Evelyn Florence) RAFAEL
(Miss Ida Gabrielle)

ROSE ROMANY
(Miss Irene Bentley) RUDOLPH VON WALDEN
(David Lythgoe)

"THE WILD ROSE" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

ACT I.—VON WALDEN: "My little wild rose gypsy maid"

Paradise Garden, Oscar Hammerstein's picturesque aerial resort on top of the Victoria, which was thrown open to the public at the first approach of warm weather, is, as last summer, a delightful lounging place for hot evenings. One is always sure of a refreshing breeze there on the most sultry nights, and the entertainment provided is superior to that of the average roof garden. It is, indeed, remarkable how the management can provide such an excellent programme for the price charged for admission. Another commendable feature is that the visitor is not bullied into buying refreshments by the waiters, as in some other places. The vaudeville programme includes, among other vocalists, Mlle. Laya, recently prima donna of the French Opera Company. Horace Golden and Jean Franciulli do some clever tricks in legerdemain, and the inevitable performing cats and dogs afford mild diversion. The brothers Willie achieve wonders in the art of head balancing and a bevy of female acrobats named the Four Madcaps make things interesting while they hold the boards. The *clou* of the programme, however, is Phroso. What is it? One sees a cadaverous-looking young man in evening dress, with wires hanging from his back to his heels. His painted face is absolutely expressionless and he moves his legs as if he had no knees. The bill describes it (him?) as a "mechanical doll," but as no close inspection is permitted, the manager's assurance that it is merely a piece of mechanism may be taken *cum grano salis*. Probably it is a clever imitation by a young man who may or may not be, to some extent, under hypnotic influence. Mr. Hammerstein, who must have his joke, no

matter how solemn the occasion, tells us he has stuck a pin into the figure and it (he?) did not wince. Phroso is interesting because it (he?) is unusual and affords the element of mystery; otherwise, to be frank, the "doll" is gretsome.

A "lively show," judged by the prevailing summer standard for such productions, is "The Chaperons" at the New York. Frank L. Perley's comedians, including such genuine personalities as Harry Conor, Walter Jones, Miss Trixie Friganza, Miss Eva Tanguay, Miss Nellie Follis, J. C. Miron, Albert Farrington, Ed. Redway, and George K. Henery, supplemented by a bevy of pretty chorus girls in kaleidoscopic costumes, all make an irresistible combination for an evening's diversion. The vehicle utilized by this company is of small account. In the present instance the book and lyrics (such as they are) claim Frederic Ranken for author, while the music (excepting a few choruses and things borrowed from real comic operas) is by Isidore Witmark. It is in the customary two acts, the scene of the first being a stock Latin Quarter of Paris and that of the second an equally conventional hotel courtyard, labeled Alexandria, Egypt, so as to give scope for Oriental costumes.

The rudimentary plot has something to do with a dashing adventuress named Aramanthe Dedincourt (Miss Trixie Friganza), who furnishes chaperons or guides, in the form of pretty girls, to strangers in Paris, at so much "per." Adam Hogg (Harry Conor), a Cincinnati pork packer in a Quaker Oats get-up, and Algernon O'Shaunessy (Walter Jones), one of those deplorable stage Irishmen of the chimpanzee type,



From "The Tatler"

KING EDWARD'S THEATRE TABLE

When his Britannic Majesty goes to the play he has this little table with refreshments in the box or retiring room

A madcap girl detective called Phrosia (Miss Eva Tanguay) is likewise on the hunt for a stolen seal—a live one. Mixed up with all these transactions is an Italian impresario, one Bassino (Joseph C. Miron), who induces Hogg to back an opera company which strands in Egypt, where the two seals turn up and Phrosia marries a bill-poster. The plot has really nothing to do with what Mr. Perley's comedians say and sing. It does not account for their sudden sextette, with a whistling refrain about "Bloomin' Lize" (or *bloomin' lies*); nor for that catchy coon song, "My Sambo," which

Miss Tanguay sings and dances with amazing *entrain*, clad in fairy-like, shimmering silver. Other vocal numbers and spoken witticisms are on the dead level of mother-in-law, banana peel, wife's biscuits, the cake that mother used to make and current bar-room slang.

Antonio Majori, the young Italian tragedian and romantic actor, who has lately emerged from the picturesque obscurity of New York's "little Italy," gave a series of seven representations at the People's Theatre, in the Bowery, during the week of June 9-14. With a nightly change of bill, the week's repertoire included Shakespeare's "Othello" and "Hamlet," Ohnet's "Maître de Forges," Giacometti's "Civil Death," the elder Dumas' "Kean," Sardou's "La Tosca," and Sudermann's "Honor"—all in choice Italian, Majori sustaining the chief rôle in each and every play, supported by his wife, Concetta Arcamone, and a capable company, including that ever-delightful Neapolitan comedian, Pasquale Rapone.

If Signor Majori had expected large pecuniary returns and laudatory publicity from this week's work, he must have been disappointed, as his audiences, though appreciative, were small, and his newspaper notices scarcely more than are accorded the Spring street marionettes. But if, as is more than likely, he considered the steadfast pursuit of a high ideal its own reward, and the quiet approval of the critical few as equivalent to the empty, loud acclaim of the many, then the result of his achievement in presenting, as he did, the seven great plays named must be set down as unequivocal success.

Did Majori as Othello recall the elder Salvini? Hardly. Did his Hamlet efface the recollection of other contemporaneous actors who have essayed the part? Truth to say, it did not. Nevertheless, there were fine, even superbly poetic and tragic, moments in both these performances—as in Othello's death-



Byron, N. Y.

GIULIA
(Mrs. Fiske)FABIO RONALDE
(Frederic de Belleville)MICHELE
(Claus Bogel)

FABIO: "O, Dio! Dio!"

SCENE IN HORACE B. FRY'S ONE-ACT TRAGEDY "LITTLE ITALY"

throes, and in Hamlet's passionate reproaches to his guilty mother. As Corrado, in "Civil Death," he was on his native heath, and gave a powerful, pathetic portrayal of another of Salvini's favorite characters. His Philip Derblay, in the "Forge-Master" piece, revealed some very finished acting in the modern naturalistic style; whilst, as the diabolical Scarpia, in "La Tosca," he found scope for that simulation of tiger-like villainy in which he is strong. As to physical advantages, Majori has virile symmetry of stature, a natural grace of pose and gesture, good vocal range, real nobility of diction, and a clear-cut, expressive face. His "leading lady," Concetta Arcamone, looked Desdemona to the life, and played with intelligence, if not with much art. Ophelia, in a blonde wig, was the only rôle in which she seemed hopelessly astray. Rapone had his best opportunity as Iago—a rotund, little low comedy Iago, indeed, who smiled and smiled, and did not seem in the least villainous, yet whose suave facility of pantomime, combined with his always admirable reading, invested all he did with a distinctive charm.

The report that Miss Mannering will be supported next season by Gustavo Salvini, the youngest son of the great Salvini, is probably without any basis of truth. It is within the range of possibilities that sooner or later young Salvini will come to America to act, but if he does it will undoubtedly be as an independent star. He speaks a little English, not, of course, so well as his late brother Alexander, who won an enviable place on the American stage. Those who have seen Gustavo act praise him very highly, and he also enjoys the reputation of being one of the handsomest men in Italy. He played Paolo to Duse's Francesca in the recent Rome production of D'Annunzio's tragedy. William Manrice Wilkison, who managed the late Alexander Salvini in this country, wrote recently to Tommaso Salvini, inviting him to make another American tour in company with his son Gustavo. To this letter Mr. Wilkison received the other day the following characteristic reply:

FLORENCE, May 11, 1902.

Dear M. Wilkison: It gives me great satisfaction to hear that I am so kindly remembered in America and that they desire to see me again; but, as you know, I made my public farewell to the American stage, as I considered I had abused too often the sympathy that the public felt for me. The papers, when I gave my farewell, said that I would do as all the other artistes, including the celebrated Patti, make my adieu and afterwards return many times. I respect myself too much to resort to certain practices, and for nothing in the world would I retract my word.

I am sorry that you make a condition of my going to America that I present my son Gustavo. He has no need of anyone's introduction, because he has great ability, and is such a warm favorite with the public in Europe that he would be sure of success. He knows English not for stage purposes, but for conversation, and this is an advantage that I did not possess. He is young and I was not. He has a Shakespeare repertoire and also many other romantic productions. In fact, he has



Photo Byron

CAPT. ARMOR
(Stanley Hawkins)

THE SHOW GIRL
(Miss Kathryn Hutchinson)

Song duet: "As the Prince waked the Princess"

"THE SHOW GIRL" AT WALLACK'S

all the advantages that I have no more. He has lately made a great success in Vienna, and they are very enthusiastic over him there.

Believe me, very sincerely, TOMMASO SALVINI.

Mrs. Leslie Carter has gone to Europe for a brief vacation. Her strenuous acting in "Du Barry" proved a tremendous strain on her nervous system, and the actress needed the rest badly. Mrs. Carter will reappear in the play next September at the reconstructed Republic Theatre, hereafter to be known as Belasco's Theatre. Apropos of the "Du Barry," an interesting light is thrown on the personality of the royal courtesan

toward the end of her career by Henri Rochefort, the well-known French journalist, whose grandmother knew the favorite in real life. He writes:

"In 1793, a few days before her incarceration, the Du Barry woman was still receiving from the State a pension of 10,000 livres, which Louis XVI. had granted her. She was arrested, not, as has been said, owing to a trap laid by the negro Zamore, but for having stupidly attracted attention to herself by her unreasonable and incessant demands upon the Treasury, which, at the time of her power, she had completely depleted. On entering her cell the old hag seemed to have forgotten all the aristocratic manners she had acquired in associating with persons of quality. The common woman of the street reappeared completely directly she found herself between the four walls of the prison, of which, doubtless, she had often been an inmate in her youth. My grandmother used to tell us how surprised she was at the coarseness, gross ignorance and animal stupidity of this woman, who had filled France and all Europe with her name and reputation for beauty. She was then nearly fifty and enormously fat, and looked very much more like a prosperous fisherwoman than a one-time royal favorite. Totally unconscious of the danger she ran, she made an almost royal entrance among the other women confined there, many of whom had paid homage to her under Louis XV. She thought by a judicious distribution of some of her jewels among the members of the Committee of Public Safety she was sure of speedy deliverance. She spent all her days writing the most absurd letters to the leading men of the Revolution, promising to tell them where she had concealed her jewels if they would release her. They never replied and she carried the secret of her hiding place to the scaffold. However, she told my grandmother that a large casket, containing, among other precious jewels, a portrait in miniature of Marie Antoinette, magnificently set in diamonds, which the Queen had presented to her, was buried in the Parc de Louveciennes, where, presumably, it is to day."

The agreement entered into by Harrison Grey Fiske,

James K. Hackett and Maurice Campbell to establish an independent booking agency is a significant move in opposition to the Theatrical Syndicate, and if it is followed by the revolt of a considerable number of stars, the days of the so-called Trust are numbered. It probably means that managers throughout the country, who formerly declined to book Mrs. Fiske, owing to their fear of the Trust, will now have to book that actress or go without Mr. Hackett and Miss Crosman and other important attractions. It is hinted that Miss Mary Mannering will join the Independents on the expiration of her present contract with Frank Mc Kee. Miss Isabel Irving in "The Crisis" will also be among the attractions booked by the Agency, making altogether eight



Jeffres, Baltimore

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

Whose clever work in the title part of "King Dodo" has put him in the front rank of American comedians

important companies soon to be controlled by the new combination. In this long fight between the Syndicate and the Independent managers, THE THEATRE has preserved a neutral attitude to the extent of giving the productions of the one the same impartial treatment as the productions of the other. As individuals, we regard the members of the Syndicate as clever business men, who have done much to promote the interests of the stage in America, but a Trust, organized on a system of coercion, is opposed to all principles of art and fair play. A Theatrical Trust, like all Trusts, is an abomination, for it stifles honest competition. For this reason alone the new venture will receive the approval of disinterested onlookers.

Mr. Hackett will not make "The Crisis" the main feature of his starring tour next season, he having found that the leading female character overshadowed his own. Mr. Hackett, therefore, has prevailed upon Miss Isabel Irving to star in the piece under his management. Mr. Hackett may be seen in "The Crisis" for a few performances early in the season, but his attention will be devoted chiefly to the production of a new play by Victor Mapes.

"Lady Godiva," a new historic drama by J. I. C. Clarke, the well-known journalist and poet, was produced in Pittsburg on June 2. Lady Godiva's famous ride naked through Coventry is one of the features of the play. She appears tied astride a horse, with a white shroud covering her loins. Pictures and an account of the play will appear in the next number of THE THEATRE.



Jeffres, Baltimore

MISS CHERIDAH SIMPSON

As Piola, a soldier of fortune in "King Dodo"



Photo Morrison

MY LADYE

Mary Mannering

And Her Views Regarding Stage and Other Ideals

Illustrated with photographs posed specially for THE THEATRE

"Chats with Players," No. 8



Photo Baker

MY LORD

"MY LORD," as Mary Mannering calls her husband, was out of town when I visited the House of Hackett on East Thirty-third street, but his presence was everywhere about us, because "my ladye" touched lovingly his favorite chair, showed me his smoking-room, his portrait, told about his love for the woods, his approval of her first shot at a deer, the desperate cost to sentiment that each had paid during a season's separation, the wooden wedding they had celebrated a few weeks before, and found a fitting climax to her adoration as we stood on the threshold of "my lord's" own room, when, with an adoring sigh, she murmured, "I thought you'd like it; it's so man-nish!"

There are women who have all sorts of brilliant gifts except the talent of being feminine. Fiction and newspapers would have us believe that modern women disapprove of the truly feminine talents, such as adoring love, unselfish devotion, self-sacrifice and a lot of old-fashioned graces that disarmed our grandfathers when they were young and held them steadfast till they were wise with age. The pen may lift a veil that the eye has seen and no other sense can touch—especially

when it is a woman's veil. In this case it was "my lord" who lifted the veil for me, whose presence in his "ladye's" heart disposed of mysteries.

Mary Mannering's beauty is singularly descriptive of her nature, the brown eyes deep as they are true, the mouth tenderly expressive of affection, and although she is of the rarely romantic type, her romance is of poetry, not passion. Her girlhood friends were artists, who pointed out to her the meaning of beauty. In London, where she was born, she posed for her first picture. The artist was too poor to afford a model, and she stole away from home two hours a day to his studio. Before the picture was exhibited she told her father. She was only fifteen then, and that same year she made her debut at the Shaftesbury Theatre with Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Potter. She told me all this with simple frankness, not with any elaboration of reminiscence, as if to be biographical about oneself was at all important.

"Mrs. Potter used to come in and make me up—isn't it strange, when I spoke to Mr. Bellew about it the other day, when we were rehearsing the 'Lady of Lyons,' he had quite forgotten that I first appeared in his company?" she said.



Photos taken for THE THEATRE

"I love the theatre for the ideals it can represent"

"Clothes are always a source of delight"

By Tonnelo

"Your first impressions of the stage at that time—do you remember them?"

"Oh! everything seemed beautiful to me. I never saw the seamy side of disillusion. I remember there were some nymphs in the play, and they fascinated me so. Nymphs are such fairy things to a child's mind that even when I could talk to them they lost none of their eerie charm."

"Is the theatre still fairyland?" I asked.

"I love it for the beauty it strives for, the ideals it can represent, the feeling it tries to squeeze out of life. I never had a moment's heartache for any disillusion in it till I got into the 'parlor suite' of a hotel in a little New England town for one night, where I had to sit up till morning in a chair in the middle of the room, the only clean spot in it. Then I realized that acting had hardships and heart-burnings, particularly when I asked the chambermaid to clean up a bit, and she re-

plied, aggressively, 'If the room's not clean, it's the likes of actresses makes it so.'"

"That chambermaid belonged to the dark ages."

"So did the hotel," replied Miss Mannering, quietly, with that radiant smile of hers which has no worldliness in it whatever, because she is not worldly in the smart sense of the word to-day, for she has her mind made up for happiness that lasts, as sweet women should—upon "my lord" and the comforts of his castle. Purposely do I emphasize this impression that is in everything she says or does, because words that kill are too often spoken, sometimes killing before they can be denied, and because only the magic of a quiet heart gives poise to beauty.

The man who wrote a play called "All for Her" could have had an inspiration from this interview to write another called "All for Him." The back of the house had been deftly arranged like a garden, "where 'my lord' could dine;" the balcony screened with greens, "where 'my lord' could smoke;" the window-seat so arranged, "where 'my lord' could read;" his chair and desk she only used "when 'my lord' was away." And yet it had been told in the papers that "my lord" would not play "Camille" with her. How absurd—how wickedly absurd—that whole fabrication of facts was, her face said, as she settled firmly, judicially, in her big chair, and with a quiet, solemn air of wisdom earnestly explained:

"My lord and I had discussed the probability of playing 'Camille' together, and he had no positive objection to it, but suggested that we wait a year or so. Then came the proposition that we should appear in it together this season, and we would have done so if my lord's engagements with his new play had not prevented. Then my manager came to New York and began to look quietly about for an Armand, and negotiated with Mr. Bellew. In the meantime I had received hundreds of letters from young girls begging me not to play 'Camille,' and my lord had received his share of protests. Out of this accumulation of opinion and business interests the press found manufacturing material which placed both my lord and myself in a most ridiculous attitude, until when I reached Macon, Georgia, I went directly to the telegraph office and received what was the climax to it all

"'Anything for me?' I asked the operator, pleasantly. He grinned at me with a sort of sneering delight, and said, 'Well, nothin' fer you 'zactly, but here's a bit may int'rest you,' and he handed me a telegram addressed to a newspaper correspondent which read:

"'Mannering getting divorce from Hackett. Investigate facts. NEW YORK HOWLER.'"

She paused, her big eyes looked at me very seriously, there being in them a mildly stern rebuke for the sin there must be in writing for the press.

"An immoral lot," I murmured, making a wholesale apology for the power of the press—confidentially, of course. She shrugged her shoulders slightly, and with that wonderful



Photo taken for THE THEATRE

"I shall keep these forever"

By Tonnele

strong white hand of hers—like which I have seen none other save Ellen Terry's—she waved the episode aside.

"And 'Camille' gave way to 'Pauline'?" I ventured.

"Having already committed myself to certain engagements with actors for 'Camille,' I did not feel that I could afford to pay them for nothing, so the selection of another play was left to Mr. Bellew, and he chose the 'Lady of Lyons.'"

"Thereby conceding to you—beauty and poetry!"

"I must confess I had never read the play even till I was cast for Pauline, and I do not think I am much enamored of the character, but I am studying it—one has moods of self-confidence and moods of despair with a new part."

"But there is always the glory of raiment to sustain these moods."

"Clothes are always a source of delight," said my ladye, radiantly, "and my costumes are exquisite." Thereupon the maid was summoned and the glories of raiment revealed. No, never shall it be said that the egotism of man went so far as to describe intelligently a woman's gown; fatal, indeed, would be the attempt, and even my ladye's description was too technical for my pen.

"I am afraid I shall not look like the ideal that is in Claude Melnotte's fancy," said my ladye, humorously, far from regretfully, as she smoothed the silken cloak with her hand. Then I realized that she referred to Mr. Bellew, and I asked her why.

"We were speaking of a frock I had to get for the last act, and Mr. Bellew said, 'Yes, yes; I remember. I don't know how Mrs. Potter managed it, but she made it appear as though she had slept in her gown all night—it was unfastened carelessly in front, and her wonderful auburn hair set loosely about her face, her beautiful eyes,—and he wandered off into a rhapsody of Mrs. Potter as if I were not there at all; his mind was across the sea with her.'" And who shall deny that a woman's intuition for romance about her is ever wrong, especially when that woman is so loyal to ideals as Mary Maunering?

"Ideals are so useful," she said presently; "they help you to develop mentally and morally. Even wicked people have ideals, as a friend of mine once printed on his programme: 'We are not good or bad; we are good and bad, and someone is crying when the curtain goes down;' and he signed an old Greek philosopher's name to the line, which, of course, made the wise ones say they had often read and quoted it—aren't we dreadful humbugs, sometimes?"

I shifted the subject promptly—there was no knowing what a further analysis of the idea might do for me. Of course, Mary Maunering's ideal is "my lord," and all relations modelled on the same lines.

"I always think that marriage is like two halves unfinished until they are brought together, and to accept this idea sweetens the correction of each other's faults," she said, her voice



Photo taken for THE THEATRE

"My lord had no objection to my playing 'Camille'"

By Tonnele

quite deep in the heart and her eyes cast down in modesty.

Emotions are as different in expression as there are individualities to express them, and Mary Maunering is one type, for she prefers emotional parts to any other. No one who saw her in that old-rose gown in "Trelawny of the Wells," seated on the floor unraveling the complex heart of a nature born to simplicity of purpose, in that scene in the second act, can ever imagine anyone else in the part. That was one emotional type. Then her Fay Zuliani, in the "Princess and the Butterfly," was quite another type, which she tells me she could play much better now than she did then. In each of these opposite characterizations the emotional tendency she impressed upon us most was the moral side of them—which is not the usual interpretation of so-called "strong" acting. That is Mary Maunering's individual touch; it colors any

emotional work she has done or will do, as differing from sensuous possibilities that may be in almost any character an actress plays.

"Do you know that women can learn to shoot much sooner than men, and that they are, as a rule, much snarer shots?" she said later, when we were discussing her first shot at a deer.

"They forget the murder," I suggested, meaning the sentimental notion of hunting.

"Until the deed is done, then they think of it. I was so afraid that I had not killed my deer that I fired at him a second time, although my first shot had finished him. Then I was sorry, until my lord slapped me on the back and nearly sent me sprawling out of the boat in his enthusiasm."

In the background, like the goddess of fame, hovering about the secret ambition of almost every emotional actress, is Sarah

Bernhardt, and I asked Mary Mannering if she felt her influence.

"Oh! I could never be so great an artiste. She is wonderful. I shall never forget the first time I met her. I went with my mother to the Waldorf-Astoria to some entertainment, and as I went in mother said, 'Mme. Bernhardt bowed to you, dear.' 'Nonsense, mother; why, she doesn't know me,' I said. Then later I was presented to her. She took some flowers she was wearing and gave them to me. 'I will keep these forever,' I said. 'Until they die—until they die,' said Mme. Bernhardt. 'No, forever,' I persisted.

She paused and went over to a silver casket that stood on a stand in the room, and opening it showed me the withered violets, living still in the glow of their past glories. The genius of tragedy was there, and Mary Mannering reverently felt her presence.

W. DE WAGSTAFFE.



Photo Boyer, Paris

SCENE IN BERNHARDT'S PARIS PRODUCTION OF F. MARION CRAWFORD'S PLAY, "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

Sarah Bernhardt in "Francesca da Rimini"

OF the three "Francesca da Rimini" dramas now playing on European boards (it's odd how these things come in waves), the one by Marion Crawford merits particular interest, from the fact that it has been produced in Paris by Bernhardt. The play itself, however, is not really a play at all, but a fine promise of one (the prologue is exquisite), a promise that remains unfulfilled through four acts; perfect in staging, admirable, of course, through the genius of Bernhardt's interpretation, but, when all is said, certainly meagre in dramatic marrow. Think of four acts with only three characters to fill them, a deformed husband, a good-looking brother and a false wife, not one of the three sympathetic! True, there is the brother's wife, who might have saved the play by putting into it some genuine heart interest, but Mr. Crawford (perhaps for poetic or æsthetic reasons, certainly not

for dramatic ones) has been content to bring her on only once—and dead—which makes it difficult for *her* to help the action much. Poor Beatrice! doomed to begin her rôle by dying.

And so we wait along while nothing happens, save the openly-flaunted caressing and embracing of Paolo and Francesca, love making, as it were, upon the house tops, and we wonder why Giovanni kills them at all if he has stood this sort of thing for fourteen years! No, it is not a good play, although there are pretty pictures in it!

Chatting with the writer the other day, Mme. Bernhardt echoed the general lament that this has been a disastrous theatrical season. She might not wish to say how many hundreds of thousands of francs *her* theatre had cost her this year, despite the *reprise* of that once great money-winner, "Theodora." Alas, the public taste changes!

"Why," she sighed, "will not our dramatists profit by the example of Rostand, and give us clean, wholesome plays! No wonder our theatres lose money with the wretched things they offer!"

Asked what she thought of "L'Enigme," the play of the year, at the Théâtre Français, an unpleasant play, nevertheless, in which the threadbare adultery theme has been given a sort of factitious interest by a trick of curiosity, Mme. Bernhardt answered: "I don't think much of it."

"And of 'Le Marquis de Priola'?" another feature at the Français.

She shrugged her shoulders.

Then the writer referred to the actress's own efforts at playwriting apropos of "L'Aveu," a drama in one act, by "Mme. Sarah Bernhardt," as the programme announces, which precedes "Francesca."

"That is the only play of mine so far produced, but—" she smiled mysteriously, or was it sadly—"it's not the only play I have written."

"Isn't there some other play you want?"

"Yes, I want a great play on 'Salammbô,' answered Mme. Bernhardt, smiling, but meaning it, probably; so the fact is noted here for the benefit of any who may be fired by Mr. Crawford's example. X.

Is Rostand a Plagiarist?



SAMUEL EBERLE GROSS

Author of "The Merchant Prince of Cornville"

THE CASE in the court at Chicago of Gross against Rostand, to determine if the French author used a part of the material of "The Merchant Prince of Cornville" in "Cyrano de Bergerac," has been decided *ex parte* by the referee in favor of the contention of the complainant.

The report is printed in 64 pages, a small book of about 20,000 words, an ingenious and circumstantial argument, bringing forward all the facts, conjectures and possibilities that can be urged. It is as formidable and ingenious as any similar document intended to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, and yet there is a residuum of plausibility in it that it is proper to consider. It affords a problem in dialectics that has, at least, a curious interest. It may be said at once that there is no spiritual relation between the two plays, and that no mind could hesitate a moment in recognizing the vast superiority of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the matter of form and art; but that does not entirely dispose of the chance that a grain of mustard seed from the one did not find lodgment in the other and reach its due fruition.

Plagiarism is the appropriation of an invention or idea which is the exclusive property of another, and the exercise of it is characteristic only of the inferior mind. Lacking additional invention, the perpetrator almost invariably exposes himself to easy and inevitable detection. To compile the ideas of other writers is a painful and thankless task to which no self-reliant mind gives itself. It is so much easier to pursue your own way. Even if no moral question were involved, such a mind is incapable of it. When Mark Twain was accused of having plagiarized his story of the jumping frog from a Greek anecdote three thousand years old, he was moved to make answer in a form that constitutes a number of the most delightful pages in his collected works. He had never heard

of the Greek philosopher and his frog. The plot of the anecdote was identical; but the characters, the action, the atmosphere, the scene of locality, the humor, the wit and every word and syllable of dialogue were racy of the soil. The intrinsic evidence alone was sufficient to demonstrate that that anecdote was born under the conditions of life in California and the generative mind of the great humorist. It is possible that the mustard seed of the original anecdote had found its way to California. In any event, the world is the gainer by "The Frog of Calaveras." He had a right to be born again.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" is a product of the French soil; the character is historical. It was not merely Cyrano's nose that provided Rostand with his idea; it was the old, old story of hopeless love, as old as the hills, and as new when they are covered with verdure. Why have we not a right to live those old things over again, under new conditions? How are we going to help ourselves? Nothing new? Why, every turn of the kaleidoscope of existence is new. But the plagiarist can make nothing new of it all or any part of it. That is reserved to the honest man, the real author, who bends an attentive ear to whispering nature, the throbbing heart of his time or the period he depicts, and laughs to scorn the referees and the small-minded critic of him who is raking the muck-heaps of literature to find "deadly" parallels.

There was, then, no occasion for Rostand to take any ideas from Gross. The play could have been written without a single suggestion from outside sources. But *did* Rostand take such ideas? That is pertinent. Nothing is impossible, and therein lies the gist of the referee's argument. Was Cyrano, of the early part of the 17th century, a lineal descendant of Whetstone of the 20th? It is possible. In a physical sense it is unfortunate that Whetstone is not supplied with a large nose, and that, as in the Gross play, when a false nose is offered to



Nadau, Paris

EDMOND ROSTAND

Author of "Cyrano de Bergerac"



MRS. LANGTRY AS MLE. MARS

The English actress will begin her American engagement at the Garrick, this city, next January in Paul Kester's play, which was not a great success in London

him by the costumer he refuses it. The most ingenious referee can make nothing of consequence out of the paper nose in "The Merchant of Cornville." It cuts no figure. Rostand certainly had no use for a nose of this kind, inasmuch as his character already had one supplied by nature.

The referee is evidently not a dramatist, at least not a scientific one. He speaks freely of the plot and situations, &c., in "The Merchant of Cornville" when it has no plot; when, in no proper sense, is it a play at all. There is a striking resemblance between the balcony scenes and the circumstances of the courtship by proxy. But let us for a moment justify the statement that the Chicago play has no plot.

First, is the Proposition. It must be the main problem, to which all other problems and incidents are subordinated. The Proposition of "The Merchant" is: Northlake, Violet's guardian, wishes to marry her to Whetstone; she is in love with Ideal; will Northlake accomplish his purpose? That is to say, the play is about Whetstone.

The proposition of a play established, the Plot is invented to demonstrate the Proposition. In this case, whatever else the "plot" does, it does not, in any real sense, work out the proposition. The Plot obtained, the Action, in its turn, works out the Plot. There being no plot, there is no real action.

The play has no unity of any kind except what is in the air and too remote for practical purposes. It has passages of considerable merit in a poetic way here and there, and if Mr. Gross should acquire the art and rid himself of the idea (which is universal) that one can write a play without knowing how, he may yet do something. There is in the play sentiment, low comedy, farce, melodrama, the romantic, burlesque and nearly every known form of the drama. This, of course, is impossible. It is no discredit to any man that he does not know the art of play-writing. He may be a most estimable citizen, and perhaps brilliant in some other departments of thought. Mr. Gross is all of this, but "The Merchant of Cornville" is not a play. Mr. Gross is eminently sane; his technique is insane.

The similarities pointed out in formidable detail in the referee's brief for the plaintiff would have existed if Mr. Gross had never visited Paris, but in 1889 he left the manuscript at the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, "with some persons connected with the theatre, for examination, to ascertain whether the management desired to produce it;" and it was retained there about two weeks, long enough for any one who might wish to steal it to have copies made or a scenario. In 1897 the same danger was incurred in leaving it at the Théâtre Français.

There is no direct proof that Coquelin, Sarah Bernhardt or Rostand ever saw the manuscript. No one who has ever acted as play reader for a theatre could be made to believe that it reached any one of them.

That Coquelin had a copy made in 1889, and kept it for eight years, finally giving it to Rostand, is inconceivable. There is not a Frenchman alive

who could gain the slightest intelligence from the play, even if he read it in its present sumptuous form. But, it is urged, Rostand has an English wife, and his children have an English nurse who speak only English to her charges. It is also believed that Mr. Cazauran, who suggested, with fine discrimination, that the play was "best suited for the French stage," may have sent copies to his French friends, as he had (as he wrote) *already had copies made* and submitted to American managers. To entertain such illusions the referee must ignore all reason. He does not make out a case. And yet some of the statements are very specious as set forth in the report. Rostand's denial that he knows any English hardly fits his domestic surroundings; but after all it is only a piquant discrepancy, heightened by the use of an English phrase or so in his play. None of these incidents and facts goes to the heart of the matter. The referee admits as much, and expressly, when he relies upon his comparison of the plays.

This comparison furnishes to him "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ." Among these proofs are the facts (common to innumerable plays) that the two leading characters in each are young; that the heroine is under the influence of a guardian; in each the heroine is in love with a person other than the one her patron is desirous she shall wed; in each the favored suitor is successful in his quest. There are thirty of these "confirmations," and it must be admitted that the balcony scene, with its wooing by proxy, affords a number of points of identity, but they are more dissimilar than they are similar. The characters, the spirit, the sentiment, the occasion are all different.

In the Gross play there is a duel of words or expletives between two of the characters, in which they hurl at one another such epithets as "Patagonian bat," "unutterable calf," "hyperborean ibex," "parabohcal goose," "impecunious porcupine," "hypothesized buzzard," etc., until one falls vanquished. We are asked to believe that Cyrano's recitative, as he uses his rapier, is similar.

The referee's citations of alleged verbal similarities are wide of the mark. Here is one that comes something near it:

IDEAL: "A flower—Together we will reach for it, and in the touching of our finger tips it shall part company with earth in ecstasy."

CYRANO: "For thou art trembling, and I plainly felt, whether thou wouldst or no, the trembling, dear, of thy sweet hand descend the jasmine branch."

The report of the referee will remain a curiosity of literature. Curious as it is, and convincing perhaps to some



Photograph by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

MISS EVELYN FLORENCE

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Recently "discovered" by a theatrical manager and now on exhibition as a rare beauty in "The Wild Rose." Her contract with the manager, it is said, is unique in its provisions and says she shall not "Become engaged or contract marriage. Appear at any public restaurant or café within a radius of one mile of any theatre. Be photographed privately or publicly. Sell or cause to be sold photographs of herself. Appear in the boxes of any theatre while witnessing public performances. Ride in street cars. Publish any interviews in newspapers or magazines, or publish reproductions of her photographs. Appear at private halls, parties or suppers. Carry or lead a dog or other pet on streets. Appear in public without face veiling. Use stimulants of any kind, save tea or coffee. Wear gowns, costumes, millinery, boots, shoes and gloves, except such as may be approved by her manager. Become facially tanned."

miuds, it is inconclusive because there has been no real trial of the case. If Mr. Gross' play were artistic and consistent, one play, instead of a dozen in one, the case would cause some anxiety to an author of genius innocent of wrongdoing. But it is clear that Rostand wrote "Cyrano" without any help from Mr. Gross.

W. T. PRICE.

Play Censorship in Germany



KAISER WILHELM



COURT THEATRE, BERLIN



GERMANY is generally supposed to be *par excellence* a country of logic, of consistency; yet in the matter of the drama it presents one of the most striking paradoxes of modern times. On the one hand we see the censor, with blue pencil and telescope, busy prohibiting everything in sight; on the other, a body of irrepressible playwrights indefatigably producing a series of notable works, giving form and voice to a dramatic movement which alone of modern movements can be compared to those of the classic past; for no one, I assume, will dispute the contention that only in Germany is to be found at the present day a group of writers whose aim, conscious or unconscious, is to seize and crystallize contemporary life, to give expression to the spirit of the times, and thus to enter into that life as an important factor. Other countries possess dramatists; Germany alone possesses a school of dramatic writers; and this in despite of the fact that the institution of the censorship as established in the Empire would seem calculated to smother all manifestations of free creative spirit and to reduce dramatic writing to the plane of innocuous imitation and puerility.

Germany has always been a country of "authority," a country in which nothing was regarded as beyond or beneath the purview of the government. In consequence, it has ever been among the best "regulated" countries of Europe, and its stage among the most jealously watched and guarded. This has been notably true during the dominance of Prussia since the Franco-German war, culminating in the reign of the present Emperor, so that to day Austria alone of the so-called "Culturstaaten" can be compared with it in this respect. Indeed, it may safely be stated that of recent years at least half of the more important and successful German plays have first suffered prohibition at the hands of the censor before finally being submitted to the verdict of the public—"Magda," "Sodom's Ende," "Jugend," "Die Weber," "Rosenmontag," "Johannes," "Die Ehre," "Der Aussenseiter," "Ein Ausflug ins Sittliche," "Die Strengen Herren"—to mention only a few. In consequence, theatre directors are coming to see in the attitude of the censor toward problematic manuscripts the long-sought-for criterion of ultimate success or failure: censorial approval is re-

garded as prognostic of artistic and financial failure, censorial disapproval the reverse.

But despite the fact that the censorship, like the kingship, is continuous and undying, it is only within the last few years that the censor has begun to manifest activity so abnormal as to render the institution an object of execration and ridicule. That this is due primarily to the influence of the Emperor no one who knows Germany from the inside can for a moment doubt. Despite tireless, almost feverish interest in everything and everybody, and despite a certain native ability, William is a menace to all manifestations of the human intellect that depend upon free, untrammelled development of thought and action, since he recognizes no other conception of government than that of paternalism and authority. As this view of his imperial mission has steadily gained in strength and conviction, it is but natural that a tightening of the reins should have followed in all fields of governmental activity. At present, however, our interest in him is confined in that particular incarnation of his spirit—the theatre censor.

Plays are prohibited in Germany for three causes: as morally improper, as tending to foster a spirit of disrespect for the ruling classes and existing institutions, and as lacking in veneration for the memory of the Emperor's ancestors. Of these three offences the last is by far the most serious and the least likely to gain pardon. Woe to the dramatist who ventures to draw a Hohenzollern under the stature of a demigod! His play is ruthlessly swept into the fire and his tears remain unheeded, as the Emperor reserves for his own personal examination all dramatic essays in which one of his ancestors appears. Indeed, he is as particular about his ancestors as though he had none. Even von Wildenbruch, the unofficial dramatic glorifier of Prussia's ruling family, with which he is "surreptitiously" related, discovered this to his sorrow in the case of his drama, "Der Feldoberst," which has never been produced. For like reasons Rosée's "Saint Germain" was censured out of existence.

But despite the gravity of an offence against the sanctity of the descendants of Albrecht the Bear, it is in the nature of things an offence of infrequent occurrence, the tendency of present-day dramatic writing in Germany being not



HERMAN SUDERMANN

Whose play "Johannes" was censured



GERHARDT HAUPTMANN

Whose play "Die Weber" was censured



MAX HALBE

Whose play "Jugend" was censored

historic, but realistic, and hence contemporaneous. Consequently, the great majority of plays which are permanently or temporarily forbidden belong to either one of the two other objectionable classes indicated: the socially and politically dangerous or the immoral and irreligious. To the first group are to be reckoned "Die Weber," "Der Aussenseiter," "Ein Ausflug ins Sittliche" and

"Die Strengen Herren;" to the latter, "Sodom's Ende," "Jugend," "Johannes," "Die Ehre" and "Rosenmoutag."

As representative of the first group Jaffé's recent comedy, "The Outsider," may serve to illustrate the censor's conception of what is calculated to be of evil effect on the public's politico-social views. The Outsider is a Saxon officer of an idealistic and noble character, who comes to Berlin and falls into the hands of the "smart set," led by a certain Baronin Clarus. Outwardly this set is respectable, but only outwardly; the one principle of its members is to avoid a scandal at all costs. Owing, now, to the "narrow-mindedness" of Lieutenant Ottfried, he is nicknamed the Outsider. The contrast between the officer and his surroundings furnishes the material for the comedy, in which the smart set receives its due scourging and moral condemnation. It would seem difficult to find herein matter for complaint; on the contrary, one would say that the play deserves the meed of praise from church and state, if not from the critic. But not so argued the censor. According to him a great danger was to be apprehended from this false picturing of the "best" society; the contrast, he said, between the simple lieutenant and his titled associates, so greatly to the disadvantage of the latter, was highly objectionable, and the effect of the piece could not be otherwise than evil. A similar problem to that of "The Outsider" was handled in Georg Engel's comedy, "An Excursion into Morality," and a similar explanation of the interdict was given by the censor and accepted by an accommodating public. Later, at the deferred performance in Hamburg, contrary to expectation, neither murder nor anti-aristocratic demonstration occurred, and the audience dispersed without outward signs of imperial disaffection. But who knows what seeds of discontent and disloyalty may have been implanted in those innocent merchant bosoms?

On quite different grounds was based the opposition to Ehrich Hartleben's military tragedy, "Roseumontag," which somewhat more than a year ago fought its way to performance through a deluge of interdicts. The play, it was claimed, belouged to the frankly, inexcusably immoral category. I saw the drama in Munich at a time when it was still forbidden in Prussia, and can conscientiously state that even the character of a simple American was proof against the moral strain. Indeed, had it not been for the fact that the newspapers had prepared us for the improper passages, I doubt if any one would have noticed them. "Oh, those blissful days and nights!" cries the hero, in ecstatic remembrance; and despair leads the heroine at another point to remind him that she has sacrificed on the altar of love her life, her soul and her body.

The corrupting tendency of these passages, it was feared, might prove too great for the public. One is reminded of the interdict recently issued in Vienna against a certain drama on the ground that the budget of natural sons was already exhausted! Indeed, Vienna, although well known to be the most immoral capital in Europe, insists upon innocuousness in its drama. As will be recalled, in "Die Versunkene Glocke," Rautendelein at one point says to the satyr, or Waldschratt:

"Gebe du nur zu deiner Frau Schratt,
Die alle Tage ein Kindlein hat."

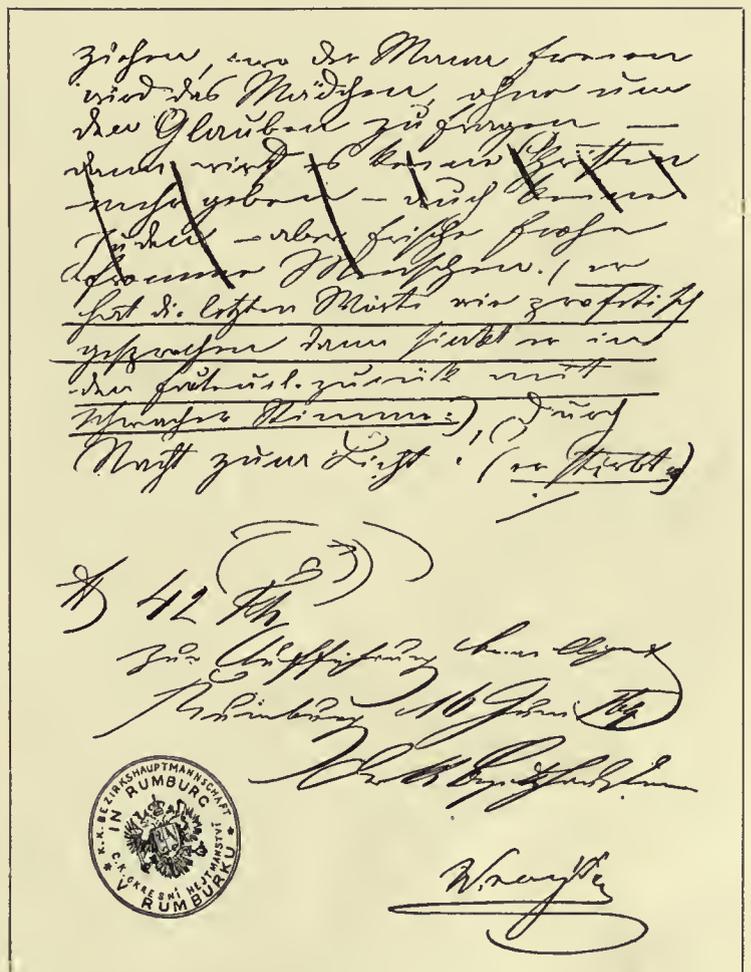
Unfortunately, there happened to be a certain Frau Schratt among the members of the Hofburg Theater, and to avoid possible scandal, the considerate censor changed the lines, thus:

"Gebe du nur zu deiner Frau Schrätt,
Die alle Tage ein Kindlein hätt."



VON WILDENBRUCH

Glorifier of the Hohenzollerns



THE TRAIL OF THE CENSOR

Reproduction of a part of the manuscript of Roderick Feis' drama, "Der Letzte Jude" (The Last Jew), showing lines stricken out by the censor. The entire passage reads: "Believe me, there will come a time when every human being will be permitted to express freely the creed of his heart, when there will be no laws to restrict human love, and when a man will be able to ask a girl to be his wife without first enquiring as to her religion. There will be no Christians and no Jews. We shall all be happy and pious human beings." The censor struck out the line in Italics, and on it being pointed out to him that the passage merely meant that a time would come when there would be no distinction of creed, he exclaimed, impatiently: "But we want to have Christians!" Underneath appears the permit finally accorded: "4 florins fee; licensed for production."

In view of the evident fatuity of many of the censor's methods, the natural question that suggests itself to the American mind is this: Why do the Germans submit to such treatment? Why do they not rise up and declare themselves mentally and politically of age? To this the convincing answer is that as a nation they are not politically of age, as no people can be whose government is paternal. Fully to discuss this question would lead us too far afield; but the matter may be summed up by stating that in the main Germans are as thoroughly convinced of the benefits of their form of government, despite abuses which even they cannot theorize away, as Americans are of the virtues of democracy, despite its evident drawbacks; they do not wish to be emancipated and educated any more than the Filipinos wish to undergo the same process.

Other causes, however, contribute to weaken the opposition which is called forth in some quarters by the sweeping measures of the censor. Of these by far the most important is the consideration that comparatively few plays remain permanently or universally forbidden, owing to the convenient system of appeal (to the Secretary of the Interior *via* the district commission and the president of the province), and to the fact that each province—and in some cases each city—decides questions theatrical for itself. In consequence, it is not uncommon for a drama to be temporarily forbidden in Prussia

while allowed in Bavaria, only in the end to be "given free" throughout the Empire. This was the case with Max Halbe's "impious" drama, "Jugend," which has probably been performed fifteen hundred times in all, but which at the start encountered a perfect hail of official objections. Indeed, Dresden still consistently refuses to open its doors to the play, out of consideration for the sensitive Catholicism of King Albert and family, although Leipzig has not allowed herself to be governed by the same delicate feelings of loyalty.

Clever managers, of course, have been quick to perceive the possibilities of free advertising in the censorship, and they have come to look upon censorial prohibition as a possible blessing in disguise. It chanced I had gone to the Berliner Theater, by appointment, to see Herr Paul Lindau, one of the cleverest of all German directors, the very evening on which he received back as "disapproved" the comedy, "Die Strengen Herren," by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, authors of "At the Sign of the White Horse Tavern." Immediately, and with great *éclat*, Herr Lindau shut himself up in his office and denied himself to all but reporters. For days thereafter interviews with the "thunderstruck" manager appeared in the newspapers. "Dr. Lindau declared," wrote one interviewer, "that he found himself here face to face with an unsolvable riddle; the comedy, he said, contained absolutely nothing to justify the course of the censor, neither an obscenity nor a frivolous remark. On the contrary, it was prepared quite according to Figaro's recipe: 'In my writings I must speak neither of the powers that be, nor of religion, nor of politics, nor of morality.' Among numerous other passages, Dr. Lindau said, had been struck out such expressions as 'Rembrandt's anatomy,' 'Böcklin's Album,' 'the naked Venus of Milo' (the word 'naked'); in the opening scene, indeed, objection had been taken even to a pillar on which nothing at all was seen, and which did not enter into the play until later, and then only superficially."

As representative of the opinion of the large body of educated Germans, reference may be made to von Wildenbruch's article in the widely-circulated paper, *Die Woche*, in the issue of October 6, 1900, in which he advocates the placing of the censorial power in the hands of a non-existent academy of authors "whose standing is security in the eye of the public and of the state that they will act as representatives of authors, of literature and of the press."

Following this restrained, conservative view, it is interesting to note the Emperor's radical expression of opinion. In the autumn of 1890 the performance of Sudermann's drama, "Sodom's Ende," was forbidden by the censor, but later voluntarily permitted by the Secretary of the Interior, Herr Herrfurth. According to the story, the Secretary was called to account by his royal master for his interference and ordered to give his reasons therefor.

"I myself read the piece with painstaking care," explained the official, "and at each scene I asked myself whether I could listen to the play in my wife's company; only on being able to answer this question affirmatively did I interfere."

"You should have asked," replied the outraged monarch, "whether you could listen to each scene in the presence of your daughter!"

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.



Lillie Charles, London

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER AS CALYPSO IN "ULYSSES"

America's Greater Players

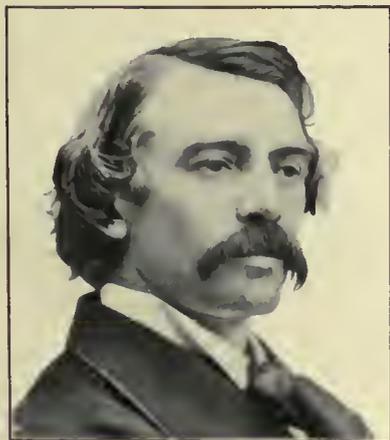
No. 8—Edwin Adams, Frank Mayo, Junius Brutus Booth



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH

Mayo was the victim of one fatal mistake—he mistook the colloquial for the natural. The natural is colloquial only when the colloquial is natural, which, comparatively, it seldom is in the higher walks of the serious drama. Mr. Mayo colloquialized Hamlet till it took him but little more than two hours to play him. Neither Mayo nor Bandmann nor any other actor ever raced through a serious part, aye, or through any part, and made it effective. The great ones have all been timetakers. Mayo, however, had not the tragedy temperament, and would not have been distinguished as a player of the serious drama if he had been content with traditional methods. He is best remembered as David Crockett.

Junius Brutus Booth (1796–1852) was one of the most brilliant and most erratic players of the first half of the last century. He was born near Loudon, of Jewish parents. After quitting school, in which, it would seem, he was studious and apt, he spent a little time working at the printer's trade, then for a brief period he was in a law office, which he quit for the navy. The time he spent in all three fields of activity must have been short, for at the early age of seventeen he became a strolling player; but two seasons later he bade good-by to the road to become a member of the stock company of Covent Garden Theatre. His rise was rapid—so rapid that as early as '19 and '20 there were those in London that thought him fully the equal of the great Edmund Kean, who was eight years the older, and since 1814 had had no rival on the English stage. In 1821 Booth's admirers arranged a performance of "Othello," with Kean as Othello and Booth as Iago. The outcome was disastrous for Booth, who soon after came to this country. Physically Kean and Booth were exceedingly well matched. Both were strongly built but short—about five foot four or five inches—with handsome Semitic heads. Here, as in England, Booth had but one contemporary that achieved a greater reputation than he, and here, as there, there were always those that insisted in giving to him the first place. Those, however, whose judgments in such matters were most valued, quite generally concurred in the opinion that Booth's best personations fell something short of rising to the supreme plane to which the best personations of Kean and Forrest rose. Booth may have had as much God-given aptitude for the player's art as Forrest, but with habits such as his he could not have been the painstaking student Forrest was; and then, Forrest's matchless voice enabled him to realize his most subtle conceptions. Booth was seen at his best in Richard, Pescara, Iago, Hamlet, Sir Giles Overreach, Shylock, Sir Edward Mortimer and Brutus in "The Fall of Tarquin." By common consent, he is reckoned the greatest player of the Booth family.



EDWIN ADAMS

AMONG American players of the second rate Edward Adams (1834–1877) achieved an enviable place by the exercise of his inborn aptitude for the actor's art, supplemented by a modicum of study. Being no student, Adams never attracted much attention from the discriminating few, but though he had no advantages of feature or figure, his fine voice, dash and commanding bearing made him a favorite with the million. Adams' Hamlet, Othello, Iago and his other personations of classic and standard parts were at the most only respectable performances. He is best remembered as the personator of Enoch Arden.

There was nothing of the subtle in Adams' composition. His gifts were limited to the kind that enables the player to satisfy the average theatregoer. All that the million can appreciate he gave them, save manly beauty. He was always sympathetic, which was in a measure due to his having a remarkably full and sonorous voice for a man of his size. Had his habits been wisely regulated he doubtless would have lived to acquire a handsome competence.

The stage has known few, if any, handsomer men than Frank Mayo (1839–1896). In his earlier years he must have been a very Adonis. With intelligence, too, as well as with good looks, he was liberally endowed. He was well informed on many subjects and had great facility in communicating what he knew. Among his acquaintances he had, perhaps, more reputation as a conversationist than as an actor, clever player as he was, especially in a certain line of character parts. He was ambitious to excel in the great classic and standard parts, but the public would not be persuaded to make his playing of them profitable. Mr.



FRANK MAYO

Alfred Ayres.

This series began in the issue of December, 1901.

STORIES OF "Waters of Lethe" THE STAGE

By Kenneth Lee

EVERYBODY prophesied all sorts of good luck when Arlina Arden, the leading woman of the Madison Avenue Theatre, married Mark Meredith, the matinee girl's idol.

They had been lovers so often on the stage that no one wondered when their rôles extended into private life; and great was the attendance at the wedding, celebrated with theatric honors, at the Little Church Around the Corner.

It was a great "send off," but in time both they and the public settled down to the new state of affairs, and things went on as usual at the Madison Avenue Theatre. Men envied him and women shrugged their shoulders. Women generally foresee evil when the first glamour has worn off.

In about three months came the first surprise to the sympathizing public—always agog for excitement, which is "so shocking, you know." The audience was pouring out of the little house, and a casual listener to the throng of people besieging the box-office for the return of their money might have heard these sort of statements among the babel of voices:

"Drink, my dear. I saw it in his eye the moment the curtain went up."

"Been at it for some time, I hear."

"What was the stage management thinking of? No understudy!" This last from one of the craft.

In short, Mark Meredith had disgraced himself. With some men these insults to the public may be forgiven. But no apology was offered, and no question was raised on Meredith's part regarding his own dismissal. He simply disappeared from his dressing-room and went on a prolonged spree.

When any one in the glare of the footlights errs, the whole world knows the story—with variations. Facts show the stage to be less guilty of the very sins most ascribed to it than the idler members of fashionable society, but the latter's weaknesses are hushed up and smothered under a silken cloak of invisibility.

So despair reigned in Arlina's little home, and all her prayers failed to regenerate the unfortunate husband.

There is but one finale to this often-told history. Separation followed; the woman pursued her blameless, hard-working life, letting no one see her sorrow and wrapping herself up entirely in her nightly task. The man followed his path, and the teeming world came between them; a river wider than the Styx divided the two—a river no bridge could span nor boat cross.

So two years passed, and the lustre of the story was becoming dimmed with time. She was blamed, of course—trust her own sex for that—but the very blame became eclipsed by some fresh triumph, and Arlina Arden's name was a household word.

The little flat was discarded; the place had too many sad recollections cling to it, and a bijou house was rented. The

late landlord insisted upon the letter of his lease, and the new house was too big a bargain to miss; so, having to pay for the small apartments until May, a quantity of household gods were left there while the new domicile was being furnished, drafts being made from the old place from time to time, as required.

One dull, raw day in March, after rehearsal was over, a smart little brougham drew up at the apartment house. Arlina, befurred and lithe of limb, mounted the narrow stairs, wondering in a dull sort of way how she could ever have tolerated such a place. Two months had elapsed since her last visit, but the half-dismantled rooms seemed devoid of that indescribable air of mustiness which always pervades a tenantless lodging.

The catch of the front door snapped behind her as she walked down the narrow private hall to the rabbit-hutch, dignified by the name of dining-room.

An exclamation of horror started to her lips at the sight of Mark Meredith sitting on the sofa by the window, his face buried in his hands. His clothing was in rags; on the table lay a broken cup, a tattered newspaper of months ago, the soiled remnant of a table cloth, a mouldy crust, left by some oversight to spread itself with green mildew in the old bread box, and the varied odds and ends of a broken set deemed unworthy of removal.

"How long you have been!"

Arlina could only stand in dismay as the gaunt figure arose and flung down the torn paper.



Photo Fonelle

"How long you have been!" he said

"Beu marketing, I suppose? The girl's out, so I got breakfast. Sit down, dearie, sit down. We shall have to get another servant, Lina. Our idiot has vanished. She hadn't even lit the fire, but I managed all right. Look!" And the human wreck led the woman he had injured into the little kitchen. The range was rapidly consuming the last of a scuttle of half-burned ciuders. "She didn't even bring up enough coal before she went. She's a beauty, she is. But I'll get some presently or howl to the janitor. You had better drop in at the intelligence office as we go to rehearsal. What time are we called to-day?"

Pity arose in her heart. Drink had played a strange freak with the wanderer. The past was mercifully obliterated. He had stumbled across the broken thread of the life that was, and had taken it up at the place where his own act had broken the strands.

"At eleven," she murmured. "You are ill—too ill to go to-day. Can I get anything for you? Are you hungry?"

"Hungry? Ill? Nonsense."

"How did you get in here?" she asked, adding hurriedly, "since the girl is out?"

He looked puzzled for a moment, and his bleared eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry, Lina, very sorry. I was out with the boys last night. Of course I had my latchkey. You didn't intend to lock me out, did you? I'm sorry."

"So am I."

"Don't be angry with me. I won't do it again."

And the rough March wind cut through the ill-fitting window sash, and seemed to whisper amid the chill silence, "No, Mark Meredith, never again!"

"I always was a bit weak in that direction, but I'll work hard now. The old governor shan't have to shake his head at me any more. I'll be a credit to you, Lina, and to the theatre." Then glancing at his garments: "Good Lord! Look what a mess I've made of myself lighting that beastly fire."

"Where have you been?" she inquired, gently leading him back to the dusty sofa.

"I told you," he answered, petulantly, "I was out. I said I was sorry and would give it up. Don't nag at a fellow."

"I'm not nagging."

He rubbed his forehead in a perplexed manner, as if trying to recollect. "When I came in I flung myself down on the sofa here. I didn't want to disturb you. I'm sure you needn't look so sad. What's the matter? The governor hasn't cancelled my contract, has he?"

"No, the governor hasn't cancelled your contract."

"Then don't be so serious. I've been punished. I've had such an awful dream. Won't you have some breakfast? I don't want any myself. If you like, we'll go to a restaurant before going to the theatre. I forgot what I found to cook; probably I made a mess of it." And he weakly closed his eyes.

"Mark! Mark!"

"What is it, Lina? Oh, you want to go and see about a new girl. All right, dear. I'd go for you, only I'm not much good at that sort of business."

"I'll go—afterwards. Mark, won't you tell me where you have been? Can't you remember, dear?"

"Of course I can remember. Why will you harp on a simple mistake? I say, Lina," and he suddenly became actively alert; "you're not hiding anything from me? I haven't missed rehearsals or anything? I haven't annoyed the governor, have I? I'm a little confused, and I



Photo Tonnele

Lina was sobbing too violently to answer

can't remember, somehow. The governor isn't angry, is he?"

"No, dear; no one is angry—now."

"That's all right; I'm awfully sorry, Lina, to have worried you—not getting home last night. I told you I'd been punished."

"It is you who are reproaching yourself, dear, not I. I am sure you are freely forgiven."

"You always were a good girl, Lina," and the grimy, emaciated hand pressed the slender, diamond-encircled fingers. "We laugh at nightmares—after they are over—don't we? But they're horribly real while they last. Shall we be late for rehearsal if I tell you my dream?"

"Try to sleep, dear," she urged, "while I run downstairs and get—"

"Do listen! Shall we be late for rehearsal?" he reiterated.

"We shan't be late for rehearsal."

"Oh, well! I came in—I don't know exactly when—" and he paused, gazing stupidly at the empty mantelpiece. "Somebody's moved the clock; and, Lina, don't be mad now; I—speaking of clocks—I lost my watch."

"I'm not mad."

"No, you're awfully good; I'll remember it always. I'll have nothing more to do with Tom McShane, after this." Tom McShane had been one of Meredith's boon companions, and had gone the way of all drunken flesh a year ago. "I'll tell Tom that I'm a newly-married man—a benedict—and all that. You shall never be neglected again, Lina. I see the foolishness of it all now. There's nothing in it, dear, nothing in it. Are you listening?"

"Yes, I am listening."

"Why, you're crying. I didn't know you'd take it so to

heart. Yesterday you were as jolly as could be. I've not grieved you so before—often?"

"No, not often."

"Oh, I was telling you. I fell asleep here and dreamt I was standing on the stage. I had taken a drop too much—in my dream, you know—and the audience had gotten on to it. Then I went up—missed my lines, and said something stupid. The governor yelled at them to ring down. Next thing I knew I was on the street—in my make-up—lucky it was a modern piece—in my dream, and I was hurrying away, I didn't know where. Then a funny thing happened. I seemed to live the life of a tramp, for years and years—odd how time passes in a dream. Fancy me sleeping in cheap lodging houses and alleys, and under stoops—always keeping out of the part of the town where I was known; for after I had herded with the bar-room graduates for some time, I was ashamed to come back. I drifted—in my dream—across the river to Jersey City. I was safer there. One day I saw your name on the bill-boards of a monster benefit. I begged the money, and crept into the gallery, though I nearly didn't go at all, because I had to pass a saloon. The vision was so vivid, I can see you now. You were playing something that you and I have appeared in often—'A Happy Pair.' I can laugh at it now, but I didn't like it then. Bad went to worse, and I was sent to Snake Hill—a vagrant—to break stones and make roads with a gang of thieves and rogues. That sobered me up, but, when I regained my freedom, I went back to the old life. How could I do anything else? Who would recognize such a wreck?"

"I would have recognized—I would have helped you."

"I know; but, you see, this was a dream. One doesn't reason in dreams. I know you would have helped me in real life; but in real life I should not have been so foolish. I—I forget the rest. You see I have suffered enough for my fault."

"Yes, dear, you have suffered enough."

"Look, Lina, Tom McShane is coming for me. Tell him to go away."

"There is no one here, dear, excepting myself."

"I'm not blind, nor foolish. I suppose I can trust my eyes." Then steadying himself and half rising: "It's good-bye, Tom. I'm not going with you, nor your gang, any more. I've made trouble enough through you and your sort. Don't look astonished. I mean it, don't I, Lina?"

"Of course, dear."

"That's right, Tom. Good-bye! There! Good riddance! The door must have been on the latch. Look out, Lina, or some tramp will be coming in here and robbing us. What time is it?"

But Arlina was sobbing too violently to answer—an answer he did not seem to miss, for he muttered: "It's time we went to rehearsal, Lina. We'll meet the governor and tell him that I'm awfully sorry."

And Mark Meredith met The Governor.

William Gillette and His Cat

DURING the long run of "Sherlock Holmes" at the Lyceum, writes our London correspondent, an unrehearsed effect one night caused amusement to the audience in the middle of one of the most impressive scenes in the play. When the curtain rose on the second act, where Sherlock Holmes is discovered sitting, pipe in mouth, thinking out his



Photo taken for THE THEATRE

WILLIAM GILLETTE AND HIS CAT

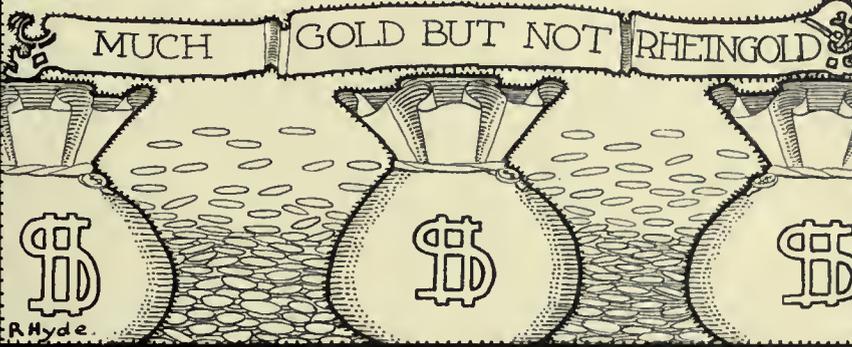
plans for the capture of Professor Moriarty and his gang, Mr. Gillette was seen with a little black and white cat on his knees, which he stroked gently as he went on with his musing. But pussy did not seem at all at home, and when released trotted down in front, smelt the footlights, and then, with a frightened "miew," darted off the stage amid the laughter of the house. Mr. Gillette thought the cat lent effect to that particular scene, if only the cat could be got to behave properly. Towards the close of the run another cat, a big, beautiful, tiger-striped Tom, appeared regularly upon his knees, resting in the folds of his dressing-gown. This, however, was no ordinary cat trained for the purpose, but an old actor on the Lyceum stage. One very wet afternoon, some seven or eight years ago, Sir Henry Irving was standing at the door of the theatre talking with his manager when a little kitten, cold, drenched with rain, starving, came up miewing pitifully, and rubbed its wet, dirty coat against the distinguished actor's trousers. An unfeeling attendant kicked it away, but the poor little animal returned to Sir Henry, whose heart was touched by pussy's pitiful cries.

"Don't do that again," said Sir Henry, and taking it up in his arms, all wet and muddy as it was, he carried it to his dressing-room, dried and fed it. From that day to this the grateful animal has never been outside of the Lyceum doors.



MAURICE GRAU

THE OPERATIC SITUATION



RICHARD WAGNER

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"The all-star, no ensemble régime, . . . the orchestra and chorus sin as of yore. . . . Managerial shortcomings were prominent throughout the season. Opera improperly staged is wilted, and the efforts of all the critics in New York have not sufficed to revolutionize this particularly noticeable condition."—EMILY G. VON TETZEL in *THE THEATRE*, February and April, 1902.

"The forces lying behind the present system of opera are entirely outside the artistic world. . . . The majority of the opera singers sing badly. . . . The opera is in a bad way. . . . (We need) a larger, finer,

more intelligently planned opera house. . . . Opera in Manhattan should be free from the extortions of impresarii and stars, and have the power to produce the greatest variety of operas. . . . The only ground that institution (Mr. Grau's opera) has to stand on is the attitude of worship of performers. . . . These defects are recognized by every critic in New York, but every writer equally recognizes his helplessness to remove them. . . . Perhaps some day we may have opera performed as it is in Dresden and Munich."—W. J. HENDERSON, in *N. Y. Times*, March 9, April 13 and 27, 1902.

THE foregoing extracts fairly represent the attitude of every local music critic toward the present operatic situation in New York and their despair of better things. Maurice Grau has done some good service in the cause of the music drama. He was the first manager to make opera at the Metropolitan pay. He has been making his chorus somewhat less bad than it was, and improving and enlarging his orchestra, until now, if it were not generally tired out, it might compare favorably with that of the lamented German seasons. In "Salammbô," "Tosca," and certain scenes in "Messaline" he has given spectacles it would be hard to surpass. He has occasionally mitigated the shabby mounting of other operas by adding a handsome new scene. He has gradually broadened his repertoire. He has introduced to us several great singers, though last season he did not have as many famous artistes as usual.

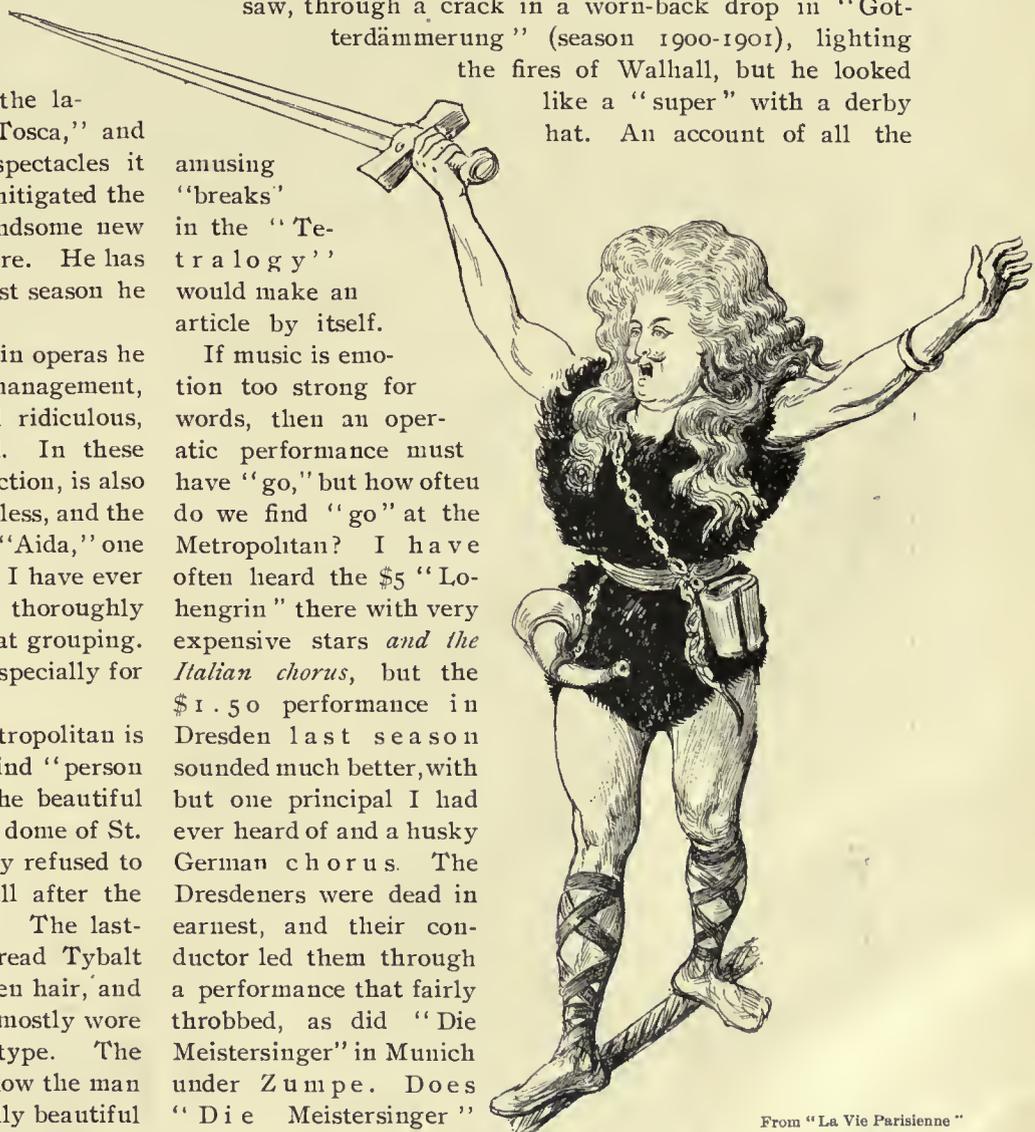
But although Mr. Grau has shown that in certain operas he can give nearly perfect productions, his stage management, lighting and mounting are too often shabby and ridiculous, and his chorus spiritless and stupidly handled. In these respects "Faust," while his most frequent production, is also perhaps his worst. The Kermess is dingy and joyless, and the return of the victorious troops in this opera, as in "Aida," one of the saddest displays of "dumb-driven cattle" I have ever witnessed. Valentine's death was shown in a thoroughly bare and unpicturesque scene, with no attempt at grouping. The scenery for the garden, the cathedral, and especially for the apotheosis scene, was most commonplace.

The lack of distance and atmosphere at the Metropolitan is most noticeable. The light man seems a color-blind "person sitting in darkness" In "Tosca" he ruined the beautiful final scene, where the sky hung in folds, with the dome of St. Peter's heavily silhouetted against it, and the day refused to break, as it also did in "Romeo et Juliette," till after the lovers had sung most of "Ce n'est pas le jour." The last-named opera was full of *Grau-same* things. Dread Tybalt was short and stout, with rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, and dressed in "baby blue." The noble Montagues mostly wore heavy moustaches of the Tammany politician type. The orchestra could have appropriately played "Follow the man from Cook's," for the scene shifted from the really beautiful

Italian garden to part of the German cathedral from "Faust," to an international street with a German majority, and to Elsa's bridal chamber in Antwerp. The "Ring" scenery deepens the impression that Mr. Grau hates Wagner. In "Rheingold," Walhall was crayoned on a "Manru" drop and afterwards sponged off. It must have been Loge that I saw, through a crack in a worn-back drop in "Götterdämmerung" (season 1900-1901), lighting the fires of Walhall, but he looked like a "super" with a derby hat. An account of all the

amusing "breaks" in the "Tetralogy" would make an article by itself.

If music is emotion too strong for words, then an operatic performance must have "go," but how often do we find "go" at the Metropolitan? I have often heard the \$5 "Lohengrin" there with very expensive stars and the *Italian chorus*, but the \$1.50 performance in Dresden last season sounded much better, with but one principal I had ever heard of and a husky German chorus. The Dresdeners were dead in earnest, and their conductor led them through a performance that fairly throbbled, as did "Die Meistersinger" in Munich under Zumppe. Does "Die Meistersinger"



From "La Vie Parisienne"
JEAN DE RESZKE AS SIEGFRIED

throb here? Not much. Neither does "Tannhäuser," despite Van Dyck's splendid efforts. Lethargy too often rules in our yellow temple. What was it dulled the nearly perfect performances of "Tristan" and "Tosca"? Why, the *aus-gespielt* orchestra. Here's what they had to do, according to the *Times*, one twenty-four hours: 11 A. M., rehearse; 2 P. M., rehearse. Go to Philadelphia; play through an opera; leave, 2 A. M.; arrive New York, 4 A. M.; 11 A. M., rehearse some more. Sometimes eight or nine or ten performances a week. And the chorus had somewhat the same experience. It is to be hoped that the stockholders will insist on Mr. Grau's not trying to give opera in New York and Philadelphia at the same time.

We should have a German chorus in German opera. With the Italian chorus I once heard a wicked wag say that "Lohengrin" sounds something like this:

Der König.—"Gott grüss euch, liebe Männe von Brabant."

Gli Nobili.—"What I make on de peanutta I lose on de damna banan."

If we had a German chorus we might be permitted to hear some of the charming works of Weber, Goldmark, Humperdinck, Nessler, Kretschmer, Lortzing, etc. We might have two choruses instead of one, so that they would not be so overworked; possibly, also, enough might be saved from the extortions of the "stars" to pay the chorons better. Perhaps, as we have so long listened to an Italian chorus in German and French opera, we might have enough local pride to listen to an English chorus of our own in French and Italian works, and we probably would have little difficulty in also recruiting our German chorus here; or, possibly, the same singers could sing both German and English. Then we would have a young, spirited, good-looking chorus of our own, possibly largely recruited from our conservatories of music, and this might be the first step toward the introduction of operas in English. Had Mr. Grau put singers like Eames, Nordica, Melba, Homer, Adams, Bispham and Blass (if they were willing to learn their rôles in their native tongue) into the English

opera at the Metropolitan to support Sheehan, Whitehill, Paull and the other good singers already in the company, the result of that brief season might have been quite different. We can not have opera in English all at once, and perhaps we can never have it only. At present one of the chief difficulties would be repertoire, but

one or two more English operas could be produced each season, and new ones would be composed, while, to start with, they could be selected from Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter," Chadwick's "Judith," Balfe's "Satanella" and "Bohemian Girl," Wallace's "Maritana," Thomas' "Esmeralda," Sullivan's "Mikado" (already very successful at the Metropolitan), his "Iolanthe" and "Yeomen of the Guard." Beyond this is, perhaps, pure speculation.

With our enormous German population, and the great popularity of Wagner, German opera might continue with the English, and some of the very best French and Italian works still be given in English. As England and America constantly expend more money for opera, and France and Italy have been spending less, we may yet live to hear the great singers singing in English and German, instead of, as at present, in German, French and Italian.

We have a smaller leisure class than most European cities, and our male opera-goers return home later from business. The hour for opening most first-class theatres is from 8.15 to 8.30 P. M., but the opera begins at 7.45 or 8; and when tired and "rushed" after a hastily-swallowed dinner, one is in no condition to enjoy serious music. If one does not arrive on time, the late-comers walk all over him and slam seats, spoiling the overture and opening scenes. The opera should begin at 8.30 and end about 11.30. The hours of the commencement of the overture and of each act should be conspicuously advertised, and no one should be admitted while the performance is going on. Many of the operas are already cut, and quite a number uncut take but three hours. So uncut operas are not insisted upon. Why not cut a little more, so that we shall not be too exhausted to enjoy what is left? As for Wagner and Mozart, though a Wagnerite, I do not believe that either should be more reverently handled than Shakespeare, and Irving, Mansfield and the other high priests of the "divine William" regularly cut him down to about three hours. With the various discomforts at the Metropolitan, a performance which lasts from 7.45 till nearly midnight should be among the "cruel and unusual punishments" prohibited by our Constitution.



Photo Marceau

J. S. DUSS

Conductor of the band now giving concerts at the St. Nicholas, and whose original manner of wielding the baton scored a hit on the first appearance here of the organization



Copyright, 1900, by Winifred Holt

Life size bas-relief portrait of the late Anton Seidl, conductor of the Philharmonic and Metropolitan Opera House orchestras, by Miss Winifred Holt

Regarding the discomforts at the Metropolitan; though there are elevators to the other galleries, there is a most arduous climb to the family circle (it actually killed a well-known lady). There are hundreds of "blind" seats in the galleries, from which little or none of the performance can be seen. These should not be sold as reserved seats, but given to the "standees." There is practically no ventilation. Women faint freely. The *Times* (Jan. 20, 1900) says that "as many as twenty sufferers were cared for by the ushers at one time." There once was a Maillard temperance bar, but it has been removed. In Germany and France, the promenade and buffet, between the acts, is a very pleasant feature. Here we have none, and probably not a few young men have gotten pneumonia, on bad nights, dashing across to "Brown's" for "coffee."

The prices for seats are too high. At the few model festival performances, in specially constructed theatres, at Bayreuth (where they have a monopoly of "Parsifal") and at Munich, \$5 a seat is charged. But at Dresden I have heard as good a performance of "Manru" as our \$5 ones for \$1.50. Mr. Grau is said to have cleared as much as \$100,000 in a single New York season, exclusive of what he makes "on the road," and he cleared \$50,000 in Chicago in two weeks this season. He, of course, has a perfect right to do so. But the public have a right to lessen their patronage, or to transfer it to some less "expensive" impresario who may venture into the field. While some of Mr. Grau's performances come near to being model ones, worth \$5, certainly the majority of them do not. The chief excuse for high prices has been the large salaries paid the singers, but whether it is "Les Huguenots," as it used to be, with Nordica, De Vere, Plançon, Ancona, Jeau and Edouard de Reszké, or as it was this season, with Edouard de Reszké—the only one of that earlier cast—and the others, Bréval, Liebling, Journet, De Clery and Alvarez, it's \$5 just the same, and, barring the work of some of these principals, the performance with either cast was comparatively spiritless and inartistic, compared with those of the same opera in Paris, with few, if any, famous singers. Robbery on the high C's is puzzling. The *Times* says, "The majority of the opera singers sing badly," and yet the New York and London managements (with opera seasons which do not compete, as they are at different times of the year)



KOCIAN

This young Bohemian violinist, who will make his first American tour next season under the management of Rudolph Aronson. Kocian was a fellow-pupil with Kubelik under Professor Sevcik, of Prague, and although only eighteen years of age he has played in all the principal cities of Europe. He was recently the guest of honor at one of Mrs. Rowland's musical afternoons in London, and he has also played at one of the annual musicales given by William Waldorf Astor.

Company disappeared from the city. Will Mr. Damrosch, who ceased conducting since Mr. Grau has given Wagner a cold shoulder (see illustrated heading of this article), bring us a Wagner company? Will Mr. Savage turn from "King Dodo" and bring back to us his much-desired Castle Square English Opera Company? Will the rumors of coming good opera bouffe and good light opera materialize? If they did, they would draw on the clientèle of the grand opera to a considerable extent. Will not a better theatrical season than the one just closed force our operatic dictator to look to his laurels? Will Mr. Grau "reform from within"? Will the stockholders, like Mæceuses, insist on supplying the public with this beautiful and ennobling amusement at a moderate cost, and bring "gentle 'suasion" upon him, or will an aroused public realize that their opera is "wilted," and decline to continue to pay the highest prices for a damaged article?

It has been estimated that New York spends three-quarters of a million a year on opera. Will not this knowledge tempt some other impresario to enter the field with performances that have "go" to them, and that may be enjoyed at reasonable prices?

ROLAND HOLT.

are believed to pay singers vastly more than they could get in any continental opera houses. If Mr. Grau can give opera in Chicago at \$3.50, and in Brooklyn at \$3, and can make money on Saturday nights at \$2.50, out of "Tosca," "Otello" and other operas with \$5 casts, surely someone can give as good opera at a profit for less than \$5. The *Times* printed an estimate by "an expert on the subject of such productions" that Mr. Grau made something like \$34,000 out of the gala performance for Prince Henry, at \$30 a seat. It was reported that he had to make the prices high, because of the great amount he had to pay the many singers, and also that he paid them half-salaries for that night. Yet at the Opera farewell, in April, he gave about the same cast at \$7 a seat. Manager Conried of the German Theatre gave the surplus he made by the Prince's presence to charity.

What are we going to do about it? Mr. Grau has practically become an operatic trust. When he took Mr. Damrosch into the fold, his German troupe was eliminated. Mr. Savage entered the "Yellow Temple," and the Castle Square Opera

Walter Damrosch and the Philharmonic

WITHIN the last few months the musical world has been keenly interested in the movements of the New York Philharmonic Society, which, after advancing to a state of actual—if temporary—musical excellence under the baton of Emil Paur, has suddenly elected Walter Damrosch to the office of director.

The Philharmonic is now in its sixty-first year, and has attained its present emiuece chiefly because it has had no strong local competitor. When we consider the lines on which it is organized it is little short of a miracle that it is still extant and operative.

The members of this orchestra elect their own director, and naturally prefer to retain the man who is plastic in their hands and conforms to their astounding conditions, such as giving concerts without adequate rehearsals and retaining in active service men who were perhaps clever amateurs thirty or forty years ago, but who are now absolutely incompetent. Listen to a certain violin or a certain oboe and to some of the Philharmonic horns, and you will understand why it was impossible for a great conductor to remain long in an office to which he was elected by men whom he could not, in consequence, discharge. The director of the Philharmonic is a figurehead. He may demand no extra rehearsals, nor the discharge of incapable men, nor the election of healthy, young material, and the very programmes he may select must pass beneath the judgment of a committee. Besides all this, he awakes one morning to be told that he must become a member of the union, or no men at all will be obtainable by him. Is it, then, remarkable that a man of the virility and genius of Mr. Paur should grow restive under such conditions, and should take the bit between his teeth to the extent that, by attempting to dismiss the useless members, engage young talent and have enough rehearsals, he ultimately provoked the ire of the threatened members, who voted against his serving another season, and elected Mr. Damrosch, whom they feel will not prove a serious menace to their position.

Under the conditions prevailing in New York at this time, no more suitable man than Mr. Damrosch could be found to fill this position. Like the society of which he is now director, Mr. Damrosch is a home product, and he and the organization are in about the same stage of development. The weakness of the one will mitigate the weakness of the other, and a certain satisfactory monotone of negatively tolerable results will be obtained. This, in itself, will be a relief from the contrasts resulting from Mr. Paur's régime, where the latter's genius served only to high light the skulls and crossbones of the Philharmonic Society in an extremely ghastly fashion.

Mr. Damrosch should be able to bring the society to a state of comparative excellence heretofore unobtainable, for his friend, Andrew Carnegie, is the President of the organization, and will doubtless provide for ample rehearsals and sufficient funds with which to obtain suitable artistes, such as the great opera singers and the best instrumentalists, like Paderewski, who have been until now beyond the means of the orchestra. Moreover, Mr. Damrosch's initiatory season will have advantages greater than those enjoyed by Mr. Paur at any time, and the effect should be instantly felt upon the subscription list. The opera next season bids fair to be less of a menacing feature, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra will make five visits instead of ten, as it did last season. With the monetary and moral backing of Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Damrosch may suc-



Photo Arnold Genthe

WALTER DAMROSCH

Recently elected conductor of the Philharmonic for next season

ceed in eliminating some of the deadwood from the ranks of his men; and, even further, he may in time throw out some of the ancient remnants constituting the committees, and this would of itself be beneficial.

In short, we cannot view these recent events altogether in the light of a disaster. We predict that the election of Mr. Damrosch will be fruitful of much that is interesting, and musically the public will endorse that which is within its mental grasp, for a city which could make such a condition possible does not, *can* not, know the difference between the great and smaller, or musically distinguished programmes and concerts and those which must, perforce, remain in the domain of the commonplace.

We do not care to enter here into a discussion of Mr. Damrosch's shortcomings, but we wish to make it plain that the real trouble lies with the Philharmonic Society itself, which stands like a useless old rock in the way of New York's musical advancement. We want a well-organized permanent orchestra, based on sane business principles, with capable men in the ranks and men of the calibre of a Paur, a Weingartner or a Nikisch at its head, in order that we may have satisfactory concerts of grand works. This is impossible as long as the Philharmonic Society maunders on its way, for it attracts to itself too little patronage to make it, *per se*, successful, and too much to enable another orchestra to thrive in opposition to it. We foresee from this election the death of the Philharmonic Society, the complete overturning of its present policy, and the birth of a permanent orchestra. Sometimes a *pons asinorum* leads to beautiful new territory. New York has just set her musical foot upon this bridge, and we hope she will be wiser after traversing its length and commence to do something lasting and meritorious for Art

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Amateur Players

THIS department, which was started in our April issue for the benefit of amateur societies throughout the country, has rapidly grown to be one of the most popular features in this magazine, if we may judge by the letters that reach us daily. At a rough estimate there are in the United States nearly fifty thousand persons of both sexes who have no intention of becoming professional actors, but who take an active interest in the acted drama and are members of some organization formed in their respective localities for the specific purpose of presenting and acting plays.

Nearly every university and high school has its dramatic club, and such societies as the Amateur Comedy Club of New York and the Amaranth of Brooklyn have been known from one end of the country to the other for many years. The performances of classic and modern plays by these amateur associations are most meritorious, in many instances, indeed, being little inferior to the work of professional players. The purpose of this department is to chronicle the doings of amateurs everywhere, and to make this magazine a pictorial record of the amateur stage by publishing good pictures of the best productions made by amateurs. In a word, THE THEATRE is the official organ of all amateurs. It will promote and protect their interests by throwing open



MR. J. P. HOGUET AS A GIBSON GIRL
(German Club of Harvard)

its columns to communications and suggestions made for the good of all, and also to ventilate possible grievances. Among other letters we have received the following:

CINCINNATI, JUNE 10, 1902.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

As President of the Amateur Dramatic Federation of Cincinnati and its vicinity, I desire to extend the thanks of the federation and all local amateurs to you for the introduction of an amateur column into your valuable monthly.

F. HOEFFER McMECHAN,
President the Amateur Dramatic Federation.

One of the greatest difficulties amateurs have to contend with is how to secure plays; not the old plays, that can be bought for a few cents a copy, and which have been performed over and over again, but the latest dramatic successes. Often an amateur club would like to present such or such a play, but does not know who the owner is, how many characters the play contains, how many changes of scenery, or the royalty demanded.

For the benefit of our readers THE THEATRE presents below a list of new or comparatively new plays suitable for production by amateurs. Next month our list will be longer. We believe this information will be of the greatest value to amateurs.

In direct sympathy with the programme THE THEATRE has laid out is the newly organized Amateur Dramatic Federation of Cincinnati. Last September a number of Cincinnati amateurs discussed the advisability of federating amateur players with a view of affording an opportunity

Publishers' Announcements

THE DRAMATIC AND POETIC WORKS OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS

HEROD: A Tragedy in Three Acts. Green Cloth. Twenty-first Thousand. Price \$1.25 net.

The opinion of *The London Times*:

"Here, then, is a noble work of dramatic imagination, dealing greatly with great passion; multi-colored and exquisitely musical. Though it is 'literature' throughout, it is never the literature of the closet, but always the literature of the theatre, with the rapid action, the marked contrasts, the fierce heating passion, the broad effects proper to the theatre. In other words Mr Stephen Phillips is not only a poet, and a rare poet, but that still rarer thing, a dramatic poet."

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA: A Tragedy in Four Acts, with photogravure frontispiece after the famous picture by G. F. Watts, R. A. Green Cloth. Twenty-first Thousand. Price \$1.25 net.

Brooklyn Daily Eagle:

"It is not too much to say that 'Paolo and Francesca' is the most important example of English dramatic poetry that has appeared since Browning died. . . . In Stephen Phillips we have a man who will prove that the finest achievements of English poetry are a continuing possession, and not solely a noble inheritance."

POEMS. Containing "Christ in Hades," "Marpessa," etc. Green Cloth. Fifteenth Thousand. Price \$1.25 net.

The opinion of MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS:

"Spiritual in a fine way Mr Phillips' work is, running into frank realism where a modern theme is dealt with, and keeping a high idealism where the question is of fate, or of faith. His poems of 'The Woman with a Dead Soul' and 'The Wife' are examples in the one sort, and his 'Marpessa' and 'Christ in Hades' are instances in the other. In power of picturing to the imagination they are all of like charm, and in all of them one feels the glow of the poet's youth. Tennyson at his best had not done better."

MARPESSA. With Seven Illustrations by Philip Connard. Fifteenth Thousand. Square 16mo. Green Cloth, 50 Cents net; Green Leather, 75 Cents net.

The opinion of MR. WILLIAM WATSON:

"In 'Marpessa' he has demonstrated what I should hardly have thought demonstrable—that another poem can be finer than 'Christ in Hades.' I had long believed, and my belief was shared by not a few, that the poetic possibilities of classic myth were exhausted; yet the youngest of our poets takes this ancient story and makes it newly beautiful, kindles it into tremulous life, clothes it with the mystery of interwoven delight and pain, and in the best sense keeps it classic all the while."

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Miscellaneous

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for the association of ideas; the betterment of theatrical facilities at theatres patronized by amateur talent; of increasing the scope of work by the founding of a dramatic library of manuscript plays and copyright works with addresses of owners and prices of royalty, and instituting lecture courses in dramatic art, stage technique and directing. The constitution as adopted by the organization embodies these ideas and also the issuance of a circular with names, addresses and lines of theatrical work of the members and the various clubs with which they are affiliated. This is to facilitate the exchange of members from club to club for special rôles and also to serve as a directory for professional managers who need talent at short notice. The



Photo Schloss

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL

In "The Cabinet Minister." (N. Y. Comedy Club.)

officers of the Federation are F. Hoeffler McMechan, Pres.; Miss Hattie Delbridge, Vice-Pres.; G. H. Meyers, Sec'y-Treas.

Are you looking for plays to produce next season? The following manuscript plays, suitable for amateur purposes, can be had on royalty:

"A Fair Rebel"—Military Comedy Drama in four acts, by Harry P. Mawson. Eight male characters; four women. Period, 1864. Two sets of scenery. Royalty, \$25.00 a performance

"Charlotte Corday"—Tragic play in three acts and six tableaux, by A. E. Lancaster. Eight male characters; five female. Strong rôle for star. Period, 1793. Six changes of scenery. Royalty, \$25.00.

"Twilight"—Comedy in one-act, from the French, of Octave Feuillet. Two male characters; two female. Period, to-day. Scenery, unpretentious interior. Performed by A. M. Palmer's Stock Company. Royalty, \$10.00.

"The Love Spark"—One-act Comedy, from the French of Palleron. Pretty play of sentiment. One male character; two female. Time, modern. Garden setting. Royalty, \$10.00.

"Because; or, A Woman's Reason"—Comedietta in one act. Adapted from Emile Augier, by Henry Tyrrell. Two characters—one male; one female. Up to date, simple parlor scene; afternoon costumes. Royalty, \$10.00 a performance.

"A Flower of Yeddo"—Japanese play in one act, by Victor Mapes. One male character;

(Continued on page 31)

Proprietary Articles

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QUERIES ANSWERED.

The editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

J. W., Brooklyn.—We do not furnish addresses of actors.

PAUL G., Philadelphia.—No, he is not dead, but in an asylum.

ELI SANGER, Dallas, Texas.—No, she did not appear in the play.

MARGARET GATES.—No, interviews with the players you mention have not yet appeared.

K. F. VOIGHT.—We did not think they were appreciated by the majority of our readers.

ADMIRER OF MRS. FISKE.—You will have seen ere this that your request was granted in our June issue.

JOHN NEANDER, Albany.—William Henry Rice still lives and plays occasionally. Is now in New York.

DESAULT B. KIRK, JR., Mount Vernon, O.—The latest pictures of Mary Mannering are those published in this issue of THE THEATRE.

ANXIOUS.—We have published several large pictures of the actress you mention. See THE THEATRE for February and May, 1902.

PAUL A. THORP, Washington.—We would advise you not to undertake it, there being little likelihood of profit.

IRA J. MILLER, Fresno, Cal.—There is no such book published, but the articles by Alfred Ayres now running in THE THEATRE cover the same ground.

L. M. A., Washington.—We should be delighted to please you and others in your city in the way you suggest, but it is now a little late. We may do so later on.

CARLETON FAIRFAX, Mount Vernon, O.—(1) Pronounce Curl Bell-lu. (2) Yes, of all but the last two. Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 W. 33d St., New York. (3) No, not yet.

S. S. G., Macon, Ga.—Miss Mannering is an Englishwoman. She first appeared in America Nov. 20, 1896, at Hartford, Conn., in "The Courtship of Leonie."

WARREN H. CHURCH, Davisville, R. I.—They are German Hebrews and named Gus and Max respectively. They were brought to this country by Gus Hill.

R. E. M., Chicago.—(1) Valerie Bergere has gone on the vaudeville stage and will appear in vaudeville all next season. (2) Nothing is settled as yet.

J. H. F.—Our pictures are selected with a view to their timeliness. For this reason we cannot use now the scene you suggest. A very good one, however, appeared in THE THEATRE for December, 1900.

EVELYN GRAY, Chicago.—We cannot undertake to recommend any particular school of acting. See our advertising columns. Miss Morris can be addressed care S. S. McClure & Co., East 27th St., New York City.

O. E. C.—The actress you mention has been on the stage for a number of years and appeared in many plays, one of which was "Friends." (2) We regret we cannot answer this question. See head of this department.

A. V. N.—The author of the play "Carmen," in which Miss Nethersole appeared, is Henry Hamilton. (2) No, we believe not. See our amateur department. We publish a list of plays suitable for amateur production.

TWO SUBSCRIBERS, Columbus, O.—(1) The picture you suggested appeared in the June THEATRE. (2) We may publish other pictures of her later. (3) No, the play is not published. She will play Juliet to Sarah Bernhardt's Romeo.

CARTHAGE, Providence, R. I.—"Dr. Bill" was produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, Sept. 27, 1890. The cast was as follows: Wm. Brown, Wilton Lackaye; Miss Fauntleroy, Edith Kesward; Mr. Firman, J. W. Jennings; Geo. Webster, J. B. Polk; Horton, Geo. Berks; Baggs, Graham Henderson; Police Sergeant, John Matthews; Mrs. Brown, Isabelle Evessen; Mrs. Firman, Louise Eldridge; Miss Firman, Jane Grafton; Ellen, Louise Alden; Mrs. Horton, Sadie Martinot.

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THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



PHOTO. BURR MCINTOSH

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MISS LULU GLASER, in "Dolly Varden."

Announcement!



THE THEATRE for September will be a special number, in view of the opening of the theatrical season of 1902-3. It will be increased in size and will have many features of great interest. In addition to a superb cover, printed in twelve colors and many portraits beautifully executed in half-tone, the number will contain:

PLANS OF THE PLAYERS. a forecast of the coming season, telling what new plays will be seen and some accounts of the actors and actresses who will appear in them. This will be profusely illustrated with portraits and pictures of scenes from the new productions.

MARTIN HARVEY. Some account of this successful young English actor, who will shortly make his first American tour as a star, illustrated with new photographs showing him in his various characters.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE. On September 6th next it will be just 150 years since the first troupe of English players visited this country. J. C. Hyde has written an entertaining and instructive article reviewing what has been accomplished on our stage since that time. The article will be fully illustrated with reproductions of rare engravings of the earliest American playhouses.

CHATS WITH PLAYERS. This series of interviews with stage celebrities, illustrated with new pictures posed specially for **THE THEATRE** and which has rapidly grown to be one of the most popular departments of this magazine, will continue to be a prominent feature each month.

THE STAGECRAFT of AUGUSTIN DALY. An estimate of the late American manager as a play-producer, by Alfred Ayres.

A MODERN OTHELLO. A story of the stage. Another clever narrative of theatrical life, by Kenneth Lee, illustrated by Pal.

RICHARD STRAUSS. Gustav Kobbé writes interestingly of the man who has given us something new in music and who is coming to America next fall to conduct some of his own works with our best known orchestras.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS Emily Grant von Tetzl, whose clever articles on musical topics in **THE THEATRE** last season attracted general attention, will continue to review musical events for this magazine.

AMONG THE AMATEURS. The doings in the amateur world will be chronicled regularly, and profusely illustrated with pictures of the best productions by amateur associations.

RECORDS STAGE HISTORY. **THE THEATRE** presents in an artistic form all that is going on in the theatrical and musical worlds, the text, written by competent critics, being profusely illustrated with fine reproductions of photographs of artistes, and of scenes from plays and operas. **THE THEATRE** is the only recognized illustrated chronicle of the American stage and for that reason alone is invaluable to students of the drama, who will find in our files a faithful reflection of the theatre of our time—pictures of scenes from the plays of the day, portraits of our actors and singers, scenic arts, costumes, etc.

SPECIAL ARTICLES. Each number contains special articles on dramatic and musical subjects signed by well known names. Among others who have already written for **THE THEATRE**, or will contribute articles shortly, are: Edgar Saltus, Cleveland Moffett, Alfred Ayres, A. M. Palmer, Mrs. Fiske, Gustav Kobbé, Henry Tyrrell, Edward E. Kidder, Harry B. Smith, Edward Fales Coward, E. H. Sothern, F. Marion Crawford, Randolph Hartley, Kate Masterson, Edward A. Dithmar, W. J. Henderson, H. P. Mawson, Justin Huntly McCarthy, A. E. Lancaster, Julia Marlowe, Viola Allen, Emily Grant von Tetzl, Rupert Hughes, E. S. Willard, Willis Steell, J. I. C. Clarke, Franklin Fyles, Margherita Arlina Hamm, and others.

THE THEATRE

VOL. II., NO. 18

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1902

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



ELEONORA DUSE AS FRANCESCA DA RIMINI (See page 18)

Henry Block, sc.



Photo Byron

MRS. HARMONY
(Miss Dorothy Dorr)

HARRY HARMONY
(Arnold Daly)

Henry Block, sc.

MRS. HARMONY: "Don't speak—don't say you are sorry"

Scene in "HEARTS AFLAME," the play by Genevieve G. Haines, tried recently at the Garrick, and which will be put on for a run at the Bijou Sept. 8

PLAYS and PLAYERS

"THE DEFENDER," a musical extravaganza, words by Allen Lowe and music by Charles Dennée, at the Herald Square, in its music, the agreeable personality of its women, inclusive of the large chorus, its dances and songs and the ingenuity of many of its effects, sustains the reputation of the American stage for excellence in this form of entertainment. What the book lacks in cleverness and sustained story is more than atoned for by the incidents and scenes, which stand out with distinctness, however episodic. A. H. Chamberlyn is happy in his choice of people and in the proper sequence of humor and sentiment. The supply of capable singers for this kind of entertainment is apparently unlimited. Miss Emma Carus, Miss Sandol Milliken, Miss Paula Edwardes, Miss Blanche Ring and Miss Edith Eldridge are conspicuous in the cast. Each has a distinct individuality of her own. With twenty-four members, often assisted by the chorus, the piece is tune-

ful to the ear and sensuous to the eye. Alexander Clarke is happy as the comedian and Harry Davenport and Richie Ling are capable. There is much ingenuity in the effects. One of these is the rapid tracery of lines and circles of fire in the abyss of a darkening stage during the Japanese dance. Another is the throwing of colored ribbons of every hue among the dancers, enveloping them in a maze of the colors of the rainbow. "The Defender" serves its purpose, and its producer gives evidence of being a new force in the field of extravaganza.

What Congress is capable of doing and what it can leave undone is so perfectly understood that it would not be entirely surprising if it should pass a bill to protect native dramatic literature by taxing the imported foreign article, if that precious bit of proposed legislation ever should come before the house. For a long time the local wielder of the brush was

protected from foreign cheap labor as exemplified in Michael Angelo, Rubens and Velasquez. Why should not an infant industry, then, whose youthful captains, like Bronson Howard, Charles Barnard, E. E. Kidder and Joseph Arthur, are struggling so hard to win honors and pecuniary returns in a new field, receive some portion of that security which even at the present time attaches to the maker of a tin can or the raiser of a sugar beet? This is a serious state of affairs. Unless something be immediately done, this free trade in dramatic literature will surely prove the entering wedge which will shatter the principle of protection—the foundation of the country's glory.

But difficult as it usually is to find any good in most legislation, such a tariff would not be without some gentle compensation. Could "Sweet and Twenty" have stood up under the galling tax of ten per cent.? Could "Frocks and Frills" have lived as long as it did had a tithe of its returns been diverted to the coffers of the already overflowing Treasury? What would have been "A Royal Rival's" fate had its receipts been taxed—nay, even a groat? In these cases there would have been no economic discussion—the consumer would have more than willingly paid the tax. The public is long-suffering and generous, but it cannot be pushed too far.

Whether the theatrical business is a very paying proposition is still an open question. Evidently many consider it so, judging from the vast amount of capital that is at present going into the erection of new playhouses. But a theatre without an attraction is like an engine without fuel. Where are all the new plays and stars coming from that are necessary to keep in active commission New York's thirty odd playhouses, and the half dozen more now building, if the world is not to provide the dramatic bill of fare without tax? It would seem safer for all concerned if the proposed legislation were called off. Mr. Frohman would prefer to pay the tax and produce "The Second in Command" than "Colorado" without price; while "Quality Street," at a 20 per cent. impost, would be cheaper than "Alice of Old Vincennes" with a mild check thrown in. A tariff can never prove a stimulus to intellectual endeavor. He's a poor literary sharp who calls on his government for help with which to head off a rival. Sharpen up your pens, gentlemen, spread out your writing paper, wake up your brains; there never was in the history of the drama such a demand as there is to-day for your product.

Messrs. Liebler & Co., whose business enterprise and artistic acumen have placed them in the front rank of American theatre managers, have secured still another distinguished European actress for a tour here next season in the person of Mme. Réjane. The French actress is at present playing an engagement in South America. Her contract with Geo. C. Tyler, the executive head of the Messrs. Liebler, calls for a tour in the United States, beginning in October and to last 15 weeks. Duse, Réjane, Mrs. Patrick Campbell—rather a brilliant showing for a new firm!

William Gillette, after a tour in England, which must have been very trying, no matter how satisfactory from the monetary standpoint, returned to this country recently, and is now taking a brief rest on his yacht "Annt Polly," prior to resuming his professional activities next season. He writes to the editor of this magazine as follows:

"I am off on my boat in an endeavor to forget the trials and tribulations of life, and recover a portion, at least, of recently lost strength. You have made THE THEATRE a most excellent periodical, I see. Permit me to congratulate you. Yours,

"WILLIAM GILLETTE."

A decade ago "A Doll's House" was practically the only work by which even the most advanced playgoers knew Henrik Ibsen, the

"Red star, that on the forehead of the North
Has flared so far and with so fierce a blaze."

That he has since flared so far on this side of the Atlantic is in a great measure due to the sympathetic genius of Mrs. Fiske, who has made the rôle of Nora Helmer her own so far as America is concerned; and to-day "A Doll's House," one of the keenest, most ironical dissections of the human soul ever performed on the dramatic stage, has become the popular ideal of "the Ibsen play." Without reiterating here the high appreciations which Mrs. Fiske never fails to call forth by her



Photo Byron

NORA
(Mrs. Fiske)

TORWALD
(Max Figman)

Henry Block, sc.

ACT I.—TORWALD: "How my little singing bird makes the money fly"
SCENE IN IBSEN'S DRAMA, "A DOLL'S HOUSE," RECENTLY REVIVED BY MRS. FISKE



Henry Block, sc.
JOHN SLAVIN AS THE WIZARD OF OZ

simple-seeming "natural" methods of impersonation, let it be recorded, also, to her credit, that she wins some of her most substantial triumphs by reflection through the acting of others. That is to say, she surrounds herself with a well-selected company of harmonious individualities. In her latest revival of "A Doll's House," Max Figman's portrayal of Torwald Helmer, the fond, fatuous, yet intensely human husband of Nora, made more than a passing impression. It stood as a worthy companion-piece to the study of the wife herself—indeed, the two were mutually sustaining. He was the light-hearted, sanguine, mercurial man of affairs, wrapt up in his home and family, yet never seeing below the surface either of his business associates or his child-wife with the woman's soul. Mr. Figman's very success in the denotement of these volatile traits in the first and second acts may have handicapped him slightly in the sudden and violent emotional crisis of the third; but it required a fine, strong, convincing Torwald to keep alongside Mrs. Fiske's Nora, and that is what Mr. Figman did unquestionably achieve. The important event of Mrs. Fiske's next season will be her production of Paul Heyse's biblical drama, "Mary of Magdala."

"Monna Vanna," the new play by Maeterlinck, shows the so-called Belgian Shakespeare in an entirely new light. Both in idea and atmosphere the piece is different from anything the author of "The Intruder" has yet written. From occult philosophy, obscure symbolism and the gloomier problems of existence the poet has turned to the drama of human passion and written what Catulle Mendes calls a very fine tragedy of love. The story turns upon the most poignant situations. The town of Pisa is being besieged by the Florentine army, led by the brilliant Condottiere Prinzivalle. It is at the last stage of famine and despair; food and ammunition are alike at an end. At this point the conqueror states his terms. He will spare the town; he will, indeed, re-victual and re-arm it if the beautiful Monna Vanna,

the wife of Guido, one of the princes of Pisa, is sent out to his tent for one night. When Monna Vanna hears of the conditions, she decides, in spite of the horror of her husband, that it is her duty to sacrifice her honor to save her city. She enters Prinzivalle's tent, only to find herself treated with respect instead of insult. Prinzivalle has seen and loved her years ago, and he only asks to be allowed to kiss her upon the forehead. They return together to Pisa—for it is no longer safe for Prinzivalle to remain with the army whose victory he has robbed—and Monna Vanna declares her innocence and her companion's mercy; but she is nowhere believed. Her husband, Guido, is so infuriated by the statement that he threatens to put Prinzivalle to the torture unless she confesses. Finally, in the attempt to save him whom she now finds she loves, she confesses to what was not true. The English censor recently prohibited a public performance of the piece in London, but it is announced that Lugné-Poë and his French company will present it at an invitation matinée.

Extraordinary success has attended the production at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, of "The Wizard of Oz," a musical extravaganza by L. Frank Baum and Paul Tietjens. The local press is most eulogistic regarding the piece, the *Journal* going as far as to say that nothing of its kind so beautiful has ever been seen in a Chicago theatre. It is a David Henderson extravaganza, says another writer, as Henderson would have fashioned it if he had had the benefit of the progress of the past ten years in electrical effects and had followed the changes in the public taste that have taken place during that time. Instead of being based, as the Henderson extravaganza was, upon an Arabian fairy tale, it is derived from a fairy tale of modern Kansas.

The scenery, painted by Walter Burrighe, is described as remarkably elaborate. The most beautiful scenic act. The stage is dark at first, and then rain is seen



Photo Illustrating Co., Chicago

SCENE IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ"

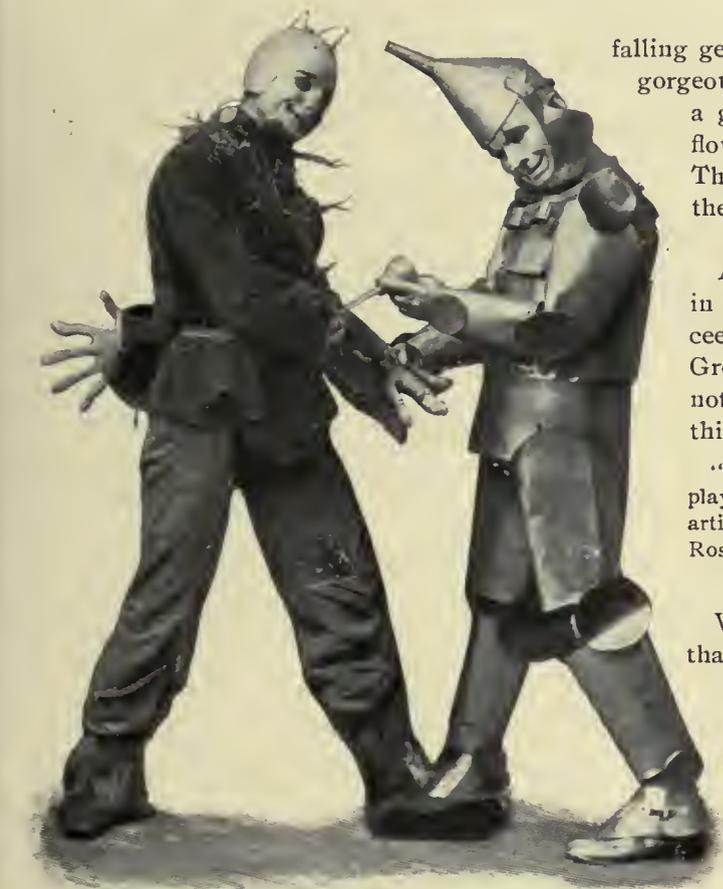
Henry Block, sc.

falling gently; and through the rain one discerns, faintly at first, a field of gorgeous poppy flowers of gigantic size. The rain ceases, the sun rises, a golden glow fills the atmosphere and emphasizes the scarlet of the flowers, which now are discovered to be young and graceful women. Then the shadows fall, snow comes down, and one finds oneself in the heart of winter.

A. H. Hummel, who acts as the legal adviser of Edmond Rostand in America, has wisely advised his client to drop the proposed proceedings in the matter of the charge of plagiarism made by Capt. Gross, of Chicago. As pointed out in our last issue, the charge need not be considered seriously. Apropos of THE THEATRE'S article on this subject, Mr. Hummel writes:

"I have carefully read the very interesting article on the 'Cyrano de Bergerac' play in the July THEATRE, and yesterday's European mail carried your very artistically gotten-up, as well as entertaining, scholarly periodical, to M Edmond Rostand.
Very faithfully yours,
A. H. HUMMEL."

While here in New York lovers of the drama are bewailing the fact that the old stock system has practically been engulfed in the vortex of Commercialism, it is significant that in other and smaller cities the stock idea has survived, and those players so engaged are doing artistic work and prospering financially. A notable instance is the George Fawcett Stock Company. This organization is giving performances during the summer at St. Paul, Minnesota, but its permanent headquarters are the Lyceum Theatre, Baltimore. Next season Miss Mary Shaw, one of the few actresses of the first rank on the American stage, will be asso-



Photo, Windtatt

Henry Block, sc.

MESSRS. MONTGOMERY AND STONE IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ"

"Something absolutely new on the stage is rare: but Montgomery and Stone," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "are pioneers in absolutely original comedy. The list of genuine fun producers is distressingly small, and the men on the list have, through their everlasting sameness of method, become distressingly tiresome. The time was ripe for new stars, and the producers of the Weber-Fieldian class of entertainment might study the work of 'The Scarecrow' and 'The Tin Woodman' with a good deal of careful thought and profit."

ciated with Mr. Fawcett in his commendable undertaking. Their policy will be to present plays quite regardless of box-office considerations; that is to say, no importance will be attached to monetary returns, save what is necessary to ensure success and permanency. No play will be permitted to run more than two weeks, no matter how successful. This, surely, is the idea of the suggested Endowed or National Theatre. Several persons, prominent in social and literary circles of Baltimore, have promised support to the scheme, and the outcome will be watched with interest. An ambitious and interesting programme is outlined. Miss Shaw intends to essay the part of Lady Macbeth, and other productions contemplated are Shakespeare's "Tempest" and "Timon of Athens," and plays not yet staged here by Ibsen and Bernard Shaw. Frank Gillmore is also a member of the organization.

Apropos of the foregoing, George Fawcett writes from St. Paul:

"It is very gratifying to know that you have heard good things of our work. One of the secrets of it is a company of ambitious, hard-working players, the leading people being ideal as far as their art is concerned, and a disposition to work in all. There is a great strain in stock productions week after week, and naturally everything must go with precision and method. There is a great deal of money wasted in New York productions by paying excessive prices for details which are of absolutely no value. The secret of our work, so far as productions are concerned, is keeping a strict watch on the value of a thing; that is, paying the most attention and paying the most money where there is the greatest need for it. Trivial things are treated accordingly. Another very important quality in a stock-manager is to be an able judge of actors. This is a point in which, I think, nine-tenths of our American managers are woefully deficient. They often pay a huge salary to a man who is not suited to a part, whereas one-third the salary to a man picked with judgment would give far better results. Another thing necessary in stock work is discretion in selecting plays. I long ago came to the conclusion—and it is a trite remark—that 'the play's the thing,' but, of course, it has to be framed correctly."



Photo Windtatt

Henry Block, sc.

A. HILL AS THE LION IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ"

This English acrobat's animal impersonations have been famous in London for some years. The costume he wears as the lion in the Chicago production weighs eighty pounds. It consists of two pieces, the head and mane being put on last. The arms of the actor are tightly fitted into the front legs of the lion skin and cannot be lifted out without removing the head. The actor's eyes come immediately behind the lion's mouth, and the only way he can see is through that aperture. The brute's mouth is opened by pulling a string; other strings operate the eyes, ears and tongue. When it is time for the lion to roar, a stage hand behind the wings rubs a big piece of resin up and down a stout cord, which is fastened at one end to the centre of a tightly stretched drum-head mounted at one end of a big barrel.



View of the shore at Siasconset

An Actors' Summer Colony

Illustrated with photographs specially taken by Burr McIntosh

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Henry Block, sc.

SCONSET—called Siasconset in print and by correct Bostonians in speech—is seven and a half miles from old Nantucket town by the straight turnpike road, which cuts through a vast, lone and marvelous interior moorland, tufted with gorse and heather and bespangled with wild flowers like the fabled fields of Enna. It is the extreme eastward bulwark of the island. As the island itself is some forty miles out at sea, a vague idea of the out-of-the-wayness of the place may be figured. Sconset straggles along the top of a high bluff, flanked at one end by the great Sankaty Light on a green headland, at the other end by the two-hundred-foot mast of the New York *Herald's* Marconi telegraph station, source of that diverting daily feature entitled "Wireless Reports of Passing Ships." Back of Sconset rolls the boundless moor. In front the blue infinitude of the Atlantic is ridged with the sullen-sounding lines of breakers to the horizon, marking the dread Nantucket Shoals and Reef of Norman's Woe. Beyond these is the *outré-mer* and—Portugal.

The settlement at Sconset dates so far back that Benjamin Franklin's mother used to live there, in one of the gray-shingled shacks, still standing, and doing regular business as a summer cottage. In fact, most of the houses there to-day are of like pattern and antiquity. They are rented—furniture, rag carpets and all—for the season at rates so absurdly low that to quote them would imperil one's reputation for veracity. These dwellings are more like whaling vessels than shore domiciles. Many of them have red and green lanterns, the regulation port and starboard lights at either side of the front porch, and the door is usually provided with a porthole. Hammocks are rigged beneath sail-like awnings; whale's jawbones and vertebræ, gigantic sea-shells, old anchors, harpoons, carved figureheads and all sorts of nautical junk, the spoils of wreckage, are strewn about promiscuously. Every house has its name on the bow—that is to say, the foreward gable. Within, the rooms are designated as the main cabin, the stern, the cook's galley, etc., while the loft, with the sleeping-bunks, reached by a ladder and companion-way, is called the fo'castle.

Natives of Nantucket divide the world into two classes—themselves and the rest of humanity, known as "off-islanders." These latter inferior beings, the off-islanders, are tolerated, and even liked, by the old salts of Sconset. Tradition relates that the pioneer of the present theatrical colony was Fred Stinson, formerly Modjeska's manager. Some time

in the last century, probably about 1882, he explored this coast and went back and told about it, with the result that each ensuing summer since then has brought increasing numbers of actor folk, with their families and belongings, to the Fortunate Isle. They bring their hearts and hopes and next season's work down here with them, but leave petty cares and ignoble strife behind. Their minds broaden and their souls expand with the beneficent processes of nature, in full presence of the sun and sea and moorlands. Here they store up the dynamic energy with which to run the emotional machine through a long winter of metropolitan strenuousness or nomadic touring. Besides the actor colonists, there are a few artists, naturalists and college professors, a Boston millionaire or two, and even a representation of Manhattan's Four Hundred, in the Livingstons of New York. They all fraternize, however, for the bohemian atmosphere of the little community is irresistible, no matter how swell a cottage one lives in. On this part of the bluff—where there is a three-story hotel that is said to have finger-bowls and four kinds of pie at dinner—I met Ibsen's Ghost in front of his shack, which is named Ye Doubbledecker.

"Ah," quoth I, "you are right in amongst the aristocracy of the bluff."

"Call it rather the bluff of the aristocracy," he muttered, without raising his eyes from the volume of Spanish plays which he was perusing.

The salubrity of Sconset is proverbial. Robust health is the rage, sickness is unfashionable and death unheard of. On the evening of my arrival I encountered Dick Deadeye, smoking his pipe, in an old whaleboat on the beach. By way of being sociable, I asked:

"Do you have many wrecks down here?"

"Well," he answered, looking me over disparagingly, "there's some pretty bad ones brings up at the hotel yonder, but they're mostly all right again in a week or so."

Mrs. Linthicum's hospitable home, The Moorings, is a kind of social headquarters at Sconset, mainly because of the many-sided attractiveness of the cultured lady of the house and her daughter, Miss Lotta Linthicum, and incidentally because the house itself is spacious, to say nothing of having an annex, which is Miss Lotta's study and "den." The home of the Linthicums is full of unique souvenirs of professional friendships, European travel and associations. A fine enlarged photographic reproduction of Guido's "Aurora," made by special permission in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome, seems a

strange thing to find in this Ultima Thule of Nantucket Island! By way of contrast, there are a few alleged water-colors by Robert Edeson. The actor paints these things and gives them away—to staunch and loyal friends, who haven't the heart to refuse anything from him.

"Soldiers of Fortune" is not by any means the only play that has been thought and hammered out here at Sconset, within sound of the Pochick Rips breakers. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, who did "Beaucaire" for Richard Mansfield, occupies a perfect dream of a colonial cottage, screened by white roses. Within hailing distance is the ochre-colored habitation where Grace Livingston Furniss turned out "Joan of the Shoals." Indeed, you could scarcely throw a harpoon anywhere in Sconset without impaling someone who is either writing a new play or studying the leading rôle therein—sometimes both, simultaneously. How they all work in such a *dolce far niente* atmosphere is a mystery. Incredible as it may seem, you cannot induce them to talk shop. Ask an actor about his plans for the coming season and he will boast of his prowess at golf. Compliment an actress upon her brilliant starring engagement, and instead of telling you the story of her life, as she would instantly do at any other time and place, she complains about the exorbitant price of lamb chops!

Where everybody is somebody, as at Sconset, distinguished personages lose their individuality and become simply good fellows, without pretence or guile. One gray day, when white clouds made a mirage of celestial mountains on the sea-line, and rolling mists trailed their phantasmagoria across the moors, I joined Lady Macbeth in a two-mile walk up the high promontory where the Sankaty lighthouse looms in spectral grandeur over the Reef of Norman's Woe. At almost the first cottage we passed we saw Professor Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell, with his whole family, at breakfast *al fresco* on the hurricane deck—I mean the veranda. At the edge of the village we met George Fawcett and Percy Haswell, with little Margaret and her pet dog Chink. Further on, in the wild-rose jungle, Professor Wilcox, the entomologist, emerged with three unclassified butterflies peculiar to Nantucket Island.

At last the lighthouse was reached, and, climbing the tower, we looked out upon the sublime stretch of the Atlantic, from north away around east and south to far Wauwinnet, where Don Cæsar Faversham lives. Returning, we met a marine painter, two dramatic critics, and a Boston girl, who is paying her way through college by serving as a waitress at the summer hotel, and who recently became a heroine by saving a boy's life in the surf.

One evening after early tea Lady Macbeth and myself started out to watch the sunset from the Marconi telegraph station on the hill. It was only a few hundred yards away and we had full two hours of daylight before us, but we never got there. At the outset we lingered a moment at the door of Ye Olde China Closet, where the wonderful and priceless Underhill collection is conserved for exhibition. While we stood there, a girlish figure in pink gingham and with blonde hair flying, tripped down the grassy slope of Pochick street. It was with some difficulty that I recognized Henrietta Crosman, whom I had last seen as Rosalind in the Woods of Arden, at Forty-second street, Manhattan. We would fain have held converse with

her, but she flew past like the wind, crying out in that winsome voice of hers: "Don't stop me—don't speak to me! I'm cooking a ham, and I've got to find Mrs. Ibsen to ask her if you boil it one hour or four!" Exit Rosalind.

After this passing glimpse of Rosalind it seemed natural to look for Orlando in the immediate vicinity. Sure enough, there was Harry Woodruff's aunt standing in the door of The Maintop, his snug little craft of a house. She had it all slipshape, but was sorry to say Harry would not arrive until tomorrow evening. We were sorry, too, for he is the prince of hosts at Sconset.

At the next corner Lady Macbeth entered a deserted but wide-open house and called "Agnes!" in vain. Pretty Agnes Everett was out visiting somewhere, though all her household gods were in evidence, smiling a general welcome.

Twilight was now falling from the purple sky, and over the rise of the hill to the westward flamed the sunset like curtains before the portals of Paradise. We had about decided to give up our Marconi visit, when we observed three hoboes coming toward us over the rising ground. As they approached they proved to be W. H. Thompson, Digby Bell and Maurice Campbell. They had been out on the links all day since early dawn, as is the wont of many otherwise respectable actors at Sconset, whereat the wailing of golf widows and orphans is often heard in the land.

So we drifted in with a little gronp on the inviting piazza of the Livingstons. Gentle-voiced Isabel Irving was there, and did not seem at all weighted down with the consciousness that she is to play Virginia Carvel and other leading parts with James K. Hackett next season. Walter Hale, the artist-actor, sat on a section of whale's vertebræ, meditatively smoking a cigarette. Maurice Campbell and his young son, Campbell-Crosman junior, sauntered up later, as did also Mr. Thompson.

It was now quite dark. Fireflies twinkled over the meadows, moths and beetles flapped harmlessly about our heads, and the crickets chirped a drowsy monotone.

The men, backing each other up, told Munchausen like



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Henry Block, sc.

A GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN "ISLANDERS"

Walter Hale	J. W. Mackay	Mary Shaw	Frank Burbeck
Henrietta Crosman	Laura Joyce Bell	Nanette Comstock	Miss Meltzer
Digby Bell	Frederick Perry	Harry Woodruff	Mrs. Hale
			C. H. Meltzer

golf yarns, all about incredible drives and miraculous putting. At ten o'clock we found that most of the ladies and all the children had quietly dropped out and vanished, after the easy way of Sconset people. So Ibsen's Ghost and I bade good-night to the remainder of the group, escorted Lady Macbeth to her door, and walked on together beneath a sky ablaze with millions of stars.

We rounded a corner and entered the Ibsen house, where we found Mrs. Livingston reading "Sherlock Holmes" to a circle of hypnotized children. Later, after they had been bundled off to bed, the Ghost poured me a nightcap, lit his own cigarette, seated himself at the harp-toned piano, and played softly the simple old Irish and German melodies. I listened sadly—for on the morrow I was to depart from Sconset—and all the rest of that evening, and long after, those melodies shaped themselves to the words of the local lyric, "There's Always a Breeze at Sconset."

This lyric, by the way, is a composite curiosity. Isabel

Irving wrote the first line and furnished the rhyming words at the ends of the others—though envious detractors assert that she "lifted" the lines bodily from a hotel advertisement, and that her original rhymes (?) pushed poetic license to the limit. The rest of the verses were filled out by Rosalind and Lady Macbeth, aided by the advice of Maurice Campbell and Ibsen's Ghost. Then Charles Barnard edited the thing, and it was diligently revised by a committee of three members of the American Dramatists' Club. Here is the lyric, as it stands up to date:

"There's always a breeze at Sconset,
And ofttimes half a gale,
With now and again a hurricane
That makes the spirit quail.
Put blessed the wind and weather,
And the tides of destiny,
That bear my dreams where the lighthouse gleams
O'er old Sconset by the sea."

AN OFF-ISLANDER.

"Lady Godiva" on the Stage



JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE
Author of "Lady Godiva"

IT IS with "Lady Godiva" as a maiden, and not as a wife, that Joseph I. C. Clarke deals in his poetic play, which was lately presented at Pittsburg, by the stock company of the Grand Opera House, with Miss Sarah Truax in the leading rôle. It was a daring experiment to entrust a new and ambitious play, written for the greater part in verse, to a stock company in the last weeks of the season; but, according to report, it seems to have succeeded

beyond expectation. The period of the play is 1016 A. D., and the scene is in mid-England, at the time the famous Danish king, Canute, had wrested the northern half of the country from Edmund Ironsides, the Saxon king. The romantic story of Lady Godiva's love for the young Leofric, earl of Chester, is interwoven with the last struggles for supreme ascendancy between the Danes and Saxons. This struggle is the background, as the love story is the backbone, of the play. Godiva, fresh from the convent of St. Michael's at Coventry, is at her father's manor, dreaming of a young lord whose name is unknown to her, but whose face she had once seen, when Eðric, duke of Mercia, known in history as "the traitor earl," comes to ask her hand in marriage. Filled with her dream of the young Saxon lord, and loathing the man, however powerful, who betrayed her country to the Dane, she recoils from the proposal.

At this juncture Leofric, who is raising the standard of revolt against Eðric, the traitor, and Canute, the Danish king, arrives at the manor to beg the help of Godiva's father. In Leofric she sees the ideal of her dreams. He does not love her at first sight, but her pleading of the Saxon cause results in winning over her father, who is at the age when men crave peace. He gives gold instead of arms and men to Leofric, who starts at once for Bardon Hill to light

the signal fire that is to rally Saxon England against the Dane. Duke Eðric now arrives to learn the success of his quest for Godiva's hand. Angered by the evident reluctance of Godiva's



Photo Byron

Henry Block, sc.

LADY GODIVA: "I've made you angry, sire, when I had hoped to touch your heart"

"LADY GODIVA"—ACT IV.

father, his suspicions of a rival are awakened, and when, through the treachery of a menial, he learns that there is one, and it is the outlawed Leofric, who is about to light the war-flame upon Bardou Hill, he seizes the manor and takes the father prisoner; but Godiva has escaped, with a single Saxon soldier, in a storm, to warn the man she loves, and so the story moves to its higher planes of interest and emotion.

In Act II., upon the summit of Bardou Hill, after many vicissitudes, she does warn Leofric in time. He dashes off to break through the Danes, who are watching for him, while she, feigning also to go back to her father's manor by a forest path, returns to light the signal and is captured by Edric's henchmen.

In the third act, in the chapter room of the Convent of St. Michael's, Edric threatens her with death if she will not reveal the plans of Leofric, and the strongest dramatic scenes of the play follow, when Edric has her aged father dragged in and tells him that his daughter can save his life with a word. Under the cruel stress she wavers, but holds firm at last, and father and daughter are condemned to die. She is given a few moments for confessing to a priest; an attempted rescue by Leofric occurs. She will not flee with him, but orders him to go and save her father's life. Snatching a dagger from his belt, she threatens to kill herself unless he goes. As Leofric departs Edric returns, and is stopped by the desperate Godiva long enough to make Leofric's escape sure. In demoniac rage Edric seizes the mantle with which the Abbess of the convent is about to hide Godiva's rags, and cries that shame shall be added to death, and that she must ride naked through the market square to her doom.

How the extreme letter of this sentence is avoided by a pious subterfuge is an interesting thread of the play. The lady rides indeed through the market square, scantily clad—a soft web of white about her breast and loins—but the appeal to the sympathies is so great that the passage of the procession of which she is the central figure touched only the gentler emotions of the audiences that witnessed it. Well, there is a rescue and a surrender to King Canute, and in the fourth act, after a charming scene between Canute and Godiva, justice is wrought upon Edric as it is related in history, and Leofric, with the king's consent, is wedded to Godiva.

The minor plot and lesser episodes are not indicated here, but the play is redolent of the manners and customs of the time, exhibited in many characters and bright episodes, all helping along the story of Godiva's love. As a specimen of Mr. Clarke's verse, one passage may be cited. It is when Godiva shows "the web" to the Abbess in the first act:

"Look, now, how white and light and fair it is.
I've woven it of the young lamb's wool, as soft
And white as mists that rise on summer morns
From Avonmere. And, oh! what dreams are in
The web of it. They should be pray'rs; but girls
Will drift from pray'rs to dreams, and so with mine.
I'll tell you, mother, may I not? When went
Our Saxon fighting men, two years ago,
To meet the Danes at Assundun, there rode
Beside my brother a young lord, and as
They passed the convent, glitt'ring and jingling, he
Looked up. I know not if he saw me; but
His face was like a young archangel's; and when
To rob the hours of weariness, I wove,
His face was ever shaping from the thread;
None but myself could see it, and my pray'rs
Were more for him than father, brother or



Photo Burr McIntosh

Henry Block, sc.

MISS SARAH TRUAX AS LADY GODIVA

Myself. I thought mayhap you'd let it lie
Upon the Virgin's altar, like a pray'r
That yet was half a young girl's happy dream."

Miss Truax received high praise for her acting in the title part. She has a fine presence and a beautifully rich voice. Her reading was charming, and with the sincerity of her girlishness and the power of her intense moments made up a striking impersonation. The play will be seen in New York and other cities next season, and a visit to England is also contemplated.



ENTRANCE TO THE ACTORS' SOCIETY OF AMERICA



ALONG THE RIALTO, NEW YORK

The Truth About Going on the Stage

Photos Tonnele

Henry Block, sc.

THERE is no calling so much in evidence as the actor's. no calling exposed to such a lime-light effect of public inspection, criticism, praise and denunciation. And yet in spite of these heterogeneous conditions imposed upon the actor by his calling, the glamor of the stage is an ever-alluring and enticing mirage which leads on the unwary in quest of that *ignis fatuus* spelled in another language into "success."

The stage has a peculiar fascination for women. It attracts of course many men, but one must not forget that the matinee girls form an army of neophytes, for whom it would take very little push to find themselves behind the footlights instead of in front of them.

How to get on the stage, *i. e.*, how to become an actress, and should young women attempt to become actresses at all, are burning questions at least once a year. Usually, it occurs about the close of each season, when the press agent, being at his wit's ends for news about his star, has an interview in the public press for or against the calling for women, usually in favor of it, and this is the only means the star has of justifying her own existence. Then other press agents take it up and the thing spreads, until the entire profession (female) has ventilated its opinion upon the subject.

If there is a best way or a better way than any other to become an actress, it is to take a course of study at a thoroughly equipped school of acting. Let no one imagine that the school turns out full-fledged actors, any more than the law or medical schools of a college turn out efficient lawyers or doctors, except in name. It is practice that makes perfect, and so long as the actor-student is without a professional engagement he remains an amateur in name and inexperience. Schools of acting are *invaluable* because they prepare the ambitious one for her future work. And in this preparation an immense advantage is secured at the start. It breeds self-confidence and gives a technical knowledge of the requirements and limitations of the stage, all of which are a powerful factor in leading the way to success.

One almost naturally asks what are the qualifications in a young woman to insure any measure of success. I should say that indispensable qualifications to insure one's first engagement are good looks and fine style. I think without these endowments almost every woman should avoid the stage as she would Sheol. Of course, good looks finally wear out, and later on talent counts for more than beauty, but in start-

ing out in a stage career the latter counts first with the manager, who, never having seen your work, does see and feel your personality, and the young woman who fills his eye has a great chance over her plainer and perhaps more competent sister. Managers demand smiling and pretty faces for the women of their companies. To illustrate the advantage this is to a performance, seat yourself in the audience and note the effect good looks have upon your own senses and then you will cease to wonder why the manager feels as you do.

Well, let us suppose that the young woman anxious to play Juliet or Topsy, having graduated and done good work at the class performance, how does she secure a real engagement? Here is the rub. A good plan is to join the Actors' Society at the first opportunity, but that by no means insures an engagement.

The first step of course is to present oneself at an agency; better take your photographs along and apply for an engagement in the line of business for which you are best adapted. Your reception will be a chill—a douché. You will be told that managers want experienced people and that amateurs are a drug on the market.

In the possession of sympathetic natures, agents are just one remove from managers. It is a question of business and sentiment, and has no place in the transaction. If you catch the agent's eye, if you have push, you may be sent to some repertoire manager, where your salary will be \$15.00 a week for two performances a day, and perhaps you may not get it. You may also encounter the manager, who, attracted by your good looks, inexperience and innocence, will ask such seemingly friendly questions as these: "Where do you live?" and "At what time are you at home?" "What size gloves do you wear?" If you are born with a clear head and possessed of a full understanding beforehand of the pitfalls that lie all but concealed at every step you take, you may succeed in steering clear of both the Scylla and Charybdis.

You may take it as an accepted fact that the important manager will not listen and not even see the amateur, unless fortified with letters of exceptional influence. Even then you will be turned over to the stage-manager—and he has his favorites, naturally—some one must be preferred.

There is another way for the amateur to secure her first professional appearance, and that is to buy it from the impetuous manager. This system is an absolute condition in Europe, and no first appearance is made over there unless

there is a payment in cash or in kind. Well, having secured your first engagement, you go to your first professional rehearsal. Those who have gone through with this ordeal remember it as one at which they wonder how they survived it. First, the company, knowing you to be an amateur, group themselves apart and discuss you from head to foot. You can feel yourself being raked over piecemeal. Then comes your turn to rehearse. You find the MS. of the part badly scarred from former usage. It is not the clean and clear MS. you have been accustomed to, but erased, interlined, with numerous cuts and almost unreadable. You falter, take up the wrong cue, the stage-manager may swear at you, the other "ladies of the company" smile audibly, and your vis-à-vis in the piece has an aside like this: "I can see my finish playing this part with her." Then you go on the road and have your first experience of dressing-rooms in all kinds of theatres. Perhaps one room shelters all the women of the company, or you may "dress" with a "lady" whose breeding is nondescript, whose person is uncleanly, who entertains you with stories of her greatness or her alleged amours. At the end of the first rehearsal this lady has begun to call all the



Photo Tonnele

Henry Block, sc.

TYPICAL DRAMATIC CLEARING-HOUSE

Office of Col. T. A. Brown, the oldest theatrical agent, where actors go to secure engagements

male mem-

bers of the company by their Christian names, which soon ends by calling them still more familiarly, as Smithey, Browney or Jonesey. At the end of the first week on the road this person with whom you dress may be "chumming" it with the property boy.

In the dressing-room, you being an amateur, your make-up box, which of course is brand new and fitted with the latest of everything, will be "looted" by the other "ladies" of the company, under pretence of "borrowing" things, but which you never see again, unless you make a raid to recover your property.

Before you secure even this engagement, you must haunt the agencies and the managers' offices along the Rialto on Broadway, from 34th to 42d streets. You will find groups of men congregated at the entrances to the buildings wherein managers and agents hold forth, and you must run the gauntlet of their bold glances. On the road you will have the further indignity thrust upon you of being looked down upon because you are an actress, and of being catalogued along with certain scarlet ladies who have taken refuge in the actor's calling. It is all so helpful and inspiring for the Art of the thing.

Perhaps the best plan of all by which you may be broken into the harness of the profession is to secure an engagement with a well-known star. With such a company you will "play" the larger cities and towns, the organization of the enterprise is on a business basis, and you will gradually learn the ropes without too many painful associations and experiences. But even this has its disadvantages, because in these companies the beginner has no chance, and is sure to do more thinking than acting. Withal, the very best ex-



Photo Tonnele

Henry Block, sc.

CHORUS GIRLS MAKING-UP IN THEIR DRESSING-ROOM

Photograph taken after a matinee of "A Chinese Honeymoon" at the Casino by kind permission of Messrs. Shubert



Courtesy of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts

A CLASS AT WORK IN A DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Henry Block, sc.

perience is to secure an engagement in one of the resident stock companies. It will teach facility, and, above all things, the actress must use her own ideas. The time for rehearsals is short, and when the first performance of each piece takes place the actor must be ready. The German actors play new parts after two or three rehearsals.

In seeking an opening for a stage career the amateur meets with a certain amount of competition from an unexpected source, furnished by the junior members of the well-known Thespian families, seeking their first engagement in the family trade. Naturally these young people know the ropes, many of them having been child actors; and, moreover, have the backing of the family influence, acquaintance and prestige—the latter being an important factor, as managers like to see names well known to the public figure on their programmes. It is something, too, for the hungry press agent.

If, however, it is a case of bread and butter, if it means keeping yourself, of making your own living, remembering



A LESSON IN THE ART OF MAKING-UP

that the profession is tremendously overcrowded, then, and then only, should a stage career be given a preference over any other choice of employment, keeping well in mind the undoubted adaptability necessary for

success. Peddling shoestrings is an honorable and even lucrative business compared to the thankless grind of offering one's personality in open competition for a theatrical engagement. Looking dispassionately, however, over the field, it is wonderful with what dignity, self-possession and honor the rank and file among the women of the profession hold themselves clear of the temptations and the dangers of the life. No matter how modest the salary—if she gets it—the actress will have saved a little something at the end of the season. It is a rare thing for the women to ask the manager for an advance upon salary, whereas—the men—it is a rare thing when they do not.

Advice is always a thankless thing to offer, but here are a few words to the ambitious graduate or novice without a schooling: Take the first professional engagement that is offered, no matter what the salary or even the company, so long as it plays in reputable theatres. Matriculate from the amateur to the professional ranks. This is the only graduating class that really counts. Do not be, like one young person who threw down her part at her first professional rehearsal because the "business" of the part called for washing dishes. She declared she had not gone on the stage to have her home life renewed. No doubt this lady's idea of a stage career was a long line of parts in court wigs and trains held by six beautiful pages.

All things considered, going upon the stage for a young woman who has been tenderly reared, who has been shut out from all knowledge of the real world, is a dangerous proposition. The disappointments are out of all proportion to its rewards. The dangers and vicissitudes exceed those of any other profession. Of course, for those who shine as real stars in the theatrical firmament, there is much *kudos*, but they tread a thorny path to reach any measure of success. True, your own lines may, by rare good fortune, fall in pleasant places, and you may thus escape all the trials and tribulations herein enumerated, but you will be the lucky exception.

However, any young woman who perseveres in her calling



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MISS MARIE DORO

Henry Block, sc.

Who will have an important part in the forthcoming production of "Sally in Our Alley" at the Broadway

after her first season's experience as a professional, and still retains a modicum of her first enthusiasm, has a mission to act, and should be allowed to act, even if she does poor work.

Looking over the field, however, I may say that at least 50 per cent. of the women who figure as actresses have no qualification whatever for the calling. They lack general intelli-

gence, education, a true reverence for the art, and high ideals as to themselves. Vanity is in too many cases the all-inspiring spirit which prompts a stage career. If I were asked as to the advisability of the average young woman going on the stage, I would give *Mr. Punch's* advice on marriage—"Don't!"

HARRY P. MAWSON.



Henry Block, sc.

The Million-Dollar Theatres of Central America

It is a curious fact that the people of the United States, whose wealth enables them to possess everything luxury can suggest and money can buy, are, in regard to their Temples of Art, far behind some of the insignificant nations of Central and South America. There is, assuredly, little to be proud of in any of the theatre buildings in this country. The Metropolitan Opera House of New York is supposed to have cost \$1,000,000, but it is hideously ugly, and so long as the theatre here is a private business enterprise and not a state institution, it is not likely that we shall ever see in our cities those imposing temples of Thespis that beautify the capitals of Europe and stand as imperishable monuments of the noble arts they represent. Take, for example, Costa Rica. There we find things carried to the other extreme, and the anomalous situation of a city of less than 25,000 persons boasting of a magnificent National Theatre which cost considerably over a million dollars, while in Mexico the Teatro Juarez, of Guanajuato, which cost nearly two millions, claims for itself the distinction of being the finest theatre in the Americas, if not in the world. The articles that follow give interesting and comprehensive descriptions of these splendid institutions:

SAN JOSÉ DE COSTA RICA, the little capital of the most progressive of the Central American republics, has a population of less than 25,000. The entire country contains fewer people than the census shows in a dozen cities in the United States. Yet any of our great cities would be proud to own the playhouse known as the "Teatro Nacional de Costa Rica." It is finer than any other one on the Western Hemisphere, and there are but few in Europe that can compare with it.

It cost a million dollars gold; it was seven years in building; it is earthquake and fire-proof; it is an art gallery in itself; it is operated under government auspices, and yet in the five years that it has been open to the public there have only been three attractions, one French and two Italian opera companies, all second rate and each for a few weeks only. When the Señor Director was asked when another entertainment was expected, he answered ingenuously: "Surely before the end of the year."

Ten years ago San José had a miserable little frame building in which their theatrical performances were given, but Costa Rica is a land of earthquakes, and one morning the inhabitants of the capital awakened to find their theatre in ruins. The public men and the business men held a meeting. "Let us build a theatre worthy of the title and worthy of our great country," proposed some one. A committee was appointed and the project started. Ground was broken, and on January 1, 1897, this temple to the arts was formally dedicated. The structure is an edifice of no special architectural period or beauty; yet neither ugly nor ungraceful. It is constructed of iron framework, filled in and flanked with huge blocks of stone quarried in the country, the greater part of which present a square meter of surface. The iron framework is a safeguard against earthquakes, and its efficiency has been well proved by the three visitations of that nature which

have left the house unmovable. In the interior, the floors, the staircases and balustrades, and the wainscoting are of Carrara marble, and the woodwork throughout of *cedro amargo*, one of the hardest, rarest and most beautiful of tropical growths. The theatre occupies half a block of ground in the centre of the city, and is two hundred yards from the Cathedral and the Central Park of the capital.

Passing the iron gates, one sees to the left of the massive entrance a beautiful statue of Beethoven, and to the right the image of Calderon de la Barca, the celebrated Spanish poet and dramatist. On the top of the theatre, in front, are three more statues: "Fame" in the centre, holding aloft a wreath of laurel, and on the right and left the Muses of Dancing and of Music. Entering the portals, one meets the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy, done in marble; between them is the grand staircase leading to the boxes above. At the head of the stairs is a large painting, a scene showing the gathering and shipping of bananas and coffee, the two chief industries of Costa Rica. One sees paintings at every turn. The dome of the auditorium is a magnificent fresco, an allegorical scene of music and the other arts. This was executed by Cavaliere Roberto Fontano, the Italian Court painter. The curtain is another picture, in which the principal figure, Costa Rica embodied into a beautiful woman, welcomes the Arts to her shores; in the centre of the proscenium arch is the coat-of-arms of the State. The ceilings and walls of the refreshment rooms on the ground floor are decorated in similar fashion. The box of the President, in the centre of the first tier, has a ceiling of art, and when the chief magistrate of the country views the entertainment, above his head is Justice, with her scales and strong right arm and bandaged eyes, silently admonishing him of his duty.

But the chief attraction is the magnificent foyer on the second floor. It is a salon 72 feet long, 40 feet wide, and with

the ceiling 26 feet above the floor. Carved and heavily gilded furniture, plate mirrors of immense dimensions, inlaid floors and mural frescoes, glass and marble and fine woods, make one believe that he is in a Louis Quinze drawing-room rather than in a Central American republic of the present day. The ceiling is in three divisions, adorned with masterpieces by Vespasiano Bigname, the celebrated Italian artist and professor in the Academia de Brera of Milan. Around the centre-piece are tablets bearing the names of the seven Costa Rican provinces, San José, Herédia, Limon, Alajuela, Cartago, Guanacaste and Puntarenas. The arrange-

ment of the house follows the continental system. There is the pit, with two hundred and fifty chairs, and above three tiers of stalls, with a gallery over all. The seating capacity is one thousand. The color scheme of the interior is light



FOYER OF THE TEATRO NACIONAL, SAN JOSÉ DE COSTA RICA

Henry Block, sc.

olive, and the chandeliers, draperies and furnishings of the boxes are in keeping. The proscenium is twenty-six feet high in the centre and forty feet wide, and the stage eighty-eight feet deep. The comfort of the performers was not forgotten. There are eighteen dressing-rooms for principals, an extra one for the women of the chorus, one for the coryphées and two for the men of the chorus. Every dressing-room is large and comfortable and equipped with running water and other conveniences.

The stage is fitted with a perfect system of electrical appliances and every dressing-room is connected with the stage by an electric bell. Yet with all these provisions there is a sad poverty of scenery. Probably when another company is booked European artists will be employed to paint special sets for its performances.

The theatre was opened in November, 1897, by a French opera company, and so enthusiastic were the natives over the event that many hundreds mortgaged their furniture and other personal effects in order to purchase tickets. In spite of this encouragement, however, the population is so small and the geographical position of San José so unfortunate that companies cannot afford to include the place in any tour of the tropics, and in order to secure attractions the government is forced to pay a bonus in addition to the box-office receipts. Northward from San José the nearest point of any size that is important in the theatrical world is Havana and then Vera Cruz; to the eastward the nearest real city is Caracas, and owing to the absence of a railroad from San José to the Pacific coast, the western coast of Central America and South America are accessible only *via* the Isthmus of Panama, and it is a tedious, dangerous and expensive trip southward to Guayaquil and Peru, or northward to the other Central American republics.

I have said that the cost of this wonderful theatre



FRONT OF THE TEATRO JUAREZ OF GUANAJUATO, MEXICO

Henry Block, sc.

was over a million dollars gold. It is difficult, however, to arrive at the exact figure, as there are hints of "jobs," and the merchants of the country, who recognized the folly of it all, are fond of saying that the architectural style of the theatre is "Panama Canal." To provide for this enterprise a tax of two cents a kilogramme was laid on all coffee exported and a tax of one cent on *everything* imported, the second part of the regulation extending even to the personal baggage of visitors to the country, so that the tourist with personal equipment weighing two hundred pounds may calculate that he has paid about 90 cents for the purpose of seeing this temple when he arrives at San José. This tax is still in force, although the theatre is said to be entirely paid for.

It costs about 2,500 pesos a year to keep the place clean and in repair, for it is open to the public at all times. This does not include the interest on the money. On the other hand, the municipality of San José is renting school houses, and very few of them; there is no house of correction for juvenile criminals under the age of fifteen, and they are, therefore, free to steal or commit what crimes they will; the city jail is a wretched affair and the penitentiary is a disgrace; the city waterworks are out of repair and there is no money to remedy the evil, and the people drink dirty water in consequence; the streets are not kept clean; the soldiers have no shoes, and on moonlight nights no electric lights are used in the streets, for

economical reasons. These are a few of the avenues along which a million dollars might have been sent traveling with greater good to a greater number, but it is too late to change it now, and little San José boasts a theatre that New York would be proud of; and they expect to have another "show" next winter!

SHIRLEY M. CRAWFORD.

In the old Aztec days, when the gladiators fought before Tzins of Tenochtitlan, there was no dearth of amusement for the people, and as the pagan priests incited the warriors to combat with the victim prisoners for the honor of their gods, so the priests of later times were the promoters of more modern but less bloody amusement, and the church was responsible for the building of the first theatre in the city of Mexico. The Brothers of the Order of San Hipolito, to raise funds for the benefit of the Hospital Real, erected a small wooden building and employed a company of players, who gave the initial performance on the evening of January 19, 1722.

The play on the first programme was "The Ruin and Burning of Jerusalem." History gives no details of the success of the performance, but we are informed that the "Burning of Jerusalem" resulted in the burning of the theatre, a consummation that was looked upon by the natives as a direct visitation of Heaven for the unholy method taken to obtain money for a holy cause. The piece underlined for the second evening was "Here Was Troy," but there was no theatre and the performance was indefinitely postponed. Nothing daunted, the energetic brethren of Hipolito immediately set about building in the street now known as Coliseo Viejo, and in 1752 the building the Teatro Principal was commenced and was completed in the next year on Christmas Day, and opened with the appropriately named comedy, "Better It Is Than It Was."

But the finest playhouse in the republic is the



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TEATRO NACIONAL, SAN JOSÉ DE COSTA RICA

Henry Block, sc.



Henry Block, sc.

SIGNOR MATINARÉ CRISTOBAL, DIRECTOR OF THE TEATRO NACIONAL

Teatro Juarez of Guanajuato, which took twenty years to build, and which was named after one of the most celebrated sons of Mexico, Benito Juarez. Wallace Gillpatrick, in his Mexico letters, writes of this superb building: "The fine cantera (building stone) is quarried just back of the city and is charming in color. Three shades are employed in the façade of the Juarez Theatre, gray, rose and a delicate green. In combination with the bronze ornament and figures the effect is very pleasing. I was half prepared to be disappointed in the theatre, but it is certainly a most superb edifice, and its lines are restful to the eye. I never tire of looking at the exterior. The impression I get within is that the main aim was profusion and lavishness of decoration. Every inch of wall space and ceiling is covered with raised ornament, Oriental in design and gorgeous in color. When the crimson velvet hangings, with their elaborate gold embroideries are in place, the effect must be magnificent."

The immense stage is provided with a complete set of

scenery. So well planned is the building that the wagons laden with scenery, trunks, etc., can drive directly beneath the stage before unloading. The large foyer is decorated in crimson, with a plain red carpet, red velvet hangings and furniture upholstered in the same material, embroidered in real gold and with a heavy gold bullion fringe. The entire cost of the theatre is reckoned to have been between one and two million dollars.

There is something sad in the comparative isolation of this magnificent edifice. It is a "banquet hall deserted," or, rather, a banquet hall that has never yet witnessed a feast. No function of any description has yet been held in the theatre, and already some of its finery shows the effect of time. It was the desire of the people of Guanajuato to have President Diaz present upon the opening night, but as the Chief Executive has not visited this city since the construction of the theatre, the building has remained closed, and will no doubt stay so for some years to come. GUIDO MARBURG.

Philadelphia's Great Summer Resort

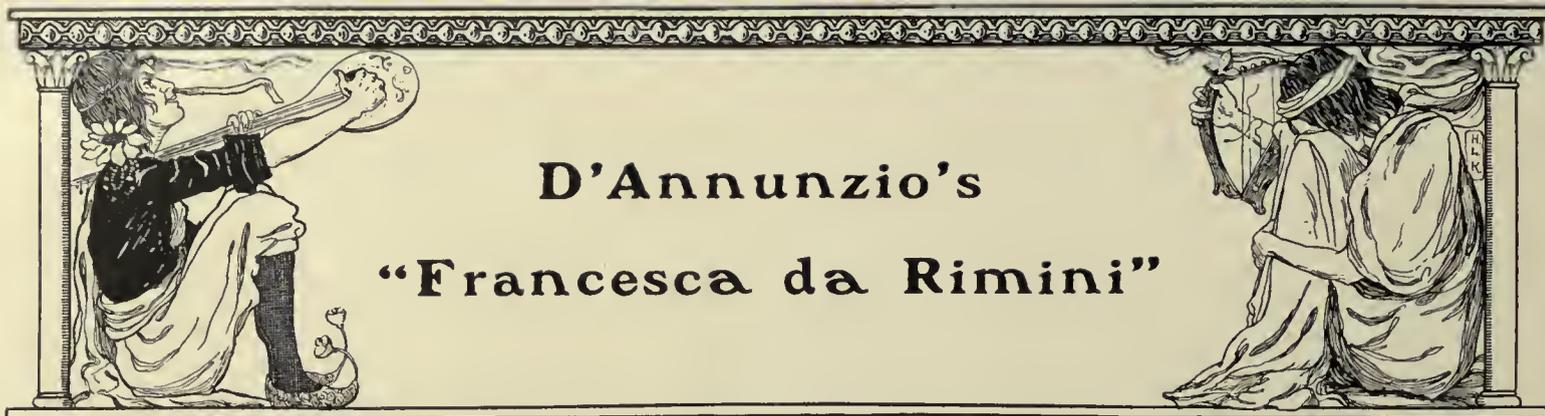


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THE ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN AT WILLOW GROVE PARK. NIGHT VIEW ACROSS THE LAKE, SHOWING THE CONCERT PAVILION AND CASINO

Henry Block, sc.

PHILADELPHIA, usually accused of being a sleepy, unprogressive place, has gone so far ahead of any other city in the country in solving the question of summer amusement for the stay-at-home brigade that attempts elsewhere to solve this problem are simply distanced. Nothing approaching Willow Grove Park exists in this country or in the old world, either in extent or beauty. An enterprise of the traction company of the Quaker City, it is also accessible by steam from the heart of the town in half an hour, and, besides the attraction of Sousa, Danrosch and Herbert, there are side-shows, which are usually found at all summer resorts. But the great attraction is the music twice a day in a superb pavilion fronting a large lake, the latter beautified at night by a really wonderful fountain, illuminated and worked by electricity. Admission to the park is free, the trolley fare, 10 cents, being the only charge made to enter and enjoy the beautiful resort and the concerts. No liquor or wines are allowed to be sold or brought into the grounds. A very fine casino and restaurant is close by the music pavilion, where one may eat one's lobsters or deviled crabs and listen to the orchestra. A cheaper restaurant is also provided for those who cannot afford shellfish in summer. On the opening day this season 65,000 people passed through the gates. The park is situated almost 15 miles from Philadelphia, and has as its neighbors some of the finest country homes in America.



D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini"

Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, will begin her third American tour on October 20 next, opening at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, under the management of Messrs. Litbler & Co. Later she will be seen in New York and other important cities. Her repertoire will include "La Gioconda," "Citta Morte" and "Francesca da Rimini," all new plays by the Italian poet, Gabriele D'Annunzio. No English translation of "Francesca da Rimini" has yet appeared, although two are in preparation. Henry Tyrrell, who has read the original Italian, has written for THE THEATRE the following interesting account of the tragedy:

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO'S five-act poetic tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini," first enacted at Rome in December last, with "the divine Eleonora Duse" —to whom the author dedicates his work—in the name part, was upon its initial performance cried down and hissed in a riotous demonstration, such as greeted the première of Victor Hugo's "Hernani," nearly three-quarters of a century ago. In D'Annunzio's case, however, the reaction against mere personal spite and party prejudice followed immediately. During the past six months, the other chief Italian cities, such as Milan, Florence, Venice, Bologna,

Naples, have reversed the Roman verdict. "Francesca" has been played with triumphant popular success, while the foremost critics and Dantophiles hail this drama as the masterpiece of D'Annunzio's acknowledged genius, culture and erudition.

During the coming season, we are promised, Duse will be seen in America in the original Italian acting version of the piece, which has been much abridged from its literary entirety as lately published in Milan. Upon this Italian book the present brief examination and review are based. Arthur Symons is making the official English translation, in which, he has announced, he will adhere as closely as possible to the peculiar form of irregular unrhymed verse employed by D'Annunzio. In the accomplished hands of Mr. Symons this should be satisfactory from a literary point of view; but the real dramatic value of the work must surely deteriorate under such treatment. Broken rhythmic prose is all very well in the Italian language, rich in vowel-quantities and double-ending words—indeed, D'Annunzio uses it with almost magical effect. But English speech, manipulated by the same formula, does not produce the same result—far from it. It becomes as "sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." The rhetorical quality of D'Annunzio's cadences can best be suggested, as I believe, in our tongue, by the judicious employment of our regular, standard and traditional blank-verse form, the iambic pentameter or ten-syllabled line. Hence, in the few brief passages to be translated here, I shall venture the familiar classic English measure.

How does the modern Italian dramatist take hold of the world-appealing story which Dante immortalized in the fifth canto of his "Inferno," where it is presented without detail, but only in the elemental simplicity of love and death? Let it be acknowledged at once that D'Annunzio sets forth the characters and actions of Francesca, Paolo and Gianciotto in the Dantesque spirit throughout, projecting them vividly against the grim and sanguinary background of thirteenth-century Italy, which he has re-constituted with the broad visualizing imagination of the born dramatic poet.

The first act, at Ravenna, shows us the palace of the Polentani, the home of Francesca. She, scarcely more than a child, has been sacrificed in betrothal to Giovanni Malatesta, called Gianciotto, lord of the neighboring city of Rimini. The war of the Guelphs and Ghibellines is raging, and the prime motive in marrying Francesca to Gianciotto is the cementing of a military alliance between the Polen-



Photo Sciutto, Genoa

ELEONORA DUSE AS FRANCESCA

Henry Block, sc.

tani and Malatestas. Giunciotto is a great warrior, but deformed in person as well as sombre and implacable of disposition; so, previous to the wedding, Francesca is led to believe that the younger brother, the handsome and gallant Paolo of fair renown, is her destined husband. Francesca's first entrance upon the scene is marked by one of those symbolical details by means of which D'Annunzio subtly forwards the main motives of his drama. At the foot of the stairs by which she descends to the palace courtyard is an ancient disused Byzantine sarcophagus filled with earth and planted with red roses in bloom. To her little sister, Samaritana, Francesca exclaims:

"Look, sister! how these roses burn in blossom,
Like blood of holy martyrs. Never, never
Such myriads of them bloomed, until this May."

Roses blooming in a sarcophagus—there is the note of her life touched at the outset. Her own vague premonitions are felt in the exquisitely tender passage of leave-taking with Samaritana:

"Peace, little dove! ask me no more to tell thee
What's seen in dreams. For some night we shall sleep,
And sleep away forever, and time flee always."

At Rimini, in the feudal castle of the Malatestas, Act II. opens amidst war's alarms. Francesca has awakened to her cruel deception and the resentful woman in her is roused, though she is none the less a faithful and submissive wife, unsuspecting as yet the fatal dawn of love, which is creeping on apace. The scene is in a fortified tower of the castle, about whose walls the storm of battle beats. Giunciotto and Paolo, without, are heading their partisans in the fray. Francesca, with child-like curiosity, comes up into the tower, questions the soldiers about their arbalests and other engines of mediæval warfare, and insists upon holding in her own hand a flaming torch which has been dipped in the wondrous Greek fire burning in a cauldron ready to hand. She cries out with delight:

"Oh, lovely flame, the conqueror of day!
It is alive, it throbs and beats so strongly,
The whole staff trembles, through my hand, my arm,
I feel it in the beating of my heart."

She is playing with fire—another symbol. Paolo enters the tower to look after its defences. His every word and movement interests her intensely. Observing through a loophole the fighting below, he sees his brother, Giunciotto, engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand combat with an antagonist who has jeered him as "the hunchback monster with the pretty young wife." Paolo lets fly an arrow, and cries out exultantly that it has gone down the fellow's throat, silencing his abusive tongue forever. Missiles fly in through the window, Paolo is thought to be wounded, and Francesca, who has no fear for herself, betrays hysterical anxiety for him. Presently Giunciotto comes in, savage and triumphant, calls for wine, bids Paolo and Francesca drink to his victory, and compliments his brother upon his marksmanship with the crossbow. "But," he adds, with a shade of suspicion, "what if you had missed that villain and killed me instead?" "I did not miss him," answers Paolo; "so, why think of it?" The poison of jealousy is beginning to work in the husband's mind. As they go out together Francesca silently gives Paolo a rose.

In Act III. we come to the romance-reading scene, where



Photo Bertieri, Turin

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

Henry Block, sc.

the love interest of the play reaches its climax, and D'Annunzio meets the crucial test of direct comparison with Dante. Francesca is alone with her women in a chamber looking out upon the Adriatic. Suddenly Paolo appears, unannounced, having ridden impetuously from Florence. Giunciotto also is absent. The lovers converse, shyly at first, but with fast-melting reserve, for Paolo is an ardent wooer.

"I heard the voice of Spring, and from your lips
Its music, as I rode against the wind,
Called me in every valley, wood and hill,
And sang from rushing torrents. On I followed,
My horse's mane blown backward like a cloud,
With all my soul in swiftness of the course
Exultant, as a flying torch of flame,
And all my thoughts save one, save only one,
Trailing in sparks behind me."

He asks what book she is reading. It is the old French romance of "Lancelot du Lac." Paolo glances over the open page, which happens to be at the passage where Galeotto (Galahaut) is bringing together Lancelot and Guenevere in love.



Photo Moore

MISS ADELAIDE PRINCE

Henry Block, sc.

Whose performance of Helen in the recent revival of "The Hunchback" elicited much praise

PAOLO.—Read on! "Indeed," she says —

FRANCESCA.— "Indeed," says she,

"I promise—I am his, and he is mine." —

Ah, no more, Paolo!

P. (*reading, hoarsely and tremblingly*).—"Galeotto answers her, Thanks, Lady Guenevere. Now, kiss your lover, And that shall be commencement of true love."

Now, you, Francesca—read! What does she say?

[*Pale and eager, they lean over the book, their faces almost touching one another.*]

F. (*reading*).—She says, "Why do I wait to be entreated? For I desire it more than he desires" . . .

P. (*continuing*).—"Whereat, she gently lifts his face unto her, Kisses him long upon the lips" . . . Francesca!

[*They fall in one another's arms.*]

F. (*faintly*).—No, Paolo!

Incidentally, this pulsating passage elucidates Dante's line:

Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse

(A Galahaut was the book, and he who wrote it),

usually a puzzle to the casual reader, and which few translators

seem to make clear. The words are put in Francesca's mouth as she relates her sad story in the "Inferno," and they mean, of course, that the book played the same part between herself and Paolo that the panderer Galahaut did between the two lovers in the romance.

The last two acts of the drama from this point move directly and portentously on to the tragic culmination. This is brought about by the machinations, in Act IV., of Malatestino the One-Eyed, another of the bad Malatestas, and the worst of all. Malatestino has pursued Francesca with loathsome passion, and she spurns him. In revenge he plots to betray the lovers. He succeeds only too well. Gianciotto is thus enabled, in Act V., to trap Paolo and Francesca in *flagrante delicto*. Paolo's cloak catching on a nail, as he attempts to escape through a trap-door, Gianciotto drags him forth by the long hair, and the two brothers engage in a duel to the death. Francesca rushes between them, and is stabbed to the heart, falling in Paolo's arms. Gianciotto kills Paolo, then breaks his own sword across his knee, in mute despairing sign that his career is ended, his occupation gone.

Such, in bare outline, is D'Annunzio's latest contribution to the world's theatre. It is vibrant with human feeling and action. Its characters are living men and women, not literary puppets. Behind its lyric voice is heard the diapason of life. In sum, the tragedy is expressive of its author's conception of love and love's fatality, as set forth allegorically in his two prefatory sonnets:

DANTE ALIGHIERI TO ALL LOVE'S FAITHFUL.

Each gentle heart, and every faithful soul,
All ye who shall these present sayings hear,
To write again perchance in ways more dear,—
Acclaim your lord, and bow to Love's control.
Time was for me when short the hours did roll,
And all the constellations shone more clear,
Because that Love did suddenly appear,
Whose essence fills me with remembered dole.
Joyous at first seemed Love unto my sight:

My heart he held in one hand, whilst asleep
Lay in his arms the Woman, fair as light.
He wakened her. She, meekly, half in fright,
Fed on this heart, with all its ardors deep.
Whereat Love turned away, methought to weep.

PAOLO MALATESTA TO DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Thou didst then see, as on a pictured scroll,
How all exalted lovers, far and near,
Whose hazards murmur wisdom in thine ear,
Are by this lord led on to sorrow's goal.
His arms inclosed the treasure of thy soul,
The Woman to thy fond desire most dear:
She, waking, tremulous with mortal fear,
Was nourished from thy heart, by fate's control.
Then was it Love turned grieving from thy sight,
For sudden pity in his breast did leap,
Knowing that in this Woman fair as light
Was death concealed. And, if I read aright,
Love wept, not she. Ah, yet in passion deep
I think that heart bade her take all, and keep!

HENRY TYRRELL.



Mary Shaw—A Woman of Thought and Action

“Chats with Players,” No. 9

TO SEE Mary Shaw act—it matters not in what kind of part or play, since some phase of her complex individuality finds expression in them all—is inevitably to feel an interest in the woman behind the actress. To hear her speak from the platform, as she does upon occasion—at a Professional Woman’s League meeting, or the Actors’ Church Alliance, for example—is to confirm the impression of an extraordinary intellectual force, mixed in some strange way with a frankly feminine charm. One comparison that acquaintance with her suggests is the ocean off the shores of her native New England—profound, clear and cold, yet tempered with the geniality and fire of the tropics, as the tumultuous current of the Gulf Stream surges through its bosom. She has rich bronze hair, with glints of

sombre gold in it. Her eyes are intensely blue, and variable as the sea; sparkling, laughing or tender by turns, and again, in moments of earnestness, confronting you with the steady, inscrutable blaze of infinite horizons.

“You see, I am about half Irish and the rest Puritan New Englander,” she explains. “I came very near being a Boston school-teacher, and am proud to say that I was in a fair way to making a good one, when the emotional half of me got the upper hand, and I took to the stage. Seriously, though, there is but one kind of success, and that is to live your life out fully and sincerely. I can only say that the League and the Dorothea Dix Home and the Church Alliance, and all that sort of thing, appeal to me with the same conviction that playing Lady Macbeth does. My friends—some of them—remonstrate with me for such diversity of interests, and tell me I am standing in my own light. Am I, do you think?”

This was one of the questions I had meant to ask her for **THE THEATRE**. However, in the end she answered it in her own way, by talking about something else. If you join the conversational hunt with Mary Shaw, you must abandon all idea of following the roads, but just sit tight and prepare for a wild dash straight away across country, heedless of obstacles and plowed ground; and when you take a five-barred gate or a stone wall, you never know what the lie of the ground is going to be on the other side.

“A widely influential manager,” she continued, “whose friendship any artiste may be proud to win, gave me an open-sesame letter of introduction for London when I was appointed a delegate to represent the American stage at the International Woman’s Congress. At the same time, he advised me not to undertake the mission. He argued that an actress must be an actress and nothing else, to the public. The moment she appeared before them in her own personality as a lecturer, he said, she forfeited that exclusiveness, that fascination of mystery, which is the most potent instrumentality of her art. This was sound reasoning; I could not gainsay it. Nevertheless, I went to London, and delivered my address upon ‘The Stage as a Field for Women,’ at St. Martin’s Town Hall, before a splendid and distinguished audience. And I am glad I did it—not just because I was one of the few delegates invited to Windsor Castle and personally received by Queen Victoria, but because I had the chance to say a word for the



Carrity, Chicago

Henry Block, ac.

MISS SHAW AS HERTHA IN “A DROP OF POISON”



Baker Art Gallery

Henry Block, sc.

MARY SHAW—A STUDY HEAD

honor of the drama and its players where it would do the most good."

"Tell us about your emotional half," I interrupted.

"Oh, that was right at the start. It was when I had the rôle of Barbette in 'Les Chouans,' with Modjeska. The part was only of minor importance in its relation to the star and the play. But it had one tremendous moment, where the fact of her husband's murder is revealed through the silent but eloquent action of his late comrades, who lay before her certain little relics and keepsakes that were his, and pass out without a word. I was frightened at the power I felt rising within me, as that scene rushed to its climax. And the audience—well, my dear father was there, still unreconciled to my becoming an actress; but since then, and to this day, he refers to me as 'my daughter, who created the rôle of Barbette.' What do you think of that for a compliment, from such a staid old Bostonian as he is?"

At the mere recital of this incident her face had flushed and paled by turns, her eyes dilated, her voice fallen to a tense whisper, her whole form shaken with a sudden, unconscious thrill. It reminded me of a fire engine with full steam up half a minute after the sounding of the alarm. It must

keep Art busy to control such a wild elemental force as this, I intimated. She responded:

"I think the exercise of this controlling art, as you call it, is the supreme delight, the noblest privilege, of our profession. What a fine thing it is to have your grip, as it were, upon the very throttle of that wondrous machine called life! And it is not given to every player, neither—not even to every good player. For example, there are some actors we know who score only when they are robustious; others who are most effective through quiet intensity and self-repression; and still others who can act in both of these ways, but only one at a time, separately. The great artiste is he who can give humor or passion its full bent, without either over-acting or under-acting, and never making the slightest movement or pause, glance of the eye or inflection of the voice irrelevant to his elaborately-studied rôle. Reason and craft have curbed emotion. Not the turn of a single hair is permitted to mar the illusion of the character-picture developed on one side of the screen—the side facing the audience. Frank Mayo, with whom I played Roxy in 'Pndd'nhead Wilson,' was of that class. But my great master in the fine art of stage exposition is Joseph Jefferson. No one who has not played with him can appreciate the beauty and finesse of the work which he loves to lavish upon every detail of his delineations. I don't believe that anything I do, or shall do, is without some trace of Jefferson's influence."

"Even when you indulge in such wild and woolly melodramatics as your Hertha in 'A Drop of Poison'?"

"Don't try to be sarcastic about melodrama!" she exclaimed; "it is the blood and sinews of all drama, even of Shakespeare and the old Greeks."

"That may be—but do you really like to play it?"

"Of course I like it, or I wouldn't do it. Nothing like your straight melodrama—the persecuted heroine, virtue in rags triumphant, the home-and-mother sentiment—for getting heart-to-heart with the people. And I am an advocate of the cheap theatres, too—yes, I include the kind that have nurseries attached, where tired

mothers can check their babies and enjoy the matinée in peace, as they do in Cincinnati and some other western cities, and even in Brooklyn, of late. That's where the theatre makes good what is claimed for it, as a mighty and irrepressible agency for the uplifting of human society. You know what Jane Addams and the Hull House workers have accomplished in Chicago, don't you?"

I didn't know a thing about Hull House, and I hated myself for a moment or two.

"Well, it is the greatest social settlement and ethical culture movement for the benefit of the under-half of the city masses that ever happened, and Jane Addams is its informing spirit. She said to me, 'Mary, the theatre is a glorious power, for it interests and holds these poor desperate Hungarian, Polish and Italian children and makes them tractable as nothing else can—not law nor charity, nor even religion itself.' And she is right. The theatre uplifts these people, because it gives them ideals."

Here I thought it prudent to drag in Ibsen.

"Ibsen?" she repeated, thoughtfully, in quite another mood. "He is grand, he is unique—the dominating influence, I suppose, upon the drama in our time, and doubtless in

the future. His influence is indirect, though. It is to be gauged by its effect upon other writers—Pinero, for instance—and not by the popularity of his plays, for they can never be really popular. I can understand why thoughtful players are eager to play him, and I can also understand why only a limited class of the theatre-going public are eager to see him played. In America especially, the theatre is made by women, and for women. This is an axiom with all managers who know their business. Augustin Daly calculated that at least eighty-five per cent. of audiences in general are women. Practically, all the successful plays are those which have in one way or another pleased them, the reason being that plays which please only men rarely succeed. Now, women as a rule hate irony—and Ibsen is nothing if not ironical. Narrow, you say? Naturally, since women's lives are not so broad and full as those of men. They want romantic heroes, like those of the elder Dumas, and not the anæmic cynics of Dumas *filis*, who always *see through* the heroine instead of adoring and fighting for her."

"Yet, you played the part of Mrs. Alving in 'Ghosts,' two or three years ago, as if you meant it," I ventured.

"That was a memorable experience for me. I enjoyed the honor and privilege of being coached in that part by no less a personage than Herr Reicher, stage manager of the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, who had directed and played leading rôles in Ibsen's dramas under the personal eye of the master himself. He made Mrs. Alving a very real and pathetic woman to me—but the question was, could I convey my conception over the footlights?"

I asked Miss Shaw what line of work she individually preferred for herself, and she replied, "High comedy." She frequently has been called the American Réjane.

"Then, either you are mistaken as to your real forte, or else you have been persistently mis-cast."

"That is probably on account of the emotional timbre of my voice. The managerial habit of classing you, once formed, never changes. They seem to think of me, first of all, as a Lady Macbeth. Still, some first-rate comedy parts have come my way—Lady Teazle, for instance, and Rosalind."

As I stood looking at Mary Shaw, splendid, self-contained, Portia-like, "sultry with genius," as Amy Leslie once characterized her, she said:

"Well, what rôle do you see me in now?"

"I was trying to imagine you in two or three which we have not discussed, the rôles of wife, of mother, of lady of title—"

"Oh, yes! that reminds me, I am a Duchesse. But, really, that has nothing to do with our shop talk."

No, it had not, with Mary Shaw, although her husband, an American citizen by adoption, bears a noble title of the French Bourbon monarchy. He is by hereditary right the Duc de Cossé-Brissac.

As I left, she wanted to ask one favor, just one.

"What is it—a description of your Paris gowns?"

"No, not that. What I want to beg of you is, please don't say that I am a faddist!"



Photo Burr McIntosh

Henry Block, sc.

THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF MARY SHAW



Falk, N. Y.

Henry Block, sc.

AS BARRETTE IN "LES CHOUANS"

H. T.



Long Branch Lunacy

—>>><<<—

By *Kenneth Lee*

STORIES

THE STAGE

OF

CHARLIE CARBURY had made a snug little fortune in piloting lurid melodramas round the popular-priced houses, and had invested in a tidy row of Summer cottages at Long Branch.

The profession at large knew this, and sections of it invited themselves to stay with Charlie whenever change of air was needed, which was whenever Charles was tender-hearted enough not to object too strenuously.

Now Carbury was hospitality personified. He bore a good deal from a large circle of impecunious friends and never murmured; but it did irritate him, as he sat one day on his cosy veranda, to see Mike Mulligan and Quentin Eelaby drive up and quarter themselves on him for the night—or until they were blown elsewhere.

Meanness had nothing to do with Charles Carbury's woe. He merely had not gotten square for a practical joke which had been played upon him by the doughty twain some time back—and it hurt.

It happened in this wise: While on the road Charles had played a certain town, and at the opposition theatre was a comic opera company of which Mulligan and Eelaby were members, and two of its choicest spirits.

It was an old joke—a jealous lady was concerned—was supposed to have arrived inopportunely, and Charlie was kept very busy making other arrangements; but that is not the story I am about to narrate. Charles had never gotten over it, and the yarn stuck to him like a pest; and then, to follow that up with the misery of the practical prankers presenting themselves to him and spreading themselves with such prodigality over his porch and provisions.

Charles welcomed them with outward warmth—and inward, too, for that matter—and started his busy brains hatching a *quid pro quo*.

Mike and Quentin dealt a stacked deck, and threw the old story about looking for a cottage, and could Charlie house and feed them? Charlie informed them that Mrs. Carbury was away, at which news the tramps brightened perceptibly, and said they were very sorry, Charles adding that the house, wet and dry goods, etc., were at their service.

With a distrait and thoughtful air Charles called his man, consigned the horse and buggy to the stable, and took chances of his only female servant leaving him by informing her that she should find quarters and food for the mendicants.

As Michael and Quentin were taking off some of the red clay gathered on the Rumson road, Charles turned the matter over in his mind. It was such a glorious opportunity—if he could only think up something. A counter-story against them had to be started, so that his own plague might pale in comparison and be forgotten, otherwise Mrs. Carbury would be bound to hear of it soon, and Charlie wouldn't have her feelings hurt for worlds.

A sudden thought peeped through his mobile countenance,

and a worm could have seen that he had gotten "next" to something promising.

He braced his guests against the railings of the stoop, supported them with high-balls, and, telling them he had to see after something of importance, gently evaporated.

Charles did not go very far. He turned into the next avenue and sought the domicile of Audy Ferguson, also a professional; but it would never do to let Andy into the secret; he was such a bad actor, and would surely give it away; besides, Andy had gotten the best of him over a horse-swap, and the joke would work both ways.

By the time he had reached Andy's strawberry patch, where that worthy was pretending to work, but really tramping the plants out of all knowledge, Charlie's face had become drawn out into a lengthy segment of sorrow.

"Say, old man, you can do me a great favor." Andy looked a picture of hopefulness that the contract did not tend toward monetary outlay, and said nothing.

"Your wife hasn't come from the city yet?" continued Charles.

"No; I'm getting things ready for her," replied Andy, with a far-away look at a demijohn which rested under the shade of a locust tree.

"Then come over to my place for the night. I tell you, I'm in trouble."

"What is it?"

"Do you know Mike Mulligan and Quentin Eelaby?" queried Charles, as a feeler.

"Not personally. I know of them professionally, of course. What about them?"

"Why, you heard about their terrible calamities?"

"Nary a calamity."

"They both went dotty."

"Eh?"

"Lunatic, crazy—bats in their belfries."

"Well, I can't help that."

"I didn't say you could; but they've both escaped."

"You don't want me to run after them this weather?"

"N—n—no; not run after them exactly; they have arrived at my house. They're not *very* mad, you understand, and as they are friends of mine, and *comparatively* harmless, I am going to keep them until I can communicate with White Plains and get a keeper over to-morrow morning for them."

"Where do I come in?" asked Andy.

"I just want you to keep me company to-night," suggested Charlie, in a wheedling tone.

"Not on your tiutype," yelled Andy, striking his spade precisely in the centre of a fine strawberry plant. "I'm not a funny-house fancier."

"Why do you object? They're quite mild."

"Wild, are they?"

"I said mild—unless you were to contradict or annoy them."

"I won't, I'll take my oath."

"It isn't often I ask you a favor; but, of course, if you refuse, there's no more to be said; only, next time you want me to accommodate you, I'll think twice about it."

Now, Andy would require the loan of several little things the forthcoming week, and Charles had always proved an obliging neighbor, so he weakened and said:

"You are sure they're not dangerous?"

"Like little children," answered Charlie. "Only be careful of two things: Don't mention golf to Quentin or dogs to Mike; then you're all right."

"Oh, queer on those two subjects, eh? All right, I'll come."

"Very well; in about half an hour just drop in and ask to be put up for the night. You can pretend to have come from a distance, you know. Remember, in half an hour, and beware "dogs" and "golf"; and Charlie sailed off home chuckling at his able stroke of warning relative to the two fads of his unconscious friends, knowing full well that wild horses could not keep "kennels" and "links" out of their conversation for any length of time.

"What sort of golf course have you 'round here?" asked Quentin, first crack out of the box, and before Charlie fairly got into the shade of his veranda.

"We'll discuss that afterwards," hurriedly interposed the conspirator. "I've one or two things to attend to, and then we'll have a talk over old times before supper."

"Yes; talk about that week we spent together in—"

"Oh, let up on that; it's getting mondy. Rake up something fresh, or I'll try for you if your brains don't run to it." But jeering laughter greeted Charlie's attempt at compromise.

Some time passed and Charlie descried Andy turning the corner. "For heaven's sake!" he ejaculated, with his finest melodramatic glare.

"What's eating you?"

"Hush! lie low! it's Andy Ferguson—poor old Andy—he must have gotten out."

"Gotten out of where—jail?"

"No, no! Escaped! White Plains! Mad as a hatter, poor fellow! Do be quiet and then, perhaps, he won't come in."

"Lor!" interjected Michael, "you were the only lunatic we meditated meeting to-day. He is turning in here, all the same. Get rid of him."

"Of course," agreed Charlie; then, as if a thought had occurred to him, "I don't know, though. We ought to keep him until we can notify the asylum. He isn't exactly dangerous—as long as you don't talk about gardening; and, for his wife's sake, we shouldn't let him wander away. You leave him to me."

"Cranky on pie-plant, is he? Now, if he had bred bull-terriers he would have employed his mind and not taken to thinking zig-zag," observed Mike.

The newcomer said his little piece as instructed, eyeing the visitors distrustfully the while. Charlie welcomed him, and, as Andy Ferguson went inside to hang up his hat, etc., remarked to the victims: "That's lucky; now we've got him."

"You can keep him," ill-naturedly returned Quentin. "I didn't come here for a frisky-twisted conversazione. Don't give him anything to drink, it might get him started. Say, do your doors lock all right? No keys lost, eh? He might walk in his sleep."

"He's fairly quiet," said Charlie, ignoring the question.

"He don't look it," remarked Mike. "Did you see that ice-cream kind of gleam in his eye—like a bad codfish?"

At this juncture Andy joined the gang, and took a chair at a very respectful distance. Soon the supper bell rang, and the politeness as to who should first enter was beautiful and touching in the extreme.

"Always keep those fellows in front of you—tame them with your eye," whispered Andy to Charlie, as they brought up the rear; "they might be loaded with something and hit you a swat when you weren't looking."

"Hnsh!" said Charles, loudly.

"He's commencing," observed Mike to Quentin. "Hear old Charlie trying to calm him. I wish we were out of this."

"We shall be—good and early to-morrow morning," responded Quentin.

Supper began in extended skirmishing order. Conversation of the kindergarten type, and not calculated to excite a village idiot, was the rule of the evening. At last Andy reverted to his favorite topic and asserted that garden truck was very forward for the time of year.

Mike and Quentin knew that horticulture was a dangerous matter, and both proceeded to squash it simulta-



From an original drawing by Pal.

Henry Block, sc.

"Supper began in extended skirmishing order"



Photo Burr McIntosh

MISS BELLE HARPER

Henry Block, sc.

Singing soubrette. Made her debut with the Bostonians five years ago and later appeared under the management of Augustin Daly. To sing the prima donna rôle in the operetta "Sally in Our Alley," which will be seen at the Broadway Theatre on August 18

neously. Mike said that he knew a bull-terrier who acted as head of a bereaved and fatherless family while the widow hunted another husband, in a manner heart-rending to listen to; while Quentin, who didn't wait for him to finish, plunged into a Munchausen essay of how he had driven a ball nine thousand holes in nine thousand minutes. This made Andy nervous and he swallowed a boiling potato in his excitement, as he recollected that "dogs" and "golf" were forbidden ground; and there were the two White Plains graduates gambling on it with both feet, so to speak. So they all talked at once, in a style that made the incident of the Tower of Babel appear like an evening party at a deaf and dumb institution.

Mike became almost hysterical and grabbed the bread-knife to get it out of the way. Andy seemed put out about something, said he was tired and wanted to go to bed, and lit out of the room at a "Maud S—" gait, perspiring freely. Quentin stated that he knew a man at the West End Hotel who wanted to see him badly; and, if Charlie would get his valise, he would run away. He might be very late, so he wouldn't come back that night. It was funny he had only just thought of it. Mike considered that, where Quentin

went, he'd go too. Charlie regretted that the hotels were not open so early in the season, and that the man would have to wait. Mike and Quentin both said they were sorry—and looked it.

Mike took a long drink; and told a story of how, once, for a joke, he had screwed up the door of a man's room, so that he couldn't get out. It was a very good scheme, he thought. Charlie said his doors were new and didn't want any holes in them; furthermore, he was out of screws and the driver was missing. He also wanted to know if Mike and Quentin were scared.

The visitors agreed that, up to date, nothing had ever lived which could rattle them.

Then quiet was restored, which made Charlie wild. He went upstairs, ostensibly to see that Andy was secure, and found that gentleman in the act of constructing a barricade of all the available furniture in front of his door. "I didn't think you'd leave me in the lurch like that," complained Charles.

"Did you see that knife?" queried Andy, irrelevantly.

"Come down stairs, you lily-livered pariah," said Charles, with neighborly freedom.

Andy descended the steps—a bad second—finishing far in the rear as Charlie entered the dining-room. Both the visitors had taken the opportunity of retiring for the night, and evidently had also thought well of Andy's preventative idea, for sounds floated through the air as of a large furniture factory in active operation. Andy seemed relieved and went back to his room to finish his Morris-chair and bureau fortress. Each man, individually, must have heard the proceedings of

the others, and Charlie sat on the stairs laughing himself weak.

Bye and bye the town constable rang the bell. "Say, you've burglars on the roof of your piazza." Charlie went outside in time to see Mike and Quentin coming down the porch-posts, fireman fashion.

"What's the matter, boys?"

"Matter? oh, nothing! Only that lunatic has been trying to break through the walls and get at me, telling me not to be excited and to go to bed quietly; so that he can come in and carve me, I suppose. That's all," reported Quentin.

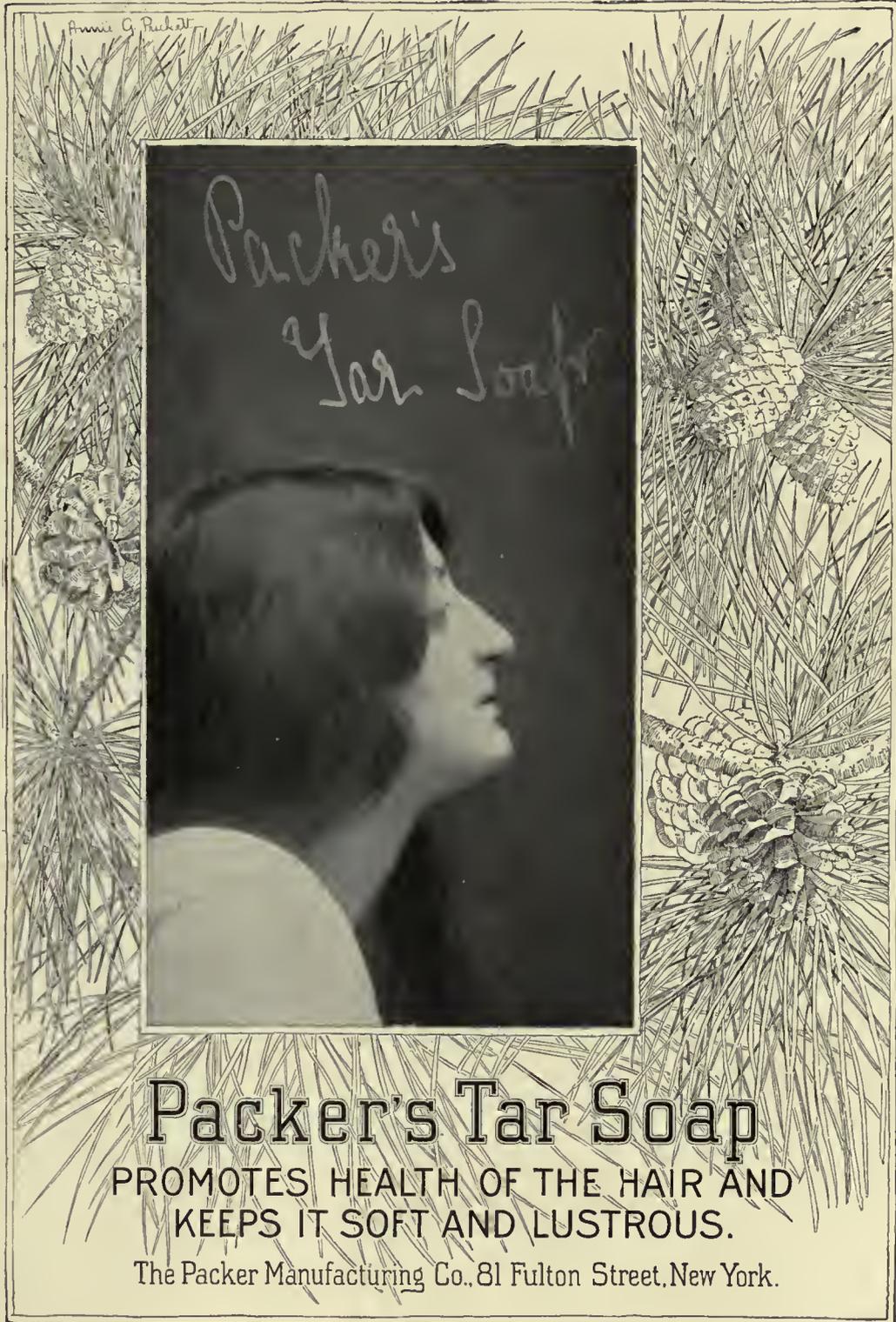
"He's been patting my partition and telling me to lie down—just like a dog," remarked Mike, picking up his valise and brushing off his clothes with a fractured sunflower.

"Oh, go indoors again and go to bed."

"Not while there's an empty bathing-house or an abandoned hearse handy," asseverated the veranda climbers. "Just give us the key of the stable and we'll hitch the horse. I hope he's rested better than we have."

Charlie could not persuade them; and, being wakeful, retired to compose an elaborated account for the next smoking concert of the Tomahawk Club.

Annex G. Packer



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Amateur Players

THE amateur dramatic season of 1901-02 was brought to a brilliant close by the presentation, on June 13 and 14, of "Romeo and Juliet," by the students of Smith College. Considerable work is devoted to the preparation of the senior Shakespeare play each year. Alfred Young, of this city, and Miss Ludella Peck, professor of the department of dramatic expression, coach the players, their training beginning as early as the previous Christmas. A hundred people took part in the play this year, and the cast was excellent throughout. Miss Edith Platt was a sweet Juliet, and Miss Selma Altheimer made a comely Romeo. The honors of this performance, however, went to Miss Mary Bohannon, who gave a really remarkable performance as Mercutio. The full cast was as follows: Chorus, Edith Wheeler Vanderbilt; Escalus, Prince of Verona, Ida Gertrude Heinemann; Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince, Maida Pierce; Montague and Capulet, heads of two houses at variance with each other, Louise Woodberry and Margery Ferriss; An Old Man of the Capulet Family, Nellie F. Henderson; Romeo, son to Montague, Selma Eisenstadt Altheimer; Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo, Mary Macdonald



PERFORMANCE OF "GRINGOIRE" BY THE MEMBERS OF THE MINNEAPOLIS DRAMATIC CLUB

Bohannon; Benvolio, nephew to Montague and friend to Romeo, Ethel Hale Freeman; Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet, Blanche Elizabeth Barnes; Friar Lawrence and Friar John, Franciscans, Jessie Gertrude Wadsworth and Edith May Wells; Balthasar, servant to Romeo, Frances Mary Gardiner; Sampson and Gregory, servants to Capulet, Myra McClelland and Margaret Welles; Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse, Eda von Leske Brune; Abram, servant to Montague, Louise Knapp; an Apothecary, Constance Saltonstall Patton; Lady Montague, Virginia Bell Tolar; Lady Capulet, Edith Warner Brown; Juliet, daughter to Capulet, Edith Grace Platt; Nurse to Juliet, Rachel Bereuson.

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The Twelfth Night Club, the oldest theatrical organization in Erie, was organized six years ago, and by hard work and a sincere interest manifested in the study and staging of all its productions, it has acquired an enviable reputation among amateurs. During the past six years the club has presented several dramas and every performance has been characterized by the completeness of its staging and the merit of the acting. Among the club's successes are "Robert Emmet," "The Late Mr. Jones," "A Night Off," "A Pair of Spectacles," "Shaun Aroon," "Shadows" and "The Landlord. The most ambitious effort yet made by the club will be its production of "Julius Caesar," with which it will open next season.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" was recently performed by The Acme Opera Company, at the Crowell Opera House, Glenville, Ohio, with success. Among those who took part were Miss Fanny Evans, Will Davis, Fred. Tordtman, Miss Frances Williams, August Johnson, Al. Froenzler, Ewald Tobolt and John Campbell.

During the past season the theatregoers of Cincinnati have witnessed the production of a number of new plays by F. Hoeffler McMechan, a clever writer and promising playwright. The plays were: A dramatization in four acts of Richard Harding Davis' "Van Bibber" Stories, produced by the Schuster Dramatic Company, December 9, 1901; "Mr. David," an original dramatic incident in one act, produced by the Odeon Players, October 12, 1901; "His Lordship's Wooing," "Milady's Necklace," two original one-act comedies; "The Last Race," a little tragedy, and "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," a dramatization of James Lane Allen's story, produced by the Odeon Players, March 20, 1902. Mr. McMechan is president of the Amateur Dramatic Federation of Cincinnati, and stage director for the Odeon Players, the Schuster Dramatic Com-

THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



PHOTO. BURR MCINTOSH

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MISS MAXINE ELLIOT, as "Portia."



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Mrs. Leslie Carter as Mme. Du Barry

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THE BODLEY HEAD
JOHN LANE 67 Fifth Avenue **NEW YORK**

THE THEATRE

VOL. II., NO. 19

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1902

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS LADY MACBETH

Henry Block, sc.

The English actress has returned to America for another tour and will be seen this month at the Garden Theatre



PLANS of the PLAYERS



AT THIS time of the year the air is filled with rumors of new plays to be produced and new starring enterprises to be ventured upon. It is usually predicted that the approaching dramatic season will eclipse all those that have been. The rulers of the theatrical world are always optimistic. The play-going public is ever hopeful. Thus each season is welcomed amiably for the promises it brings, and if those promises are not fulfilled the public is quick to forgive in the joy of looking forward to the future.

Again the coming season gives more than ordinary promise, and, despite the shortcomings of the past, even the most pessimistic first-nighter is tempted to predict that it will prove one of the most brilliant that New York has ever known. Of course, the plans for the more important productions are by this time well developed, and the announcements already made are, to say the least, alluring. The following list will give an idea of the principal attractions of the coming dramatic feast:

Mrs. Fiske will appear as Mary of Magdala, in the drama of that name, by Paul Heyse, the German dramatist. An account of this play will be found on another page in this number.

Miss Julia Marlowe, who will begin an engagement at the Criterion Theatre, in December, will have for her principal production of the season an English version of "La Reine Fiamette" (Queen Fiamette). This play, produced in Paris some three years ago, is the work of Catulle Mendès, the French poet, dramatist, novelist, essayist and critic. "Queen Fiamette" is full of poetic grace and charm, and shows its author at his best. The central figure of the play is the ruler of a fanciful, fairy-like land, around whom is woven a

beautiful love idyl, rich in sweetness and pathos. During her engagement at the Criterion Miss Marlowe intends giving at least one performance of "Grierson's Way," a drama by Henry Esmond. She will also make a Shakespearian revival. One of the plays that Miss Marlowe has in reserve is the remarkable drama, "Electra," by Perez Galdos. This play has probably no parallel in dramatic history. It is a violent attack on the Jesuits, and has incited riots in nearly every continental city in which it has been presented.

Miss Ada Rehan will not appear until quite late in the season. Her play for the year will probably be a dramatization of George Meredith's novel, "Diana of the Crossways," which, if decided upon, will be presented in the latter part of November.

Martin Harvey, whose fame as an actor is well established in England, and concerning whom more will be found elsewhere in this issue, will make his first American tour during the coming season. He will bring over a complete company, and will open at the Herald Square Theatre, on October 20, in "The King's Children." His repertoire will also include "The Only Way," "After All," and, perhaps, "A Cigarette Maker's Romance."

Richard Mansfield has announced that he will make an elaborate revival of "Julius Cæsar," and promises further that he will play "Othello" and "Timon of Athens" during the season.

E. H. Sothorn will continue in Justin Huntly McCarthy's excellent drama, "If I Were King," in which he made a decided success last season. Mr. McCarthy is at work on a new play for this actor, but it is not likely to be ready in time for this year. Mr. Sothorn will also play Hamlet for a time, using the magnificent stage

Schloss, N. Y.

MISS ALICE FISCHER

Henry Block, sc.

Shortly to appear at Wallack's in "Mrs. Jack"

equipment that aroused most favorable comment when he first essayed the character in New York.

William Faversham will appear in a dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Right of Way." The story is generally regarded as the best that has yet come from the author's pen, and it possesses excellent qualities for the stage. The dramatization is being made by Sir Gilbert himself.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's fine story, "Lazarre," which deals with the personality of Eleazer Williams, one of the most picturesque characters in American history, forms the basis of Otis Skinner's new play. The book accepts the popular legend, substantiated by the Rev. Mr. Hanson, in 1853, in his article, "Have We a Bourbon Among Us?" that Williams was, as he claimed to be, Louis XVII.; that this supposed half-breed Mohawk Indian missionary was, in truth, the lost Dauphin of France, imprisoned in the Temple during the Revolution. The play follows this acceptance of the hero's royal birth. Mr. Skinner has made the dramatization with the assistance of Aubrey Boucicault.

Miss Viola Allen will be seen in a dramatization of Hall Caine's novel, "The Eternal City." The novelist has made the play from the book himself. The incidental music is being composed by Mascagni. Miss Allen's supporting company will be exceptionally strong, as it is to include such admirable players as E. M. Holland, E. J. Morgan and Frederic de Belleville.

Joseph Jefferson will follow his custom of several seasons' standing by making a short tour in the autumn and another in the spring, presenting the small repertoire of plays in which he has long been famous.

James K. Hackett will appear in November at Wallack's Theatre in a dramatization of Winston Churchill's novel, "The Crisis." The dramatization was made by Mr. Churchill, and was produced last season in Pittsburg, but it has not been seen as yet in any of the large Eastern cities. Miss Isabel Irving will star in the play later, under Mr. Hackett's management.

William Gillette will present "Sherlock Holmes" for one more season, opening at the Knickerbocker Theatre in November. Charles Frohman has not committed himself definitely as to Mr. Gillette's appearance in the rôle of Hamlet, but it is believed that he will be seen in that character during the season.

William H. Crane has decided to continue in "David Harum" for another year. He will open the season at the Criterion.

Stuart Robson, being unsuccessful in his search for a new play, has concluded to revive the "Comedy of Errors," and will also give some performances of "The Henrietta."

Louis James and Frederick Warde are to appear in "The Tempest," Mr. James as Caliban and Mr. Warde as Prospero.

N. C. Goodwin has not yet decided upon a play for himself and Miss Maxine Elliott. He is now at Carlsbad. It was an-



Photo Sarony

BRANDON TYNAN

Henry Block, sc.

In his new play, "Robert Emmet," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre

nounced some time ago that he would appear in a dramatization of Rudyard Kipling's novel, "The Light That Failed," but it is said that Madeline Lucette Ryley has prepared for Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott a new version of "The Altar of Friendship," which was played for a short period last year by John Mason. This will be the last season in which Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott will star jointly. Next season they will head separate companies.

James O'Neill will be seen in a drama, the scenes of which are laid in Russia, that has been adapted from a French source for him by Harriet L. Ford.

Kyrle Bellew will tour the country in Harriet L. Ford's "A Gentleman of France," the drama in which he played a long and successful engagement last season at Wallack's. About the first of the year Mr. Bellew will appear in the play at the Academy of Music.

Robert Edeson will be seen again at the Savoy, on September 1, in "Soldiers of Fortune."

John Drew will appear at the Empire, on September 4, in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," a comedy by Isaac

Henderson that was produced in London with great success by Charles Wyndham. Miss Margaret Dale will be Mr. Drew's leading woman. Later in the season Mr. Drew will make a Southern tour in the play, presenting also "The Second in Command."

Miss Blanche Walsh has announced that she will present a new version of "Salambo," which has been especially written for her by Stanislaus Stange. She has also accepted a play by Rupert Hughes, entitled "What Will People Say?" and expects to produce it later in the season.

Miss Alice Fischer, in a new play by Grace Livinstone Furness, entitled "Mrs. Jack," opens the season at Walack's.

Miss Maude Adams will appear, in November, as Rosalind in "As You Like It," and also in revivals of "L'Aiglon" and "The Little Minister."

Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon are to appear in "Sherlock Holmes" in cities that have not been visited by Mr. Gillette.

Miss Annie Russell will lift the curtain on her last season's success, "The Girl and the Judge." When the new Lyceum is completed, Miss

Russell will be seen there in Madeline Lucette Ryley's comedy "Mice and Men," so successfully played in London last year by Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott.



Windeatt, Chicago

OTIS SKINNER

Henry Block, sc.

As he will appear in his new play, "Lazarre"



Photo Burr McIntosh

MISS BLANCHE BATES

Henry Block, sc.

Will be seen this season in a new play

Miss Virginia Harned will appear at the Criterion, the last week in September, in Arthur Wing Pinero's successful play, "Iris." She will be supported by Miss Hilda Spong and Oscar Asche.

Miss Jessie Millward and the Earl of Rosslyn will open the Garrick with Captain Marshall's comedy, "There's Many a Slip," which is an adaptation of Scribe's famous play, "The Ladies' Battle," last presented in New York, two seasons ago, by Mme. Modjeska.

Charles Hawtrey will begin a short engagement at the Garrick Theatre, in October, in "A Message from Mars." In the Spring he will be seen at the same theatre in "The Man from Blankley's," a comedy that has won unusual popularity in London.

De Wolf Hopper will present a comic opera, by Charles Klein, entitled "Dr. Pickwick," the book of which is founded upon Charles Dickens' "The Pickwick Papers."

Mrs. Langtry will appear at the Garrick, in January, in Paul Kester's play, "Mdlle. Mars," which she presented in London last season.

Ethel Barrymore will appear at the Savoy during the early part of the season. It was arranged some months ago that she should open that playhouse with the production of a new comedy by Clyde Fitch, to be called "The Flirt," an adaptation of "The Rural Postmistress," by Alfred Capus. The illness of Mr. Fitch has, however, prevented him from finishing the work. According to the present plans, Miss Barrymore will be seen at the Savoy in a short play, entitled "Carrots," with another play that has not been decided upon. "Carrots" was played with great success at the Theatre Antoine, in Paris, last year. In case Mr. Fitch recovers in time to finish "The Flirt" before the season closes, Miss Barrymore will be seen in it at the Madison Square Theatre.

Miss Mary Mannering, it is announced, will star in a new play, as yet unnamed, by Clyde Fitch.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will appear at the Garden Theatre in the first American production of "Annt Jenny," by E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," and in a translation, by Edith Wharton, of Sudermann's

new play, "Es Lebe das Leben." It is also among the probabilities that Mrs. Campbell will be seen as the heroine of Maeterliuck's new play, "Monna Vanua."

Miss Elizabeth Tyree will open the Manhattan Theatre in George C. Hazleton's latest play, "Captain Molly," founded on the historical character, Molly Pitcher.

"The Rogers Brothers in Harvard," by John J. McNally, will open the Knickerbocker Theatre, on September 1.

Jerome Sykes will be seen in a new musical comedy, by Harry B. Smith and Gus Kerker, entitled "The Billionaire."

William Collier will suspend his career as a star to become a member of the Weber and Fields company.

Jefferson De Angelis will appear in Sir Arthur Sullivan's last opera, "The Emerald Isle," at the Herald Square, on September 1.

Francis Wilson will continue to appear in "The Toreador," which had a long run at the Knickerbocker last season.

David Warfield, who, by the way, will soon publish a book of short stories of Jewish life in New York, will devote himself this season to his last season's success, "The Auctioneer."

Louis Mann will present a new comedy by Charles F. Nirdlinger, entitled "Hoch der Consul."

Mrs. Brune, who appeared last season in a repertoire of Sardou plays, will be starred in a dramatization of F. Mariou Crawford's novel, "Unorna."

Miss Amelia Bingham will again appear in "A Modern Magdalen," by Haddon Chambers, and will have several companies on the road under her management. She will also present, during the season, a translation of "Mme. Flirt," a recent success at the Athenée, Paris.

Miss Lulu Glaser will tour the country in "Dolly Varden."

Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, who has risen very rapidly during her short career on the stage, is to be starred in a new play by Clyde Fitch, entitled "The Girl With the Green Eyes."

J. E. Dodson and Miss Annie Irish will be co-stars in a drama by John Oliver Hobbes and Edward E. Rose.

Signora Eleonora Duse will make an American tour this season, presenting as her principal play D'Annunzio's magnificent work, "Francesca da Rimini."

Miss Eleanor Robson may be starred this year if her managers approve of either the dramatization of Miss Mary Johnston's "Audrey" or Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Eleanor."

Mrs. Leslie Carter will present "Du Barry" here until April, when she will take the play to Loudon.

Miss Henrietta Crosman will produce a new play, called "The Sword of the King." She may also do Mrs. Clifford's "Madelcin" and Charles Reade's "Nance Oldfield."

Miss Grace George may be seen in a new play of the period of George II. This piece was written by Frances Aymar Matthews, whose short story, "A Little Tragedy at Tien Tsin," was dramatized for Miss George's use last year, but was not presented because of the success of "Under Southern Skies."

Miss Blanche Bates will probably appear in a play which is being prepared for her by David Belasco.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne has secured a new play by Glen MacDonough, entitled "Among Those Present."

Miss Bertha Galland will appear on the road in the leading rôle of "Notre Dame," which was presented for a short time last season at Daly's.



Photo Sarony

EDWIN ARDEN

Henry Block, sc.

Who will be seen in Ramsey Morris' play, "Ninety-nine"

First Plays of the Season

"QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER," at the Academy of Music, is a combination of unfortunate circumstances, in a technical sense, but if there is any virtue in a chaste hired girl being kicked by a cow from off-stage to a commanding position centre on the stage proper, accompanied by a battered tin pail flying through the air and miscellaneous débris, the management may hope to share in the prosperity of the coming year rich in cereals and in its general output. It is true that Justin Adams, who has made the play from Chas. Felton Pidgin's novel, is crude in his part of the work, but some of this crudeness is no doubt owing to the necessities of the case. The play had to follow the formulæ of the rural drama. Thus, Mr. Adams had to make terms with a fighting bully for one act; to fail to conciliate a cow in another; and in still other acts to deal tenderly with a blind girl, and to have her parentage and "papers" concerning her property discovered; and, in addition, a husking bee and miscellaneous kissing had to be attended to, and a snow storm provided for. The curtain was raised eight times. On a situation? No; mainly by reason of the dancing at the husking bee, in which Abner Stiles and his partner distinguished themselves by grotesque agility, revealing at each turn the painted legend, "For Sale," acquired by sitting upon the



Windeatt, Chicago

MISS ANNA LAUGHLIN

Henry Block, sc.

As the heroine in "The Wizard of Oz"



Schloss, N. Y.

MISS LAURA HOPE CREWS

Henry Block, sc.

Member of the Murray Hill stock company

fresh handicraft of one of the villagers. Enough said. Charles Dicksou gave satisfaction in the part of Quincy Adams Sawyer; E. H. Stepheus was happy as Abner Styles, and Miss Gertrude Augarde, the slavey who was kicked by the cow, enjoyed herself and furnished enjoyment. There is clever acting in the play.

"ROBERT EMMET," an Irish play (produced by Mr. Rosenquest at the Fourteenth Street Theatre), without thatched huts, an obdurate landlord, a wickedly splenetic bailiff, evictions, acushlas, mavourneens, shillelahs and the like, has taken its place on the stage as a cheering and welcome novelty. Possibly there may be a blackthorn stick in the piece, but its potentialities are curbed. It has ululations, at the proper moment, but they do not concern the rent. Brandon Tynan, the author, has pitched the action and its incidents on a more refined key. Yet it is none the less an Irish play, for its atmospheric pressure to the square inch is somewhat in excess of the usual formula. It is largely a play of atmosphere; the gossoons are choir boys; the women are clad in raiment somewhat less showy, it is true, than coronation robes, but entirely satisfactory. The beggars are amusing in picturesque rags, and even our old friend, the Informer, is entertaining. Brandon Tynan, the author, who plays the title rôle, it must be confessed, is admirable, and this without warbling a note. He tricks the villains who pursue him through each act with

unvarying success, until he at last is compelled to make tragedy out of all the comedy and bring tears to the eyes as he delivers trippingly his farewell speech, the execrable judge on the bench interrupting the melody of his accents, and his bride-that-was-to be sobbing in a cambric handkerchief.

A quarter of a century ago the Irish play occupied a large share in the attention of American playgoers, and famous actors emerged from it—Barney Williams, W. J. Florence, Diou Boucicault and many more. There was an Irish play, also entitled "Robert Emmet," as this one is, but it was depressing to a degree. Its author, James Pilgrim, was one of the most skillful and prolific dramatists of his time, but he lacked the art of the present day. The stripling, Tynan, has bettered Pilgrim.

The acting is uncommonly good. William H. Thompson, as Michael Dwyer (a name that rings well hereabouts), plays an old outlaw holding the enemy in "a rocky pass," assisted by his band, as only Mr. Thompson can act a character part, and William Elton, P. Aug. Anderson, Owen Fawcett, Francis Powers and others are names not usually found in a drama such as this was supposed to be before it was produced. Miss Angela Russell, and the ladies and servant maid of her train, also are factors in the success of this play. The play is a success and a novelty; whereas, if it had been the old-fashioned drama, with priests and murderous red-coats and the like, there would have been a stampede for the relief of fresh air after the first act.

The Story of the Du Barry

(AS PRESENTED BY MRS. LESLIE CARTER)

Told in Five Pictures



Photo Byron

Henry Block, sc.

(1) THE LITTLE MILLINER

Jeanne, nobody's child, is employed in the shop of the fashionable milliner, Labille. Here she meets and forms her attachment for Cossé-Brissac, the only pure love affair in her life



Photo Byron

Henry Block, sc.

(2) JEANNE MEETS THE KING

Lured to a gambling house by Count Jean Du Barry, a titled adventurer, to act as decoy, she is presented to Louis XV. with the intention that she should become the King's mistress



Photo Byron

Jeanne Du Barry, now the all-powerful favorite, gives audiences each morning to the princesses of the blood and the King's ministers, all of whom must do her homage despite their ill-disguised contempt for the woman. She had no education; she could not even speak correctly, and her blunders in grammar and court etiquette were often the subject of jest. But her lack of culture did not impair her charms, and her influence over Louis XV. was absolute until his death. Courtiers and ministers were in favor or disgrace with him, in accordance with her whim. The extravagance of the favorite knew no bounds, and she practically drew on the Royal Treasury for any amount she needed, the minister of finance being afraid not to honor her drafts. She squandered enormous sums on dress and her splendid fêtes at Versailles were the talk of Europe.

(3) THE DOLL OF THE WORLD

Henry Block, sc



Photo Byron

(4) JEANNE SAVES COSSÉ

Henry Block, sc.

Cossé-Brissac, wounded, takes refuge in the favorite's bedroom. The jealous Louis XV., hearing voices within, knocks, demanding admittance. To better hide her lover, Jeanne heats him into unconsciousness by striking him on his open wound, and, concealing Cossé in her bed, opens the door and lets the King enter

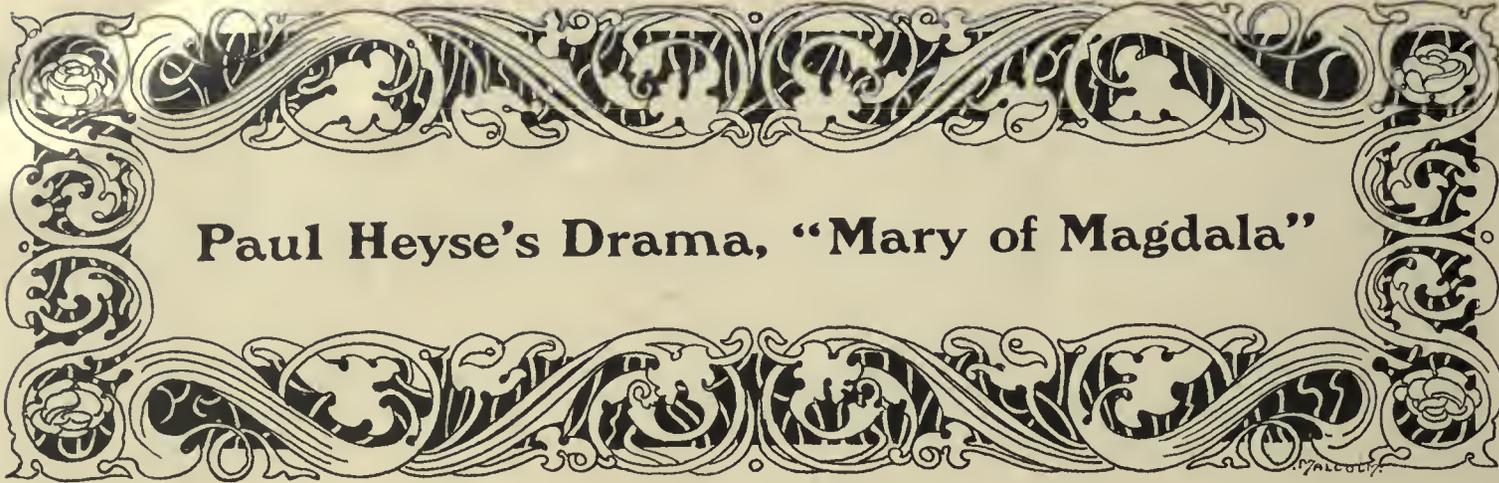


Photo Byron

(5) DEPARTURE FOR THE SCAFFOLD

Henry Block, sc.

Louis XV. is dead and his successor, Louis XVI., has been executed by the Revolutionary Tribunal. Jeanne Du Barry was herself accused of having dissipated the treasure of the State and conspiring against the Republic. She was condemned to death and beheaded the same day, being then fifty years old. She was completely prostrated on hearing the sentence, and was taken shrieking to the scaffold. A picture showing her being taken to her doom in the cart through the Paris streets, amid the shouts and jeers of the populace, appeared in THE THEATRE for February, 1902



Paul Heyse's Drama, "Mary of Magdala"

It should be distinctly understood that the following review is based upon a reading of the German printed play, and is not necessarily identical with the version to be used by Mrs. Fiske.—THE EDITOR

ALTHOUGH Paul Heyse's drama, "Mary of Magdala," which Mrs. Fiske will present at the Manhattan Theatre next month, was published in 1899, it has not been performed in Germany, and it is, of course, unknown to English-speaking audiences.

As the title indicates, the story of the play is that of the beautiful penitent of whom only cursory mention is made in the Bible, but who nevertheless has indelibly impressed herself upon the imagination of the ages.

Despite a certain inherent resemblance to the Oberammergau play, due solely to the similarity of subject, "Mary of Magdala" belongs to an entirely different category, to that, namely, of the modern literary drama, as distinguished from the naïve folk drama of former times.

In a sense the principal character of the play may be said to be Christ, although He does not once appear on the stage. Nevertheless, we are at all times conscious that He is the force which is moving those before our eyes.

The play opens in the dwelling of Mary of Magdala. It is night, and she is waiting the coming of her negligent lover, Judas Iscariot, who thus by a bold stroke of the imagination is brought into the closest relationship with her. At the moment, however, we are ignorant of her lover's name, which we do not learn until after the intrusion of three intoxicated youths and their ejection by Flavius, nephew of the Governor, Pontius Pilate. The young Roman has responded to her cry for help, and thus gained entrance to her house, which would otherwise have remained closed to him as one of the oppressors of her people. During their conversation, and at the moment when his advances are repulsed by the Magdalene, who belongs not to the *hetaira* class but to the more interesting order of women who follow only the promptings of their hearts in the bestowal of their favors, Judas enters and orders him from the house. Flavius twits him with cowardice and reveals the fact of his connection with Jesus, who, he says, has overturned the money-table of Judas in the temple, a point for which scriptural authority is lacking.

Flavius retires, promising to give Maria opportunity to see Jesus in the garden adjoining his, if she will visit him, and mocking Judas, who is presented as a more complex and less ignoble character than in the evangelists. Thereupon follows a scene between Judas and Maria, in which the former defends himself against the charge of cowardice and reveals his relationship to Jesus and the glad tidings of the new teaching.

MARIA.—But why did you keep these glad tidings from me if you believed them true?

JUDAS (gloomily).—Because there came times when this thought

crept into my heart, like a loathsome spider: Thou hast deceived thyself in Him. He will not fulfill that which He has promised—still He delays to unfurl "His banner and to call upon the people to rise and free themselves." Since I became doubtful of Him, my breast has been torn by contending feelings, love and hate of Him, the sole one, the unfathomable one; contempt for myself for clinging to Him—a hell which consumes my inmost being. Do you understand why I could not bring myself to appear before you in so pitiful a state?

MARIA.—I must know Him who has such power to render happy and miserable.

JUDAS.—Beware, Maria! The power of your beauty would prove naught with this incomprehensible being. He has never known woman's love. His soul soars high above all earthly joy; you would be humbled by Him, and if you, too, fell victim to his charm, like all women who approach Him, you would experience for the first time in life how unsatisfied desires consume the heart.

MARIA.—And yet—for that very reason—

In this scene is to be sought the keynote of the play, the nature of the Magdalene's initial attraction to the unknown teacher, and the double motive, jealousy and disappointed ambition for his people, which finally leads Judas to the deed of treason. At the moment, however, he extends to her his hand for a renewal of their love, but she turns away, and replies to his reproachful question as to what has changed her: "Every day is not alike, and the human heart is capricious."

Judas thereupon departs, and the Magdalene instructs Recha, her old serving woman, to learn where lies the house of Flavius, from which Christ and his disciples may be seen in the adjoining garden. The act closes with these words:

MARIA.—I must see Him who has never known a woman's love. I must see whether He will lower His when our eyes meet.

The four following acts are merely the logical development of the situation here presented, and may be sketched in a few words. The second act opens in the house of Flavius, who is dictating a letter to his absent wife. Caiaphas, the high priest, is announced, and he vainly seeks to arouse the animosity of Flavius against Christ; he is about to leave when the Magdalene, brilliantly costumed and bejeweled, is ushered in. Caiaphas requests a word alone with her, and attempts to persuade her to aid in the overthrow of Christ, as Delilah in that of Samson. Maria is at first indignant, then seemingly half won over, but at the moment Flavius enters and informs her that Jesus may now be seen in the neighboring garden. She hastens forth, but shortly afterwards Miriam rushes in with the news that those with Christ have caught sight of the Magdalene and are threatening to stone her. She is rescued by Judas, and the pursuing crowd is calmed and shamed by a voice repeating the words of the invisible

Master: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." The Magdalene is thus identified by the poet with the woman taken in adultery, of whom St. John relates. Flavius then orders her to be borne home in his litter, and she departs after a speech showing the convulsion called forth in her heart by the meeting with the Messiah.

The third act is taken up by the unseen anointment of Jesus by the Magdalene, which according to scriptural accounts took place in Bethany, and by the culminating treason of Judas, who is enraged by the public confession of her love through the breaking of the box of spikenard. He cries:

"Can you deny that you are inflamed with love for him?"

MARIA.—"With love for Him?" Yes, He made me feel His power, yet not as you think. His glance penetrated my heart and burned to ashes all the filth and dirt therein, all the vanity and sinful desire, and left only a still light that illumines and warms my soul.

This, of course, can end only in the complete severance of Maria and Judas, and the latter thereupon chancing upon the wily Flavius, who skilfully plays upon his jealousy, decision is taken for the fateful step, and the act closes as the cast-off lover is ushered into the house of Caiaphas to betray Christ.

The fourth act is the climax of the play, and inevitably implies an anti-climax in the act that is to follow. The Magdalene is alone in her home, reading from Solomon's impassioned love-song, the Song of Songs, every word of which her own heart echoes. She is still ignorant of Christ's imprisonment and condemnation, but learns thereof from Flavius, who at the moment enters. In response to her passionate appeal to him to aid in rescuing the prisoner, he declares his willingness—if she will make a corresponding concession. She does not immediately grasp his meaning, but then repulses him in horror. Flavius, however, realizes the strength of his position, and he leaves, saying that he will return for her final answer when night shall have fallen.

In view of Maria's agony of suspense, it is inevitable that she should finally decide to yield to the demand of Flavius in order to rescue Christ. Thereupon, Judas appears and threatens to kill her unless she consents to fly with him, but she succeeds in winning respite until the morrow, in order that she may "reckon with a creditor," meaning, of course, Flavius. But when finally the knock of the cold-blooded Roman is heard at the door, the purer nature which has been awakened in her suddenly rises triumphant, and, after a moment of intense struggle, she allows him to depart, and thereby loses the one chance of opening the prison doors. "Flavius!—No, no!—I cannot—cannot!" she cries, and sinks helpless to the floor.

The final act, which transpires at the foot of Golgotha, is as short as the necessary solution of the tragedy will permit. Judas appears in a passion of remorse, which results in his departing to hang himself. Flavius and Caiaphas then enter, and the former tells the high priest that Christ, not his persecutors, has proved conqueror in the struggle. Maria comes on in company with Miriam and Simon, who fear that she is about to do herself bodily injury. On her accusing Caiaphas of having murdered Christ, he orders her to be seized, but Flavius, who has been deeply moved by the scene on Calvary, interposes to protect her. He then attempts to persuade her to leave Jerusalem with him, but she replies that a friend is awaiting her at home to confer a great favor upon her, meaning Judas, to whom her life is forfeit. At this moment Recha appears and informs them of the death of the traitor. Maria



Photo Dana

TYRONE POWER

Henry Block, sc.

Who will play the part of Judas in "Mary of Magdala"

thereupon announces her determination of returning to the desert to pass the remainder of her life in contemplation of the Master's perfection; but on learning that Christ has promised to arise after three days, she breaks forth into an ecstatic expression of her faith and love, and declares her intention of waiting for the fulfillment of the promise.

One's opinion of the ethical value of the play must depend upon one's religious point of view. In the minds of the strictly orthodox, who deprecate all critical examination of doctrine or belief, this purely secular treatment of a biblical subject may possibly produce a shock; on the other hand, those among us sufficiently liberalized to dissociate ourselves in part, at least, from environment and early teachings, will find nothing in the drama which merits disapproval. The author has attempted, I think successfully, to treat dramatically the motive of Christ's influence on those about him, in the same manner in which he would have treated the influence of Buddha or Mohammed on his followers. From this point of view he cannot be said to have manifested irreverence, as at every turn he renders full justice to the wonderful personality of his unseen hero. Indeed, after reading the play it is impossible to predicate aught of the dramatist's personal belief. Shall we class him with the Trinitarians or with the most extreme wing of the Unitarians? In short, the play is absolutely free from religious tendency, and is to be judged solely as a drama.

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

Martin Harvey—England's New Irving

THE London critics never tire of bewailing England's lack of good actors and making dismal prophecies for the future. Where, they cry, are there young players of distinction coming up to take the place of the old? A striking refutation, certainly, to this pessimistic view is the case of Martin Harvey, the young English actor-manager, whose career during the past few years has been little else than a long succession of stage triumphs, and who many have hailed as the new Irving. Next month Mr. Harvey is to tour America for the first time as a star. This will not, however, be his first visit to the United States. He crossed the Atlantic with Sir Henry Irving some years ago, but, overshadowed by his distinguished fellow-countryman, he attracted only little attention. During his forthcoming tour he will be seen in a repertoire of his best characters, including that of Sydney Carton in "The Only Way," in which he scored one of his greatest successes; in "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," in "The King's Childreu," and in "After All," a play founded upon the story of Eugene Aram.

Martin Harvey is the son of a well-known naval architect. He was born at Wivenhoe, in Essex, was educated at King's College, and it was intended that he should follow his father's profession. The intention was, however, frustrated by the development of the dramatic instinct. On the advice of W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Harvey took instruction in the art of his adoption from the experienced John Ryder. Mr. Harvey recognizes the value of the tuition he had at the hands of the old actor, but he has not forgotten that his studies in the elocutionary methods of the Macready school gave his early stage-managers, in the domains of farce and light comedy, considerable justification for despair. This Mr. Harvey admitted in a chat the writer had with him in

his pretty house at St. John's Wood. He told of the early experiences that came of his youthful determination to go on the stage—a determination that was born of footlight fever; how he fell before the allurements and the artful designings of the needy and seedy and attic-lodged individual who advertised for stage aspirants and assured them of splendid opportunities; how he began by parting with a couple of guineas for lessons in the art of "making-up," and had his face as liberally lined as any railroad junction, for "young man," "old man" and "character;" how he accepted an engagement far from home, and went to find a theatre that was worse than a barn, and, pawning his portable property, escaped in a third-class carriage from the seedy manager, who, he felt sure, would never be able to pay him any salary; and how, presently, he found employment with the late John Clayton, and made his first appearance at the Court Theatre as one of the youngsters in Tom Taylor's funny one-act piece, "To Parents and Guardians."

In "Betsy" the young actor was intrusted with the part of Dolly Birket, and this is what he says of his recollection of that part:

"The ultimate goal, I felt, was within my reach. I saw before me a dazzling vista of brilliant engagements. I had conquered all difficulties at a bound. There was nothing more to learn. The drudgery was all over. Fortune was in front of me. On the strength of it I ran up a big bill at the principal hotel in Newcastle, where I had joined the company. My father had to settle my indebtedness, and I was reduced to humble lodgings. The tour lasted five weeks, and, curiously enough, the most brilliant engagement did not present itself. I then arrived at the conviction that I knew nothing, and had better begin at the foot of the ladder. I accepted from the great Master at the Lyceum the humble position of a supernumerary, when my versatility was put to the test in the revival of 'Much Ado About Nothing.' In the first act of that brilliant comedy I was a 'bronzed and most achieved warrior,' following in the train of Don Pedro; in the second a simpering gallant in light blue, tripping a pavane in the



MARTIN HARVEY Henry Block, sc.



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Henry Block, sc.

IN "THE ONLY WAY"

halls of Leonato; in the third a sort of house musician touching lightly the strings of a lute, with my face turned from the audience, while Jack Robinson, in the garb of Balthazar, sung so sweetly the pretty ballad, 'Sigh No More, Ladies;' and in the fourth I seem to have acquired civic propensities, and, as one of Dogberry's watch, was found engaged in the work of apprehending the villainous Borachio."

Mr. Harvey spoke with enthusiasm of the old days at the Lyceum; of his tours with Sir Henry Irving, both in England and America, and of the great actor's devotion to his work.

Mr. Harvey is an artist as well as an actor. He studied drawing and painting under Professor Brown, of the Slade School, and the walls of his house afford evidences of his skill.

During his managerial career, short perhaps but brilliant, he has produced "The Only Way" at the Lyceum, "Don Juan's Last Wager" at the Prince of Wales', "Ib and Little Christina" at the Prince of Wales', "A Cigarette Maker's Romance" at the Court, and "After All" at the Avenue.

"By the way," said Mr. Harvey, talking about the last-named piece, "this has been very much cut about and altered—improved, I think, since it was first produced. I may retain the title of the play; but it is not the Eugene Aram of the story, and I rather think I shall change the name of the part I play."

Mr. Harvey is very serious about the serious drama. He does not quite say that there should be no other, but he believes that it is of more importance than any other, and that there are plenty of people to work for it, even if they lose by it.

The conversation then turned upon the great success he achieved with "The Only Way." "But let me tell you," said the young actor-manager, "that although that piece was talked about and admired, it looked in the beginning as though it would result in considerable loss. However, we persevered, and found our reward. I have heard of many enthusiastic playgoers who paid to see it as many as thirty times."

"Is it true that the idea of 'The Only Way' came to you during your American travels?"

"Yes, that is so. My wife and I were on an electric car contemplating the building of those castles in the air which sometimes take a substantial form, when it occurred to the lady that Sydney Carton—one of the most universally beloved characters to be found in fiction—was a subject round which to build the play which should provide the great opportunity I wanted. 'A Tale of Two Cities' was bought and read; my first scenario was drawn out; the outlines of the drama were filled in by degrees, and then the completion of the scheme was entrusted to the skilful and sympathetic hands of Freeman Wills. You remember Mimi. The genesis of her name may be interesting to you. I had been reading Henri Murger's 'La Vie de Bohême,' and the character of Mimi in that work pointed to the necessity of calling the little nameless dressmaker of Dickens by that name. *Pro tem.*, and until we could find a better, we always referred to her as Mimi. The habit took such deep root that we found it impossible to think of her by any other name. And so Mimi she remained."

Mr. Harvey cherishes very pleasant remembrances of his command to appear before royalty at Sandringham. That was in January last, but "The Only Way" was not the play selected by the King and Queen Alexandra, but "The Cigarette Maker's Romance." The play was rehearsed on the ballroom stage during the afternoon and the young actor was warmly complimented by their Majesties. Mr. Harvey will open at the Herald Square Theatre, in this city, on October 20, in "The King's Children." This is an adaptation from a German romantic play by E. von Rosmer, entitled "Die Königs-kinder." There is incidental music to the piece by Humperdinck. X.



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Henry Block, sc.

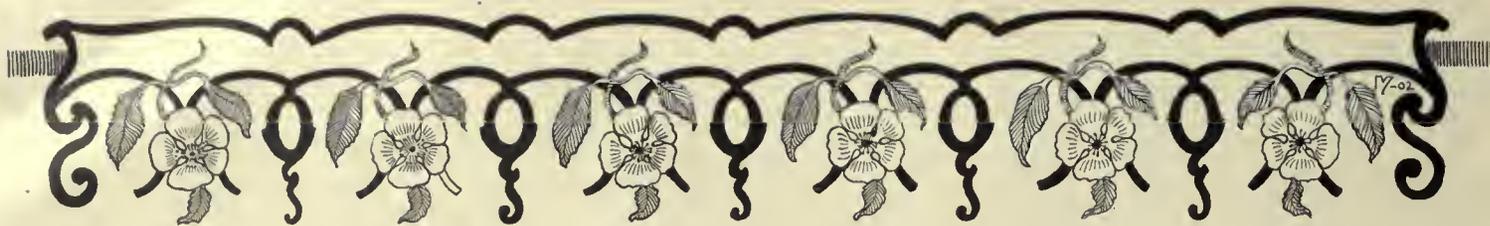
IN "A CIGARETTE MAKER'S ROMANCE"



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Henry Block, sc.

IN "AFTER ALL"



Maeterlinck's New Play, "Monna Vanna"

IF Maurice Maeterlinck had made his début as a dramatist with his latest play, "Monna Vanna," no one would ever have dreamed of dubbing him the "Belgian Shakespeare." The persuasive sweetness, the mystic symbolism, the vague poetry at times apparent in his earlier writings—such as, for example, "Pelleas et Mélisande," "Les Avengles," "Aglavaine et Selyzette"—have vanished like the mists of morning, and in their place we are suddenly confronted with a hard, sharp, clear-cut thesis-drama of the most positive type.

"Monna Vanna" defies ordinary classification, and is described by its author simply as a "piece, in three acts." It is not a tragedy, unless by inference, although the psychological ruin and disaster which overwhelm its *dramatis personæ*, one and all, may well inspire pity and terror. Still less can it, by any elasticity of terms, be called a comedy, devoid as it is of intentional humor, lacking alike the grace of wit and the savor of irony. The fifteenth century wars of Pisa and Florence furnish an ostensible theme, but the drama, in its essence, is hysterical rather than historical. In short, as we have said, it is a thesis, developed in action by a set of marionettes manufactured by M. Maeterlinck for that sole purpose. His thesis, plainly enough, is the ineffectiveness of duty as a human motive, and the heroic necessity for lying. M. Maeterlinck's peculiar ideas about duty have been recently set forth at length in that curious metaphysical jumble entitled "Le Temple Enseveli," where—in the section devoted to the Origin of Mystery—he says:

"The idea of the heroism of duty is more human and less mysterious than the two others [faith and the tyranny of destiny]; and, while it is much less fecund than it was in the time of Corneille—for to-day there are very few heroic duties that might not reasonably and even heroically be put in question, and it is becoming more and more difficult to find a single one that affirms itself as really imperative—still, in certain imaginable circumstances, one may have recourse to it."

In the circumstances imagined by the author of "Monna Vanna," duty (as he conceives of it) makes a woman shamelessly false to her marriage vows, an aged father oblivious of his son's honor, a statesman proudly boastful of the meanest hypocrisy and craft, and a commanding general eager to betray his army to an already conquered foe!

Let us summarize the play and see what these extraordinary characters have to say for themselves:

The city of Pisa, besieged by a Florentine army under Prinzivalle, is reduced to the last extremity and ready to capitulate. Guido Colonna, husband of the fair-famed Monna Vanna, and commandant of the Pisan garrison, has sent his father, the venerable Marco, to ask the enemy's terms. The old

man returns, garrulously praising Prinzivalle as a gentleman and a scholar, and announcing his willingness to spare the city, to send in abundant provisions and munitions, all in exchange for—"For what?" asks Guido, impatiently. "For a whim, a fancy, a desire—a favor, my son, which, under the conditions, you have no right to refuse—that your wife, Vanna, be sent to him alone, naked beneath her mantle, to remain in his tent from midnight until dawn." Long speech of Guido, who is naturally infuriated at the abominable offer and at his father for bringing it. "Of course," continues the precious parent, "this will be hard for you, worse than death. But, then, Pisa must be saved. The harder your trial, the greater the heroism. Besides, Prinzivalle has us at his mercy, and would sooner or later force the accomplishment of his wishes, anyway." Guido would prefer to take the chances of fighting to the last. But it is too late—old Marco has already informed the Seignenrie, the people and Vanna herself of Prinzivalle's proposition. It is then agreed



Courtesy Funk & Wagnalls

Henry Block, sc.

The most recent portrait of Maurice Maeterlinck, taken in the grounds of his home at Passy, Paris

that the lady shall decide. "I'll go!" she declares, without an instant's hesitation. And she goes to Prinzivalle's tent.

What takes place here—as detailed in a long and piquant conversation between the nude lady and the "Platonic" soldier—is so unexpected, so defiant of human probability, and, above all, so inconsistent with the traits and actions of both Vanna and Prinzivalle as previously represented, that the reader himself grows skeptical at this point, even as Guido in the subsequent act! Suffice it to say, that Vanna listens complacently to Prinzivalle's story of his saint-like adoration and mute worship of her ever since they were children together in Venice; to his explanation of how he is betraying his Florentines for the reason that if he did not they were ready to depose him; and to his avowal that, because of his love for her, because she has proved all that he dreamed her to be, the monster in him shall not be unchained, and she is safe whilst in his power. At the same time he has kept his promise for the relief of Pisa by sending into the city several hundred chariot-loads of provisions, wine, powder and lead, not forgetting beef and mutton on the hoof. These supplies had just been sent him from Florence for his own army, so were convenient to hand for his scheme of selling out to the Pisans and compassing his heart's desire with Vanna. He frankly tells her all this, and his political reasons for betraying Florence—he will not basely pretend that he has sacrificed honor for mere love! Touched by this declaration, Vanna gives him her hand to caress. Later she kisses him on the forehead, calls him "My Gianello!" and insists upon him accompanying her back to Pisa, where she will answer for his safety. Prinzivalle has his doubts, but goes along. The inhabitants of the city are noisily celebrating their deliverance, and the illuminated Duomo and Leaning Tower beacon the triumphant entrance of Monna Vanna with her erstwhile dearest foe.

Guido, the unhappy husband, supposes that Vanna has lured the villainous general in order that dire vengeance may be inflicted. To his utter stupefaction she presents Prinzivalle as her chivalrous protector, and tells her story of the chaste kiss on the forehead. "What!" cries Guido, "is there a man, woman or child in Pisa simple enough to believe that?" The doddering old father, Marco, is the only one. Vanna still protests that she is telling the truth.

GUIDO.—Very well—you have said. You seek to save Prinzivalle. That condemns him. [*To the guards, pointing to Prinzivalle.*] That man belongs to me. Seize him—bind him—to the dungeons with him. [*To Vanna.*] You will never see him again; but I will return and tell you how his truth corresponds with yours.

VANNA (*throwing herself between the guards and Prinzivalle*).—No! no! he belongs to me! . . . I lied! I lied! He did— Il m'a eue! Il m'a eue! Il m'a eue! Keep away, everybody! Don't take my part! . . . He belongs to me alone! He is in my hands! Coward! be basely—

PRINZIVALLE.—She lies! she lies! She lies to save me, but no torture shall—

VANNA.—Silence! [*Turning towards spectators.*] He is afraid! [*Approaching Prinzivalle as if to tie his hands.*] Give me the cords, the chains, the irons. It is my vengeance. I will put him in irons with my own hands. [*In low voice to Prinzivalle, while pretending to bind him.*] Silence, and we are saved! Not a word, and we are united! I am

yours; I love you! Let me chain you now—I will deliver you. I shall be your warden. We will fly together. [*Crying aloud, as if to silence Prinzivalle.*] Keep quiet! [*Addressing the crowd*] He is begging for mercy. Ah, the villain! That horrible night! [*The guards make another movement towards Prinzivalle.*] No, no; leave him to me! He shall not escape.

GUIDO.—But why did he come here? And why did you lie, at first?

VANNA.—Yes, I lied—I scarcely know why—I felt ashamed—you understand, I— But what's done, is done. Ah, I feared for you, my husband—your love, your despair. Yet, since you ask it—well, I will tell you all. I resisted, I fought, but in vain. Then I changed about, smiled on him, lured him here—no, not that you should be his executioner. My idea was a more cruel vengeance than that—for your sake. I would have put him to death slowly, and in secret, so that the memory of this ignoble night should not weigh upon you through all our days. I would have tortured him in silence, you understand, so that you should never have known the truth—so that the frightful memory should not come between our dear kisses. But I sought the impossible. . . . I led him here with smiles and kisses. He believed me. He believes me yet! Ah, my proud Prinzivalle! We'll have such kisses as never were before!

GUIDO (*approaching*).—Vanna!

VANNA.—Look at him! He is full of hope, even now. Ah, he would have followed me into the heart of hell! This is how I kissed him. [*She embraces Prinzivalle ardently.*] Gianello, I love thee! Return my kisses now! These count! [*Turning to Guido.*] You see, he returns my kisses, even yet. Ah! the ridiculous is too near the sublime of horror. . . . Now, my lord, this man is mine. I demand him—it is the price of my night. [*To old Marco.*] Father! before my strength fails— Find a dungeon for him—the most profound, the most secret, and I must have the key! I must have the key! At once! [*Moving a step towards Marco, regarding him fixedly.*] My father, you understand?

Guido and soldiers drag Prinzivalle away. Vanna utters a cry and falls fainting in Marco's arms.

MARCO (*in a rapid whisper, while he bends over Vanna*).—Yes, Vanna, I understand. I understand your falsehood. You have done the impossible. It is just, and very unjust, like all things mortals do. Come! be yourself again, Vanna. We must keep on lying, since they do not believe us. [*Calls Guido.*] Guido! she revives, she is calling for you.

GUIDO (*returning in haste, and taking Vanna in his arms*).—My Vanna! She smiles! My Vanna! speak to me. I never doubted you. It is all over now, and everything shall be forgotten in the good vengeance. It was a bad dream—

VANNA (*feebly*).—Where is he? Yes, I know. But give me the key—the key to his prison. No one else must—

GUIDO.—The guards are coming. They will give it you.

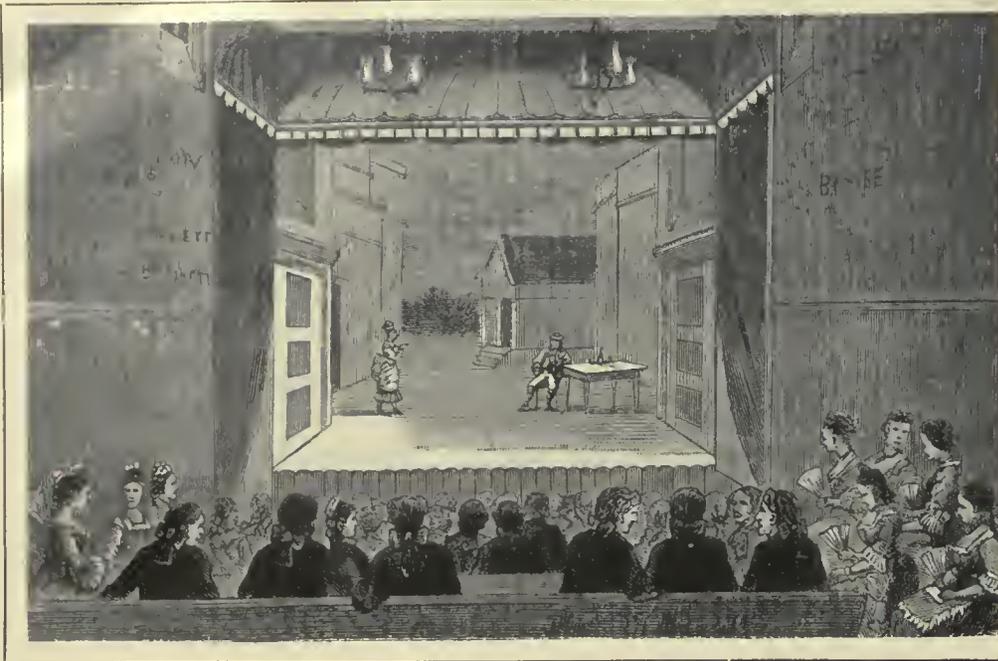
VANNA.—I want it for myself alone, so that I can be sure—so that no one else— Ah! 'twas a bad dream. The brightness will dawn now. . . .

Curtain.

Thus it ends—or, rather, stops short. Does Vanna get her key and liberate Prinzivalle, and fly with him? Or does Guido forestall this pretty plan and make sure of his vengeance on the spot, without waiting upon the slow torture system? Who can tell? Maeterlinck might, but he does not. You read the play—perchance you may even see it performed—and you take your choice of possible dénouements. It is another case of "The Lady, or the Tiger?"

The ethical instability of this latest Maeterlinck play is all that we have here undertaken to demonstrate. As a document of Degeneration, it is unique; and Max Nordau will miss an opportunity if he fails to incorporate "Monna Vanna" in the next edition of his famous book. R. S. W.





INTERIOR OF THE OLD JOHN STREET THEATRE, NEW YORK

Henry Block, sc.

A curious custom in vogue at that time is mentioned on a programme of the John Street Theatre: "Ladies will please send their servants to keep their places at four o'clock." The performance began at six, so for two hours and longer the front seats of the boxes were occupied by negroes and negresses of every age, waiting for their masters and mistresses

150 Years of the American Stage

ONE hundred and fifty years ago, September 5, 1752, the drama was established in America by Hallam's company of players, in Williamsburg, Virginia. One hundred years later, Monday, September 6, 1852, there was a dramatic festival at Castle Garden, in which all the prominent players of the day participated, to commemorate the event. Fifty years have passed since that Centennial celebration. Few recall the Castle Garden gala performance, and the number of theatrical managers who ever heard of Hallam is probably very small.

As a matter of fact, there had been dramatic performances in this country prior to the advent of the Hallam players. Aston, in 1732, and Murray and Kean, nineteen years later, are noted by the authorities. The late John B. Ireland, whose "Records of the New York Stage" is supposed to be the recognized authority on the history of the American drama, held that the first dramatic performance on record in New York took place on March 5, 1750, in a building on the east side of Nassau Street, between John Street and Maiden Lane. At that time the city had a population of about ten thousand inhabitants. Admiral George Clinton was Governor of the province of New York, Edward Holland was Mayor of the city, and George II. was sovereign of Great Britain. An advertisement in the *Postboy* of the day reads as follows:

"By his Excellency's Permission
At the Theatre in Nassau Street,
On Monday, the 5th day of March next (1750)
Will be presented, the Historical Tragedy of
KING RICHARD 3d!

Wrote originally by Shakspeare,
and altered by Colley Cibber Esqr.

"In this play is contained the death of King Henry 6th;—the artful acquisition of the crown by King Richard;—the murder of the Princes in the Tower;—the landing of the Earl of Richmond, and the Battle of Bosworth Field.

"Tickets will be ready to be delivered by Thursday next, and to be had of the Printer hereof.

"Pitt, 5 shillings; Gallery, 3 shillings.

"To begin precisely at half an hour after 6 o'clock, and no person to be admitted behind the scenes."

We are indebted to Col. T. A. Brown for the engravings that illustrate this article

CASTLE GARDEN

TICKETS 50 Cents.

Monday, September 6th

GREAT DRAMATIC FESTIVAL!

In commemoration of the introduction of the DRAMA in AMERICA.
1752—100 Years Ago.

When the same pieces will be acted, in aid of the

American Dramatic Fund

EMBRACING THE

First Talent in the United States:

Countess of Landsfeldt (Lola Montes).

French Dancers from Niblo's Garden.

Montplaisir Troupe, Mrs. Vicker

Miss Richardson, Mrs. Sloan,

Miles. Lavigne, Dronet, Leeder, Henri.

Miss C. Effert, Mrs. Bernard, Miss Francis,

Mlle. Bulan, Senorita Sassin, Mr. Burton,

Mr. Augustus Braham, his first appearance this Season.

Mr. Brongham, Mr. Coudock,

Mons. Mere, Master Howard, Mr. Nease,

Mons. Corby, Mr. Dawson,

Messrs. Hadaway, G. L. Fox, O. W. Taylor,

Wiethoff, Dunn, Holman, Bellamy, Pope,

Farry, Frederick, Wemyss, Marsh, Cypke,

Mons. Gilles and John Sefton.

To be succeeded by Shakspeare's play, in 4 acts, of the

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Shylock	Mr. Coudock
Gratiano	Mons. Nease
Bassanio	Pope
Antonio	Howard
Launcelot Gobbo	W. E. Burton
Salario	Holman
Lorenzo	Dunn
Tubal	Croust
	The Duke of Venice
	Old Gobbo
	Balthazar
	Portia
	Nerissa
	Jessica
	Mrs. Sloan
	Mrs. C. Vicker

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Part of the programme of the Centennial performance at Castle Garden, Sept. 5, 1852

According to Col. T. Allston Brown, whose history of New York theatres will be published shortly, the tragedy of "Cato" is really the first play known to have been acted in New York. Col. Brown states that the drama was first established in America in 1732 in this city by Anthony Axton, and later [1732] a company of professional actors came from London and acted in a large room in a building near the junction of Pearl Street and Maiden Lane. The next manager in New York was Robert Upton, who had been sent out by the Hallams from England to pave the way for their coming. His company consisted of himself, his wife and some of the members of the Murray-Kean company. On December 3, 1751, he presented "Othello" and Garrick's farce, "Lethe," at the Nassau Street Theatre, but did not meet with success, and, although he held on for a while, was obliged to give up the experiment March 4, 1752.

After these attempts to establish the drama permanently in the New World, it is proper to accord that distinction to Lewis Hallam and his associates. Lewis Hallam and his brother William were brothers of Admiral Hallam, R. N., and sons, together with George, another brother and an actor, of Adam Hallam, a favorite London actor of his time. Lewis Hallam and his wife had been performers at Goodman's Fields, the former as low comedian and the latter as leading woman. On coming to America they brought with them a daughter—who was afterwards the celebrated Mrs.



NIBLO'S GARDEN IN THE FIFTIES

Mattocks—and two sons, Lewis and Adam, the former of whom was for many years the favorite actor of the American stage. William Hallam organized and financed the company, which, in addition to the Hallams, consisted of Messrs. Rigby, Malone, Singleton, Adcock, Bell, Miller, Clarkson, Hulett and Mrs. Becceley, Mrs. Adcock, Mrs. Rigby and Mrs. Clarkson. Mr. Upton was sent out as advance agent, and he certainly has the distinction of being the first of his line known in America. William Hallam remained at home, but the others set sail on the ship "Charming Sally," in April, 1752, arriving in Virginia the following June. They gave their first dramatic performance, as already noticed, in Williamsburg, Virginia, on the fifth of the following September. The plays on that occasion were "The Merchant of Venice" and Garrick's farce, "Lethe." An incident of this performance was the fact that Master Lewis Hallam, who later on became the favorite actor of the New York stage and was the first to take up the management of the theatre after the Revolution, had a single line to speak, but, as Ireland expressed it, instead of speaking the line, "bursting into tears, walked ingloriously from the stage." For several months the Hallam company met with marked success in Virginia. In June, 1753, they came to New York and at first were not received with special enthusiasm. Their application to give performances was promptly denied, and for many weeks their lot was hard indeed. Hugh Gaine's *New York Mercury* of July 2, 1753, tells the story of their difficulties in the following words:



INTERIOR OF CASTLE GARDEN IN 1850

Henry Block, sc.

"The case of the London company of comedians, lately arrived from Virginia, humbly submitted to the consideration of the publick; whose servants they are and whose protection they intreat.

"As our expedition to New York seems likely to be attended with a very fatal consequence and ourselves haply censured for undertaking it without assurance of success,—We beg leave humbly to lay a true state of our case before the worthy inhabitants of this city; if possibly endeavor to remove those great obstacles which at present lie before us and give very sufficient reasons for our appearance in this part of the world where we all had the most sanguine hopes of meeting a very different reception; little imagining that in a city to all appearances so polite as this the Muses would be banished, the works of the immortal Shakespeare and others, the greatest geniuses England ever produced, deny'd ad.



THEATRE AT NEWPORT, 1821

Henry Block, sc.

The Hallam company gave frequent performances at Newport, R. I., where they left a most favorable impression among the slave dealers of that now fashionable resort

mittance among them and the instructive and elegant entertainment of the Stage utterly protested against; when without boasting we may venture to affirm that we are capable of supporting its dignity with proper decorum and regularity. In the infancy of this scheme it was proposed to

Mr. William Hallam, now of London, to collect a company of comedians and send them to New York and other colonies in America. Accordingly he assented and was at vast expense to procure scenes, cloaths, people &c, &c, and in October, 1750, sent out to this place Mr. Robert Upton in order to obtain permission to perform, erect a building and settle everything against our arrival; for which service Mr. Hallam advanced no inconsiderable sum. But Mr. Upton on his arrival found here that sett of pretenders with whom he joined and unhappily for us neglected the business he was sent about from England; for we never heard from him after.

"Being thus deceived by him the company was at a stand till April, 1752, when by persuasion of several gentlemen in London and Virginia Captains, we set sail on board of Mr. William Lee (Master of the ship 'Charming Sally') and arrived after a very expensive and tedious voyage at York River, on the 23th of June following, where we obtained leave of his Excellency the Governor and performed with universal applause and met with the greatest encouragement; for which we are bound by the strongest obligations to acknowledge the many and repeated instances of their spirit and generosity.



VIEW OF PARK ROW, NEW YORK, IN 1830, SHOWING THE SECOND PARK THEATRE

Henry Block, sc.



Henry Block, sc.
FIRST NEW YORK THEATRE, AFTERWARDS KNOWN AS THE BOWERY

"We were there eleven months before we thought of removing and then asking advice we were again persuaded to come to New York, by several gentlemen whose names we can mention, but do not think proper to publish. They told us we should not fail of a genteel and favourable reception—that the Inhabitants were generous and polite—nationally fond of Diversions rational, particularly those of the Theatre; nay they even told us that there was a very fine Play-House building and that we were really expected.

"This was encouragement sufficient for us as we thought and we came fully assured of our success; but how far our expectations are answered we shall leave to the Candid to determine and only beg leave to add, That as we are People of no Estates, it cannot be supposed we have a fund sufficient to bear up against such unexpected Repulses. A Journey by Sea and Land, Five Hundred Miles, is not undertaken without money. Therefore if the worthy Magistrates would consider this in our Favour, that it would rather turn out a Publick Advantage and Pleasure, than a Private Injury, They would, we make no doubt, grant us permission and give us an opportunity to convince them that we are not cast in the same mould with our Theatrical Predecessors; or that in Private Life or Public Occupation we have the least affinity with them."

Every cloud has its silver lining, and eventually the players obtained the necessary permission from the authorities, and gave their first New York performance at the "New Theatre in Nassau street." This took place on September 17th, 1753, and the bill included Sir Richard Steele's "The Conscious Lovers," and the farce, "Damon and Phillada." At the foot of the playbill was this note:

"Prices—Box, 8 shillings. Pit, 6 shillings. Gallery, 3 shillings. No person whatever to be admitted behind the scenes. N. B.—Gentlemen and Ladies that choose tickets, may have them at the new Printing Office in Beaver street. To begin at 6 o'clock.

There is no record of the receipts on the opening night. Four hundred dollars would, doubtless, overestimate it. Last winter a playbill of the Nassau Theatre sold at auction in this city for over \$500. The theatre in Nassau Street was closed March 18, 1754, with "The Beggars' Opera" and "Devil to Pay," when the following notice appeared:

"Lewis Hallam, comedian, intending to leave for Philadelphia, begs the favour of those that have any demands upon him to bring in their accounts and receive their money."

The actor of to-day hardly has to go to that trouble.

Although Philadelphia, at that time, was the stronghold of Quakerism, many of the citizens were liberal minded and envied New York its secular pleasures. These wrote to Hallam, inviting him to the Quaker City and exerted their influence to secure permission from the authorities. Governor Hamilton was well disposed but the Quakers were loud in their demands for the prohibition of "profane stage plays." Counter petitions were circulated and finally the Hallams won.

On the death of Lewis Hallam, about 1757, his widow married David Douglass, who became the theatrical king in this hemisphere.

In 1758 the Nassau Theatre was converted into a place of worship. In 1759 a building on Cruger's Wharf was temporarily occupied as a theatre, under the direction of Douglass. It lasted but a short time, when it was succeeded by the theatre in Chapel Street (afterward called Beekman Street), and it was here, under the direction of Mr. Douglass, that the first performance in America of "Hamlet," with Mr. Hallam, Jr., in the title rôle, was given. The John Street Theatre, on the northerly side of John Street, was opened by Mr. Douglass on December 7, 1767, with "The Stratagem" and "Lethe." For many years this was the principal place of amusement in the city.

In 1774, the first theatre was erected in Charleston, S. C., and Douglass performed there with his company fifty-one nights. On their return to New York they found further performances prohibited. The colonies were then about to take up arms against the mother country, and, deeming that performances by English players from Royal Theatres might prejudice the cause of the revolutionists, all public amusements were suspended.

The Hallams returned to this country on the close of the war, but they were coldly received, and for a long time the question of the desirability of prohibiting stage performances altogether was seriously discussed by the authorities. Finally, common sense prevailed and the clause which prohibited the drama as being a source of vice and immorality was rejected.

Then, as the new century dawned, came new theatres, new players and new methods. The Park Theatre, which stood in Park Row, about two hundred feet east of Ann Street, was



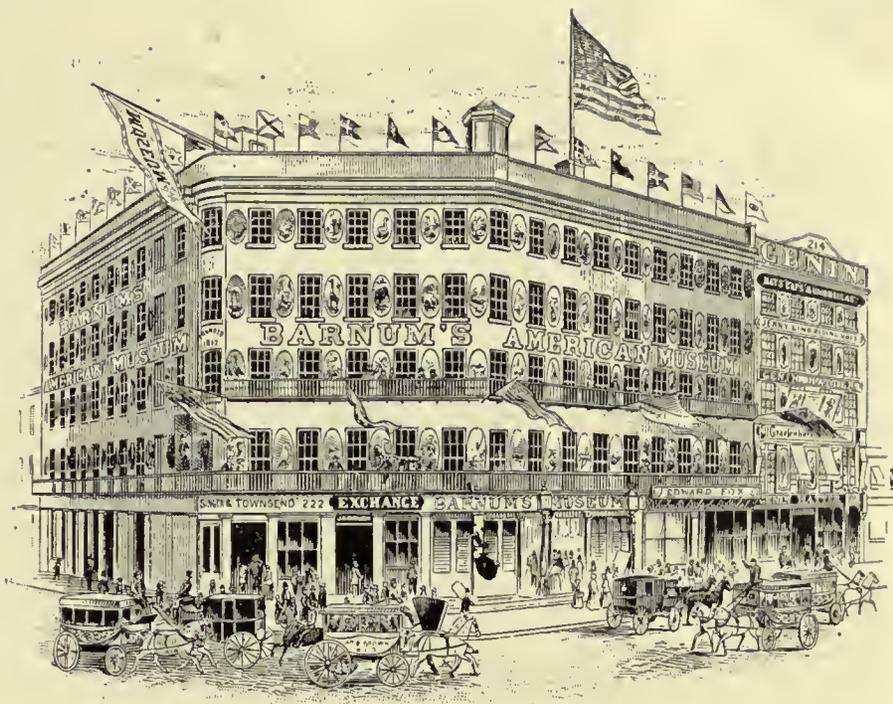
Henry Block, sc.
THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA
Erected in 1808 and still standing

opened on January 29th, 1798, and was long the fashionable place of amusement. It may be noted in passing that the opening night showed receipts of \$1,232, which promptly fell off to an average of less than \$350. Much might be written about the succeeding theatres, such as the Bowery, the Franklin, the National and Niblo's, but their history would fill many pages.

At the beginning of the season of 1852-1853, when such favorites as Julia Dean, Edwin Forrest, C. W. Couldock and W. E. Burton were appearing at the New York theatres, then numbering Burton's, the Broadway, Niblo's Castle Garden, the Bowery and the National, the dramatic entertainment in commemoration of the one hundredth performance anniversary of the establishment of the drama in America took place at Castle Garden. It had been decided to repeat the original bill, which was made up of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Lethe." It was found advisable, however, to introduce songs and dances by such popular favorites of the day as Lola Montez and Augustus Braham. Long before the performance began Castle Garden was packed with a fashionable audience. The performance was for the benefit of the American Dramatic Fund, and the receipts were more than \$4,000.

Fifty years have passed since that memorable dramatic festival in Castle Garden. The belles and beaux of the town who were present on that occasion have—most of them, surely—passed away, and new generations of theatre-goers have taken their places. Lola Montez is but a memory among the older New Yorkers. Castle Garden still remains—once a fort, then a concert garden, next a shelter for thousands of immigrants and now an aquarium. It is not quite overshadowed by the modern sky-scrapers that are making cañons of our streets, and the old uprights that interfered with the view of many in the audience fifty years ago still stand.

Time has wrought many changes—the plays and players, too, have changed. The history of the American stage for the half century closing with the present month is too fresh in the minds of the public to need more than a passing reference. Names like Forrest, Booth, Jefferson, Wallack, Barrett, McCullough, Salvini, William Warren, John Gilbert, the



BARNUM'S MUSEUM

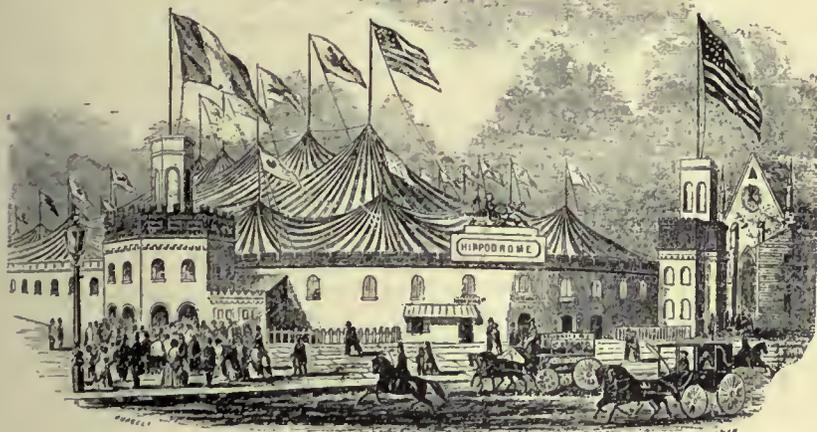
Situated for many years at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway. Variety and circus performances were given here. The place reached the height of its prosperity during the Civil War

elder Sothorn and Modjeska are not forgotten in one generation nor in many. The Union Square régime, with Thorne, Stoddart, Clara Morris, Kate Claxton, Rose Eytinge, Kittie Blanchard and the rest; the Wallack company, headed by Lester Wallack, and including John Gilbert, Harry Edwards, Rose Coghlan, Mme. Ponisi and Osmond Tearle; the old Madison Square stock, with Barrymore, Couldock, Robinson, Annie Russell and Marie Burroughs; the Lyceum, with Le Moyne, Georgia Cayvan, Louise Dillon and Herbert Kelcey; the Daly company, of happy memory, with Ada Rehan, John Drew, Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis—a quartette of players latter-day theatre-goers will not forget—these are names that have given lustre to the American stage. And the list of notable players in this country during the past fifty years might be extended almost indefinitely, including such names as Fechter, Ristori, Harry Montague, Charles Coghlan, Mrs. John Drew, Georgia Drew Barrymore, John T. Raymond, Sol Smith Russell, Herne, McKee Rankin, Roland Reed, Lotta and Maggie Mitchell.

We are surely not called upon to shed bitter tears over the decay of the drama—or rather its interpreters—when we have with us Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams, William Gillette, W. H. Crane, Viola Allen, Henrietta Crosman, Mrs. Carter, and such visitors from across the sea as Irving, Terry, Duse, Bernhardt, Coquelin and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

There are to-day more than forty reputable theatres and music halls in New York. In the course of the past season it has been estimated by those in a position to know that about twenty-five million dollars were spent by American theatre-goers. The new season opens with half a dozen musical "shows," but Shakespeare, whose "Merchant of Venice" was good enough when Hallam's players opened in Williamsburg, a hundred and fifty years ago, is seldom exploited. Is this a sign of decadence?

JAMES CLARENCE HYDE.



EXTERIOR OF THE HIPPODROME, MADISON SQUARE, 1853



MR. AND MRS. JAMES ON THE VERANDA OF THEIR COTTAGE AT MONMOUTH BEACH

Henry Block, sc.

Louis James—An Actor of Tradition

"Chats with Players," No. 10



HERE is a tradition in the public mind of what a Shakespearian actor should look like, how he should talk, in what manner he should move through the motley, modern crowds of his own time.

This has developed mainly through certain old prints that have been scattered all over the world of Edwin Forrest, Edmund Kean and others who were prominent in the stage classics of their day, and sustained in their style of picturesque tragedy by Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Henry Irving.

We never approach an actor of the old school (a term that applies only to the man who wears the imperceptible halo of another generation, a period some of us know not of except in books and pictures) without a subtle reverence for the graces there are in him and that are not of this painfully new century. We are a crude and all but vulgar lot, compared to the humane simplicity of our forefathers, great and small. It is not that our morals are different from theirs, but our speed in morals is swifter, and we are made dizzy to the reeling point with plays and players devoted entirely to a serio-comic analysis of our sins and virtues. Perhaps, as Shakespeare is the surviving genius of all that is pure in dramatic art, the Shakespearian actor is imbued with certain scholarly requirements that creep into his general make-up and mannerisms.

Louis James, with genuine American democracy, has ignored the picturesque details of the traditional Shakespearian actor. His hair is not worn long, there is no melancholy about his appearance, no rolling frenzy of the eye, no Byronic

disorder of his collar and necktie, no lusty eyebrow to shade the tragic fires of his soul, no profound pausing when he talks; and yet he is the only link between the era of Forrest and the Shakespearian actor of to-day.

No one who is ripe in years can remember Lawrence Barrett's brilliant production of "Francesca da Rimini" without recalling Pepe the jester, as played by Louis James. Never to be forgotten was that ringing laugh of his, half demoniacal in its peculiar virility of mocking hate and triumphant revenge upon the battered soul of Lanciotto. It was an effect, to be sure, but untheatrical in its impulse, for it developed as an accident at rehearsals, as so many emotional touches do.

It was the writer's privilege recently to be the actor's guest at his summer cottage at Monmouth Beach, and sitting talking on the wide veranda—in front of us a green lawn stretching to the edge of the sand beach, where the waves were murmuring lazily and slowly the cadence of a summer sea—there was in his voice a distinct note of triumph in the material comforts his long service as an actor had brought him as he compared with the present those early days when he was earning a salary of nine dollars a week.

His voice was buoyant, he looked like an athlete, suppressed physical strength in his large, well-knit frame, and his blue eyes had in them the virile cheerfulness of a sportsman, most untraditional for a Shakespearian scholar bent on making scholarly impressions. The little outing cap he had on was worn most jauntily, no tragic caution in its style, and he talked with an easy merriment that indicated normal modernity rather than Shakespearian tradition.

"Yes, sir!" he said, when we were over the barrier of preliminary talk. "I became an actor because I felt it was



Photo Marceau

LOUIS JAMES AS CARDINAL WOLSEY

Henry Block, sc.

something I could do and would like to do. I served through the war, and when it was over went to Louisville, where I got my first engagement with Barney McCauley's stock company in 1864."

He smiled as he told of that first experience with a good deal of dignity, indicating that the stage in those days was a more arduous but better disciplined profession than it is now.

"I never heard a stage manager say a word that was not courteous and respectful in those old days," he went on.

"The stage manager's patience was just as much tried then as it is now, but I can tell you that if any of them had spoken to women on the stage as some of them do to-day, they would have had a stage-brace over the head so quick that explanations would have been impossible. No discourtesy was allowed for a moment in directing a rehearsal, yet Barney McCauley was a great disciplinarian."

"But salaries were much smaller?"

"That is true, in one way they were. Still, living was

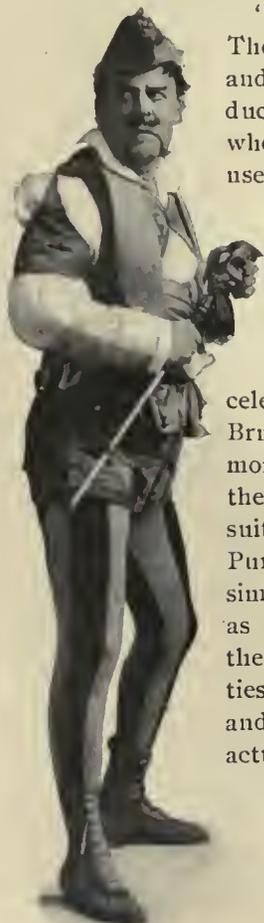
cheaper than. For instance, I paid five dollars for my room and board. It was not very large, to be sure, but it was comfortable, and as I kept my wardrobes in champagne baskets, ready to send over to the theatre at any time, for any part, I wasn't cramped. The leading man lived in the same house, too, so you see it wasn't such a poor boarding-house. However, I was not altogether dependent on my salary, because I had \$1,200 when the war ended."

It all looked very comfortable, that early life in Louisville: the hall room, nine dollars a week, and art, seen from the broad veranda of a handsome modern cottage, with the refreshing waves lapping the elegance of the lawn, and the cool, fresh breezes blowing quietly in from the great sea. Only the human species idealize that which they endure. He continued: "Then we had an opportunity to study great interpretations in those days, for the 'stars' traveled from one theatre to another and were supported by the local companies, usually in Shakespearian productions. Those 'stars' established the traditions that cling to Shakespearian productions to-day. There was very little difference in the business of 'Hamlet' or 'Othello.' Perhaps one actor would want 'Iago' on one side of the stage at a given point, while another might reverse the positions, but the general management of the stage was nearly always the same. Once a young man in a stock company was 'up' in the Shakespeare rôles required in the support, his work was not so hard, so that the theatre became a school to the young actor, in those days, where he could study the classic geniuses of his time."

"Where are the Shakespearian actors to come from to-day?"

"I don't know—I don't know!" said Mr. James, slowly.

"Don't you find it difficult to cast your own Shakespearian productions?"



Marceau H. Block, sc.
MR. JAMES AS PEPE

"I do, so far as the men are concerned. The women of the stage are far more pliable and poetic in their intelligence. In our productions, we have found the young people who come out of the dramatic schools most useful and adequate to the requirements of the Shakespeare plays. It seems to me that very often our 'stars' are miscast in Shakespearian productions. They select from two or three of the big parts in a classic play the one least suited to their personalities. For instance, one celebrated actor announces that he will play Brutus in 'Julius Cæsar,' when he is much more adapted to the part of Cassius. Then, the artistic style of acting, to-day, is not suited to the requirements of Shakespeare. Pure art must, above all things, be true, and simplicity is quite as possible in Shakespeare as in anything else. In nearly every play the great poet has described the inner qualities of his characters. I have played Hamlet and I cannot see how anyone can mistake the actual interpretation of the part; for he says plainly he is only simulating madness in the line 'When I put on an antic disposition—' etc. And so it is in every play that Shakespeare wrote. He clearly indicates to the actor the qualities of the character he is playing."

Very conservatively he touched upon any scholarly sense in our talk; almost apologetically, as though the ripest thoughts he had upon Shakespearian problems were too much like work for a summer afternoon. Except for the taste of those dear people who, in 1864, preferred Shakespeare to any one of the prolific but more obscure dramatists, Mr. James might never have been a Shakespearian actor, but it was



Photo Falk

MR. JAMES AS OTHELLO

Henry Block, sc.

so bred in him early in life, and his facilities for reading the great poet's lines correctly were so many that he finds himself, at the beginning of the twentieth century, one of the few men left who have preserved an intelligent reverence and practical atmosphere of the classic stage. His father was judge of the Supreme Court. His portrait looks the stern, intellectual, broad-minded man that he was, although the actor himself resembles his mother most. Fortunately, in those bygone days, a knowledge of Shakespeare's plays staggered a great many people who would otherwise have become playwrights. We are not so fortunate to-day, although Mr. James assured me that Shakespeare, properly done and *spoken*, was the best commercial proposition in theatricals, and he ought to know, for he has devoted many years to producing the poet's plays.

"We are getting ready this season," he said, "for a big production of the 'Tempest,' Frederick Ward and myself. I play Caliban. To me it is a great part."

I watched him as he walked briskly across the veranda, virile and straight as an arrow. Although he suggested anything but the personality of an actor, my mind clothed him again in the jester's garments of "Pepe," the scornful, proud, vindictive fool of Boker's play.

"That was a wonderful acting piece," he said, when I had spoken my thoughts aloud. "You see, four good people practically carried the entire play, and these four parts were about of equal interest and importance. I always thought that Barrett made Lanciotto too handsome, for Francesca

shudders when she sees him; he is a monster to everyone. That laugh I gave was an accident. We were rehearsing one day, and, in a spirit of momentary gaiety, I dashed on to the stage with a loud laugh. Mr. Boker was in the theatre, and he immediately stepped forward and said, 'That is just what I want; please put that business in,' and it stayed ever afterwards. I consider that scene stronger than the third act of 'Othello'; it is tremendous," and in that one statement Mr. James shattered all the traditions of the Shakespearian actor, for he bowed the great poet's head to one named Boker.

However, this only indicates how well abreast of this indiscriminate age Mr. James has kept, independent of thought

and word, for upon entering his house one is confronted with three ornamental monkeys, illustrating the old Japanese proverb, "We see no evil, we hear no evil, we speak no evil." One room is set apart for special memento photos of the actor in his leading rôles; elsewhere no pictures of himself are to be seen. Mrs. James was very proud of the pretty home her husband had built and planned himself. Millicent James, his daughter, was away with her brother in the mountains. Fine Shakespearian and romantic actor as Louis James is, he has preserved his own individual stamp of an old American family stock—and that is still finer.

W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

Richard Strauss and His Music

BY GUSTAV KOBBE

RICHARD STRAUSS—not a Berlioz of the twentieth century, nor a Liszt redivivus; nor yet a Wagner "continued in our next." Originality? If not, then why the ever-growing band of enthusiasts that rallies around his standard much as the progressivists of thirty years ago rallied around that of Wagner?

Thirty years ago! Yes, it is thirty years since a new note has been struck in music. We had Wagner, still, to my mind, the greatest of all composers, and then—nothing but Wagner and water. At last, however, new chords fall upon the eagerly waiting ear. Richard Strauss—the latest utterance on a large scale of something new in music.

On a large scale? Say rather a gigantic scale; for a Richard Strauss "Tone Poem" is something of cyclopean proportions.

But unlike the Cyclops, Richard Strauss is not one-eyed; he has two far-seeing eyes, ears that gauge the capacity of every instrument in the orchestra, and a great brain. Likewise, his music has brains. Hence the Tone Poem, which is neither symphony with highly modernized orchestral effects, à la Berlioz, nor a Symphonic Poem of Liszt's with twentieth century contents, but an original product of Richard Strauss.

What is a Tone Poem? It would be exaggeration to call it a free orchestral fantasia. Yet, while retaining a certain semblance of form, it is so varied in its contents, allows of such a multitude of changes in tempi, and such a wonderful development of thematic material—such an interweaving of melodies of allied or contrasting character—that its

leading characteristic seems to be liberation from the cramped space of orthodox classical traditions.

A vehicle of expression, however, is a mere empty shell, unless he who invents it has something worth expressing. A music drama—what would it be but a dry theory, unless, to drop into the vernacular, Wagner had "made good" with his wonderful music? Strauss, too, has "made good," and in a manner that stamps him as a modern of the moderns. His Tone Poems carry an intellectual message and usually a wholly modern one.

This composer is an omniverous reader of modern literature. His songs, numerous and beautiful, but not to be considered here, because belonging to the smaller *genre*, are inspired by the verses of living lyric poets. Thanks to him, these poets have had to die to prove their fitness for musical setting.

When Richard Strauss had given us that daring yet wholly successful orchestral joke, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"—something that would have made the hairs even of a Berlioz stand out—and had in that example of instrumental legerdemain, "Don Quixote," actually gone outside the orchestra, and, for the sake of realism, introduced a regular theatrical wind machine in the episode when the Don has his tilt with the windmill, he found himself at the parting of the ways. He could continue to be interesting merely because grotesque—or he could compose "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

There is a 'modern message in music! The problem Strauss set himself was to give musical expression to the experience of a being striving to solve the



Courtesy Funk & Wagnalls

RICHARD STRAUSS

Henry Bloch, sc.

riddle of Nature. There was "Faust" ready to hand; or, if he wanted a more modern source, the Scandinavian "Faust," Ibsen's "Peer Gynt."

But, no!—with Richard Strauss it must be contemporary utterance. And so he steeped himself in Nietzsche, and "Thus Spake Zarathustra" was the result. A mighty Tone Poem it is—from the moment Zarathustra, to the strain of glorious music denoting the sunburst of morning, descends from his mountain top to mingle with "life" and there strives to solve the riddle which the mountain peaks have failed to disclose, to the mysterious chords sounded at the end of the quest, when the searcher finds himself still confronting the inscrutable sphinx, Nature. What he found not among the clouds of the mountain peaks neither had he discovered among men on the plains.

Another splendid Tone Poem is "Ein Heldenleben" (A Hero's Life). Programme music? Of course; but music first of all. Hence, although "Thus Spake Zarathustra" lasts thirty-three minutes, and "Heldenleben" forty-five, there is no slackening in the listener's interest. Then there are the music dramas, "Guntram" and "Feuersnot," but each of which would require an article for itself. Let me note, however, in passing, the pretty fact that the first Freihild, the heroine in "Guntram," became Richard Strauss' wife.

Strauss fingers his orchestra with a wizard-like touch. A wave of the baton, and the soul of each instrument responds. Strauss' astounding facility and his intuition for novel orchestral effects are due to his intimate personal knowledge of the individuality of every instrument, for he has taken lessons on them all. Therefore, while he has given new technical difficulties to every instrument in the orchestra, of none has he asked the impossible. He requires his string orchestra to climb an octave higher than Beethoven dared score. But he does this not to be bizarre, but to produce weird and beautiful effects on the strings, their increased register enabling him to divide and sub-divide them into numerous groups, so that he can combine many themes and add greatly to the richness of tone. He usually employs eight horns, as well as

four or five hitherto rarely-used wood instruments—and this not for the sake of making noise, but to have every group as complete as possible, whether used by itself or as part of a grand orchestral effect. His orchestral coloring is kaleidoscopic without becoming bewildering.

Strauss—who is no relation of the Waltz King—comes of musical stock. His father, Franz Strauss, now over eighty years old, having been spared to watch his son's growing fame, was a famous French horn player in the Royal Orchestra in Munich. It was in Munich Richard Strauss was born, June 11, 1864. At four he played the piano. At six, hearing some children singing around a Christmas tree, he said, "I can compose something like that," and forthwith wrote a three-part song.

A lot of music paper lying around the house, his mother made covers for his school books of it. Result, compositions jotted down at school on his book covers whenever he had a chance, among other things the scherzo of his string quartette, opus 2. While he was at school the Royal Orchestra, under its excellent conductor, Levi, played a symphony by him. Calls for the composer. Out comes a boy and bows his acknowledgments. "What has that boy to do with it?" asks some one in the audience. "Oh," comes the reply from his neighbor, "he's only the composer."

And so the story of his life goes on, always with vast seriousness of purpose in the background, aided by a wonderful application. It is said that he worked less than a half a year on "Thus Spake Zarathustra," yet the mere manual writing of the score is reported to be a model of neatness and beauty.

In addition to his fame as a composer, he is noted as a conductor. In fact, he is that unknown thing here, a "star" conductor, receiving invitations to conduct concerts in many cities, including Brussels, Moscow, Amsterdam, Barcelona, Madrid, London and Paris. It is said that he will be here next season, under the management of Emil Paur, to conduct some of his own works with our best-known orchestras. It will be a musical event of the first importance—the "sky-scraper" of the musical season.

On an Ancient Roman Theatre

ORANGE, PROVENCE

[The Fêtes d'Orange, celebrated during the month of August, consist of a series of representations of ancient Greek dramas, in the antique open-air theatre, by Mounet-Sully and other artistes of the Théâtre Français.]

This temple, reared when art and life were young,
Remembering Greece, and Rome in Gaul exiled;
This monument and fortress, age defiled,
The Muses loved, when Latin poets sung.
Where purple banners waved, with vines o'erhung
Are now these crags of masonry high-piled;
Pomegranate, fig and laurel flowering wild
Beneath the vast proscenium arch have sprung.

Lo, hither come the modern mimes, to play
The tragic myths, Homeric comedy,
In garb of greatness dead. Yet not in these
The soul of Plautus or of Sophocles
Survives, as in the populace to-day
Held hushed and eager 'neath the Southern sky

HENRY TYRRELL



STORIES OF

A Modern Othello

By Kenneth Lee

THE STAGE

MY forte is speaking lines, not writing them. My enemies say I am good at neither. My enemies are probably right—they ought to be by the law of chances, for my friends have been notoriously wrong in all the advice they have given me as to the disposition of the savings I laboriously acquired. The savings have gone; I am here—for a while.

Friends, did I say? A man in my position has no friends. To-night, as I sit writing, I can hear the measured beating of hammers. It does not disturb me; I have schooled myself to endure. "Why should it be so annoying?" you ask. "Some one tacking down a carpet, possibly, or—" No use guessing; they are putting up a scaffold, and I shall play a leading part, ably supported by the common hangman, to-morrow.

I don't want your sympathy. I do not write this to obtain a snivelling posthumous sorrow. I am glad, actually glad, so there need be no grief attendant on my positively farewell engagement.

Some one said that an actor had seldom figured as a felon. I am pleased to think so; for, odd as it may appear, I only did my duty—nothing more—nothing less.

There is a man behind a grating who is supposed to be watching me. He is asleep, and I can scribble undisturbed.

But before I begin relating my story I want to analyze my

feelings. It may not be amusing, but it might be instructive. You will never be in my position, but you will be equally face to face with death some day—one time or another—say to-morrow—what matter!

At my trial the papers said I blanched with fear; and, as the papers always tell the truth, I suppose I did. I, who have killed Desdemona, mourned over Ophelia and murdered Duncan, am not disturbed by their knockings; and, could I awaken her who now is not, I should refrain, for her end was worthy as mine may be. So I sit here in perfect calmness and peace; my mission has been performed, and you shall tell me, before they come to-morrow, whether I or she, who made me what I am, were most to blame.

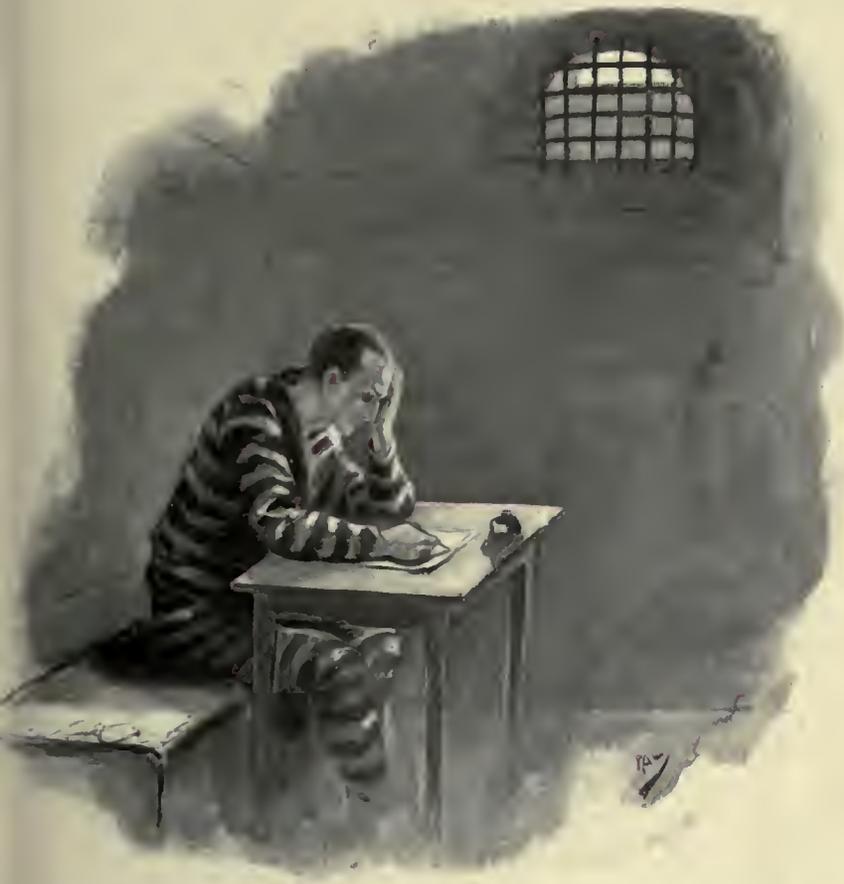
I was leading man at — well, that does not matter now; others, who are blameless, might be recognized were I to be too explicit. I married early—all men should; then they might find out the true character of their second selves before they became old, gray and indecisive. It is hopeless trying to know anything before the wedding. We are all players—particularly women. I loved my wife. Yes, that is why I killed her. Heaven save womankind from such a love as mine.

I am not a well-read man or I should be able to tell you who wrote that marriage is a lottery. He or she spoke most truly. I shake hands with that paragon of epigrammatists. There have been many slurs cast upon the stage. Perhaps I am its most despicable smirch. But my wife was not of our profession, and I am comforted by that. I married out of my calling—a sweet, innocent girl, so she seemed, with golden hair and large, baby-like blue eyes—eyes that lightened with a ray of paradise or deepened to violet. Yet, at eighteen, she had the form of a vestal and the hidden heart of a scarlet woman. I could see her eyes—they conquered me: the fruit of her false soul I was to taste after many days.

We were not wealthy, neither had my wife been accustomed to riches; but my salary was fair and our rooms were palatial when compared to the abode of faded, penurious gentility I took her from.

Still we were happy—entirely so. I was blind to her attacks of almost ungovernable temper; her sulki-ness seemed "chic" and taking to me in my short-sightedness.

It was a merry, mad, old world. The days passed carelessly. Study was light and I was renowned among the nobodies of that little country town. You've been there, haven't you? The old cathedral—the theatre, something like a Methodist chapel, with an air of the omnipresent minster encircling it—even painted on its curtain: Cathedral and canon, dean and chapter, bishop and book, permeate everywhere. Hush! I can hear the bell for evensong—for the last time. Before it



rings again I shall have met her and have pointed to the livid mark round the neck of my disgraced spirit. "Look you, Elsie. We are quits. Scar for scar."

Forget for a moment this stain of blood and take my hand. So—down the long passage, avoiding the puddles, the fallen plaster and discarded ruins of scenery. The stage-door swings silently and we enter. We are rehearsing in our usual slipshod, all-right-at-night fashion. Our first old man whispers to me, aside, after my perfunctory caress of Juliet, "Old man, the missus is here. Not too peppery!" What does Dobson know about love? That an embrace? My wife there? Bless her heart, I am delighted. But Elsie is not alone. The proprietor of the theatre is with her—not Quipps, our lessee and manager—but the rich owner of this building and many others within the wide shadow of the minster towers. It appears that Elsie knew him in her childhood. He takes great interest in my acting. I like him.

The rehearsal is over. That day and many others pass. Basil Norton and I are the best of friends. My rooms are at his disposal. I am filled with love of myself, and incidentally of him, because he flatters me. All actors suffer from vanity. It is a professional disease. I am no exception to the rule. Norton thinks wonders of my Othello, my Romeo, my Macbeth. Sensible fellow, Norton; I like him.

Bah! I cannot linger over this part of my betrayal. One night Elsie said she was ill; after the performance I found the rooms deserted. Elsie had gone, leaving a letter—short and unmistakable. "I never loved you. I have found my real affinity. Forgive me." I remember wondering, numbly, that she had the grace to think of pardon.

I went to Dobson with my trouble—Dobson, who knew nothing about love. Dobson wasn't surprised. Dobson had seen it all along. He couldn't very well tell me, for I had been so blind. Lucky for Dobson that he didn't, or the company's first old man would have been laid up for repairs. "Forget her, my boy," advised Dobson. How easy that is to say. But I did so—at least I tried. I was divorced. Elsie had never existed for me. Elsie married Basil Norton with great pomp. I was sorry about the divorce then. Pure selfishness! But Dobson prophesied one thing, "Sin will be its own avenger." Dobson was fond of preaching. He was the best stage parson I ever saw—his Father Dolan in the "Shanghrann" was a marvel. So I grew reconciled and ceased to mourn. I owned that the woman who ran away from and betrayed me was not the ideal I had married. My wife was yet to be born, perhaps was dead, or ordained never to see this world's light. So Elsie became a mere illusion—a conjurer's trick, a deception and a fraud. Poor Elsie. I came to pity her.

Two years passed and I played the northern circuit. The old stock had gone the way of all country stocks. I was again under the shadow of the minster. It was race week. The place naturally had no charm for me, for it kept vividly in my mind the pale corpse of happiness; so how could mine be a welcome visit? The town was crowded and I found quarters at a little hotel in the outskirts of the city.

"Sin will be its own avenger," Dobson said.

I brooded over this—half hoping, half relenting; but chance, or fate, threw the transgressors across my path. I had not sought them; but, once met, the woman should be stricken through the man. Hold! Why? "It is for men

to ask and women to deny." Who wrote that? Another glorious epigrammatist. "Those about to die salute thee." So said the Roman gladiators in the arena, and so say I to Destiny and to you all.

My room was really a portion of a large one, rudely partitioned off for the increased traffic. There I heard her voice laughingly telling Basil Norton how happy she was. Her return to the place of her sin evidently unloosed her tongue to glory in the past. She lingered over the story of her poverty—of how she had married me as a stepping-stone from the gutter of penury; and, greatest insult of all—of how she wished me well.

Dobson always was a fool. "Sin is its own avenger"—indeed! Sin rewards itself with the heartbreakings of the injured, which is a pleasant savor in its nostrils.

The man departed. An accident had happened to his carriage, I believe, and he proposed to bring another next morning for his stolen wife.

It was then I went mad in my thinking. It was then a kindred spirit came and sat beside me, as I hugged the brandy bottle—a thing I had often done of late. A kindly spirit he was and clashed his cup to mine—a dear, familiar friend, and nodded to me.

The hour is late. No one at the theatre knows where I am staying. How old Quipps must storm and sigh for his stock to put up some old farces, with himself as the bright particular star. For I am sitting with my good spirit, thinking, thinking, thinking. Yet not always silently, for my guardian angel tells me long histories of those who refurbished their tarnished honor with blood.

My case of stage swords and daggers lies on my portmantau. My brotherly spirit leads me to it and places Othello's poniard in my hand. Sin does not avenge itself—that was only what Dobson said.

The partition resolves itself into the old curtain, with its wavering picture of the minster. My familiar and I sit whispering together, with sweet vaporings of murder hovering on our lips. The dagger is rubbed, sharpened and ground on the window-sill, until its point is like a stiletto, thirsty for its draught.

The curtain is hard to part. Who ever saw a curtain of boards before? So! One is pried loose, and now another.

The lights are down; the fifth act has commenced; the street flats have been drawn off; Desdemona lies in bed asleep. Hush! Gently, gently, and she does not wake, though I repeat the well-known lines. Then, kissing her, "Ah, balmy breath, thou dost almost persuade Justice to break her sword. . . . It strikes where it doth love." The closed eyes open wide. Wherefor? They soon must shut eternally. "Nay, nay; no sound. You see me, Elsie—a most unwelcome visitor, and a rude, thns to enter a fair lady's bower. No whisper, sweet one. My hand is on your mouth. You would but spoil the play. Yet, tell me with your eyes, have you prayed to-night? If you bethink yourself of any crime unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace solicit for it straight. . . . I would not kill thy unprepared spirit. No, heaven defend! I would not kill thy soul.

"So, fairly done and nobly borne. Ho! Landlord! Help! Cry! Rave! What you will, so you make alarm. All bear me witness, I have killed her who was my wife."

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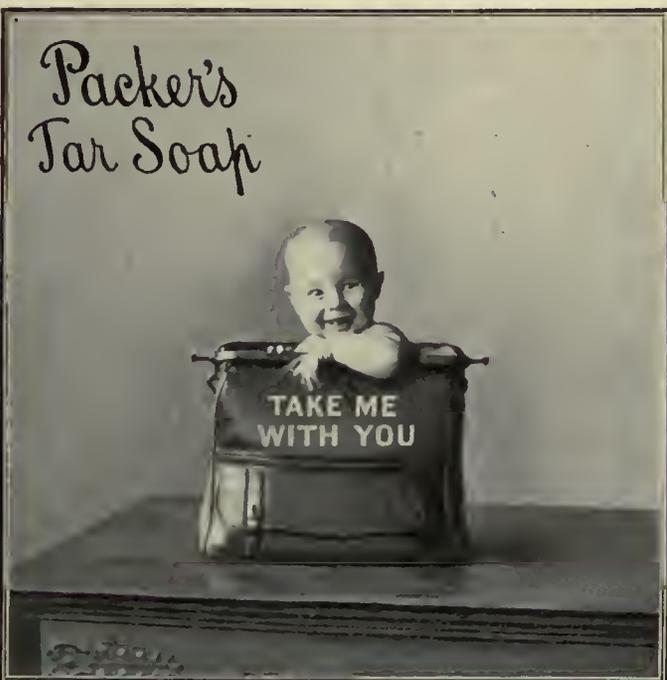
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AMATEURS

The Editor will be pleased to receive for this department regular reports of dramatic performances by amateur societies all over the United States, together with photographs of those who took part (which last should be in costume), and, if possible, good flashlight pictures of the principal scenes.

AMATEURS everywhere are preparing for a busy season, which promises to be more than usually interesting. The more important clubs have their plans well laid out, though it is yet too early to make announcements regarding any of them.

The senior week performance of The Masque, the dramatic organization of Cornell University, given at the close of the college year, consisted of two plays: Pinero's three-act farce, "The Magistrate," and the first act of "Les Romanesques," by Edmond Rostand.

The performance was a great success. In 1901, "The Taming of the Shrew" was given an elaborate production, and was considered the greatest effort of The Masque until the present performance. "Les Romanesques" was staged with special attention to the author's suggestions as to scenery and costume.

W. W. Roney, of Chicago, as Percinet, made an ideal lover. J. T. Driscoll, of Buffalo, as Bergamin, played the part of the scheming old father in an excellent manner. As Sylvette, Miss Hirsch was petite and graceful and in sympathy with her lines. The other parts were well taken.

In "The Magistrate," H. R. McClain, of St. Louis, played the leading rôle, Mr. Posket, the magistrate. His work was a fine piece of character acting. Mr. McClain has had prominent parts in all The Masque plays given since he entered the university. He was supported by an unusually good cast, chief of whom may be mentioned



MISS ROSE CLANEY AS "EGYPTA"

J. E. Mothershead, Jr., of Indianapolis, and Miss Marsh, of Portland, Ore., the former as Cis Feringdon and the latter as Mrs. Posket. Much credit is due to H. G. Hawn, of New York, the dramatic coach of The Masque, and to the stage manager for the professional finish with which the plays were given. W. W. Roney was elected stage manager for the coming year, to succeed H. R. McClain, graduated. Mr. McClain was the stage manager for almost two years, and it is largely through his efforts that The Masque productions stand second to none of the dramatic productions of the universities throughout the country.

A production familiar to many amateurs all over the country is William D. Chenery's oriental play, "Egypta." This piece, words and music written by Mr. Chenery, was first produced Oct. 12, 1893, at Chatterton's Opera House, Springfield, Ill. It was given by local talent for the benefit of the Home for the Friendless. Since then it has been given every week or ten days in various cities throughout the United States. Nearly every city

of importance, except the five or six largest cities of the country, have been visited. It has always been given with local talent and the coffers of charitable organizations and church societies have been replenished by its assistance. The scenes of the opera are laid in the land of Egypt during the reign of Rameses the Great.

An active association is the Rutland Dramatic Club, of Rutland, Vt. The club was formally organized in 1900 for the purpose of presenting plays in aid of local charity, and to assist in a general way the cause of amateur dramatics. Since its formal organization the club has produced only new plays upon royalty permits, and all details are considered, as, for instance, action, staging and costuming, upon professional lines. Among the more prominent efforts are the following: "The Governor of Kentucky," by Franklin Fyles; "All the Comforts of Home," by William Gillette; "A Colonial Girl," by Ahhy Sage Richardson and Grace Livingston Furniss; "The Spy," by Charles Townsend, and "Why Smith Left Home," by G. H. Broadhurst. All plays are produced under the stage direction of D. C. Francisco. The club has been unusually successful, both as to financial and social results. It has graduated one of its members into the professional ranks—Benjamin Hapgood Burt, who, as Ben Hapgood, was a former member of the Weber & Fields company and later with Henrietta Crosman. It has the honor of introducing into the amateur field at least two plays—the club's presentations of "The Governor of Kentucky"



MISS ANGEL CHOPOURIAN IN "EGYPTA"

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THE THEATRE

VOL. II., NO. 20

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1902

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Byron

LORD LUMLEY
(John Drew)

LADY LUMLEY
(Miss Margaret Dale)

"THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING BIRD" AT THE EMPIRE

LORD LUMLEY: "I can't understand it"



Byron

GUSTAVE DE GRIGNON
(Leo Ditrichstein)

BARON DE MONTRECHARD
(Sydney Herbert)

COUNTESS D'ANTREVAL
(Miss Jessie Milward)

Mlle. DE LA VILLECOUTIER
(Miss Beatrice Irwin)

HENRI DE FRAVIGNEUL
(Earl of Roslyn)

BARON DE MONTRECHARD: "You have won again"

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP" AT THE GARRICK

PLAYS and PLAYERS

IT IS remarkable that Mr. Isaac Henderson should write as interesting a play as "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" upon so frayed a motive. The super-cynical critic who claimed that "Camille" merely treated of the amatory passion as expressed in tubercles, might be expected to claim, in his references to the Empire play, that low-born Italians do not grind organs in London as a means of hiding, while pursuing their vendetta intentions; and that English noblemen, brought into contact with such organ-grinders, do not pluck from them, by ingenious and fantastic pantomime, the history of their wrongs, and do not transform them into valets for detective purposes. But such criticism is shallow, for allowance must often be made for the occurrence of the unlikely. The likelihoods of life are sprinkled with it. There is more interest in observing how people behave under extraordinary conditions than under the reverse, and it is in order to be interested that people go to the theatre.

The basis of Mr. Henderson's play is the resentment felt by young Lady Lumley at her husband's neglect. She looks for devotion elsewhere, and thinks she has found it in Signor d'Orelli, an ingratiating Italian who writes passionate romances. But this gentleman, the "humming bird," has, before the play begins, debauched and deserted the wife of Giuseppe, the organ-grinder; the woman has died in shame and

misery, and these are the facts which Lord Lumley, the "mummy," elicits from Giuseppe, just after discovering that his own wife has a too friendly regard for d'Orelli. This is the situation at the end of act first. The rest of the play, by means of exceedingly adroit and effective devices, shows how the scientific nobleman is transformed into a detective; how, in saving his wife, the mummy becomes a man; how d'Orelli is entrapped in his own snares, and how the shadow of the vendetta is left looming in the background as the final curtain falls. Disparagers say that Mr. Drew, instead of sinking himself in a part, does the opposite. But very rarely is the actor found who can get so far away from his own personality that the personalities he assumes cannot be detected as having any relation to it. The wonder is that an actor not notorious for charm of presence can deeply interest multitudes in rôles that do not greatly vary. This could not be done without the sparks that Mr. Drew occasionally strikes out, and they flew, when necessary, from his Lord Lumley. Lionel Barrymore's large ability for tragic acting was limited to act first, and shook the house. He is not only on the stage; he is an actor. Were Miss Dale's graceful and pleasing power more robust, it is doubtful whether her Lady Lumley would get so much sympathy. Mr. Standing made d'Orelli just as alluring as such gentlemen are wont



Burr McIntosh

LIONEL BARRYMORE

Who made a hit as the Organ-Grinder in
"The Mummy and the Humming Bird"

to be. The play was well acted throughout, and bade fair to be a favorite of fortune.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who recently renewed her relations with the American stage at the Garden Theatre, possesses a distinction of manner and person so removed from the conventional that her appearance is a welcome relief from the insignificance of the feminine part of the stage. Pleasing qualities in women we have in abundance, and that element of sex is getting to be more and more dominant, and the effeminate is becoming more and more the birthmark of the drama. Here, at least, is a new type of woman. She moves in the new drama and deals with spiritual things, not the emotional for the mere sake of emotion, but for the truths of life, some of them not beautiful. This does not mean to commend every play of her choice, but it does concede that she has wonderful powers of expression. "Aunt Jeannie," her opening play, by E. F. Benson, is crude in its workmanship, but it possesses a dramatic idea which becomes very effective in three or four scenes. A better dramatist would have developed the complications more fully and with more incident. Half an hour or more of futile essay at bright dialogue could be eliminated. A woman discovers that her young niece is about to be married to an unworthy man, whose history is that he had corrupted the girl who had perished with her secret, known only to this woman. She determines to dispose of the danger by winning the man away from his innocent prey. This result she accomplishes, and then dismisses him. With this task in hand, the merely pretty actress could not have held the action to the level of the stern and righteous purpose. It would have become romanticism and have dropped into weakness.

Aside from the unpleasant nature of the theme, one cannot withhold admiration from the venture of the woman of the play and from Mrs. Patrick Campbell's performance as a bit of acting. Again, in the dearth of new material, is not the situation new? Is not the character who sets out to destroy the dragon of passion in a man an expression of an age on the way to emancipation? The author falls short of the possibilities of the case. The situation is not that of "Fédora," or of the mere plays in which the woman succumbs to her own weaknesses. That is not the logical idea of it at all, and yet Mr. Benson permits a note of the kind to creep in, whereas it should be a triumph of womanly strength. John Blair, as the man to be hurled from the household, gives a remarkable performance in one scene, that in which he discovers that she has been leading him on under pretended passion. His acting there reaches a point of genuineness and naturalness rarely seen on the stage. Thus, while the play is unsatisfactory, it has a few scenes that make it worth while seeing.

That there is a direful paucity of original material in the dramatic market is put in glaring evidence by Capt. Robert Marshall's resource to Scribe and

Legouvé's "Bataille de Dames," a play of which we have had two English versions, and which has been done for years in every country which has a stage. The chief ingenuity of the adapter of the version at the Garrick has been exercised in giving it a new name, "There's Many a Slip." Otherwise the play is substantially the same, and consequently is



Photo Burr McIntosh

MISS ISABEL IRVING IN "THE CRISIS"



Sarony

THE POPE
(E. M. Holland)ROMA
(Miss Viola Allen)

ROMA: "I swear!"

SCENE IN THE STAGE PRODUCTION OF "THE ETERNAL CITY"

in no sense an addition to English dramatic literature, and of no possible credit to the author, who has, indeed, disturbed some of the proportions of the piece.

Scribe was a master of his art, the elder Dumas having said of him that every dramatic situation could be found in his plays. And little wonder, for as early as 1831 an edition of his works comprised forty volumes. In "There's Many a Slip" we have a complication involving two women in love with one man, he a fugitive from the Royalist authorities, and harbored by the Royalist Countess, and her niece, ignorant of his identity, fighting her love for him as beneath her socially, with a constant development of unexpected happenings, culminating in the last act in a series of surprises and situations that were fresh and effective when they were written, but seem somewhat out of date to-day. The women outwit the Baron in pursuit of the interesting young aristocrat. In the particular of monologues, the art of playwriting has advanced

since the days of even such a great master as Scribe. To convert monologue into dialogue, or to remedy it by certain devices, was the only task that Capt. Marshall could reasonably essay in the reconstruction of the piece. The elimination which he has practiced does not always answer.

"There's Many a Slip" would be more acceptable if some one were substituted for the Earl of Rosslyn, who, under the stage name of James Erskine, essays the part of Henri de Fravigneul. A prepossessing, amiable and unassuming young man he certainly is; but art is nothing unless it is assuming, full of distinction and force. It is an old saying, in the profession, that the worst professional is better than the best amateur, and it is practically true. The part of Henri de Fravigneul requires light and shade, the assumption of the gaucheries of a servant, then the contrast of the exquisite ease and polish of the gentleman; it demands tenderness, passion, a hundred things in the way of expression, of business, of voice, of manner—not one of which has dawned upon the Earl. He has yet to learn, and no doubt he will. An Earl who can act is an object of interest; an Earl who cannot act is not an object of interest—not in the United States. Miss Jessie Milward, as the Countess, exercises her skill agreeably, and supplied a personality that is always a factor in the success of a play. Mr. Ditrichstein, as the comedian, was far too labored. A newcomer was Miss Beatrice Irwin, who, in her girlish rôle, exacting little more than her own charm of person and manner, was made welcome.

"Mrs. Jack," at Wailack's, has qualities by which it may be likened to the Santos Dumont air-ship: it is light yet

substantial, it floats easily, and it has at least the appearance of being steered in the line of certain well-defined currents of social satire and innocuous fun. Its fundamental idea could scarcely be bettered, for the purpose of mixing up a number of incongruous characters in mildly farcical subordinate complications, with a central predominating figure. Mrs. Jack Banastar (Miss Alice Fischer), widow of the late Jack, was a western girl—a "pie-handler" in a restaurant, slanderous gossip asserted—previous to her marriage, which occurred some years before the opening of the story. The match was an ill-assorted one, ending in a separation six months later; for Jack—a New York boy, of low origin, but whose immigrant parents had struck oil and become violently rich—was a high-rolling gentleman of

Bennett, N. Y.
Grace Livingston Furniss,
Author of "Mrs. Jack"



Photo Byron

REGGIE BROWN
(Morton Selten)JONATHAN LEIGH
(Herbert Ayling)GLADYS
(Miss Katherine Raynore)MISS LA CAPRICE
(Miss Margaret Drew)PAUL CHARTERIS
(Aubrey Boucicault)

THE SUPPER SCENE IN "HEARTS AFLAME" AT THE BIJOU

pronounced sporting proclivities. Evidently his heart was in the right place, however, for when he died his will gave his entire fortune, some ten millions, to Mrs. Jack, by way of reparation for the wrongs she had suffered as his neglected wife. In the enthusiasm of her buoyant nature and big heart, the young widow comes to New York to "take up things where Jack left them off," resolved to carry out all his schemes, projects and benefactions, and incidentally to have a good time herself.

Jack's sister, a Mrs. Pointer (Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault), and Jack's brother, Charley Banastar (Edward Abeles), do all they can to make Mrs. Jack's life miserable, as does also Jack's executor, Dexter Meade (Charles M. Collins), after he and Charley have both tried, and both failed disastrously, to marry her. There are moments, when snubbed, cheated, ridiculed and exasperated, she almost wishes Jack hadn't died! But she is loyal to her self-imposed obligations; and "Jack's legacies" continue to crop up in the most awkward and questionable shapes. Mrs. Jack contrives to "make good" to all these, to thwart schemers and turn the tables upon social pharisees, and in the end to drop, affianced and happy, into the arms of her faithful western chum and devoted admirer, Dick Fedris (William Harcourt). Miss Fischer and her part fit one another so admirably that it is difficult to say where the merits of the one begin and of the other end. Mrs. Jack in laugh-

ter and in tears, loving and jealous, impulsive and diplomatic, simply trustful and witheringly scornful, in shades of pensiveness and flashes of madcap gayety, and in the little dash of parlor melodrama which brings down the second-act curtain—in all her moods and tenses, is consistently portrayed, with that abounding flow of animal spirits which is this actress's distinguishing gift. In a cast notable for its uniform excellence, special praise is due Mr. Evans for his highly artistic Bowery "gent," and Mr. Kruger for a keenly humorous yet restrained characterization of the barn-storming actor.



Burr McIntosh

GEORGE PARSONS

Who recently opened his season in "Would You for Five Million?"

We have heard the last that Sir Arthur Sullivan's genius can give us: his posthumous operetta, "The Emerald Isle," had its first American production September 1st at the Herald Square, by the Jefferson de Angelis Opera Company. It may as well be said at once that this product of the talents of Sir Arthur, his musical executor, Edward German, and Captain Basil Hood—who is responsible for the book—will add little to the fame of the one or the reputations of the others. Sir Arthur's inspiration had suffered a melancholy decline for some time before the close of his life, which in the end, as Vernon Blackburn has observed, "seemed to wither away into that sort of ambitious uncertainty which makes a man jump at the moon when he can do no more than clear a three-barred fence." In "The Emerald Isle" Sir Arthur has not quite



Photo Byron

CHARLEY BANASTAR
(Edward Abeles)MRS. JACK
(Miss Alice Fischer)MRS. JACK: "Big women are mistakes. People laugh if they grow kittenish"
"MRS. JACK" AT WALLACK'S

jumped at the moon—a feat which he essayed, for example, in "Ivanhoe;" but neither has he quite cleared that three-barred fence which of old was so little formidable a barrier. He has not, in short, written another "Patience;" he has not even attained to the level of that rather indifferent production, "The Gondoliers." But when one has said this, one has said all that may justly be affirmed in depreciation,

at least of the music (the libretto is another matter). If there is a spareness of inspiration, a paucity of invention, there is, at least, something of the bright loveliness, the distinction, the archness and gayety, which were native to his spirit; and he has written—he could not, indeed, have written otherwise—with admirable artistry, an inveterate ease and authority. Mr. German, to whom was intrusted the highly unprofitable task of completing Sullivan's unfinished score, has done his work with a discretion and an ingenuity altogether beyond praise.

As for the book, one wonders how it could possibly have appealed to Sullivan as being in the least degree worthy of his acceptance; the marvel is that it was not more burdensome an incubus upon his inspiration. The lines are quite innocent of wit, the situations are generally ineffective, and the plot is as dull in invention as it is cumbrously contrived. Mr. de Angelis and his company do as well with the work as is humanly possible. Mr. de Angelis himself, as the resourceful Bunn, is adroitly amusing in a not especially comic rôle; Edmund Stanley is excellent as the romantically rebellious Terrence O'Brien; W. T. Carleton makes an impressive, if rather wearisome, personage of the Lord Lieutenant, and both Miss Helena Frederick and Miss Kate Condon, the two principal women in the cast, are capable and engaging.

Weber & Fields' popular establishment on Broadway opened for the season on September 11th, with a new entertainment, called "Twirly-Whirly," which probably would have proved just as interesting by any other name. It is a concoction of clever nonsense in the usual Weberfieldian manner, and in it distinguished themselves a number of local favorites, including William Collier, Miss Lillian Russell, Peter Dailey, Miss Louise Allen, Charles A. Bigelow, Miss Fay Templeton and others.

The Rogers Brothers, two clever dialect performers, who, in a year or two, have risen to the dignity of stars, are now enjoying the distinction of appearing in one of New York's finest playhouses, on the same boards in fact lately trodden by Sir Henry Irving, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Réjane and other distinguished players! "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard" is twin brother to the "Rogers Brothers in Central Park" and similar exhibitions, and if less entertaining than its predecessors, certainly eclipses them all in showiness and limelight.

The idea of "The New Clown," by H. M. Paull, the play produced at the Garrick and later transferred to the Madison Square, is a good one, and was probably taken from a familiar German farce. The belief of an innocent man that he had killed another was happily exploited many years ago in Oxenford's "Twice Killed." So universally popular and available was Oxenford's farce that, under different names—no credit being given to its original source—it was produced in France, then adapted in Germany, and was finally translated back into English, and witnessed and reviewed by the astonished author, who was, at the time, the dramatic critic of the *London Times*. In "Twice Killed" the innocent criminal was compelled by the natural laws of self-preservation to keep silent, the necessity of putting his own head into the halter not appealing to him in the absence of witnesses to his deed. He felt entirely safe so long as he kept his mouth shut, but his state of mind awaiting developments furnished thirty minutes or so of merry foolery. He was logically funny. There was a reason for every tremor at a whisper. "The New Clown," on the other hand, is only a pitiable fool. His motives for flight and disguise will not stand analysis. They offend common intelligence.

Farce is no less exacting than the drama of the most serious import. Its facts and motives must be real if they are to be effective. The superstructure of "The New Clown" contains excellent material, but it topples over on itself by reason of its insubstantial foundation. It has moments of delightful comedy delightfully played, as when the niece of the proprietor of the Royal Circus falls in love with Lord Cyril and gives him encouragement as against Billy, the strong man of the aggregation, with as arch a smile and as inviting a coo as has been seen and heard for many a long day. But these are only little bits and patches on a defective play.

Miss Jessie Busley, as this niece, redeems the canker of the Lord's idiocy. Ralph Delmore, as the proprietor of the Circus, gives uncommon comfort to those who long for mirth. His winningly unconscious vulgarity, his delightful obstreperousness, his display of his best manners in the use of the dinner knife, his generous emptying of the remnants of food into the platter of the newcomer when he hears that he has fallen heir to fifty pounds, and his various other resources of diversion saves the evening from being blotted out by the hopeless inanity of Lord Cyril. Then we have Winchell Smith as Tom Baker, the itinerant clown, whose cockney dialect is a telling part in his equipment as a genuine character actor. With a concrete foundation provided for the action, "The New Clown" might righteously thrive. As it is, Jameson Lee Finney, a very capable comedian, is making an exhibition of himself that must be humiliating to his professional pride. Aside from the technical explanation of the ineffectiveness of the part, it may be that there is a sense of humor there for English audiences which does not reach our blunter appreciation. The incongruity of a man of rank being reduced to the dimensions of a clown and subjected to the vulgarities of sawdust are no doubt amusing to a subject of the Crown, whose constant prayer for himself is that he may be content in that position in life in which God has placed him. The vulgarity of the lower classes and any contact with it of the nobility is probably diverting to the mind so constituted. A song by Julius Witmark was one of the added features.

"Sally in Our Alley," "musical comedy joy, in two acts, book and lyrics by George V. Hobart; music by Ludwig Englander"—so runs the programme—is toiling hard to please the patrons of the Broadway Theatre. It would be nothing short of energy misapplied to consider seriously such a curiously formless, wholly innocuous conglomeration of illogical situations and labored efforts to be humorous. Were the first act compressed two-thirds and the second act enlivened a little, something in the right direction would be accomplished. "Sally" is the product of a Bowery alley. The curtain rises upon a corner of the street near her father's pawn-shop, called by her—probably after an excursion to Boston—a "Heterogeneous Emporium," and it ultimately falls upon a vision of a Fifth Avenue drawing-room, wherein Bowery hangers-on and members of the "400" are wierdly intermingled. Musically, the production is more than crude, but it is relieved by several topical songs by various writers, which are interpolated in the arid deserts of the original work. The persons



Photo Byron

MISS JESSIE BUSLEY IN "THE NEW CLOWN"



Burr McIntosh

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS IN "THE EMERALD ISLE"

wife of John Hays, an American artillery sergeant, with whom she went through the battle of Monmouth, June 27, 1778, after the British evacuation of Philadelphia. The battle was fought on one of the hottest days of the year, and Molly made it her business to go among the men with a pitcher of water to slake their thirst. Hence her sobriquet of Molly "Pitcher." Her husband fell during the battle and an officer ordered his gun withdrawn, but Mrs. Hays said she would serve it and continued to do so until the battle was ended. For this action Washington gave her a sergeant's commission. Molly afterwards retired into private life, and lived an uneventful existence the rest of her days. This is scant material out of which to build a play. The dramatist had no alternative but to make the gun episode the central pivot about which his entire play must revolve, and to draw upon his imagination for sufficient additional happenings to furnish an evening's entertainment. Mr. Hazleton did this, and it in part explains why the new piece at the Manhattan was hopelessly bad.

Like most of the plays that have attempted to deal with the incidents of the American Revolution, "Captain Molly" is entirely without inspiration. It is, indeed, remarkable that no satisfactory play dealing with the momentous events immediately preceding the birth of the nation has yet been written. The insincerity and trickiness of Mr. Hazleton's piece are plainly apparent throughout its four acts; it does not ring true a single moment. False to the facts of history, his leading character is robbed of the interest that would naturally attach to her, and the triviality of the fiction invented by the author makes of the whole merely a series of meaningless stage

in the cast do the best they can with the fruitless parts allotted them, but it is really astonishing that sixty people could possibly be assembled with such a variety of horrible singing voices. There is not vocal or musical material enough in the entire list to make one successful vaudeville singer. With these rather crucial drawbacks, one feels surprised that the performance goes along as well as it does. Mr. Englander is capable of much better work, if he would take plenty of time and respect his fundamental abilities. With a comedian like Dan McAvoy, a performance can never be wholly uninteresting, for he is spontaneously and irresistibly funny, and thoroughly artistic in what he undertakes. Miss Marie Cahill, in the title rôle, was evidently vocally indisposed, but her graceful and simple acting more than atoned. She should not, however, encourage the gallery gods, or the jubilant men in the orchestra chairs, to whistle with her in her songs. For a respectable theatre, this is altogether too free and easy, and resembles the mining camp or low-class concert hall. The songs "I Want to Be a Soldier Lady," "Microbes in a Kiss," "When I am Yours, Dear," "Nora Ryan," "Under the Bamboo Tree," should be forever lost in oblivion. They are most depressing to anyone with any sense of humor, true sentiment or appreciation of musical requirements.

Theatre-goers who expected to find in George C. Hazleton's new piece, "Captain Molly," a stirring play of revolutionary days, equal in merit to this author's excellent "Mistress Nell," were disappointed. Truth compels us to say at once that the piece was unworthy of the boards of a first-class metropolitan theatre. Firstly, Mr. Hazleton was unfortunate in his selection of a subject. The Molly Pitcher of history (or Molly Hays, to be accurate) is not an interesting character from the dramatic viewpoint. As every schoolboy knows, Molly, a muscular young woman with red hair and peppery temper, was the



MISS MARION POLLOCK JOHNSON

Seen last season in "Richard Carvel." Now appearing in "A Modern Magdalen"

pictures. The story is incoherent and without interest, and the characters go and come in the most aimless fashion. Some of the dialogue is cleverly written, although there is not a trace of literature in the piece, and the comedy, of which there is a superabundance, is forced and conventional. Molly is made to pirouette in soldier's breeches, flirt with all the men, flourish a blacksmith's anvil, trifle with a military court and organize village yokels into an artillery company, none of which things, of course, the real Molly "Pitcher" ever did. Miss Elizabeth Tyree played the title part in the manner of a comic opera soubrette. The real character of the lion-hearted amazon was not once indicated by the actress, but if one could forget for a moment the character to be portrayed, there was much to admire in Miss Tyree's natural, unaffected acting, which was full of spontaneous gaiety and animal spirits. No one could have delivered the author's quips more felicitously. The play was carefully and expensively mounted, like all the productions at the Manhattan Theatre, and the effective way in which the gun scene—the best thing in the piece—was done, showed clever stage management. But there was no hope for "Captain Molly," and Mr. Fiske did wisely in withdrawing it.

"Iris," was presented at the Criterion on September 23, too late for critical notice in this issue. The heroine (Miss Virginia Harned) is a widow, left a vast fortune, which she is to lose if she should marry again. She has two lovers—one a coarse millionaire, the other a handsome but penniless youth. After accepting the first she relents and surrenders to the second. The latter leaves her to seek his fortune, and she becomes the mistress of her rich adorer. When her first lover returns, she explains the situation, and the interview is overheard by the millionaire, who tries to strangle her. Notice of "A Country Girl," at Daly's, must likewise go over.

A play, new to New York, by A. W. Pinero, entitled



Photo by Byron

BARRY KENYON
(J. W. Albaugh, Jr.)

MOLLY PITCHER
(Miss Elizabeth Tyree)

"CAPTAIN MOLLY" AT THE MANHATTAN

MOLLY: "General Washington has ordered an advance"



Eleonora Duse—the Woman

ELEONORA DUSE, whose third American tour will open in Boston this month, is the purest type of what

her fellow-countrymen call a daughter of art. Italians speak of those who are born of actors as "figli d'arte," which corresponds with the French term "enfant de la balle." For the great Italian actress comes of a famous family of players. The first actor in the Duse family, the grandfather of Eleonora, was Luigi Duse, a native of Chioggia, famed as an impersonator in Venetian dialect, also as an interpreter of Goldoni's plays. An odd character was this Luigi Duse. On such intimate terms was he with the public that between the acts, when inviting the audience to attend the next night's performance, he did not hesitate to talk about his own private affairs or even to ask assistance if he happened to be in monetary difficulties. He had four sons, four daughters and numerous grandchildren, all of

whom, with one exception, were actors, and, judging by the diversity of the rôles taken by these respective descendants of Luigi, the members of the Duse family could, by themselves, have formed a good-sized stock company. The list is interesting:

Duse, Luigi: Character parts. Son of *Natale* and *Teresa Sambo*. Father of:

Duse, Eugenio: Prompter; *Duse, Giorgio*: Comedian; *Duse, Alessandro*: Star; *Duse, Eurico*: Leading man.

Duse, Federigo: Leading man. Younger brother of *Luigi* and husband of:

Duse, Capra: Star.

Duse, Bellotti Cecilia: Leading woman. Wife of *Eugenio* and mother of:

Duse, Luigi: Star; *Duse, Carlo*: Character parts.

Duse, Delfini Vittorina: Star. Wife of *Luigi*.

Duse, Maggi Alceste: Star and character parts. Wife of *Giorgio* and mother of:

Duse, Elisa: Star. Wife of:

Vitaliani, Vitaliano: Star. Father of:

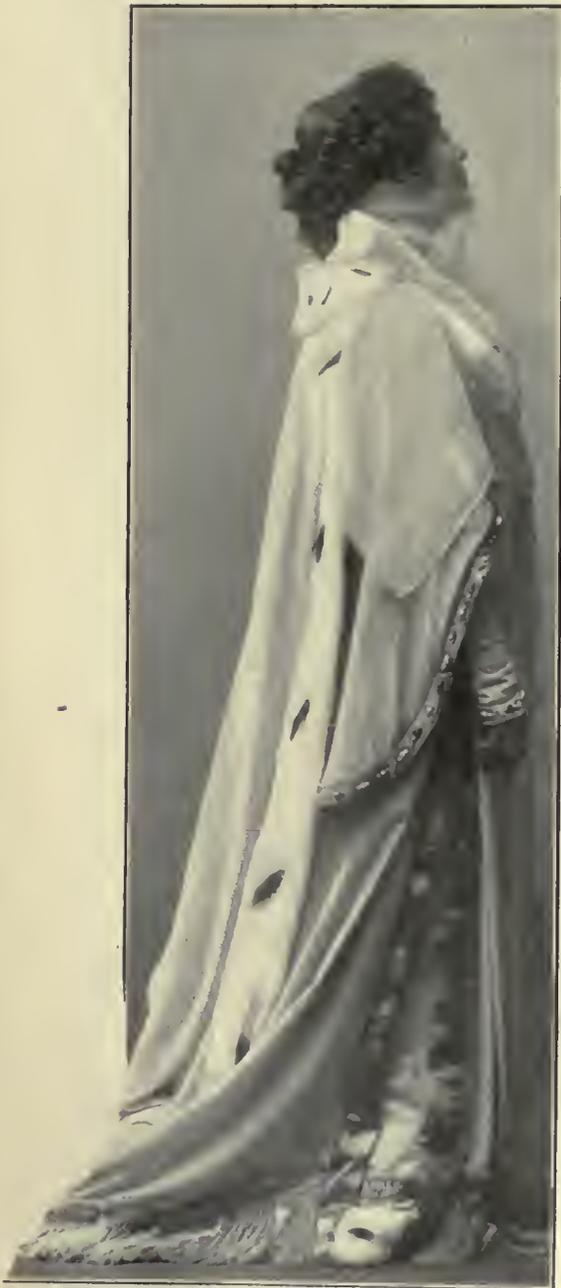
Vitaliani, Italia: Star; *Vitaliani, Vittorina*: Star; *Vitaliani, Adelina*: Second parts; *Vitaliani, Evangelina*: Star; *Vitaliani, Celestina*: Leading woman; *Vitaliani, Umberto*: Second parts; *Vitaliani, Riccardo*: Second parts; *Vitaliani Giorgina*: Second parts; and

Duse, Eleonora: Star. Daughter of *Alessandro* and *Angelica Cappeletto*, of *Vicenza*.

Alessandro Duse, father of *Eleonora*, loved painting better than he did the mimetic art, and in his last years devoted most of his time to sketching monuments and churches, with more affection, it must be said, than ability.

Eleonora Duse, the greatest actress, with the possible exception of *Ristori*, that Italy has produced, was born in a railway train as it was nearing *Venice* on October 3, 1859, and was christened at *Vigevano*, in *Piedmont*. She began to recite as soon as she could walk and lisp, and at the age of four played the part of *Cosette* in "*Les Misérables*" with a company composed entirely of members of her family. To judge by the pallor of her face, her sad expression, the poverty of her attire, as shown on her earliest portraits, her childhood was anything but happy. She was only fourteen when she lost her mother. Even at that early age her singular manner of acting was noticed, although she appeared at all times listless and tired, as if life were an interminable bore.

The first intimation of her marvellous faculty of conception and execution came when she played Shakespeare's *Juliet*. It was a revelation of genius. She was then only fifteen and



DUSE IN "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

received such slender pay that she often appeared on the stage suffering the pangs of hunger. Libero Pilotto, a fellow player, relates how one evening before the performance she had to pilfer a slice of *polenta* (cornmeal) from the landlady's kitchen, that she might gain strength to breathe her love-notes as the passionate Capulet maiden. It was during a visit of the troupe to Verona that the manager entrusted her with the part of Juliet, and her triumph in what might be termed the birthplace of the tragedy proved the starting point of her brilliant career. Her own sensations during that memorable *début* are thus described by the Italian poet, Gabriele D'Annunzio :

"One Sunday in May, in the immense arena of the antique amphitheatre, under the open sky and before a public that had breathed the legend of love and death from its infancy, I was Juliet.

"No hush of the most spellbound audience, no acclamations, no triumph, have ever equalled, since, the intoxication of that *début*.

"When I heard Romeo say : '*Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!*' I really felt myself burn up and become aflame. I had thought with my meagre pay a large bunch of roses, and these flowers were my only ornaments. I mingled them with my words, my gestures and all my attitudes. I let one fall at the feet of Romeo when we met, from the balcony I plucked one to pieces, letting the leaves fall on his head, and at the end I scattered them all over his corpse in the tomb.

"The perfume, the atmosphere and the light intoxicated me. My words flowed with a strange and almost involuntary facility, as in a dream.

"I saw the amphitheatre half in shadow and half in sunlight, and in the illuminated part I saw what looked like the reflection of innumerable eyes. The day was serene. Not a breath stirred the folds of my dress nor my hair, which played about my bare neck.

"The sky was very far away and yet it seemed to me that from time to time my most trivial words resounded to the Infinite like thunder, and that its azure became so deep that I was colored by it as from blue water in which I had drowned myself. And every instant my eyes turned towards the long grasses which grew tall at the top of the walls and it seemed to me that there came from them a kind of assent to the things that I said and did, and when I saw them undulate before the first breath of wind that came from the hills, my voice seemed to take on new courage, and I was filled with renewed energy.

"How I spoke of the nightingale and the lark ! I had heard them a thousand times in the country. I knew all their melodies, that of the wood, that of the meadow, that of the sky. I still heard their notes ringing in my ears. Before leaving my lips each of my words traversed all the heat there was in my blood. There was not a fibre in me that did not give sound to this harmony.



Sciutto, Genoa

DUSE IN "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

"Ah, grace, the state of grace ! Each time that it is given to me to attain the heights of my art I feel once more that inexpressible surrender. I was Juliet. '*'Tis the day, 'tis the day,*' cried my terror. The wind was blowing wildly through my hair. I remarked the extraordinary silence that greeted my accents of fear. The crowd seemed to have disappeared under the earth, so quiet was it on the curved tiers of seats, now all in shadow. Yonder, the summit of the wall was still aflame. I said the terror of the day, but really I already felt on my face '*the mask of night.*' Romeo had gone down. We were already as dead and had entered into the unknown.

"The people in the arena were restless, waiting for the death scene. It turned a deaf ear to the mother, to the nurse, to the priest. The thrill of its impatience accelerated intolerably the wild beats of my heart. The tragedy was drawing rapidly to a close.

"I remember a vast sky, white as pearls, the murmur that was silenced at my appearance, the odor spread by the rosin torch, the roses that covered me, a distant sound of bells that seemed to reach to the sky, the day that was gradually losing its light, as I my life, and a star, the first star, trembled in my eyes with my tears.

"When I fell on Romeo's body the crowd in the shadow shouted so violently that I was afraid. Someone lifted me up and dragged me towards the shouts. The torch was put close to my tearful face. It sputtered and smelled of rosin, and it was red and black with flame and smoke. This torch, too, like the star, I shall never forget. I, myself, must certainly have been the color of death.

"After this I felt that I must get away, no matter where, to breathe the pure air of heaven."

Love of flowers is a striking characteristic of the life of Eleonora Duse. She carries this passion through her plays, and when

*Le public là, je puis vous l'assurer
est fatigué, tout autant
me, de tout ce qui est exagéré
qui tent à le tromper, et dont
il n'a pas du tout besoin
pour arriver à former un jugement
indépendant et sérieux.*
E. Duse.

AN AUTOGRAPH OF ELEONORA DUSE

Duse invariably declines to be interviewed. On her first American visit her managers impressed upon her that the interview was a rational institution. She replied to their arguments by a letter written in French, as follows: "I have always been able to carry on my work without resorting to practices, alas! generally followed. I intend to adhere to this even in a country like America, where, I understand, exaggerated self-advertising is absolutely necessary. I believe that here, as elsewhere, there is a cultured, educated and impartial public, and this is the only one which interests me. That public, I assure you, is as tired as I am of all which is exaggerated, which tries to mislead it and of which it has not the slightest need in order to form an independent and correct opinion."



Sciutto, Genoa

DUSE IN "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

there are no flowers she creates them. In "Hedda Gabler" she lays a basket of violets on the table, and now and then takes them out in bunches, drinking in their fragrance. In "Francesca da Rimini" she tends red roses growing in a disused Byzantine sarcophagus. When, as Marguerite in the "Dame aux Camélias," she offers the flower to Armand, after hesitating a moment, she stretches out her arm resolutely, as if in that moment she were giving him her heart and soul. In "Magda," when Keller presents her with a bouquet with the fatuity of a fool, she, with a gesture of contempt, and barely touching the flowers with her hands, throws them on the table, never averting her eyes, full of hatred and ferocity, from his stupefied gaze.

Now that Duse's fame is world-wide, critics have been ransacking old newspaper files for early signs of her hidden genius. But her past life offers little material to the anecdote hunter.

After her baptism little Eleonora was carried through the streets from the church in a guided box with glass sides. A patrol of Austrian soldiers, who saw the strange object, presented arms, believing it to contain some precious relic. The proud father hastened home, and said to the mother: "Forgive me, dear, for not bringing you a present in return for giving me a daughter. But I am bearer of happy news. Our little girl has been honored with a military salute."

Poor Duse became somebody, but at what a price! Can her present fame ever repay her for all her misery, her sadness, her unhappy married life? As a child she knew only

rags and hunger; years brought laurels to her brow, but increased her private sorrows.

Her expression has ever been that of tragedy—showing the traces of silent suffering, her rich eyebrows lifted painfully, the big black eyes lost in space, vaguely, as if in the expectation of something beyond, something unattainable.

Franz von Lembach, the greatest of German portrait painters, made over fifty sketches of her before he attempted to paint her portrait, and even then the resemblance caught was only one in a thousand. In D'Annunzio's tragedy, "La Giocouda," there is this description of a woman, which is believed to be a portrait of Duse herself:

"She is always diverse, like a cloud that from instant to instant seems changed without you seeing it change. Every motion of her body destroys one harmony and creates another yet more beautiful. You implore her to stay, to remain motionless; and across all her immobility there passes a torrent of obscure forces, as thoughts pass in the eyes. Do you understand? do you understand? The life of the eye is the look, that indefinable thing, more expressive than any word, than any sound, infinitely deep and yet instantaneous as a breath, swifter than a flash, innumerable, omnipotent; in a word, *the look*. Now, imagine the life of the look diffused all over her body. Do you understand? The quiver of an eyelid transfigures a human face and expresses an immensity of joy or sorrow. The eyelashes of the creature whom you love are lowered; the shadow encircles you as the waters encircle an island; they are raised, the flame of Summer burns up the world. Another quiver, your soul dissolves like a drop of water; another, you are lord of the universe. Imagine that mystery over all her body! Imagine through all her limbs, from the forehead to the sole of the foot, that flash of lightning, like life! Can one chisel the look? The ancients made their statues blind. Now, imagine, her whole body is like the look."

The real turning point of Duse's career came when she played "Therèse Raquin." Cesare Rossi was leading man and manager of the company. His star was the celebrated Pezzana, who took the part of Madame Raquin, while Duse played Therèse. It was in

Naples, and the audience was sleepy, torpid, as if the theatre were the last place on earth in which to find amusement. At first the people watched indolently, then showed awakening interest in Duse's novel style of acting. Then they were astonished, and before the curtain fell they were shouting and applauding vociferously, madly calling before the curtain the unknown woman who had depicted powerful, stormy passion in a manner unknown to the old-fashioned classic actors. From that day her



Sciutto, Genoa

DUSE IN "CITTA MORTA"

name was on Italy's tongue. The coming of Sarah Bernhardt to Turin marked Duse's real discovery of herself. After the French woman's acting in that city Duse seemed to burn with a new fire. She played the "Princess of Bagdad" after Bernhardt's performance, and although the public was still under the spell of it, they were roused to enthusiasm over Duse, proud in the conviction that she was destined at no late day to surpass the Cisalpine star.

Duse's fame had up to this time been confined to Italy. The first city abroad to acclaim her genius was Vienna, and it came about in a very unusual way. At the beginning of 1892, Princess Metternich had invited the most famous players in Europe to appear at the Court Theatre, in Vienna, to celebrate a certain event. Duse was ignored. She at once packed her trunks and with her company started for Vienna unknown and unheralded, but confident in her

powers and certain of victory. The first night she played "La Dame aux Camélias" at the Karl Theatre to half-empty seats, as everyone had gone to hear the celebrities at the Court Theatre. However, the few critics present at her performance spread the news of the wonderful acting of the unknown Italian actress, and the following evening the Karl Theatre was crowded as never before in its history. This continued for several nights to the great consternation of the officials of the Court Theatre. The Princess Metternich then condescended to ask Duse to play at the Court Theatre, but, much to her discomfiture, her request was promptly declined.

About this time Duse began her battle with public opinion and undertook to interpret certain dramatic rôles which no other artistes had dared to act. Her success was instantaneous. She advanced with the obstinacy of unflagging purpose. "To be stationary in art means retrogression" might well have been her motto. Following her artistic transformation came the shedding of her youthful chrysalis—the mutation of the woman, and with it the pronounced change of expression in her physiognomy. At the beginning it was a convulsive face, typical of the great *névrosée* which made her peerless in the interpretation of rôles portraying the hysterical temperament, the unruly passions of anger, hatred, contempt, jealousy, the simulation of fury and death. These suited her genius. Then followed the portrayal of more subdued and refined emotions—the fine shadings of gentleness, tenderness, sincerity, love and suffering.

One of the characteristics of Duse's acting is her perfect self-control; one might say that the actress and the woman are two distinct persons. L. Rasi, the actor, who had to play



DUSE IN "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

unexpectedly the rôle of the messenger in "Cleopatra," says: "When I carried to Cleopatra (Duse) the news of Anthony's marriage to Octavia, the savage outburst of anger in Duse so disconcerted me that I forgot my answer, which was to goad her to greater fury. She saw my embarrassment. Her violence stopped short, and in a quick, matter-of-fact whisper she prompted the forgotten words; then she went on with her part without the interruption having in any degree lessened her furious energy."

Duse is popularly credited with possessing an extraordinary amount of personal pride. This, it is said, has prompted her on several occasions to refuse invitations to be presented to royalty. "Kindly say to Her Majesty," answered Duse once to an *aide de camp* who had come to invite her to the royal box, "that I am most grateful for the great honor, but I am sure Her Majesty will understand that it is humiliating

for an actress to cross the public corridors of a theatre in stage costume."

Another turning point in the artistic career of Eleonora Duse was her acquaintance with Gabriele D'Annunzio. The celebrated Italian poet first met Duse after her scene with Armand in "La Dame aux Camélias," when she came from the stage weeping bitterly. The poet greeted her by exclaiming, "O grande amatrice!" (O great lover!) Ten days later his fertile brain conceived "La Gioconda," and he dedicated it to "Eleonora Duse of the beautiful hands."

Early in life Duse became convinced that there could be no real greatness in art unless coupled with intellectual culture of the highest order. The time had passed when actors could kindle enthusiasm by political allusions and coarse appeals to patriotism born of the Austrian occupation. The new generation had forgotten Mazzini, Orsini and Garibaldi, as well as the hated Austrian, since he had become a political ally. At the time she joined the troupe of Cesare Rossi, Duse had studied the intellectual development of France, and devoured everything in the literature of that country that seemed worthy of her amazing power of assimilation. Then she became interested in works on sculpture, painting and architecture, and it can be said with truth that there is no important work of art that is unknown to her. Thus it was that she rounded out her remarkable education for the stage, setting a shining example to those of her fellow players who are satisfied with merely studying their parts and drawing a good salary.

In time came her dream of the revival of art in the drama—the Albano Theatre, to be built at the southern entrance of

Rome, on the shores of the beautiful Lake of Albano, near the baths of Diana. The most prominent women of the Roman aristocracy undertook the work of propaganda. D'Annunzio was the initiator, Duse the artistic director. Count Frankenstein offered the site for the building. But

when it came to the selection and the execution of the plays to be presented, the ardor of the enthusiasts cooled slowly, and at last came to nought. And so the Albano Theatre remained a beautiful dream.

CARLO DE FORNARO.

Catulle Mendès' Play, "Queen Fiammetta"



CATULLE MENDÈS

THE announcement that Miss Julia Marlowe would open her season with "La Reine Fiammette," a play by Catulle Mendès, has naturally piqued curiosity. In her public appeal to men and women, that winsome actress has never failed to include the Young Person, while the French author has been wholly indifferent to that particular factor of the American audience regarding whose supposed liability to moral shock so much has been written.

Where Zola was audacious in his realism, Catulle Mendès has been outrageous. One had some sense of inevitableness in traversing the moral marshland of the Rougon-Macquart series, but in "La Maison de la Vieille" and "La Femme-Enfant" there appears to be a deliberate out-of-the-way hunt for degenerate types. And with highly trained scent the younger novelist has been successful in setting forth perfect miracles of perverted humanity. In Mendès' poetry his sensuousness has been its most marked characteristic. A riot of color, a glow of wine, a revel of rich clothes and much swooning under stars, all worked together for the worship of Venus, would describe his externals, and that which to the minds of all the French neopagan poets stands for love is his theme.

Of a drama, then, from the brain of Catulle Mendès no Sunday-school homily could fairly be expected. It would be inconceivable that sexual reticence should mark his work, although the limits of a play are so much narrower than those of a novel, and "La Reine Fiammette," as it was given in Paris, at a single performance at the Théâtre Libre, and played afterwards at the Odéon, frankly justifies any such inconceptions. At the latter house it was given a strong cast when the curtain rose on the night of December 6, 1898. Mlle. Leonie Yahne then played the title rôle and Mme. Segond-Weber was the Daniello, the young hero of the play. M. Mendès calls his piece a "Conte Dramatique"—a dramatic fable—and he has built it in six acts, written in rhymed alexandrines.

There is much probability that Miss Marlowe has had a course of expurgation vigorously applied and a corps of disinfectors hard at work upon it for presentation to an American audience, but we are dealing here with the play as it was produced in Paris.

Somewhere in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, in the heyday of the Italian Renaissance, the poet has imagined

EDITOR'S NOTE:—"La Reine Fiammette," with which Miss Julia Marlowe is about to open her season, was originally produced in Paris in 1898. It should be clearly understood that this review relates only to the French play, published by Dent, and which is not necessarily identical with the version to be used by Miss Marlowe.

a Queen Orlanda, whose palace was at Bologna; who was blonde and twenty, and who led a very lively life. In the words of the wicked Cardinal Sforza, people called her Fiammetta, or the little hot blaze, because she was "lively and changeable, like a flame in the wind." She is married when the play opens to a man of her own choosing, Giorgio d'Asti, a very neutral-tinted person. She has only one lover, this married young Queen, though she bashfully admits that she scatters her kisses here and there with gay inconsequence. The play turns upon a conspiracy to assassinate her, and failing that, to dethrone her and take her life afterwards.

In act I., at a wayside inn, the Wicked Cardinal, disguised as a pilgrim, enters, and soon is joined by the Weak Husband, Giorgio. The Queen is too gay for the Cardinal. Her levity stands in the way of making all Italy one under Papal sway. She must die, and to a gay group of her chief courtiers, he gives orders for the Queen's murder. The courtiers are as easily converted to the idea of regicide as the Queen's husband, but who is to be the assassin? The Wicked Cardinal has the assassin ready. Thereupon enters Daniello, a very young man dressed in dark clothes. He is ingenuous and timid of manner. He tells how he was an orphan wandering the country with his little brother. One night his brother disappeared and he searched for him in vain. At last he entered a monastery and his grief was swallowed up in piety. He will do anything for the good of religion. A murder? Yes. Whom? The Queen, the heretic Queen! A woman? Not a woman; oh, no. He would kill a prince or a priest, or "an old man trembling in a trap," but not a woman. "I thought your heart was sounder," says the Cardinal; "tell us the reason why." He replies, artlessly:

"Because I love a woman—even I.
I love a woman. Yes, 'twill startle you;
But, call it waxen taper for Lord Christ,
Or lily for Our Lady's shrine, the heart
Of youth, though chained to duties dark and drear,
May, as another's, stir and live in love.
I love! They should not, even for an hour,
Have let me pass the jealous cloister doors.
For once, while gazing on the skies adream,
I saw blue heaven also in her eyes.
Why did I love? Alas! how can I tell?
She was a pale young girl, and, straight, I loved her.
By a convent window she was dreaming, too,
A little forward bent. I loved her. Oft
She came, a flower at her breast. I loved,
And all was golden while she lingered there.
Her hair is fine-spun gold. I love; nay, I adore."

It is not easy to give an English equivalent of the florid verse of Catulle Mendès. In some ways it has the pomp and flourish of the verse of Victor Hugo, but without its strength and fibre. Perhaps it would be more exact to describe it as Hugoesque, with the touch of sexual hysteria which gives it

its individuality. All the same it is opulent and sonorous of its kind.

The Cardinal is flustered and the courtiers are plainly surprised. They cannot believe that such a state of mind befits a young priest. The Wicked Cardinal, however, tells the young man that the Queen it was who stole his brother, and had him killed. This is naturally untrue, but it suffices to make Daniello eager to quench the life of Queen Fiammetta.

The second act is at the Convent of the Order of Clares at Assisi. There, for the first time, we meet the Queen. She has gone thither under the name of Madame Hélena, nominally for an intermezzo of repentance, but really to arrange a rendezvous with a young priest with whom she has fallen in love. Only the Abbess is aware of her identity. While awaiting the hour she warms up the nuns by reading an alleged sonnet of Petrarch's to Laura, stirs them with descriptions of Court life and starts to teach them dancing. Chiarina, a little novice, asks her questions about the Queen after the manner of Tennyson's novice with Guinevere, and so Fiammetta gives her own view of herself. "Is it true that she has . . . lovers?" asks the cheeky little novice. "I believe so," she replies. "It is the very least . . . when one is a queen," says the artless little novice to the other nuns. The Abbess enters in holy horror and breaks up the dancing class, ordering the nuns to their cells. Daniello walks in through the big window. He has come to say adieu to Hélena, for he has a dark mission to accomplish. What it is he will not say, but the Queen will have none of this parting, so she wraps a veil about him and herself, kisses him on the lips, and leads him out into the garden.

In the third act Daniello is discovered asleep in a great bed, with Fiammetta asleep on the steps beside it. It is a pleasure house of the Queen's, deep in the woods, and they have been there several days. Every time he awakens he wants to go away, but the Queen will not let him. Chiarina, their attendant, comes to say that a lady is without who must see Queen Fiammetta. It is Pantasilea, one of the giddy ladies of the first act. She warns the Queen of the plot against her life. She does not know the assassin's name, but would recognize him. The Queen draws the curtains, shows Daniello asleep, and Pantasilea cries, "'Tis he!" A wild passion seizes Fiammetta, but she stands motionless. "Go!" she cries to Pantasilea. At last she speaks:

"'Tis he!

[A moment of silence.]

His arms have clasped me in my mad
Delight, and I, adorable, was fond adored.
He murmured such delicious words as turn
The brain and melt the heart. Yea, ceaseless 'twixt
His soul and mine, 'twas one exchange of heav'n
And ecstasy! Now, wretch, he'd strike me dead.
'Tis he! What horrid dream! His love? A trap!



Sands & Brady
A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MISS MARLOWE

Through happy eyes he watched the hour to
drown
My slumber on his heart in deep sleep of the
tomb.
If with one hand he drew me close, he had
The other stretched to grasp his steel be-
neath
The pillow. Oft, too, on my pulsing bosom
Marked with a kiss where he would plunge the
knife."

She awakens him; tells him the time has come for his task; calls him back to give him his dagger, which he was forgetting, and, as soon as he is well out of hearing, tells Chiarina that she is leaving too. "Where are you going?" asks the young novice. "To be assassinated," answers the Queen.

In the fourth act, at the Court—a scene with very gorgeous setting—the Queen's husband and the conspirators are at hand, but Fiammetta is there to unmask and frustrate them. She is gorgeously attired, and all the glittering throng gather about the throne. After her accusing speech there Daniello enters at the top of the furthest staircase and slowly comes down. Chiarina warns her, but she apparently pays no heed. Just, however, as the dagger is raised, she turns to him with a smile, almost a laugh. "Hélena!" he cries, recoils in horror, drops his dagger, and at last flees.

In a pavilion in the royal gardens the fifth act takes place. Daniello is cursing his want of nerve. The Queen comes to bid him return to the house in the woods before he is caught. He refuses, but the Wicked Cardinal now arrives, captures Daniello and has him haled back to the monastery. Fiammetta, in great distress, is now induced to sign a deed of abdication by her husband in order to obtain a blank pardon signed by the Pope, with which she may secure Daniello's release. Then she is arrested at the instigation of the Wicked Cardinal by the officers of the Inquisition.

In the last act—three months later—she is back in the convent and is condemned to death. She has not seen Daniello, who has become ferociously devout once more, but Chiarina arrives to say he is coming, not as her lover but as her confessor. Austerely he tells her to begin the story of her sins. These prove to be a small matter, and Daniello tells her she has omitted the murder of his brother. "But I know nothing about it," she says. Can the Holy Cardinal have been deceiving him? He will settle with the reprobate. The priest and the penitent have a love scene, and then try to escape. Too late. Doors open, showing the executioners and the block. The Cardinal enters; Daniello seizes the axe and gashes the Cardinal's forehead with it, but the latter retains sufficient sense to condemn Daniello to die beside Fiammetta. Throwing one of the angel-sleeves of her white penitential garment about him, as she threw her veil in the second act, Fiammetta, clasped by Daniello, gives him a "supreme kiss" while the headsman waits. The butterfly is broken on the wheel.

R. S. W.



The Duchess of Marlborough (Consuelo Vanderbilt) and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont driving to the "Beaulieu" Theatre to get seats for the performance

The Vanderbilts and the Players

Photo by Hall, N. Y.

WHEN a millionaire does things the populace becomes hysterical. On the morning following the recent fête given in Newport by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the newspapers gave a column and a half to the President's trip in New England, and half a page to the entertainment at "Beaulieu," the Vanderbilt house. Personally, Mr. Vanderbilt did all he could, consistently, to inoculate the press with a virus of conservatism. The authentic information supplied to the newspapers by his secretary consisted of four type-written pages of the names of his guests and a paragraph describing Mrs. Vanderbilt's gown. The main feature of the entertainment, namely, the engagement of an entire musical comedy company from a leading Broadway Theatre, was not mentioned in the matter supplied to the press. It was not so

important to Mr. Vanderbilt as the least of his guests, and probably not more expensive than a few of the gems his wife wore for the occasion.

The exact figures paid to the management of the "Wild Rose" company will never be known publicly, but it is said that \$5,000 is not far from the real amount. The dollar sign is not considered good form among this set of our aristocracy of wealth, and the money involved was of no consequence to Newport society, where the actual conflict is not the spending of it but the selection to be made with it.

The most interesting feature of this entertainment, in so far as it assumed any relations to the theatre, was the deliberate effort made by both Mr. Vanderbilt and his wife to make the occasion for the actors and actresses take the form of a personal compliment to them. The bouquets were handed over the footlights by Mr. Vanderbilt personally. After the performance Mrs. Vanderbilt thanked the members of the "Wild Rose" company on the stage, made pretty compliments to the composer and librettist, and in every way extended to them the most graceful cordiality of feeling. Of course, there is really no reason why the players should not have received these congratulations; in their own special line of art they no doubt deserved them, but the fact that they were unexpected incurs this comment for them. From the time the company arrived at "Beaulieu" till they left in the early morning, they were made to feel that they were welcome guests of the Vanderbilts.

There was much speculation in professional circles as to why Mr. Vanderbilt selected a comic-opera organization, when he might have



Photo by Hall, N. Y.
BOX-OFFICE OF THE "BEAULIEU" THEATRE, PRESIDED OVER BY HARRY LEHR



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

STAGE DOOR OF THE "BEAULIEU" THEATRE

Showing the temporary frame theatre building at the back of the house

engaged a legitimate cast, and given a legitimate performance. The fact that he did not do so forces the conviction that Newport society, whatever intellectual spasms it may have in the Winter, is decidedly frivolous in the Summer. Mrs. Vanderbilt explained to the composer of the music, during a rehearsal at "Beaulieu," that she knew "every tune in the 'Wild Rose' by heart."

The "Beaulieu Theatre" was practically a large, enclosed shed, built at the rear of the house, over the place where the conservatory stood. The dressing-rooms were three marquee tents. Through carelessness or local carpenters' ignorance, there was no flooring to these tents and the chorus girls who had to wear comic-opera clothes distinctly experienced the Newport dew. Miss Irene Bentley and Miss Marie Cahill, with professional wisdom, secured rooms in the mansion itself, and Miss Bentley made her entrance down the centre aisle, being handed over the footlights by Mr. Vanderbilt himself. Perhaps, so as to give Harry Lehr the centre of the ring, which, as the jester of society, he is expected to occupy, a box-office was established near the theatre, and Mr. Lehr, wearing a false moustache, satirized the duties of a treasurer without the annoyance of taking money for the tickets he gave out.

The supper served to the play-

ers after the performance, which did not end till 2.30 A. M., was a conflict of favors between the Vanderbilts and the players. One chorus girl, embittered by the vision of so much wealth, positively refused to taste the Vanderbilt wine, or to accept a harmless dish of ice-cream. The actors swallowed the good things put before them, and glared at the "young bloods" who gathered about the tables with the glitter of anarchy in their eyes. Naturally enough, these supper tables became known as Bohemia, and the guests strolled into this ever-fascinating atmosphere and mingled there with the prima-donnas, the comedians and the choruses. Much could be written in detail of all that was interesting, because it was unusual, if space would allow; but the fact which we must realize is, that Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt turned what might have been a trying

experience for professional players into a compliment they will always remember.

Heinrich Conried could find no novelties in Germany worth producing here, so he will present at the Irving Place Theatre this season one or two of the most famous works of each nation. Calderon will be taken from the Spanish, Molière and Sardou from the French, Goldoni and Bracco from the Italian, Goethe and Hauptmann from the German, etc.



Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MIDWAY AND ENTRANCE TO THE "BEAULIEU" THEATRE

This big canopied corridor was elaborately decorated with plants and red draperies and lighted by innumerable hidden electric lights



Photo by Tonnele

"The theatre is my temple"

Mrs. Leslie Carter—A Summer Study

CHATS WITH PLAYERS, No. 11

*"There are tears in my eyes
And the world calls them dew."*

SO SAID the honeysuckle to the bee, according to the lyrics of a charming little song that caught the public fancy at Daly's toward the end of last season. Again, later in the Summer, the writer heard Mrs. Leslie Carter humming it over under the trees at her home in Shelter Island. It seemed to have a deeper meaning than before—it became an echo from the heart of a tragic muse.

Nothing really counts in women's lives like sentiment, which is the substance of their dreams. Men are satisfied to be governed by law, women have ideals and must be governed by the things they love, and the tears that are born of a lost ideal seem as commonplace as dew to the world.

Something of this analogy, no doubt, Mrs. Carter sensed, for all through the day or two I was privileged to be one of

her house party, whether we were serious or laughing, the little refrain, with its lyrics of pathos, kept recurring to the actress and she would hum them again and again.

Perhaps the words were only negatively expressive of her actual sentiment, the melody being most atune with the plaintive minor chords of her heart. Of course, there are moods of the heart as there are of the head, and no prettier setting for the former mood could be imagined than a pastoral place, with the music of winds in the trees, the sensuous ripple of little waves on the shore, a vast open page of sky to dream over, and the wonderful mystery of night over it all, when the day was done. I do not imagine that Mrs. Leslie Carter will have a more inspiring scene in which to set the gems of her genius than that little place of hers at Shelter Island.

Acting is an elixir for women who have taken chances in the lottery of ideals and drawn blanks; but a rest with na-

ture renews, repairs and mends the broken pieces so deftly that accomplished actresses become, for the time being, in their country life, women without art. Away from the theatre, Mrs. Carter reveals qualities that her audiences have not had an opportunity to consider. In her friendships the actress is singularly loyal and positive.

"I must have about me people who understand me, and, no doubt, I am not easily understood," she said, naively, indifferent, as she always is, to conventional limitations; "just fancy, my servants have been with me since the days I was a girl—before I was married. They take care of me just as if I was a child, which I suppose I am, to them. You see, in my private life they take the place of Denny, Du Barry's faithful attendant."

There are no poses about this tragédienne, and there is no affiliation in her nature with the fashionable side of life.

"Actually, some people drove up here in a coach the other day and invited me to drive with them," she said, with a satirical twist of the mouth; "as though I would go and dress up and wear tight clothes for the sake of a fashion show. Well, I guess not!" she added, feelingly, as she curled herself up in the hammock like an obstinate, wilful sprite.

"Then you really don't care for the fashionable world?"

"No, no, no!" she said, vehemently. "I tried it in London, where they were very nice to me, and I nearly went mad. What with being on parade all day and playing 'Zaza' at night, I almost lost my mind." It was merely an exaggeration of terms, for what Mrs. Carter actually meant was that she abhorred crowds, not the daintiness of fashion, not the quality but the louder quantity.

"Don't you care for yachting?" someone asked her. We were in plain view of a dozen or more magnificent yachts in the harbor.

"Love it!" she said, impulsively; "if it was my own yacht, and I could have with me just the people I understand, and who understand me. Oh! I am very difficult, I suppose," she said, in reverie of many years gone by, no doubt.

A persistent one in the party, aspiring to journalistic honors, possibly, asked her if she was fond of jewels.

"I don't care much about them; I never wear them except on the stage," she answered.

"What is it you really worship? for you must have an idol—we all have, somewhere."

"The theatre is my temple. When I am not playing I am miserable. I have to think, and thinking is so reminiscent," she added, quietly.

There is the basis of drama in every life, and particularly must we expect it in the personality of an emotional actress like Mrs. Leslie Carter. She stumbled into the first dramatic incident of her life, when she was in her teens, and as so many young girls of vivid temperament have done before her—she married.

Then came the inevitable evolution of such incidents—sometimes happiness, sometimes misery. This young girl, scarcely awakened to the importance of her seventeen summers, found herself like a rose transplanted from her natural atmosphere to the cold, bleak moorlands of Scotch heather. The sun went out of her life, the skies were grey. Some natures would have died under the shock of this unseen realization.



Photo by Tonnelé

"I hate to be left alone—to be idle"

She was only stunned. Out of this domestic experience came the awakening of the woman, the grey clouds were broken, a patchwork of blue sky here and there, and she found herself befriended in the realm of art, where she was destined to belong.

Temperamentally, Mrs. Carter's nature is pitched in a minor key; the only real happiness in her life is the presence with her, always now, of her son. Around him has been her woman's battle and in him is the surviving justification of her life. She has suffered so much that her apotheosis of happiness is oddly expressed, only since the day her son has joined her.

"Pain and heartache—it is beautiful—I love it," she said to me.

Beruhardt has a genius for tragedy; so has Calvé, so has Duse, so has Leslie Carter. Calvé says she has picked out the star in which her soul shall live; Duse shakes her head and declines to busy herself with stars while she is so far away from them in material nature; Bernhardt sleeps in a coffin, defiant and comfortable; Leslie Carter, scarcely as ripe in experience as these but close to them all in temperament, says, "Pain and heartache—it is beautiful—I love it."



Photo by Tonnele

"I am not so fond of life"

Far, then, from the theatre, in a pastoral place, where the sigh of woodlands and the murmur of moon-lit waters were the only cues she listened for, the writer sought to get an impression of Mrs. Leslie Carter in her relation to the ideals of nature. It was intended to banish the theatre entirely from the scene, but every note of feeling in her daily life, every ideal she received from earth or sky, merely intensified a new dramatic possibility for the stage.

"Every creation reflects an experience in actual feeling," said Mrs. Carter. "How can we *imagine* the exact quality of voice that will express an emotion on the stage unless we have used it in actual emotional conflict of feeling?"

"At the Comédie Française they construct emotional effects, the actors tell us, academically?"

"Nonsense; I could never, never agree with that idea. To me every important situation in a play has its analogy in some stress of past experience. Somehow or other in that scene of Zaza's renunciation, I never played it but what there came before me a picture of my father's grave on the hillside. I did not encourage the memory, but it seemed to have a direct emotional relation to the sentiment of renunciation. In 'Du Barry' I never have played that last scene in the cart without feeling an absolute physical fear of death. I instinctively wonder if my friends will save me; if Cossé, who is prostrate with grief, will be able to rescue me. It pursues me in my dreams—that scene—and every night I go over it with all the characters modernized in the presence of my immediate friends."

This is a faithful expression of the quality in Mrs. Carter's work that to artists, audiences and critics is so unusual. Every dramatic moment of her characterizations has its intimate analogy in the experience of her personal life. She is never artificial. Though she has rubbed shoulders with adversity, though her skirts have brushed the dust of the highway, she is still temperamentally intact: she has retained a direct simplicity, a clear vision of sentiment in womanhood.

You cannot talk with her about art in the abstract, her intellectual side is only reached through her imagination. She is childlike in this respect, for you can talk to her best when you feed that.

For instance: We walked out upon the veranda after dinner and before us stretched a white veil of moonlight over the water.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said, indolently, taking in the witchcraft of the scene.

"What does it say to you?" some one asked her, and instantly she described the influence of the picture pointed out to her imagination.

"I tell you what it always seems to mean to me," she said, in that wonderful sad voice of hers; "it tells me of hopes that are forever gone, of what ideals should be but never are."

"It is saddening?" I asked.

"Yes, it is sublime, but it smothers me!"

Always the minor chord—always that note of human interrogation about divine mysteries. Mrs. Carter is one of those women who think about things that are intangible to the given word. Only one other woman on the stage whom I have met has this same undertone to the smooth outward graces of her nature—and that is Sarah Bernhardt.

The "interview" is very abhorrent to Mrs. Carter, because she is instinctively superficial with strangers. Of course, we took many by-paths in our conversational jaunts—we passed many commonplace corners, which are always more or less intimate indications of character. While I was there she had been reading a book of Italian tragedies—historical stories of mediæval lovers—and her evident delight in the drama of these tales was as enthusiastic as a child's. The influences that have brought about the complex qualities of her nature as it is to day explain away much that seems mysterious about her talent.

"I'd rather drive a good horse and have the friendship of a big dog than anything else in life," she said; "but I hate to be left alone—to be idle."

"And you prefer the romance of 'Lucrezia Borgia,' for instance, to 'Olivia'?" I suggested.

She hesitated a moment, for she is keenly appreciative of a true meaning, however it may be veiled; then, after a very natural little sigh, she said, softly:

"You must not forget that I am a woman, and, of course, have moods; but I have a heart and I have a soul."

While driving to the station, my impressions more or less confused, I said something about true and false notes in human nature, that imitate each other so much.

"There I differ with you entirely," said Mrs. Carter, in that *voix blanche* which women use to advance reasons, not feelings; "there may be a great deal of humbug, as you call it, in the world, but I do not know much about it. It is kept away from me and I keep out of the way of it. During my entire season I may not see or meet a dozen people outside the members of my company, whom I see only at the theatre. And in the summer, as you yourself have seen, I am as much apart from the big world as always."

"You isolate yourself?"

"No, I do what I like. I could not endure restraint, but I simply care nothing at all for the casual friendships of a very realistic and unbeautiful world."

Only when her emotions are in full play is she living *her* natural life; at other times her faculties are dormant—she dreams. In her face there is pathos and tenderness, rage and quick forgiveness; deep lines of pain about the mouth that many women have, and at times a sensuous beauty that



Photo by Tonnele

"I care nothing at all for the casual friendships of an unbeautiful world"

is enchanting. Her eyes are grey, or brown, or deep blue; they color the quality of her moods, and they are always wide open, penetrating, not shrewdly but by the light of vital interest in the subtleties of human nature. Her hair is most wonderful and abundant; her figure is perfect in proportions; it is the embodiment of agile grace.

But—there is no note of triumph in her voice or in her fancy—there is no joy in her soul.

"At any time I am ready to die," she said. "Not that I do not fear it; not that, if I were told I must die to-night, I should not be horror stricken, but I am not so fond of life—not so fond of it!"

Woman is born to sacrifice; sooner or later the sacrificial fires are lighted in her soul and they are the divine element of her dreams. Bernhardt, Duse, Calvé, are dream-women of the age, each born with the same mysterious incense, that is almost holy, in their souls. Add to these, since the days of "Zaza," Leslie Carter.

"Pain and heartache—it is beautiful—I love it!" That is the prologue and must be the epilogue of her life.

W. DE WAGSTAFFE.



The Unknown Mascagni



Mascagni, the famous composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," is about to make his first visit to the United States. He will appear at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on October 8 next, conducting his own operas, including "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Zanetto," "Ratcliff," "Iris," etc. The following article, written by a personal friend of Mascagni, gives an interesting insight into the life of the young composer before Fame rescued him from poverty and obscurity:

EARLY in May, 1889, a name hitherto unknown to fame was flashed to the farthest point of the civilized world. "Mascagni? Who is Mascagni?" was on everyone's lips. Even in Italy the composer was unknown to his fellow countrymen, but in Rome the triumph of his opera grew steadily, and from all parts of Europe people hastened to the eternal city to applaud the new maestro. And the young musician, who, up to this time, had been only leader of an insignificant provincial band, found himself literally famous in a night, drinking at the cup of triumph with the eagerness of a Tantalus at last permitted to sip the coveted nectar. The sublime is ever close to the ridiculous. Fashion itself was revolutionized by the celebrity of the young composer. Before Mascagni wrote "Cavalleria Rusticana" nobody in Italy, with the exception of priests and actors, dreamed of shaving, but now it became the fad to sacrifice beard and mustache and appear clean shaven, à la Mascagni, to wear Mascagni collars and neckties, and even to copy Mascagni's style of combing his hair.

It is given to few men to know life as Pietro Mascagni has known it. Young though he be—he is not yet 40—he has experienced every emotion of pain and pleasure that humanity can compass. He suffered the pangs of starvation for months while waiting for recognition, and, later, when the reward came, he squandered money as though the possessor of a Rajah's fortune, indulging his most fantastic whims—millionaire for the moment, only to be again plunged into new financial difficulties. Mascagni is a unique figure among the world's great musical composers. He himself, not his music, is the phenomenon. Indeed, his success was not so much due to the public enthusiasm or to the condition of contemporaneous Italian opera as to the man himself. His career has been characteristic of his personality. He was born of poor parents, in Leghorn, and was sent to the conservatory in Milan, the goal in Italy of all budding geniuses, but too often the source of bitter delusions and mistaken vocations.

As a student Mascagni displayed no exceptional talent, and he never was what is called an infant prodigy. He studied with Giacomo Puccini and also with Tirindelli, a distinguished Italian violinist, who, after several years of profes-

sional work in Cincinnati, was, a few weeks ago, nominated director of the conservatory in Venice. More than for his love of study, young Mascagni was known for his ingenuity in finding means to amuse himself at any cost, at everybody's expense, that of his professors as well as that of his fellow pupils. In fact, he amused himself so well that he had to leave the conservatory.

Student life at the universities and at the art academies of Italy is still to-day similar, in some respects, to what it was in mediæval times. His pocket empty, but his mind crowded with sublime ideas, his toes peeping through his torn shoes, careless of the morrow in the gratification of the moment, the bohemian student is now what he always was, and Mascagni was king among the wild spirits of his year. He suffered acutely from poverty. It was a bitter struggle to keep the wolf from the door, a dread problem to be solved daily; but Mascagni was always of a naturally happy disposition, and he laughed at misery. He lived from hand to month, giving vocal lessons at 20 cents an hour, writing military marches for country bands, polkas for street organs, accepting engagements as orchestra leader for third-class theatres in small provincial towns, and often unpaid, owing to failure of the impresario after the second performance.

Many a time was Mascagni compelled to pawn his overcoat, his watch, and even sell his musical scores, to pay his way back to Milan, that centre of art in Italy, vast, seething caldron of every genius in Italy, famous and obscure, singers rich as nabobs, others poor as minstrels, composers and their publishers, maestrists out of work—all struggling pell-mell in the fight for fame and fortune, but each one carrying his head high with the gravity of a high priest of art.

The star of better days finally appeared on Mascagni's horizon when, after much misery and privation, he signed a contract as orchestra leader of an opera company at the liberal salary of 60 cents a day. This contract was not a bonanza, but, at least, he was certain of his daily bread, and the time he spent in this position was, perhaps, the happiest of his life.

Every small town in Italy boasts of having had Mascagni on its theatrical posters. His geniality and sociability won him everywhere hosts of friends, and he was always the leader



MASCAGNI AT 20

Photograph taken when a student at Milan



MASCAGNI AT 25

day he was introduced to a beautiful girl. He fell in love at first sight, and one day they went to the town hall and were married. Proud of his successes, jealous of his glory, Signora Mascagni was playfully called by her friends "The Hyena," which nickname, invented by one of his librettists, has stuck to her ever since. Assuredly, no one was ever so zealous a protector of genius as Signora Mascagni. The composer's genius developed in the quiet of their happy married life and the monotony of provincial existence.

But Mascagni grew restive in the country. He hungered for the triumphs and the plaudits of the metropolis, and he was ambitious to succeed in musical drama as the quickest way to attain fame. In his frequent wanderings he had not forgotten the clever friends of his native city, and among these he had cultivated the friendship of Tozzetti, poet and writer, who later wrote the libretto of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

It is not generally known that the first opera on which Mascagni worked while at Cerignola was not "Cavalleria Rusticana," but an opera called "Vestilia," the action of which takes place in ancient Rome. It is Mascagni's intention to take up this early work later and give it the finishing touches.

Then came the great opportunity which, they say, comes once in the life of each one of us. In the year 1888 an open competition for a one-act music drama was opened by the music publisher, Sonzogno. Mascagni read the notice and applied at once to his friend, Tozzetti, for a libretto. Tozzetti wrote the libretto from a sketch taken from a book of realistic Sicilian short stories, by G. Verga, one of Italy's foremost writers. "Vestilia" was laid aside, and the new opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," composed in a few months. The committee awarded it the first prize, and Mascagni became celebrated forever and a millionaire for the brief period of one year.

Honors of all kinds followed the immediate success of the opera. First came the presentation to Giuseppe Verdi and to the King of Italy, after a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in Rome. Then Mascagni was knighted, and lionized everywhere.

But very soon the criticism of the musical purists came as a reaction to exaggerated praise. Then came the legal proceedings instituted by G. Verga, the author of the short story from which the libretto was composed. The suit lasted nearly two years, and in the

in the entertainments which the gilded youth in each town invariably organized whenever an opera company made its appearance. Suppers, concerts, country rides, dances were arranged, and Mascagni was the idol of the hour.

But another change came. Cerignola had no band, an institution absolutely necessary in every Italian city that respects itself. Mascagni persuaded the inhabitants of Cerignola that the splendor of their city was dimmed by its lack of a band—a thing easy to get in Italy, where dancing and singing comes before eating. This done, he convinced them that he was the only possible leader of the band. Cerignola thus became the possessor of a band which had as its director Pietro Mascagni.

Can one imagine the brilliant Mascagni, who is now received at every European court—Mascagni, the cynical bohemian, the blasé man of the world, Mascagni, the Beau Brummel—can one imagine him in a little country town happy among peasants, teaching the swineherd how to blow the clarinet, the clothopper the intricacies of the oboe, and the bricklayer the subtleties of the cornet? Can one picture the future maestro, in gorgeous uniform, with bright brass buttons, admiral's chapeau top-heavy with feathers, directing a band of rustics, more infatuated with their barbarous costumes than the music they were attempting to play; and, after it was over, returning from the public square to enjoy a humble meal in company with his devoted wife?

Mascagni's meeting with his wife was one of the most romantic episodes in his life. Marriage indeed was the last thing in the world the gay bohemian had dreamed of. How could he support a wife? One



MASCAGNI AS HE IS TO-DAY



Rose & Sands

MME. EUGENIA MANTELLI

Will sing contralto roles in the Mascagni operas

end Mascagni and his publisher were condemned to pay all the expenses of the action, all the arrears for past receipts, plus the receipts from all future performances. It was a formidable check to the young maestro, who, for the first time; was placed face to face with the inconvenience of a skyrocket success.

As an instance of Mascagni's eccentricities it is related that the composer had himself photographed in a series of progressive pictures: first, in bed asleep; second, waking up; third, yawning; fourth, rising; fifth, drinking his coffee; sixth, his foot showing from under his bedclothes, adorned with an anklet and with rings on his toes.

But these are old stories, and the man who is coming to the United States has changed since then. M. CENTANINI.

Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse

MANY theatrical schemes are born every summer; and every winter the greater number of them die. The most interesting of this season's output is "Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse." It is a unique enterprise; consequently it will be called upon to bear the full blunt of criticism that originality invariably provokes. The Berkeley Lyceum will be the scene of the venture, but the sign that now adorns the portal of that diminutive theatre reads "Mrs. Osborn's Play House."

MRS. OSBORN'S PLAY HOUSE
44TH STREET WEST
NEAR 5TH AVENUE

Mrs. Osborn's Letter-head

Rumors have it circulated that Mrs. Osborn intends her playhouse for the fashionable set only. These rumors, Mrs. Osborn denies. She set forth her play to a representative of THE THEATRE in the following terms:

"I am going to attempt to provide light and agreeable entertainment for the better class of theatregoers. The prices, except on subscribers' nights, will be the same as at other first-rate playhouses. The curtain will rise at nine o'clock—not because nine is a more fashionable hour than eight, but because few New Yorkers can get to the theatre in comfort before that time.

Mrs. Osborn is a prominent figure in New York life. In the first place she is one of the most successful designers and makers of gowns in America. Her "creations" rival those of the foremost dressmakers of Paris. Of her career as a *modiste*, Mrs. Osborn said: "I drifted into the business oddly. Clothes were always my passion. I do not mean clothes merely as clothes, but artistic clothes made to suit the individual wearer. I used to advise my friends about their gowns. When a time came, about four years ago, when I found myself obliged to earn money, I began to advise professionally. I designed the gowns worn by Miss Julie Opp in 'The Tree of Knowledge.' That achievement was my start.

A little more than a year ago Mrs. Osborn opened a business establishment in Fifth Avenue and has been very successful. "But I wanted some recreation," she said, "so I decided to open a playhouse—and the playhouse will be opened about the middle of October." Regarding the policy to be pursued, Mrs. Osborn said: "I have no special policy, except that I shall always try to give nice people the sort of theatrical entertainment that nice people want. We shall begin with a new musical comedy written by Rupert Hughes, the librettist, and G. Sanford Waters, the composer. I have also four other pieces—musical comedies and plays—that I shall put on later."

"And the name of the opening piece?"

"Is 'Tommy-rot,'" answered Mrs. Osborn. "It was to be called 'The Understudy,' but as it worked out we decided that that would be quite too dignified a title. So we've named it 'Tommy-rot.'"



MRS. ROBERT OSBORN

Music and Musicians



RAOUL PUGNO
French pianist, who will begin his concert tour with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 17



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MARK HAMBOURG
Piano virtuoso, whose tour here begins Nov. 20

THE forthcoming musical season promises us neither startling joys nor sorrows; in all probability it will be considerably less distinguished than the season to which it is heir. Last year we had Ternina, Lehmann, Kubelik, Paderewski, Gérardy, Kreisler, Hofmann and Paur with us, and several events of rare interest took place, such as the presentation of the new operas, "Manru" and "Messaline," which, added to the great programmes given us by the Philharmonic Society, made of the year something not to be rivalled by anything promised us for 1902-1903.

The season of grand opera will commence November 24 and will continue for seventeen weeks. Mr. Grau has not entirely completed his arrangements, but we know positively that the following artistes will come over: As soprani—

Mesdames Eames, Sembrich, Gadski, Nordica, Melba, Scheff, Seygard and Reuss-Belce. Madame Nordica returns after an absence of a season and Mme. Melba will be seen late in the year upon her return from Australia. These singers are so preëminent that one should not be ungrateful enough to mourn for Ternina, great as she is, but rather bless the song-birds who will come back to us. Needless to say, that, although Mme. Schumann-Heink solemnly vowed and declared, Quaker-wise, to the writer that she would never return to America—the home of the soul-dead music critic—she nevertheless heads the list of Mr. Grau's contralti. This is as it should be, for this singer is absolutely unique, and a glorious artiste when she chooses to remain true to herself, which is almost always.

Other contralti will be: Miss Louise Homer and Miss Carrie Bridewell, both home productions, and Mme. Kirkby Lunn, who will come over late in the season. This latter singer is an English (or is it Scotch?) woman who has won a foremost place for herself abroad. The tenors will be represented by Messrs. Alvarez, Di Marchi, Saliguac, Bars, Reis and Burgstaller, newly engaged, who has sung with success in Bayreuth and Munich. The baritones will all be old friends: Messrs. Scotti, Bispham, Campanari, Declery, Mühlmann, Gilibert and Van Rooy, while the basses: Edouard de Reszké, Pol Plançon, Blass and Journet, complete the list. Plançon is still a doubtful quantity. His appearance depends upon the health of his mother, to whom he is devoted, and who has been seriously ill for many years.

Among the directors interest centres in Alfred Hertz, who has been engaged by Mr. Grau for the Wagner operas. He is a young man who won golden spurs at Breslau, and only good reports precede him. Signor Mancinelli will conduct the Italian operas. Mr. Grau is negotiating with a great soprano, a celebrated tenor, and a third conductor, to make his ranks of extra strength. Among the works to be given will be several revivals of old Italian operas, such as "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Ernani," "Giaconda" and several Mozart operas. A Verdi Cycle is under discussion and Wagner will be represented by his full strength. It is doubtful if any new work will be undertaken, although it is possible that "Manru" may have another New York season.

The musical interest of New York will be entirely divided between the opera and the Boston Symphony Orchestra appearances, which, symphonically, will be our only real pleasure of this season. This brings us to the concert field, and it must be said at once that the following is only a partial chronicle of impending events, for a complete list could well fill ten pages, and uninteresting reading it would be. All the talk about Richard Strauss' appearance in America is entirely premature. He has received two offers, but so far has closed with neither. It is difficult to see why he should come at all. There



Gessford, N. Y.
MISS ELSA RUEGGER
Belgian 'cellist, who will open her second American tour in Boston, on Oct. 24, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra



Gessford, N. Y.
MISS MAUD MAC CARTHY
Irish violinist, who will make her American début with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Nov. 17

are not enough orchestras for him to visit as "guest" conductor to make it pay, and it would be arrant idiocy to import any body of players from Europe for him, even if any were to be had. I am told, on good authority, that Strauss as a conductor is much less than Strauss as a composer. The proposed tour of Weingartner is also a murmur of the east wind.

For this season, in view of the existing Philharmonic régime, our entire interest, orchestrally, centres in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will play here ten times in all—five matinées and five concerts—the dates of which are as follows: Concerts, Thursday evenings, Nov. 6; Dec. 11; Jan. 15; Feb. 19; March 19. Matinées, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 8; Dec. 13; Jan. 17; Feb. 21; March 21. This orchestra is a virtuoso or band of "star instrumentalists." It is the finest organization in the world, and now that Mr. Gericke, its director, must no longer suffer from the fierce rays of Mr. Paur's reflected genius, he is easily the only conductor in America to be countenanced.

The Pittsburgh Orchestra will appear as usual and the Philharmonic Society will be tentatively watched, not without apprehension. The unexcelled Kneisel Quartet will give its customary six chamber music concerts at Mendelssohn Hall, the first of which will be on the evening of November 25.

Mr. Charlton announces, among other attractions, recitals by the ever popular Mlle. Zélie de Lussan; Miss Ada Crossley, an English contralto; David Baxter, a Scotch basso, and Andreas Dippel, who needs no introduction, for he is one of Mr. Grau's most useful and well-liked tenors.

Mr. Graff will probably give some of his select concerts with world-renowned celebrities, which events have been among the



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Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN

Who will make an extended concert tour in the United States this season

important features of our past seasons. Mr. Frohman brings over Gabrilowitsch, the young Russian pianist, who succeeded so well in America the season before last. He will play at the Worcester Festival on October 22. But the three artistes who will command the majority of critical and public attention will be Mark-Hambourg, also a Russian pianist, who was here three seasons ago and who won a legitimate, honest success, at least as far as technique and virtu-

osity go; Kocian, the Bohemian violinist, classmate of Kubelik, and whose friends would have us believe to be three Kubeliks, with a strong dash of Ysaye, Kreisler, Joachim and all others who have ever fiddled; and Raoul Pugno, who will, I feel sure, appropriate the lion's share of all laurels. He is a French pianist of extreme refinement and most solid accomplishments. Mr. Wolfsohn will introduce him to New York once more, in an orchestral concert at Carnegie Hall, October 21. On the 17th he will play in Boston with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.



MISS HELEN HENSCHEL

Soprano. Daughter of George and the late Lillian Henschel. Her tour opens at the Mendelssohn Hall, New York, on Nov. 12

Mr. Wolfsohn also brings to us Miss Helen Henschel, of the musical house of Henschel, who will give a recital at Mendelssohn Hall, November 12; Miss Mary Münchhoff, the American soprano who has done well abroad and who will sing at Mendelssohn Hall, October 10; Anton Van Rooy, the baritone, who will make a concert tour prior to joining Mr. Grau's force, and whose engagements are many and distinguished; Miss Maud MacCarthy, a young Irish violinist, who will play in Mendelssohn Hall some time during the week following her début with Boston's orchestra on the 14th of November; and finally, Miss Elsa Ruegger, the Belgian 'cellist, who was so much in vogue here two seasons ago. Miss Ruegger will play here late in November.

A distinct novelty will be the production of the Mascagni operas at the Metropolitan Opera House, under the conductorship of the distinguished composer. The season opens October 8th, with the double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Zauetto."

While there is no Paderewski or Jean de Reszké in the foregoing lists, we shall still hear many worth while, conscientious artistes, who have escaped from the ranks of the mediocre or commonplace. Just as we already know that the one really weak spot in our season will be with the orchestras, we feel that there will be much of genuine interest even there. America stands to-day without one truly great director in her midst. It is probable that this situation, as far as we as a city are concerned, will be suddenly changed as soon as New York realizes the condition into which she has allowed herself to fall, because of her inexcusable ignorance, lethargy and indifference.

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American soprano, who will make her first appearance here on Oct. 10

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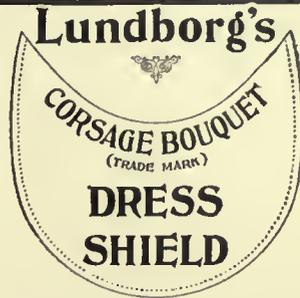
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AMONG THE AMATEURS

The Editor will be pleased to receive for this department regular reports of dramatic performances by amateur societies all over the United States, together with photographs of those who took part (which last should be in costume), and, if possible, good flashlight pictures of the principal scenes.

THE Senior Class of the Englewood High School of Chicago presented this year as their sixth annual play a dramatization by E. L. Miller of Tennyson's "The Princess." Mr. Naphey's impersonation of the dreamy Prince was very realistic, and Mr. Battis portrayed skilfully the part of Ida's father. The Inn Keeper's Wife was successfully taken by Mr. Maxwell, who weighs only a trifle of two hundred and forty pounds. Mr. Salmon's acting as Florian deserves particular mention, and Miss Robinson won plaudits in the difficult part of Lady Pysche. A pleasing feature of the production was the first scene in the third act, showing the picnic ground in the mountains. The audience was charmed by the voice of Miss Weaver, who took the part of Violet. Mr. Kleppinger, as Cyril, acted extremely well. Miss Mabel Miller delivered Lady Blanche's bitter speech with exceptional brilliancy, and Mr. Stough made a vigorous King Olaf. Miss Mabelle Cass rose to the full dignity of a Princess as she described the battle to her companions.



Miss Mabelle Cass
(Princess Ida)

The enjoyment of the play was greatly enhanced by the beautiful music between the acts. Miss Weaver's rendition of the "Swallow Song" and Miss Edna Wilder's execution of the "Bugle Song" were well received, so was the "Sweet and Low" by the Girls' Glee Club. The full, rich splendor of the chorus, "Thy Voice is Heard," was the crowning event of the tournament scene. The proceeds, which were more than twice as great as they have ever been before, will be expended for the decorations of the school hall, which is one of the largest and finest in Chicago.

The St. George's Dramatic and Literary Society of New York is rehearsing "Our Boys," and expects to present the comedy some time in November. The members of the association are anticipating a busy season and plenty of hard work. This society was formed during the latter part of February, 1900, and on May 23, of the same year, the first play, "Nevada," was produced successfully at the Berkeley Lyceum. Since then the society has given: "April Showers," a three-act comedy, Jan. 24, 1901; "Comrades," a three-act drama, May 10, 1901; "Withered Leaves," a one-act comedy, and "A Box of Monkeys," a two-act farce, Jan. 8-9, 1902; "Roll of the Drum," a three-act romantic drama, April 10, 1902. "A Box of Monkeys" was revived on April 17, 1902, by request, for one of the societies connected with St. George's



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"The Roll of the Drum" is a romantic drama of the year 1793-1794, during the French Revolution and the subsequent invasion of Germany by the French. Emilie, Countess de Renville, a Royalist, in order to evade capture by the French Revolutionists, assumes the garb of a sutler, and in that capacity joins the 24th Regiment in order to reach Germany and rejoin her brother, Ernest, an officer in Conde's Army. The soldiers fall in love with her, and the Colonel orders that she marry one of them by Roll of the Drum. Her choice falls on Oscar, who, unknown to all, happens to be the Marquis D'Argy. After the marriage Emilie enacts a promise of brotherly protection only from Oscar, and then, to save her brother, who has been taken prisoner, she entices Oscar from his post at the prison, and escapes to Germany with her brother. During the subsequent invasion of Germany, the 24th Regiment is quartered temporarily at the Castle Muhlendorf, where Oscar—who has by extreme valor risen to the rank of Colonel—discovers his long-lost bride, in the person of the Countess de Renville. She, after having lost him, discovers that she really loved the poor soldier; mutual explanations follow, and the curtain falls on a joyful finale.



Miss Margaret Toughill
(A. O. H.
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Scene in "The Roll of the Drum"

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is the A. O. H. Dramatic Association, connected with Division No. 1, of Middletown, Conn. This association has been in existence about two years, and has successfully produced several farces in the local theatre. It has also presented "Chums" and "The Quilt Family," for



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the benefit of the different churches and societies in and about eight of the nearby towns. Their latest success was a minstrel overture, produced in the McDonough Theatre. The chorus consisted of about thirty-five voices, male and female. The production was given before conventions of the A. O. H. and Ladies' Auxiliary to the A. O. H., held in Middletown on August 20 and 21 last. Among the soloists were Miss Margaret Riordan, a pleasing soprano singer, who rendered the selection "Indeed." Among the other soloists were D. J. Kelley, M. F. Kidney, James McCabe, Jos. A. Hazelton and Miss Margaret Toughill. The latter was exceptionally well received. Miss Toughill, assisted by the chorus, sang "My Honey Babe." She was very prettily costumed and carried a parasol tastily trimmed and lighted by many incandescent lights of red, white and blue in color. The production was under the stage direction of Adrian R. Dunne, formerly connected with the Middlesex Theatre; John F. Gilshenan was the musical director and M. F. Kidney business manager. The Middlesex orchestra, under the leadership of Donald Smith, assisted. The association expects to produce a couple of farces during the coming season.

How to Choose a Wife Musically

Young men, listen to this advice, and choose a wife by the music she plays and the way she plays it. If she manifests a predilection for Strauss, she is frivolous; for Beethoven, she is impractical; for Liszt, she is too ambitious; for Verdi, she is sentimental; for Offenbach, she is giddy; for Gounod, she is lackadaisical; for Gottschalk, she is superficial; for Mozart, she is prudish; for Flotow, she is commonplace; for Wagner, she is idiotic. The girl who hammers away at "Maiden's Prayer," "Anvil Chorus," and "Silvery Waves" may be depended on as a good cook and healthful, and if she includes the "Battle of Prague" and the "White Cockade" in her repertoire, you ought to know that she has been religiously and strictly nurtured. But, last of all, pin thou thy faith upon the calico dress of the girl who can play "Home, Sweet Home."—*Tit-Bits.*

Pleased with Patti

Last winter Mme. Patti was staying for a few days in an isolated village at the extreme end of Yorkshire. To kill the monotony of the place the prima donna went one night to a concert given in aid of a certain village institution. Not half of the performers turned up.

Appreciating the difficulty, Mme. Patti—incognito, of course—offered to oblige the audience with a song or two.

Then she sang, in her own glorious way, three of her sweetest ballads.

At the close the chairman approached and, in solemn tones, thanked her.

"Well, miss," he said, "you've done uncommon well. And although 'Arry 'Ock, the juggler, who thinks nowt of takin' 'old of 'ot pokers and a-swallowin' needles, couldn't turn up, yet you've pleased us very considerable, miss."



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THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN, in "The Sword of the King."

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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



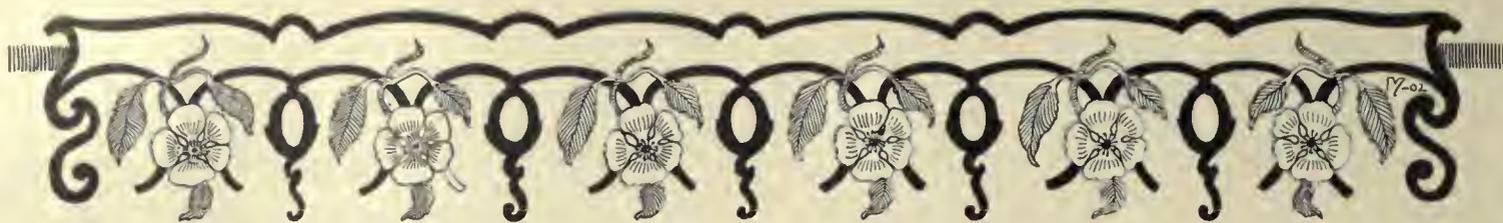
Byron, N. Y.

IRIS
(Miss Virginia Harned)

MALDONADO
(Oscar Asche)

MALDONADO: "Shall we go to a theatre to-night?"

"IRIS" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE



PLAYS and PLAYERS

DECIDEDLY the most novel and interesting theatrical spectacle of the past month was the first performance in America, on October 13, of "Everyman," a typical English Morality play of the fifteenth century. Echoes of the mediæval cloister reverberated throughout Mendelssohn Hall, whilst, in imagination, a hushed audience breathed incense of the church-altar before it was actually wafted upon the air.

For this artistic event—which has met with sincere appreciation in New York—Charles Frohman deserves high credit. While he is not the producer of "Everyman," his enterprise insured its presentation here in all the perfection of its original London success. This could only be done in the way Mr. Frohman has compassed it, namely, by importing the entire English company of players, together with their splen-

did historical costumes and stage accessories, all schooled under the experienced direction of Ben Greet.

"Everyman" is known to students of the English drama as perhaps the best surviving example of those acted allegories which, in a pre-Elizabethan age, were the people's only substitute for the theatre. Evolved originally from the Liturgy of the Roman Church, these mystic sermon-dialogues were written mostly in Latin by monks and priests for ecclesiastical presentation, passing through the successive stages of (1) the Mystery or Scriptural play, (2) the Miracle play, founded on the lives of the Saints, and finally (3) the Morality, which, in its comparative freedom from sacerdotal restraints, grew into the wide popular favor which it enjoyed for two centuries or more (1250-1450). Then came the political (as distinguished from the religious) Moralities, the historical or chronicle plays, the "revels," masques and pageants which ushered in the real drama of Comedy and Tragedy, as made by Cowley, Marlowe, Shakespeare and the other great Elizabethans. The secular Moralities of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were generally performed by the trade Guilds in the principal towns of Britain and Ireland. Many of them were translations from the French and other continental languages—indeed, "Everyman," which in its present form was first printed in London at the beginning of the sixteenth century, is believed by some scholars to have been written first in Dutch by one Peter Dorland, of Diest, a priest who lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century. The book must have been in Shakespeare's library and he probably saw the piece enacted.

In the construction of "Everyman" the Greek unities of time, place and action are scrupulously observed. The representation of the play is continuous, occupying a little less than two hours' time, and there is no change of scene, nor any curtain. The stage itself is that of the classic ancient theatres—with set *pulpitum*, proscenium and orchestra, the characters making their entrances and exits from the front, in full view of the audience. The musical chorus, which in this piece performs only a rudimentary function, is partially concealed in a latticed loft at one side, in which also is seen the Deity surrounded by the angels.

The symbolical characters of "Everyman," listed in the order in which they appear or speak, are: Messenger, Adonai (the Almighty), Deth, Everyman, Felaship, Kyndrede, Cosin, Goodes (Riches), Good-Deeds, Knolege, Confession, Beaute, Strengthe, Dyscretion, Five-Wyttes (Senses), Angell, Doctor. Two cowed monks sit in silence before the proscenium. The clerical Messenger intones a prologue (the whole piece is in rude couplet-rhymed verse) with *Dies iræ* solemnity, whereupon the voice of the Almighty is heard from heaven, calling upon Death to intercept Everyman in the thoughtless frivolity of his living, and summon him to undertake the dread pilgrimage which he may in no wise escape, bringing with him a sure reckoning in his book of life. Death comes on—a grisly, relentless image of terror, wearing a gay cap to emphasize by contrast his



KNOWLEDGE EVERYMAN

SCENE FROM "EVERYMAN," THE MORALITY PLAY

hideous skull and bare bones—and delivers his message to the light-hearted, handsome youth, whom he advises with grim irony to prove his friends by asking them to accompany him on his fatal journey. So Everyman calls in turn upon Fellowship, Kindred, Riches, all of whom turn away with trifling or sarcastic excuses. In his despair, Everyman appeals at last to his Good Deeds, lovely but feeble, and who, sustained by Knowledge, consents to go with him to "that dreadful reckoning" at the eternal judgment seat. Confession, in the figure of a priest, clothes him in a pilgrim's robe, and bestows the scourge of mortification, together with "the precious jewel called penance." Leaning upon the Cross for his staff, Everyman takes pathetic leave of his cherished earth-companions, Beauty, Strength, Discretion, and Five Senses, and descends into the grave, whilst the choir celestial welcomes to heaven the purified and uprisen soul.

This naive allegory is rendered with simple reverence and strangely moving effect by the harmonious company of male and female players clad in quaint costumes of rich old fabrics, whose groupings recall Abbey's pictures of the Holy Grail legend. The players are not named in the bill; but the actress who gives grace and distinction to the all-important rôle of Everyman is Miss Edith Wynne-Matthieson. Possessed of a symmetrical figure, a face combining with strength and beauty an extraordinary mobility of expression, and above all, a clear-ringing voice flexible to infinite modulations of emotion, this English artiste's work is a pleasurable surprise. Her companions are generally acceptable, the men with their earnestly-articulated speech, the women in their pre-Raphaelite aspects of pose and feature.

In the final impression of "Everyman" it must be acknowledged that its sombre morality far outweighs the occasional suggestions of pensive poetic charm. The sting of death, the horror of the grave, are depicted with crude realism, but the spiritual symbolization of the soul's triumph is not so clearly wrought out. This, of course, truly reflects the stern admonitory teaching of the Mother Church in the Middle Ages. Its fundamental lesson is effective now and always, since with Death's inevitable summons awaiting us, "*This memory all men may have in mynde.*" The play is intensely interesting to the student, and, indeed, to every thoughtful person, but it is doubtful whether it furnishes a proper spectacle for a promiscuous audience, the greater part of whom probably fail to grasp its import.

Mr. Pinero is deservedly the dramatist laureate of the English-speaking world, and his purposes are beyond the merely sensational, the ineptly trivial and the consciously vulgar. The immorality of a play is to be judged by the intent. The law itself applies the same rule to a man charged with burglary. Pinero's design with "Iris," the play now at the Criterion Theatre, was the honest one, no doubt, of showing the weaknesses and dangers that lie in modern life ruled so largely by the love of gold. Iris is a weak woman, who is unable to withstand temptation when discomfort comes, when her head is no longer softly pillowed, and when the rustling of silk is not heard when the foot falls. There is something the matter with "Iris." Pinero's art has not struck that chord of deep sympathy which every honest man bends an attentive ear to catch as this woman is dragged down. Three acts are



Baker Art Gallery

PHILIPPA
(Miss Henrietta Crosman)DE RONDINIACQUE
(Henry Bergman)

PHILIPPA: "Sir, I will take these injuries to those that shall exact account of them."

"THE SWORD OF THE KING" AT WALLACK'S



Byron MISS JESSIE BUSLEY JAMESON LEE FINNEY M. A. KENNEDY MISS IDA CONQUEST

ACT II. — *At the restaurant*

SCENE FROM "THE TWO SCHOOLS," AT THE MADISON SQUARE

spent before anything happens to make us say, "This is Pinero." There are dreary wastes of talk, and in the first and third acts we have three episodes with dark curtains and quick changes. This is incredible from Pinero. At the end of the third act we have something new and dramatic. Iris, in need of money, her better days having fled, has his check book urged upon her by Maldonado. He represents a living force in modern society, an enormously wealthy bachelor, a millionaire of the type that furnishes the most evil social portent of these times. She does not accept it, but it is left on her dressing table. A girl comes to her for aid. She feels the obligation to help her, and with money, the only way. She signs a check and gives it to her. Her valise is open, is called for by the servant who is to carry it to the station, for she is to go away. With a moment of hesitation, she casts the check book into the yawning mouth of the travelling bag. Fateful moment. And all is well done, both by Pinero and

by Miss Harned. In the last act she is living with Maldonado in luxurious apartments. She has fallen. She realizes her position, but defers a marriage with the brute, although he is ready to make her his wife. The reason for this refusal is not sufficiently human or sufficiently dramatic in reason to gain our sympathy. Maldonado goes out. The young lover, who has been absent seeking his fortune and hoping to lay it at her feet, enters. Humanly speaking, this is a great

moment; dramatically, it is not—at least it misses fire. She tells her story. He bows his head in silence and departs. Her story comes too late. We have seen nothing of what she describes of her suffering and temptation under hopeless distress. Iris has fallen, and she gets no word of sympathy from her true lover. How can she expect it from an audience? It is pitiful, it is true. She was at fault; so was Frou Frou. But the burden was lifted from the latter's shoulders by a beautiful art which is, for once, lacking with the Master. Pinero has a great theme. He should have spent another year on it. What a tragedy there is in the corrupting power of money, and how we would have execrated it, if the real truth had been set forth in this play! Maldonado returns and overhears her confession to the lover. He hated him and in turn now hates her. He turns her out, and she takes her cloak, and silently, without a reproach, walks out into the darkness, not to the oblivion of the Thames, as we should hope, but, as we know, to the streets. That is always a tragedy; but if he had brought it home to us and made us love Iris as a sister, no throat could repress its sob. The final scene is Maldonado's hysterical rage when he smashes the furniture, and we are asked to see the play for this. In truth, this character is the one successful effort of the dramatist in this play, and it is acted by Oscar Asche with consummate art and naturalness.



WEEDON GROSSMITH

The English comedian now appearing in
"The Night of the Party"

Weedon Grossmith, the English comedian, is a welcome visitor to America, for in him we see an excellence and refinement of art which is good for our stage and exceedingly enjoyable to experience. Messrs. Shubert and Arthur chose wisely in selecting him to open their new Princess Theatre. It is a beautiful little playhouse, and begins its history with a distinct promise as to the character of its entertainments. The "Night of the Party," the handicraft, for his own use, of Mr. Grossmith, concerns the doings of the underlings of an aristocratic English household, with enough of real high life to preserve contrasts. Naturally, much that was clear

cut and pointed in England goes for little or nothing in America. One in a menial position here is accustomed to regard the individual whom he serves as his employer, not his master. His attitude may be that of respect, but certainly not of reverence. At the same time, all these little distinctions between the dignity of servants in an English establishment, and as to their relations with their masters, may be sufficiently understood to enable one to enjoy whatever is intrinsically humorous. This is said in praise, not in depreciation, of the play. A butler gives a party in the absence of his master, who returns and has a compromising talk with a married woman of fashion. The servants, hidden behind curtains, covered up on sofas, crouching under a table, overhear this, and, later on, try to use their information to advantage. The butler finds a chance in the second act to personate his master, and this leads to new complications. There is much genuine humor in the piece, and Mr. Grossmith is so natural and true that he and his play should prosper.

"At the Telephone," the little French play recently used at the Garrick as a curtain raiser in front of "There's Many a Slip," created a sensation at the time of its original production in Paris, and on its first presentation in New York, though handicapped by poor staging and indifferent acting, did not fail to make a vivid impression. A family is living in a lonely country house, which is only in touch with the outside world by telephone. The husband is called away on business and during his absence burglars break in. The wife in her terror calls her husband up on the telephone, and while thus connected with the scene of the tragedy he hears his wife and child being murdered.

This piece was dramatized by André de Lorde from a short story by Charles Foley, the point the author wished to make being, that while the telephone has rendered priceless service

In "The Two Schools," the French play at the Madison Square, the proposition is presented of a capricious young wife unreasonably jealous of an unoffending husband, whose absorption in business deprives her of those studied attentions which a spoiled nature often exacts. Here we have characters that are distinctively American, and should the wife take advantage of accommodating laws of divorce and secure her freedom, soon to discover that she loves the man, and this followed by a reconciliation, with incidents of comedy, we should have American conditions. It is true that the theme would not be an elevated one, but comedy has its compensations. The adapter has not altogether sterilized the French original. Managers could profitably recognize the fact that the people of this country detest the particular form of marital infidelity which makes the staple of French plays. It is idle to say that the theatre is for grown people and not for children. A nation's drama represents a nation's life, and if France is as corrupt as its plays proclaim—which, of course, it is not—we do not want to be subjected to its infection. Marital infidelity with us is tragedy and not farce. At any rate, the French treatment of the theme is such a specific thing that it is no longer tolerable.

The two schools from which the play is named are the attitudes assumed toward their respective husbands by the wife and her mother. If the elder woman's advice is a warning against jealousy, that is American; if it means that the wife must shut her eyes to any lecherous conduct of her husband whatever, that is corrupt and impossible of acceptance by any good woman. That the husband should be captivated by Estelle, a most persuasive creature who is looking after her own interests with seductive meekness, does not require meretricious relations between them at any time in the action.

Miss Jessie Busley, as Estelle, sparkles with true comedy. Here is a woman whose spirit gets across the footlights. She has a personality that mixes unobtrusively with her art, which never misses a point. She is a live human being; there is mind, feeling, humor, a comprehensive humanness, back of all she does. Frankly, she is the feature of the play, bill the others as they may. Miss Ida Conquest, who is always attractive, played the wife.



Byron

THE DUKE
(Harry Davenport)ANGELA
(Miss Ethel Barrymore)

ACT I.—ANGELA: "The married men are all so good to me!"
"A COUNTRY MOUSE" AT THE SAVOY

to modern civilization, the invention could, under certain circumstances, be a source of frightful suffering. The play is grewsome in the extreme, and acts painfully on the nerves, but it is absorbingly interesting and intensely dramatic. It is idle to argue, as some local critics have done, that the piece is without ethical value or moral purpose. It is not the whole mission of the stage to preach. If certain pictures of human existence can be painted so vividly that the spectator is led momentarily to believe that he is watching an actual occurrence—as is the case with this play—then that is high art and belongs legitimately to the theatre. Edwin Stevens is far from possessing the ability of Antoine, the gifted French actor who originated the rôle of the husband in Paris, and his performance was only partly satisfactory. It is, indeed, unreasonable to expect a comedian, however clever he may be in his own line of work, to do full justice to a part not unworthy of a great tragic actor.

"Carrots," the one-act play by Jules Renard, which precedes "A Country Mouse" at the Savoy, is another dramatic titbit from the Théâtre Antoine for which we should render thanks to the Syndicate. Here, at least, the much-abused Theatrical Trust has shown itself to possess a soul above mere Commercialism, for there is certainly no money in "Carrots," judging from usual standards. The average theatregoer would doubtless be much puzzled to explain what this artistic little life study is all about. True, the title part fits Miss Ethel Barrymore like the proverbial glove, and her success in it has already enhanced the market value of that popular young star, but for once let us be charitable and concede that Charles Frohman brought "Carrots" to America because he found it exquisite.

"Carrots" is a good object lesson for parents who are un-

duly harsh with their offspring. "Carrots" is the nickname of a boy of fifteen, whose life is rendered unbearable by a shrewish mother. Twice he has tried to commit suicide, but something has occurred each time to prevent. In desperation he opens his heart to his father, whom he finds, to his surprise, is equally unhappy. Finally the boy discovers that his mother's tyranny is the result of mental suffering, and, realizing that their sorrows are identical, Carrots' boyish hatred is turned to filial devotion. Attired in the coarse blouse and jeans of the timid country lad, Miss Barrymore's youth and beauty have never seemed more bewitching. The part is a subtle one, quite beyond the powers of the average novice, and an actress of less engaging personality might have found difficulty in holding the interest of her audience, but Miss Barrymore fulfills every condition, and gives a performance that is artistic to the smallest detail and wholly delightful. The sincerity and naturalness of her work in the pathetic passages of the piece moved many of her auditors to tears.

In the longer play which followed—an English satirical farce by Arthur Law, entitled "A Country Mouse"—Miss Barrymore is seen in an entirely different rôle—that of a simple country girl introduced into the smart set of London society. The play itself is thin in texture and not particularly savory in regard to its morals. Angela Muir (Miss Barrymore) is really not so simple as people think. She is shrewd enough to see that her rustic simplicity and innocence act as a powerful tonic on the jaded roués she meets, and as they all fall at her feet, the country mouse, in the last act, triumphs over her rivals by marrying a duke. In the scenes where the sophisticated Angela parries the bold advances of her various admirers, Miss Barrymore is delicious. The play is well written in the Oscar Wilde manner, but the moral atmosphere of it all is as tainted and unhealthy as that of "Carrots" is



Byron

THE FANCY DRESS BALL IN "A COUNTRY GIRL" AT DALY'S



Byron MISTRESS STANDISH (Miss Cornelia Bedford) MILES STANDISH (Augustus Cook)

ACT I.—GARRETT FOSTER: "Stolen fruit is monstrous sweet!"

ROSE DE LA NOYE (Miss Minnie Dupree)

GARRETT FOSTER (Guy Bates Post)

"A ROSE O' PLYMOUTH TOWN" AT THE MANHATTAN

pure and bracing. The piece is competently acted by the supporting players. Miss Adelaide Prince plays, with her usual artistic finish, the part of an aristocratic and unfaithful wife who has married for money, and Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt, who does excellent work as the mother in "Carrots," makes a second hit as a cockney charwoman. Harry Davenport's decrepit duke is a clever piece of work, and Bruce McRae, who also distinguished himself as the father in the curtain-raiser, shows himself to be an actor of considerable versatility as one of the ardent suitors.

Miss Henrietta Crosman, once more in doublet and hose, and making sport of kings or transacting business with them of a more or less romantic nature, appears again in a play two hundred years or more removed from all the disquietudes of the sordid present. "The Sword of the King," at Wallack's, is the composition of Ronald McDonald, who is apparently as new in his art as his name is to the public. The piece is a comedy in a prologue and three acts, the action taking place in England in the troublous times of William of Orange and James II. Miss Crosman's rôle, Philippa Drayton, is that of a young woman who strongly sympathizes with the cause of the Prince of Orange, her lover, being allied on the same side. The material is good, but the author, like most beginners, mistakes life, history and story, character and business, sentiment and words, and the incidental things of a play for drama itself. In consequence, we have the anomaly of an audience remembering a performance with more pleasure than they experienced during its progress. It is clear only after it is finished. Indeed, you would forget all about it if it were not for the witchery of Miss Crosman. You do

not concern yourself about Philippa, the heroine, but pictures of an animated, arch and captivating figure remain with you. Of course, if it were a real play the impression would be stronger. The stage cannot reach its full prosperity when playwrights are lacking in their art. The author has provided no reciprocal action between the lovers. In any event, it begins too late. A few situations are reached, but they are too fitful. The best actor in the world could make nothing out of the character of Philippa's lover, which is played by Aubrey Boucicault. In the meanwhile, Miss Crosman will prevail over the shortcomings of the piece, and will do well with it. She possesses the esteem and admiration of the public in a more than common degree.

"A Rose o' Plymouth Town," at the Manhattan, was one of those tantalizing plays that are successful in almost everything except final success. The winsome personality of Miss Minnie Dupree found expression in the ingénue-heroine rôle of Rose de la Noye, the Huguenot maiden blooming in the grim rock-garden of Plymouth's Puritan colony, under the zealous guardianship of the redoubtable Miles Standish. With the elements of love, laughter and conspiracy, in such a quaint historic locale, with the suggestions of encompassing peril from the Indians outside the stockade and famine's haunting spectre within—surely there was a rare opportunity for the authors of this New England comedy, Miss Beulah Marie Dix and Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. More than once, classic laurels seemed within their grasp. But, alas! these ladies were trifling with the muses, and contented themselves with merely working out a little toy plot, when they might have manœuvred real living

characters in a culminating passion. The scene of the little story is the house of Miles Standish (Augustus Cook), Captain of Plymouth. The comedy patches in the quilt consist of serving soup, popping corn, and popping the question—none of them irresistibly hilarious. As for the acting, Miss Dupree did various inconsistent things charmingly; Mr. Post was a handsome but perplexing hero-villain; and Augustus Cook, as the deadly-commonplace Miles Standish, made up like one of the Rogers Brothers, though he wasn't anything near as funny.

"The Ninety and Nine," the new melodrama by Ramsay Morris, recently produced at the Academy of Music, points an excellent moral, and those theatregoers who do not mind how thick the colors are laid on will find much to interest them in the piece. Its moral tone and purpose is certainly infinitely higher than most of the modern society plays we see in Broadway playhouses. The melodrama is founded on Sankey's well-known hymn, "*One was out on the hills away*," and the lesson it inculcates is the power of woman's love to reform the sheep that has strayed, and bring him back to the fold. The story is the trite one of a man allowing suspicion to be diverted to himself to shield the brother of the woman he once loved. A wealthy rival wins her and, apparently abandoned by all, accused of murder and theft, the hero takes to drink, being rescued by the heroine, a young country girl who has fallen in love with him just in time to save from a horrible death the inhabitants of a whole town surrounded by a forest fire, by running an engine with a relief train to the rescue.

This scene, which is the "sensation" of the production, is one of the most realistic effects of machinery ever seen on any stage. Twenty years ago it would have been impossible without real fire, endangering the safety of the house. Tissue paper streamers, blown by concealed electric fans, on which brilliant red and yellow lights play, represent the flames, while the motion of the on-rushing locomotive is simulated by revolving the forest background in an inverse direction.

In the end virtue is rewarded by the betrothal of the hero and heroine in presence of a sentimental mother and an obdurate father, whose opposition has been turned to approval. Vice is exposed, and the villain receives the merited opprobrium of the populace. On the whole, it is an ingenious play.

The piece has the advantage of an excellent cast, including Edwin Arden, who plays the part of the hero in different stages of inebriety and sobriety with a faithfulness to real life that must have come home to many of the audience. Nothing was overdone, and there was apparently no acting for effect, which is the best kind of acting. Miss Katherine Grey, as Ruth Blake, the modest little country heroine whose strength of character shines out in the crisis of the play, does some of the best work of her career. A hit was made by Harry Le Van, as Burton's Red, a transplanted New York "Kid," whose realistic portrayal provoked great applause.

In the beautiful valley of Bhong, of which the Rajah (Halryn Mostyn) in "*A Country Girl*" tells us in his typical topical song, there are, doubtless, musical comedies having real practicable story-plots. Alas! such things are unknown here, since the Gilbert and Sullivan vein was worked out. It is true, the buoyant piece at Daly's enjoys a continuous and well-deserved popularity—and no wonder, since it is full of delightful songs and choruses, interspersed with innocent though irrelevant jocularities. To try to tell what it is all about would be like giving a colored diagram of the accidental combinations glimpsed in a kaleidoscope. Suffice it to say that "*A Country Girl*" is a London Gaiety "Girl" production, such as George Edwardes has annually supplied to order for many years past. Half a dozen clever librettists and musicians contribute each their quota, and the final round-up is divided into halves, labelled respectively Act I. and Act II. The result is comparable to a house put up in sections by different builders, with the enveloping architecture thrown on afterwards. The pretty trifle here under consideration is not in any way related to the old Wycherly-Garrick comedy of the same title, which the late Augustin Daly used to present in this same theatre, with blithe Ada Rehan in the name part. The "country girl" in the current modern instance is Marjorie Joy (Miss Grace Freeman), whose true love, Geoffrey Challoner (Melville Stewart) went off to sea while they were both but children. Geoffrey returns home an officer in the navy, and a subsequent candidate for Parliament. Marjorie, meanwhile, has come into wealth and high degree, but she assumes the guise of a simple rustic maiden, in order that her



MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHIESON
The young English actress whose acting of the title rôle in "*Everyman*," at Mendelssohn Hall, made a most favorable impression



Burr McIntosh

J. E. DODSON and MISS ANNIE IRISH
In their new play, "*An American Invasion*"



Byron

THE SENSATIONAL EFFECT IN "THE NINETY AND NINE," THE NEW MELODRAMA AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

A hamlet is encircled by a raging prairie fire and three thousand people are threatened. At the station, thirty miles away, scores of excited people wait as the telegraph ticks the story of peril. A special is ready to go to the rescue. The engineer is absent and the craven young millionaire refuses to take the risk to make the dash. The hero springs forward to take his place. Darkness, a moment of suspense, and then the curtain rises again upon an exciting scene. The big stage is literally covered with fire. Flames lick the trunks of the trees. Telegraph poles blaze and the wires snap in the fierce heat. Sharp tongues of fire creep through the grass and sweep on, blazing fiercely. In the midst of it all is the massive locomotive, full sized and such as draw the modern express trains, almost hidden from view in the steam or smoke. Its big drive wheels spin on the track, and it rocks and sways as if driven at topmost speed. In the cab is the engineer, smoke-grimed and scarred, while the fireman dashes pails of water on him to protect him from the flying embers.

sweetheart may find her as he left her, years ago. Rumor has it that Geoffrey is engaged to Mehelaneh (Miss Genevieve Finlay), an Indian Princess with a café au lait complexion, who came from Bhong on "one of those long voyages" in the same ship with the gallant Geoffrey. Of course, this jars Marjorie, but things come out all right in the second act, which is a sumptuous fancy dress ball at the Ministry of Fine Arts, in London. Mixed up with all these doings are Geoffrey's man Barry (William Norris) and Madame Sophie (Miss Minnie Ashley), the latter a modish young person of vague social origin, but who eventually breaks into the Smart Set of Town. Barry and Sophie may be of little or no account in the theoretical story of "A Country Girl," but they are quite nine-tenths of the actual entertainment. Miss Ashley really deserves a copyright on the word "dainty." Mr. Norris reveals a comic vivacity as surprising as it is admirable, when we remember him as having been hitherto associated with serious

dramatic rôles. These two artistes, separately and together, have most of the hits, the best being their quarrel duet and dance, a really piquant novelty. Miss Deyo, the danseuse, interpolates two characteristic performances, one of which Barry aptly designates as a "ma-jerk-a." The first act scene is a lovely Devonshire lane, the second a magnificent interior, and in both the costume displays are lavish as well as artistically fine.



JEROME SYKES

Reported to have scored a success in his new piece, "The Billionaire"

The season at Mr. Conried's German Theatre promises to be of more than usual importance. It must be borne in mind, however, that, like the Comédie Humaine of Balzac, the drama under serious German management is to be judged by the whole, and not by the success or failure of any single production. Indeed, so radically different are the theatrical standards of Germans and Americans, to the latter of whom novelty may be said to be the chief consideration, that comparisons are valueless. The importance, therefore, of what



Sarony

JOHN BLAIR

Lately leading man with Mrs. Patrick Campbell

theater in Leipsic, and of Herr Julius Haller, from Brünn, have been secured artistes deserving of the most serious consideration. Excellent, also, has been the work of the new-comers, Frau Januschowsky, John Feistel and Richard Schlaghamer. As much can hardly be said of Fräulein Camilla Dalberg, as her acting, though earnest and painstaking, is lacking in the finer qualities of charm and grace.

Most important of the four comedies thus far produced is "Youth of To-day," by Otto Ernst. Nor is this statement seriously militated against by the consideration that the subject of the play is foreign to American experience—that, namely, of the influence of Nietzsche on Young Germany. Nietzsche's influence upon his countrymen has been two-fold: on the one hand, liberative and inciting to original thought; on the other, subversive of respect for all law and standards of right and wrong. The so-called comedy under consideration is illustrative of this second malign phase of the effect of his teachings on immature minds, and serves as an excellent treatise for those who would gauge one of the potent intellectual influences operative in Germany at the present time.

New Yorkers have already enjoyed an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Björnson's high-strung, semi-religious drama, "Beyond Human Power," so that it is unnecessary to characterize this play further than to say that at the German Theatre it was rendered with an ardor and intensity precluded by Anglo-Saxon temperament. Likewise, the chief value of Schönthan and Koppel-Ellfeld's pleasing comedy, "Comtesse Guckerl," as presented in New York, lay in the opportunity for the revelation of Fräulein Rocco's charming personality. As the sparkling, mischievous Viennese widow in this play she is irresistible; indeed, nothing so charming of this nature has been seen here since Miss Ellen Terry's former rendering of "The Belle's Stratagem."

Mr. Conried has to offer us must be judged not exclusively, or even primarily, by the standard of novelty, but by that of general excellence, and of its value in the scheme of culture. In this light is seen the true significance of the initiated cycle of representative plays from the great dramatists of the ages, as Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Calderon, Molière, etc. Of these the only play given in time for this notice was "Don Carlos," by Schiller, which was produced for the first time on October 13. But despite the arduousness of rehearsing and staging the classics selected for presentation, the moderns have been by no means neglected, as shown by the production of Björnson's "Beyond Human Power," and of the comedies, "Comtesse Guckerl," "Der Stoereufried," "Der Liebescontract," "Jugend von Heute," "Die Orientreise" and "Alt Heidelberg."

In view of the necessarily limited number of actors at the disposal of the manager of a single theatre, it must be conceded that Mr. Conried's achievement is remarkable. More remarkable, however, is the fact that he has been able to collect under one roof in New York a company of actors which bears comparison with many of the best theatrical troupes in Germany, for there can be no doubt that, in point of general excellence,

high-water mark has been reached this year at the Irving Place Theatre. In the persons of Fräulein Bertha Rocco, from the Stadt-



Marceau

MISS EDNA WALLACE-HOPPER

In the new piece, "The Silver Slipper"



Photo Marceau

MISS BLANCHE WALSH IN HER NEW PLAY, "THE DAUGHTER OF HAMILCAR"



Photo taken specially by Burr McIntosh

A rehearsal of "Mary of Magdala" at the Manhattan Theatre. Mrs. Fiske is seen directing at the extreme left. The others, from left to right, are Mr. Jordan, Harry Woodruff, Tyrone Power, Miss Rose Eytinge, Miss Hamilton, Frank McCormick, James Young and Max Figman

The Evolution of a Play

THE most dangerous period of incubation in the prenatal life of a play (assuming that a play only lives upon acceptance by the public) is undoubtedly that period of gestation during which its excellencies and chances of making money are percolating through the managerial intellect. The making and writing of a play are mere card building compared to this most important process, it being generally admitted that to convince the manager is really the playwright's master stroke. Once the dramatist has learned this part of his trade, composition is just pastime.

Let us assume that the playwright is one of the elect, possessed of the divine inflatus, and that the mere fact that he has a play or a scenario up his sleeve, or in his trunk, shall produce such competition in the managerial world that he may pick and choose his market, what then is the evolution which the play itself undergoes before the curtain is raised on its first performance, and the work of art (sic) becomes public property? If a scenario is presented, the proposition out of which the play is to grow—the backbone or basic element, the human motive which shall inspire and set in motion the supreme action of the piece—will be discussed. If it is a "star part," its fitness for its intended exponent is an all-important problem. In the case of Charles Frohman's stars, these ladies and gentlemen have little or nothing to say, and everything depends upon the yea or nay of the manager, but to those who manage themselves—the actor-manager—the proposition of combining commercial value and artistic proportion in equal relationship becomes more complicated.

Once these mooted points are settled, the dramatist takes his amended or original scenario, as the case may be, and sets to work

to turn it into an acting play. Now, it is one of the unfathomable mysteries of stage writing that a good scenario frequently makes a bad play. Why is this? one may well ask. The great problem is to turn theory into practice. A scenario is merely the theory of the play. All depends upon the treatment. For instance, the dramatist will frequently find that his most carefully planned scenario will not work out in a logical manner. He finds, too, his characters building up in new and unthought stature, giving new direction and impetus to his work, and even the most skilled craftsman of years of experience, with numerous successful plays behind him, may be led astray and fall into egregious error by these unlooked for developments from his scenario. One of the almost hopeless things to attempt, in connection with play-making and writing, is to set aright what is wrong from the outset. A "kink" in a play is like the "kink" in a negro's hair—it will not come out.

The dramatist's first work in developing his scenario into play form is to make, to evolve, the action of the piece, act by act, beginning with the last act first. This is the French manner and undoubtedly the best. After the action is solidly fashioned, he then concerns himself with his dialogue, always

writing backwards, until all four acts are thus developed. Then he rewrites and revises the entire play, beginning with act one. After this he lays the play away until he has almost forgotten what he has written; things look so different to the writer aided by the perspective of time. It helps vastly in the final revision. He leaves in the play a little too much dialogue, but avoids long speeches. It is just as well to leave something to be cut out at rehearsals. Cuts can be made at that time, but a play cannot be



Photo Bennett

A DRAMATIST'S WORKSHOP
Where David Belasco writes his plays

rewritten at the prompt table when it is, structurally or ethically weak. If the dramatist has good luck, by this time the play is finished, ready for manager, actor and stage director.

Subject in a play is everything. Blank verse tragedies should be avoided as one would the smallpox. The dramatist may well say, "I must write what I feel." But the shrewd playwright finds out (if such a thing is humanly possible) what the manager and the star think, and attunes his brain to think with them. This leads to the production of plays, perhaps not great ones, but, after all, to be acted is the *ultima thule* of every man's endeavors at the making and writing of plays. First of all, subjects which appeal to all classes of people are those which make the most popular plays, and hence those which reach the hearts and then the heads of the greatest number of people. In the theatre all people are only boys and girls grown tall. Their emotions are of the elementary sort, one can play upon them as upon a clavichord, and if the instrument, the play you have built, is in tune with the heart-strings of the people, from orchestra to gallery, the harmony of the composition is assured. There is no auditor in a theatre, from the bejeweled belle in the boxes to the collarless and often shoeless urchin in the gallery, who is not reached through the heart. Therefore, the subject must be human, possessing those qualities which seem "to hold the mirror up to nature."

Technically perhaps, the playwright writes for his public; it is he who is supposed to fathom that indefinable something known as "public taste." But this is one of those popular ideals which by coddling comes to shine as the truth, but is in fact only an idyl. There is a middleman before reaching the public—the producer of the play. What this person thinks is too apt to be held as "public taste." Nevertheless, remember that theatres exist because of the public—no public, no theatre. No one can imagine the drama being produced in order to play to empty benches, although, alas! it is done every day. As far back as one may go, commencing with Thespis, with a crowd about his chariot, men in all ages have written plays in order to draw crowds to the theatre.

Writing for the American public, the dramatist must remember that his mission is to please eighty millions of people. On Broadway, for instance, plays must be clothed in silks and satins, although occasionally the rural drama, such as "Shore Acres" and "Lovers' Lane," pleases the playgoing public. In what are known as the "popular price" theatres, melodrama and oceans of gore, virtue triumphant and vice defeated, are necessary concomitants for the public appetite. In

London (from whence all England takes its cue) the playwright has an easier task, as all classes gather under one roof, and the writer has the opportunity of catering to a solidly-fashioned "public taste." With us our public is so fickle that it is a different matter to gauge its wants. There are as many "styles" of plays on Broadway to-day as there are hats in the milliner's window. Of two things the manager is always careful, and they are, that the dramatist has provided a suitable "comedy element" and a strong "heart interest," without which a play really has no chance of success with the American public, irrespective of locality.

Now we come to the practical and more or less prosaic features of the actual staging of the play. Sometimes the author undertakes to stage his own play. There are two opinions on this subject. In the first place, a playwright is not necessarily a good stage director. The proposition of critic and adviser with an experienced stage manager is perhaps



Burr McIntosh
Hermann, the theatrical costumer, fitting Hubert Wilkes for the costume he will wear in "The Little Duchess"



Burr McIntosh

WHERE STAGE COSTUMES ARE MADE

Showing the workshop at Hermann's when the costumes worn in "Mary of Magdala" were being prepared for the production



Tonnelé

WHERE SCENERY IS PAINTED

The studio of Homer Emens in the Metropolitan Opera House

the best. A seat in the body of the house while rehearsals are in progress enables the author to gain some idea of the "value" the auditor is likely to place upon the situations and business of the play, whereas if he is constantly on the stage he loses this opportunity.

Before rehearsals are called, the author and the stage director spend hours together in consultation as to the business of the play, entrances and exits, cuts, the cast, scenery, costumes (if necessary), and properties—furniture, ornaments and decorations—for the play. During this time, if the cast is not actually engaged, at least the names of available people are considered.

In the selection of a cast the actor is chosen, first because the part is in his line of work, leading man or woman, juvenile, comedy, heavy (villains), soubrettes, ingénue, character, and old man or woman, etc. They must conform to the estimate placed upon the effect that

physical characteristics may have upon the interpretation of a part. In the old days not so much attention was paid to this question. Actors were called upon to make up by their art the limitations placed upon them by nature. The author has the privilege of objecting to any member of the cast. Finally the people are engaged and rehearsals are called.

To the auditor who sits in front it all looks so easy, I mean the acting of the play. To his mind, John Drew, Sothorn, Mansfield, Mrs. Carter, Maud Adams, Miss Fischer, Miss Harned, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Fiske, and their support in their plays, just come on and speak lines, stand in various positions, and go in and out of doors, smoke, read books, lounge on sofas just when and how they please. Not at all like it. Rehearsals are held to determine what the actor should or should not do and say. He is supposed to memorize his lines outside the theatre. There is not a look, or a gesture, or movement, a sitting down or rising up, an entrance or an exit, that is not made upon the utterance of a single word, which is agreed upon at rehearsals. To put on a play is a herculean task, beyond adequate description in mere words.

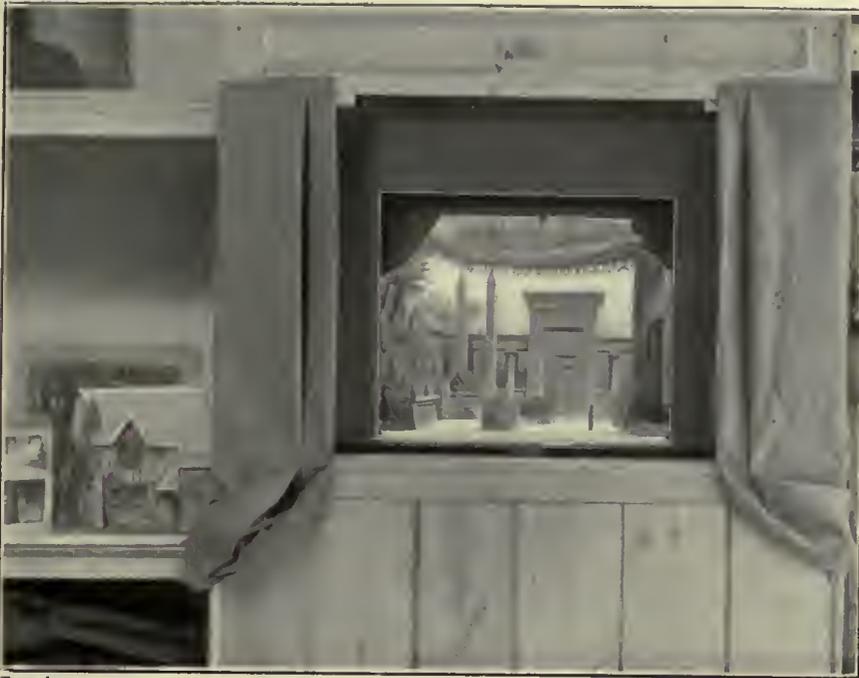
If the play is accepted in the spring for fall production, a contract is usually let for the scenery to be built during the summer. In the case of an important production the scene painter, who is also the designer of all the scenery, in conjunction with the author, manager and stage director and frequently the star, reads the play carefully so as to absorb the atmosphere of the play. He then prepares a series of models, one for each act or scene. When ready for inspection a mimic scene rehearsal is held at his studio, in which each scene model is displayed in a miniature theatre, with its toy aerostat and electric lighting in all the usual colors, white, red, blue, etc., so that by standing off a short distance an admirable idea is obtained of the probable effect of the lighted scenery, as designed by the stage manager, from the auditorium of a theatre. This is the time when changes are to be made in the scope, plan, or even the color scheme for the scenery. Properties, furniture, ornaments, etc., are usually left to the discretion of the stage manager



Tonnelé

THE PROPERTY SHOP

Here are stored and manufactured all the "props" used in a play



Tonnelé

"The scene painter prepares a series of scene models displayed in a miniature theatre"

and property artist. If there are costumes, this is such an important item, both as to expense and fitness, that considerable time is devoted to their consideration before the costumer receives the order. In all cases colored plates are submitted, with estimates of cost and materials, and the manager's pocket and his faith in the play, also his credit with the costumer, have a great deal to do with the amount expended upon the wardrobe. It is quite easy to spend \$10,000 or \$15,000 on costuming a play or an opera. The incidental music for the play is also an important item, the composer selected first carefully reading the play and then composing his score for the various "music cues" as indicated by the stage manager.

Sometimes the actors are called to the manager's office, the MSS. of their parts handed to them, and the author or stage manager reads the play. This plan was followed by the late Augustin Daly. Generally speaking, it is seldom done. The actor is given his part, and comes to his first rehearsal ignorant of the play itself, and with a necessarily hazy idea of his own part. It is alleged by some that it is an advantage for the actor to be in this mental condition, as preconceived notions of how the actor thinks his part should be acted (which he might imbibe by hearing the play read) may be destructive of harmony at rehearsals.

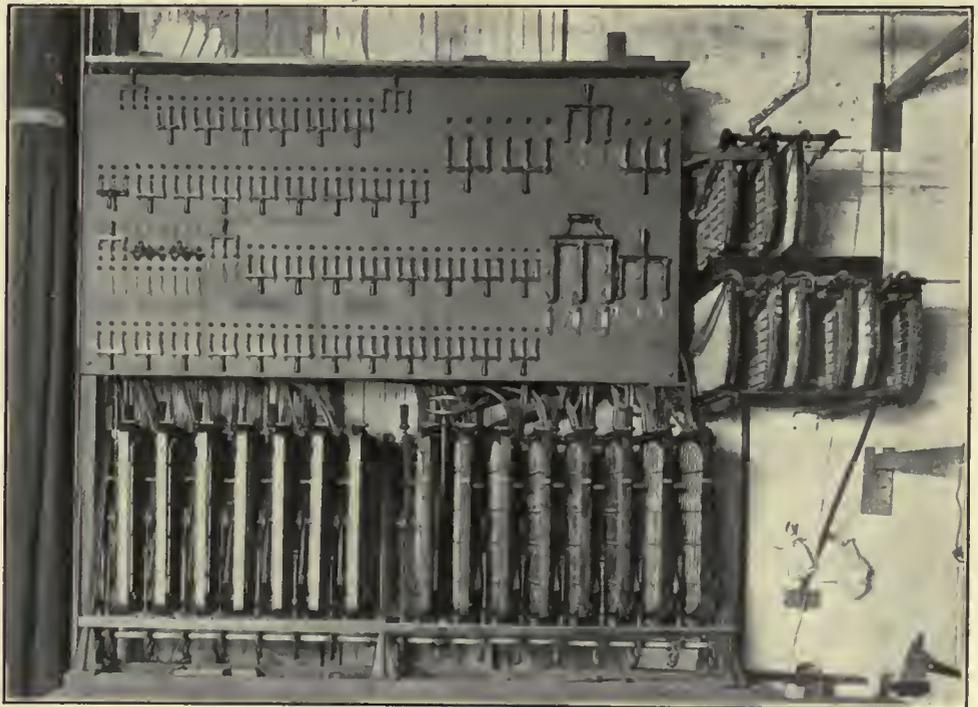
No feature of the evolutions of a play is more indeterminate of its ultimate fate than the rehearsals of it. As to its success with the public, they determine nothing. At the most they anchor the lines, the business of the piece, but not fully the interpretation of character.

It is, moreover, a period of tremendous strain upon the nerves, the moral and

physical courage of all concerned—the actor who is discouraged about what he considers a bad part, the other actor unduly elated about his, and who vaingloriously imagines that the play must succeed because his or her shoulders are broad enough to carry it into public favor. Then there is the actor who persists in telling the stage manager that it will be "all right at night." The rows, the heart burnings, jealousies and disaffections, with frequently a scarcity of money on the part of the manager to secure scenery, costumes and printing, make the rehearsal period one of Sheol. During this time, and frequently after production, the author has opportunity for reflection. His emotions are conflicting. His hopes rise and fall, like the tide—to-day they are at ebb, to-morrow at flood. Moments of dejection, elation,—and deep, black remorse.

So far as the technique of rehearsals is concerned, there is little variation as between different authors or stage managers. The acts of a play are taken up *seriatim* and gone over at least twice before the next act is considered. It is

during the first period that a determined effort is made to agree upon all cuts and changes, so that the actor may become "letter perfect" in his part. Once this is accomplished, then the company endeavors to build up scenes and characters, to shape the play into a generic whole. In plays where there are a great many "hand properties" used, these are always provided at rehearsals, so that the actor may accustom himself to the use of them, and, to use the vernacular, become "easy in the part." At Conried's German Theatre plays are rehearsed with all the scenery as well as



Byron

ELECTRIC LIGHT SWITCHBOARD AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE

The first theatres were lighted by tallow dips. Then came oil lamps, to be succeeded by gas, which in turn has given way to electricity. It used to be the "gas man," now it is "the electrician" who controls the lighting of stage and auditorium. There is a manuscript for the light effects, just as there is for the lines according to his "plot," which he has spread out before him on his "switchboard." The Manhattan Theatre is now one of the most completely equipped playhouses in this respect in America. On the stage there are 46 "pockets" controlled by three switches, with three "dimmers," one each for white, red and blue, so that by a mere turning of a switch the lights may be turned up or down—that is, dimmed, made softer. In the "foots" there are 96 lights, 48 white, 24 red and 24 blue, all of 32 candle power. In the proscenium there are 40 white, 36 red and 36 blue. Over the stage hang 6 horder lights, with 96 lights in each horder, 48 white, 24 red and 24 blue, all 32 candle power. There are also 4 arc light calciums in the "flies." The introduction of electricity in the lighting of theatres has enormously increased their safety both to the performer and the auditor, the fearful catastrophes due to candle, lamp and jet being almost without number in all countries.



COSTUMES WORN IN DUSE'S PRODUCTION OF "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

Showing soldiers in the uniform of the 12th century, during the Byzantine period in Italy, repelling an attack from the top of a tower. The greatest pains were taken to reproduce accurately the weapons and costumes of the time, D'Annunzio, the author of the play, having spent many months in making the necessary researches

properties. When the dress rehearsal is over, the author tells the cast that it is his fault if the play does not succeed, and that they are now in the hands of Providence. All go home to rest and pray. What it costs to stage a play depends entirely upon its character. For a New York production, the average play costs from \$5,000 to \$10,000. All other figures exist only in the fertile imagination of the press agent. And if a play fails, it costs just as much to take it off—to close the company—as to produce it, because two weeks' notice must be given the actors, and other incidentals must be paid. If it costs \$5,000 to raise the curtain on the first performance,

it will have cost \$10,000 by the time the curtain falls on the last performance.

As to the author's contract with the manager, he never sells a play outright, but leases only the acting rights. The average royalty paid upon a play in this country is 5 per cent. of the gross receipts for each and every performance. If more than this, it is only when the standing of the dramatist enables him to demand it.

It is sometimes contended that a good play will always see the light of day, and while this may be true the playwright who is not in the managerial eye has an admirable chance of starving to death in the meantime. Excellent examples of waiting for an opening may be cited in Richard Ganthony's "Messenger from Mars," which the author hawked about for nine years; in "Mistress Nell," made famous by Miss Crossman, and which Mr. Hazelton had in his trunk for six years before its production; "Arizona," which was rejected by everybody until it reached Kirke La Shelle, and which Mr. Thomas had on hand for three years be-

fore it reached the public; and so on. Perhaps some day managers and actor-managers may buy plays and not authors, then everybody will have a chance. Perhaps, too, they may remember that the failures are written by the acted dramatist, and that the unacted playwright is the man of the future. If this were not true, the race of playwrights would have begun and ended with Æschylus. They are always forgetting, too, that the public does not care who writes the plays, who acts them, nor who produces them, nor in what theatres they are on view. "The play's the thing."

HARRY P. MAWSON.

Jacob Adler—The Bowery Garrick

IT CAN now be announced authoritatively that Jacob Adler, the great Hebrew actor, who for twelve years has been the idol of the Jewish masses of New York, will shortly emerge from the Bowery—the scene of all his triumphs—and take his place on the American stage as an English-speaking tragedian of the first rank.

Jacob Adler, in truth, deserves to count among the greatest actors of our day. He is to the Jewish masses of this metropolis what Irving is to London, Coquelin to Paris, Sonnenthal to Vienna, or, to bring the comparison nearer home, what Edwin Forrest was to New York a generation or two ago. He epitomizes the dramatic genius of a people. A Russian Hebrew by birth, Adler's inherent force has risen superior to the almost hopeless obstacles of race and environment that shut him in. Even in despotic Russia his efforts won recognition, and Anti-Semitism yielded a truce to Art. The "Yiddish" tongue, in which Adler invariably plays, is a mixed jargon bearing about the same relation to classic Hebrew that the "pigeon English" of the Orient does to our own lan-

guage. It is the common medium of communication amongst people of one kin, but of widely scattered nationalities. The Yiddish of the Bowery is highly Germanized, with an occasional English phrase thrown in for comedy seasoning. Into this hybrid speech, Adler and his literary collaborators translate classic standard dramas—Shakespeare from the English, Victor Hugo, Sardou and others from the French, Schiller and Kotzebue from the German—besides adapting numerous original contemporary plays, especially such as appeal to Hebraic sympathies. In the twenty-five years of his stage career—he is only forty-seven, and in his artistic prime to-day—Adler has played no less than 460 characters, ranging from Lear, Shylock, and Uriel Acosta to low comedy and melodramatic rôles, such as the Savage and Solomon Kaus in his current programmes at the People's Theatre.

The last-named play, adapted from a French source, is a romantic-historical tragedy of the time of Richelieu, which would easily bear comparison with the best works of its kind known to the English-speaking theatre. The "Lear" of

Adler is not Shakespeare's "King Lear" at all, but a modernized Russian-Hebrew comedy of manners, into which the old patriarch and his three daughters are transported in all their emotional picturesqueness, and with surpassing dramatic effect. It is a poignant drama of domestic life, vividly true in its portrayal of contemporaneous middle-class Jewish characters and customs under the Russian monarchy, but world-appealing in its broad passion, tenderness, irony, and intensely human flashes of fun. No finer acting has ever been seen in New York than Adler's gradual transition from the high estate of Hebrew father, distributing his bounty in the opening scenes, to the quavering blind beggar of later developments.

Shylock, as impersonated by this Hebrew artiste, is a revelation, in the best sense of that oft-abused word. Whether or not it be "the Jew that Shakespeare drew," is open to discussion; but undeniably it is a striking and original conception, wrought out not only of careful study, but above all from a racial sympathy, an instinctive appreciation of the deeper motives of this profound and complex character.

"Shylock," said Mr. Adler, in a recent conversation with THE THEATRE representative, "is one of the few among my rôles that I have seen played by other actors. I saw Irving play it, in London, many years ago. Irving is the greatest actor I have seen, and Sonnenthal I place next. But, strongly as I was impressed with the Englishman's Shylock, I felt all the more conviction in my own conception of the Jew of Venice, whom I would portray as a type, not as a caricature. Suppose that—always keeping scrupulously to the letter of Shakespeare—we reverse the traditional relative presentments of Shylock and Antonio, the Merchant. Shylock, who is rich enough to lend three thousand ducats to his Christian enemy in mere gratification of scornful pride, foregoing interest on the remote chance of the 'pound of flesh' forfeiture, and later sacrificing the principal itself, and the proffer of double its amount, just for the moral satisfaction of his revenge—such a Shylock, I say, should be shown well-dressed and proud of mien, instead of the poor and cringing figure which custom has made familiar. Antonio, on the other hand, is in reality far from being the chivalrous gentleman that he is made to appear in the ordinary acting of the play.

"He has wantonly insulted and spit upon the Jew, yet comes with hypocritical politeness to borrow money from him, and readily consents, in lieu of paying interest, to bind himself to a preposterous forfeit, which obviously he never expects to be called upon to pay. These two men, the Christian and the Jew, are finally confronted in an alleged court of justice, packed with Antonio's friends, where the judge is openly committed to condemning Shylock, by hook or by crook; where the prosecuting attorney, so to speak, is a masquerading girl, the affianced wife of Antonio's bosom comrade; and where Shylock stands alone against them all, without counsel, advocate or friend, with nothing but the law on his side!

"That such a court will interpret the law in his favor, the ironical Jew is not for one instant fatuous enough to suppose. But the opportunity is his for one moment of ineffable triumph and scorn, holding in his hands the very life of his former insolent persecutor. The real revenge that Shylock contemplates is *not* to take the pound of flesh which is legally forfeit to him, but to show the world that his despised ducats



Burr McIntosh

JACOB ADLER

The eminent Hebrew actor, who will shortly play in English in a Broadway theatre

have actually bought and paid for it. His whetting the knife on his sole is a hyperbolic menace: his sardonic smile, accompanying this action, is the only sharp edge that shall cut the self-humiliated Merchant. Then a quibble reverses the case, the court and Antonio divide the spoils between themselves, and—'Exit Shylock'! That is the last of him, so far as Shakespeare's stage direction goes. But, having purchased so dearly the right to his contemptuous opinion of his Christian fellow-townsmen, is it not certain that he will consummate his brief triumph by walking out of that court with head erect, the very apotheosis of defiant hatred and scorn? That is the way I see Shylock, and that is the way I play him."

The precise date at which Adler will be seen in a Broadway theatre is not yet determined. He is an associate lessee of the People's Theatre, the present scene of the culminating successes of his twelve years' struggle in New York, and such ties are not easily broken. But it is Adler's dream and ambition that the triumphs that have been his on the Bowery may be repeated on Broadway, and he is now studying English elocution to that end. His intention is to play in New York and all the principal American cities, presenting such dramas as "King Lear," "The Merchant of Venice," Schiller's "Cabal and Love," and the historic Richelieu episode of De Kaus. Next season, or the season after—whenever Adler does so emerge—then as surely will our greater public acclaim him.

HENRY TYRRELL.





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"A minor profile chord played by Miss Barrymore"

Ethel Barrymore—An Impression

CHATS WITH PLAYERS, No. 12

Illustrated with portraits specially posed by Burr McIntosh

"THE trouble is, one never knows where to begin these things!"

"Don't be nervous about it!"

"I'm not nervous, not a bit, but—well—it is awkward, isn't it?"

"Not if you try hard to take it seriously!"

"I'm never serious, except in little quiet ways, don't you know, of my own. Shall I wear my hat for the first picture?" And we all studiously consider the importance of this question—the young star-actress, the photographer, myself, and the photographer's dog, who insists upon posing for the camera also.

In front of us, standing easily under the studio window, Miss Ethel Barrymore unconsciously makes a picture, until the photographer says, "Kindly let your left hand fall over the right edge of the third fold of your gown"—and before he can say "thank you," she has become conscious of the pose and murmurs between her teeth:

"I'm so hopeless in photographs."

But she isn't, not a bit of it; she doesn't know what hopelessness even means, for she is the embodiment of that sweet

assurance one senses in the rigid strength of a fresh young rosebud, with its crisp youth just unfolding the hidden glories of its lovely destiny. Pictorially, Miss Barrymore suggests this, and she speaks with the authority of two generations of celebrities in her blood. She had a wonderful grandmother, Mrs. John Drew—a brilliant executive woman; she had a mother whom she considers the greatest high-comedy actress of the American stage, Georgie Drew Barrymore; and who has touched more hearts, with his wonderful voice, and made young blood thrill with manliness and high sentiment more buoyantly in the theatre than her father—he who will always be a stage ideal—Maurice Barrymore? There ought to be a very tender regard in America for this young actress, who represents in grace of presence and discretionary intelligence such an accumulation of national dramatic talent.

But, apart from these relationships, Miss Barrymore is a distinct individuality in herself. One might trace in her, during certain quiet moments, a staunch simplicity of outlook upon a complex world, that is almost too old for so young a head, and, then again, the playful light touches are always clothed in wit, never dressed in stage humor.

"Yes, I'm twenty-three; and if some sort of success had not come pretty soon, I don't know what would have become of me!" she said, seriously.

"It's awful how soon we get old!" I said, in mock sympathy, perhaps.

"Well, it's all very nice to laugh about it, but you can't play young girls' parts if you're not young, you know."

"It should never be done!" I ventured.

"Rosalind, for instance, would not be interesting if she were played by an old hag!"

"Perish the thought!"

"That's it. You know I've been on the stage already eight years!" she added, ingenuously.

"At one time, of course, you were discouraged?"

"Oh, dreadfully," and there was a world of despair in her voice. "The first chance I had for a part was with Sir Henry Irving in 'Peter the Great,' in London, but I wasn't good in it!"

"Wh-a-t?"

"No, I wasn't; it was an adventuress part, you know, and did not really suit me. You see, I was only seventeen, and did not know much about that kind of thing," she added, in that quiet serio-comic manner that every one who has seen her in "A Country Mouse" can appreciate.

"So you like London?" I asked, curious to know what impression the outside world had left on this fresh young mind.

"Very much indeed."

"Better than New York?"

"In some ways I do; it seems as though you meet great people in London, men who are doing things in national affairs, and so on. You meet them at people's houses; they sit next to you at dinner. In New York the great men don't seem to be about, they don't go out so much, they are more difficult to meet."

"You're fond of society?"

"I have a great many friends in society—but that doesn't matter, I like them just as well," she added, with a solemn face and a mischievous smile in her eyes.

"Society and the stage begin to understand each other!"

"I don't know, but it can't be difficult to make ourselves understood," said Miss Barrymore, with a sudden impulse of Old World dignity. "I was asked by someone once to describe the personality of a certain actress. 'Isn't she very common?' asked the dowager. 'Dear, no; she's been on the stage too long to be that,' I said. One can always make oneself clear, can't you?" she added, with a whimsical seriousness of expression that must have squelched the dowager.

"I used to be very fond of going to balls," she went on, with a far-off tone that one hears when age becomes reminiscent. "When I was in my teens, you know—I had more time then. You see, I really haven't the time now!"

"Of course not, you have worldly success to consider."

"Worldly success does not interest me," she said, very calmly, with a magnificent spirit in her eyes.

"The idea is too practical?"

"Well, I've not exhibited much practical ability—up to date!" she said, modestly.

"I should have said 'artistic success.'"

"That is all I care about, to be a good actress in high-comedy rôles, like my mother, for instance. I consider she was the greatest comedienne the stage has ever had in this country!" and there is a slight quiver, triumphant, proud, in her voice, as she pays this sweet and unreserved tribute to Georgie Drew Barrymore.

"You would like to play Rosalind?"

"Yes—and Lady Teazle, quite another vein of comedy. I don't know that I aspire to Shakespeare, but I should like to play modern parts. For instance, the new piece I am in, 'A Country Mouse,' it is a satire on English society, quite Gilbertian at times, at others it suggests Oscar Wilde—oh! but not so clever as Wilde!" she adds, which indicates her mental appreciation of that most brilliant satirist of modern life.

When she is twenty-five she will want to play Ibsen, but now she doesn't care to.

There was a time, at the age of fourteen or thereabouts (oh! ever so long ago), when Miss Barrymore was intended



Photo Burr McIntosh

"I am fond of writing short stories."

by her parents for a musical career, primarily because she was a talented pianist, and essentially because they did not want her to go on the stage. In those days she played classical music. When she sat down at the piano, she played only modern snatches of songs, with a very musicianly touch, and of course a delightful refinement of sympathy.

"I don't play classical music now; I did all that when I was fourteen," she says, quietly, as her fingers ramble idly over the keys.

"And now—?"

"I'm fond of Russian music, Hungarian dances, the wildness and melancholy of the Eastern poets!"

"There's a good picture!" murmurs the photographer.

"A minor profile chord, played by Miss Barrymore!" suggests the actress, quietly, as she steadies herself for the camera. There is scarcely a moment when she is not alive to the comedy aspect of anything that is going on about her, and yet there is a fine old-world dignity about her fun, and perhaps poetic qualities to be stirred. I asked her, incidentally, how she enjoyed her trip across the ocean.

"I get very tired crossing," she said.

"With a ship full of people?"

"Probably that is what tired me," she said, smiling mischievously.

Somehow or other the word romantic drifted into our chat, and Miss Barrymore confessed to close affiliation with everything that had romance in it.

"I've written a play, you know," she said, avoiding my gaze as though she were half ashamed to admit it—

"A comedy?"

"No, a very serious one-act thing."

"Written recently?"

"No, that is why it is rather morbid, I suppose; I wrote it when I was very young!"

"A love story, of course?"

"Oh, yes,—a man, a woman and the man's mother!"

"The woman's mother is not brought on?"

"No,—one mother is enough—it's a love story, you see. I shall have it played some day announced as the authorship of Mary Smith—I want an absolutely unprejudiced opinion."

"You write a good deal?"

"I am fond of doing short stories, mostly about people in the theatre—conditions I have seen, human incidents that have appealed to me."

"Not society stories?"

"I can write only about the things I feel I know about. You see I have a tremendous respect for the stage—I think only amateurs have not," she said, with a quiet dignity and a certain tense note in her voice that makes almost any effect possible to her.

"Young women come to you for advice about going on the stage?"

"I absolutely refuse to give advice!" she said, firmly.

"Wouldn't you tell them what the requirements are, even?"

"Well, the main thing they do want, of course, is talent!"

"And beauty?"

"That is not so important; there are oceans of pretty chorus girls!"

"There are educational opportunities, you think?"

"Of course; an old actor, for instance, can teach the manner and deportment of ladies and gentlemen that one rarely meets in actual life."

The wisdom of sarcasm in this was agreeably gentle; in fact, Miss Barrymore is to the manner born a gentlewoman. There is about her an old-world atmosphere that makes the flippancy of modern fashion seem all but vacuous and stupid.

"I've had women say to me, 'Why, you are not a bit like an actress!' and believe that they were paying me a compliment."

"And what do you answer them?"

"I express my regrets. I am always sorry when anyone tells me I am not an actress," she said, quietly, with a little characteristic tilt of the chin upwards, not defiantly but spiritedly.

"You speak French like a native," I said, noting the pronunciation of a few words spoken.

"When we were all children, we used to invent unknown languages of our own, to converse in. Then I had a French nurse, and I studied languages at the convent in Philadelphia."

There were several drawings and water-color designs of the French-school for posters about the room, and as we looked them over Miss Barrymore indicated a knowledge of painting.

"I love pictures," she said. "I know the exact place in the galleries in London and Paris where my favorite pictures hang. My brother John, you know, is quite a busy cartoonist on one of the evening newspapers," she said, eagerly. "The Barrymore children are really beginning to do something for themselves."

"Of course you read a good deal—art and literature are such boon companions?"

"Everything that comes out. Alexander Pope is my best friend. I lean on him; he refreshes me, encourages me, bolsters me up wonderfully; and then I am very fond of Mr. Dooley. I think he is a wonderful man. A great many people only read him superficially, but he is an actual states-



Photo Burr McIntosh

"All I care about is to be a good actress"

man; he brings up bills in the legislature, and he always hits the nail on the head."

"You have met Mr. Dooley?"

"Yes; I know him very well."

"And George Ade?"

"Oh! he's a philosopher; he seems to have got into the hearts and motives of the middle-class American as no one else has done. He is a discoverer, and a thinker, too!"

These opinions are embodied here because they indicate a very interesting side of this young woman's nature.

"I think girls of twenty-three are so much older than men of the same age—don't you?"

she asked, ingeniously, sweeping the callow ones of my sex into oblivion with a toss of the head.

"Of course they are; there is something distressingly flippant about young manhood!" I said, incautiously.

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly."

"Perhaps it could be modified—the young are not all butterflies?"

"No; some never get be-

"You don't approve of the modern pastime called flirtation?"

"Can't bear it; I think it's stupid, ridiculous. Of course, when it was reported that I was going to appear in 'The Flirt' everyone said, 'Oh! she'll be good in that'—and it was so unfair, and unreasonable. You can't prevent such stories, however."

Miss Ethel Barrymore is a wholesome American girl; independent because of her inherent strength, intellectual in her interests, refined in her tastes, and an arch-enemy of humbug and shams. It was quite natural that people should say to her she does not look like an actress, because actresses of her quality are conservative, and people rarely see them publicly off the stage.

She has the charm of naturalness, that is so unusual on the modern stage, and while at first glance she is pretty, she becomes positively handsome in the glow of her splendid breadth of vision, which, of course, is the soul of wit. Her eight "long years" on the stage have not left a false mark in her nature, and never will, because, as she says, "It seems as though I have been at it since the flood," and because the theatre is to her as the garden is to the rosebud—love and life.

W. DE WAGSTAFFE.



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

In her latest success, "Carrots," at the Savoy Theatre

yond the cocoon stage!" she said, covertly.

"Flippancy is not an attractive talent to you?" I asked.

"Well, you know there was once a horrid impression that I was flippant; you see that made me notorious before I ever went on the stage!"

"Which you didn't like at all?"

"Oh! I can't bear it, and it wasn't true; but what can you do in America? I spent my very young days in being engaged once a week, according to the newspapers, and it made me absolutely ill—I became morbidly distressed about it—but what can you do? It is a hopeless proposition to get into an argument with a newspaper, it always has the last word!"

"Then you never were—a butterfly?" I asked, cautiously.

"Never—I am quite sure of it—and I ought to know, because I've thought about it very seriously."

The Matinée Girl

I am just a matinée girl in the crowd;
 In the blue dramatic sky you shine, a star.
 Girls by dozens, prim or pretty, pert or proud,
 Come like me to watch and worship from afar.
 There are seven of your pictures on my wall,
 There are shining frames of silver 'round them all;
 I've a glove you used to wear,
 And a long lock of your hair,
 And your autograph in letters weird and tall.

Now the violets I wear (they match your eyes)
 Tremble at the rapid beating of my heart,
 For I see the painted curtain slowly rise,
 And watch eagerly, with quivering lips apart,
 Till you enter. Oh, the clapping and the cheers!
 Then the stage shines through a mist of happy tears,
 For in very truth it seems
 You're the hero of my dreams—
 The brave prince I've waited for since childhood's years.

When the lady and the game are fairly won,
 And the wicked villain foiled, as he should be,
 Then I know my little hour of sunshine's done,
 And the twilight drear comes creeping up to me.
 In your velvets and your laces fine and gay,
 With the long love-locks of England's merriest day,
 Waving plume and flashing steel,
 Shining spur on booted heel,
 You are waiting for the speech that ends the play.

I am just a matinée girl in the crowd,
 And you stand before the footlights, bowing low,
 While the curtain falls between us like a cloud;
 Let me turn for one long look before I go.
 Charlie Brown will surely meet me at the stair,
 And "I'm glad that thing is over," he'll declare.
 "Don't a man look like a guy,
 With long hair and a lace tie?
 Ain't the show an awful poor one, now, for fair?"

CECIL CAVENDISH.

The Children's Theatre



Tonnel.

LUELLA SHIRLEY (Miss Rose Maylie) OLIVER (Webb Raum)

SCENE FROM "OLIVER TWIST"

ACT III.—OLIVER: "Don't shoot. It's Rose, and I love her"

THE idea of a theatre appealing specially to children was first given practical form some three years ago by Franklin H. Sargent, the sympathetic director of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts. It had been suggested to Mr. Sargent by Edward E. Rose, the



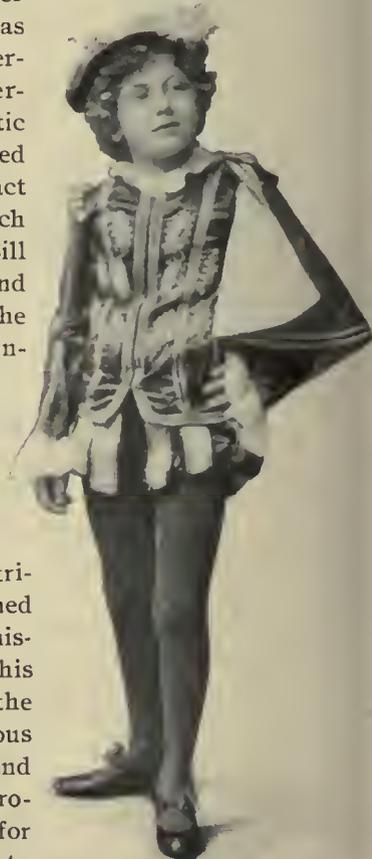
ALEXANDER HUME FORD
The Children's Playwright

playwright, that there were in this and other great centres large numbers of children who like to see plays performed but who are not taken by their parents to the playhouses, for the good reason that the pieces current at the regular theatres are not suitable for their years. The idea became a pet hobby with him, and it was not long before he started The Children's Theatre, presenting in the pretty auditorium of the Carnegie Lyceum, with the

assistance of a company of child actors, such pieces as "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Alice in Wonderland," "Humpty Dumpty," and other versions of nursery tales specially dramatized for the occasion by Edward E. Rose, Alfred Allen, Charles Barnard, Frank C. Drake and others.

The enterprise, so far, had been largely in the nature of an experiment. The idea was there, but Mr. Sargent was not sure if it had been properly carried out. Were the children pleased? Were they entertained? He found they were not, for they did not come to the performances. The children seemed to take only a mild interest in the stage versions of their classics, and as for their elders, they did not care to see pieces intended only for children. So neither came, and The Children's Theatre seemed destined for a brief, if glorious, career. Mr. Sargent then consulted Alexander Hume Ford, the playwright, who suggested the presenting of plays that would be interesting to grown-up people as well as children, but yet in which the child element would predominate. So tales of fairies, gnomes, sprites and trick donkeys gave way at the The Chil-

dren's Theatre to dramatizations of living stories of great authors. The first experiment in this direction, Mark Twain's beautiful story of the little girl who vanquished Cromwell with her childish confidence in the gruff soldier, forcing him to break his oath and spare her father's life, put in dramatic form, found a ready place in the hearts of the children, while the literary quality of this little masterpiece made the play a favorite with older spectators. If any doubt remained as to whether children and grown up persons could enjoy equally the masterpieces of literature, where the dramatic story is concisely told, it was dispelled by the later production of a four-act version of "Oliver Twist," in which the brutal scenes of Nancy and Bill Sikes were entirely suppressed, and the beautiful story of Oliver made the pivot of the play. Young and old entered into the spirit of the piece, sympathizing with the pure, simple love story of Rose and Harry Maylie, roaring with laughter when Bumble the Beadle and the artful Mrs. Corney spoke Dickens' immortal lines, and applauding the triumph of little Oliver, who remained loyal in face of persecution and misfortune, until at last he received his reward, "the dearest gift in the world, someone to love." Numerous semi-historical one-act plays and sketches were also successfully produced, and the taste of the public for this sort of entertainment seemed to have been accurately gauged. As Mr.



LORES GRIMM
Leading "man" of The Children's Theatre



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VERA HOTSON

The Brooklyn child who plays Ingénue parts

Sargent had to thank Mr. Ford for this happy turn in the affairs of The Children's Theatre, he now decided to entrust the young playwright with the sole direction of the enterprise, without, however, losing any of his own interest in the welfare of the scheme. Mr. Ford, when seen recently by the writer, gave an interesting insight into the work in which he is engaged :

"This is the third season of The Children's Theatre, and it seems as though the idea had come to stay, although we find it as difficult to secure presentable plays as do any of the managers of the Broadway houses. Manuscripts come in from every quarter, it is true, but the dramatists are as apt to fall beneath the intelligence of the children as to write above it; in fact, it has taken much experimenting to discover just what the children want. When I was in Russia a few years ago, I found that a problem closely akin to that of our Children's Theatre had been successfully solved. The intellectual classes of Russia for years had sought to put together in book form a series of readings comprehensive to the mind of the peasant, which would lead him on to higher efforts. Folk-lore, Mother Goose tales, and all sorts of simple stories were tried, but the peasants ignored them. At last the "intellectuals" had an inspiration. They made a selection of masterpieces from each of the great Russian writers, Tolstoi and others, and issued 'The Book for the People,' which has since become a second Bible to the simple untutored Russian moujik, who spends the long winter days and nights listening in wonder to the beautiful tales.

"This same idea we have carried out successfully at The Children's Theatre. This winter 'David Copperfield,' 'Tom Sawyer,' 'Dombey and Son,' dramatizations of the child-life of Marie Antoinette and other famous historical characters, will

be among the offerings placed before mixed audiences of young and old, and to create these child parts, which are usually the most important and often the most difficult in the cast, the cleverest stage children have been engaged. The little leading man, Master Lores Grimm, is but nine years of age, yet he has for several seasons past played the leading child parts at Charles Frohman's Broadway houses, and when not playing at The Children's Theatre this season will head a company of his own. Lores Grimm is the one boy now on the stage who recalls that period of child actors when Elsie Leslie and Wallie Eddinger were the sensations of the day. Like the latter, Lores stands alone in his generation as the one youngster whose art is judged independently of the fact that he is but a child. Excelling in both comedy and pathos, his four years of training at the best theatres fit him for the position he will eventually assume on the regular stage. The little women of the company are also well known to Broadway audiences. Gladys Green goes from Richard Mansfield's company to 'The Children's Theatre, and as a special pet of that actor-manager she has learned much more of her art than the mere playing of the numerous parts she was entrusted with while in Mr. Mansfield's company.

"As a rule children are much quicker and more accurate 'study' than their elders. Often the merest tot will commit to memory the entire lines of the leading character by merely hearing it read over two or three times at rehearsals. Usually the child playing the leading rôle will know almost every part in the piece verbatim before the grown-up players have learned theirs perfectly. If anyone in the cast is absent or late, it is but necessary to call upon one of the children. Too often the impromptu understudy gives such a perfect imitation of the manners, walk and style of delivery of the person he is imitating, that the company is con-

vulsed with mirth, while the belated actor, if he be at all vain, is pretty sure not to repeat his offence.

"Among the newer childish faces this season will be that of one of the most beautiful children ever seen on the stage, little Ethel Field, eight years of age, and full of promise. She will play the part of Abbey in Mark Twain's 'Little Lady and the Lord General.' Then there is Marguerite Grieve, who joined the company last year in time to take part in 'Oliver Twist,' and Vera Hotson, the little Brooklyn beauty.

"Our plays are to be presented with elaborate scenery, and we hope to give New York a permanent place of amusement, where the young may spend the holiday afternoons profitably."

R. S. W.



Burr McIntosh

ETHEL FIELD

Leading "woman" of The Children's Theatre



FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN

Some Vital Figures in American Music



HENRY HOLDEN HUSS

THE American composer has finally, in a measure, come into his own. A generation ago he was groping feebly, though with admirable persistence, toward the elusive goal of popular acceptance. To-day he is decorated by universities; he is discussed and "appreciated" in the public prints; his works are exploited, not only on his native heath, but in London, in Berlin, even in St. Petersburg: he has, in short, become an authentic power in contemporary music. But we have, I think, adopted a somewhat uncritical attitude toward the American composer: we are inclined to accept him *en bloc*, as if the mere fact of his Americanism endowed his work with a superior and magical virtue—inclined, in the phrase of Philip Hale, "to cover mediocrity with a cloak of patriotism." One lacks somewhat of discrimination, surely, in according the same measure of approbation to Mr. Paine and Mr. Buck, Mr. Foote and Mr. Chadwick, for example, that one accords to Mr. MacDowell, Mr. Parker and Mr. Huss. Not to perceive the fundamental and incalculable difference between work that is merely unexceptionable and derivative and work that is self-sprung and vital, is to exhibit an unenviable want of critical sensibility. Between the accomplished, conscientious, and generally ineffectual work of the Academics and the amiable trifling of certain of the younger men, there is little to choose; but both are equally negligible in comparison with the achievements of such composers as Mr. MacDowell, Mr. Huss, Mr. Parker and Mr. Van der Stucken—musicians of conspicuous individuality and force, who are engrossed in the task of realizing musically, with all possible poignancy and truth, some personal and valid experience of human life—and not, let it be noted, through the imagined efficacy of an adventitious nationalism; for they have realized that a national note will not suffice—that every race passes, and that provinciality in art, even when it is called patriotism, is fatal.

Of this group Edward MacDowell is indisputably the most important member; he is, indeed, so much more eminent and impressive a figure than any of his contemporaries that it is difficult to consider him adequately except in a class apart.

Of Mr. MacDowell only, among native music-makers, is it possible to speak soberly in comparison with such foreigners as Richard Strauss, Goldmark, Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Elgar. To his sense, music is nothing if not articulate; he will have none of a formal and merely decorative beauty—a beauty serving no expressional need of the human heart or imagination. In this ultimate sense he is a realist—a realist with the romantic's vision, the romantic's imaginative bias; and yet he is as alien to the unleavened literalism of Richard Strauss as he is to the academic ideal. If he insists upon reality, if he conceives the prime mission of music to be exclusively and uncompromisingly interpretative, he insists no less emphatically that, in its function as an expressional instrument, it shall concern itself with essences and impressions, and not at all with transcriptions.

It has been remarked before that Mr. MacDowell is essentially a poet—a poet profoundly enthralled of "the mystery and the majesty of earth," and intent upon vivifying, through the medium of tones rather than of words, a deep and intimate vision of the natural world. One feels that here, actually, is "music . . . woven of streams and breezes;" and he is native to a remote, enchanted, spell-bound region of faery waters and magical, haunted woods—an aërial,

Shelly-like world of dream and fantasy, where, as in his "Nautilus,"

" . . . a silver vision floats
Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds,
Upon resplendent clouds"—

music in which the mood is so tenuous, the emotion so incalculable and evanescent, that it seems scarcely to have a credible existence as material fact.

In emphasizing one's delight in Mr. MacDowell's poetry of nature, there is some danger, it may be, of creating the impression that his art is deficient in humanity. Such an impression would be in the last degree false and unfortunate. If he has a rapt pleasure in the moods of winds and waves and the intimate life of the forest, he is even more deeply engrossed in the contemplation of those ways and workings of the primeval human heart which, after all, are the ultimate concern of music,—if we are to conceive of music as anything more vital than



HORATIO W. PARKER

the beautiful barren husk of the formalists. Throughout Mr. MacDowell's work it is evident that his chief concern has been to give noble and moving utterance to the elemental as he has found it in the natural world and in human life; and the human spectacle has ever held for him a swifter emotion, a richer inspiration. If, in his own field, he is inimitable as the poet of the "Sea Pieces," he measures up to the height of great names in such music as the "Four Songs" (op. 56), "A Deserted Farm," "Told at Sunset," the "Scotch Poem," the four sonatas, and certain of the recent "New England Idyls." His range is comprehensive: he can voice the archest gayety, a charming and riant humor, in his "Marionettes" and his "From an Old Garden;" there is ecstatic and virile passion in the symphonic poems, a Burns-like pathos in the early songs and in the piano paraphrases after Goethe and Heine; while in the sonatas and in many of the later songs the tragic note is struck with impressive and indubitable authority.

I do not know if a remoter verdict will award Mr. MacDowell greater honor as a writer for the voice or for instruments—certainly it is rash to be over-positive in decision upon the relative value of such work as, on the one hand, the "Four Songs," and, on the other, the "Keltic" Sonata; but, for my own part, I must believe that, admirably affecting song-writer

as he is, Mr. MacDowell has never equalled, certainly never surpassed, that work of his which I have already named: the "Keltic" Sonata, his Fourth in E minor (op. 59); as I must believe also that no finer, no more eloquent and noble music has been written by an American. What Rupert Hughes has not extravagantly affirmed of the finale of the earlier "Sonata Eroica" (op. 50), is even more justly applicable to the superb conclusion of the "Keltic": "Here," declares Mr. Hughes, "is Beethoven *redivivus*. . . . Where is the piano-piece since Beethoven that has the depth, the breadth, the height of this huge solemnity? . . . But," he concludes with caustic truth, "all this is the praise that one is laughed at for bestowing except on the graves of genius."

Like Mr. MacDowell, Henry Holden Huss is an impressionist and a romantic. As with Mr. MacDowell, his art, at its best, is bound over unreservedly to the service of his imagination and his emotions. He holds for himself an ideal whose beauty and nobility he has realized with memorable completeness in such achievements as

his fine Scene for soprano and orchestra, "Cleopatra's Death,"—in which he has interpreted Shakespeare's text with impassioned eloquence and effect,—and his "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead" (after Tennyson). I like him less in such music as his piano concerto in B major and his trio for piano, violin and 'cello; one misses an inevitability of process, a coherence of organism, an instant and perfect felicity. You cannot make so incorrigible a romantic as Mr. Huss has shown himself to be into a wholly satisfactory academic; they are mutually and permanently obstructive, as Mr. Huss, if he has ever reflected upon the matter, must surely know.

Horatio W. Parker, who is Professor of Music at Yale University, is paramountly a writer for the church, although he has written not infrequently in the secular forms. It is by his "St. Christopher" and his "Hora Novissima"—both oratorios—rather than by his "Harold Hargraver" or his "Northern Ballad," that he would probably care to be remembered,—although he has scarcely, if ever, surpassed his magnificent rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, "Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand" (after the lyric by James Clarence Mangan). Mr. Parker had been acutely aware of the genius of Wagner, particularly in his "St. Christopher;" but then one may say that of almost any composer who has written

since the mighty Richard's death; and the impeachment is not really serious, for Mr. Parker owns a distinguished and forceful gift of musical speech—a speech that is, in the main, indisputably his own.

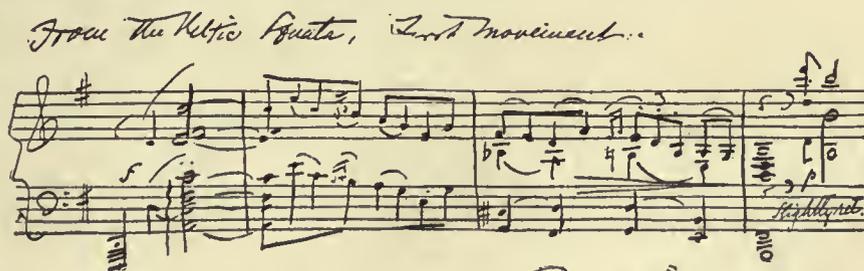
Geographically considered, Frank Van der Stucken is an American, for he was born in 1858, at Fredericksburg, Texas, of a German mother and a Belgian father. Mr. Van der Stucken has an oddly appealing musical personality. A modern of the moderns, he achieves richness without turgidity, intensity without bombast, flexibility without diffuseness. With all his modernity of feeling and utterance, he is yet singularly direct, singularly outspoken. Mr. Van der Stucken has written much, and with notable puissance, in the larger forms; but I am sometimes inclined to believe that he is at his best in his songs—in such extremely fine

Lieder as his "Die Stunde sei gesegnet," "Einsame Thräne," and "Seligkeit." He has a sumptuous color sense, and his sensitive feeling for dramatic values is constantly and most potently operative.



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EDWARD MACDOWELL



An autograph of Edward MacDowell

His work has movement, passion, atmosphere; it is swift and vital as no music written by an American is swift and vital save Mr. MacDowell's. If I have seemed to ignore the excellent work of Mr. Kelley and Mr. Whiting, Mr. Hadley and Mr. Shelley and Mr. Loomis,—not to speak of the admirable

art of Charles Martin Loeffler, whose Americanism is questionable,—it is because the line had obviously to be drawn somewhere, and that it was necessary to make a choice,—not arbitrarily, if that were possible, though from a standpoint necessarily personal and fallible. LAWRENCE GILMAN.

Mascagni's First Appearance in America

ON October 8, Pietro Mascagni appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time in America, and an audience of huge dimensions arose and called him blessed. Many were the cries of "*Viva la gloria d'Italia!*" and "*Bravo, Mascagni!*" etc., etc., and everybody smiled and was glad.

It is not too much to say that on this occasion "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" was heard for the first time in New York—that is, as its distinguished composer intended the little opera should be heard. There was a certain accent, a difference in shading, certain passages brought out *forte*, and others sunk to the softest pianissimo, which revealed beauties hitherto not extracted. It is not necessary to criticise the chorus—largely composed of the regular Metropolitan chorus—nor yet the orchestra, for if conditions worse than this go unscathed under the regular Grau régime, why should we suddenly "pitch into" Mascagni? No ensemble at the Metropolitan is to be expected. Mascagni is a gifted and magnetic conductor, and even on the second night, when the same bill was presented, the improvement in the orchestra was almost incredible.

One day Verdi awoke and heard the trumpet message issued to the world by Richard Wagner, and after shuddering a bit he made it manifest that he approved, and he perpetuated his ideas of the German message in "*Falstaff*," "*Aida*" and "*Othello*." That was the beginning of the end of that epoch of operatic writing. Soon the world grew tired of the blare and tear of the music drama. Suddenly, from Italy, Mascagni launched his "*Cavalleria Rusticana*," and this marked the advent of a new era. It marked the arrival of condensation, of the human cry, of atmosphere, of simplicity, and direct speech. We have since had shoals of compositions in one act, and larger works, but from the nest of young masters Mascagni alone has commanded the attention of the world. Mascagni uses clean librettos, in a certain sense of the word, although one might cavil at "*Iris*," and he is never brutal. His colleagues have nothing but the realism of their brutality and the brutality of their realism to draw to for musical inspiration. Indeed, some of the librettos of mod-

ern Italy might have shocked decadent France. While all these composers have been struggling, Mascagni has followed up his first victory, and we felt his growth when "*Zanetto*" burst gently upon us in its rare and idyllic beauty.

It is a cameo of fine workmanship, but unappreciated by eyes which can see no beauty in any gem save a glittering diamond. It abounds with melody, not the flowing melody of the old masters, and the scoring is generally excellent, although here and there one can find a barren or rough spot. Gentle, pastoral, atmospheric, and refined, "*Zanetto*" is a feast for eye and ear for those capable of grasping its fine detail. The part of Silvia was taken by Signora Bianchini-Cappelli, while Mme. Mantelli played Zanetto. The honors were borne off by Mme. Mantelli, and she was ideal in the part. In "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" Signora Bianchini-Cappelli was a revelation, both as a singer and as an actress. It seems a pity that we hear artistes of her calibre so seldom. We are used to singers who cannot act and actresses who cannot sing, and to a cold, stiff, wooden interpretation of opera, which leaves ashes upon the sensitive soul yearning for better things.

Mascagni is a master, and it only remains for him to keep true to himself. If he strives after German ideals he will impoverish his own inspiration. He has sounded a new note in operatic music, and Italy of the future must be influenced by what he has done. After all, it is probably the sublime sympathy and temperament underlying all he touches which will make it endure. He stands to-day the most highly gifted of all Italian composers, and although knowledge and musicianship in its most occult sense are not his—are not, indeed, indigenous to Italy, which would rather dream than philosophize—he still stands as the founder of a school of opera that

marks a decided reaction from Teutonic influences and the hubbub and racket of Wagner.

Miss Mary Münchhoff made her début at Mendelssohn Hall Friday evening, Oct. 10th. She is a coloratura soprano, and her voice is musically sweet and full for this class of singing.



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Articles—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to ensure the return of contributions not found to be available.

Photographs—All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. The Editor invites artists to submit their photographs for reproduction in **THE THEATRE**. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender and, if in character, with that of the character represented. Preference will be given to panel sized pictures. If the photograph is copyrighted, the written authorization of the photographer to reproduce the photograph should in all cases accompany the picture. Any photograph will be returned after reproduction if desired.

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Among the Amateurs

The Editor will be pleased to receive for this department regular reports of dramatic performances by amateur societies all over the United States, together with photographs of those who took part (which last should be in costume), and, if possible, good flashlight pictures of the principal scenes.



ONE of the best known amateur organizations in the West is the C. S. E. Dramatic Club of Cincinnati. The society was started in 1894, by Miss Jennie Mannheimer, Director of the School of Expression of the College of Music of Cincinnati. Strictly speaking, it is more of a dramatic training school than an amateur club as the members are pupils of Miss Mannheimer and many have adopted the stage as a profession. Others, however, join for the pleasure and culture to be derived from a study of the drama.



CHARLES R. CHESLEY
In "The Hunchback"
(C. S. E. Dramatic Club)

The club until recently had its own playhouse, the Odeon, with a seating capacity of 1,200, but since the destruction of the building by fire the society fills engagements in nearby towns pending rebuilding. Shakespearian revivals, classic and modern dramas and manuscript plays all have received careful study and worthy production. The coffers of many charitable organizations have been filled by the club's efforts. Outside of Cincinnati the club appears under the name "Odeon Players." Among those who have left the club's ranks for the professional stage are Miss Mabel Snider, with John Drew; Miss Blanche Everson, with Kyrle Bellew, in "A Gentleman of France"; Miss Elizabeth Goodall, with "Quo Vadis"; Miss Fanchon Eberhardt, with Viola Allen; Walter Fromlet, with Annie Russell. During the coming season Miss Mabel Brownell, Miss Marie Gebhardt, Miss Florence Shaw, Miss Freda Morgan, Miss Marion Tenley and Mr. Adolph P. Osler will enter the professional ranks. The members of the

club recently gave a farewell party to the outgoing members at the residence of Miss Mannheimer.

A number of well-known people have evinced interest in the club, among these being Miss Viola Allen, Miss Blanche Walsh, Mrs. Fiske, Miss Edythe Chapman, Miss Lizzie Hudson Collier, Israel Zangwill, Hall Caine, James Neill and Herchel Mayall. Among the notable successes of the club are the following: "As You Like It," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Scenes from Shakespearian plays, Rostand's "Romancers," "Nance Oldfield" (adapted by Miss Mannheimer), Sidney Grundy's "The Snowball" and "In Honor Bound." Original plays by F. Hoeffen McMechan, and "The Rivals" and Ibsen's "Doll's House" will mark the opening of the ninth season of the club.



NURSE (Cora Kahn) JULIET (Mabel Brownell)
(C. S. E. Dramatic Club)

(Continued on Page 51)

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NOTABLE CONTRIBUTORS

THE THEATRE for DECEMBER (special Christmas Number) will be the most elaborate issue of this magazine yet published. It will comprise over 50 pages, some of which will be printed in tints.

PICTURES: On the cover, which will be a magnificent example of the lithographers' art, will be a portrait in 12 colors of Julia Marlowe, in her new play, "Queen Fiammetta." The other pictures will be many and beautiful, including portraits and scenes from plays and others specially posed for this Holiday Number.

ARTICLES: Some of the best known writers in America and many prominent actors and actresses will contribute special articles to the Christmas Theatre, the list including Clara Morris, Mrs. Fiske, W. J. Henderson, Ludwig Englander, David Belasco, Henrietta Crosman, Francis Wilson, Edward E. Kidder, Wilton Lackaye, Cleveland Moffett, Henry Tyrrell, Viola Allen, H. P. Mawson, W. de Wagstaffe, Emil Paur, Emily Grant von Tetzl, Alfred Ayres, J. I. C. Clarke, and others.

SOME OF THE LEADING FEATURES

CLARA MORRIS, America's distinguished actress, will write about a strange adventure she met with some years ago while playing in the West.



CHARLES FROHMAN—An estimate of the manager who controls more theatres than any other man in the world and sometimes called the Napoleon of the Drama.

FRANCIS WILSON, America's distinguished fun-maker, will contribute an interesting and characteristic sketch of life in stageland.

MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN will discuss the stage as a career for young women, and give some sound advice to beginners, based upon her own experience.



EMIL PAUR, the distinguished leader, will consider actual musical conditions in America.



MRS. FISKE will contribute a serious article touching on an important phase of the contemporary stage.

LUDWIG ENGLANDER, the well-known composer, and sometimes called the American Strauss, has composed a waltz in honor of this special issue and it will appear in the Christmas Theatre.



DAVID BELASCO, the well-known dramatist, will tell how he writes his plays and recount some of his early struggles for recognition.

W. J. HENDERSON, the well-known music critic will discuss "Musical Criticism: Has It Any Value?"

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The Letona Dramatic Club, of Utica, N. Y., presented a melodrama, entitled "The Idiot Witness," in that city on Sept. 23. The piece was well staged and the production was creditable in every



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In "The Idiot Witness" (Letona Dramatic Club)

particular to the participants. Myron Jones, as a jolly ferryman, did clever character work, and Miss Grace Owens won the sympathies of the audience as the ferryman's daughter.

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Hosts of British Dramatists

There is no reason why the English should be dissatisfied with their dramatists numerically, whether or not there is in the quality of their output any ground for satisfaction. According to an authority who recently studied the subject, there are no less than 3,000 persons in England writing annually for the stage.

Of course, not all of these are trained dramatists. Among the 3,000 are included the beginners who are making their first attempt to supply the plays for which there is so much demand. At least one-third are budding Sapphos, who deserve that name traditionally, although they have long passed the age at which they might be expected to bloom. The cohort produces annually 10,000 dramas.

Most of the writers are very young men and women. Not one-quarter of their plays is read. Most of the manuscripts are sent back without being opened. The writers usually begin by writing long and gresome tragedies in verse. After awhile they learn in one way or another that the people like to be amused, and turn their undeveloped talent to farce. There is, it seems, a regular course that they follow. The farce meets with no better fate than the tragedy, even though it may by chance be read.

Then it seems, as regularly as if he were going through some training, the dramatist turns his aspirations toward melodrama, and the manager who has refused his tragedy in verse and his farce receives his melodrama. When that is returned after the manner of the others, he writes a one-act play, usually a comedy. Then the manager who has refused his tragedy in verse, his farce and his melodrama, is the recipient of his one-act piece.

It is more likely that he will find fortune in this play than in any of the others. The majority of writers for the stage in England make their first appearance as the writers of one-act pieces, used as "curtain-raisers" at nearly all of the English theatres.

But even this moderate luck is denied to most of the 3,000 aspiring dramatists, since out of the 10,000 plays annually written, only 200 reach the stage, according to the estimate of the authority who has studied the subject. And the English dramatists consider their lot more difficult to bear than ever now, because the popularity of plays by American dramatists has made the number of writers larger still.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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THE THEATRE

VOL. II., NO. 22

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1902

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



Byron

JUDAS
(Tyrone Power)

MARY
(Mrs. Fiske)

ACT I.—MARY: " 'Tis a long time since thou hast thought of love; a long time since thou hast turned to me "
"MARY OF MAGDALA" AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE

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A Toast to "The Theatre"

My greetings to THE THEATRE in her gala robes. She was fair at her birth, and it is with satisfaction that I view her growing years and the beauty that comes with the age when she may pluck big dolls instead of tin rattles from the Christmas tree. May we all sit beneath that tree's umbrageous cheer in the years to come, when she may preside over our "church wardens" and the punch bowl! Cleanly and comely, she breathes a blessing wherever she goes, and our good will goes with her. Here's her health, her prosperity!



OTIS SKINNER.

Plays and Players

IF Signora Duse limits herself, during her American tour, to the plays in which she recently appeared at the Victoria Theatre, it will be regretted by those who wish to enjoy her genius at its best. D'Annunzio's plays are pervaded by more than a literary quality. They are steeped in intoxicating odors of poetry. They cast immemorial usage to the winds, and riot in the depiction of sexual passion carried to its extremest verge, intermingled with physical horror and morbid dissection. But such material carries within itself its own death-germ, and invites the neglect of posterity.

In "La Gioconda" Lucio, a sculptor, has transferred his love from his wife, Silvia, to his beautiful model. The conflict between his sexual insanity and his duty brings him near to a suicidal death. He is nursed back to life by Silvia. Conquered by her devotion,



Marceau

MISS MARY MANNERLING

In Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine"



Byron

ROMA
(Miss Viola Allen)ROSSI
(E. J. Morgan)ACT II.—ROSSI: "We called him Dr. Roselli"
ROMA (aside; rising): "My father!"

"THE ETERNAL CITY" AT THE VICTORIA

he remains for awhile under the delusion that he really loves this adorable saviour, but as his health perfects itself he feels the horror of a returning passion for Gioconda. The wretched wife, who had rejoiced in his re-attained love, perceives the baneful spell under which Gioconda holds him, and in a passionate interview with the model, full of the splendor of damnatory invective, has both hands crushed by the fall of the statue, which is the sculptor's marble interpretation of Gioconda's beauty. In the last act long sleeves conceal the fact that Silvia's hands have been amputated, and the play ends without a conclusion, leaving the mother with her unsuspecting child. Of Gioconda and the husband we hear nothing, and the unfinished play remains in the imagination of the spectator a tragedy of three ruined and distorted lives.

The effect of Duse's personality is very potent. One might have to rummage among the phosphorescent phraseology of D'Annunzio himself, and make mosaic of the broken rainbows wherewith his lines abound, to indicate the impression thus created. She enters upon the scene, not like a star whom a "reception" awaits, and for whom a propitious entrance has been ingeniously prepared, but with the simplicity of an auxiliary who can never hope to see his name fig-

ure on the outer walls in big letters and electric lights. Another noteworthy point is her charming inattention to her gowns while she is on the stage. This merit was shared by all the feminine part of her support, and in her and all of her assistants there was an effacement of self-consciousness and a presentation of the consciousness normal to the rôle assumed. Add to this that Duse possesses a voice that runs through the gamut of happiness and misery, of softness, sweetness and feminine strength, and a temperament abrim with the subtleties and shadows that hide among the secret sensibilities of an impassioned woman's heart, and, after seeing her, you come to understand, in some measure, a remarkable artiste, whose acting adds a poetry to the poetry she utters, and flings a refulgence of its own over the playwright's prismatic speech.

In "La Citta Morta" the story burns with the black fire of an incestuous love. Here again a husband, Alessandro, has ceased to love his wife, Anna. He loves a young girl, Bianca, the sister of his bosom-friend, Leonardo. But Leonardo has the same passion for his sister that Alessandro has, and the only scene in the play which gave Signor Capelli, who acted Leonardo, an opportunity to use his talent to



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MARTIN HARVEY as Sidney Carton in "The Only Way"

splendid advantage was that in which he makes confession of this passion to his friend. Anna, acted by Duse, knows only that her husband loves Bianca, and acquiesces in that fact with morbidly magnificent resignation. Leonardo, unable to endure the remorse that haunts him, drowns his sister (instead of himself) in the fountain she is in the habit of visiting, and there, upon the rocks, between the two men, her dead body is found by Anna, who at last "sees," through her blindness, and discerns the frightful truth.

It was a strange spectacle—a refined American audience, presumably familiar with the story, applauding with enthusiasm this Italian play, which, if enacted in English, they would turn their backs upon with real or assumed loathing. But why that which would be spurned were it English is tumultuously applauded when it is Italian, is a question which students of human nature might well consider.

Except for the thrilling cry of horror—a superb display of emotional energy—with which Duse, as Anna, reveals, an

instant before the final curtain, her discovery of the infamy that has been so carefully concealed, there is little for the actress to do in this play but to express, through a series of exquisite gradations, the uncertain lights and shadows that drift through the heart of an unhappy wife. The quiet and pathetic charm she thus diffuses is wonderfully effective, and as poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song," so Duse may be suspected of having been similarly educated. In rôles like this (not entirely satisfactory, because they do not yield room enough for the sustained display of her highest powers), gentle emotions agitate her acting like heat-lightning quivering in a summer cloud, momentarily tinting its white languor with a golden blush. Still, when Duse returns to New York, let us hope she will present plays which reveal more Duse and less of D'Annunzio.

Miss Mabelle Gilman, who tripped gracefully into public favor as a comic opera star, at the Bijou Theatre, on November 10th, possesses the vivaciousness and beauty of Anna Held, the daintiness of Lulu Glaser and the sprightliness and piquancy of Irene Bentley. This happy combination of attractive qualities, added to the fact that she sings and acts well, and has an uncommonly sympathetic voice and manner, ensures for this young actress success and popularity. "The Mocking Bird," in which Miss Gilman is the central figure, is a comic operetta by Sydney Rosenfeld and A. Baldwin Sloane. The work is written on academic lines, and its chief distinguishing quality is a delicacy and refinement too often lacking in this class of production. In spots the authors seem to have been unable to resist the temptation of sandwiching in the topical

song and dance, thus disturbing the harmony of the whole, but the little opera is well made, and furnishes delightful entertainment of a superior kind. Mr. Rosenfeld's libretto, which deals with the old French régime in Louisiana, is clean and interesting, and the music, if reminiscent, is certainly tuneful. Some of the songs deserve all the encores they got. The costumes—period 1780—are rich in fabric and beautiful in coloring. The blunder of exhibiting a tricolor for the flag of France during the reign of Louis XVI. shows carelessness on the part of the stage manager.

"Among Those Present," a play destined to speedy oblivion, was constructed by Glen McDonough with the intention of providing a star comedy rôle for that accomplished actress, Mrs. Le Moyne. It purported to show the futility of "smart" social ambition. What it really illustrated was the hopelessness of trying to build a comedy of manners upon superficial cleverness alone.



Taken specially for the Christmas "Theatre" by Burr McIntosh

A CHRISTMAS STORY IN THE WINGS

Posed by members of the "Rogers Brothers in Harvard" company, by kind permission of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger. Costumes furnished by Messrs. Van Horn & Son

Martin Harvey's individual success here is an achieved reality, and his high artistic future may be forecast with no uncertain augury. That his American venture, as a whole, has not yet realized the triumph which, on some grounds, it might have seemed reasonable to predict, is attributable to a specific cause, namely, the lack of an appropriate and, at the same time, a novel dramatic vehicle. This English player has the ineffable genius of youth, as well as youth itself. Schooled in the incomparable company of Sir Henry Irving, in the later palmy days of the London Lyceum, Mr. Harvey is as Irvingesque in style as—by a singular fortuity—he is in physical personality. He has a slight but symmetrical figure, a face that is poetic rather than strong, with fine sombre eyes and a sensitive mouth, a voice of extraordinary range, power and flexibility. Tragic potentialities of the refined sort are, indeed, observable in Martin Harvey; but his most striking qualities, as thus far revealed, are a romantic fervor and tenderness, combined or suffused with the radiant, the tireless enthusiasm of a boyish heart. In these aspects he is piquant, fascinating, unique.

Thus equipped, and quite adequately supported by his all-English company, Mr. Harvey made his Manhattan debut at the Herald Square Theatre, as Sydney Carton, in "The Only Way," the familiar and somewhat mediocre dramatization, by Freeman Wills, of Dickens' novel, "A Tale of Two Cities." There are effective antitheses in this character and its environments—first the gay and reckless young bar-

rist in the squalid obscurity of his London life, from which the strange fatality of circumstance, leagued with a pure and uplifting passion in his heart, draw him forth irresist-

ibly; the sudden transition to that tumultuous human maelstrom, the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris, in 1793; behind it all the black silhouette of the guillotine, to which doom the transfigured hero goes in the most pathetic, yet the most exalted, spirit of self-sacrifice. Through all these contrasted scenes the young actor passed with consummate facility of realization, boisterous and wild, impassioned and gentle by turns, rounding out a truly splendid impersonation. But, then, all this had been done before, in the same play, too recently for the recollection to have grown cold, by an American actor, also possessed of exceptional gifts; so that the best Mr. Harvey could do, in this instance, was to place himself in favorable comparison with Henry

Miller. Then came that interesting experiment, "The Children of Kings." Here was novelty with a vengeance! The piece is a German fairy tale by the lady who writes under the pseudonym of "E. Von Rosmer." It is officially designated a "legendary romance," and might, perhaps, with equal propriety be styled a lyric drama, having an overture, entr'acte and running accompaniment of illustrative music by Herr Humperdinck, of "Hänsel and Gretel" fame. In truth, however, "The Children of Kings" has about as much dramatic relevancy for adult playgoers as would a stage version of "The Babes in the Wood." It is kinder-



B. & F. McIntosh

MISS MABELLE GILMAN

Now appearing in Sydney Rosenfeld's new piece,
"The Mocking Bird"





Burr McIntosh

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

Now appearing at the Empire in "Imprudence," a new comedy by H. V. Esmond

aldine is stubborn, and in the end it turns out that she was right, for it is the Count's brother who is really the impostor. Mr. Fitch usually provides at least one novelty in his plays; he has not disappointed us in this instance. The setting of the first act represents the deck of an ocean liner home-bound from Europe. Sallow-faced passengers laid out in their steamer chairs like rows of mummies, the big ship rocking and groaning as she rises to the sea, with overhead two great funnels and the usual steamer rigging,—all this makes up a realistic and entertaining picture. One can easily imagine that this scene existed in Mr. Fitch's mind long before Geraldine herself swam into his ken. Her dream of a red dress was certainly in the hands of the modiste before Geraldine herself was christened. Nor is it a discredit to be a dramatist of the milliners. In point of fact, it is an interesting evolution; we watch it, not with concern, but with a certain amount of approbation. Of course, we remember that Mr. Fitch has also written of cowboys and kleptomaniacs, and we do not forget the calico dress torn in the lane of the lovers. How does he do it? When will it end? The large facts in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" are not nearly so definite as the small details. When the vessel lurches, and Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith, with the pallid face, has to retire to her berth, you have an interesting detail which you will remember long after you have forgotten exactly how it was that the Count Carlos Kinsey, the Hungarian lover, happened to be traveling second class. But you will remember for many a day the song that His Countship sings, in the starlight, to Geraldine, with the brave help of his mandolin. We accept this love affair, too, because Mary Mannering plays it in a way that can not be denied. Why is she in love with the second-class passenger? Is there any logic in

garten, pure and simple. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fairy Myths ought never to have permitted its translation into an alien tongue. The runaway boy King, the barefooted goose-girl Queen, who is the Hangman's Daughter, and has never set eyes on a man, the spell-binding old Witch and the doleful Minstrel, the Broombinder and his thirteen children, the symbolical lily that is struck by a falling star, the conversational birds and squirrels,—all these were doubtless happy in their dear old German home, but they were sure to pine away and die on Broadway. As for its alleged "romantic mysticism" and allegorical significance, the children never bother about that, nor need we.

Yet Mr. Harvey's individual achievement in the rôle of the juvenile King is wholly delightful, and well worth while as another evidence of his rare versatility. Miss N. De Silva (Mrs. Harvey) was picturesque and sweetly sympathetic as the Goose-Girl. The venerable Councillor of Mr. Wright, and the broad, low-comedy Woodcutter of Mr. Mellish were both excellent. The Witch's Glade in Summer, and the same scene in Winter, furnish two stage pictures of surpassing loveliness.

It would be a thankless task to quarrel with certain irregularities in the art of Clyde Fitch, when the public accepts him gladly. "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," his new play at the Garrick, renews his vogue. This author approaches us always with an alluring title, often picturesque, always descriptive, and sometimes poetic. His most marked characteristic is feminine delicacy. He loves the latest fashion in gowns and the feel of the newest fabric. His speeches are satin, his scenes are silk and marble and roses.

Geraldine is an American girl, rich in her own right, who has been traveling abroad, where she has fallen in love with a Hungarian Count. Her friends declare the man to be an impostor, but Ger-



MISS DEYO

Marceau

Danseuse in "A Country Girl" at Daly's



Byron

MISS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER

SCENE IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER" AT THE BROADWAY

love? Then, why should there be in a play that concerns love? There are the mandolin, the glowing stars with the uniform color of old gold, and Arthur Byron's fine tenor voice. It is all good, but, frankly, the situation in which the Count is accused of shady transactions, and where it is subsequently discovered that he is suffering vicariously for a bad brother, lacks detail. The itemized account is not there. It is story and not drama. The Count is hardly convincing. We are not so sure about that bad brother. If it were suggested to Mr. Fitch that his plot were a bit crude and not worked out, he could triumphantly reply, "But look at that trunk scene!" It certainly is a very good scene.

Something like forty steamer trunks are brought in and fill the room, and a tea party, a sudden descent into one of the gulches with the silver salver and the crockery, some charming chatter, a bit of love making and a climax all take place on top of the trunks. It is all new and diverting, and at the end of the

act the Count, whose English is not as good as his music, tries to explain that he can not marry Geraldine, but that his heart is true to Poll, whereupon he is ordered out. In the third act we have the comedy of the whist table. In the fourth act we have a conservatory. Ordinarily, a stage conservatory is a mockery of paint and gauze and glimpses of things; here we have the real article, flowers banked up on either side of the stage, and an orchestra from Hungaria playing as in Araby the blest. The Count is the leader of the orchestra, overhears the remarks made about him, and takes possession of Geraldine, after presenting "papers" which make it clear, no doubt, that he is honorable, his brother's debts paid, and the family honor unsmirched. They are certified papers; what more could be asked? Geraldine gets her heart's desire.

Miss Amy Ricard, as the girl from Butte, is exceedingly clever in a good part, full of bright chat and comment. This is an American play, but she also lands a title, an innocuous pleasant chap, too, as played by H. Hasard-Short. Mrs. Hone, of a theatrical family, preserves, without training, the traditions of good acting and good breeding in a way that is really remarkable. There can be no question that Miss Mannering has here a part that suits her, and the play itself is entertaining enough to deserve popularity.

The authors of "Florodora" have given us in "The Silver Slipper," playing at the Broadway Theatre, not the full measure of their spirit as we received it in the earlier musical comedy, but such pieces are subject to so much amendment and betterment that the good which will survive may make it extremely popular. Except in one or two of its special



MISS FAY DAVIS

Who recently made her first appearance in America at the Empire in "Imprudence"

features, it lacks in the novelty which comes from closeness to the characters, taste, and possible happenings of the fleeting hour. To base a transaction on the falling of a slipper from the planet Venus is a little too far from Broadway. It may be noted, in view of the long success of the piece in London, that conservatism in that great city holds to old forms and ideas long after they have been abandoned here. In some way, whether in the process of adaptation to the New York stage or by the fault of the authors originally, the fanciful and the real are not well blended. But there is sufficient entertainment in it for the idle, and for him who feeds on the delights of the eye, and whose ear responds to catchy music.

The costumes and combinations of colors are certainly beautiful, and in all external things it does not stand behind any of the popular productions which have made fortunes on Broadway. The English sextette is as piquant as it can be, and one is made to feel that he is living when he is in the presence of such vivacity and grace. The champagne dance is so inspiriting and coquettish that the soberest of us must yield to its charm. Dancing girls do not put their feet on tables, by permission of the champagne bottle, with a swish of the skirts and a show of the ankles, in real life, but these English dancing girls make us believe that it might be done with propriety on the planet Venus. Then there is a song, "Come, Little Girl," which has such an amplitude of invitation in song and polite persuasion of embracing and dancing away, involving a score or two of young people, who seem to be full of eagerness and life, that we consent to it willingly. Miss Edna Wallace Hopper, Cyril Scott, Mackenzie Gordon, Miss Mai de Villiers and Miss Helen Royton have their songs, and, singly or in various conjunctions, are pleasing enough. Snitz Edwards and Sam Bernard are the comedians. To distribute praise or blame is not to the purpose in this exiguous space. They must subsist on their nightly applause. To sum up, it is not a second "Florodora," but "if you like that sort of thing, it is the sort of thing you like."

That D'Annunzio is a poet is plainly demonstrated in his stage directions. In the first act of "La Gioconda," for instance, the scene is a room in which, to quote his words, "the arrangement of everything indicates a search after a singular harmony, revealing the secret of a profound correspondence between the visible lines and the quality of the inhabiting mind that has chosen and loved them." What would Mr. Belasco, Mr. Teal or Mr. Seymour say to this, as a hint for the proper adjustment of "furniture and accessories"? Again, take the description of the manner in which the heroine, Silvia, is expected to behave on making her entrance, in act fourth: "In her way of moving there is a sense of something wanting, calling up a vague image of clipped wings, a vague sentiment of strength humbled and shorn, of nobility brought low, of broken harmony." How different is this from the oppressive conventionality, the only kind understood by the average stage manner, which would read: "She enters L. 3 E; crosses slowly to A. 1 E, gazes vacantly into space; then, with a sob, falls in chair C, hiding face in hands."

Antonio Majori, the Italian tragedian, announces that he will shortly open an Italian theatre at No. 138 Bowery. The house is to be known as the National Dramatic Theatre, which is surely a somewhat incongruous name for a playhouse situated in the Bowery, conducted by Italians and where the plays are to be acted in a foreign language. Signor Majori will be seen on its boards in the plays in which he won his reputation—"Hamlet," "Othello," "La Tosca," "Morte Civile," "Iris," "Benvenuto Cellini," and, possibly, "Cyrano de Bergerac."

J. M. Barrie's new play, "The Admirable Crichton," is founded on a whimsical idea. An English family is shipwrecked on a desert island. The only person capable of taking command is the butler, and his employers have to obey him. When they are rescued and return to London, the butler resumes his humble position in the domestic economy.



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

The Irish singing comedian as he appears in his new play, "Old Limerick Town"

Sarony



Byron

ACT V.—MARY: "He will come back!"

"MARY OF MAGDALA" AT THE MANHATTAN

MARY
(Mrs. Fiske)FLAVIUS
(Harry Woodruff)

Owing to the large increase in the edition of the Christmas number of THE THEATRE, which necessitated going to press much earlier than usual, it has been impossible to notice critically several of the more recent productions—"Imprudence," "The Eternal City" and "The Crisis." Mrs. Fiske opened her season at the Manhattan Theatre, on November 19th, with Paul Heyse's biblical drama, "Mary of Magdala," a full account of which appeared in THE THEATRE for September. This and the other plays will be reviewed in our next issue.

Mr. Sudermann's play, "The Joy of Living," in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell was seen prior to her departure from New York, might more accurately have been named "Remorse;" but in that case antithesis would have been sacrificed and no irony would have been implied. The story concerns itself with two bosom friends, with one of whom the wife of the other has been unfaithful to her husband. This infidelity is first hinted at in a newspaper article written by a former secretary of the guilty man, and after various twistings and turnings finally presents itself to the mind of the deceived husband, Count von Kellinghausen, as a rumor preceding a possible public scandal. Two and a half acts are occupied with desultory dialogue before a point is reached where anything resembling deep dramatic interest begins, and this point occurs where Beata, the Count's wife, con-

fesses to him her guilt at the very moment when her lover, Baron von Voelkerlingk, is on the verge of denying it. After this point the play does not again reach the same height of intensity. The Count requires that the Baron shall commit suicide. Beata, suspecting that this is the case, nevertheless persuades her lover to be present at a luncheon at her husband's house. The Baron consents, and at the table Beata, after talking effusively about the joy she has experienced in living, ends her life by drinking a glass of wine into which she has poured poison.

A large proportion of the five acts is occupied with conversations on psychological facts and socialistic tendencies, and those who hail such a conglomeration as a superb play, and pronounce its author one of the great dramatists of all time, are to be compassionated when they are not laughed at. The idea upon which the play is based might, indeed, be used most effectively by a master playwright, but it has not been so used by Mr. Sudermann, who gives us, instead, subtlety and talk, with spots of drama.

Seldom has a star had as little to do as Mrs. Campbell in this play. In nearly all that she did, however, you were made conscious of a unique personality, a certain puzzling charm. There were moments when the physical anguish Beata was supposed to suffer was forcefully indicated, and the only labor that suggested itself on the part of the actress was the labor of trying to get rid of as many stage



Barri McIntosh

TYRONE POWER
As Judas in "Mary of Magdala"

conventionalities as possible. The stiltedness, the declamation and the posing so characteristic of unintelligent acting were dispensed with, and effects were sought by extremely quiet methods. Mr. Gilmore, as the Count, was the only member of the support worth emphatic approval.

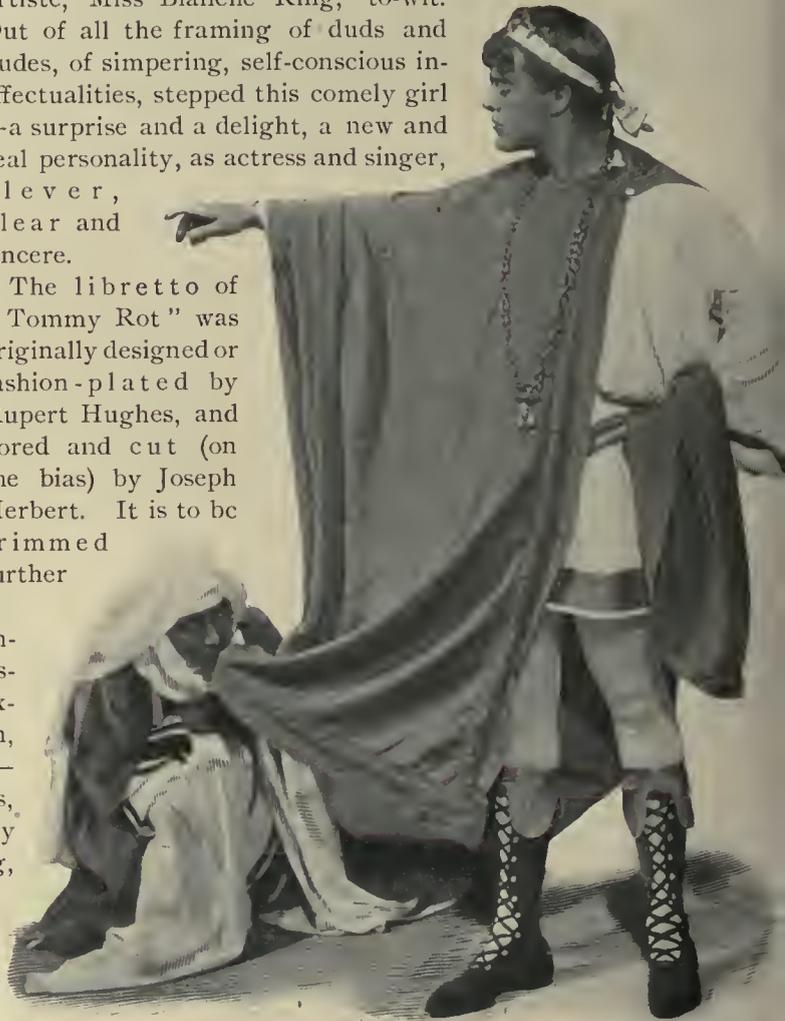
There seems to be no good reason why Joseph Brooks should have traveled 6,000 miles to secure from Mrs. Ryley, in London, the rights for such a puerile play as "An American Invasion" turned out to be. All the world is staying up nights to repel the American invasion, but it is quite certain that the clever authoress lost no sleep writing this, her latest work. A play by this title, to be typical of the American people, their point of view and way of doing things, should be brimming over in the person of the invader with smartness, brevity, color, life and action—and, above all, action! action!—and without which no play has a semblance of chance. There is a modicum of action and a maximum of talk in Mrs. Ryley's play. Briefly, the proposition is this: An American engineer, one Brainard (J. E. Dodson), invades India to carry off a contract for a new sewerage system from the Board of Works, meets a beautiful widow, Mrs. Penrudduck (Miss Irish), falls in love with her, and almost loses the job through her perfidy, which is, however, softened by her discovery that she has, unawares to herself, been smitten by the "Yankee man," the aforesaid Brainard. Then she repents her evil deeds, places the portfolio, containing Brainard's drawings, on the piano stool, from which it is quite promptly carried off by a third party, her own brother, Edward Cawardine (Mr. Tyler), and suspicion at once falls upon Mrs. Penrudduck. The fact that the heroine of the play did actually steal these much-talked-of papers is an unlucky stroke. It tarnishes the lady's character, and the impression of her as a woman is not wholly favorable. This simple American public does not like its heroines and heroes smirched. It has old-fashioned ideas about them, and does not like to have them disturbed. Of course, the lady is eventually cleared, but by explanation, not by action. In the last act we are back in London, and here Mrs. Ryley relapses into her strong forte, light comedy—deft, expert and charming. Had there been three acts like this, "An American Invasion" might have succeeded, but the play evolves itself in a maze of complications, leading to nothing, and is clothed in a mass of verbiage—some of it good. But on the whole there was more laughter and excitement on the stage than among the audience. The play's best purpose was served in introducing to New York, in stellar capacity, J. E. Dodson and Miss Annie Irish, long and favorably and affec-

tionately known by their work and personalities to the metropolitan public. But their vehicle was a weakling.

The curiosity over what form of drama Mrs. Osborn would give us as the ideal of entertainment for "good society" was satisfied when the curtain went up for the first time at her little Forty-fourth street playhouse on "Tommy Rot." It proved to be a feather-headed edition of "Sartor Resartus"—not only tailor-made, but, as the sequel shows, tailor-made-over. It could be classed as musical farce, but may best be described as an avalanche of stunning clothes, with the Osborn trade-mark, on a number of pretty girls who changed their costumes every few minutes, the intervals filled with "comic" songs, and an occasional spoken word or two. For society's sake, one may hazard the guess that the tailor, for once, got the better of the society woman in Mrs. Osborn, and induced her to cut her cloth to a *beau monde* misfit. Not even the pathetic opening of her doors at nine o'clock, "to give people a chance to dine in comfort," can quite make up for it.

A society girl loses her fortune and goes on the stage; a mutton-headed society man wishes to marry her but can not; a real actress captivates the society man, and so on. This is not bad material for fun and social satire, but they seemed eliminated, and the story was soon lost in the shuffle of garments. There was jingly music, fairly good of its kind, but too much of it, set to words of the ordinary run of comic opera nowadays. There were many incompetents, a few passables, and one "find"—a real artiste, Miss Blanche Ring, to-wit. Out of all the framing of duds and dudes, of simpering, self-conscious ineffectualities, stepped this comely girl—a surprise and a delight, a new and real personality, as actress and singer, clever, clear and sincere.

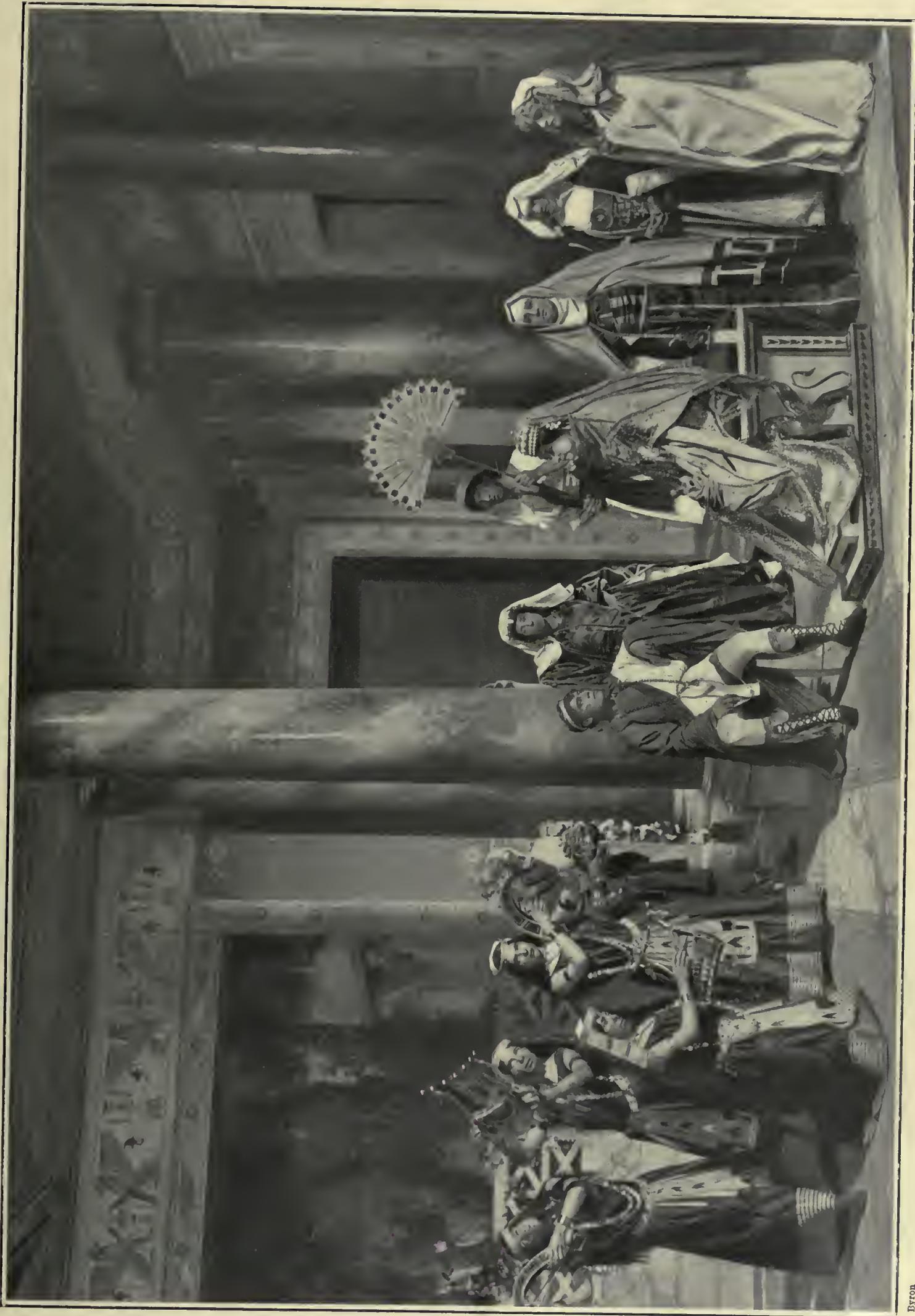
The libretto of "Tommy Rot" was originally designed or fashion-plated by Rupert Hughes, and gored and cut (on the bias) by Joseph Herbert. It is to be trimmed further



Byron MIRIAM (Miss Ida Hamilton)

FLAVIUS (Harry Woodruff)

ACT II.—FLAVIUS: "Thy prayer is granted. Thou art free to go"
"MARY OF MAGDALA" AT THE MANHATTAN



Byron

FLAVIUS
(Harry Woodruff)

MARY
(Mrs. Fiske)

RACHEL
(Miss Rose Eyttinge)

ACT II.—*Mary visits the house of Flavius, the Roman, in order to see the prophet of the new faith*

“MARY OF MAGDALA” AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE

by Paul West, and top-sewed and pressed by Kirke La Shelle. The music by Safford Waters is also understood to be in process of scissoring and ironing by somebody else, so Tommy may not go untimely to the rag-bag of ta-ra-ra-ra!

— "Old Limerick Town" is an Irish play. Augustus Pitou, the author, is Celtic enough to get at the finer characteristics of the people he represents, and generous enough to make the Frenchman the villain of the action, which is full of the vicissitudes and comedies of love. No doubt, too, Mr. Rosenquest has set his face against evictions, red coats and informers in such plays; and Chauncey Olcott is satisfied to stand for the joyful things of life, its sentiment, wholesome pathos and the true Irish heart that turns ever to song. An Irish play of this sort is of universal interest. That the brogue is not an absolute requisite for an Irish drama is fully demonstrated. The racial characteristics of heart and manner remain. There are sound reasons for the popularity of Chauncey Olcott. He is a capable actor, with a natural method, and the pathos and sweetness of his voice, which produces such unflinching effects in song, do not desert him in the requirements of the dialogue.

It is a simple play, but it touches the heart and evokes laughter. A young man, diffident in his love, loses his fortune by his own extravagance and negligence of business,

for he has the careless spirit of youth and the generosity of his race. An officer of the English garrison is his rival, the mother of the girl he loved urging the marriage, but the girl does not



Hyron JUDAS (Tyrone Power)

HARAN (Scott Craven)

ACT V.—HARAN: "Delay me not. I have beheld a sight that drowns my senses, steeping them in blood"

"MARY OF MAGDALA" AT THE MANHATTAN

falter, and, finally recovering his own fortune, he thwarts the plan of the rival suitor and thus wins his happiness.

— In the death of Alfred Ayres, which occurred on October 26th last, this magazine has lost a valued friend and contributor.



THE LATE ALFRED AYRES

Mr. Ayres—actor, teacher, critic—was in his sixty-ninth year and his life work covered practically half a century. His real name was Thomas Embley Osmun and he was born in Ohio, in 1834. He first studied, then taught, in the village school; passed through Oberlin College, and thence to Europe, where he spent six years. In Germany, as a young man, and in this country, as late as 1891, he appeared as an actor in such important rôles as Shylock

and Richelieu. But it was as a critic—a well-schooled and punctilious critic of language, speech, stage elocution, and the theatre in general—that Alfred Ayres attracted most attention. Beginning in New York in 1859, he waged incessantly until death his warfare against colloquial vulgarity, the slovenliness of the press, mouthing and ranting on the stage, and the misinterpretation of the classics, contributing to the *Sun*, *Dramatic Mirror*, *Times*, *Harper's Magazine* and *THE THEATRE*—a series of articles that made for him hosts of enemies, but undoubtedly did incalculable good. His books include "The Orthoëpist," "The Verbalist," "Actors and Acting," "Essentials of Elocution" and "Some Ill-used Words." He was also one of the editors of "The Standard Dictionary." In December last Mr. Ayres began in *THE THEATRE* a series of critical papers in which he considered the life work of Forrest, Barrett, Booth, and other great American players. The competence displayed in these papers and the scholarly, forcible English in which they were written made them models of criticism. Mr. Ayres never hesitated to speak where he had fault to find, but he was ever as ready to praise, and it would be impossible to pen more eloquent language than some of his tributes to real worth. Elsewhere in this number appears a characteristic appreciation of the late Augustin Daly, which is the last article he wrote. Mr. Ayres was gentle as a woman at heart, yet a Tartar in his critical onslaughts. His reverence for Shakespeare, for the immortal writers and the inspired actors, was with him a passion, almost a religion. He was a gentleman and a scholar, a public-spirited citizen, an artist jealous for the good name of Art, a true-hearted friend, and an honest critic, whom the world can ill afford to lose.

— The interesting announcement is made that Miss Margaret Anglin is to be seen this season as Lady Macbeth. Charles Frohman intends from time to time to make Shakespearian productions at the Empire during the stock company's regular season at that theatre, and "Macbeth" has already been selected as the first play to be presented. Miss Anglin played Camille to Mr. Miller's Armand last summer in San Francisco, and her impersonation received the highest praise from all the local critics.

— Kyrle Bellew is to appear in a dramatization of "The Amateur Cracksman," by E. W. Hornung.

A Damp Christmas :: :: CLARA ^{BY} MORRIS



From an original drawing
by W. H. Dunton

"Still the rain was falling"



IT WAS a Christmas eve and rain was falling. The performance was over, and as we were to travel the rest of the night, I hurried by to my private car. There I received two telegrams: one said there was a box and several parcels from the East awaiting me at the hotel at Fresno—presents and letters from home, I thought, and all the woman in me rejoiced; the other said, "House sold out for both nights," and all the actress in me was glad.

I awakened twice during the night; both times we were standing still, and both times I remarked how very quiet the station was and that rain was falling. When after a Græco-Roman struggle with the darkness day dawned, the rain was still falling, and the train was just barely moving, and to my surprise it was going backward. Even as I rang for my first coffee the train came to a standstill. My waiter told me that a bridge had fallen, that we were returning to strike another road, and now we were exactly at the spot where our car had been standing for two days past.

"Oh, no!" said I. "There was a large tree in front of my window, and there were fences."

"The flood has carried away the tree," replied the man, "and the fences are under water."

I started for the platform, and as I went I muttered to myself: "The wind blew and the rain fell!" But the waiter interrupted me with:

"No, Miss Cla'h, de wind didn't blow; de water made de trees fall and de bridge, too."

I stood and looked in amazement—nothing but water. The rain did not fall in drops, did not fall in lines, either straight or slanting; literally it came down in sheets—dense, drab-colored sheets. No earth, no sky—just water, water and ark—I mean car.

To us came splashing the engineer. This man was not unacquainted with tobacco, and he certainly was not at the foot of his class in profanity. In answer to the porter's question as to the cause of our halt, we learned that the water had drowned the engine, and now we were helpless. The man, in telling this, damned with perfect impartiality the engine, the road, the president, the flood, various parts of his own body, and his immortal soul. He damned them fortissimo and crescendo, introducing little blasphemous trills now and again of great originality. I confess I was shocked, till he suddenly stopped, and, injecting about a gill of tobacco juice into the already disastrous flood, he growled in lower tones:

"I wouldn't care so much if it wasn't for Mamie and the kid. They've been countin' for more than a month on my eatin' Christmas dinner with 'em, and now they'll have to sit in the blanked house alone, with a blankety blanked big turkey and nothin' but sniffin' and worry instead of fun."

Then my shock merged into pity for Mamie and the kid.

Still the rain was falling. I had a short, damp interview with my manager, in which I learned something of the wonderful elasticity of the human countenance when it is drawn downward. Poor man, how I sympathized with him, for did we not both long for the receipts of the house—that was sold? Yet the rain fell, the flood rose and the train it moved not, hence these long faces. I began to understand then

that Christmas Day was to be passed here in this awful loneliness of water. Well, well! all right! I would make the best of it, which I proceeded to do. I had two big lamps lighted in my state-room; I read the lesson and the prayers for the day. I pinned upon my pink flannel breast the flaming jewel my husband had presented me (for everything else I had to wait). "A jewel and a flannel wrapper?" But what would you have? It was Christmas Day in a car, and the car in a flood. I tied about my little dog's neck her gorgeous ribbon and bell; I put a rubber bag of hot water at my slippered feet, and a pile of pillows under my head, and, cuddling

my cosset of a dog close to my side, drew a warm cover over us, and opened with an absolute thrill of delight that stupendous book of Balzac's "Cousine Bette"—and here, Pattie eating bonbons at will, and I drinking coffee *ad lib.*, the hours passed, night fell, and presently it was twelve o'clock.

And so I had passed Christmas Day, without the sound of a church bell, the sight of a wreath or a tree, the scent of roast turkey or taste of plum pudding!

But Allah is great! and Mohammed is his prophet! I had not acted, and that was joy enough for me!



Armstrong, Boston

QUEEN FIAMMETTA (MISS JULIA MARLOWE) GIVING THE NUNS A DANCING LESSON

The Hardships of Stage Life

By HENRIETTA CROSMAN

I SUPPOSE the stage is more alluring to young women generally than any vocation to which they are eligible. This assertion I venture from a conviction based on observation, for a large proportion of the women I meet outside my profession ask my advice or guidance as to entering its ranks. Indeed, I have come to expect from each new acquaintance a catechising on stage novitiate and how to enter it. From my seamstress to my lady hostess proceed alike the inquiry as to whether I advise girls to adopt the stage as a calling, and invariably I answer "Yes."

But my affirmative, like admission to college, is hedged about with conditions. If a girl feels strongly drawn to the

dramatic art, honestly believes she has real talent, has sought and discovered evidences of it; if she deems herself endowed with the essentials of temperament, physique and kindred indispensable attributes; to such I say, spring into the lists and put yourself to the test, if—and here the conditions:

Only if she be seriously willed to make the drama her life work should she venture it; not unless she has fortified herself to endure arduous hardships, disappointments, discouragements, adversity—blows of battle that must be suffered before victory. These buffetings are certain to befall the novice in the struggle, for who in art may leap to sudden and easy fame? Some few there may be, but so short is this honor roll that a tiny page in history would suffice to bear the names. Armored with a purpose and a resolution

to triumph over the obstacles that beset the early way on the stage, a girl may take to it with a reasonable assurance of success and its attendant rewards that abundantly repay the bruises of combat.

Of the many phases of the question as it is presented to me, a not infrequent one is whether I would encourage a girl of independent means to tempt fame behind the foot-lights.

Wealth is not an insurmountable obstacle to success on the stage, yet it might constitute a great barrier. By success I do not mean getting and holding a subordinate place on the stage from season to season. For a girl of means this would be a simple affair, far more easy than to one poorer and perhaps more deserving. I mean rather the attainment of a conspicuous artistic height, a position of recognized eminence. An assured income would hamper such ascent, because the girl thus favored by fortune would be unlikely to put up with the severe process of development. Escape would be too easy. Necessity is better calculated to exert this control.

How little the rigors of this developing process are understood by the uninitiated! How difficult it is to force a realization of them upon the layman! The incredulity with which the untutored listen to descriptions of these hardships stirs me in turn to pity, indignation and amusement. They refuse to believe, which is as well, perhaps, if they are minded to experiment for themselves, for enthusiasm bridges many a rough spot in stageland.

But what calling imposes on its votaries such exactions, mental and physical, as that of the player? Its days of travel, nights of work, hours of rehearsal and study—all these, and more beside, call for an ample store of resources. To achieve any measure of advancement in the dramatic art, one must be greedy for study and experience, and should seek it in the hardest but most valuable of all schools—a stock company.

A new part each week this means, oftentimes two performances a day, rehearsals all the morning and study in every odd moment; no rest, all work, but a training of incalculable worth, and, to my way of thinking, absolutely necessary. If a girl will consider all these aspects of stage life, and still have the determination to essay it, my counsel is, make the venture.

"Queen Fiammetta's" Brief Reign

MISS JULIA MARLOWE was compelled to close her tour with "Queen Fiammetta," not, it is officially stated, because the Mendès play proved unprofitable or artistically unsuccessful, but because it was too great a tax upon the actress's strength. Miss Marlowe is to resume shortly in another piece of a lighter nature. She has entirely abandoned all idea of producing "Electra," the drama by Perez Galdos.

Sir Henry Irving promises to bring Sardou's new play, "Dante," to New York next season, and if present plans are carried out, the distinguished English actor will appear at the Broadway in October. About the same time Mr. Gillette will be seen as Hamlet at the Knickerbocker.



Armstrong, Boston

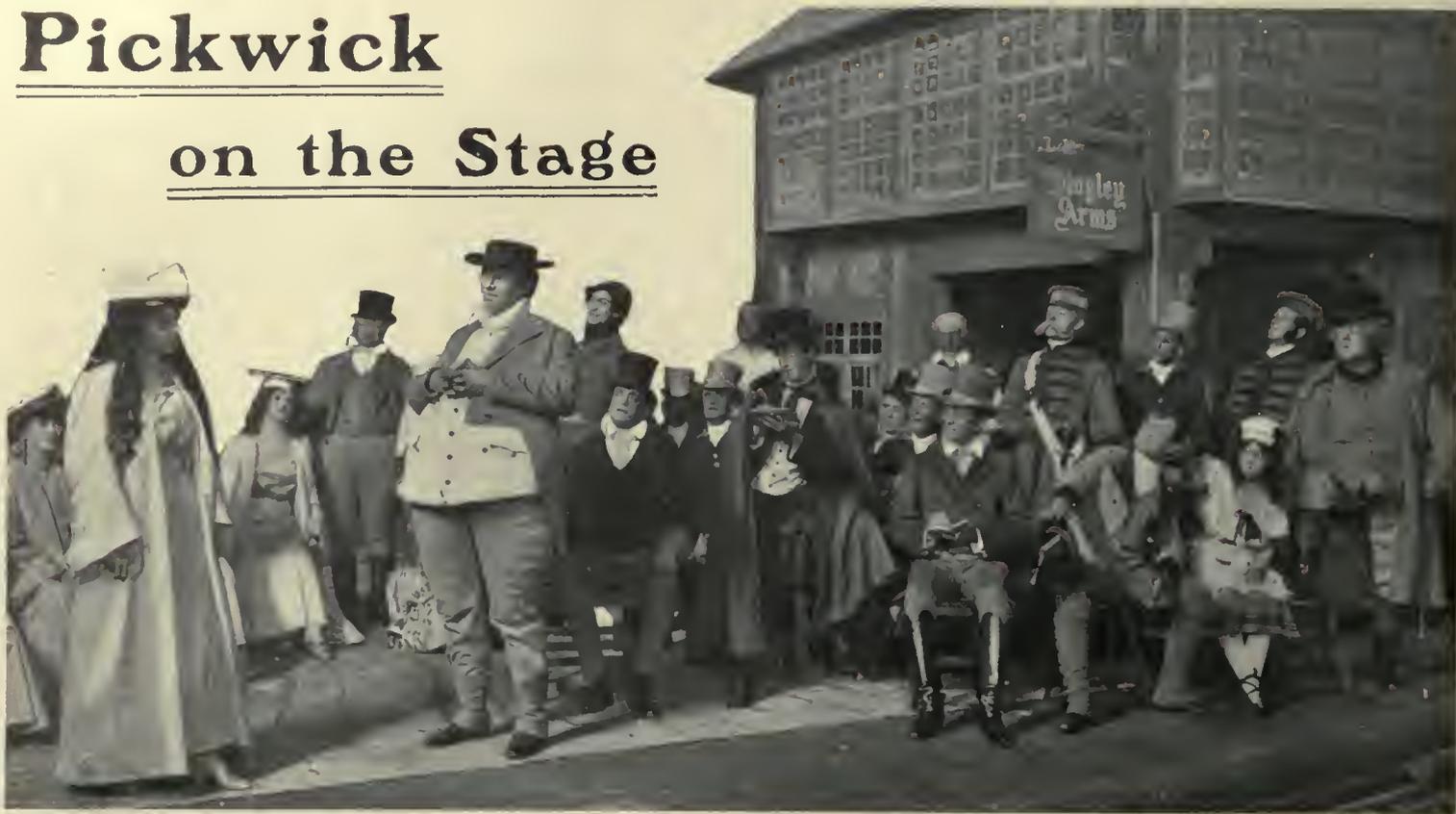
MISS JULIA MARLOWE

EDOAR DAVENPORT

Scene from "QUEEN FIAMMETTA," the poetic tragedy by Catulle Mendès, recently tried by Miss Marlowe

Pickwick

on the Stage



Byron ARABELLA WARDLE PICKWICK SNODGRASS WINKLE SAM WELLER POLLY WELLER WELLER SR.
 (Miss Louise Gunning) (J. K. Adams) (De Wolf Hopper) (George Chapman) (Lou Paine) (Digby Bell) (Miss Margaret Clarke) (Henry Norman)

MR. PICKWICK INTERVIEWS ARABELLA

IT IS remarkable that while Pickwick is, perhaps, the most popular and most human of all the characters immortalized by the genius of Charles Dickens, the amusing adventures of the portly, vainglorious old gentleman have seldom appealed to the dramatist. The other characters of Dickens—Nicholas Nickleby, Sidney Carton, Little Nell, Oliver Twist—have all taken their place on the stage and actors have made reputations enacting them. But for some occult reason those wonderful types, Pickwick, Sam Weller, the Widow, Jingle and the Fat Boy, have been neglected by the purveyors of theatrical entertainment. True, one or two stage versions of Pickwick have been performed in England, and in one of them Henry Irving played the part of Alfred Jingle, but none of them have been presented in America, and the subject has never been treated in a musical form in any country.

It was the musical form that appealed most to Charles Klein, already well known as the author of "El Capitan," "The Auctioneer," and other successful pieces, and who, in collaboration with his brother Manuel, wrote the musical comedy "Mr. Pickwick," which De Wolf Hopper is using this season. Mr. Klein knows his Dickens backwards, and the quaint personality of Pickwick always appealed to him more strongly perhaps than any other, for he saw in it an excellent opportunity for good comedy and character drawing if—if he could only find the actor to impersonate Pickwick. Finally,

Mr. Klein hit upon Mr. Hopper, who was delighted with the idea. The only serious question that arose was in regard to Mr. Hopper's height. How could an actor over six feet tall, no matter how gifted with unction and humor, "make up" to look like the rotund, squatty, little Pickwick? How far this difficulty has been overcome we must judge for ourselves next month, when the piece will be seen for the first time in New York. A Detroit writer, however, says: "Mr. Hopper is remarkably successful in giving the part the actual color of a character study. He is really Pickwick. When he sings, he sings as one would think Pickwick might sing, had Dickens permitted him to so far forget his dignity. When he dances, it is a Pickwick-Hopper dance.

When he swings pretty maidens up on his shoulders, it is a Pickwick swing. He is clever and always entertaining, but so well within the atmosphere that the most serious-minded reader of Dickens cannot throw his hands to the high heavens and cry out against the sacrilege."

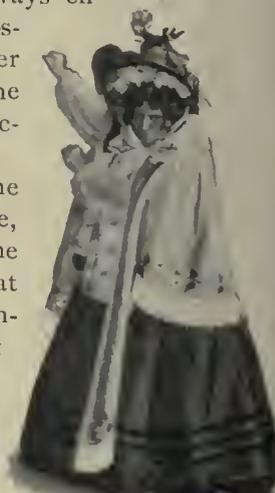
Mr. Klein has used the Pickwick of the Mudfog papers and Tittlebat theory fame, and modeled his chief character on the gentle, mild-mannered Pickwick that Dickens only developed later. The dramatist had a wealth of material to work with; indeed, the difficulty was to eliminate what could not be utilized. The musical end of the production, too, was kept entirely subsidiary to the play itself. For example, when it



Charles Klein, author Manuel Klein, composer



Grant Stewart as Jingle



Miss Laura Joyce Bell as "the Widow"

came to selecting the actors, instead of being engaged for their voices, they were chosen for their temperamental qualities and ability to play the parts entrusted to them. Sam Weller, as played by Digby Bell, is declared to be one of the most convincing and artistic characterizations ever seen on the stage, and the Jingle of Grant Stewart is said to be a no less noteworthy bit of acting. Miss Laura Joyce Bell is greatly praised for an amusing caricature of Mrs. Bardell, and Miss Louise Gunning, the prima donna of the company, has met with success in the rôle of the wilful and foolishly romantic Arabella Wardle.

Of course, there is no more plot in the musicalization than there is in the "Pickwick Papers." The first act shows Dingley Bell Arms with a ladies' seminary directly across the street. In this square are brought out all those old friends of youth: Sam Weller, of the ungrammatical epigrams; Tony Weller, with troubles with the "vidder"; Alfred Jingle, the young man of exceeding freshness; Winkle, Snodgrass and Tupman; Mrs. Bardell, the avenging Nemesis of the breach-of-promise case; Arabella, the boarding school miss in search of adventure; the somnambulist fat boy; Miss Wardle, the amorous spinster, and Polly.

It is in this scene that Mr. Pickwick attempts to anticipate elopements, only to be falsely accused, has a stormy scene with the breach-of-promise widow, who chases him and members of the Pickwick Club about at the point of her parasol, drinks too much punch, and

is left when the curtain comes down with his head under the town pump and "Samevell" vigorously active on the pump handle.

The second act is the forest and shows the promiscuous shooting of the Pickwick Club. Pickwick himself comes on the stage in a runaway, and in his excitement discharges his gun, to the utter prostration of himself, as well as other members of the Pickwick Club.

The score is said to be above the usual average of this class of production and to contain some melodious music.

It is an open secret that when the brothers Klein started to collaborate on this piece they mutually agreed that Manuel should always praise the libretto and Charles extol the music.

R. S. W.



Byron Pickwick, Wardle and the elder Weller



Digby Bell as Sam Weller



Armstrong, Boston

Dantelo (Frank Worthing)

The Queen (Miss Marlowe) being confessed before her execution

FINAL SCENE IN "QUEEN FIAMMETTA"



A Talk with Robert Edeson

CHATS WITH PLAYERS, NO. 13

Illustrated with portraits specially posed by Burr McIntosh



HOW far an author should be grateful for the actor's interpretation of his hero, or vice versa, is an oft-discussed question among this respective class of art-workmen. Since the "star" system is inevitable, authors who draw vivid types, even in improbable stories, may always hope for stage fame.

Richard Harding Davis certainly drew a life-like American hero in his "Soldiers of Fortune," and Robert Edeson, who interpreted the part in the dramatization of the novel by Augustus Thomas, realized its Americanism, in spite of

certain improbabilities in the story. It was the American actor, more than the American author, who made the success of the play, which even one of our most skillful American playwrights could not screen entirely from a theatrical third act.

"Bob" Edeson, as he is known to his friends, has the most important primeval virtue of American life—patriotism. With this enthusiasm nothing is actually impossible to an American; scarcely anything improbable. He is absolutely right until convinced that he is wrong, then he will apologize and gracefully acknowledge himself beaten—until the sun rises on another day, and he is off again striving in a new direction.

"Ask an American to do anything under the sun, and he will answer you promptly, 'Certainly, I can do that,' and whether he could or he couldn't, it makes no difference, he goes right ahead and trusts to luck and good sense to pull him through," said Mr. Edeson, and in his own words we have an epitome of Americanism. If there will ever come that millennium of dramatic history, a period when Realism, Problemism and Girlism shall give way to wholesome Americanism on our local stages, "Bob" Edeson will be remembered as one of its pioneers. It is not remarkable that he should have become so prominent in so short a time, when we consider from what a mess and pottage of alien plays he has reared his head. It is an achievement to have done this, a testimony to his force of character that he resisted the French farce, the English problem, the German gloom, and the chemistry of Norway and Sweden. He is a distinct type of the modern American, and perhaps of the highest type, if we consider sincerity of character paramount. He is a "man's man," first and always. He spent his early years ranching in Texas, checking logs in the Michigan woods with the lumbermen, and the mercury all but snowed under. His father thought he was delicate, and sent him out west to fight the mystery of health. He shows the values that cling to a man who has cradled his character in the rugged simplicities of out-door life. The sun has burned its warmth into him, and the clear, biting frost has put steel in his sinews. He has learned to look into far distances, across great prairies, and he has dreamed under a sky-blanket in a silence that wakes a man's soul.

"You weren't trained to become an actor?" I asked him, when he had revealed by degrees the incidents of his days out west.

"Not a bit. Why, the first engagement I ever had was a disappointment to the orchestra leader. He complained that he couldn't hear me at all," he said, quietly.

"But you weren't discouraged?"

"Never. I was out in the woods the next morning early—the theatre was in a small western town—prac-



Burr McIntosh

"I am an American, thank God!"

ting loud talking. That night the manager came round to me after the first act and said, 'Bob, those people who are living two blocks away have not paid to hear this show,' so I quieted down a trifle."

"Was it a small part?"

"No; a big one."

"Your first part?"

"Yes, my first."

"How did you get the chance?" I asked.

"Just asked for it, studied it, then went ahead and played it as well as I could. You see my father was an actor; that helped me a little, and then I looked pretty strong and capable, I guess," he added, quietly. He picked up a miniature wooden automaton that was lying on the table, and was twisting it about in his fingers with some amusement when he said, addressing the image, "No, I never was a school-actor, though you look as though you'd make a good one;" then he put it carefully aside with a good-humored pat on its diminutive wooden head. Perhaps as he had set aside the little image he had also set aside the artificialities that the best of men will fall into—some time ago, back in the woods in Michigan, if he ever really had them before.

There was a time when "Bob" Edson was in the line of promotion among matinée idols, and he is handsome and winning enough for the distinction, but there is a certain grim virility about him when the idea is even suggested. "No, no; never that," he said, waving the dread possibility aside with his hand, when I talked about it.

"Honestly, I think the age of the matinée idol has passed, the stage has outlived him," he said, with exceptional earnestness; "the matinée girl runs after women on the stage now, which is much more natural."

"The flattering missive she used to send the actor, is that gone, too?"

"I've only heard of them; never saw one!" he said, sternly.

"What has replaced the mania?" I asked.

"I get notes from enthusiastic boys, who are full of a romantic, fictitious manhood they are planning for themselves."

"If the matinée girl has come to her senses, what is to become of the love scenes in a play?" I asked.

The actor looked far off out of the window, to a lumber camp in those Michigan woods, perhaps, and then said, seriously:

"To my mind, much stronger than any love interest in a play is the motive of deep friendship between two men. The theme is of stouter frame than a love story, and somehow appeals to me more."

Certainly Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and many of our great American authors have thought so, too, but it was a start-



Burr McIntosh

"The age of the matinée idol has passed"

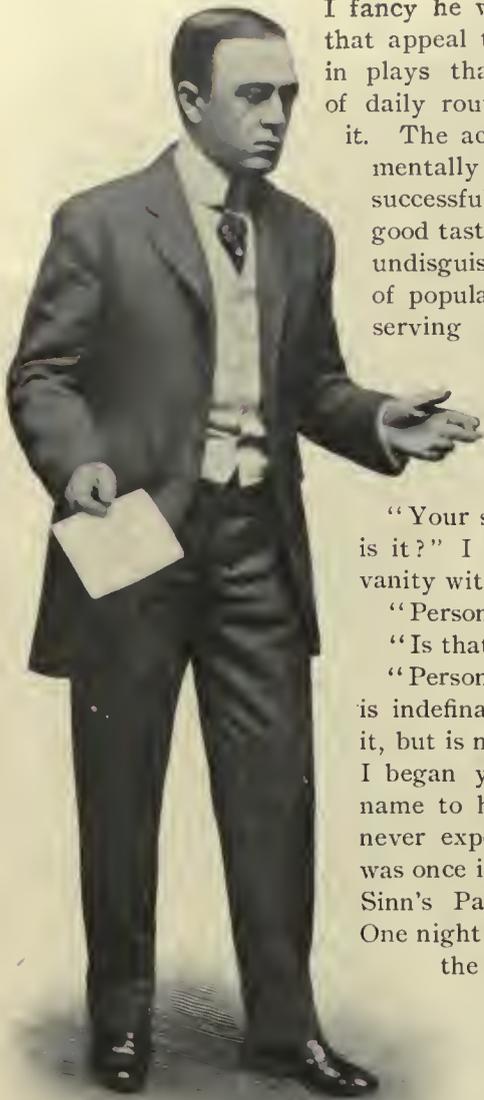
ling thing for a modern actor to say, in view of the constant endeavor most actors make to emphasize the love scenes and love interest of their plays. Then, too, it was essentially of the American, so busy in conflict with men, that he has little time for an idler's pastime with women—except with his fair captor for life.

"In a measure, this is your idea of a suitable subject for American dramatists?" I asked, probing his Americanism to the utmost.

"Speaking for myself, I am after American plays, by American authors," he said, forcefully. "I'll go still further. I believe it is the actor's province, if not his duty, to encourage American writers, to hand out ideas for them to work on. I am constantly making notes, draughting themes, and even scenarios for young dramatists to work out. We can't be too active in the movement toward developing American subjects for the stage," he said, earnestly.

"Not American problems?" I hinted.

"Plays that keep before us the national traits of which we are all proud enough. The young man typifies America, with his quick-thinking brain, his practical, clean ideals, his love of fun, his smart business perceptions. Some day I am going to do a hunting play, laid in Virginia, showing the love of country life, its health and breeze," he said, losing himself momentarily in the atmosphere of the Virginia hills.



Burr McIntosh

"Personality is what counts"

to witness my *début*. I had to make an entrance chasing a ball with a tennis racket. The moment I got on the stage these 'Poly' Indians set up a yell of 'rah! rah! rah!' and every idea went out of my head. I almost collapsed. Good of them, wasn't it?"

"Personality did that!" I suggested.

"Yes; but not stage personality, for I had youth, health and a certain agile self-confidence that carried me a long way."

"Above all, you had confidence?"

"Suppose I had—yes, even more than I have to-day sometimes. Personality is what counts, though—and the right kind of parts," he added, slyly.

"You mean good parts, of course?"

"Yes, and parts you can play—parts you can harness to naturally, parts you fit properly."

"Personality is lost in an inharmonious character?"

"Yes; and one scene out of proportion, if it's only a minute, will wipe an actor's personality out almost, or, at least, confuse it in the minds of an audience. Take the last scene I had in 'The Climbers.' After a devoted friendship during the play to one man, after doing my best to reclaim him, in the last act, when he most needed me, I had to turn

I fancy he will only play those parts that appeal to the normal sensibilities, in plays that sweeten the monotony of daily routine rather than embitter it. The actor who is so constituted mentally and morally that he can successfully play to audiences of good taste and discretion in his own undisguised personality has the gift of popularity, something many deserving geniuses never get, and which many celebrated men have coveted in vain.

We talked of this chimera, called success, and its secret magic.

"Your success, for instance, what is it?" I asked him, tempting his vanity without due result.

"Personality," he said, simply.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Personality," he repeated; "it is indefinable, and yet every one has it, but is not always conscious of it. I began young; I had my father's name to help me, of course, but I never expected to be an actor. I was once in the box-office of Colonel Sinn's Park Theatre in Brooklyn. One night some one was missing from the cast at the last moment, and I volunteered to go on. Well, I got through it. Then I was given a small part in another play at the same theatre. I had been at school at the Polytechnique in Brooklyn, and all the boys came in a body

my back on him and let him take poison. Never could I understand the nature of that chap who would turn his back on an old friend at the last moment, and I guess I never played the scene without losing something of my personality on that account," he added, warmly.

"In other words, you are comfortable with an audience according to the ideals you portray?"

"If I'm playing the part of a man in the first act, I don't want to be a prig in the last act," he said, quietly.

"It is a natural curtain in many lives," I said, drawing him on. He looked stern, seemed to become square from the shoulders down, and, looking the writer straight in the eye, he said:

"I'm an American, thank God, and you can't make a prig of a man as long as he has those three letters in the alphabet after his name—U. S. A."

"Bob" Edeson can say a thing like this without jeopardizing the friendship of even a Chinaman. It sounds like bombast, unless you hear him say it, and then it has a tense, earnest dignity about it that sweeps criticism aside.

One never quite feels that he is acting, and as an art the theatre is still his study. It is not likely that he will ever feel that he knows it all. In fact, he will never get the chance to feel that way, for he has at his elbow a bit of vigilant Americanism spurring him on to bigger things, with an affectionate, constant scrutiny of his work.

"Mrs. Edeson is my guide, philosopher and friend," he said, humbly. "We watch each other in our work like lynxes. After the performance we face each other in a sort of family inquisition. I get the 'third degree' if I haven't played up to the mark!"

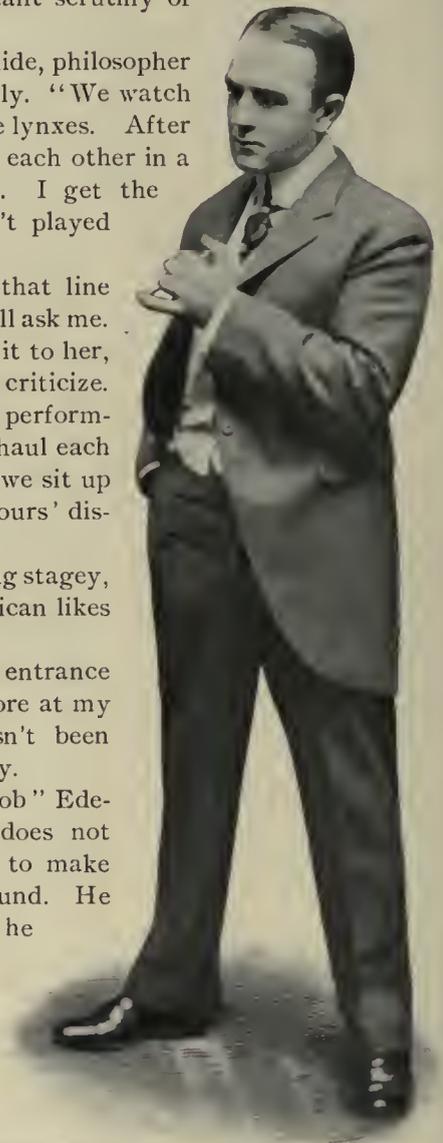
"Why did you speak that line that way to-night?" she will ask me. Then I'll try and explain it to her, until my turn comes to criticize. We scarcely ever allow a performance to pass that we don't haul each other over the coals, and we sit up late into the 'wee sma' hours' discussing the work."

He does not like anything stagey, any more than any American likes anything artificial.

"I like to make an entrance quietly, and I am much more at my ease if my entrance hasn't been worked up," he said, simply.

No,—egotism is not "Bob" Edeson's long suit, and he does not really need a brass band to make people know that he is around. He is a new type in stage art; he represents the long-lost chord in theatrical life—Americanism.

"Of course, you know, some day I'm going to do character work; I enjoy it im-



Burr McIntosh

"My wife is my guide"



Photo Marceau

JAMES K. HACKETT AND MARY MANNERING IN THE BALCONY SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET"



Schloss

MISS ELLEN BURG

Wife of Robert Edeson and appearing with him in
"Soldiers of Fortune"

istie personality: "I'm an American, thank God!" This is what those great giant trees in the Michigan forests said to him as they crackled in the frosty winds—so it was written in the sky-blanket that covered him on the ranch in Texas.

W. DE WAGSTAFFE.

Why Neglect Shakespeare?

HERE is a suggestion growing out of the discussion concerning an Independent or Endowed Theatre. Why not have a season of Shakespeare? Did some one say he spelt ruin? The truth of that epigram, uttered forty years ago, may have dissipated with the lapse of time. Who can other than say that the bard is becoming more than neglected in New York?

The Empire City of the New World saw but two of his masterpieces last season, as against fourteen of his works produced in ten years at the Royal Theatre in Berlin. But that playhouse is subsidized, will be the rejoinder.

Let it go at that.

Shakespeare, in spite of a general managerial comprehen-

ensively, but I look forward to it as a man does to a luxury," he said. "That will be when I have established myself in the new theatre my manager, Mr. Harris, is building."

I refrain from describing him; the novelist's pen is often out of place, except in establishing the romantic attractiveness of a hero. To say that he is tall, well made, exceptionally graceful, manly and democratic, without pose or prisms, and that he is full of a gentleness one usually finds in big men, is enough, and perhaps to add, in his own words, his character-

sion, wrote something more than "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It" and "Julius Cæsar."

Is it necessary to point out that "Measure for Measure" contains as much heart interest and is quite as dramatic as "Du Barry"? Isn't Isabella as good an acting part as the mistress of Louis XV.? The comedy of "Much Ado About Nothing" would seem to ring truer than "The Twin Sisters." Is it less interesting? Viola would seem to be more entertaining than the babbling heroine of the invertebrate "Quality Street." Wouldn't as many of Mansfield's admirers flock to see him as Timon as they have in the dinky Beaucaire? Aren't truth, philosophy and humor as potent as froth, tinsel and platitude? The poetry and charm of "The Tempest" should surely draw as well as "Iris." "King John" is quite as entertaining as "A Gentleman of France," and Faulconbridge, for captivating swagger, is quite as effective as the hero of Weyman's romance; while for dramatic intensity there are more thrills in "Othello" than in "Notre Dame." Wouldn't it draw as well?

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

Playwrights and School-Girls

IN his speech at the recent dinner of the American Dramatists' Club, Bronson Howard, the President, said he had been complimented on the morality of his plays. "But I believe," he added, "we should be as broad in our morals as the people are. I don't believe in stage preaching, but in showing things as they are. We should not be guided in our morals by the necessities of ignorance some think the school-girl should have. It might be better to keep the school-girls away, and let their fathers and mothers hear some things they should know." The *Evening Sun*, commenting on the above editorially, remarks: "But it is all very fine to talk about keeping the school-girl at home. It takes two to make a bargain, and the real matinee girl thinks that she has her rights. Go up Broadway any Saturday when the theatres are getting out in the afternoon, and what will you see? Girls of the tender age of 12 or 13 coming away in twos and threes from plays like 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' 'Du Barry,' 'Iris,' or 'The Joy of Living.' The natural question is, why do their parents or guardians allow them to go to performances which are intended for the grown up? Clearly the stage cannot be run with a view to suiting the young person. Plays cannot be all candy and ice cream. In a certain type of drama one of the Ten Commandments, or the breach of it, is bound to play a conspicuous part. There is only one way out of the difficulty—either keep her at home or make her confine her patronage to such plays and comic operas as do not involve the problems of the divorcee court."



Byron
Ezra Kendall, in his new play
"The Vinegar Buyer"



Sarony John Moore* William Gilbert Charles Leclercq* John Drew Augustin Daly* Charles Fisher* May Fielding
 James Lewis* George Parkes* Mrs. G. H. Gilbert Ada Rehan Virginia Dreher*

THE LATE AUGUSTIN DALY READING A NEW PLAY TO THE MEMBERS OF HIS COMPANY

The Stagecraft of Augustin Daly

IT IS the happy fate of most of us to have our material and our intellectual possessions overestimated. This is commonly an advantage, since the belief that we are rich in the material and the intellectual does more to fix our status with the average man than would the belief that we are rich in all the virtues.

Few persons that I have known, or have thought well of, have benefited more in consequence of their abilities being overestimated than did the late Augustin Daly. One of the reasons why Mr. Daly's ability was overestimated—the chief reason, possibly—was found in the circumstance that Mr. Daly was remarkably well satisfied with himself. The world in his case, as in the case of many another, accepted him largely at what he thought his honest appraisal. Mr. Daly's unbounded belief in himself naturally made him boldly self-reliant. Now, self-reliance is a virtue when its possessor is really masterful, but it is not a virtue when its possessor's knowledge does not reach the point at which one becomes conscious of one's limitations. Mr. Daly was wont to go his own way and take counsel of no one, though he was always surrounded by those that knew far more of theatre-management, especially of the art side of theatre-management, than he knew.

The opinion quite generally—and quite erroneously, I think—prevails that Mr. Daly's influence in the American theatre-field worked greatly to the bettering of its products. His

management was liberal, materially, but not more liberal than was that of some of his distinguished contemporaries, notably than that of A. M. Palmer. Mr. Palmer staged his productions quite as well as Mr. Daly staged his, and he played them distinctly better. Mr. Daly, during all his long career, gave no performance that could compare in excellence with, for example, the Union Square performances of "Led Astray," "The Two Orphans" and "Miss Multon." For this there were two reasons: Mr. Daly never had a company strong enough to compete with Mr. Palmer's; and then, if he had had a company strong enough to compete with Mr. Palmer's, he still would have been outdone, for the reason that the Palmer company was always intelligently directed, whereas the Daly company never was intelligently directed.

Mr. Daly, although a newspaper man previously to his assuming the management of a theatre, had been but a short time in his new field when, like Frederick the Great, he boldly took upon himself the directing of every detail in the governing of his realm, including even that of directing, and of thinking for, his most experienced players. The result was that while his stage was thought by many to offer a good school in which to learn how to play, it was, in fact, a good school in which to learn how not to play. True, some of the players that for a time were in Mr. Daly's company achieved distinction, but some of these—notably Clara Morris—had been carefully schooled before Mr. Daly ever heard of them. Mr. Daly expressed his idea of the player's art in just three

* Deceased

words: Acting is action, he was wont to say. As a consequence, his players were continually doing things for which there was no discernible reason. They simply did things in order to be doing things. Though it might be the melancholy Jacques or the sad Antonio, whenever he opened his mouth to speak, up must go at least one hand, and a stride or two at the least must be taken. And while this was a-doing, the rules that govern in the matter of deportment, where the technique of playing is known, were often being violated, the words being spoken were often mispronounced, and the lines were often being so misread as to distort their meaning. Of the effectiveness of repose Mr. Daly knew nothing;

the only kind of acting he believed in, or seemed willing to recognize, is the kind that keeps the actor moving about and sawing the air.

If one would have proof that Mr. Daly cared little for, and did less than little for, dramatic art, one has only to consider what he did in 1899, when he sought to make the theatre-going public accept "The Merchant of Venice" with a man in the principal part that was expected to do no more than to wear the Shylock costume and repeat the

Shylock lines, Mr. Daly's object being so to entour the actress that played Portia as to make her the salient figure in the presentation. Shakespeare was sacrificed, the public misled and the art of stage-presentation was debased to satisfy the ambition of a favorite. And this done, did Mr. Daly show his Portia to the best advantage? Far from it! Had the lady been properly schooled and intelligently directed, her Portia would have been, many to one, a better personation than it was. She frequently mispronounced, continually misread, often betrayed a misconception of the author's intent—else all the world was wrong till then—was half the time running up and down, to the right and to the left, and not a little of the other half was in positions that were not advantageous. Miss Ada Rehan might have been an excellent player, might possibly have neared greatness, if she had begun and continued under art influences. Despite the circumstance that Miss Rehan was Dalyized through and through, her pleasing features, symmetric figure, native grace and inborn intelligence won for her an enviable place in the regard of the millions, and sometimes, indeed, in the regard of those whose judgment in such matters commanded respect.

If Mr. Daly, as many seem to think, contributed to the bettering or to the elevating of the American stage, in an art point of view, I failed to see it when he was in management, and I fail to see it now. What he did that was praiseworthy was done by the carpenter, the painter and the costumer. What Mr. Daly did in setting and costuming has been done equally well by many another, and what other managers have done in the more important matter of playing often has been better done than it was done by Mr. Daly. "The Girl and the Judge," recently seen at the Lyceum Theatre, was immeasurably more artistically played than any play ever was played under Mr. Daly's direction. At the Lyceum we saw no action for action's sake; there, intelligence, reason, art, was discernible in every gesture made—of which few were made—and in every step taken—of which only the necessary were taken. ALFRED AYRES.

Maternal Susceptibility

Milton Nobles, of "Phoenix" fame, has been for many years on the legitimate and the vaudeville stage, and now reaches the reminiscent stage. He tells of playing one night at Owl Hoot, Wis., when the piece he was presenting required him to reinforce his company with local talent to the extent of engaging the services of a wizened little Irish boy, ten years old, for a child's part. Of course, Mickey's mother occupied a front seat, and came early to see her precious offspring "act out." In his first scene, Nobles, as the hero, had to gaze pityingly upon the lad, and say:

"Look at his poor, wan face!"

He had scarcely uttered those words when Mickey's mother sprang to her feet, and, brandishing an umbrella, shouted:

"Wan face, is it! Sure, I'd loike to know how many faces ye do be expectin' the b'y to have, ye blitherin' omadhaun! Mickey, come down out o' that this minute.

Wan face! Bedad, if he insults ye loike that again I'll knock his two eyes into wan, so I will!"



Jeffries, Baltimore

MISS PERCY HASWELL

Formerly a member of the Daly company and now starring in "A Royal Family"

Ibsen's Influence on the Drama

By MRS. FISKE



NO ONE can dispute the power of Ibsen as a dramatist, and perhaps no one should question his honesty and his convictions in the work that he has done. But some of us must believe that his influence on the whole of contemporary drama has been baneful.

Here is a man of tremendous and original dramatic power—a man of such potency that he has in a generation misdirected the drama of Europe through the inspiration he has invoked in the ablest dramatists of other lands to accept the school he has established.

Many of these dramatists of other lands, less able than Ibsen, have, in imitation of him—unconscious as that imitation may have been in many cases—produced plays even more demoralizing than Ibsen's plays, because, dealing with subjects quite as aberrant, they have lacked his marvelous

knowledge of human weakness, and thus have made less reasonable appeals to the understanding while clothing their demoralizing works with the superficial arts of stagecraft. They have abused their own natural abilities and sophisticated taste from a sheer exertion of powers that have no such native idiosyncrasy as that which places Ibsen apart from all men who write for the theatre.

Ibsen furnishes food for the alienist and the pathologist, rather than for the normal thinker. As a psychologist is he not inferior to Dumas for the purposes of the theatre?

Dumas could dissect a human problem by means of a play and still evolve a work that was picturesque, poetical and beautiful without sacrificing interest or dramatic strength. Ibsen, by his example, as well as by his work, has almost banished beauty, nobility, picturesqueness and poetry from the stage.



AT the table of honor, from left to right, are Joseph Arthur, Harry P. Mawson, Al. Hayman, Bronson Howard, J. I. C. Clarke, Sydney Rosenfeld, Augustus Thomas, Brander Matthews, David Belasco, F. F. Mackay, Franklin H. Sargent and Eugene Presbrey. Among the others present were Weedon Grossmith, Ben. Greet, Frederick Bond, F. F. Proctor, Jr., J. Austin Fynes, W. A. Brady, E. G. Gilmore, Frank McKec, George D. McIntyre, Joseph Howard, Jr., W. T. Price, Doré Davidson, George Taggart, Mark E. Swan, Augustus Pitou, J. E. Dodson, Wilton Lackaye, Theodore Burt Sayre, A. E. Lancaster, Henry Tyrrell, Victor Mapes, Herman Klein, Charles Klein, Marshall P. Wilder, Benjamin F. Roeder, Rupert Hughes. Between the courses on the menu card were the titles of many of Bronson Howard's plays: "Diamonds," "Moorcroft," "The Banker's Daughter," "The Henrietta," "Old Love Letters," "Wives," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "One of Our Girls," "Met by Chance," "Hurricanes," "Shenandoah," "Aristocracy," "Peter Stuyvesant."

J. I. C. Clarke, First Vice-President of the club, acted as toastmaster. Mr. Howard, who made the best speech of the evening, said: "We are to have a great American drama to express the poetry and the artistic side of this vast, active nation. What will it be? No one knows. There will be no great single school, but all the best forms will have their place. Vaudeville, too, with its satire of our lives and character, belongs to the drama as much as tragedy. We must have the problem play, but I don't believe we can at the same time be artists and philosophers. Get there, you young men, in any way you can that is honorable. Don't be scavengers. The man who commits a nuisance in the street is arrested. The same should be true of the stage. Respect your audience. It is the final court. Think of the thousand different thinkers, every emotion represented for you to play on, and then think of the impertinence of any man 'writing down' to these. Respect that awful thing, a collection of human hearts." Professor Matthews, Sydney Rosenfeld, Wilton Lackaye and Al. Hayman also spoke.



Charles Frohman-Manager

The following sketch aims to give an accurate and unprejudiced pen portrait of America's busiest theatre manager, regarding whose personality practically nothing is known by the general public and which cannot be without interest to thousands of theatregoers. The portraits of Mr. Frohman's stars, from left to right, are Mr. Drew, Mr. Faversham, Mr. Crane, Miss Barrymore, Mr. Gillette, Miss Russell, Miss Adams, Mr. Hawtrey, Mrs. Bloodgood, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Terriss and Miss Harned.

IN THE layman's mind the theatrical manager is merely a "showman." Nine out of ten believe that the theatrical manager glories in diamond refulgences, wears clothes that are louder than words, uses a golden cable as a watch charm, and twirls a black, gold-headed cane. In the "palmy days of the drama" these things did exist. On one-night stands, in repertoire shows and the country circus they yet flourish as does the green bay tree. But in metropolitan circles, theatric times and men have changed. The "showman," pure and simple, has given way to the cool-headed, suave man of business, who looks upon the theatre more as a trade than as a Temple devoted to the Art of Thespis. To this latter class belongs Charles Frohman, born in Sandusky, Ohio, 40 years ago, and variously known as the "Napoleon of the Drama," the "Little Giant," the "Master Mind Upstairs," and among his employees and intimates as "C. F.," to distinguish him from his brother "D. F."

Mr. Frohman is in his personality the antithesis of the popular idea of the theatrical manager. It is impossible to suggest the name of a man who is, or who ever has been, before the public in a similar capacity, who is more impersonal to his business than he. Instead of courting publicity for himself, he actually shuns it. His manners, habits and tastes are of the simplest kind. It is a great misfortune for the American stage that Mr. Frohman never had the advantages of a first-class education. He started in life to make his own living before school days were over, so that his life was one of hard work, reversals and disappointments before he achieved material success, and there was no time for intellectual pursuits. Mr. Frohman's first show experience was with "Jack" Haverly's minstrels, and then he was manager of a small theatrical agency, neither of which added anything to his prosperity. His first appearance as a New York manager was when he produced Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah," at the old Star Theatre, the success of which relieved him of all his debts, and gave him his first real start in life. So that, while Mr. Frohman fights shy of the works of American dramatists, preferring to import his plays, it was, after all, an American play that put him on his feet financially. "Shenandoah" was the starting point of Charles Frohman's career as a successful manager, because it founded his stock

company, the excellence of which became his first trade-mark. John Drew was Mr. Frohman's first star. Since then many other distinguished players have placed themselves under his direction. This season the stars under his management number thirteen, and include Miss Maud Adams, Miss Annie Russell, Miss Virginia Harned, Miss Ellaline Terriss, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Vanbrugh, John Drew, William Gillette, William Crane, William Faversham and Charles Hawtrey. Mr. Frohman controls in New York the following theatres: Empire, Criterion, Garrick, Savoy, Madison Square, Garden, New Hudson, and he is interested in the Knickerbocker, Lyceum and Daly's. In London he controls the Duke of York's and the Vaudeville, and is interested in Wyndham's, Prince of Wales', Apollo, Criterion and various road companies that travel throughout England.

Certainly no theatre manager in the world, living or dead, has had interests as numerous and widespread as these, and in America, where success in any direction commands respect, the personality and achievements of Charles Frohman, to some extent, justify the title given him of the "Napoleon of the Drama."

Stars are not approved of by Mr. Frohman. He would prefer plays to be produced by companies of all-round excellence, but he finds that the public (and he thinks his business is to give the public what it wants) deals largely in personalities.

In dealing with his actors Mr. Frohman is an autocrat. He is liberal to a fault in all money matters, but his word is law. It is also as good as his bond, or better. If he likes you, then you can have anything you want, but if he does not like you—well, some people say he is horrid. However, with a man of such tremendous interests, decision is an all-important quality. When he takes a stand he does not recede from it, and there are those who take this for hardness. It is simply inflexibility of purpose, without which Mr. Frohman, who is pulled at from morning to night, would live in a troubled sea.

Mr. Frohman's temperament would not let him do business in a small way. It leads him to branch out, to grasp all that comes within his reach. It would seem to the conservative intelligence that one theatre managed upon lofty



Photos Hall N. Y.

MAX AND GUS ROGERS IN THEIR NEW PIECE, "THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN HARVARD"

principles of art would be a more enduring monument to a man's memory than a dozen theatres, which it is a ceaseless struggle to keep open. But this is apparently not Mr. Frohman's idea. He is imbued with the spirit of his time, and that spirit is one of restless energy, remorseless competition, expansion—expansion. Cardinal speaking, the most prominent trait in Mr. Frohman's character is that of boldness. Napoleon said, "Boldness, always boldness." "C. F." has learned his lesson well.

Mr. Frohman makes his headquarters at the Empire Theatre. There, on the third floor, at the end of a long room, you will find him at his desk, the latter covered with a mass of letters and telegrams, several inches deep. There is one excellent feature about Mr. Frohman—once you have succeeded in securing access to his presence—and that is, he listens attentively to what you have to say. At the outset he is sympathetic, although he quickly rejects the scheme if it does not at once appeal to him. When he starts in to read a play, if it does not interest him in the first five minutes, and if he does not find a situation in the first five pages of the manuscript, he never bothers himself to finish the reading of it. Situations Mr. Frohman dubs as "tricks," and unless there are numerous "tricks" in the piece it stands no chance with him. Mr. Frohman's hard-headed common sense has taught him that it is only situations which count with the public, and the public is his *alter ego*. With Art the "Napoleon of the Drama" has little sympathy. His business is to make money out of his theatres, and his appreciation of the art of acting and the art of playwriting begins and ends with this theory. And yet he is fond of reading when he can find time, and Dickens is his favorite author.

If you call upon him with an idea or a scenario of a play, his first question will be, "Where is the play?" He deals in actualities and not "if's." Perhaps for this reason he has become an importer of plays rather than a producer of original material. In all his career he has yet to give an American his first chance, which hardly speaks well for his Americanism. Up to date he has preferred to wait upon the dis-

coveries of the London and Paris manager for his plays, upon the theory that the American pays more attention to the imported article than to the home-made one. There are, however, two business reasons for this: first, by producing all the foreign plays, no other American manager has a chance to succeed with them, and, most important of all, he secures a hold upon the author for his next work, which may turn out an important success.

As Mr. Frohman is more in the public eye as a manager than any other, he also is more in the playwright's eye for the same reason, consequently an avalanche of plays reach him. Every man or woman who writes a play, straightaway sends it to Charles Frohman (fame has its penalties), and there are few writers who have not at one time or another written a play. It is safe to assume that "C. F." deals more in personalities—authors—than he does in plays. Nevertheless, a certain amount of hypnotism is necessary; he must first believe in the playwright before he can be brought to believe in his play, but then "C. F." is just a human being, swayed by his prejudices, emotions, predilections, theory of life, like all of us. Accepting his theory of practice for an American manager to pursue as being the correct one, all those, however, who believe that there should be a broader sphere of action will look upon Mr. Frohman's efforts as retarding the growth of a higher standard of the drama in this country. His idea is to please everybody's taste, and therefore a fine production like "Everyman" is perhaps offered as compensation for "Iris."

As to the monetary returns of Mr. Frohman's ventures, he ought to be a very rich man. The same talent for business affairs upon a large scale would make him a daring and successful operator in any branch of commercial activity and yield him millions. To meet the "Master Mind Upstairs" is a difficult thing to accomplish, but once met, he is a most approachable man. He has a fund of humor, loves a good joke even at his own expense, and enjoys a good story. After all, the man who can laugh is a negotiable quantity in human intercourse.

IGNOTUS.

How I Stage My Plays

By DAVID BELASCO

David Belasco deservedly enjoys the reputation of being one of the most skillful and successful producers of plays in this or any other country. What he has to say in the following article, therefore, may be taken as the views of an expert:



ONCE heard a well-known manager remark, speaking of first-night productions, that if anything could be more important than the play itself it was the manner in which it had been prepared. By this he meant, doubtless, the way in which it had been cast and the skill and understanding with which it had been interpreted and rehearsed. While I am not prepared to dispute the old axiom that "the play's the thing," it must, of course, be admitted that the preparatory stage, between the time the author places his manuscript in the hands of the manager and the first night when that manager offers the piece for public approval, is a most vital period.

The factor of first importance is, undoubtedly, the play itself. Without a good play to start with, the manager has no earthly chance of success, and all the clever actors and stage managers in the world can not turn a bad play into a good one. On the other hand, I have known many a good play to win out in defiance of bad acting and poor stage management. So, after all, the play *is* the thing, and the best that actors and stage manager can do is to bring out its intrinsic value and thus increase its chances of popular success.

In preparing a play for the stage the first requisite is to see that it is properly cast. And so important do I consider this part of the work that I have often spent a year in selecting a suitable company. It is then that the manager must call into service all his knowledge of human nature. He must study the author's meaning of a particular character as to appearance and temperament; he must find an actor who

not only can look the part and think the part, but who, in addition, has a special and particular ability to give life to the author's creation. Among the thousands of actors in New York there might be, perhaps, not more than one who could suit a particular rôle, and invariably he is a hard person to find when once he is wanted. Perhaps not even this one is to be found, in which case the manager must select an actor of temperament and intelligence sufficiently pliable to allow the author or stage manager to lead him along the right path, and to mould his abilities into proper form. I have spent months in looking for the right actor for a certain part, and then, when I have been about ready to give up in despair, have run across some unknown man playing a small part in a cheap company, and have felt instinctively that he was the very one I was after. These "finds," as a rule, turn out well, for such an actor feels that at last his opportunity is come, and he will work doubly hard to make the best of it.

I have always felt that no character, however small or seemingly unimportant, can afford to be slighted in selecting a cast. For this reason I have often engaged well-known and high-salaried players to portray the smallest parts. It is a mistake to make up a cast of three or four strong names, and then fill in the lesser rôles with people of only ordinary ability. The success of an entire scene often hinges on some minor personage, and it is the producer's duty to avoid even the smallest chance of failure.

Once having cast the play to our satisfaction, we are properly equipped for rehearsal. The importance of this period can not be taken too seriously. During this time the whole piece may be made or marred. Here the stage manager is the important factor, because *his* understanding and



Byron

SCENE FROM THE OLD ENGLISH MORALITY PLAY, "EVERYMAN"

Which has made an artistic sensation in New York. Two cowed bare-foot monks sit in silence before the proscenium during the performance. Two beautiful women, representing Good Deeds and Knowledge, are at the extreme left. Everyman, seated at the desk, is preparing for the tomb and by his side stand his companions, Beauty, Strength, Discretion and Five Senses, who, however, will desert him later at the brink of the grave, which is seen yawning at the back, centre

his imagination must interpret the piece as a whole, and must supply the small details of groupings and "business." He must see that the story unfolds itself intelligently and simply; he must fit the action to the word, the word to the action, and make both move so briskly that the dramatic value of each situation may be made the most of. Above all, he must *think in pictures*, so that each second of the play, from the rise of the curtain to its fall, may provide caseless occupation for the eye as well as the ear. If possible, he must not let the interest lag for a moment; when once the audience has room for a thought outside the thoughts of the play, everything is lost. The interest must develop steadily until the climax, and there must be no chance for the audience to ask itself whether or not it is being entertained. Thus, while it is the author who provides the dramatic material, it is the stage manager whose care it is to see that the material is properly used and that the dramatic opportunities are not lost. During rehearsals he must think of a thousand and one little details—the reading of a line, the intonation, the emphasis, the facial expression, the glance of the eye, the raising or lowering of an eyelid, the walk, the position, the grouping, and every little point that may, in the remotest way, have to do with adding to the physical perfection of any particular character, or of

the play as a whole. It is his duty and study to understand them all, and if one of his actors goes wrong he is the man to detect the fault and provide the remedy.

In trying to do this he is subject to endless annoyances and difficulties, and it is not always an easy task to keep a rein on his temper. I have heard of stage managers who storm and rage and use all sorts of violent methods to coerce their people into doing the things wanted of them; but this method has never appealed to me. I have always thought that people could be much more easily led than driven. Therefore, when a scene does not come right the first time, we go over it again, and again, and still again, with infinite patience, explaining carefully just what it means and just what results are to be obtained. I have always found that my companies respond with ready sympathy, and that the average actor can do much better under gentle handling. This is particularly true of women. They are sensitive and delicately-organized creatures, and you can gain much better results with them than with men if only once you gain their confidence. Indeed, to get a company to work for you, you make them feel that you are working for them; for, important as the stage manager may be, his efforts are useless unless he can rely on the full co-operation of every member of his company.

An Optimistic View

By VIOLA ALLEN



IT IS natural that one whose days are spent with the current drama should take a hopeful view of its quality and the talent of its interpreters. Nevertheless one is sometimes told it is the custom of those who are not entirely in sympathy with the current drama to make belittling contrasts between the plays and players of the past and those of our own day. There are no great actors now, they complain, and no great plays. The literary drama and the art of acting itself they declare to have sadly deteriorated. Only the past and those who lived in the past seem to them worthy of serious consideration. As far as this pessimistic view applies to our dramatists, they need feel little concern. Even Shakespeare had detractors among his contemporaries, notably Robert Greene, one of the literary glories of Elizabethan England.

Lowell was doubtless meditating on this curious telescopic vision which admires only that which is far off when he said, "Let the dead past bury its dead." He, unlike many other brilliant men, was able to cast a cheerful glance at the present, and express hope for the future. If the glories of Shakespeare were lost to Greene, so also with Carlyle; the best work of his contemporaries was naught else than "rubbish, tinsel and flummery." It seems incredible that this petulant remark referred to Scott, Wordsworth, Hood, Lamb, Bulwer and Poe. Macaulay, however, refused to read Carlyle or Ruskin, and it would seem that Milton was doubly blind when after reading "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear" and "Hamlet" he should say that the Greek poets were unequalled yet by any.

It should not be forgotten that in the so-called golden days the playwright had a dual object in view, that of the presen-

tation of his play on the stage and its embodiment in book form. The revenue from the publisher was often many times larger than that which he received in royalties from the manager; and, too, the plays, as we easily discover from the numerous excisions and additions in the old prompt books, or "acting versions," were very different from those sold by the bookseller. Nowadays, when there is little or no demand for published plays, it has come to be unjustly considered that few plays are written which are worth printing.

It should be borne in mind that the old art of play-making admitted of a literary form which furnishes attractive reading, but which is excessively tedious, coming from the mouths of actors. Action has been substituted for rhetoric. High-flown periods and soaring figures of speech make admirable entertainment for the library, but in this age of haste they would seem wearisome, heard for a whole evening from an orchestra chair.

After all, when we consider that Shakespeare was to Milton naught as a tragic poet; that the genius of Scott was lost to Carlyle, and that Macaulay observed not the budding beauties of Ruskin, it need not be occasion for surprise if even the most brilliant of our living dramatists do not receive the approbation of their contemporaries.

If we could only live long enough, we should probably find generations yet unborn contemplating our achievements with admiration, and proclaiming the beginning of the twentieth century a splendid age, not only of Science but also of Literature and Art. An age which has produced a Tolstoi, Zola, Stevenson, Sudermann, Sardou, Rostand, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Ristori, Bernhardt, Duse, Jefferson, Irving, Réjane, Sembrich and Sonnenthal, not to attempt an obvious list of nearer celebrities, cannot be said to be lacking in genius.

Christmas Gavotte

Composed specially for THE CHRISTMAS THEATRE by Ludwig Englander



Tempo di Gavotte

The first system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes with various ornaments and slurs.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features similar rhythmic patterns and includes some dynamic markings like *mf*.The third system of musical notation, showing more complex rhythmic figures and some *mf* markings.

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the melodic and harmonic development.

The fifth system of musical notation, featuring a vocal line with lyrics: "jo-co-ri-bat... tan... do". The piano accompaniment continues below.

The sixth system of musical notation, the final system on the page, ending with a double bar line.

Ludwig Englander



The OPERA SEASON



THE opera season opened on November 24th, last, several weeks earlier than usual, but too late for critical comment in this issue. The opera was Verdi's "Otello," and the artistes were Mmes. L. Homer and Eames and MM. Alvarez and Scotti.

Maurice Grau has done all that any man can to make the present season of vital interest to the general public, as well as to the student and critic, for he is to delight us with some important revivals, and he has brought over some new artistes. The prospectus issued is full of fairest promises, and if half of them are materialized the anathema of deadly dullness, which now threatens the musical history of this season, will be removed.

Appreciating the clamor of his patrons for new singers, Mr. Grau raked Europe to secure artistes with sufficient ability to fit in among the great stars so long associated with him, and so dear to us, without being eternally eclipsed. Herr Anthes, who has come from Dresden to fill Jean de

Reszké's empty shoes, will undoubtedly make us thrill with contentment over his voice and art. We have been so perpetually disappointed in tenors, however, that we have learned to expect the worst. Herr Burgstaller and Herr Gerhäuser are the other two German tenors who are here for the first time, and, it is said, they are competent. In addition to these, attention has been paid to the demands of Italian opera, and a young Italian tenor, by name Carlo Dani, has been engaged.

With four new tenors, each with a reputation, the monetary welfare of the enterprise should be quadruply assured, for all the world, and especially his wife, does love a tenor. Among the women Mme. Kirby-Lunn, one of the great contraltos of the day, is the only new-comer.

M. Plançon and Mme. Calvé will be missed. Marcel Journet, the French tenor, takes M. Plançon's place. The bassos also have been reënforced by M. Elmblad, who sang under Anton Seidl years ago. He will also be one of the stage managers. Alfred Hertz, the new Wagnerian conductor, will doubtless obliterate all memories of the last two seasons, as he is said to be a thoroughly skilled and capable musician. With this director and the new tenors, the German operas should have strong productions. Alas! if only Ternina were to come!

Mr. Grau announces that he will produce at least one novelty. It is to be hoped this will be Richard Strauss' "Feuersnot," which was given in Berlin recently, and which had great success in Vienna. In addition to an entirely new creation, the revivals will be of immeasurable value to the student. These will be the Verdi cycle,

including "Un Ballo in Maschera" and "Ernani," and several of Mozart's operas, such as "Così Fan Tutte" and "Il Seraglio," Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" and Weber's "Freischütz" are under discussion. Chief interest centres in Ponchielli's "Gioconda," and every one is wondering who will be cast for the parts of Laura and Cieca. These are the final, bald, bare facts of the season just opened, and it has more points of interest than any of recent years, for one can not remember with entire gratitude the novelties presented last year.

The prediction was made in this department that the present concert season would not prove especially brilliant, and the events which took place the first fortnight of it more than bore out this view. A season seldom has been so tamely ushered in. Of the disasters which have pursued Mascagni, like the



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HERR GEORG ANTHES
New German tenor, who will be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House



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MME. MARCELLA SEMBRICH

furies who made life miserable for Orestes, we can not write, because the story is long, unlovely and unsettled. It is devoutly to be hoped that he will start out afresh under different auspices, and present his really distinguished operas and personality to our country under fitting conditions. One makes no mistake in calling Mascagni "Maestro"—the exquisite "Iris" is enough of itself to entitle him to the name.

Raoul Pugno, who has not been in America for three seasons, really set the ball rolling on October 21st, when he played two concertos at Carnegie Hall. Pugno revels in the classics, and many believe him to be unexcelled as a classical interpreter. While this opinion can not be endorsed without some reservation, there is a certain something in Pugno that he shares with no other pianist—a sort of retentive reserve at times dominates, which, indeed, is occasionally detrimental to temperamental displays. The light and effervescent orchestral selections require no comment. After ample rehearsing, Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra will appeal more to the æsthetic sense, and rigorous criticism would not be just to this particular organization, which has only just been born.

The next event of interest was the return of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 2d, at the first of the Sunday night concerts. He was assisted by Mme. Charlotte Maconda and Mr. Damrosch's orchestra. Gabrilowitsch remains Gabrilowitsch. While there is improvement in certain directions, there is a corresponding retrogression in others, such as exaggerations in phrasing. He played the Rubinstein D minor concerto more à la Gabrilowitsch than Rubinstein, but the general psychology of his interpretations is good, and also his poise and control. He does not permit his technique to run away with him. Mme. Maconda sang with sweetest voice Mozart's air, "In re Pastore," the violin obligato of which was played by Max Bendix. Mme. Maconda has one of the best vocal methods we have heard—that is to say, of American training—for many a weary day. She proceeds with intelligence also, and her phrasing was extraordinarily good. Mr. Damrosch refrains from absorbing the scene, to the discomfiture of his soloists, and this is admirable self-abnegation, even if it does leave us yearning for the solid nourishment afforded by deeper music.

On November 5th we had a song recital by Miss Helen Henschel, and one by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baernstein. The programs were long, the singers were industrious. If one wishes to know the entire, plaintive truth, Miss Henschel sang and played the violin, and a piano accompaniment, and we were reminded of commencement exercises at Paducah am Main. For the sake of her parents, we considered her seriously, and indeed it proved a serious matter. She has the Henschel faults developed, but the Henschel virtues are still embryonic. Her musical intelligence will in time rescue her from her present faults, just as her refinement will help modify them. As to Mr. and Mrs. Baernstein, they are settled in their development, and they both possess naturally beautiful voices, while the former has temperament, routine and a certain degree of polish.

Mr. Lamond, a new-comer to New York, is a serious and serene pianist. He is all that is conservative and non-committal, and he handles himself, instrument and composer with perfect courtesy at all times.

EMILY GRANT VON TETZEL.

Musical Conditions in America

By EMIL PAUR



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EMIL PAUR

“THERE is no art or music in America!” This statement greets you as frequently in New York as in Berlin, or Vienna, but it is erroneous save in a comparative sense. Those who criticise conditions obtaining in America do not stop to judge with justice; they either have lived in the older civilizations or have traveled extensively, or wish to prove their own superiority by condemning others, and they view America from the outside, instead of making a close study of the internal life and struggles of this glorious young country. It would not be normal, or a wholesome sign, if you should find in a young nation the settled art conditions of vastly older countries.

There is room in your country for every man to grow to his full size; he can expand mentally as well as physically, and no country gives a quicker or heartier recognition to superiority than this same young child among nations. It is difficult for me to express myself as I would like in English, but my thoughts flow in warm appreciation for the noble attributes of America and Americans. Europe had to work through all the good or bad intermediary stages of art development, but America can start with all the fresh young vigor from the height of Europe's attainments. She can import the best and greatest, and most of her precedents are found among the greatest geniuses of the age. Where was the appreciation of Wagner, Brahms or Richard Strauss more hearty and sincere, when they were once understood, than in America? You welcome everything and everybody who gives you the least excuse, and you absorb only worth-while ideas, thoughts and institutions.

Just look over the country at the huge activity in all branches of art. You are encouraging local musicians, composers, singers and painters. You are studying your needs

and gradually supplying them. It is true that, as yet, the status is not of uniform excellence everywhere in America, or that any one city is at present in all ways quite comparable with those of Europe, but the motive force is there, and the germ life is of astounding vigor. Your critics would shine among the most brilliant constellations, and they are establishing as much as possible a demand for the best and greatest. All is activity, investigation, progress, while in Europe we have come to a place where we can be quietly contemplative. America now learns from Europe, but she also gives us grandly broad ideas and new trains of thought. There is a subtle sensibility running between a conductor and his audiences which enables the former to estimate, to a nicety, the appreciation of the latter, just as it enables the audience to feel the strength of the conductor. The audiences of America are thoughtful, as a rule, and have a natural gift of selecting the worthy from the false in music. Beyond this they are just, and will not accept an American work of inferiority, from patriotic reasons, any more than they will reject a new work from Italy, Russia, Hungary, or Germany, from racial prejudices, and we must recognize the fact that this prejudice does operate at times, as, for instance, when France rejected Wagner.

I expect much from the young composers of America. Naturally, as one can but judge from actual results, I feel that the Slavs will have a predominating influence in music of the future, but the American influence also will be felt. The women of the New World are becoming keenly alive to the needs of Art, and this means that soon one will find the artistic atmosphere abroad and in your homes, now somewhat absent. No, one can not justly deny the existence of art in America; the most one can say, in a deprecatory manner, is that it is at present in a somewhat adolescent state. Those who condemn should remember the saying which you have in English, as well as we have in German, “Rome war nicht in ein tag gebaut.”

Has Music Criticism Any Value?

By W. J. HENDERSON



Marceau

W. J. HENDERSON

THE average operagoer will tell you without a moment's hesitation that the musical critics are “a gang of rabid Wagnerites.” He will aver without fear that no one pays any attention to what they write; that they are ignorant, prejudiced, and without exception dishonest. If you will question this average operagoer for a time and with some judgment, you will learn that his opinions of the musical critics are founded upon their utter disagreement with his own cheerful and indolent views of the opera. He goes to the opera to be amused. He loves to hear certain pretty tunes intoned by certain beautiful voices. He enjoys the fond lingering of the tenor upon high tones, and he revels in the fioriture of the prima donna, for which the dra-

matic action of the opera is interrupted, and during which people on the verge of an emotional catastrophe stand at gaze, “like Joshua's sun on Ajalon.”

He reads in the daily newspapers that the music which he enjoys is not well conceived. He reads that the tenor sentimentalized his Lohengrin. He reads that the prima donna was out of tune in the cadenza in the “mad scene” of Lucia. On the other hand, this operagoer prefers Melba to Sembrich, and he reads in the papers that the Polish singer is an incomparable “artiste,” while the Australian has a wonderful voice, a dazzling facility in ornament, and nothing more. Therefore, the critics are ignorant, prejudiced or dishonest, or, better still, all three. For this man, then, musical criticism has really no value?

To tell the truth, I have come to the conclusion, after a score of years in the undesirable profession of criticism, that it has more value in the end for this kind of person than it



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MME. EMMA EAMES AS DESDEMONA IN VERDI'S OPERA "OTELLO"



Marceau

MME. CHARLOTTE MACONDA

Soprano, recently heard at the Gabrilowitsch concerts

is gone forever. His sloth and indolence desert him. He becomes intellectually restless. He braces himself on slippery places to meet the doubtings of his own mind. He puts a new and heavier and bitterer emphasis on his repeated assertions that "Lucia" is greater opera than "Otello," that Alwina Valleria was a greater singer than Ternina. Some disagreeable parrot, who has read the newspapers and can repeat the vaporings of the critics, drives him to the necessity of finding arguments to support his proposition. He is no longer an average operagoer. He has begun to think about music. He has begun to look his own theory squarely in the face and to ask, "BUT—is it ART?"

Now, it does not make a penny's worth of difference whether this person believes what the critics say or not. Critics are by no means infallible, though musical criticism ought to be pretty nearly an exact science. Certainly so far as the performance of music goes it can be made one. Whether a man sings well or ill is, for example, not a matter of opinion but of fact. The requirements of good singing are thoroughly known. So are the requirements of good piano and violin playing. It may be a matter of opinion whether a man gets all there is in a certain work out of it or not, but there can be no question as to his finger technique, his tone, his command of color, his use of the pedals, his dynamic range, his sense of rhythm.

But this is a digression. Let us agree, then, that critics make mistakes. If you desire it, dear average opera or con-

has for any other. One proviso must be made, and that is that he reads it. Ah! there's the rub! The unmusical person does not, as a rule, read criticism; but if he does his peace of mind is gone. He may rave, he may heap invective upon the critic, he may call him fighting names, and declare that the truth is not in him; but he cannot escape. Like the devil in Kipling's poem, the critic stands ever at his elbow, and says, "BUT—is it ART? Let your careless average operagoer but once undertake to answer this query of the relentless critic and his peace of mind

certgoer, I will accept your dictum that critics who have spent half their lives in thinking about music, and who hear more music in a week than you do in a month, make more mistakes in judgment than you, who have hardly thought at all about the art as an art. The point remains that, if you read critical articles, you will in time be brought to think about music. And that is the whole object and value of criticism of any art. But, you rejoin, most of the criticism which we read is about the performance, not the thing performed. Well, that is true, and in the nature of things it can not be otherwise. Old and familiar works are performed over and over and over again, and the only interest for the reader is in the manner of the performance. Therefore, that is what the critic discusses. But when a new work is produced, it is treated at length. The song recital of Mary Münchhoff, for instance, was dismissed with a quarter of a column in each of the morning papers, while the first performance of Mascagni's "Iris" called for a column or a column and a half. The production of Richard Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" brought out column articles, but the violin playing of Jan Kubelik did not.

The whole matter sums itself up in one proposition, namely, that any agency which causes people to question the justness of their own intellectual complacency has some value. If so small a thing as the fall of an apple from a tree could lead the mighty brain of a Newton to the discovery of the law of gravitation, then musical criticism, which is perhaps smaller than a falling apple, may direct many minds of much more child-like temper than that of the mathematician toward the realization of artistic principles. The world is certainly well stocked with people who know quite as much about art as the critics do, but a beneficent Providence, in the inscrutable division of the gifts of life, has made it unnecessary for them to write for a living. They are doing their work by word of mouth, and they, too, are critics, though I should not like to call them such to their faces. We poor worms of professional critics look upon these viva voce commentators as our sturdy allies, and we hold that the lot of us together formulate a body of critical opinion which, in the flight of years, perceptibly improves the state of musical taste in this town.



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MARCEL JOURNET

French basso, who takes Pol Plançon's place at the Opera this season

"Faint murmurs from the pine trees reach my ear"



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PURE AS THE PINES



Byron

"The Golden Book," tableau posed by students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, New York

Among the Amateurs

STUDENTS of a dramatic school are not to be considered as amateurs, strictly speaking, nor are they professionals, not having yet made their debut on the public stage. Until they do so emerge into the full glare of the footlights discussion of their work may, perhaps, properly belong to this department. The first performance of the nineteenth year of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts was given at the Empire Theatre, this city, on November 6th, and an excellent programme was enjoyed by a large and fashionable audience. A prologue by Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, entitled "The Golden Book," afforded opportunity for a tableau beautiful in composition and coloring (represented at the head of this department), in which took part Mary Pattison, Mary Nash, Elsa Payne, Stella Archer, Ethelle Earle, Aileen Goodwin, Adelaide Barshell, and Margaret Etheredge.

The second piece, "Margaret Harstein," proved a grewsome tale, but gave Miss Isabelle Nordyke a chance for some good emotional work.

The hit of the afternoon, however, was made by Miss Doris Keane in a comedy from the French, entitled "A Young Scapegrace." Miss Keane played the amusing part of the youthful Duc de Richelieu with all the skill of a veteran actress; indeed, it was difficult at times to realize that she was only a novice. A. H. Van Buren, Miss Travers, Miss Earle and others also distinguished themselves.

For several years past it has been the custom, as a part of the Easter festivities at the Howe Military School, Lima, Indiana, to present a little play, and the audience consists of the student body and the friends of the school, who at Easter time are accustomed to gather from many cities and towns of the middle West. On the following evening the play is repeated for the benefit of the townspeople. For the purpose of these theatricals the Howe Dramatic Club was organized in the year 1900. The club was distinctly a student organization. In all their plays they have been compelled to rely upon their own ideas and the fertility of their own invention; and competent critics have pronounced them superior to most amateur performances of the same class. Indeed, this independence of guidance and criticism, by cultivating a spirit of originality in conception and of ingenuity in execution, has immeasurably increased the educational value of the organization.

In the choice of plays the club has been allowed the utmost freedom. It has been held that the interests of the players themselves is of greater importance than the classic reputation of the lines which they speak, or of the characters which they interpret. In the initial year of its career the choice of the club fell upon "The Three Hats," a Hennequin farce adapted from the French by Arthur Shirley. Everyone who witnessed the performance

(Continued on page 45)



MR. HALLOCK VAN PELT
In "His Excellency the Governor"
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Act III. - "HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR"
(Howe Military School)

Amateurs (Continued)

pronounced it an unqualified success. The following year the club set to work with more zeal and enthusiasm than ever.

The play was Charles Townsend's old favorite, "Captain Racket." The boys went to work and built a stage; they lighted it with electricity, and fitted it with suitable properties. They realized the action and



MR. G. E. EVERSOLE

In "His Excellency The Governor" (Howe Military School)

conceived the characters which they were to interpret, and, in the end, were rewarded by being able to give a presentation which deserved the enthusiastic approval of the audience. The character of Uncle Obadiah Dawson in the play was particularly well done. For the conception of a boy, the

performance of this play was a more ambitious project than had hitherto been attempted by the club. Some of the situations are exacting, and the

bright dialogue necessitates a careful reading. Charles Cromwell, playing himself in the title rôle, was the director, and a large measure of the success achieved was due to his efforts. The most difficult problem was the female characters. In dealing with the difficulty, the club gained some idea of the perplexities

which beset the English stage during the 16th and early part of the 17th centuries, before the introduction of females



H. RICHARDSON
(Howe Military School)

and the homely humor with which the part was played were remarkable. Last Easter the play selected was Capt. Marshall's well-known farce-comedy, "His Excellency the Governor." The performance of this play was a more ambitious project than had hitherto been attempted by the club. Some of the situations are exacting, and the bright dialogue necessitates a careful reading. Charles Cromwell, playing himself in the title rôle, was the director, and a large measure of the success achieved was due to his efforts. The most difficult problem was the female characters. In dealing with the difficulty, the club gained some idea of the perplexities which beset the English stage during the 16th and early part of the 17th centuries, before the introduction of females



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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

DORA FAHRINGER.—We regret we are unable to answer your question.

B. M. NESTER, Geneva, N. Y.—Your letter has been forwarded to Mr. Fitch.

J. H. KELLY, Barberton, Ohio.—We have not published a picture of that actor.

FREDERICK WINFIELD, Westwood, N. J.—Write to Pond's Lyceum Bureau, Everett House, N. Y.

GEO. B. DEARBORN, Brooklyn.—Address him Daly's Theatre, New York. We never heard of the book you mention.

EARL WILSON, Columbia University, Oregon.—Read the article in THE THEATRE for August entitled "The Truth About Going on the Stage."

FANNY ROCKWELL, Cleveland, Ohio.—We believe the play is the property of Charles Frohman. Write him care Empire Theatre, New York.

ELIZABETH E. HODLEY, Syracuse, N. Y.—No, we have not published a picture of that actor, although several pictures of "Hearts Aflame" have been printed.

L. W. J. Baltimore.—"Rosemary" was never played in America until John Drew acted in it. Wallack played in a piece entitled "Rosedale," not "Rosemary."

CHAS. E. TYLER, Richmond, Va.—We would advise you to write to Miss Elizabeth Marbury, Empire Theatre Building. She is a prominent dealer in plays, and may be of use to you.

MARGARET LANCHY.—(1) You will see that your wish has been granted on this month's cover of THE THEATRE. (2) Address her care C. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre Building.

E. H. DALE.—Wm. Bramwell is a native of Ohio; he was formerly leading man for Eugenia Blair, then went to the Murray Hill Theatre. He is now a member of Proctor's Stock Company.

MISS AGNES MATTHEWS, Shippensburg, Pa.—We have published several pictures of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but none in color. We have not published any picture of Ada Rehan as "Roxane."

MISS JANE MITCHELL, Northampton, Mass.—If you write to Chas. Barnard, Secretary American Dramatists' Club, West 40th St., N. Y. City, he will probably be able to give you the information you need.

B. B. E.—Stanton Egerton is now leading man in "The Christian" company. Elsie Leslie was the leading woman when the season opened. Edwin Arden is engaged in "The Ninety and Nine" for the New York run. We cannot answer your other questions.

D. B. KIRK, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.—(1) Dan Daly will shortly star in a piece called "The Clown." (2) You can inquire of C. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre Building. (3) Miss Marlowe has ceased playing "Queen Fiammetta." The play was written by Cautle Mendès. See THE THEATRE for October. (4) Write to T. Henry French, West 22nd St., New York.

C. F. ZANG, New York.—We published a picture of William Bramwell in THE THEATRE for November, 1901. When anything of importance is produced for the first time in Brooklyn, an account of the performance always appears in THE THEATRE. For instance, E. S. Willard's new play, "The Cardinal" which was seen only in Brooklyn, was reviewed at length in THE THEATRE. We do not discriminate against Brooklyn, but as a rule the productions seen there have always been reviewed at the time of their original production in New York.



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Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," has a somewhat peculiar habit. He invariably uses red ink when writing his manuscripts, and cannot be induced to use ink of any other color. Almost as curious is the fact that Henrik Ibsen will never sit down to write unless his table contains a number of hideous little idols, which he says bring him good luck.

Amateurs (Continued)

on the stage. It is the next thing to the impossible to turn a growing, awkward boy into a beautiful, graceful young girl. What measure of success was attained in this particular instance the photographs, which accompany this article, will show. Only the voices of the boys refused absolutely to be disguised. However disillusionizing this inevitable incongruity may have been in the sentimental passages, it did not render less effective the comedy. On the contrary, it frequently intensified the farce, and gave an added zest of humor to the many comic situations with which "His Excellency the Governor" abounds.

Animals in Operas

Wagner has introduced animals into all but three of his operas ("The Flying Dutchman," "Tristan," and "Die Meistersinger"), horses in "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "Die Walküre," and "Die Gotterdämmerung"; swans in "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal"; birds in "Lohengrin," "Siegfried," and "Die Gotterdämmerung," a ram in "Die Walküre"; a bear and a dragon, in "Siegfried." The swans, the dragon, and the forest bird are expressed by some of the most beautiful music in the operas. Wagner has been much criticised, and was at times much laughed at, for this use of animals in serious opera, but not even his friends and brother musicians could argue him out of it. Other composers, it is true, had occasionally introduced animals into the opera, notably Mozart in the "Magic Flute." But in Mozart's opera the animals have no essential connection with the story. Their introduction is almost as accidental and irrelevant as the happenings in a vaudeville. Wagner was the first to make the animals part of the cast, dramatically connected with the whole. Grane, Brünhilde's horse, is her faithful, trusted friend, her friend who gave up his aerial life among the clouds to follow her when she abandoned her wild Valkyrie life to live with a mortal lover. When she bids farewell to Siegfried she gives him her noble horse—the best that she has to give.—*Our Animal Friends*.

Shakespeare Shown Up

The following is a criticism of "Hamlet" by a genius in New South Wales:

"There is too much chinning in the piece. The author is behind the times, and appears to forget that what we want nowadays is hair-raising situations and detectives. In the hands of a skillful playwright, a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle, and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have excited the audience out of their number elevens. The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet checks his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation, and it is not improved when the dreary old ghost comes in and blows him up. Our advice to the author is a little more action, a little more fine sentiment, and a fair share of variety business in his next piece."—*Tit-Bits*.

FACTS ABOUT ALES

HOW many Ale drinkers are aware of the fact that Bass & Co. (England) never bottle their Ale? They sell it in bulk to outside dealers who do the bottling. For instance: the "Dog's Head" label is Read's bottling; "White Label" is McFullen's bottling. Other labels are Tom, Dick, and Harry bottling—**BUT**—it's all one and the same ale at different prices, why?

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Told of Edwin Forrest

In the last years of his life Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, occasionally strayed from the path of rectitude and imbibed too freely. A policeman, now on the pension list, but then connected with the Tenth and Thompson Streets station, one night found the actor wandering about Spring Garden Street. The officer knew better than to arrest Forrest. Instead he started him in the direction of his home, at Broad and Master Streets. The way was slow and irksome. Forrest was no lightweight, and had to be handled with the greatest consideration. After an hour's hard work, the policeman had the satisfaction of piloting his charge up the steps of his mansion. Then, since Forrest was in no condition to act for himself, the officer borrowed his key and unlocked the door.

It was at this fatal moment that the actor aroused from his stupor. Seeing the stranger entering his house, he reasoned that he was being robbed. With that tremendous strength for which he was noted, he sprang at the unsuspecting officer, whirled him around and with one mighty shove sent him spinning to the bottom of the steps, where he fell in a heap.

"What, knave," thundered Forrest, "seekest to rob me? Begone, dog, ere I make worm's meat of thee!" And this was all the reward the officer ever got. It happened, however, in falling, that he had held on to the key, and he has it, to this day, a treasured souvenir of the great actor.—Philadelphia Times.

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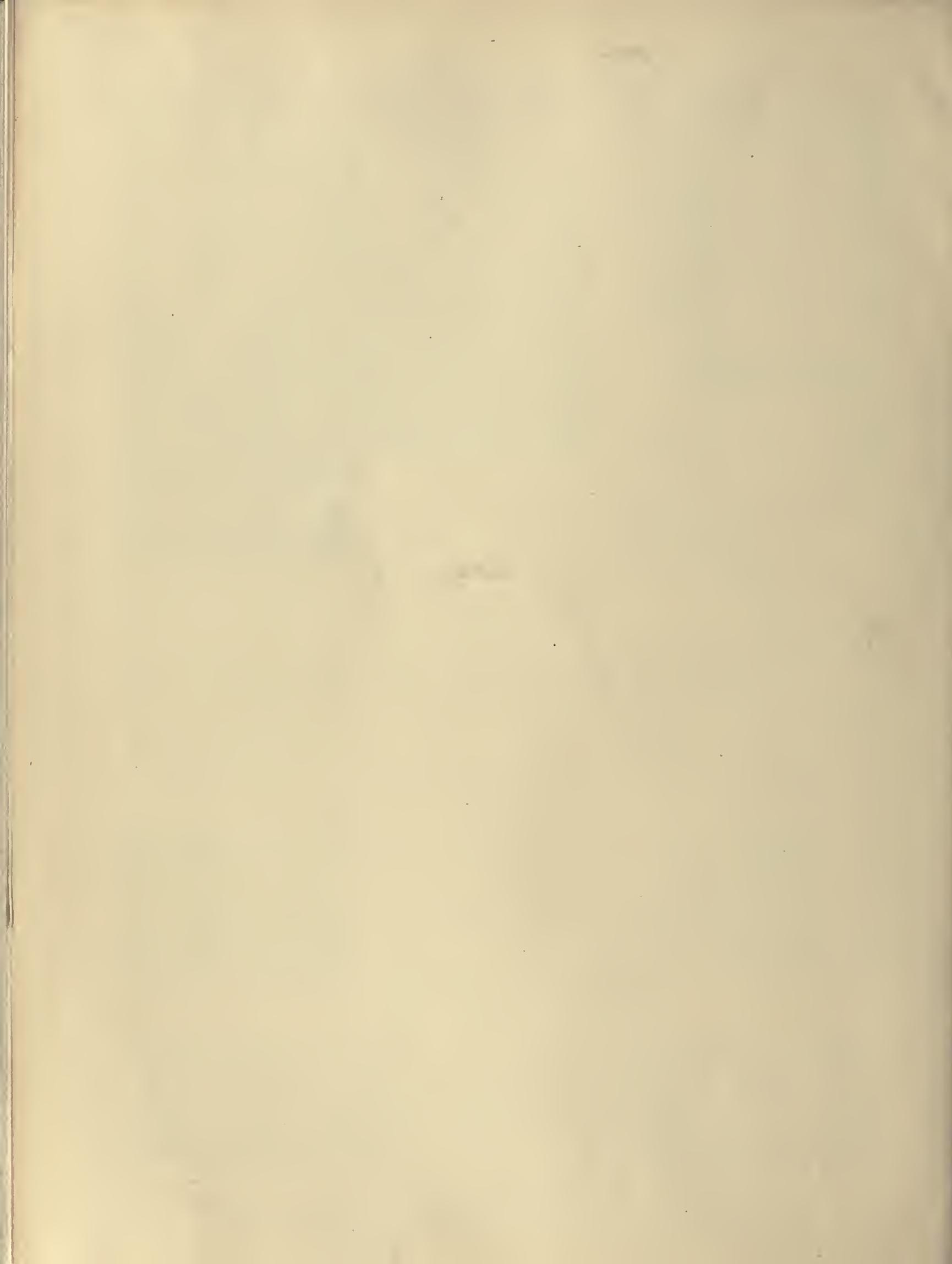
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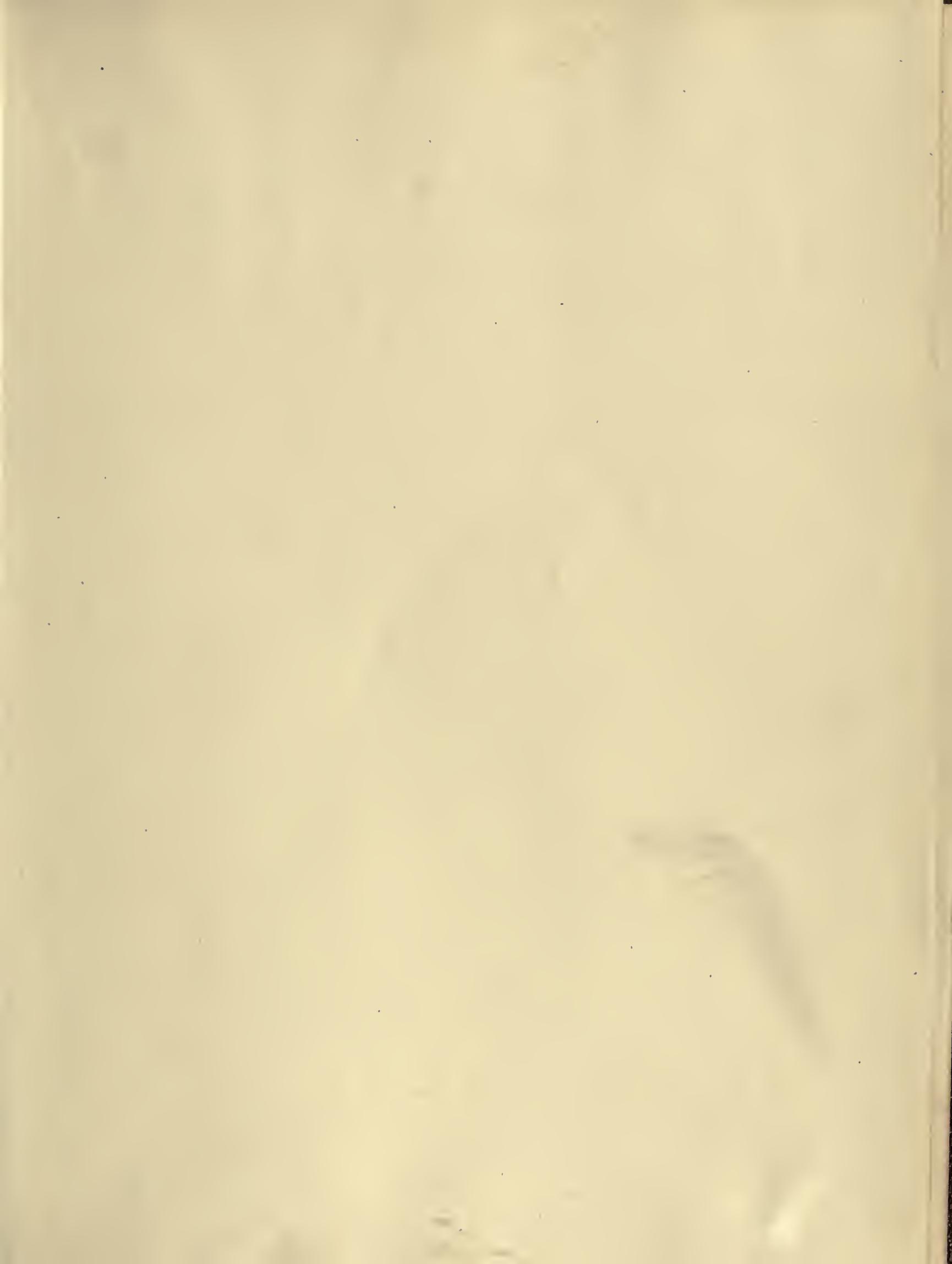
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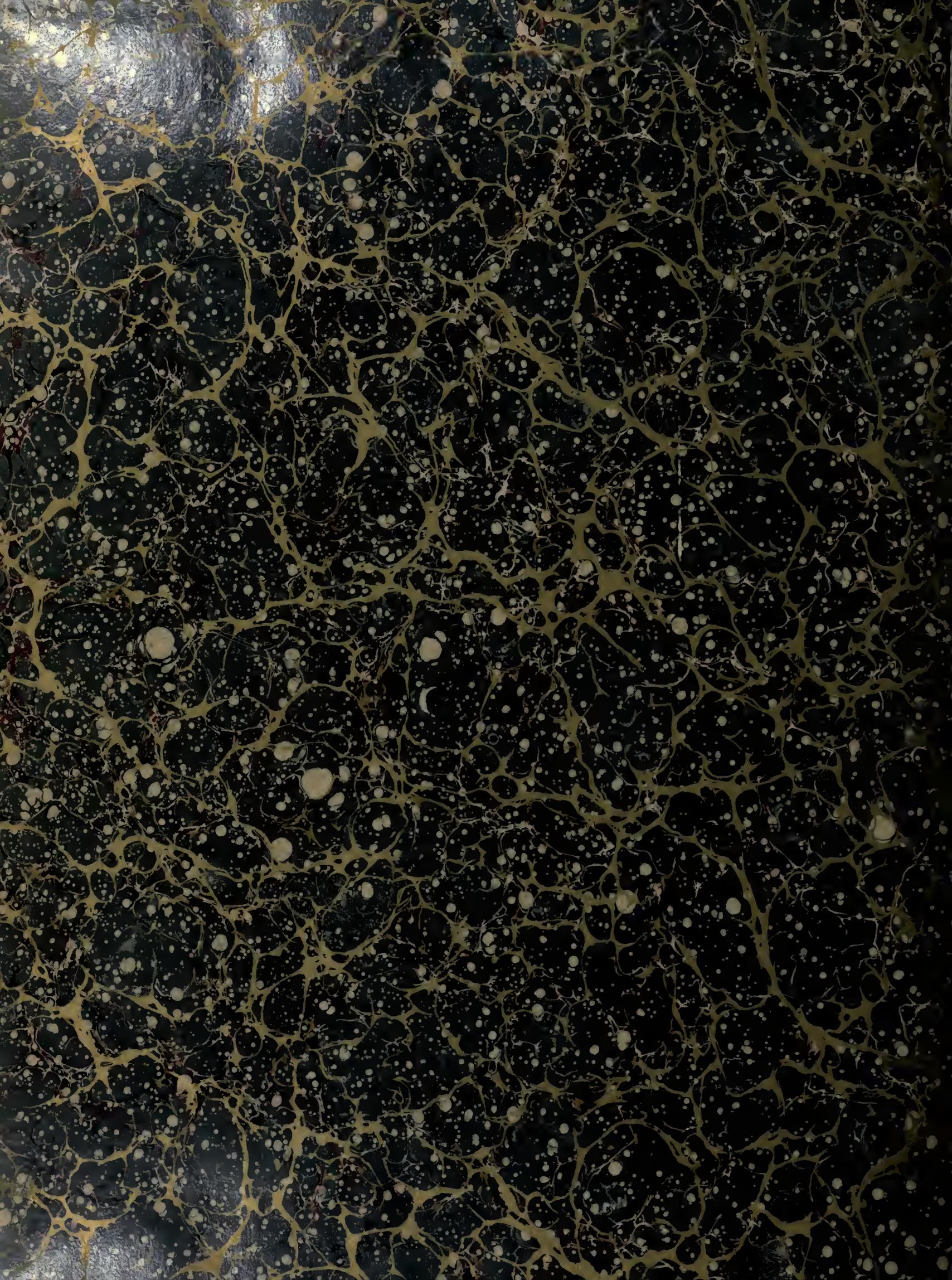


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